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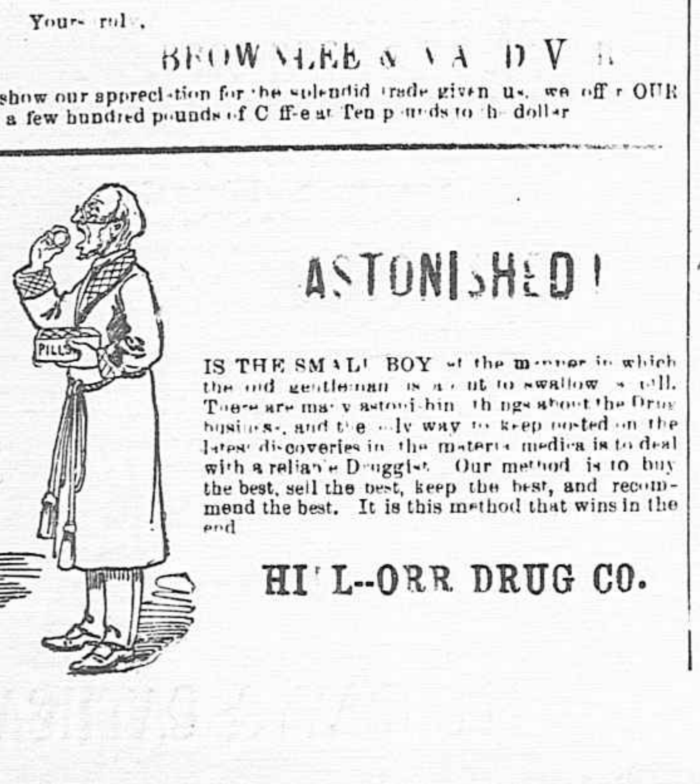

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HIS UNIQUE SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON DIVINE CHIROGRAPHY.

Character In Handwriting—A Letter From Home—Names Written In the Book of Eternal Life—Ink Made From the Calvary Sacrifice.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—We send out this, one of the most unique sermons Dr. Talmage ever preached. It is as novel as wide sweeping and practical. His subject is "Divine Chirography," the text being Luke x, 20, "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in very unsatisfactory state. While constructing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian institution about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church in the shape proposed, and I think it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to be exactly alike and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad."

In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides his egotism or modesty, and the way one writes the letter "O" decides the height and depth of his emotions. It is declared a cramped hand means a cramped nature, and an easy, flowing hand a facile and liberal spirit. But if there be anything in this science, there must be some rules not yet announced, for some of the boldest and most aggressive men have a delicate and small penmanship, while some of the most timid sign their names with the height and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immortal document. Some of the cleanest in person and thought present their blotted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy plate set before us in our schoolboy day decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a fashion in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated and in the next minified, now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autograph album is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the 70 disciples standing before him, he said, "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

The Book of Life.

Of course the Bible, for the most part, when speaking of the heavenly world, speaks figuratively while talking about book, and about trumpets, and about wings, and about gates, and about golden pavements, and about orchards with 12 crops of fruit—one crop each month—and about the white horses of heaven's cavalry. But we do well to follow out these inspired metaphors and reap from them courage and sublime expectation and consolation and victory. We are told that in the heavenly library there is a book of life. Perhaps there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all written by the author on that subject. I cannot tell how large those heavenly volumes are, nor the splendor of their binding, nor the number of their pages, nor whether they are pictorialized with some exciting scenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by type, but written out by some hand, and that all those who, like the 70 disciples to whom the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their eternal salvation surely have their names written in heaven. It may not be the same name that we carried on earth. We may, through the inconsiderateness of parents, have a name that is uncouth, or that was afterward dishonored by one after whom we were called. I do not know that the 70 entrances of the names of the 70 disciples corespond with the record in the genealogical table. It may not be the name by which we were called on earth, but it will be the name by which heaven will know us, and we will have it announced to us as we pass in, and we will know it so certainly that we will not have to be called twice by it, as in the Bible times the Lord called some people twice by name: "Saul, Saul!" "Samuel, Samuel!" "Martha, Martha!"

When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is Christ's, and that the letters were written with a trembling hand—not trembling with old age, for he had only passed three decades when he expired. It was soon after the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday. Look over all the business accounts you kept or the letters you wrote at 30 years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more troubles than ever smote any one else, and all of them troubles assumed for others. Christ was prematurely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Palestine. He had slept out of doors—now in the night dew, and now in the tempest. He had been soaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pillows for others, but he had not where to lay his head. Hungry, he could not even get a fig on which to breakfast—or have you missed the pathos of that verse, "In the morning, as he returned unto the city, he hungered, and when he saw a fig tree in the way he came to it and found nothing thereon?" Oh, he was a hungry Christ. And nothing makes the hand tremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon the nerves, and the agitated nerves make the hand quake. On the top of all this exasperation came abuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunkard? But Christ was called one. What respecter of the Lord's day wants to be called a Sabbath breaker? But he was called one. What man careful of the company he keeps wants to be called the associate of profligates? But he was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? But he was charged with it. What man of devout speech wants to be called a blasphemer? But he was so termed. What man of self respect wants to be struck in the mouth? But that is where they struck him. Or to be the victim of the vilest expectoration? But upon that he stooped. Oh, he was a worn out Christ! That is the reason he died so soon upon the cross.

Many victims of crucifixion lived day after day upon the cross, but Christ was in the courtroom at 12 o'clock of noon, and he had expired at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 3 o'clock the time taken to travel from the courtroom to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, there could not have been much more than two hours left. Why did Christ live only two hours upon the cross, when others had lived 48 hours? Ah, he was worn out before he got there! And you wonder, oh, child of God, that, looking into the volumes of heaven for your name, you find it was written with a trembling penmanship—trembling with every letter of your name, if it be your earthly name, or trembling with every letter of your heavenly name, if that be different and more euphonious. That will not be the first time you saw the mark of a quivering pen, for did you not, oh, man, years ago see your name so written on the back of a letter, and you opened it, saying, "Why, here is a letter from mother," or "Here is a letter from father," and after you opened it you found all the words because of old age were traced irregularly and uncertain, so that you could hardly read it at all? But after much study you made it out—a letter from home telling you how much they missed you, and how much they prayed for you, and how much they wanted to see you, and if it might not be on earth that so it might be in the world where there are no partings. Yes, your name is written in heaven, if written at all, with trembling chirography.

Some Autographs.

Again, in examination of your name in the heavenly archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written with a bold hand. You have seen many a signature that because of sickness or old age had a tremor in it, yet it was as bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannonade has had evidence of excitement in every word and every letter, and in the speed with which it was folded and handed to the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups, and yet that commander, notwithstanding his trembling hand, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. It was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll of Carrollton signed his name to the Declaration of American Independence, but no signer had more courage. And when some one said, "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is," he resumed the pen and wrote Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Trembling hand no sign of timidity! The daring and defiance seen in the way your name is written in heaven are a challenge to all earth and hell to come on if they can to defeat your ransomed soul.

The way your name is written there is as much as to say: "I have redeemed him. I died for him. I am going to crown and enthrone him. Nothing shall ever happen down in that world where he now lives to defeat my determination to keep him, to shelter him, to save him. By my Almighty grace I am going to fetch him here. He may slip and slide, but he has got to come here. By my omnipotent sword, by the combined strength of all heaven's principalities and powers and dominions, by the 20,000 chariots of the Lord Almighty, I am going to see him through." Bold handwriting! It is the boldest thing ever written to write my name there and your name there. He knows our weaknesses and bad propensities better than we know them ourselves. He knows all the Apollyonic hosts that are sworn to down us if they can. He knows all the temptations that will assail us between now and the moment of our last pulsation of the heart, and yet he dares to write our name there. Boldness! Nothing at Saragossa or Chalons or Marathon or Thermopylæ to equal it. Nothing in the sack of gun powder which one English soldier carried under the blazing artillery of the Mohammedans and blew up the gate of Delhi. Can you not see the boldness in the penmanship that has already written our names there? Apostle Peter, what do you think of it? And he answers, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Oh, blessed Christ, what dost thou mean by it? And he answers: "They shall never perish. Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "Your names are written in heaven."

Eternal Volumes.

Again, if, according to the promise of the text, you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and shall see your name there, you will find it written in lines, in words, in letters unmistakable. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost unreadable penmanship a mark of genius, and so they affect it. Because every paragraph that Thomas Chalmers and Dean Stanley and Lord Byron and Rufus Choate and other potent men wrote was a puzzle, imitators make their penmanship a puzzle. Alexandre Dumas says that plain penmanship is the brevet of incapacity. Then there are some who, through too much demand upon their energies and through lack of time, lose the capacity of making the pen intelligible, and much of the writing of this world is indecipherable. We have seen piles of inexplicable chirography, and we ourselves have helped augment the magnitude. We have not been sure of the name signed, or the sentiment expressed, or whether the reply was affirmative or negative. Through indistinct penmanship last wills and testaments have been defeated, widows and orphans robbed of their inheritance, railroad trains brought into collision through the dim words of a telegram put into the hand of a conductor, and regiments in this wise, mistaking their instructions, have been sacrificed in battle.

I asked Bishop Cowie, in Auckland, New Zealand, the bishop having been in many of the wars, what Tennyson, in his immortal poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," meant by the words, "Some one had blundered," and the bishop said that the awful carnage at Balaklava was the result of an indistinctly written and wrongly read military order. "Some one had blundered." But your name, once written in the Lamb's book of life, will be so unmistakable that all heaven can read it at the first glance. It will not be taken for the name of some other, so that in regard to it there shall come to be disputation. Not one of the millions and billions and quadrillions of the finally saved will doubt that it means you and only you. Oh, the glorious, the rapturous certitude of that entrance on the heavenly roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified mob. No, no! Though you came up the worst sinner that was ever saved, and somebody who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and dissolute should say, "I never heard of your conversion, and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of the redeemed, say: "Read it for yourself. That is my name, written out in full, and do you not recognize the handwriting? No young scribe of heaven entered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not also see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as yonder throne, as plain as yonder gate? Is not the name unmistakable and the handwriting unmistakable? The crucified Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name is written there! There!"

Plainly Written.

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us in heaven that we will be lost in the crowd. No. Each one of us will be as distinctly picked out and recognized as was Abel when he entered from earth, the very first sinner saved, and at the head of that long procession of sinners saved in all the centuries. My dear hearers, if we once get there I do not want it left uncertain as to whether we are to stay there. After you and I get fairly settled there in our heavenly home we do not want our title proved defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do not want some one to say: "This is not your room in the house of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you had more carefully examined the writing in the register at the gate, you would have found that the name was not yours at all, but mine. Now, move out, while I move in." Oh, what wretchedness after once worshiping in heavenly temples to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after having joined the society of the blessed to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long lost kindred in heavenly embrace to have another separation! What an agony would there be in such a goodby to heaven! Glory be to God on high that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that neither saint nor cherub nor seraph nor archangel shall doubt it for one moment for 500 eternities, if there were room for so many. The oldest inhabitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaven can read it. You will not just look at your name and close the book, but you will stand and soliloquize and say: "Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there! Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and daughters of martyrdom and with the choice spirits of all time. But there it is, and so plain the word and so plain all the letters!"

And you will turn forward and backward the leaves and see other names there, perhaps your father's name, and, your mother's name, and your brother's name, and your sister's name, and your wife's name, and apostolic names, and say: "I am not surprised that those names are here recorded. They were better than I ever was. But astonishment overwhelming, that my name is in this book!" And turning back to the page on which is inscribed your name, you will stand and look at it until, seeing that others are waiting to examine the records with reference to their own names, you step back into the ranks of the redeemed, with them to talk over the wonderment.

Indelibly Written.

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go up to the state department in this national capital and see the old treaties signed by the rulers of foreign nations just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that some of the documents are so faded out that you can read only here and there a word. From the paper yellow with age, or the parchment unrolled before you, time has effaced line after line. You have to guess at the name and perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations, but he carries also chemicals with which he eats out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about indelible ink, but there is no such thing as indelible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete obliteration of all earthly signatures and engrossments. But your name put in the heavenly record, all the milleniums of heaven cannot dim it. After you have been so long in glory that, did you not possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great Atoner.

There will be new generations coming into heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many mansioned residence, and, though your name were once plainly on the books, suppose it should fade out? How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being canceled! Eternity as helpless as time in any attempt at erasure! What a re-enforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in heaven may give out and will give out. There are records there in which the recording angel writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writing there cannot be read or even guessed at. The recording angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots, for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if some one in heaven should remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about them the Lord would say: "Oh, I forgot them! I completely forgot those sins, for I promised, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all the title deeds, and all the halls of record, and all the libraries will disappear, worse that when the 200,000 volumes and the 700,000 manuscripts of the Alexandrian library went down under the torch of Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose inhabitants will exclaim: "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be only one conflagration in heaven, and that will not destroy, but irradiate. I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubied and diamonded walls in the light of the sun that never sets. Indelible!

More Light.

There is not on earth an autograph letter or signature of Christ. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he knew so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it soon shuffled out by human foot, the time that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But when he writes your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from cycle to cycle, from eon to eon. And so for all you Christian people I do what John G. Whittier, the dying poet, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a haymow a whole summer afternoon and heard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last, in the morning hour, in his home in the Massachusetts village, the nurse thought that the light of rising sun was too strong for him and so pulled the window curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full gush of the morning. And I thought it might be helpful and inspiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, and so I pull up the curtain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your doxologies! Wave your palms! Shout your victories! Pull up all the curtains of bright expectations! Yea, hoist the window itself, and let the perfume of the "morning glories" of the king's garden come in and the music of harps all a-tremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the throne of God and the Lamb.

In Red Ink.

But there is only one word on all this subject of divine chirography in heaven that confuses me, and that is the small adverb which St. John adds when he quotes the text in Revelation and speaks of some "whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain." Oh, that awful adverb "not!" By full submission to Christ the Lord have the way all cleared between you and the sublime registration of your name this moment. Why not look up and see that they are all ready to put your name among the blissful immortals? There is the mighty volume. It is wide open. There is the pen. It is from the wing of the "angel of the new covenant." There is the ink. It is red ink from Calvarean sacrifice. And there is the divine Scribe—the glorious Lord who wrote your father's name there, and your mother's name there, and your child's name there, and who is ready to write your name there. Will you consent that he do it? Before I say "Amen" to this service ask him to do it. I wait a moment for the tremendous action of your will, for it is only an action of your will. Here some one says, "Lord Jesus, with pen plucked from angelic wing and dipped in the red ink of Golgotha, write there either that which is now my earthly name or that which shall be my heavenly name." I pause a second longer, that all may consent. The pen of the divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and it touches the shining page, and the word is traced in trembling and bold and unmistakable letters. He has put it down in the right place.

'Tis done! The great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.

And if there be in all this assembly a hopeless case, so called hopeless by yourself and others, I take the responsibility of saying that there is a place in that book where your name would exactly fit in and look beautiful and you can, quicker than I can clap my hands together, have it there. A religious meeting was thrown open, and all those who could testify of the converting grace of God were asked to speak. Silence reigned a moment, and then a man covered with the marks of dissipation arose and said: "You can see from my looks what I have been, but I am now a saved man. When I left home a thousand miles from here, I had so disgraced my father's name that he said, 'As you are going away I have only two things to ask of you—first, that you will never come home again, and, next, you will change your name.' I promised. I have not heard my real name for years. I went the whole round of sin until there was no lower depth to fathom. But I am by the grace of God a changed man. I wrote home asking forgiveness for my waywardness, and here are two letters, one from father and another from my sister. My mother died of a broken heart. But these two letters ask me to come home, and, boys, I start tomorrow morning." The fact was that his name was written in heaven, where I pray God all of our names may be written though so unworthy are the best of us and all of us. If you have ever been in the thick woods and heard the sound of village bells you know the sound is hindered and muffled by the foliage, though somewhat sweet, but as you come to the edge of the woods the sounds become clearer and more charming, and when you step out from the deep shadows into the sunlight you hear the full, round, mellifluous ringing of the bells. Oh, ye down in the thick shadows of unbelief and who hear only the faint notes of this gospel bell, come out into the clear sunlight of pardon and peace and hear the full chime of eternal harmonies from all the towers of heaven. Oh, come out of the woods!

King Menelek's Independence.

The pope's influence has failed to secure the release of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia. It is said that his shrewd councilors disapproved an attempt so little likely to succeed at a time when his holiness cannot afford to risk the papal prestige, but a generous pity overcame their reasoned objections. As if to emphasize the refusal, Menelek has set free 64 officers and men of his own accord. They report that the Abyssinian monarch is not such a barbarian as is commonly supposed. He reads the leading Italian journals through an interpreter. It is well for the prisoners that he cannot understand them himself. Menelek desires to make himself equal to the European sovereigns, and this fact represents progress, for all his predecessors firmly believed themselves to be already equal or superior. The Italian officers are frequently questioned about the manners and customs of royalty in Europe. His queen actually wears dresses from Paris and stockings, shoes, etc.

Many French families are settled at and near Entotto, where the negus has a palace, and they supply these articles. One would like to know what the prisoners mean exactly by "many." It may be credited, however, that Abyssinia is about to undergo a change, with Russians and Frenchmen to direct it, and in that case the sooner Egypt gets command of the upper waters of the Nile the better for her safety. To occupy the Sudan would be the first move of an energetic negus who felt himself strong enough to organize a grand attack upon the hereditary foe. And if he got possession of the Sudan self interest would tempt him to divert the Nile, putting ill will toward Egypt aside.—London Standard.

The Minister's Compliment.

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach."

The minister was aware that he was not very popular and answered:

"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"—London Tit-Bits.

DOOM OF THE NOVEL.

Discerned In the Window Where Bicycles Are Exhibited.

A delver into literature has this to say about the bicycle:

Speaking as a distinguished reviewer, I am not ungrateful to the bicycle. The more cycling the less novel reading, and therefore the smaller income for the scribe who has to explain the merits of novelists to an indolent public.

This merely commercial point does not excite any misgiving in my mind as to the civilizing influence of the cycle manufacturer.

Windows in which bicycles are exhibited for sale have for me the fascination I used to find at the bookseller's Staring in at a window the other day, I was accosted by a friend, who said:

"So you're going to start cycling at last! The very thing for a torpid liver!"

He descanted on my liver for some minutes and then urged me on no account to buy the particular brand of bicycle I was gazing at. It had secret vices. It was possessed with a devil; whereas, he knew a bicycle which might make angels' wings molt with envy.

I explained that I had no desire to ride a bicycle, and he said with amazement:

"Then why glue your nose to the window?"

"Because I rejoice to read there the doom of the English novel."

He shook his head and went off to spread the rumor among my friends that I was suffering from mental derangement.

Publishers are said to be complaining about the effects of the cycling epidemic on the book market. There is a sad decline of novel reading. Instead of buying books the young and middle aged of both sexes spend their money on bicycles.

Beauty does not languish a whole afternoon in a hammock with a romance. She "scorches" amid the heat and dust of a highway.

By his unsold copies the publisher sits down and weeps when he remembers the copious editions of other years. Surely there is a better plan than that. Why doesn't he become an expert cyclist and lie in wait on the highroad for novices who have deserted his books? There is an apt story of Wesley which Mr. Birrell told the other day.

The evangelist was riding and overtook a stranger, who was also mounted. They fell to discussing religion, and when the stranger learned that his mentor was Wesley he turned to flee.

"I had the better horse," remarks Wesley in his journal, "so I showed him his heart all the way to Northampton."

Why should not the publisher show the beauties of his new novel to the less experienced cyclist? Should his companion have a bad accident, how delightful to thrust a precious volume into the hand of the prostrate man and ride away with the righteous glow of a good Samaritan.—Exchange.

NOT ALL HE HAD TO DO.

After He Had Aimed the Camera and Pressed the Button the Trouble Began.

"All you have to do," said Mr. Trapp, as he showed his wife the camera he had purchased, "is to press this little knob, and there you have a picture."

"I'm sure that doesn't seem hard."

"It isn't hard. It's as easy as anything you ever heard of. There," he exclaimed, as he held the camera up in front of her face, "I have a picture of you."

"Do you mean to say that my likeness is in that box?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered proudly.

"How nice. Let's take it right out and look at it."

"No. You mustn't do that." And he entered into an elaborate but unappreciated explanation of the effects of sunlight on the sensitive film. She was very eager to see the portrait, and he promised to develop the contents of the camera that night and print the picture the next day. She was not very highly pleased with the arrangement, but accepted it because there was no alternative. When he got home, he had with him the chemicals for developing a negative.

"Here they are," he said cheerily as he waved the package over his head. "I've got the whole business in this bundle. You have the kitchen table cleared off, and I'll get the lantern ready, and we'll send the hired girl out of the house and make all the mess we want to."

The only response to his greeting was an icy stare.

"What's the matter? Have you lost your interest in the camera?"

"No. On the contrary, my interest has been enormously increased. I have read of unexpected discoveries in story books, but I never expected to find out myself how true it is that a perfidious plotter is almost sure to be discovered in his iniquities. To think of you flaunting that camera in my face and me trusting you all the time."

"When you say 'perfidious plotter,' do you allude to me?"

"I certainly do. You yourself placed in my hands the proof of your treachery. You probably chuckled as you thought of how you were leaving the evidence of your guilt with me for safe keeping. But I have found you out. There is only one thing that I want to know now," she said in a louder tone as she tragically held a photograph before his face, "and that is, who is the woman?"

"Where did you get that?" he asked in surprise.

"I was anxious to see what was in the camera," she replied, "so I took it over to my brother, who is an expert in such things, and got him to make the pictures for me. He sent them over to me an hour ago, and this was among the lot. Now, sir, I have answered your question frankly and promptly. Can you answer mine? Who—is—this—woman?"

"Don't you know who that is?"

"I certainly do not."

"Why, that is yourself."

"Don't libel me. You have injured me deeply. Do not, oh, do not mock me as well."

"Maria, I wish you would not behave so much as if you were performing at a matinee. I tell you that is your picture. You can recognize it by the way the bow at your neck is tied and by the pattern of the goods your waist is made of if you can't recognize the features."

She looked at it steadily, and he held out his hands to her for a reconciliation. The gaze she turned on him was even chillier than before.

"Do you mean to say," she asked in flinty accents, "that you intended that picture of a lantern jawed monster as a portrait of the woman whom you promised to cherish and protect?"

"Why, it wasn't my fault," he said soothingly, but the door slammed.

That evening the sailors who were banging about a wharf saw a man hurry to the water's edge, take several packages from his pockets, put them all inside a cubical, leather covered box and drop the entire outfit into the water. It was the last of Mr. Trapp's camera.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SHE WAS RESCUED.

THIS IS THE THRILLING BUT TRUTHFUL TALE OF A BUCKET.

It Was No Ordinary, Old Oaken, Iron Bound, Moss Covered Bucket—It Came Into the Play Because Miss Sadie Objected to Being Called "Dead Slow."

This is the tale of a bucket.

Incidentally it is a tale of daring do, of beauty in peril, of bitter tears, of manful endeavor, of heroic rescue, of thanksgiving for dangers past.

It was no ordinary bucket, no moss covered bucket, no old oaken bucket that hung by the well. It was a bucket of distinction, a bucket of parts, a bucket of illimitible hospitality and inherent beneficence. Whatever its ostensible raison d'etre, there are many who will see in this Chevalier Bayard of buckets a manifestation of the finger of Providence, many who will swear that it was fashioned by fate for the succor of a beleaguered damsel. Whereof the story followeth:

'Twas July 23, and quite soft were the skies, whence it might be inferred that Sadie Meyerfriend was likewise. Which the meter's as rough as the rocks Sadie scaled on her road toward the skies.

Miss Meyerfriend was from Oakland. Her fellow tourists, a dozen or so, were from San Francisco. To seek to probe a woman's motives may be both folly and presumption, but one is bound to take cognizance of important facts. Important fact No. 1 in the tale of a bucket is that Miss Meyerfriend overheard a young man in the party hazard the opinion that Oakland girls were "dead slow." Important fact No. 2 is that immediately thereafter Miss Meyerfriend hazarded the feat which made her famous, and without which this tale of a bucket would never be written. Let him who dares draw an inference from this conjunction of circumstances.

They had left Skaggs' Springs, these happy tourists, for a tramp through the mountains. They had just arrived at the base of Major's rock when the ill advised San Franciscan made his remark about Oakland girls being "dead slow." Miss Meyerfriend's eyes shot fire as they traveled to the summit of the rock, which towers skyward 100 feet like a huge monolith.

"Let's climb to the top," she said, darting at the detractor of Oakland girlhood a glance which said "dasn't" as plainly as words.

The young man looked dubiously at the forbidding crag, but his pride forbade him to weaken, and he responded:

"Let's."

And the rest of the party echoed "Let's" in varying moods and tenses of reluctance.

The Oakland girl led the way. With the agility of a chamois and the determination of the young man who bore mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device "Excelsior," she bounded to the lowermost ledge and began to climb. The flippant young man followed her. The rest compromised by looking on and uttering words of encouragement.

After awhile she reached the summit and bent upon her companions beneath a rather red but very triumphant face. Hollowing her hands into a speaking trumpet she uttered a series of ejaculations of which the breeze permitted these fragments to reach the earth:

"Simply beautiful—ought to see the view—most exhilarating air I ever—lovely natural seat hewn by nature out of—why didn't Mr.—enjoy this—is he ill?—hooroar for Oakland!"

Miss Meyerfriend had produced the sensation she desired, and at the end of 15 minutes she started to descend—started, but no more. Her friends saw her climb down a few feet, and then stop, with one foot gesticulating eloquently over a chasm. Then she tried it with the other foot, and then she climbed back to the top. She peered down the escarpment on all sides, looking for a practicable path. She tried it backward, frontward, sideward, until her friends expected to see her compromise by walking down on her hands. Finally she had a good cry, and these words floated to the watchers beneath:

"Oh! Oh-h-h!—can't get down—some of you men—help me—I'll die of fright—don't do something—Boo-hoo-hoo!—a ladder or something—sure I shall fall—tell my poor mother!"

Half a dozen men sprang to scale the rock, but their strength was not equal to the task. Messengers were sent posthaste to the hotel at Skaggs' Springs, but that meant delay, and meanwhile Miss Meyerfriend of Oakland was wringing her hands and declaring that she would die of hunger and exposure even if she were not dashed to pieces from the summit.

Ropes and ladders came from the hotel, and then came the laborious work of digging holes in the rock and fastening ladders where they would do the most good. By this time, however, Sadie Meyerfriend was in a collapse and could do nothing to aid in her own rescue.

In this emergency the bucket arrived.

It is bootless to tell where the bucket was found or who found it. Enough that it was a big bucket—big enough to bear the fairest freight ever borne by bucket.

The bucket was hoisted to the summit of Major's rock, and the rescuers exhibited it dramatically to the terrified maiden.

"Lo!" they said. "Your salvation. Pray descend."

"What," she sobbed, "in a bucket?"

"Even so," said they.

And so she huddled into it, the poor, frightened little Oakland girl, and, covering her face from shame and grief, was lowered to the bosom of her family and friends, while nobody cheered louder than the flippant young man whose remark had caused all the trouble.

Concerning which it is whispered that the tale of the bucket may develop a sequel that Sadie Meyerfriend never suspected when she clambered up Major's rock.—San Francisco Examiner.

Another Police Matron.

Mrs. F. W. McKinney has been appointed police matron at the city jail, Portland, Or. Mrs. McKinney is a pioneer suffragist and an active worker for the People's Party. The Pacific Empire says, "Her appointment will be of incalculable benefit to the unfortunates who come under her care."

— If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

A Thriftless Genius.

Leigh Hunt had no sense either of time or of money—a grave fault, perhaps an unpardonable vice, in a man who had a wife and children depending upon him. As long as he lived he was thriftless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt (though he blames himself freely and light heartedly), and if the reader of his autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt it is not because her husband sets him the example. This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended or actively repented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages and to see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger and how incapable he proved of escaping it:

"I have seen," he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities, or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finally worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect, that if ever I was determined in anything it is to be perfectly clear of the world and ready to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry, for I will not see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence afraid to speak to me of money matters. She shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door or to meet a quarter day."

And in 1832:

"I never hear a knock at the door but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for 40 shillings."—Temple Bar.

An Effectual Remedy.

His firmly set lips and the square cut of his side whiskers showed at a glance that he was accustomed to surmount obstacles instead of yielding to them.

"We were a day late in getting that piece of work out," he remarked to the superintendent of his business.

"Yes. It was one of those unfortunate things that couldn't very well be avoided."

"What was the matter?"

"You will remember that the order reached us on Friday morning. It was a pretty big job of work, and the foreman hated like everything to begin it on Friday. The men all looked kind of glum when we talked about taking it up on that day, and, to tell you the truth, I didn't like to begin it on Friday myself."

"What's wrong with Friday?"

"Nothing. Only you know the old superstition about its being an unlucky day. Of course, everybody feels a little ashamed of it, but, just the same, everybody recognizes it and is more or less afraid of it."

"And you mean to tell me that this superstition has saturated these shops so that we're liable to be delayed on a contract if Friday happens to interfere."

"I'm afraid that is the case."

"Well, I'll fix that."

"It will be hard to do."

"No, it won't. It will be the easiest thing imaginable. You notify the bookkeeper and the cashier that hereafter, instead of paying off on Saturday, all employees will get their money on Friday. That'll arrange things so that instead of regarding Friday as unlucky they'll spend the other six days wishing for it to come around."—Detroit Free Press.

Man Made Monuments and Others.

"He was not aware that it had ever been suggested that it was the work of man, and it could not therefore be an ancient monument."

This somewhat mystic remark was made by the Irish attorney general in reply to a question about the desirability of preserving the Giant's Causeway.

In itself one may be inclined to dispute the attorney general's proposition that nothing can be ancient or monumental which is not the work of man—man, whose appearance on the planet is so comparatively modern; man, whose noblest works are comparatively so trivial beside the more enduring monuments of creative energies greater than his own.

And, though the attorney general was of course speaking in a legal sense, the point we have indicated suggests a real defect in the law. Would it not be possible to extend the protection given to ancient monuments to natural beauties and natural marvels?

In some other countries attempts have been made in that direction, and this is a form of land nationalization upon which many even of the least extreme of politicians would look with favor.—London News.

No Mail For the Wattses.

A lantern jawed young man called at the Montezuma Record postoffice and asked:

"Anything fer the Wattses?"

"Nothing," replied the postmaster.

"Anything fer Jane Watts?"

"No."

"Anything fer Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything fer Bill Watts?"

"Nothing!"

"Anything fer Tom Watts?"

"I tell you nothing!"

"Anything fer fool Joe Watts?"

"No, nor Jim Watts nor any other Watts, dead or living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked up at the postmaster in astonishment and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts."—Atlanta Constitution.

Some Reforms Necessary.

The beautiful girl spurned his profferred love.

"But why am I so hateful to you?" he asked.

"You are not hateful to me," she replied. "There is simply nothing about you to attract a girl of my nature. The man who marries me must show his love of making sacrifices for me."

"I will make any that you may ask," he pleaded.

She merely laughed at him.

"The man who would have my love must reform for my sake," she said.

"But what have I to reform?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered promptly. "That's just the trouble."—Chicago Post.

Jimmie's Ignorance.

Stern Father—Didn't I tell you never to let me see you stoning the ash man again, Jimmie?

Jimmie—Well, you wouldn't if I'd a-knowed there was a knothole in that fence.—Detroit Free Press.