

THE DAY OF REST.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Christian Sabbath.

The Day One of Rest For Weary Workers—The Sabbath Breaker's End—Necessity of Properly Raising Children—Cheerful Christians.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on the subject: "A Bright Sunday versus a Doleful Sunday." The text was: "And call the Sabbath a delight." Isaiah lviii. 13. Dr. Talmage said: "There is an element of gloom striking through these religious pages. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an eternity of the same passionate indulgence. But the God of our religion should have the grand characteristics of cheerfulness. St. Paul struck the keynote when he said: 'Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice.' This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulders; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funeral-pyres upon which to leap; it has no juggernauts before which to fall. Its good cheer is symbolized in the Bible by the brightness of waters, and the redolence of hills, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarity of a banquet. A choir of seraphim chanted at its introduction, and pealing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wing of archangel are to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: 'Glory to God in the highest!' and it will close its earthly mission with the aspiration: 'Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'"

But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sabbath. They say: "You can have your religious assemblies, and your long faces, and your sniffling cant, and your psalm book and your Bibles. Give us the Sunday excursion, and the horse race and the convivial laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and we shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious dolefulness." I want to show these men—if there are any such in the house this morning—that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy and glory and salvation and Heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, "and call the Sabbath a delight."

I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of healthy repose. In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. Not one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doctor in the sick room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the Gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the hod of brick up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well.

But when Saturday night comes you are jaded and worn. The hand that has so skillfully manufactured, the eye can not see so well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods that went out on Monday. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week, when the men were tired out." The Sabbath comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and unless on the seventh day they are wound up they run down into the grave.

There are thousands of men who have had their lives ruined by the neglect of the golden gates of the Sabbath. A prominent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely and have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day or opened their counting houses, without a single exception, came to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy I noticed out on Long Wharf there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night, and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It is a heavy pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sabbath breakers, and who have been Sabbath breakers ever since? Without a single exception, you tell me, they have come either to financial or to moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has been shown a financial or moral delinquency in every instance. Six hundred and forty of your Christian Sabbathers will raise a Sunday crop. So he went to work and plowed the ground on Sunday, and harvested it on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday.

"There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with his lightning, and away went the Sunday crop. So great is the moral depression coming upon those who toil upon the Sabbath day that you may have noticed (if you have not, I call your attention to the fact) in cases where the public interest demands Sabbath toil the moral depression is so great that there are but very few who can stand it. For instance, the police service, without which none of our houses would be safe—there are very few who stand the pressure and temptation of it. In London, where there are 5,000 policemen, the statistics is given that in one year 921 of that 5,000 were dismissed, 625 were suspended and 2,492 were fined. Now, if the moral depression be so great in occupations that are positively necessary for the peace and prosperity of society, I ask you what must be the moral depression in those cases where there is no necessity for Sabbath work, and where a man chooses worldly business on the Lord's day just because he likes it, or wants to add to his emolument? During the last war it was found out that those public works which passed on the seventh day turned out more war materials than those which worked all the seven days. Mr. Bagnall, a prominent iron merchant, gives this testimony: "I find we have fewer accidents in our establishments and fewer interrup-

tions now we observe the Lord's day; and at the close of the year, now that we keep the Sabbath, I find we turn out more iron and have larger profits than any year when we worked all the seven days." The fact is, Sabbath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made shoes will leak, and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will misfire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of the new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my buildings; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thousands of dollars; and I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been to my ruin. I enlarged my buildings, I made a great many thousands of dollars, but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this community who break the Sabbath and the men who keep it. The first company will be the best friends of society? Who are the best friends of morals? Who have the best prospects for this world? Who have the best for the world that is to come?

The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: "This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing woman, with weary hands and aching side and sick heart. Rest for the overtasked workman in the mine or out on the wall or in the sweating factory. Hang up the plane, drop the adze, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind and for the soul.

Welcome, sweet day of rest. That is the Lord's cry. Welcome to this reviving breast, and these rejoicing eyes. Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of domestic reunion and consecration. There are some very good parents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children run up against the wall of parental lugubriousness on that day. They are sorry when Sunday comes, and glad when it goes away. They think of every thing but on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there were wrong notions about the Sabbath, have gone out into dissipation and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath day. I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a boy, I never got over it and never will." Those parents did not "call the Sabbath a delight"; they made it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I wonder when Sunday will come!" They are anxious to have it come. I hear their hosanna in the house; I hear their hosanna in the school.

God intended the Sabbath to be especially a day for the father. The mother is home all the week. Sabbath day comes and God says to the father, who has been busy from Monday morning to Saturday night at his work or away from home: "This is your day. See what you can do in this little flock in preparing them for Heaven. This day I set apart for you." You know very well that there are many parents who are mere spectators in the household; they provide the food and raiment; once in a while, perhaps, they hear the child read a line or two in the new primer, or, if there be a case of especial discipline and the mother can not manage it, the child is brought up in the court martial of the father's discipline and punished. That is all there is of it. No scrutiny of that child's immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will soon go out in the world where there are gigantic and overwhelming temptations that have swamped millions. But in some households it is not that way; the home, beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "good morning" and more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child and the child looks at the father. The little one dares not ask questions without any fear of being answered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lip, he sees in that child a long line of earthly destinies; he sees in that child an immeasurable eternity. As he touches that child he says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one." And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the organ or wafts from the front of the wine cup, or that which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

Have I been picturing something that is merely fanciful, or is it possible for you and for me to have such a home as that? I have a statistic that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were 1,000 families—the other five families disregarded the Sabbath. In time five of these families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and dissolute. Four or five have been in State prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church; one is a minister of the gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The household is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the peace of the gospel. O, is there nothing in the household that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possible that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered for this life, or have any good hope of the life that is to come?

Again, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of Christian assemblage. Where are all those people going on the Sabbath? You see them moving up and down the street. Is it a festival day? people might ask. Here there have been some edicts commanding the people to come forth! No, they are only worshippers of God who are going to their places of religious service. In what delicate scale shall I weigh the joy of Christian convocation? It gives brightness to the eye, and a flush to the cheek, and a pressure to the hand, and a thrill to the heart. You see the aged man tottering along on his staff through the aisle. You see the little child led by the hand of its mother. You look around and rejoice that this is God's day, and this the communion of saints. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some familiar tune sets all the soul aquiver and awoke with rapture. We plunge into some old hymn, and all our cares and anxieties are bathed off. The glorious gospel transports us, the spirit descends, Jesus appears, and we feel the bounding, spreading, electric joy of Christian convocation.

I remark also, we ought to have in this day the joy of our Sabbaths. I do not believe it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of Heaven. There is something in the gathering of people in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Christian church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harmony. The light of a better Sabbath glides the top of this, and earth and Heaven are made to feel the distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the church of earth, now sent back by the church of Heaven. "Day of all the week the best, Emblem of the eternal rest." With what rapture and with what pity we must look out on that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up; the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath. Take away one and you take both. Take either and farewell to our civil and religious liberties. When they go, all go. He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or London, or any of the great cities, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me, in his last days, "I never went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: 'No, I won't go. I am staying here. Why they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'O, yes,' I said, 'you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'" There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath-breaking usages in this day; and the first thing is to get our children right upon this subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the holiest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shirk responsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath school and the house of God; that will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you in the name of Christ, my Maker and my Redeemer, that the example will be more potent than any instruction they get elsewhere, and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise throw contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with an infinite curse.

It is a rough truth, I know, told in a rough way; but it is God's truth, nevertheless. Your child may go on to seventy or eighty years of age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantages of having had a father who disregarded the Sabbath or a Sabbath-breaking mother. It is the joy of many of us that we can look back to an early home where God was honored, and when the Sabbath came it was a day of great consecration and joy. We remember the old New England Puritan Sabbath morning. Our hearts melt when we think of those blessed associations, and we may have been off and committed many indiscretions and done many wrong things; but the day will never come when we forget the early home, where God was regarded, and father and mother told us to keep holy the Sabbath.

There is another way in which we can war against the Sabbath breaking usages of the country at this time and that is by making our houses of worship attractive and the religious services inspiring. I plead not for a gorgeous audience chamber; I plead not for gilded rafters or magnificent fresco; but I plead for comfortable churches, home-like churches—places where the church-going people will feel as they ought to feel. Make the church welcome to all, however poorly clad they may be, or whatever may have been their past history; for I think the Church of God is not so much made for you who could have churches in your own home, but for the vast population of our great cities, who are treading on toward death, with no voice of mercy to arrest them. Ah, when the prodigal comes into the church, do not stare at him as though he had no right to come. Give him the best seat you can find for him.

Sometimes a man wakes up from his sin and says: "I'll go to the house of God." Perhaps he comes from one motive, perhaps from another. He finds the church dark and the Christian people frightful, and there are no people of our great cities who can be more frigid than Christian people when they try, and the music is dull, and he never comes again. Suppose one of these men enters the church. As he comes in he hears a song, which his mother sang when he was a boy, and he remembers it sits down and some one hands him a book, open at "Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me."

"Yes," he says, "I have heard that many times." He sees cheerful Christian people there, every man's face a psalm of thanksgiving to God. He says: "Do you have this on every Sunday? I have heard that the house of God was a doleful place, and Christian were religious and repellent. I have really enjoyed myself." The next Sabbath the man is again in the same place. Tears of repentance start down his cheek; he begins to pray; and when the communion table is spread he sits at it and some one comes over and says: "I am surprised to find you here. I thought you didn't believe in such things." "Ah," he says, "I have been captured. I came in one day and I found you were all so loving and cheerful here that I concluded I would come among you. Where then goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou dost will I die, and there will I be buried."

Ah, you will not drive men out of their sins, but you can coax them out—you can charm them out. I would to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of this Sabbath heritage! We can not count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. O, blessed Sabbath! How do you bless! They scoff a great deal about the old Puritanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England. I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbatism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritan Sabbatism, I shall be satisfied, and I shall be surprised.

O, blessed day, blessed day! I should like to die some Sabbath morning when the air is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dying blessing, I should like to look off upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the one hundred and forty and four thousand and the thousands of thousands standing around the throne of Jesus. Hark! I hear the bell of the old kirk on the hillside of Heaven. It is a wedding bell, for behold the Bridegroom cometh; it is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. It is a Sabbath bell, for it calls the Nations of earth and Heaven to everlasting repose.

"O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend? Where congregations break up, And Sabbaths have no end." "Steam heat is first-rate," said a market man, "but it won't do for a grocery store. The heat is so dry that it shrinks all the profit out of sugar, grain and several other staple articles."—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

SOLDIERS' DEPARTMENT.

PAULINE CUSHMAN.

How the Actress and Confederate Spy Saved a Union Officer's Life.

"Don't you want a story of the war— one never before printed—in which Pauline Cushman, not unknown to fame, figures in a dramatic way?" asked Captain Henry Bush, the well-known artist, who was a topographical engineer on the staff of General Rosecrans in the Army of the Cumberland. "It was in the autumn of 1861," continued the old topographical engineer, "at Louisville where I first saw the woman who was afterward to come into my life in the most unexpected way. I was then an officer in the First Ohio Cavalry. The Colonel of the regiment, the Adjutant and myself one night attended the theater in which Pauline Cushman was playing an engagement. During the performance, and near the close, the actress came down to the footlights and drank a toast to Jeff Davis. The act was a foolhardy one, but eminently characteristic of Cushman. The result was just what might have been expected, considering that the house was more than half full of Union soldiers. The insult was instantly resented, and a tremendous uproar and row followed. More than a score of men made a rush for the stage, and the entire audience was up and yelling. Our party were in a box and took in the situation at a glance. The soldiers were furious, and the sex of the offender would not have saved her from violence had we not gone to her rescue. While the Colonel and Adjutant were endeavoring to quiet the angry, surging mob with speeches, I threw a cloak over Miss Cushman and hurried her to the stage door, where I bundled her into a waiting hack and had her safe in her room in the Louisville Hotel before the crowd knew she was out of the theater.

The next morning we were ordered to the front, and I saw nothing more of Pauline Cushman, although I heard that she had turned rebel spy and that she was serving with the Confederate forces, with whom we were almost daily battling. After the engagement at Stone River, General Rosecrans, to whose staff I had been assigned, made headquarters at Winchester, Tenn., in the Mary Sharp College building, during which time I contracted typhoid fever. I became so ill that it was deemed advisable that I should be removed to a boarding-house, kept by a man by the name of Day, immediately across the street from general headquarters. I had scarcely begun convalescing when the army was moved forward, the objective point being Chickamauga. I was still too sick to go with the staff, but if I remained in Winchester I was in danger of being gobbled by guerrillas, as the woods surrounding the town were full of them, only awaiting the onward movement of the Union troops to sweep down upon the village and devastate it; but there was no help for it. The surgeon said it would be death to remove me at that time, even in a slow ambulance; so it was arranged that I was to take the risk of capture and stay with old man Day and his wife until the last of the week, when, it was understood, a conveyance would be sent for me. I didn't like this arrangement at all, but my apparent weakness and the circumstances forced me to submit. So all day long I lay upon my bed in a room which looked out upon the street and watched the army going forward. There is a stimulus to a soldier in the movement of armed men, and despite my weakness I began to affect me so strongly that about five o'clock in the evening, just after the last detachment had marched by my window, I arose, dressed myself in a new suit, wrapped in tissue paper some \$1,800—and prepared to follow the army if I could find a conveyance.

The exertion of dressing, however, was too much for me, and I was forced to again lie down upon the bed. I did not remove my clothing, but lay there resting for, perhaps, an hour, when, about six o'clock, Mrs. Day came into my room and told me that Dick McCann's guerrillas, who had murdered General McCook, were approaching the town, and they would doubtless search every house to see if any sick or wounded "Yankees" had been left behind. This was cheering intelligence, but I realized I was in for it. My weakness admonished me that I could not run away, and I made up my mind to submit to the inevitable capture; but I didn't relish the idea of the rascals getting my money, so I gave my funds—all but \$100—to Mrs. Day and told her to hide it for me. If I was captured and escaped I would call or send for it, but if she didn't hear from me within a reasonable time the money was to be hers. Mrs. Day refused to consent to such an arrangement, but agreed to take the cash and hide it if possible until the guerrillas left the town, and with this understanding I was prepared to surrender on the first call, when her husband, who had been out reconnoitering, came in and suggested hiding me for the time being. I was hurried into a back lot, where there was a great stack of corn-fodder. Into this I was pushed by old man Day and covered over with corn leaves. Day had hardly got back to the house before Dick McCann and his gang came charging down the main street, shooting and yelling like a band of drunken cowboys in a Western cattle town. A sympathizer had informed McCann that a sick officer had been left in Day's boarding-house, and the premises were soon surrounded and the search for me began in earnest, but fortunately for me without avail, and at last the gang gave it up and went into camp in our old headquarters, the college building, across the street from where I was hiding.

"As soon as the guerrillas left the house old man Day came out and helped me back to my room, but I was so weak and sick by this time that being captured and shot would not have been unpleasant. Mrs. Day, however—good woman that she was—would not listen to any of my reckless suggestions, but insisted on preparing me a strong cup of tea and some food, after which I was to again return to the fodder pile to spend the night. It was now near nine o'clock and while my supper was being

got ready I lay down in my room, the door of which opened on a hall leading to the street. In my exhausted condition I was not long in relapsing into an unconscious state, from which I was suddenly aroused by some one knocking on my door. I knew it was none of the Day family, and I naturally concluded I was freed at last, but, for the first time, I determined to fight before surrendering. So, grasping my revolver and taking a big drink of brandy to steady my nerves and give me courage, I approached the door and demanded why I was being disturbed. "Let me in," was the reply in a woman's voice. This was astonishing, but it only confirmed me in the belief that I had been trapped like a coon in a tree. But I answered as bravely as possible: "I know no woman who has any business with me, so get away from that door or I will shoot through it." To this threat the appeal came: "For God's sake let me in, and that quickly. You did me a service once and I am come to repay it," I am Pauline Cushman. This I didn't believe, but I was too weak to longer contend, and I opened the door, through which stepped Miss Cushman. I recognized her instantly, although she was dressed in male attire, with her beautiful hair cut as closely as that of a soldier. I grasped her hand, with a flood of questions upon my lips, but she silenced all by saying: "We have no time for talking now; you must come with me at once. Strange as it may seem, I had not a thought of treachery. I instinctively felt she had come to save me from her friends, and to place me in the hands of my own. I tottered to Mrs. Day's room, drank a cup of tea, got my money, all but \$100, which I compelled her to keep, and dragged myself to the street door, in front of which an old-fashioned carriage was standing. With the help of the driver Miss Cushman assisted me into the vehicle and we were off.

Miss Cushman held my hand in her lap during the whole of that long, rough ride, which consumed the rest of the night, for just as the day was breaking we drove into Decker's Station and on to the depot, in front of which a train for Chattanooga was standing. A few hurried words from Miss Cushman to the official in charge secured me a seat in one of the cars which were ready to start, and a moment afterward I was kissing the hand of the "Rebel Spy," "Good-by," she stooped and whispered: "I never forget those who have dared and done for me. I care not what uniform they wear"—and in the soft, gray light of the autumnal morning she slipped away and I never saw her again.—Findlay (O.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

An Old Couple's Reunion. Thirteen years before the war of the rebellion a negro man and wife, Anthony and Sally Edwards, lived with their master in Pike County, Mo. Anthony was in time sold to a Southern planter, the wife and their one child remaining with the Missourian. Then came the war, and Anthony and Sally lost all trace of one another, and after the war each remarried. Anthony's second wife died, and he drifted to St. Louis; and it so happened that Sally's second husband died, and she and her daughter by the first marriage went to the same city. The daughter, having received some intimation that her father was in the city, searched, and after three years found him. These facts came to the public when the old couple, now about eighty years of age each, went the other day to the recorder's office to obtain a marriage license.—N. Y. Sun.

Whittier's Infernal Machine. Not long after the close of the war of the rebellion a small but heavy box came by express from Lookout Mountain to the poet's home, then in Amherst. When the cover was removed a peculiar array of iron points was visible. His niece, who was a dearly beloved adopted daughter, cried out in terror: "Oh, Uncle Greenleaf, don't touch it! It's some dreadful explosive thing those Southerners have sent to kill you! Don't touch it!" To pacify her it was buried deep in the garden. The next day's mail brought a letter from a friend, saying he had sent an inkstand quaintly modeled from Southern balls and Northern bullets picked up from the famous Tennessee battlefield. From its ignominious burial it was resurrected to a post of honor on the poet's antique desk, and still graces the garden room.—Worcester Spy.

RANDOM SHOTS. THE Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, Ia., has 300 inmates. THE National Encampment will be held the last week in August, 1889. The post at Neosho, Kan., recently mustered in a recruit, William Plummer, aged eighty-four. MRS. HOARD, wife of the Governor of the State of Wisconsin, is a member of the W. R. C. at Fort Atkinson. SAMPSON POST, Rochester, N. H., will erect a memorial building and hall. A lot costing \$7,500 has been purchased. COLONEL JOHN L. KELLY, Manchester, N. H., was the first man to enlist from the State of New Hampshire. He enlisted April 16, 1861. COMRADE MARCUS A. PERKINS, Post No. 87, Braintree, Mass., has been elected Quartermaster of his post for twenty years in succession. The little village of Gettysburg has a population of about 300. The leading society of the place is a Grand Army post with a membership of forty-five. NOVEMBER 16, 1867, thirteen veterans of the late war residing in Chelsea, Mass., met and organized Theodore Winthrop Post, No. 35. Eleven of the thirteen charter members are still living. The post has seventeen past post commanders. COMMANDER CONSIGNY, of the Iowa department of the Grand Army of the Republic has been looking up Union veterans among the evicted settlers of the Des Moines river lands in order to aid the needy. He finds there are few Union soldiers among them. There is a larger number of Ex-Confederates.

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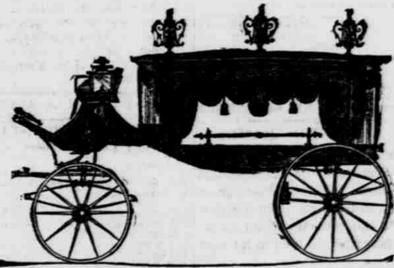
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