IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"A correspondent of the *Church Times* calls attention to the danger of obscuring the church's appointed order for Good Friday by giving undue prominence to the Three Hours' Service. In no spirit of hostility to the latter, he points out that it is a voluntary 'offering,' very greatly dependent upon the spirituality of its conductor, and his ability to maintain a high level of devotional strength and mental freshness for so long a period, fasting, and after an unusually long divine service in the morning hours. He thinks many are tempted by the novelty of the Three Hours' Service to neglect the order for the day, and that protracted preaching and modern hymns are a poor substitute for the Holy Evangelist, St. John, and the wanderful psalms of the Passion. The criticism, being entirely friendly, should receive thoughtful consideration," says the *Churchman* (P. E.). "It may be well for the clergy who use the Three Hours' Service to note particularly the effect of that devotion upon the attendance at morning and evening prayer. Very few of the laity are able to spend the whole day in church, and the number and classes of people who elect the Three Hours' Service as the devotion might furnish every parish priest a hint and guide as to its desirability in his own parish."

The *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago reprints this paragraph from the *Standard of the Cross and the Church* (P. E.): "Finally, let the preaching and teaching be as varied and unrestrained as it might be, only so that it be earnest in the effort to find out and to set forth the indisputable oracles of God, and to establish men in the Nicene faith. Even a reconstructionist of the creed, such as Dr. Lyman Abbott, or an out-and-out Unitarian, might be trusted to preach or teach on subjects of common Christian interest in which his own speculations do not cross the well-known and recognized historic belief of this church." And comments upon it as follows: "It is a principle well understood by those who have special cause to promote in politics or religion that it is of primary importance when the first surprise and repugnance has been overcome, to secure at least a silent toleration. Then the constant repetition of their views, without any definite or determined opposition, may be expected to lead on to recognition as a legitimate 'school,' and, perhaps, general acceptance. This is the process and the policy of which our contemporary has made itself the mouthpiece. Churchmen have hardly been able to believe that in the face of the prayer-book, the creeds and the past history of this church, anything like Unitarianism could possibly gain a footing within it. But with the new art of 'fluxing' old forms with new meanings, anything becomes possible, and it may be found that a far more severe struggle is before us than the majority are yet able to realize before we can rest secure in the old lines of church doctrine and Bible truth."

"Doctrinal and practical preaching should never be wholly separated," the New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) thinks. "Every sermon should have a foundation of doctrine and a practical application. A practical sermon with no doctrine to support it is too weak, and a doctrinal sermon without a practical aim is too dry to accomplish much. These two have often been separated. We have heard of ministers who were considered doctrinal preachers, and others who ignored doctrines altogether. To preach doctrines as they are set forth in a treatise on systematic theology is a very poor way. Some ministers have taken up each Bible doctrine separately, and discussed it in a systematic manner, as if they felt called on to give their hearers a whole body of divinity in order to indoctrinate them into the Christian system. He preaches doctrines best who weaves them into his discourses so skillfully that his hearers receive them as they do the light that comes from the sun—as a matter of course. Jesus proclaimed the great doctrines of His Gospel in parables and in familiar conversations."

With reference to the course of the New York Methodist ministers in regard to Dr. Parkhurst's sermons on municipal corruption, the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "The nauseous pleas for 'the pure Gospel' from Tammany newspapers are only amusing and disgusting, but the implied censure of a body of intelligent ministers—of a class, too, at the furthest remove from the 'cream-cheese' type—cannot fail to provoke serious question. Is there any ground for feeling that a minister cannot properly treat in his pulpit such themes as those handled so plainly by Dr. Parkhurst, or that if he alludes to them at all, it should be in general terms and without going into repulsive details? Such a feeling undoubtedly exists. We have heard intelligent Christian people say they would be sorry to have their sons and daughters sit under Dr. Parkhurst's ministry if he is going to talk like that. The first and obvious answer to such criticism is an appeal to the Bible. If it isn't safe for young people to listen to Dr. Parkhurst's preaching, then it isn't safe for them to read the Old Testament prophets and the New Testament apostles, or even the discourses of Jesus himself. The Bible sets us no example of kid-gloved and mealy-mouthed dealing with wickedness. Its writers are far from confining themselves to generalities. They don't hesitate to go into the most shocking and loathsome details of sin. If there are any human utterances in which spades are ruthlessly called spades, in which every form of iniquity is specified and branded by name, they are to be found in the book of God's holy law and of Christ's blessed Gospel."

"Dr. Parkhurst has rendered both community and church a noble service," says the New York *Christian Union*, "at what cost to himself the public cannot imagine. He has proved the power of the pulpit and the power of public conscience when the prophet of God appeals to it. A broadside in every morning journal in New York would not have produced the same impression on the city that this single preacher has produced. Was it necessary for him to visit in person the houses of vice that he might expose them? We neither know nor care. Generally the commander-in-chief relies on scouts to tell him of the enemy's forces. But if Alfred the Great chooses to disguise himself as a wandering minstrel and enter in person the Danish camp and so prepare himself for to-morrow's battle and make it victory, who criticises his reckless courage? The truth is, there are some people whom the clergyman can never suit. If he goes to the house of vice, they condemn him for going where he ought not to be seen. If he does not go, they condemn him for preaching against vices that he knows nothing of. If he condemns municipal corruption, they find fault because he preaches politics, and tell him to 'preach the Gospel.' If he preaches the Gospel and leaves municipal corruption alone, they ask why he does not preach on live topics, which men are interested in. If he specifies they accuse him of being personal. If he does not specify they scoff at him for dealing in generalities. It is hard work for a preacher to please the organs of the world, the flesh and the devil. It really is not worth his while to try."

"Herbert Spencer counted it a proof of the paucity of human invention that neither the cot nor the palace could show a really easy and comfortable arm-chair. This reminds of us another strange fact," remarks the *Interior* (Pres.) of Chicago, "that we are positively killing off our preachers by the score, if not by the thousand, by means of churches in which the effort to be heard suffuses the cerebellum with blood and breaks down the normal action of the brain. We continue building our houses of worship after medieval models in which no sermon was ever delivered, models which were built for spectacular service, and not for homiletic use. There are churches in this country which cost from $200,000 to $300,000, which are only torture chambers for preachers. Every possible principle of acoustics is violated in our ordinary church architecture. No player could nightly perform in a theater constructed as are our churches and live out half his days. Size has nothing to do with it, for the largest church building in Chicago is the easiest one to speak in. Fame and fortune await the architect who shall invent a wholly new ecclesiastical architecture that shall at once satisfy the devotional feeling and be adapted to public speaking. The cathedral fulfills the first condition; the theater the second; neither fulfills both."

"Criticism and rationalism are not properly distinguished," remarks the *Christian Leader* (Unit.) of Boston. "The two things have no necessary connection. Each implies an intellectual process wholly distinct from that of the other. To confound them, using them interchangeably, would be a mistake akin to the mixing of history and astronomy. Of course, in certain generic senses all kinds of knowledge are related; even astronomy has an incidental bearing on human annals. If a particular criticism throws any passage out of the Bible, it of course throws out whatever may happen to be in the passage, no matter whether a miracle or a bit of ordinary biography. But there is a distinction between the miraculous and particular miracles. President Cone, in a Western address, put the whole matter in a nutshell: 'The Bible is inclusive of the miraculous, but records of particular miracles must be determined by criticism,' or words to this effect, and singularly wise words they are."

"The agency of woman has not been called into exercise as much as it ought to be in the work of our churches," observes the *Cumberland Presbyterian* of Nashville, Tenn. "The Congregational papers some time ago gave an account of a city church in that denomination in which eight deaconesses are appointed to visit the parish by districts. Last year they made nearly 600 calls, thus relieving the pastor of much labor, and doing much work that he could not have done. They hold monthly meetings by themselves, and meet and act jointly with the deacons in receiving members and on special call. A Presbyterian paper lately told the story of a Western church which in one year was relieved of debt and made self-supporting by the efficiency and activity of a new Board of Trustees composed of women. Women make the most efficient stewards in many Methodist Churches. Often the best talent in the congregation is found among the female members. Do we show wisdom in neglecting to enlist and use this talent? Our Cumberland Presbyterian Book of Discipline provides that 'the church session may appoint godly women for the care of the sick, of prisoners, of poor widows and orphans, and in general for the relief of distress.' Would it not be a great gain to our congregations if a larger number of women were thus officially set apart for church work? And might not our form of government be wisely amended so as to provide for the scriptural office of deaconess in all our churches?"

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THAT BOY OF MINE.

He's a terror, he's a nuisance,
He's the trial of my life;
He nearly drives me crazy
With the noise he tries to make.
He pounds upon the boiler,
He rattles on the drum,
But I'll bear it like a martyr
If he'll spare the looking-glass.

It is vain to think of study,
Or to try to take a nap,
For he's always wanting something
When you want to take a rest.
He will ask you for a penny,
For some candy or a gun,
Till you wish the little cherub
Was a hundred miles from home.

He's always full of mischief,
And I tremble with alarm
At some new device in mischief
That enters in his head.
He tries to vex the pussy cat,
And monkeys with the dog,
And writes his hieroglyphics
Upon the parlor door.

He asks such funny questions
They'd puzzle wiser heads,
And you've got to give an answer,
Or he'll make you wish you had.
The amount of information
That the youngster will absorb.
It fills me with amazement
How his head contains it all.

But sometimes in the evening,
When he's in his little bed,
A thought comes stealing o'er me
That fills me with a dread.
How I'd miss the little fingers
That smear the window-panes,
How the house would seem deserted
Without my little pet.

Oh, God, but spare my darling;
Let him grow to be a man,
And I'll thank Thee for the blessing,
And praise Thee for the gift.

—E. G. JONES, M. D.

THE SPLINTER TOOTHPICK.

The table-cloth was fresh and neat,
The china bright, the viands sweet,
And slim and straight beside the meat
Stood proudly up—the toothpick.

Stood stiffly as a toothpick ought,
Which once was shunned, but now is sought,
For time is turned and forward brought
To prominence the toothpick.

The dinner done they passed it 'round,
And none said "Nay," and no one frowned,
But all with dignity profound
Applied the nimble toothpick.

Oh, other things of meanest sphere,
Combs! tweezers! brush! The time draws near,
Perchance, when each shall be the peer
Of the promoted toothpick.

—Good Housekeeping.

No Full-Length Portrait for Him.

Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others, and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club, when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped beside the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait?"

"So he has," was the response.

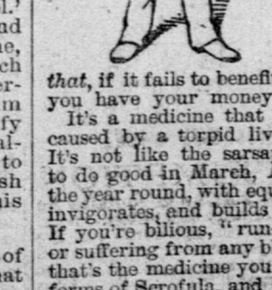
"Full length?"

"No; full-length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

Farewell.

That money talks I don't deny;
To me it always says "Good-by."

A VERITABLE family medicine box, BEECHAM'S PILLS.



No body advertises that his blood medicine doesn't amount to much. They're all of them "the best." But there's only *one* of them that's good enough to *guarantee*—and that is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With *that*, if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back.

It's a medicine that *cures*, in all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, with equal benefit, it cleanses, invigorates, and builds up the entire system. If you're bilious, "run-down," or dyspeptic, or suffering from any blood-taint or disorder, that's the medicine you need. For the worst forms of Scrofula, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all kindred ailments, nothing can equal it as a perfect and permanent remedy. The *genuine* sold for $1.00. Beware of spurious *imitations* or *dilutions*, offered at less prices.

MY LAST PROPOSAL.

I had made other declarations of love, all of them unsuccessful, I was glad to think, and yet here I was at 40—well, let us say between 30 and 40—shivering on the brink of another proposal. I had just come home to my rooms in King's Bench Walk after dining at the Barndores. Of course, I had met little Mrs. Winterton there; of course, I had taken her in to dinner—the world we both lived in was always bringing us together in that sort of way—and equally, of course, I was soon dreaming over the fire of her slim, taut little figure in its dainty black silk setting. I had always liked the name of Kate, I thought; it was homely, comfortable, and yet not commonplace. Yes, it would do very well. Neither had I any narrow-minded aversion to widows. I felt that if Mrs. Winterton, who had tried the holy state of matrimony once, cared to try it again, it was scarcely for me, who had no experience, to raise objections. I had always regarded Weller, the elder, as a dull man of blunted sentiments, who somewhat deserved his fate. The exigencies of his profession, too, were not calculated to promote connubial bliss. In legal slang, his case was not on "all fours" with mine, and I knew that Mrs. Winterton and I could easily refute what one may call the Wellerian fallacy, if we wished to do so. But did we wish to? and why should we wish to? These were the questions troubling my mind at this moment.

I was too old to pretend to a mad, despairing passion; Kate was too sensible. But we were both almost alone in the world, and this, I think, had brought us closer together and made us rather like old friends than new acquaintances.

She was bright, witty, cheerful and—yes, I think she was pretty. She had a nice little fortune, too, people said, but I had charged myself a hundred times with caring for that, and always acquitted myself honorably, with cheers in court. I did not lack money; my wants were few, and I could supply them without painful or anxious labor. No. I was in love with Kate Winterton, that was the fact, let me face it bravely.

Lighting a candle, for the shaded lamp was insufficient for my purpose, I rose and looked in the mirror over the mantelpiece. The candle made the worst of things, I thought; it seemed to bring out all the lines in my face, and there certainly were a good many firmly-etched on my forehead. [I believe there are fewer to-day, Kate!] But where is the harm in a few lines in a man's face? They give it character. And when I looked at my features there was no doubt about it, they were clean cut, shapely—well, I might almost say—handsome. My mother had said it—I was her only child—over and over again, and there are things that one learns from one's parents that are never forgotten in after life. So far I was passing my examination creditably, if not with honors; but when I lifted the candle above my head it shone upon a wider parting than was either necessary or ornamental. Jackson, the hairdresser, used to say with a professional sniff of sympathy, "Ah, sir, them barristers' wigs do bring the 'air off;' but he knew as well as I did that I did not put my wig on twice a year, having indeed no occasion to do so. So I lowered the candle hastily, and then, stepping back a few paces, took a long look at myself, deciding that my moustache fairly canceled the parting, and that I felt happier with my figure in the middle distance than I had in the foreground. I have heard people call me modest; others I know said I was dull; one or two—chiefly those whose books I had reviewed—said I was stupid, meaning by that honest. Well, well, I said to myself, taking a last look in the glass, things might have been worse for a man who is over for—I mean between 30 and 40.

I made up my fire and lit my pipe again. Kate liked tobacco, I thought to myself with a smile, or the thing would never do. Then I began to dream again. Yes, I would propose to Kate. "Propose!" The very word called up a host of memories. I had proposed before this, I began to recollect, and had been rejected. Well, that too might have been worse. I might have been accepted, and then I should never have seen Kate. I shut my eyes and traveled in memory through strange scenes of the past. I was at Lady Haberly's standing in the large conservatory that leads out of the drawing-room—it must have been at least fifteen years ago—with a tall, bright girl of two-and-twenty. I could see her brown, honest eyes and truthful face framed in ruddy curls floating before me. Had she led me on, dangling about my quiet paths, or had I rushed out of my native element and jumped at her openmouthed like a silly trout at a well-made West End fly? Never mind now! I shall never forget her haughty indignation, her superb astonishment; and yet she was only an Earl's granddaughter. I do not think I ever had a pedigree, and I know I cut a very poor figure on that occasion in consequence. She married a wealthy American soon afterward. I wonder what sort of a pedigree he had! As for me, I kept a lock of hair, and wrapped it up in a newspaper cutting two years after her marriage, when she was the heroine of some sad legal proceedings that many will remember. But it was a cruel, ugly way of keeping the foolish relic, and I burned it long ago, I am glad to say. I saw her at Brighton quite recently. Her eyes were still brown and beautiful, still honest, perhaps, to those who did not know her story. Why should I recall it? I escaped.

Then there was a tiny, plump, sprightly girl I used to meet at Aunt Harcourt's. She was a miller's daughter. It sounds romantic enough, but it was a steam-mill, and is long ago turned into a limited-liability company. I cannot remember her name, nor the color of her eyes, but she sang me "Kathleen, Mavourneen," and I leaned on the piano looking into those eyes, though I have no notion to-day what their color was. And we danced together and sang duets. What pathos I could throw into "My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee." I used to think she felt it; so did Aunt Harcourt, who was very eager for me to "settle down," as she called it, and was always harping on the miller's daughter, and saying, "Ah, James, what a nice little wife she would make, to be sure!" So one evening when aunt had left us alone—dear, foolish old aunt—and we had looked into the fire a long time in awkward silence—I was very young then—I suggested the "Cauld Blast," for we had but one duet, and indeed very little else in common that I can remember. But our hands met in the search for the music, as hands will meet in this world, and then— Well, well, I recollect it all in accurate detail, except the color of her eyes. And she was a very good, kind little girl, and so sorry to grieve me by saying no, but she loved another. And the other was the curate, and after two or three years' waiting they got married, and they have ten or eleven children now, I fancy. I was heart-broken at the time, I know, but perhaps it was as well as it was.

That was not my first proposal, though, for my heart received a severe fracture at a very early age—when I was about 14, I think. A pasty-faced, yellow-haired girl captivated my affections in those early days. She was my schoolmaster's daughter. Ah! I was in love then. I wrote her verses. Such verses! teeming with fevered passion and perfect marvels of rhythm and orthography. I even produced a set of Latin verses singing her praises, and these cost me infinite toil, though I remember she did not much care for them. But my suit prospered. I bought her toffee and hardbake—sticky emblems of love—and penned her long epistles burning with romantic devotion, and she ate my toffee and wrote me sweet nothings in return. Betsy, the cook, carried our letters, and the postage was a heavy claim on my pocket money. But then there was no tick with Betsy, so I denied myself other pleasures, as a lover should do. Indeed, I dedicated myself to her service in the true spirit of ancient chivalry. I ran races and won them for her sake; I swam the Fylde River in flood for her sake, and imagined I was Leander crossing the Hellespont. If my memory serves me, you couldn't swim in the Fylde at all unless it was in flood. I even pinched my dearest chum—Freddy Paterson's—head for her sake, for Freddy said she was a "pasty-faced little sneak." Thinking it over, my dear old Freddy, you were quite right; she was pasty-faced, and she was a sneak. Something was discovered, and she promptly gave up all my letters and verses to her father, and peached on Betsy. Her father was a dry, unapproachable man, as tough and unsympathetic as a Sanskrit root. He sent for me to his study. I had pictured to myself difficulties in my interview with him, but then it was not to come off for about ten years, and by that time I expected to be in command of a regiment at least, having made my name famous in mouths of men, for I was going into the army in those days. On entering his study I rapidly prepared an appropriate and dignified address. I can remember rehearsing it in the passage. However, there was no opportunity for me to deliver it. My father-in-law that was to have been gave me a short harangue, in which I remember my verses were designated "impertinent trash," and the remainder of the interview was of an entirely practical nature, in which I played a wholly subsidiary part; and in consequence of her father's conduct on that memorable day I considered my engagement with his daughter at an end.

These old memories and dreams were scattered into thin air by a rap at my outer door. I knew the knock—it was Harold Etheridge's. I saw a good deal of Harold at that time.

"I noticed your light, old fellow, and just dropped in."

"You don't intrude," I said, for I was always pleased to see him in those days. "I've only been dreaming over the fire. Sit down and have a last pipe; I must turn in in half an hour."

Harold sat down opposite to me on the other side of the fireplace. He was ten, or may be fifteen, years younger than I was, and a good-looking, dashing, straightforward man, both in face and manner. There never was such an open-hearted, honest-looking fellow as Harold, to all appearance. I had nicknamed him "the Saxon," and the name stuck to him, for it was appropriate. He lived a gay, reckless kind of life, and was always talking of marrying money, or going out to the Cape, as the only alternatives to the Bankruptcy Court; but I believed he was comfortably off. I liked him. I thought him one of my few friends. I like to remember him as I thought he was, even now, for I believe he was my friend in those days, as far as such a man could be anybody's friend.

I do not know what there is about the small hours of the morning, or whether sympathy is an absolute necessity to a lover, but within five minutes we were talking of Kate Winterton.

"A fine woman? I should think she is," cried Harold enthusiastically; "and a fine fortune, too."

"Bright, witty, good-tempered and pleasing, if not pretty," I added, continuing my description.

"Why, you might be in love with her, Penrose, to hear you talk."

It was very foolish of me, I know; but lovers are foolish, and it was early in the morning, and of course I did not know then that Harold was my rival. Had I suspected it I should have entered a *nolle prosequi* and dropped my suit, leaving him a clear field. After all, it was perhaps only a natural effect of my ailment that I should long to tell someone my secret. The glory of a secret lies in imparting it. Keeping a secret is very poor fun, and I have no secrets at 2 o'clock in the morning—it is a sympathetic hour. I rose and stood by the fire.

"Harold, old boy, I've something to tell you. I am in love with Kate Winterton!"

The Saxon nearly dropped his pipe. He gave a long whistle and said nothing. I was disappointed; I expected congratulations, pleasant laughter, good wishes—something.

After a moment's silence he said, with hesitation: "You have actually proposed, eh? Have you?"

"No, no! of course not. No one knows but you, and why the devil I told you I don't know," I added testily. His coolness irritated me.

"By George, old fellow, I'm sure I wish you joy. Benedict Redivivus!" He laughed heartily, and shook me by the hand. The Saxon was himself again, and so was I.

"Ah! Harold," said, "I hardly know now whether I shall ever tell her. Let me see, this is Monday night."

"Tuesday morning you mean."

"Yes, yes. I shall not see her until Sunday; I have a week before me yet. Ah, my boy, give me your good wishes on Sunday. 'The better the day——' you know." I shook him by the hand again. He was not very enthusiastic, but he listened to my garrulous ravings, and that was all that I wanted then. "I feel young again," I continued, "and when I think of her loving face and sweet gray eyes——"

Gug! gug! gug! It was that confounded lamp; out it went, and put a period to my rhapsody.

"Let us take it as a gentle hint to me, and not as a lover's omen," laughed Harold pleasantly. I groped about, found a candle, and bade him good night. Then I sought repose and dreamed real dreams, haunted with Kate's bright eyes and silver treble laugh.

I think I have said that I reviewed for the *Slasher* in those days. It was poor stuff, and I had long ceased to be proud of it; but it provided my daily bread, or rather my daily cutlet and pint of claret, and I was at least honest about it. I certainly worked very hard at my learned reviews, and crammed my subjects thoroughly. I was always at work. Etheridge used to say "I worked like the devil, but without his intelligence"; the truth is, they were all a little envious of my position. For I was the "we" who taught Darwin science, instructed Tennyson in the laws of meter, and patronized George Eliot. It was admitted, too, on all hands that I was excellent at turning out those readable reviews that the public enjoys, and that used to drive weak-minded authors to early graves in my time. Nowadays weak-minded authors are difficult to drive; more's the pity. I was writing something the next evening for Saturday's *Slasher*, when Harold came in with a merry smile on his face. I saw no deviltry in it then.

"Do you want a subject for one of your real good things?" he asked. "Here is a new volume of poems just out; they are screamingly funny."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"I found them in a fellow's rooms and borrowed them for a few days. No one you know," he added hastily.

He handed me a thin volume, daintily got up in a white and gold boudoir binding, lettered in scarlet on the cover, "'Sighs From My Heart,' by Sappho."

"Modest young lady, isn't she?" suggested the Saxon, quizzically.

"If she is a lady," I replied, sententiously, with the air of one who was too old a hand to jump at obvious conclusions.

"Listen to this, then," cried Harold, snatching the book from my hand, and reading with very comic effect a poem addressed "To my Hero," each verse of which ended thus:

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

"Just suits you, Penrose," he said as he finished. "You have red hair and your looks are perfectly brazen."

"Who publishes it?" I said, smiling at his vagaries. "Ah, I see. Well, I'll run through it, and if it is all like that stuff it will come in useful. I've a lot of dull, solemn things here, nothing to make fun of."

"Now do write a good one. Let us have a specimen of your cayenne pepper papers, as Crofts calls them. I shall come in and keep you up to it.

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

Etheridge struck an attitude as he recited this, laughed aloud at me in his merry, high-spirited way, and went off, leaving me the volume.

I read the poems, and found them just the weak sort of rubbish I expected, and knocked off a notice of them. I sent down to the publishers to find out why we had not got a copy of the *Slasher*, and was told that it would come in on Friday. I wanted something light for half a page, so I did the ordinary kind of sneering, smart review that the public chuckles over and enjoys. Even as I wrote it I sighed to myself, as I often did, for I never grew callous about other people's feelings, and I always blame an author's friends as much as an author for the nonsense he publishes. I shall never forget that review; every wretched word of it is burned deep into my heart, and when I remember the hundreds of equally cruel and equally just notices—I must be fair to myself—that I had written, I feel happy to have left the trade to others who have less unwieldly consciences and tougher hearts.

On Sunday morning I rose early. I had not slept well—I do not wish to pretend I had—neither did I eat a good breakfast, but I was awake to the necessity of dressing carefully, particularly carefully, and this I did. I strolled northward toward Park Crescent, where Mrs. Winterton lived; all the good people were coming out of church, and the dinners were coming to meet them out of the bakehouses. It was a clear, frosty morning. Every one seemed cheerful and contented. I had never known London look so bright and happy. As for me, I walked on air, erect, with swinging steps, smiling pleasantly at the passers-by, for I did not know what was before me.

Of course, Mrs. Winterton was at home to me, just as she had been for the last ten Sundays at this hour. No one was there, and she would be down in a minute. Jane smiled at me as usual, for I was a very regular visitor, and remembered Jane handsomely in my prayers and Christmas boxes. I walked through the drawing-room into the boudoir, where I was privileged to enter. She would come there, I knew. A copy of the *Slasher* was lying on the table—cut, too, I noticed. I wondered if she had read my article on "Romola." It was a careful, well-considered thing, I thought. She used often to say she could tell my hand at once. Poor Kate!

I saw, the moment she entered, that something was amiss. Women can hide everything but tears—tell-tale tears. I remember hearing an American girl say she envied a baby its power of crying for an hour or two and turning up fresh at the bout. From a feminine point of view, the accomplishment is undoubtedly worth acquiring. We tried to talk, but it was a failure. I dare say I was nervous, but then so was Kate. She was quite *distrait*, and not in the least her own bright self. Instead of our usual frank, open conversation, it was the weather and Disraeli's last good thing. I was determined to break through her reserve. My eye caught the *Slasher* lying open by her side.

"Well, Mrs. Winterton, you have been reading the *Slasher* I see?"

She darted a keen look at me, and with something of her old fire, but with a trace of bitterness in the laugh that accompanied her answer, she replied:

"Oh, yes, I have read the *Slasher*."

"Did you look at 'Romola?'"

"No. I only read one thing—a short notice of some poems or something," she said, taking up the paper and looking at it carelessly.

I rose and seated myself on a chair slightly behind her.

"I can show it you," I said; "'Sighs from my Heart.'"

"Did you write that review?" she said, half rising and bending forward to make up the fire.

I could not see her face, or I might have been tempted to tell a lie.

"Yes, I wrote it," I said. "It's smart; don't you think so?"

"It is smart," she replied, after a pause, as though she was reading it over again, "very smart."

"I'll lend you the book to look at," I continued. "It's the greatest trash you ever read. Awful rubbish."

"Thank you," she answered coldly, still reading the paper, with her face turned from me.

"Such irresistibly comic stuff, that 'To my Hero!' I couldn't help quoting the refrain—

His locks are gold,
His looks are bold,
My Hero!

Ha! ha!"

My laughter stopped almost in its birth. I was looking over her shoulder on to the paper, when a full, round tear fell with a "blob," as we used to say in the nursery, on to the page in front of her. That "blob" went straight to my heart. I caught her hand in mine; I may have gone on my knees; I don't know what I did.

"Mrs. Winterton! Kate!" I cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Tell me! I can't bear to see you unhappy. How can I serve you? I came here to-day to tell you—yes, indeed, to tell you I love you."

She tore her hand away from mine, and was speaking to me from the other side of the room. I was half kneeling by her chair, I think, and rose slowly as she spoke.

"You love me! You! Why, you wrote that!" she cried indignantly, pointing to the wretched review.

I looked at her in surprise. Then it began to dawn upon me as I gazed at her dear little figure quivering with indignation.

"Why you—do you mean—to say," I stammered out, "that—you—are?"

"You great booby, of course I'm Sappho. What a fool the man is!"

She stamped her little foot impatiently, and was almost laughing through her tears at my stupor and amazement. I had never seen her look prettier.

"But—I never knew," I began feebly. "You never told me."

"Of course I didn't. I should have told you to-day. I only got the first copy on Tuesday, and Mr. Etheridge came in and found me with them, and he likes them."

"Did he tell you so?" I shouted.

"Of course he did, and you can say so now, you know. Don't get excited. Please go on. Say they are lovely and beautiful, and soul-stirring, and all the rest of it. Praise me up. Do. They are works of genius, are they not? Worthy of the great poetess herself."

"No, Kate," I said. "I will be quite honest with you; they are rubbish—great rubbish."

She was not prepared for this, and did not know what to say. Something prompted me to cross the room toward her. She allowed me to take her hand.

"Kate," I continued, "I love you too well to tell you a lie. They are rubbish—dreadful rubbish. I did not know whose they were. If you had shown them to me before, they need never have been reviewed at all, here or anywhere. I love you so well I would not have told you a lie about them—no, not to win you for myself for ever. Do you believe that, Kate?"

She had let the miserable paper fall into the fender, and her head was turned from me again. "Yes, I believe you," was all her answer. I gathered the paper up and thrust it into the fire. Turning to her I took her hand once more, and we both stood over the mantel-piece watching the paper writhing in the flame.

"Etheridge gave me your book," I said.

Her hand tightened involuntarily on mine. She was about to say something angry, but I checked her.

"He, too, loved you," I said, "and all is fair in love and war, they say. Never mind him; what about me? Am I to be forgiven? Can you forget this miserable affair? You are the only friend I have in the world. Is this to part us?"

She said not a word, but gazed into the fire.

"Kate, you heard what I said just now. I have told you I love you. May I come back when all this is past and forgotten and say this to you again?"

The ashes had whitened in the flames and were now burned into nothingness, and she turned her face up toward mine.

"You may stay and say it now, My Hero," she whispered with a smile, and the least suspicion of a twinkle in her bright eye. And it was thus I made my Last Proposal.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ready for an Argument.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk)—Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning.

Dolly (promptly)—Where was it then? London Truth.

POSTMASTER FOSTER, of Lubec, Me., writes that after the grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

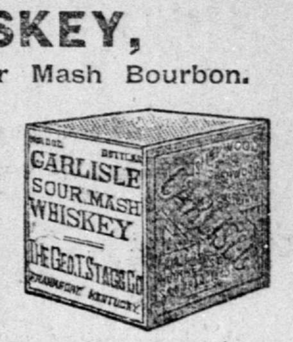
Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient, yet easy action.

COUGHS.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are a sure remedy for Coughs and Sore Throat. 25 cts. a box.

CARLISLE WHISKEY,

The Perfection of Hand-made Sour Mash Bourbon.

PURE AND MATURED. INVALUABLE TO THE DOCTOR, THE INVALID, AND THE GOOD LIVER.



SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, Distributing Agents, San Francisco, . 212 Market St. Portland, . 24 N. Front St.

COMMERCIAL.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, April 22d.

FRUIT—Lemons—Sicily, $6@6 50 ℔ box; California, $3@4 50; Limes, $5@5 50 ℔ case, 75c@$1 ℔ 100; Bananas, $2 50@3 ℔ bunch for Island; Cocoanuts, $7@8; Oranges—Navels, $3 50@4 ℔ box; Riverside, $1 75@2 ℔ box; Los Angeles, $1 50@2.50 ℔ box; Pineapples, 60@75c each, $7 ℔ doz; Apples, $2@2 50 ℔ box; Cape Cod Cranberries, $12@13 ℔ bbl; Strawberries, 20c ℔ lb, just coming in.

CANNED GOODS—Assorted table, $1 65@1 75; Apples, $1 60; Apricots, $1 60; Blackberries, $1 75@1 85; Cherries, $1 95@2 35; Currants, $2 25; Gooseberries, $1 80@1 90; Muscat Grapes, $1 40@1 50; Plums, $1 40; Quinces, $1 75; Strawberries, $2 50.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour, $5 25 ℔ bbl; Oatmeal, 10-lb sacks, 3¼c ℔ lb, $3 50 ℔ 100-lb sacks; Cornmeal, White, $2 60 ℔ 10-lb sacks; Yellow, $2 60 ℔ 25-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $3 10 ℔ 10-lb sacks, $2 85 ℔ 100-lb sacks; Hominy, $3 75 ℔ 10-lb sacks, $3 50 ℔ 100-lb sacks; Graham, $2 75 ℔ 10-lb sacks, $2 60 ℔ 100-lb sacks.

VEGETABLES—Onions, Silverskins, $1 35@1 50 ℔ cwt; Cabbage, 4@5c ℔ lb; new Cabbage, 70@80c; Carrots, 70c@$1 ℔ 100 lbs; Turnips, 75c@$1 ℔ sack; bunch vegetables, 12½c ℔ dozen; Parsnips, 75c@$1; Beets, 75c@$1; Horse Radish, 10@12c; Garlic, 10c ℔ lb; Artichokes, 50c ℔ dozen; Dried Peppers, 20c; Potatoes, Early Rose, 50@65c ℔ sack; Peerless, 50@60c ℔ cwt; Oregon Burbanks, $1@1 25; River Burbanks, 50@60c; River Reds, 50c ℔ ctl; New Potatoes, 2@3c ℔ lb; Celery, 60@70c ℔ dozen; Cauliflower, 85c@$1 ℔ dozen; Red Cabbage, 3c ℔ lb; Spinach, 3c; Asparagus, 4@5c; Peas, 4@6c; Mushrooms, 10@20c; Rhubarb, 5c; Tomato Plants, 15c ℔ doz; Shives, 15c ℔ bunch.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter, Valley, 18@20c ℔ lb; Fancy Petaluma, 21@22c ℔ lb; Eastern Creamery, fancy, 16@18c; packed in firkins, choice, 18@20c; pickled roll, 20@22c; common, 12½@13c ℔ lb; Cheese, California, 12@13c; Young America, 14@15c; Eastern Cream, 15c; Limburger, 18@20c; genuine Swiss, 29@31c; American Swiss, 21c; Martin's Cream, 17@18c; Eggs, 16@18c.

POULTRY—Dealers' prices: Live Turkeys, 12½c; dressed, 16@17c; full-grown Chickens, $5@5 50 ℔ dozen; young roosters, $5@6 ℔ dozen; broilers, $3@4; tame Ducks, $6; Pekin, $7; Geese, $1 50@2 ℔ pair.

HAY, GRAIN AND FEED—Oat Hay, $12@14 ℔ ton; Alfalfa do, $10@12 ℔ ton; Bran, $20 ℔ ton; Middlings, $20 ℔ ton; Barley, whole, paying, $1 05@1 15; rolled, $1 25; Wheat, choice milling, paying, $1 60 ℔ cwt; Rye, $1 90; Tame Oats, $1 75@1 90; Corn, paying, $1 20@1 25 ℔ cwt.

MEATS—Beef, 7c; Mutton, 10c; Lamb, 12½c; Veal, large, 5@6c; small, 7@8c; Hogs, 5@5¼c; dressed Pork, 7@8c; Hams—Eastern, 13@14c; California, 11@13½c; Eureka Hams, 12@13½c; Bacon—Light medium, 10@11c; selected, do, 12c; extra light, 12½@13c; extra light boneless, 13½@14c.

MISCELLANEOUS—Seeds — Alfalfa, new crop, 7@8c; Timothy, Eastern, 5@6c; Pop Corn, ear, 2@3c; shelled, 4@5c; Red Clover, 10@11c; Red Top, 6@7c ℔ lb; Nuts—Chile Walnuts, new, 11@12c; California Walnuts, 9@10c; Almonds, new, 11@13c; Peanuts, California, 5@6c; Eastern, 6@7c; Lard—California, cans, 10@11c; Eastern, 8¾@10c; Hides—Salt, light, 4c; medium steers, 6c; heavy steers, 7½c; heavy cows, 5c; dry, 9½c; Tallow, 3½c.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22d.

FLOUR—We quote: Net cash prices for Family Extras, $4 90@5 ℔ bbl; Bakers' Extras, $4 75@5; Superfine, $2 75@3 10.

WHEAT—Quiet at old figures, say $1 50 to $1 51¼ ℔ ctl for good to choice shipping. Milling parcels were held with moderate firmness at $1 55@1 57½.

BARLEY—The market lacks activity. There is good array of samples, but they are neglected. We quote prices as follows: Feed, 97½c@$1 for dark coast, $1 01¼@1 02½ for good quality and $1 03¾@1 05 for choice; Brewing, $1 10@1 17½ ℔ ctl.

OATS—There is a firm tone to prices, as receipts are moderate and the inquiry is steadily improving. Surprise, $1 50@1 60; good to choice feed, $1 35@1 45; off grades, $1 25@1 30; Gray, $1 25@1 30.

CORN—Is firm. Quotable at $1 35 for Large Yellow, $1 36¼@1 37½ for Small Yellow, and $1 30@1 48 ℔ ctl for White.

CRACKED CORN—Quotable at $28 50@29 ℔ ton.

CHOPPED FEED—Quotable at $21 50@22 50 ℔ ton.

CORNMEAL—Millers quote Feed at $27 50@28 ℔ ton; fine kinds for the table, in large and small packages, 3¼@3¾c ℔ lb.

OILCAKE MEAL—Quotable at $25 ℔ ton from the mills.

SEEDS—We quote: Mustard, Brown, $3 to $3 25; Yellow, $3 25@3 75; Canary, imported, $2 75@3 12; Hemp, 3¼@4c ℔ lb; Rape, $2 to $2 50; Timothy, 5¼@5½c; Alfalfa, 12½c ℔ lb; Flax, $1 75@2 10 ℔ ctl.

MIDDLINGS—Active and steady. Quotable at $20@20 50 ℔ ton.

HAY—We quote: Alfalfa, $8@9 50; Wheat, $10@14; Wheat and Oat, $10@13; Barley, $8@12; Wild Oat, $10@12; Clover, $8@10 ℔ ton.

STRAW—Quotable at 45@60c ℔ bale.

HOPS—Quotable at 22½@25c ℔ lb.

MILLSTUFFS—We quote: Rye Flour, 4c; Rye Meal, 3½c; Graham Flour, 3½c; Oatmeal, 4½c; Oat Groats, 5c; Cracked Wheat, 4c; Buckwheat Flour, 5c; Pearl Barley, 4@4½c ℔ lb.

BRAN—We quote: No. 1, $17 50@18 ℔ ton.

RYE—Quotable at $1 50@1 52½ ℔ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—A sample was offered today at $2 25, with $1 75 ℔ ctl bid.

GROUND BARLEY—Quotable at $22 50@23 50 ℔ ton.

POTATOES—Receipts of New to-day were 2,768 sacks, quotable at 60@70c ℔ ctl. We quote old stock: Early Rose, 25@40c; River Reds, 30@40c; Oregon Burbanks, $1@1 10 ℔ ctl.

ONIONS—Market yet unsettled and nominal at 2@3c ℔ lb.

DRIED PEAS—We quote: Green, $1 50@2; Blackeye, $1 40@1 50; Niles, $1 30@1 40 ℔ ctl.

BEANS—Bayos, $2@2 12½; Butter, $2 50@2 75; Pink, $2@2 10; Red, $2 25@2 40; Lima, $2@2 20; Pea, $2 50@2 75; Small White, $2 40@2 60 ℔ ctl.

VEGETABLES—Receipts to-day include 565 bxs Asparagus, 349 bxs Rhubarb, and 638 sks Peas. Trade keeps active. We quote as follows: Rhubarb, 25@50c for common, and 65c to 90c ℔ box for better quality; Asparagus, $1 25@1 75 for ordinary and $2@2 25 for choice; Egg Plant, 20@25c ℔ lb; Cucumbers, 75c@$1 25 ℔ doz; Los Angeles Green Peppers, 25c ℔ lb; String Beans, 8@10c; Los Angeles Summer Squash, 12c ℔ lb; Los Angeles Tomatoes, $2@2 50 ℔ box; Green Peas, $1 ℔ sack for common and 2@2½c ℔ lb for Sweet; Turnips, 50@75c ℔ ctl; Beets, $1 ℔ sack; Carrots, feed, 40@50c; Parsnips, $1 25 ℔ ctl; Cabbage, 40@50c; Garlic, 2@4c ℔ lb; Cauliflower, 50@60c ℔ dozen; Dry Peppers, 10@12½c; Marrowfat Squash, $12@15 ℔ ton.

FRESH FRUIT—The first box of Cherries this season arrived yesterday afternoon from Cordelia, Solano County, selling at $1 ℔ lb. A carload of Apples from Nevada is expected this week. Receipts of Strawberries to-day were 206 chests, sales being rather slow on account of damp weather. Strawberries, $5@8 for Sharpless and $7@12 for Longworth; Apples, $1 50@2 ℔ box for common to fair and $2 50@3 for good to fancy red.

CITRUS FRUIT—Buyers have the Orange market all in their favor, as receipts are quite liberal. We quote as follows: Mexican Limes, $3@4 ℔ box; California Limes, 60@75c ℔ box; Lemons, Sicily, $5 ℔ box; California Lemons, $1@1 50 for common and $2 50@3 for good to choice; Los Angeles Seedlings, 75c@$1; Los Angeles Navels, $1@2 for common to choice; Riverside Seedlings, 75c@$1 25; Riverside Navels, $1 50@2 50; San Bernardino Seedlings, $1 50@2; San Bernardino and Duarte Navels, $3@4; Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ℔ bunch; Pineapples, $6@8 ℔ doz.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote prices: Apricots, bleached, 5@7c; do, sun-dried, 3½@4c; Peaches, sun-dried, 2½@3½c; bleached, 4½@6c; Apples, 4½@5½c for evaporated, 3@3½c for sliced and 2½@3c for quartered; Pitted Plums, 4@4½c; unpitted do, 2@2½c; Grapes, 1¼@1½c ℔ lb; Prunes, 4@7c ℔ lb; German Prunes, 4@5c; Pears, 7@8c for evaporated, 3@5c for sliced and 2½@4c for quartered; Nectarines, 3@4c for red and 4@5c for white; Figs, 4½@5c for pressed and 3@4c for unpressed.

RAISINS—We quote: Layers, fancy, $1 20 to $1 35 ℔ box; good to choice, 90c@$1 10, with the usual advance for fractional boxes; Muscatels, 60@90c ℔ box, and 2½@3c ℔ lb for sacks.

NUTS—We quote: California Walnuts, 4@6c for hard shell and 7@8c for soft shell; Chile Walnuts, 8@9c; California Almonds, 10½@11½c for soft; —c for hard shell, and 12@13c for paper shell; Peanuts, 1¾@3c; Hickory Nuts, 7@8c; Filberts, 11@12c. Pecan, 11½c to 13c for small, and 15@16c for large; Brazil Nuts, 6½@8c ℔ lb; Pine Nuts, —c ℔ lb; Cocoanuts, $4@4 50 ℔ hundred.

HONEY—We quote: Extracted, 5@6c for amber, and 6½@6¾c for bright. Comb is quotable at 8@10c in 2-lb frames and 10@13c for white in 1-lb frames.

BUTTER—The demand is good, with supply ample for all wants. Quotable at 17½@18c ℔ lb for fancy, 16½@17c for good to choice, and 15@16c for common grades.

CHEESE—We quote as follows: Choice to fancy, new, 10½@11c; fair to good, 9@10c; Skimmed, 6@8c; Eastern, ordinary to fine, 11@13c; do, fancy creamery, 13@14c ℔ lb.

EGGS—Fair trade. Prices easy. We quote, California ranch, 21c; store lots, 18@19c; Eastern, 17@18c ℔ dozen.

POULTRY—Steady market, under moderate receipts and fair demand. We quote: Live Turkeys—Gobblers, 15@16c; Hens, 18@19c; Roosters, $6 50@7 for old, and $9@11 for young; Fryers, $7@8 50; Broilers, $5@7; Hens, $6 50@7; Ducks, $6@7; Geese, $2@$2 50 ℔ pair.

GAME—Hare, $1@1 25 ℔ dozen; Rabbits, $1 to $1 25.

FRESH MEATS—Following are the rates for whole carcasses from slaughterers to dealers: Beef—First quality, 6½@7c; second quality, 6@6½c; third quality, 4½@5½c ℔ lb. Veal—Quotable at 4@5c for large and 6@7c ℔ lb for small. Mutton—Quotable at 7½@8½c ℔ lb. Lamb—Spring—9@10c ℔ lb. Pork—Live Hogs, on foot, grain fed, heavy, 5¾@5½c; light, 5⅝@5¾c; dressed Hogs, 8@8½c ℔ lb.

Liquors, Wine, Beer, Etc.

EBNER BROS.,
116-118 K Street, Front and Second, Sacramento,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALers in Wines and Liquors. Agents for the celebrated Pommery and Greno Champagne.

M. CRONAN,
230 K St., and 1108-1110 Third St., Sacramento, Cal.,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER in Fine Whiskies, Brandies and Champagne.

TO THE PUBLIC—I WOULD RESPECTfully notify my friends, and the public, that I have leased the Old Resort at Whisky Hill, where I will be pleased to have my friends call on me. All kinds of refreshments constantly on hand. E. LAVINE.

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS, 302 J STREET, 1005 Third street. NAGELE & SVENSSON, Proprietors. The finest lunch in the city, 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Clam Chowder and Mussel Soup every night. Telephone No. 38.

WIRE SCREENS

For all sizes of

Doors and Windows.

The trade supplied in lots to suit at lowest rates.

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.
1016 to 1020 Second street.

JOE POHEIM, The Tailor,
Fine Tailoring at Moderate Prices

TO ORDER		TO ORDER	
Stylish Pants	$5	Fine Business Suits	$18
Dressy Pants	6	Very Stylish Suits	25
Elegant Cassimere Pants	7	Elegant Walking Suits	30
Full Dress Pants	8	English Worsted Suits	35
The Very Latest Pants	9	Fine Pique Suits	40
Full Dress French Cassimere Pants	10	Full Dress Suits	50

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE.
Rules for Self-Measurement and Samples of Cloth sent free to any address.
600 J St., cor. 6th, Sacramento.
BRANCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The Best Article is the Cheapest.

BUHACH

—IS THE—

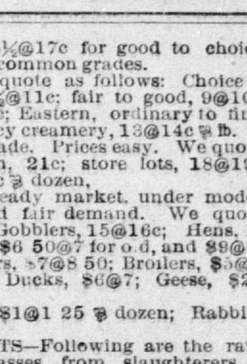
Best, Purest and Most Effective Insect Powder upon the Market.

BY ITS INTELLIGENT use, hotels, restaurants, saloons, stores and offices may be kept free from all troublesome insects. It is now regarded as a necessity in most of the principal hotels in the United States, and wherever it has been introduced it has given complete satisfaction. Owing to an increased production of Pyrethrum flowers from which this valuable article is made, and their improved facilities for reducing them to powder, the manufacturers have this season made a material reduction in their prices. Send your orders to the

Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Co.,
STOCKTON, CAL.

J. W. GUTHRIE,

Spence Heater



Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

We heat buildings by a new and improved system. Call and examine our work, which we guarantee to give satisfaction and save fuel.

127 J Street, SACRAMENTO.

FAIRY TALES.

The time I like for fairy tales
Is when the day begins to die,
Just as the brilliant sunset pales,
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can lie before the fire
That blazes with a ruddy light,
And hear the tales that never tire,
Of imp and fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall
Across the floor from every side,
A goblin dances on the wall,
And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the fire-light blazes high
We see the shadows run away,
And silently again draw nigh,
Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow,
Upon the smoke I see ascend
The little folk I love to know,
Who vanish at the story's end.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Young People.