THE CRIMSON MAGNET;

—OR—

The Electrical Adventures of an American in Africa Hunting for His Affinity.

By J. O. FAGAN. (Copyright, 1899.)

CHAPTER I.

Containing "White Love and Black Memory."

It was at the very beginning of the civil war.

In those days a great many people honestly believed that all American babies were born free and equal, but how the ridiculous statement ever came to be printed and then accepted for gospel by intelligent citizens, is certainly more than I can understand. In my own case, just as soon as I was old enough to comprehend anything about my surroundings, or to watch my companions at work or play, I knew very well that I was neither free, equal nor similar.

But to return to my story.

I said it was during the late unpleasantness, and the day was a very sultry one, toward the end of July, in the year 1861. There was great excitement among the crowds on the streets of the city of Boston, especially in the neighborhood of the bulletin boards. It was very hard, almost impossible to believe the dreadful rumors, but nevertheless the word "disaster" was being passed around, and many a brave face on that day reflected only too eloquently the staggering intelligence.

This, of course, was just after the first battle of Bull Run. Down at one of the railroad stations on Causeway street anxious, tremulous lines of humanity coming in from the suburbs met others going out. Over all there was feverish excitement and a clamor for news.

Just about noon on this eventful day a thunderstorm began to gather and very soon broke over the city. It was one of those dry, ominous storms, when the blinding flash, followed by the clap and the rattle of heaven's artillery, is liable to bring the bravest of us to a halt and to make us long for the bountiful rain to descend, to relieve the tension on our nerves, and to remind us that God is merciful and will not utterly confound us, on this particular occasion, at any rate.

When the storm was well under way, but before the big drops had begun to patter on the pavements, the hurrying pedestrians on the sidewalks were called upon to make way for a woman who was being carried swiftly, but tenderly, across the street and into the station.

The kind-hearted spectators understood, or thought they did. The poor woman had received news from the front; she was prostrated with grief and had fainted away. Perhaps it was her husband, perhaps her boy. Who could tell? But the incident seemed to come right home to every one, as with deepest sympathy they made way for the bearers, or turned aside to conceal their emotion.

The general conclusion in regard to the unfortunate woman was correct as far as it went, but there was more to follow. They carried her into the ladies' room, and there a short time afterward I saw the light for the first time and was ushered into the world with very little ceremony, while the electrical storm was at its height and a frenzy of warlike excitement penetrated the city from one end to the other.

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Eighteen years passed away. My parents had been dead for some time, and, practically, I was alone in the world. During these years of childhood and youth I had been the victim of a malady, or, at least, an experience unexampled, I honestly believe, in the history of the human race. Nay, more! I still suffered, and unless something miraculous intervened, was doomed to suffer and to remain like a feather in a gale of wind until the day of my death, and, for all I knew, in the next world and the next.

From the day of my birth I had been an enigma and a source of infinite trouble and anxiety to my family and my friends. I seemed to be continually in the hands or in the power of some unseen, incomprehensible force that baffled their best and kindliest efforts for my health, my education and my prospects in life.

At times I was just like any other child, but again, without any assignable reason, I lost all pretense to be classed as a human being. That is to say, the conditions, surroundings and such like, which, under ordinary circumstances, would naturally produce happiness or misery, comfort or discomfort, laughter or tears, had no such effect upon me, for the simple reason that I was subject to a different set of laws. I possessed all of these feelings and sensations, but they were not aroused in the usual way. In so many words, I always had been, and still remained, the helpless victim and the plaything of the atmosphere or the weather.

This, of course, was not discovered at once, but dawned upon me gradually when I was grown up and was mentally capable of making a study of myself and my peculiar constitution.

Not only was I governed during every minute of my existence by what you may call atmospheric influence, but I soon found out to my dismay that every shade and condition of weather was represented and at once reproduced in my system by corresponding delights, impulses or passions. In fact, I was a human barometer, and every degree on the scale represented the different stages and varying composition of my mental and physical condition, from an inconceivable pugnacity during a thunderstorm down to a state of delightful, all-embracing benevolence, such as I was conscious of, when, on some quiet summer evening I reclined at my ease on the seashore of the city and watched the glories of a cloudless sunset or listened to the gentle ripple or the tiny billows rising and falling, ebbing and flowing on the sands at my feet.

Yet another curious fact remained. Dominating every sensation and idea of which I was capable was the fixed, unwavering conviction that somewhere, and to be discovered in some way, there was a cure for my malady, and a key that would unlock the distressing combination and restore me to the level of a natural human being. Fortunately, I was in possession of a snug little fortune, and I could think of no better way to spend part of it than by pursuing an investigation so vitally important.

In the spring of the year 1881 I consulted three of the most noted physicians in the city of Boston, Dr. Ward, Dr. Wendell and Dr. Humphrey. I attended interviews, submitted to examinations and furnished statistics and all kinds of information in regard to the case in the form of long sheets or columns of tabulated facts for consideration and comparison, covering a period of several months. On the one side such and such atmospheric conditions, on the other such and such mental and physical accompaniment and data—similar causes always producing similar effects, regardless of the date or time.

Then I called upon these men for a professional opinion, but they had none to give except what any old woman would have furnished me for nothing.

Two of them, indeed, agreed that I must travel. I must change the scene, the atmosphere, the surroundings. I must bury the past and start anew in some foreign country, courting perpetual excitement and adventure.

"Go to Africa," they said; "hunt lions and elephants, dig for gold, shoot Kaffirs if convenient, live with nature in its wildest and most savage forms for two or three years, and then you will surely be cured, or killed." They might have concluded in the words of Hamlet: "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

However, I made up my mind to follow their advice, because it coincided with my own opinion.

But the other fellow, Dr. Humphrey, disagreed with his learned colleagues and sent in a minority report, over seal and signature, very much as follows:

"Dear Sir—I have given your peculiar case a great deal of study and anxious thought. I find distinct traces of hallucination, mental aberration and delusion in very aggravated forms. Having made a specialty of such cases, I have no hesitation in advising you to fall in love immediately with the prettiest, wealthiest young lady of your acquaintance. Follow it up to the end fearlessly, devotedly, and, believe me, that in the grand passion alone you will find relief from your distressing infirmity."

To which communication I replied as follows:

"You Old Fool—The only 'grand passion' of which I am capable possesses me at this minute, as I pen these lines. Would you have me make love to a girl in the morning, disown her at noon, revile her at night, and begin all over again the following day at the direction and the sweet will of the elements? Here is your check, but don't you think such professional stupidity comes pretty high? Great Scott! When a man is hanging between life and death and crying aloud and piteously for the shadow of a straw upon which to hang the skeleton of a hope, at such a time, I say, commend me to a tedious old doctor like yourself."

That particular afternoon was very sultry and partly cloudy. I arose, consulted the barometer and the chart which hung vertically alongside. The reading was as follows:

"Cantakerous, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of others."

"Exactly," I said to myself, and, had I been human, I might have laughed, but as it was, I merely ground my teeth together and sent the letter upon its errand.

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What is time or space to me? My destiny hinges on the weather. I have already traveled thousands of miles and the sun is now setting on a typical African scene. I have started on a hunting trip through the Transvaal and the Kaffir lands and we have out-spanned the oxen for the night on the banks of the Umgeni river at Howick, which is about ten miles north of Maritzburg, in Natal.

For a guide and companion I have secured the services of a man named Hans Botman. He is half Dutch, half English, a man of infinite knowledge about routes and Kaffirs and everything else, for that matter, but to my mind his chief glory is his title of "champion story teller of the colony."

The air was bracing and chilly and I was enjoying myself reclining at my ease with my back against the wagon wheel. I could see the river romping and sweeping over the rocks in the valley below, and to the right I could hear the roar of the falls, the celebrated Falls of Howick, which are the pride of the village and the wonder of travelers. The scene at the time was magnificent, for the vegetation around was at its best, and while I was watching the clouds of spray and mist rising dreamily and beautifully out of the chasm, Hans interrupted my reverie rather abruptly.

"Fill your pipe again," said he, "and take a drink of this foaming Kaffir beer which Pando, the Kaffir driver, has just brought fresh from the kraal, and I will tell you a story about these falls. You see, Mr. Clipper, we have no literature of our own in this country, and very few monuments to remind us about strange events and remarkable people, but for all that there is hardly an inch of the road between here and Pretoria that has not some legend, romance or adventure connected with it.

"Somehow the people expect me to hunt up these things, and as story telling is second nature with me, well, I do my best to entertain them. The tale I am going to relate now I call

'White Love and Black Memory.'

"Over the way there, near the falls, and half hidden by those silvery poplar trees, you can just see the home of the Lynn family—that is to say, Mark, his wife and their charming daughter, Dorothy. In his youth Mark had been a miner, and after saving a little money he took to farming in this beautiful valley, through which the River Umgeni struggles and worries along in its restless course. After a while he suffered a few losses, which worried him considerably. So, when young Captain Grosvenor came along and asked him to go up country and manage the Cobalt mines in Mapocks Land, he was only too glad to accept the handsome salary that was attached to the position.

"But making up their minds to go and bidding farewell to their beautiful home were two very different things to the Lynns. Little Dorothy was simply broken-hearted, for all her young life had been spent among these hills and glens, where everything that lived and breathed and blossomed seemed to do so for her special benefit and delight.

"Now the country round about was swarming with Kaffirs, and they all knew Dorothy and worshiped the very print of her little feet in the meadows. She had her Sunday class, her sewing class and her little band of Kaffir Sisters, whose duty and delight it was to visit the sick with medicine and flowers, and above all with kind messages which very often carry healing on their wings.

"And what would become of old Ring Kop, who was a kind of a chief over the Kaffirs for miles around, and who was known as the 'Guardian of the Falls?'

"He was growing old, and at times he was sick and feeble, but he had watched the 'Little Kosana,' the princess, as he called her, grow up from her mother's arms. She had come and gone among his people for many years with her bright little face and her merry laughter. So it was no wonder when the old man heard she was going to leave them that he tore his hair and his blanket, rushed over to Dorothy's house, sat down on the doorstep and buried his head between his knees.

"Dorothy came out at once and spoke comforting words to the old chief, but it was of no use; he refused to listen, although he could see the tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"'No, no, no!' he exclaimed at last. 'Why must you go? Do you think they will care for you where you are going as we do? Oh, Kosana, do not leave us, and I will show you that one old Kaffir, at any rate, has a memory and a heart. Look now, here is the Kaffir's memory. You see this old black breast of mine, with the two long straight scars on it. Well, I tell you they are the work of my own knife and my own hand. This is the one I made when your father brought my boy back from the city and knocked the chains from his feet, and this deep one right over the heart I cut when you were nursing the Kaffir girl, the little Intombi, through the long, dreadful fever; and over the blood that flowed from the wound I swore that this old Kaffir was ready to die if only to keep your little white feet from stumbling. Believe me, Kosana, a Kaffir has a memory.'

"Then the old man rushed off and told Mark that the night before he had seen the 'Spirit of the Falls' come floating down the river in a canoe. This had only happened once before in the memory of the Kaffirs, and that was just before Chaka's Zulus came down like a whirlwind and devastated their homes. Was he not the 'guardian of the falls,' and surely this mysterious visit was intended to signify that the spirit was angry because the Kosana was going to leave them, and if she really did so the spirit would certainly demand a sacrifice and that would be terrible.

"But it was all in vain, for Mark had made up his mind to go, so a few days later Dorothy's Kaffir friends came to say goodbye.

"Old Ring Kop brought her a long string made of woven grass or hemp, and fastened a precious charm of his own down at the end of it. Then the long line of Kaffirs followed and each one, as the procession passed before her, dropped a chosen bead or amulet on to the string which Dorothy held in her hands. So the Kosana came away with a token and a thought of love from each and every one of them.

"The home of Dorothy Lynn for the following four years was in the low lands that divide the Transvaal in the north from Mapocks Land. They were years of unspeakable happiness, for the family prospered and Dorothy found a lover.

"Young Harold Grosvenor was part owner of the mines that Mary Lynn had charge of, so it happened that the young engineer saw a good deal of Dorothy in her new home.

"He found her face fair and her mind fairer, and when he told her at last that he loved her better than all the world, she awoke as from a trance and her delicate, beautiful nature expanded and welcomed his devotion, just as a flower opens its petals and reflects new life and grace and color from the touch of the dew and the charm of the sunshine.

"But Dorothy was no sentimental dreamer, so when Harold told her that he would have to return to England for a season on business, she playfully desired him to hasten his departure so that he might in this way quicken his return. So together they paid a long visit to the old home at Howick, and then the young lover took his departure for England.

"He had been gone but a few months when Dorothy's father contracted the jungle fever, and, after a wearied period of nursing and waiting, the mother and child were left alone in the world. After their bereavement, of course, they couldn't stay long at the mines, so they returned to their home at Howick, and among the first to welcome them was old Ring Kop.

"Four years had made quite a change in the old man, but the return of his friends and benefactors seemed to have given him a new lease of life. They told Dorothy that the old fellow had almost deserted the Falls during her absence, but now she noticed that day after day he wandered down among the rocks as usual and watched the foaming, boiling waters from his old station at the head of the Falls.

"There he sat or reclined in the sun, smoking by the hour, but what the old Kaffir could find to think or dream about, day in and day out, was a mystery to everybody.

"And so the weeks and the months passed and Harold did not return. His letters were long and affectionate at first, and there were many of them, but before another year had gone by Dorothy knew that a change had come and that something was wrong. She made no complaint, nor did she ask for an explanation. She simply waited patiently, hoping and suffering. Then, after a while, she read in the pages of a Liverpool newspaper that Harold had married a rich and charming lady in that city.

"So I am sorry to have to tell you that very soon Dorothy began to pine and to waste away, slowly, indeed, but so plainly that old Ring Kop noticed it and said in his heart: 'It is the "Spirit of the Falls" demanding a sacrifice.'

"One evening, at the time of year when the leaves were beginning to fall, Dorothy thought she would like to say good-bye to Harold, so she sat down and wrote a letter to him, and these were her words:

"'I am sure you still remember the Falls of Howick, and the path that winds down through the ferns and the rose bushes to the foot of the hill. I wish I could think that you also remember the little blue flower we planted right on the edge of the cliff. I forget its real name, but you know we called it "Love's Token." It was so delicate and tender it would thrive nowhere but just in the mist and the sunshine. Well, Harold, when we returned to Howick I thought I would like to see my little blue flower again, but when I arrived at the spot I found in its place one of those beautiful lilies with the wide-spreading leaves. The lily had stolen the mist and the sunshine from the little blue flower, and Love's Token had withered and was dead.

"'I was thinking of this to-day, and I said to myself, "I will write and tell Harold that I cannot find any fault with his rich and beautiful wife for coming between us, any more than I can blame the lily for stealing the mist and the sunshine from the token of our love."'

"As Dorothy finished the letter, the moon was shining brightly in at the casement. Like one in a dream, she arose, passed along the pathway that led to the falls. She had been gone from the house but a minute when her mother missed her and rushed after her. Not fifty feet from the cataract she caught her daughter in her arms.

"'What is Dorothy going to do?' she exclaimed. 'If my child is tired of life and will go away she must take her mother with her, for she will not stay in the world alone.'

"But Dorothy struggled hard and was crazed with her grief and the stones were slippery with slime and water. Another minute and they will surely be over the precipice together.

"But between them and the cloud of mist that hangs over the brink is the figure of a man, and when they see him the women start back in terror. It is only old Ring Kop, however.

"He tells them quietly that he is on guard, as usual; he had been watching Dorothy lately, he knew something was wrong with her and that the 'spirit of the falls' was still angry and was calling for the sacrifice.

"But everything had now been arranged for the best, for he, Ring Kop, had seen the spirit in his dreams, and the good ghost had agreed to take him, the old Kaffir, instead of the Kosana. So the Kosana and her good mother could now go home in peace and be good to his people as in the days gone by. For Ring Kop was now old and useless and was only too glad to show the Kosana that he had a memory and could pay his debts like a man.

"Now the old Kaffir was armed and blanketed as for a long journey, and he stood before them like a sentinel in the mist and the moonlight, but before the women could utter a sound or raise a finger he had backed out of their sight and was swept over the falls.

"Mother and daughter still dwell on the old homestead.

"The body of Ring Kop was recovered and buried among the kraals of his people.

"The grave is not like a Kaffir grave, which is forgotten in a single night, for at the head of it is a beautifully polished stone, and this is the legend that the grateful mother and her child have caused to be inscribed on it:

Sacred to the Memory
of
RING KOP.
"Greater Love hath no man than This,
That a man lay down his Life
For his friends."

[To be continued.]

Hour by Hour.

One single day
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way
Of passing hours of such limit. We can face
A single day; but place
Too many days before sad eyes—
Too many days for smothered sighs—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really are not long, nor lives—
The longest which survives—
And yet, to look across
A future we must tread, bowed by a sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down so low
That we can scarcely go
One step ahead; this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred,
Untouched by light, so masked with dread.
If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave, and keep
The feet quite steady; feel the breath of life sweep
Ever on our face again—
We must not look across—looking in vain—
But downward to the next close step,
And up, eyes which have wept
Must look a little way, not far.
God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by hour,
And day by day,
Just going on a little way.
We might be able, all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day;
And never I believe, on all the way
Will burden bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if, by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—George Klingle.

THE DRUMMER'S MEMORANDUM.

It Caused a Rumpus in the Hotel Early the Next Morning.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The other evening, just before we changed watch," said the clerk at one of the hotels, "a fat drummer came up and began figuring out his expense account for the day. He took the first piece of paper he could lay his hands on and didn't notice that it was the blank we use for keeping a memoranda of morning calls. The blank is arranged in columns headed by figures representing hours and half hours, and he began his penciling in the 3:30 row. First he jotted down $1.50 for buggy hire, then 15 cents for stamps, 35 cents for car fare, $1.60 for express package, $1.10 for telegrams, 50 cents for a trunk strap, 5 cents for a paper and a quarter for messenger service. Down at the bottom, as an after thought, he put 40 and wrote 'beer' after it, thinking to work it in somehow, I suppose.

"Well, at 3:30 o'clock next morning there was trouble, and plenty of it. The night clerk supposed, of course, that the calls had been left in the ordinary way, and while he was a little surprised at so many people wanting to get up at such an unearthly hour, he told the boys to wake Nos. 150, 15, 35, 160, 110, 50, 5 and 23, and carry a quart bottle of beer to No. 40. They had a terrible time getting the people up, and everybody was as mad as blazes, particularly the fat drummer himself, who happened to be in 110, and swore he was going right down and lick the clerk. About that time the boy with the beer got to 40. There was a preacher from north Georgia in the room and he called out to know what was wanted. 'I've brought you the beer you ordered,' hollers the kid, and the preacher nearly had a fit. 'Merciful heavens!' he said, 'this will ruin me for life! I will go down immediately and see the proprietor!'

"He and the fat drummer struck the office together. The drummer wanted gore, but when he saw the call list he turned pale around the gills and sneaked back up stairs. It took nearly an hour to get the minister cooled off, and when the facts leaked out next day several people began looking for the fat drummer with clubs. He lay low, but has bought a new memoranda book on purpose to figure up his cash."

Anecdote of Napoleon.

Ledger Monthly.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but a sharp answer turneth the laugh. One of the most crushing retorts outside of the history of chemistry is attributed to the great Napoleon. Once, when he was but a young and unknown sous-officer of artillery he was seated in a Parisian cafe discussing with a German lieutenant the prospects of war between France and Russia.

"I don't expect war," said Napoleon, "and I hope there won't be war with Russia."

"You hope there won't be war!" said the German in disgust. "What sentiments for a military man, whose whole career is made by the opportunities of international strife! Why do you hope there won't be war with Russia?"

"Because there's no money in it," was the reply.

"Ah," said the Teuton, complacently, "that's like you Frenchmen; you only fight for money. We Germans fight for glory."

"Quite true," answered the greatest of military geniuses as he gazed sadly at his empty cup; "but every nation fights for what it hasn't got!"

Tanned.

Chicago Post.

"I expect I'll be frightfully tanned," she said. "I'm going to the seashore." "I was frightfully tanned yesterday," broke in her small brother. "I was out in the woodshed with father."

Strictly Confidential

But the story is good enough for print.

(Here's the Letter.)

—DSVILLE, JULY 25, 1899.

A. Kiefer Drug Co., Indianapolis, Sole Distributers of Cubanola:

Gentlemen—The papers of our town did not have the inside facts. Uncle Ezra Cassidy, one of the best known farmers of this county, dropped in at our store just as a dapper little drummer from The-Lord-Knows-Where was trying to sell father some cigars by running down CUBANOLA.

Uncle Ezra spoke up. Said he had smoked CUBANOLA for "nigh onto twelve year," and that it was the most satisfactory smoke he had ever tackled.

"Why, you old Hayseed," said the dapper little drummer, "who's asking for your opinion?"

Uncle Ezra, who makes a full hand in the harvest field, got into action immediately. * *

We found the young man's hat and valise, but the searching party, headed by the town marshal, returned without him. It is not thought likely that he lit anywhere in this county.

Yours truly,
W. E——

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

GIRDING ON AND PUTTING OFF ARMOR: A PROVERB FOR THE TIMES.

Short Sermon by Rev. Thomas Spencer, D. D., Pastor of First Baptist Church, Petersburg, Va.

"Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast as he that putteth it off."—I Kings xx, 11.

What sayings are they that become proverbs? They are the sayings that are over and over again approved wise in the everyday experiences of our life. They deal with the common things of our life and the common tendencies of our nature. This is what makes them live to an old age and makes them more fresh and forceful the older they are.

We see the wisdom of many good old proverbs as soon as they are uttered, and yet so many of us fail to adopt the wise counsels that are so quickly acknowledged that there is need that the old proverb should live on. A counsel uniformly lived up to would soon cease to be repeated; it is our very disregard of wise proverbs that continues them in life.

Our text is an old proverb now; and it has all the air of being an old proverb at the time of its utterance here by Ahab, king of Israel. The words were Ahab's message to Benhadad, king of Syria. The message was sent at a time when all things seemed to be going ill with Ahab, and Benhadad was having everything his own way. Up to this point he had received whatever he asked for; but now he had made his demands so insolent and humiliating that what spirit was left in Ahab arose in desperate rebellion. It pleased God to intervene in behalf of Ahab, and the victory came to Israel, though, humanely speaking, all the chances were that they would suffer certain defeat. The hand of God is a factor in history that must never be left out of account; a factor that overturns many calculations that seem certain to be realized.

This fact is the only thing that we need glean here from the historical side of our subject, for our present concern is not with the fortunes of Israel and Syria, and the issues of the war of which this chapter speaks; but with the old proverb itself. This we may well apply to the beginning and the ending of life's warfare.

No one can deny that the victory at the end of a battle is a better thing than the pomp and parade with which the army goes forth to war. And yet it is a common thing with us to set overmuch store by that same pomp and parade. There is glitter about it that pleases us, and sometimes tempts us into the notion that attractive uniforms and inspiring music and regular step and orderly drill are the whole of soldierhood. We like the drill, and dread the conflict; not stopping enough to think that conflict is the very end of all the drill and discipline; and that true soldierhood is approved not on the parade ground, but in the battlefield.

TO WHOM LAURELS BELONG.

This latter truth has been recently enforced upon our minds in the war with Spain; nor is our civil war so far in the past as to let us forget that the laurels belong not to the bright, fresh-uniformed regiments that go to the front with light-hearted boasts, but to the grimy battle-scarred veterans, who with frayed and ragged uniforms have borne their tattered banners through the shock of battle on to victory.

It is a common thing to find that where the cause for boasting is greatest, the disposition to boast is least. True greatness and modesty are close akin. Bluster is the common companion of cowardice and inefficiency. Heroism need not herald itself. Whether at the beginning or end of a warfare, it is better to leave to others the boasting about anything that we are or do.

But the beginning of great undertakings is more a time for anxiety than for boasting. It is harder to carry out a high purpose steadfastly to the end, than it is to form that purpose definitely in the beginning. Good beginnings are not to be despised, but they are to be thought of as if they were everything. After the beginning comes the earnest toil and struggle, and not until we get to the end of all that does the real prize come.

So, too, the thought and effort by which we reach those little endings of our life that are really more important as beginnings, need to be surpassed in the new conditions upon which we enter. The labors of school life are a prelude to more serious cares and labors in the manhood or womnhood that is beyond. The anxieties of courtship are surpassed in the more serious anxieties and responsibilities of the married life. The discipline of the barrack and the drill ground is a preparation for the greater work and danger of the field of war.

There is something beautiful and not to be discouraged in the interest we manifest in a dress parade, a school commencement or a wedding, and yet we are apt to look on these events more as a climax than as a beginning. The name "commencement," applied to the closing of school life, is often commented on as a strange name, yet it is a name well chosen and looks forward to the serious side of life; it tells of a new start to be made, of new responsibilities to be assumed and new difficulties to overcome. But we adopt the right name and then very commonly look upon the whole thing in a wrong light. We think of the graduate's accomplishments rather than of his preparation, and too often the closing of the school life means the closing of effort along the lines in which he has just learned how to make effort wisely and well.

It is too apt to be so also with what we may call the beginnings of our religious life. We look upon it too much as though it were a victory instead of an enlistment, and have it to lament that oftentimes the beginning marks the highest point of one's religious life. It needs no argument to show that all this is wrong; nor does it need anything more than the opening of the eyes to see that it is all very common.

DUTIES TO GOD AND MAN.

And yet, we talk too much as though the religious life were a thing apart from the life of everyday work and duty. It is not that. There is no such line of division between duties to God and everyday duties to man as we are apt to draw. The religious life is the everyday life lived as to God. It has even more to do with the office, the store and the workshop than with the Sunday school and the church. It will turn readily to the latter for refreshment, and be glad of the opportunity of seeking rest and strength in the services; but it will find a sphere in every honorable calling and pleasure that cannot be entered into without the sullying of one's honor and purity.

To live one's life religiously is no light and easy thing, but it is the only thing which in the long run can give us genuine and lasting satisfaction, or with which God is satisfied. It is a great deal easier to fence off an artificial life, which we call a religious life, a thing of Sundays and holy days, which we put on when we go to church and put off when we come away. But it profits nothing to do that. God is not mocked or deceived by it, though we ourselves may be deceived and may come to think that in such a life we are giving to Him all that He asks of us. Such a life is not worth the care and effort that we put into it. It is not worth living, for it does not receive the reward it so fondly expects.

But the true religious life is worth the very best efforts and the very highest sacrifice we put into it. To live that life rightly demands effort and sacrifice. There is no point at which we can safely relax vigilance. There is risk from the beginning to the end. There are oppositions that are hard to overcome, and never so hard as when they come to us in the guise of friendships. But every victory has its own joy, and the successful ending of all the struggle has its exceeding great reward. It is one thing to put on the armor and gird ourselves for life's long warfare, and it is another and immeasurably better thing to put it off victorious at the end of all.

We are apt to put it on with a large confidence in our own abilities, but when we lay it down at the last, having fought the good fight and finished our course, the boastful confidence in ourselves will have gone. We shall be glad to cast whatever palms of victory may be ours at the feet of Him who hath both taught us how to fight the good fight and helped us in it all the way along, through its many struggles and engagements. The occasion for boasting may have come, for even God's own hand shall crown us, but the disposition to boast will have gone and with one voice we shall willingly cry out: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."

To deserve is better than to boast. The joy of life's peaceful end is better than the joy and overconfidence of its light-hearted beginning. Into this joy, through what toil and struggle He may deem needful for us, may God's good hand lead us at the last.

HE LEFT HIM THERE.

The Irishman Declined to Make More Exertion for a Bull.

Woman's Home Companion.

"I never hear the ancient saw about 'taking the bull by the horns,'" began Buggins briskly, as the conversation in his corner of the club room began to lag, "but what I am reminded of a characteristic story about an Irishman (the Irish are partial to bulls, you know) who rashly attempted to perform the feat in question—not figuratively, but literally—with the result that the bull, resenting such familiarity, charged on his tormentor, and by a simple toss of his head, suddenly deposited Patrick, or whatever his name was, on the opposite side of a six foot fence, some dozen or fifteen feet away. The Emerald Islander was considerably shaken up and bewildered by his unexpected journey through the air and the abrupt manner in which he had brought up on his back in the adjoining field, and several minutes elapsed before he had recovered his senses sufficiently to get up and inquire into the affair. When he had finally crawled painfully to his feet the first thing that dawned on his dazed vision was the still enraged bovine on the other side of the high rail fence, bellowing and pawing up the landscape. It took the puzzled son of the old sod some time to figure out just what had happened, but after several minutes of hard cogitation, accompanied by vigorous scraching of the head, he finally solved the mystery, or thought he did, and with true Celtic philosophy, he announced:

"'Be jabers, the bull is on t'other side of the fence all right, an' Oi must've t'rowed him there before Oi become insinsible. But it give me a moighty har-rd twist of it ter git him over, so it did; an' now, by the powers, the ugly divil kin stay there till doomsday before O'll climb an' throw him back."

"And well satisfied with his exploit, Pat limped away."

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

F. M. time is in BLACK figures.—Trains marked thus: *—Daily, S—Sleeper, P—Parlor Car, C—Chair Car, D—Dining Car, †—Except Sunday.

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City T'k't Office, No. 1 E. Wash. St.

	Depart.	Arrive.
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Union City acco'dation	*4.50	*9.25
Cleve, N. Y. & Bos. ex. s.	*4.25	*10.35
Cleveland, New York & Boston mail	10.50	6.00
Cleve, N Y & Bos "Knickerbocker"	*6.25	*11.50
BENTON HARBOR LINE.		
Benton Harbor express	6.35	3.10
Benton Harbor express	11.15	8.45
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St. Louis southwestern, lim, d s	*11.45	*6.10
Terre Haute & Mattoon accom	4.30	10.20
St. Louis express, s	*11.20	*4.05
CHICAGO LINE		
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Lafayette accommodation	3.15	10.45
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Chicago night express, s	*12.05	*3.30
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Cincinnati express, s	*4.15	*11.05
Cincinnati accommodation	7.00	*6.40
Cincinnati accommodation	10.50	11.15
Cincinnati express, p	*2.45	*11.40
Greensburg accommodation	5.30	9.00
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N. Vernon and Louisville ex	2.45	11.00
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Columbus and Springfield ex	5.10	11.25
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Ticket Office, 25 West Wash. St.

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Chicago vestibule, p d	*3.35	*4.27
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Trains Run by Central Time

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Richmond and Columbus, O	*7.15	*3.15
Piqua and Columbus, O	*7.15	*6.50
Columbus and Richmond	*7.15	*7.00
Richmond Accom. (Sun. only)	7.15	9.00
Columbus, Ind. & Madison (Sun. only)	7.30	9.10
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	*8.20	†5.40
Vernon and Madison	†8.20	†5.40
Martinsville and Vincennes	*8.25	*4.50
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Springfield	*2.30	*6.50
Columbus, Ind. and Madison	†3.30	*10.20
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Martinsville and Vincennes	†4.20	†10.40
Pittsburg and East	*5.00	*7.10
Philadelphia and New York	*7.10	*7.10
Dayton and Xenia	*7.10	*7.10
Columbus, Ind. and Louisville	*7.10	*7.00
Logansport and Chicago	*11.55	*3.30

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••••

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