A RADIANT CHRIST.

Talmage's Analysis of the Character of the Saviour.

CHRISTIANS URGED TO

Emulate the Qualities Which Were Conspicuous In the Earthly Life and Ministrations of Jesus.

In this sermon, which Dr. Talmage sends from Paris, he analyzes the character of the Saviour and urges all Christians to exercise the qualities which were conspicuous in Christ's earthly life. The text is Romans viii. 9, "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

There is nothing more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we cannot be happy ourselves or make others happy. When we have lost our temper or become impatient under some light cross, we suddenly awaken to new appreciation of proper equipoise of nature. We wish we had been born with self balance. We envy those people who bear themselves through life without any perturpation, and we flatter ourselves that however little self control we may now have, the time will come, under the process of years, when we will be mellowed and softened and the wrong things which are in us now will then be all right, forgetful of the fact that an evil habit in our nature will grow into larger proportions and that an iniquity not corrected will become the grandfather of a whole generation of iniquities. So that people without the grace of God in the struggle and amid the annoyances and exasperations of life are apt to become worse instead of better.

Now, the trouble is that we have a theory abroad in the world that a man's disposition cannot be changed. A man says, "I am irascible in temper, and I can't help it." Another man says, "I am revengeful naturally, and I can't help it." A man says, "I am impulsive, and I can't help it." And he tells the truth. No man can correct his disposition. I never knew a man by force of resolution to change his temperment, but by his grace God can take away that which is wrong and put in that which is right, and I know and you know people who since their conversion are just the opposite of what they used to be. In other words, we may by the spirt of God have the disposition of Jesus Christ implanted in our disposition, and we must have it done or we will never see heaven. "If any man has not the disposition of Jesus Christ, he is none of his."

In the first place the spirit of Christ was a spirit of gentleness. Sometimes he made wrathful utterances against Pharisees and hypocrites, but the most of his words were kind and gentle and loving and inoffensive and attractive. When we consider the fact that he was omnipotent and could have torn to pieces his assailants, the wonder is greater. We often bear the persecution and abuse of the world because we can not help it. Christ endured it when he could have helped it. Little children who always shy off at a rough man rushed into his presence and clambered on him until the people begged the mother to take them away. Invalids so sore with wounds that they could not bear to have any one come near them begged Christ just to put his hand upon the wound and soothe it. The mother with the sickest child was willing to put the little one in Christ's arms. Self righteous people rushed into his presence with a woman of debased character and said, "Now, annihilate her, blast her, kill her." Jesus looked at her and saw she was sorry and repentant, and he looked at them, and he saw they were proud and arrogant and maligant, and he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at the her." A blind man sat by the wayside making a great ado about his lack of vision. They told him to hush ap and not bother the Master. Christ stooped to him and said, "What wilt thou that I do unto thee?" Gentleness of voice, gentleness of manner, gentleness of life.

We all admire it whether we have any of it or not. Just as the the mountain bluff and the scarred crag love to look down into the calm lake at their feet and as the stormiest winter loves to merge into the sunshiny spring, so the most precipitate and impulsive and irascible nature loves to think of the gentleness of Christ. How little we have of it! How little patience in treating with enemies! We have so little of the gentleness of Christ we are not fit for Christian work half the time. We do not know how to comfort the bereft or to encourage the disheartened or to take care of the poor. Even our voice of sympathy is on the wrong pitch.

My sister had her arm put out of joint, and we were in the country and the neighbors came in, and they were all sympathetic, and they laid hold of the arm and pulled mightily until the anguish was intolerable; but the arm did not go to its place. Then the old country doctor was sent for, and he came in and with one touch it was all right. He knew just where to put his finger and just how to touch the bone. We go out to our Christian work with too rough a hand and too unsympathetic a manner, and we fail in our work, while some Christian, in the gentleness of Christ, comes along, puts his hand of sympathy on the sore spot —the torn ligaments are healed and the disturbed bones are rejoined. Oh, for this gentleness of Christ.

The dew of one summer night will accomplish more good than 50 Caribbean whirlwinds. How important it is that in going forth to serve Christ we have some thing of his gentleness! Is that the way we bear ourselves when we are assaulted? The rule is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, retort for retort, sarcasm for sarcasm. Give him as much as he sends! After awhile you look up into the face of Christ, and you see his gentleness, and you say, "Well, now, I must do differently." Then your proud heart says: "Now you have your enemy in a corner. You will never get him in a corner again. Ghastise him, and then let him go." So we postpone the gentleness of Christ. Did you ever know any difficulty to be healed by acerbity or hypercritism? About 45 years ago the Presbyterian church was split into the new school and the old school. The chasm got wider and wider. The most outrageous personalities were indulged in. Good men on one side anathematized good men on the other side. Wider and wider the chasm got, until after awhile some good people tried another tack, and they began to explain away the difficulties, and soon all the differences were healed, and at Pittsburg they shook hands and are one now to be one forever.

You say to a man with whom you had a falling out, "I despise you." He says, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "I never want you to come to my house again." He says, "If you come to my house again, I'll kick you out." You say, "I'll put you down." "Oh, no," he says; "I'll put you down!" But some day the spirit of Christ comes into you, and you go over and say; "My brother, give me your hand. Time is short, and eternity is near, and we can't afford to quarrel. Now, let bygones be bygones, and let us act like Christians." It is all settled. How? By the gentleness of Christ.

Did you ever know a drunkard reclaimed by mimicry of his staggering steps, his thick tongue or his hiccough? No. You only madden his brain. But you go to him and let him know you appreciate what an awful struggle he has with the evil habit, and you let him know that you have been acquainted with people who were down in the same depths who by the grace of God have been rescued. He hears your voice, he responds to that sympathy, and he is saved. You cannot scold the world into anything better. You may attract it into something better. The stormiest wind comes out from its hiding place and says, "I will arouse this sea-" And it blows upon the sea, Half of the sea is aroused or a fourth of the sea is aroused, yet not the entire Atlantic. But after awhile the moon comes out, calm and placid. It shines upon the sea, and the ocean begins to lift. It embraces all the highlands, the beach is all covered. The heart throb of one world beating against the heart throb of another world. The storm could not rouse the whole Atlantic; the moon lifted it. "And I," said Christ, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Christ's disposition was also one of self sacrifice. No young man ever started out with so bright a prospect as Christ started out with if he had been willing to follow a worldly ambition. In the time that he gave to the sick he might have gathered the vastest fortune of his time. With his power to popularize himself and magnetize the people he could have gained official position. No orator ever won such plaudits as he might have won from sanhedrin and synagogue and vast audiences by the seaside. No physician ever got such a reputation for healing power as he might have obtained if he had performed his wonderful cures before the Roman aristocracy. I say these things to let you know what Paul meant when he said, "He pleased not himself," and to show something of the wonders of his self sacrifice. All human power together could not have thrown Christ into the manger if he had not chosen to go there. All satanic strength could not have lifted Christ upon the cross if he had not elected himself to the torture. To save our race from sin and death and hell he faced all the sorrows of this world and the sorrows of eternity. How much of that self sacrifice have we?

What is self sacrifice? It is my walking a long journey to save you from fatigue. It is my lifting a great number of pounds to save you from the awful strain. It is a subtraction from my comfort and prosperity so that there may be an addition to your comfort and prosperity. How much of that have we? Might not I rather say, "How little have we." Two children —brother and sister—were passing down the road They were both very destitute The lad had hardly any garments at all. His sister had a coat that she had outgrown. It was a very cold day. She said, "Johnny, come under this coat" "Oh no," he said; "the coat isn't large enough!" "Oh," she said, "it will stretch!" He comes under the coat, but the coat would not stretch. So she took off the coat and put it on him. Self sacrifice pure and simple. Christ taking off his robe to clothe our nakedness. Self sacrifice. I have not any of it, nor have you compared with that The sacrifice of the Son of God.

Christ walked to Emmaus, Christ walked from Capernaum to Bethany, Christ walked from Jerusalem to Golgotha. How far have you and I walked for Christ? His head ached, his heart ached, his back ached. How much have we ached for Christ?

The disposition of Jesus was also a disposition of humility. The Lord of earth and heaven in the garb of a rustic. He who poured all the waters of the earth out of his right hand—the Amazon and the Euphrates and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Mississippi—bending over a well to ask a Samaritan woman for a drink. He who spread the canopy of the heavens and set the earth for a footstool, admitting that he had not where to lay his head. He whose chariots the clouds are, walking with sore feet. Hushing the tempest on Gennesaret and wiping the spray of the storm from his beard, then sitting down in the cabin beside his disciples, as though he had done no more than wipe the sweat from his brow in Joseph's carpenter shop. Taking the foot of death off the heart of Lazarus and breaking the chain of the grave against the marble of the tomb and then walking out with Mary and Martha without any more pretension than a plain citizen going out in the suburban village to spend the evening. Jostled as though he were a nobody. Nicknamed. Seated with publicans and with sinners. King of heaven and earth trailing his robes in the dust.

How much of that humility have we? If we get a few more dollars than other people or gain a little higher position, oh, how we strut! We go around wanting everybody to know their place and say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of my kingdom and by the might of my strength?" Who has anything of the humility of Christ?

The disposition of Christ was also the spirit of prayer. Prayer on the mountains, prayer on the sea, prayer among the sick, prayer everywhere. Prayer for little children: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." Prayer for his friends, "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Prayer for his enemies, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Prayer for all nations, "Thy kingdom come." How little of that spirit you and I have. How soon our knees get tired. Where is the vial full of odors which are the prayers of all the saints? Which of us can keep our mind ten minutes on a prayer without wandering? Not you, not I. Oh, that we might have the spirit of prayer which was the spirit of Christ. We want more prayer in the family, more prayer in the church, more prayer in the legislative hall, more prayer among the sick, more prayer among the aged, more prayer among the young. The great advancement of the church is to be in that direction yet.

While the council of Nuremberg was signing the edict that gave the church its freedom, Martin Luther was away off in a room by himself praying for that accomplisment. Though there was no line of communication between the place where the council was assembled and the room where Martin Luther was praying, Martin Luther suddenly rose from his knees and said, "It is accomplished; the church is free. Victory, victory!" Oh, for this direct line of communication with the throne of God, so that it may be said of us as it was said of Luther, "He got what he asked for!" We want, like Daniel, to pray with our face toward the holy city. We want, like Stephen, to pray gazing into heaven. We want, like pulican, to pray smiting on the heart of conviction. We want, like Christ, to pray, the Christ who emptied his heart of all its lifeblood and then filled it with the sorrows, the woes, the agonies of all nations.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.

The spirit of Christ, I remark lastly, was a spirit of hard work. Not one lazy moment in all his life. Whether he was talking to the fishermen on the beach or preaching to the sailors on the dock or administering to the rusties amid the mountains or spending an evening in Bethany, always busy for others. With hands, heart, head busy for others. Hewing in the Nazareth carpenter shop, teaching the lame how to walk without crutches, curing the child's fits, providing rations for the hungry host. Busy, busy, busy! The hardy men who pulled the net out of the sea filled with floundering treasures, the shepherds who hunted up grassy plots for their flocks to nibble at, the shipwrights pounding away in the drydocks, the winemakers of Engedi dipping the juices from the vat and pouring them into the goatskins, were not more busy than Christ. Busy, busy for others. From the moment he went out of the caravansary of Bethlehem to the moment when the cross plunged into the socket on the bloody mount, busy for others. Does that remind you of yourself? It does not remind me of myself. If we lift a burden, it must be light. If we do work, it must be popular If we sit in the pew, it must be soft, If we move in a sphere of usefulness, it must be brilliant. If we have to take hold of a load, give us the light end of the log. In this way to heaven fan us, rock us, sing us to sleep. Lift, us up toward heaven on the tips of your fingers under a silken sunshade. Stand out of the way, all you martyrs who breasted the fire! Stand out of the way and let this colony of tender footed modern Christians come up and get their crowns!

What has your Lord done to you, O Christian, that you should betray him? Who gave you so much riches that you can afford to despise the awards of the faithful? At this moment, when all the armies of heaven and earth and hell are plunging into the conflict, how can you desert the standard? Oh, backslidden Christian, is it not time for you to start anew for God and anew for heaven?

Now, I have shown you that the disposition of Christ was a spirit of gentleness, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a spirit of humility, a spirit of prayer, a spirit of hard work—five points. Will you remember them? Are you ready now for the tremendous announcement of the text? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Are you ready for that statement? Can we stand up and say, "Yes, we have the spirit of Christ?" Not one of us can make that answer to the full question, yet I am to declare to you there is no discouragement in this subject for Christian people. You have the seeds of this character planted in your soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You might as well blame an acorn for not being an oak of a thousand years as to blame yourself because you are not equal to Christ. You have the implantation within you which will enlarge and develop into the grandest Christian character, and there is no discouragement in this text for you to try to love and serve the Lord. Aim high. Sheathe not your sword until you have gained the last victory. Climb higher and higher until you reach the celestial hills. Crowns bright and radiant for all the victors, but death to every deserter.

Hanna on Trusts.

Senator Hanna took hold of a live wire when he undertook to handle the trust question and the harder he grips it the more he burns his fingers. He was quoted recently as saying that the trust issue was a farce because there are no trusts in the country. This started a howl of derision from all quarters, and now Hanna undertakes to explain his meaning thus: "When I said that there are no trusts in the meaning of the law I did not say that there are no combinations of capital, nor did I say that there are no combinations of capital that work injustice to the people and harm to the country. In the strict meaning of the law of this country, however, there are no trusts. Let any one look up the commercial definition of the word 'trust' and he will see that I am exactly right." This statement has the merit of being intelligent, which the declaration that there are no trusts lacked, but it does not help Senator Hanna's party very much, if indeed it does not put the Republicans in a very serious position.

The Irony of Fate.

The Convention of Spanish War Veterans continued its business meeting at Washington Wednesday, with about twenty members present. The chief item of interest in connection with the election of officers was the election of Col. James H. Tillman, of South Carolina, as senior vice commander-in-chief. Major Harold Megrew, of Indiana, had been nominated for this office, but withdrew and substituted the name of Gen. Joe Wheeler, who received four votes in the balloting. The convention decided on a uniform of mixed blue and gray, as typical of a union between the North and South during the Spanish war. The following officers were elected: Commander-in-chief, Gen. Nelson A. Miles; senior vice commander-in-chief, Col. James H. Tillman, South Carolina; junior vice commander-in-chief, Col. Wm. H. Hubbell, New York; inspector general, Col. Frank H Harrington, United States marine corps; judge advocate general, Major Charles E. Miller, Ohio; surgeon general, Dr. Clifford Cox, United States navy.

Charleston's Water Supply.

The special committee from the city council that has in charge the work of providing Charleston with a new water supply has been in session all day. It is understood that the new enterprise has been definitely provided for. The scheme is to bring water here from the Edisto river at a cost estimated to be $1,500,000. The supply to be guaranteed is 7,000,000 gallons per day. The committee declines to give out anything for publication before its report is made to the council but it is well understood that the negotiations have been successful and that Charleston will be given an abundant supply of pure water within the next few months.

ALL WIPED OUT.

The Filipinos Kills or Captures one Entire Company

OF UNITED STATES TROOPS.

The Company was Recruited in Atlanta, Ga. Supposed Gunboat Vilalobes Said to be Captured.

Gen. MacArthur Friday cabled the war department from Manila that on Sept. 11, Capt Devereaux Shields with 51 men of Co. F, Twenty ninth volunteer infantry, left Santa Cruz for Torrijos. Nothing has been heard from him since and it is supposed that the entire party, including Capt. Shields, has been captuned with many killed and wounded. The cablegram follows:

Manila, Sept. 28.

Adjutant General, Washington:

Sept. 11, Capt. Devereaux Shields, 51 men, Co. F. Twenty ninth regiment, U. S. V. I., one hospital corpsman, left Santa Cruz, Marinduque, by gunboat Vilalobes for Torrejjos intending to return overland Santa Cruz. Have heard nothing since from Shields. Scarcely doubt entire party captured with many killed, wounded. Shields among latter. Information sent by letter from commanding officer at Boac, dated Sept. 20th, received Sept. 24, consisted of rumors through natives. Yorktown and two gunboats, Anderson (colonel Thirty-eighth infantry,) two companies Thirty-eighth infantry, sent Marinduque immediately. Anderson confirms first report as to capture but unable Sept. 27 to give details present whereabouts Shields and party, names killed and wounded. This information probably available soon. Anderson has orders commence operations immediately and move relentlessly until Shields' party rescued. All troops expected soon. Logan will be sent Marinduque if necessary clear up situation.

MacArthur.

The Twenty-ninth infantry was recruited at Fort McPerson (Atlanta, Ga.) Capt. Shields was lieutenant colonel of the Second Mississippi during the Spanish war. He was made captain in the Twenty-ninth infantry July 5, 1899 He was a resident of Natchez, Miss., where his wife now resides. The scene of this latest reverse is a small island lying due south of the southern coast of Luzon and about 300 miles from Manila. Marinduque is about 24 miles in diameter and was garrisoned by two small detachments of United States troops. One of these was at Boac on the west coast of the island and the other was at Santa Cruz, the principal port on the north side. Capt Shields appears to have started from Santa Cruz on a gunboat for Torreyjos, a small coast port and it is inferred that the boat as well as the body of troops under that officer has been captured, for the dispatch makes no reference to her return.

The Anti-Lynching Law

The anti-lynching law of this state making the county responsible for damages to the family of the victim, has received another black eye. On January 4, 1897, Isaac Brown, a negro, was found hanging to the railroad crossing at Stillton, Orangeburg county, his neck broken and his body riddled with bullets. Brown's father brought suit against the county for damages last year, but the jury promptly brought in a verdict for the county. The verdict was set aside by Judge Gage, and another trial of the same case has been had last week, and another verdict rendered for the county of Orangeburg. The defense offered no testimony, relying upon the failure to prove a lynching which they contended required the concurrence of a mob or a multitude of persons. Buchanan, the presiding judge, charged the jury that a lynching might be committed by a mob or by any person or persons, but the charge appears to have had no effect on the jury. A motion for a new trial will be made, but this second verdict shows conclusively that the anti-lynching provisions in the constitution of 1895 is a dead failure so far as it provides damages for the heirs of the victim, though it is admitted that in its primary object, the suppression of lynching in this state it has been largely successful.

A Fool College President.

A dispatch from Jonesville to the Greenville News says Misses Etta Hames and Lizzie Littlejohn went to Hickory, N. C., to enter Claremont Female college. After the two young ladies spent one night and looked around they were dissatisfied. They would not be matriculated and proposed to return home. The president demurred and refused to let them go. They wired home the situation and their parents wired them to return, but the president still refused to let them go. Miss Littlejohn got away and came home. T. L. Hames went over to Hickory after his daughter and President Hatton refused to give up her trunk or the trunk of Miss Littlejohn. Mr. Hames offered to pay the expense of the girls while they were there, but his offer was refused and he employed an attorney, who took out proceedings of claim and delivery and the trunks were released and Mr. Hames returned with his daughter and the baggage. A damage suit may be the result.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Goes to the Pen.

Ex Policeman J. B. York, of Savannah, Ga., was convicted in the superior court of robbing A Slater of $200. The money was taken from Slater's pocket by the policeman while the former slept. The jury in the case, in view of the fact that Slater had recovered his money, recommended that York be punished as for a misdemeanor. Judge Falligant, however, disregarded the recommendation and sentenced him to the penitentiary for two years.

BILL ARP'S RUMINATIONS.

Three of the Old Philosopher's Friends Died the Same Day.

How like a butterfly our thoughts flit from flower to flower, feeding upon the ever changing mental foods. Sometimes they soar to heaven or nestle among the stars, but their home is here among our people, our friends and kindred and the concerns of our daily life. Who has not wondered how he came to be thinking of this thing or that, and traced it back to something wholly irrelevant, but leading on by shadowy lines. But a little while ago I was sadly thinking about the sudden death of three more of my good friends —friends whom I loved and everybody loved who knew them. Mr. Moore, of Auburn; Colonel Mynatt, of Atlanta, and Dr. Goetchius, of Rome, left us on the same day. They were good men, and the world was made better by their presence.

I was thinking especially about Dr. Goetchius, the preacher, whose journey and destination was so suddenly changed, for he had bought his ticket for Tallulah Falls, there to spend his vacation, and was to take the train at 3 o'clock. He rose from his bed at 2, and at 3 he was dead and his spirit soaring heavenward. Then I thought about Mrs. Barbauld's lines, that fit so well:

"Life! we have been long together,
In pleasant and in cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear.
Then steal away—give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not goodnight, but in some brighter Clime
Bid me good morning."

Then I ruminated about that wonderful woman. How she was the first to write story books for the children and hymns for the church, and how her life was spent in the schoolroom among the children that she loved. And then I recalled that beautiful hymn that she wrote:

"How b'est the righteous when he dies,
When sinks the weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast"

And then I thought of the words of Balaam, upon which that hymn was founded: "Oh! may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like His." And this reminded me of the other words of Balaam: "What hath God wrought?" That was the first message sent over a telegraph wire It was sent from Washington to Baltimore, by Miss Anna Ellsworth, the daughter of the commissioner of patents. She had been very kind to Professor Morse, and he had promised that she should send the first message. This was sent on the 24th day of May, 1844 and two days later the second message was sent from Baltimore to Washington, announcing that James K. Polk had been nominated for president. I remember all this, for I was in college then. But still the people were incredulous, and waited for the mail train to bring the news. Then I ruminated on the hard lot of great inventors, and how Morse spent all of his small estate and received but little encouragement, being so utterly poor that he had to go without food at times for twenty-four hours, and how he pleaded with congress for three years in vain for an appropriation to help him perfect and build a line to Baltimore—and how at the very last, when he was in despair and had given up all hope, congress did at midnight, on the last day of the session, pass the bill for $30,000, and Anna Ellsworth came running to him in delighted haste and told him the good news. What an agonizing life he had led during all these years, for he had been refused help at home and had been to England and to France in search of it and found it not. Now just think of it. After he had built his first lines and his success was established he offered his patents to the United States for $100 000, and it was refused, and he was constrained to sell to private parties an invention that soon came to be worth one hundred millions But he died full of years and full of honors, and even France made him a donation of 400,000 francs. What a wonderful man—perhaps the greatest all around man that ever lived—for he was a painter of distinction and renown, the pupil and the peer of Allston and West, and the city of Charleston was his best friend and patron, and has now his portraits of Monroe and LaFayette. He was a sculptor, an architect, a philosopher and a poet, and he would have reached the top in all had he not become so absorbed in harnessing the lightning. As a matter of course he was kept in litigation several years, and other parties tried to steal his invention, but the Supreme Court of the United States did finally affirm everything that he claimed. He died in 1872 in his eighty-first year.

Here my thoughts rested for awhile, and then returned to Dr. Goetchius and the many other friends who have gone before and have left me almost alone. How fondly our minds cling to the friends of our youth—our schoolmates and college mates—and every now and then we hear of another who has dropped out of line, and like the barber in a barber shop old Father Time whispers "next" My dear old friend Jim Warren still lives to greet me when I come, and so does Chess Howard and Dr. Alexander and his brother and Evan Howell. Then I recalled the grand and beautiful words of Ingalls, spoken in his eulogy on Senator Beck: "The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living is such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph is rapture, and yet we are all under sentence of death. Without a trial or opportunity of defense, with no knowledge of the accuser or the nature and cause of the accusation; without being confronted with the witnesses against us, we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first born, but there is no clemency. The craven felon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be aneled, but there is no reprieve. The soul hopelessly beats its wings upon the bars, shudders and disappears.

"But the death of a good man is not an inconsolable lamentation. It is a strain of triumph, and he may exclaim with the Roman poet, 'Non omnis Moriar,' and turning to the silent and unknown future can rely with just and reasonable confidence upon that most impressive assurance ever delivered to the human race, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'"

Mr. Ingalls might have added one more shadow to his dark picture of death by saying that he not only condemned us without trial or witnesses or an accuser, but the pitiless old rascal would not even give the date of our execution nor the manner of it. We are to die, that is certain, but when or how or where we know not. Think of Dr. Goetchius, dressed at 2 o'clock with pleasant anticipations of a rest at Tallulah, amid the sound of falling waters that soothe the soul, but within an hour he was a helpless, lifeless corpse.

Senator Ingalls was a gifted man—not a word painter, but a thought engraver. For years he was our enemy and harbored prejudices against our people, but after he had visited Texas and studied the negro and his race traits, he returned home and declared that he was unfit and unworthy of freedom or any political franchise.

But enough of this. Now let me add that up to this date I have received one hundred and seventeen copies of the poem that I asked for, and the number increases with every mail. They have come from every Southern state. I began to write pleasant words and thanks to those who have troubled themselves to please me, but I have had to stop, for my old eyes are weak and my hand gets tired. I can only thank them all at once, and say how grateful I am that so many know what I did not know. It humbles my pride and takes away some of my vanity. Some of my scattered friends give the authorship to Miss Flora Hastings, Queen Victoria's maid of honor, and some to George D. Prentice, and one to S. S. Prentis, but the large majority are correct in naming Charles Mackay. He was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1812, and during our civil war was the American correspondent of the London Times. He easily stood first among the modern English poets, and was the author of many prose works.

BILL ARP.

SLY OLD LI HUNG CHANG.

How the Famous Chinese Minister Proved the Guilt of Would-Be Poisoners.

Many residents of Chicago will remember the visit of Li Hung Chang to thta city during the aged Chinese minister's tour of the United States. His quaint observations on men and things were distinguished by wonderful shrewdness, which shows itself in everything that the old man says or does. A characteristic story is now in circulation regarding him. He was engaged in a bitter fight with some of the more conservative members of the tsung-li-yamen, when he received as a present a magnificent but, as he had every reason to believe, a poisoned cake. He put the cake aside and set all his powerful machinery to work to find out who was at the bottom of the plot. The investigation was partly successful, the crime being traced to three men, of whom one at least was absolutely guilty. Li had the trio arrested and brought to him. The cake was produced, with the remark that "politeness forbade his tasting it until the three generous donors had had an opportunity to enjoy its excellence."

Li cut the cake and one of his servitors handed it to the unwilling guests. Each took a piece and ate, or pretended to eat. One crumbled the pieces and let them fall to the floor, but the other two ate calmly, without manifesting any emotion. Ten minutes and the two men began to show symptoms of suffering. Li smiled benignantly and said to the man who had not eaten:

"Your wisdom is so great that I am compelled to preserve your head as a souvenir to transcendent genius."

The man was removed and promptly decapitated. To the other two the premier remarked:

"The cake that you are eating is not the one you sent, but one which I had my cook imitate. The poison from which you are suffering exists only in your imagination. I know of no way to cure your present pain except by letting you share the fate of your friend who has just left the room."

Not to Be Discouraged.

"Polite society" is often at its wits' end to devise means of getting rid of people who are not wanted as callers or visitors, but who will not take a hint; for polite society cannot say in so many words: "I do not want you to come again." A French paper repeats this dialogue between two ladies:

"And so you still receive that dreadful Mme. Comeagain?"

"Impossible to get her to take a hint! Do you know, the last time she called I never offered her a chair!"

"And what was the result?"

"Result? Why, the next time she came she brought a folded camp stool!"—Youth's Companion.

Not One.

"Young Goslin is in love with all the girls," said Wintergreen.

"But what particular girl is in love with him?" asked Terwilliger.

"The girl who would be in love with him would not be a particular girl."—Town Topics.

Snubs Regretted.

"A man can't be too careful whom he snubs."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, every once in awhile I've snubbed some plain people who afterward came into a lot of money."—Bloomington Pantagraph.

Jellied Meat.

An excellent jellied-meat for picnics or camp is this old-fashioned stand-by of our grandmothers. Get four pigs' feet with legs to the first joint and boil in a pot of water without salt until the bones fall out. Take the meat from the liquor, strain and set away to cool. In another kettle have a shank of beef sawed and cut. Boil this in unsalted water until very tender. Remove the meat and set the liquor away to cool. The next morning remove the fat from both liquors, cut the meat in small bits, add the liquor the pigs' feet were cooked in (the beef liquor can be utilized in soup), salt, pepper and spice to taste, heat and pour in molds to harden. It is hardly necessary to say that this meat should be prepared at home, the day before using.—Washington Star.

Cherry Water Ice.

Strain the juice from a quart of cherries through a linen bag and the juice from two lemons over a pound of sugar; add a pint of water and wineglassful of brandy and freeze.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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WIND PRESSURE IN TROTTING

Secret That Has Been of Great Benefit to Many Very Shrewd Drivers.

"Not one man in a hundred, even among professional drivers, seems to appreciate the importance of taking advantage of the wind," said an old driver the other day, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I have studied it for years, and many's the time it has been worth dollars and cents to me in driving a race or in showing a horse to a buyer under the watch. Not long ago a man came here to see a mare in my stable, with a view to buying if she could show a quarter in 35 seconds. The wind happened to be blowing good and strong from the west, so I raid to him as I took the mare out on the track for the trial: 'I'll just move her slow through the home stretch here so you can see her way of going, and when I get around the turn I'll step her fast up the back stretch.' Well, it wasn't any trick at all for her to go that quarter with the wind in 33 seconds. Mr. Buyer never tumbled, and I got my price for the mare. Now, if I had tried to show the first quarter down the home stretch, going against the wind, she couldn't have trotted it in 0:38. Another time away back in the first part of April I drove a green trotter a quarter one day in 0:30½. It caused a big stir, and lots of people who timed the trial said I was a fool for doing it so early in the season. They didn't notice that my horse was going before a stiff wind. I didn't say anything to them, but I say to you that it was easier for that horse to trot that quarter in 0:30½ than it would have been to drive him a quarter the other way of the track in 0:36. Yet if he had trotted over the same ground the other way in 0:36 nobody would have thought it was worth talking about.

"I learned to take advantage of the wind when I used to drive races on the kite track at Independence, Ia.," continued the trainer. "I remember one time I had a little soft-hearted mare that couldn't go the last end of a mile to save her neck, and she was entered in a race against some game horses of greater speed. I thought I would be lucky to get fourth money. One of those prairie winds was sweeping over the kite almost in the faces of the horses as they went away. I happened to get off right behind two of the good ones. They were fighting for the lead and trotted together like a team. Pretty soon I noticed that, while they appeared to be laboring, my mare was going easily. For a moment I couldn't understand it. Then it struck me that she was in a good position where she was protected from the head wind, which the horses in front of her had to breast. I just let her trail until we got around past the turn, where the wind caught us the other way. Then I turned her loose. The good horses were exhausted and my little soft-hearted mare stepped right away from them in the race home. I've won many a race by those tactics since then.

"By the way, did it ever strike you that the secret of Ed Geers' style of driving a race is right there in the way he has of protecting his horses from the wind? Geers nearly always drops behind the pole horse, you know, and trails until he strikes the home stretch; sometimes until he is half way down the stretch. I don't know whether he does it intentionally, but he gets his horse in a position where the atmospheric resistance is next to nothing, and there he stays while somebody else breasts the wind. To my mind it accounts for a great deal of Geers' success. Even on a still day a horse trotting a 2:10 gait has to plow through what seems like a strong wind, and a mere gentle breeze seems like a gale when you're going against it.

"To go back to the kite track at Independence, I remember one day when the wind was whistling over the prairie George Starr set out to drive Direct a mile against time. He went down the half in something like 1:01, with the wind, of course, and lots of folks thought he was going to knock the world's record into a cocked hat. I don't remember how fast the mile was —not much better than 2:10, though. When he struck the head wind he wilted, and before he got to the wire he was so tired that he could hardly put one foot before the other. He just staggered home like a dead one, though no gamer horse was ever foaled. I've seen many another game one do the same."

Letters in London.

The traveler is interested in getting his letters promptly. At his London hotel there are 15 deliveries a day. He may drop a card in a post box at eight in the morning, get an answer at noon and mail a reply which will get to his friend before evening. Within the last three years, whenever the post office bill has come up in the house of representatives, there has been discussion as to the practicability of the pneumatic dispatch. One might as well discuss the practicability of the telephone. They would smile at such suggestions in London or Paris, where a slight addition to the postage will secure a rapid delivery by pneumatic dispatch. Another great convenience in the postal system abroad is the method of paying money orders. One is not obliged to go a half mile to a branch, or three miles to the central post office, to get his money. The postman who brings the order brings the money with him. You receipt for it, and that is the end of it. —Forum.

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