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TWENTY-ONE.

The heart is young, the step is light,
The voice is sweet, the eye is bright,
Hope sings a song of pure delight
At twenty-one.

Rarely we know a passing tear,
Care we have none, and little fear,
With song and jest our bark we steer
At twenty-one.

Too soon, however, comes dull care,
Life's work and battle we must share,
Quickly we reach, 'mid storm and glare,
Twice twenty-one.

But they who read life's problem right
Their courage keep, with heart as light
As when they started for the fight
At twenty-one.

Long may you sail upon life's sea,
'Mid Fortune's smiles and fancy free,
With friends as true as true can be,
Sweet twenty-one.

Though Time his flight he ne'er can stay
(The cheek will pale, the hair turn gray),
To heart, in mind, in spirit gay,
As love-song tuned to minstrel lay,
Rest ever what you are to-day,
Just twenty-one.

—London St. Paul's.

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC

A Story of Twenty Years.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow.... you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in imminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a golden collar on de Leyva's corpse and Babette stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

Chapter IV—D'Auriac in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve discovers his unknown friend is the heiress of Bidache. She visits him daily, and when he is well enough is taken to her Normandy chateau. Here he learns from Maitre Palin, the madame's chaplain, that the king is about to force upon the woman a very distasteful marriage with M. d'Ayen. With Jacques, his steward, d'Auriac leaves for the avowed purpose of preventing their marriage.

Chapter V—D'Auriac's horse casts a shoe. This causes a delay at village of Exy, where he comes upon Nicholas, his old sergeant, who says de Gomeron is in the neighborhood with the king's commission, and that he (Nicholas) has evidence of treason brewing among de Gomeron and certain associates against the king.

Chapter VI—Led by Nicholas, d'Auriac goes by night to where de Gomeron is stationed. Standing beside a broken pane they hear something of the outline of a plot against the king. Burning with revenge, Nicholas fires through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark.

Chapter VII—The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with Biron, one of the traitors to the king, whom d'Auriac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas, d'Auriac escapes.

Chapter VIII—He comes to Rouvres where Jacques, by previous arrangement, had prepared to have him received; from there he goes direct to Paris.

Chapter IX—D'Auriac takes up lodgings in Paris, and lays what he knows of the treachery in the army and among the nobles before Fully, master general of the ordnance, who advises him to keep himself as much confined as possible.

Chapter X—Calling on de Belin, a friend living in Paris, the chevalier secures from him a servant, named Ravaillac (whom de Belin had won from d'Ayen at dice) to temporarily take the place of Jacques. He learns marriage of d'Ayen and Madame de la Bidache is to take place in a fortnight. De Belin is to be d'Ayen's sponsor.

Chapter XI—Maitre Palin appears in Paris in attendance upon Madame de la Bidache, comes to see d'Auriac and outlines to him a plan for the madame's escape into Switzerland. D'Auriac crosses the river, meets d'Ayen, who throws him his glove, which almost forces him into a duel on the spot. Forced by the danger to himself of such a disturbance on the street, he flees, eluding the guards only by plunging into the river and swimming to his own side.

Chapter XII—D'Auriac has his suspicions aroused concerning his new servant, Ravaillac. Later he witnesses a meeting of the servant and de Gomeron. D'Auriac thereupon returns him to his former service under de Belin.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

I determined, therefore, to go up to my room and await de Belin's coming, and on my opening the door of my sitting-room saw, to my surprise, a man apparently dozing in my armchair. The noise of my entrance awoke him. He jumped up, and I recognized my friend.

"Belin! what good wind has blown you here? But how did you come in? There is no one in the house."

"There was when I came in, my friend. Do you know"—and he looked me in the face—"you have made a mêse of things?"

"You know already! Belin, I have just been to see you about it. The whole affair was forced on me."

"Partly. It was lucky I was there and sober enough to think of cutting the cord of the lamp. You vanished, as I thought you would, and I have been attending to your affairs ever since then. Any other man would have been laid by the heels ere this, but the stars fought for you."

"Any other man who had not friend like you, Lisois. But do you really mean that I am safe from arrest?"

"I think so, from any court under the edicts of Blois; but I had a devil of a dance."

"You have been goodness itself."

"My dear fellow, let that rest. All that you have to do now is to come with me this afternoon, put your case to the king, and I lay a hundred crowns to a tester you hear no more of the little affair of last night. But I must be going. Meet me at the Rue de Bourdonnais at one exactly, and I will take you to the Louvre, and now good-by!"

He rose and gave me his hand.

"But surely there is no need for you to go now? Dine with me at my ordinary; I have much to tell you."

Tap! tap! tap! It was Dame Annette's little knock at my door, and I knew it was something of import that had brought her to my room.

"One moment, Belin!" and, opening the door, I saw Mme. Pantin standing there in breathless agitation.

"What is it, madame? Come in and speak freely; there is only my friend, Compte de Belin, here."

"It is nothing, monsieur," she said loudly, and then dropping her voice to a whisper: "Ravaillac was out last night. Pantin was deceived. I have come up to tell you so at once; be rid of him. I am asked to tell you this by a friend."

"A hundred thanks! I have parted with him, and he will not trouble us more. But who is this friend who takes so great an interest in me?"

"You have company, monsieur," she answered with a bobbing curtesy; "I will not intrude any longer." And without another word she turned and went away.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOUVRE.

It wanted full ten minutes to the hour when I rode through the gates of the Hotel de Belin, and a moment or so after was with my friend. He was standing in the great hall as I entered, in the midst of a small, but brilliantly dressed group of cavaliers. On my being announced, however, he came forward to meet me with outstretched arms.

"Pardieu!" he exclaimed, stepping back a half pace after our greeting, "so you have dropped the Huguenot? We poor devils will have but a bad time of it if you turn courtier."

"Is that likely?" I asked, a little bitterly, and then, in a low tone, "have you made Ravaillac safe?"

"He has made himself safe," he whispered; "he is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes—vanished. It is perhaps best so. We will discuss him later," and raising his voice, "come, let me present you to my friends," and he led me to his companions, who, gathered in a little knot near the huge fireplace, stood surveying me with a well-bred curiosity.

"Gentlemen, permit me to introduce my old comrade, the Chevalier d'Auriac—the Due de Bellegarde, whom we all call M. le Grand, the Viscompte de Vitry, the Seigneur de Valryn and the Chevalier d'Aubusson, who, like you, d'Auriac, is new to the court."

"And who is delighted to meet with an old acquaintance, and trusts that M. de Preaulx is in as good a way."

"As the company from Paradise—eh, chevalier?" I put in.

"Fairly hit," exclaimed the lieutenant, and then he must needs tell the story of our little adventure, at which there was much laughter, and it was easy to see that the marshal and Zamet had no friends in the Rue de Bourdonnais.

"Come, gentlemen," said de Belin, "if we delay longer we shall miss the cinque-pace—one health round and let us start."

As he spoke a number of long-necked glasses filled with the wine of champagne were brought to us. Holding his glass high above his head, de Belin called out:

"Gentlemen—the king."

The toast was drunk with a cheer in which my voice alone was still, but I joined with the others in shivering my glass in fragments on the white marble of the floor, and then, a gay, laughing crowd, we took horse for the Louvre.

As we approached the sight before us was gay beyond description. All the good commons of Paris had thronged to see the court reopen, and to catch a glimpse and perhaps a wave of the hand from the king whom they now loved with their whole hearts. They came all in their gayest, and as the cheerful crowd swayed backward and forward beyond the long line of guards that kept the entrance to the palace free, it was for all the world like a bank of flowers stirred by the wind.

Absorbed as I was in my own troubles, I could not restrain a feeling of pride that rose within me at the scene. Down through that roaring crowd, that cheered them again and again as they passed, it was as if all the old historic names of France had gathered to do honor to the day. And I felt too, as I looked at the endless sea of heads, that this was no longer a France, at murderous war with itself, but a united and powerful nation, that was being led onward to its destiny by the strong hand of a man who had quenched a fratricidal struggle, and for the moment I forgot how small he could be who was yet so great.

The throng was so thick that for a time we were unable to gain a passage,

HE WAS PRESSING THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS TO HIS LIPS.

and were compelled to go at a walking pace, and Belin, reining in his fretting beast, exclaimed: "Faith, 'tis the largest gathering I have ever seen."

"All France is here to-day," said de Valryn. "There go d'Ossat and his eminence, fresh from the quirinal."

By this time I had collected myself in some degree, and began to try and rapidly rehearse in my mind what I should say when I came face to face wih the king; but I am not ashamed to confess that at each attempt I found myself getting more and more hopelessly confused, and, finally dropping the effort, determined to let the occasion find its own words. At last we were on the stairway, and in twenty minutes had entered the great hall which Henry had built himself, and which was known as the Galerie d'Apollon. Except for the vacant space around the still empty throne, the full length of its seventy yards was almost as much crowded as the hall below; but here the music was much louder, though the laughter and talk was not less merry and incessant. There was not, of course, nearly so much movement, and the people were more or less gathered in little knots or groups, though there were many gay butterflies flitting from one of these to the other.

"Keep by me," said de Belin, almost as he spoke we came face to face with Travannes, de Gie and de Cosse-Brissac, all dressed in the extreme of fashion. Belin saluted coldly, but my heart warmed toward my old comrades in arms, and I stretched out my hand. This de Gie took limply, but Travannes and de Cosse-Brissac contented themselves with bows of the politest ceremony. The Vicomte de Gie was, however, effusive in speech if chill in manner. "It is not every one who could tear a hole in the edict as you have done, d'Auriac," he said, and then added with a smile, "but who made your cloak? 'Tis a trifle longer than we wear it here."

"It is short enough for me to see the king in," I answered, a little crisply.

"The king!" exclaimed both Travannes and Brissac, a marked interest in their tones.

"My dear fellow," said de Gie, interrupting my reply, "I knew you would fall on your feet—see here," and, stepping right up to me, he threw open my cloak slightly with a turn of his wrist. "wear it so, d'Auriac; it shows you cross of St. Denis now," then, dropping his voice, "friend or foe—are you for the marshal or the master general?"

"I am here for a short time," I replied. "I have come to see the king. I neither understand nor care about your intrigues."

"I understand perfectly, monsieur," he said, falling back, a half smile on his lips, and bowing to each other we passed on in different ways, they down and I up the hall to join de Belin, who had gone a few paces ahead.

"The king is still in his cabinet," he said, pointing to a closed door, before which a sentry stood on guard. "I go in at once. When I come out let it be the signal for you to join me. I will then present you, and mind, speak freely."

"I mean to," I answered, and with a nod he passed up through the press. I leaned against the pillar near which I was standing, and surveyed the crowd. Madame was nowhere there, or else I had missed her. Perhaps it was better so, for did I see her I might be unnerved, and here Bellegarde joined me.

"Do you see her?" he asked.

"See whom?" I answered, with a start and an eager look around.

"La belle Henriette. See, there she stands! A little court around her, with the brightest eyes and the sharpest tongue in France. I wager a hundred pistoles she will rule us all some day."

As events showed, Bellegarde was right, though that concerns not this story.

"Ah! There is Fimental—one moment, chevalier," and he left me to join his friend. I was again alone, and resigned myself to patience, when a voice seemed to whisper over my shoulder:

"If M. le Chevalier will kindly survey the other side of the room, perhaps he will be equally interested."

I turned round sharply. There was no one whom I could recognize as the person who had addressed me. On the other hand, however, I blessed him in my heart, for not ten feet away was madame, radiant and beautiful, with Palin by her side, and M. d'Ayen, with his arm in a silken sling, bowing before her. He was pressing the tips of her fingers to his lips when our eyes met, and, drawing away her hand, she made a half-movement toward me. I was by her side in a moment, and, as we shook hands, she said, with a smile:

"So we have met again, chevalier! In the Louvre, above all places," this with a slight rising of color.

"I thought I had missed you. I was looking for you everywhere, and had given you up. Of course, I knew you were in Paris."

"But the Rue Varenne was too distant a land to journey to? Come," she added, as I began to protest, "give me your arm and take me there," she indicated the upper end of the room; "the crush is not so great there—it is frightful here. M. d'Ayen will, I knew, excuse me." Here d'Ayen, who stood glaring at me, and biting the red feathers in his hat which he held in his hand, interposed: "I was in hopes that madame would give me the pleasure," he began—

"Another day, perhaps, baron," I cut in, rudely enough. "I trust," I added, in a kinder tone, "that your arm does not incommode you."

"It will heal soon," he said, in a thick voice, and turned away abruptly.

"He is very angry," madame said, following him with her eyes.

"That will heal, too, I hope—this way is easiest, I think," and I moved onward with my charge, still, however, keeping an eye on the door of the cabinet.

And now, as we made our way slowly toward the upper end of the room, I began to get tongue-tied, and madame, too, said nothing. Finally I blurted out: "I am to see the king in a few minutes."

She looked down and half whispered: "God give you success."

"Amen!" I echoed to her prayer.

And then in a way that pepole have when their hearts are full of grave things, we began to talk of matters light as air.

"The king is late to-day," madame said, glancing at the still closed door of the cabinet near which a curious crowd had gathered; "perhaps the cinque-pace will not come off," she ran on, "M. de Guiche told me that the king was to open it with Mlle. d'Entragues. Do you not see her there? That lovely black-eyed girl, talking to half a dozen people at once."

"Is she so very beautiful?"

"What a question to ask! I do not see a woman in the room to compare with her."

"To my mind her profile is too hard."

"Indeed!" Madame's face with its soft though clear outlines was half turned from me as she spoke. "I suppose then you do not care for her—a man never thinks with a woman in the matter of beauty. But I did think you would admire mademoiselle."

"Why should I, even supposing she was beautiful? To my mind there are two kinds of beauty."

And here I was interrupted by the sound of cheering from the Petite Galerie, and the sudden hush that fell on the room. As we moved down to see for whom the crush was parting on either side, we discovered that it was the marshal himself, and close at his heels was Lafin, with his sinister smile, and a dozen gentlemen, amongst whom I observed the grim figure of Adam de Gomeron. Madame saw the free lance too, and then turned her eyes to mine. She read the unspoken question in my look, her eyes met mine, and through her half-parted lips a low whisper came to me: "Never—never!"

"They are coming straight toward us," I said. "We will stand here and let them pass," and, with her fingers still resting on my arm, we moved a pace or so aside. As Biron came up there was almost a shout of welcome, and he bowed to the right and left of him, as though he were the king himself.

"It almost seems as if I shall not have my interview," I said to madame, a minute or so later when the commotion caused by Coiffier had ceased.

"When were you to go in?" she asked.

"As soon as ever M. de Belin came out to summon me."

"Then there he is," and as she spoke I saw the door open and Belin looked out. "Go," she said, and then our eyes met and I stepped up to the cabinet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How She Knew.

May—Rather a morose sort of man, isn't he?

Madge—Yes; but his heart's in the right place.

"How do you know that?"

"He told me last night that I was in sole possession of it."—Puck.

A Scarce Article.

"Bridget, I told you five times to have muffins for breakfast. Haven't you any intellect?"

"No, mum, there's none in the house."—Brooklyn Life.

The Reason.

He—Why were they married in such haste?

She—Each suspected the other of a desire to back out.—N. Y. World.

ON THE CITY STREETS

The Contrasts of Splendor and Woe Seen Upon Them.

Dr. Talmage Says They Are Unlike the Democratic Gospel of Christ—Their Shams, Pretensions and Temptations.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1:20: "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature, the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet white-bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tuffs of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with the breath of smoke-stacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety on their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love to toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you, ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down those streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and turned aside and dashed ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the street, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Glovesthate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to Heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid such affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept telling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you when ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools chuckle and simpletons gig gle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than seem, but I do not think any man prepared for the conflict of this life he knows this particular peril. It comes pretending to pay his tax as king Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said, in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away father so long ago I never remember to have seen him, and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. Oh, Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear. Though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie. She said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the street I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through the city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands, millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to Heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

TOASTED HER GRANDCHILDREN

The Most Fiendish Deed of an Aged Negress of Sheridan, Arkansas.

News has just reached Pine Bluff, Ark., of the fiendish and barbarous deeds of an aged negress of Sheridan, a town 25 miles west of Pine Bluff, in Grant county. Several days since a white man passing the house of "Aunt Martha," this negress, heard heartrending cries within, and, stepping to the door, witnessed a sight which made his blood run cold. There, suspended over the flames, was Aunt Martha's four-year-old grandchild, being, as the negress termed it, "singed like a goose." For over a year the grandchildren of this human fiend have been dying at regular intervals of about five months, about four of them having passed away. Sheridan people now recall the fact that before the death of each severe burns would be noted upon its body, and believe each one has been a burnt sacrifice of Aunt Martha. The Sheridan authorities will fully investigate the affair.

HEAD OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY

John Chandler is Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather to 162 Persons.

To be the head of a family of 162 persons is a record seldom falling to the lot of man. But such is the case with John Chandler, who resides in Allen county, Ky.

The gentleman is the father of 29 children, 21 of whom are now living and raise families. These 21 children have an average of five children to each, thus making Mr. Chandler the father of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has 35 great-grandchildren. So it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands paterfamilias of 162—an achievement rarely equaled.

Mr. Chandler is a remarkable man in several other respects. Although 75 years of age, and residing in the hills of Allen county, he reads current literature and keeps himself informed on the leading topics of the day. He is an expert rifle shot, and spends a great deal of his time squirrel hunting.

OBSERVATORY AT MANILA.

Its Usefulness May Have Been Seriously Affected by the Recent Heavy Firing.

It is feared that the heavy firing in the course of the recent engagement at Manila will have a serious effect on the usefulness of the observatory, which is famous the world over for its investigation on earthquakes and earth disturbances, and a great deal of knowledge concerning typhoons depends upon the Manila observatory. When Dewey entered Manila bay with his squadron on the first day of May, the first shot warned Padre Doyle, who was in charge of the delicate instruments, of the necessity of sheltering them. The instruments were buried, and observation ceased until Gen. Otis notified him that the army and navy would afford him every protection in their power. The instruments were then exhumed, adjusted, and the recording of earthquakes and the forecasting of typhoons were continued as before. There was considerable anxiety as to the possible injury to the valuable and important instruments.

Area of the Philippines.

The area of the Philippines, according to the treasury monthly summary for December, is 144,326 square miles. This is equal to the combined area of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is very near the area of Arizona or of Illinois and Iowa combined. The population is given at 6,990,000.

An Armless Baby.

An armless child born to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Miller, of Venedy, Ill., is attracting a great deal of attention and is the wonder of medical men as well as other people. The attending physicians say that the boy is healthy and will survive. Besides having no arms, the child has only one-half of a tongue.

Want May 14 Specially Remembered.

The Floyd Memorial association, with headquarters at Sioux City, Ia., wants May 14 set aside by all the public schools in the Missouri river valley for special services and addresses in honor of Sergt. Charles Floyd, the first United States soldier who died on the "New Louisiana purchase."

A President in Poverty.

Rafael A. Guitterrez, who, five months ago was president of Salvador, is said to be living in dire poverty in Honduras. He brought about the greater republic of Central America and that proved to be his ruin.

Machine That Climbs a Fence.

A bill-posting machine which sticks bills on walls as high as 50 feet, without the use of ladder or paste pot, is doing successful work in Paris. The atrical people are delighted with it.

AN ORIENTAL PEACH.

As a Slinger of Mongolian Taffy This Vassal Was a Winner in a Walk.

Her majesty, Tsi An, empress of China, sat in her palace in the purple Forbidden City, with her brow resting on her thumb and her index finger pushed up through her fringe. Rousing herself presently from her profound absorption she beckoned to a walnut-colored person plastered up against the yellow silk tapestry.

"Un-Hung," she said, "where is the emperor?"

"Dash your ignominious slave into a million atoms, oh, amethyst flower of the Cleotial kingdom," he responded, lying flat on his chest before her, "but your slave wotteth not."

"Wot?"

"No, most purple of our yellow lilies of the Yang tse-Kiang, do not wot where the emperor is."

"And this to me?"

"Most beauteous descendant of all the gods, your vile slave speaks but the truth, though he lies here on his very stomach. He wotteth not where the emperor is."

"Slave, dog, canine wretch, scum of the Yellow river, did I not tell you what to do?"

"Truly, most divine of all the gentle, purple peoples of Peking, and your slave did it to the queen's taste, so to speak."

"Aha, then he is dead?"

"As a mackerel, O, yellow anemone of the crystal sea."

"Why liest thou, knowing that he is dead?"

"How the dickens, most marvelous of mandarin matrons, do I know where he is? I'm no fortune teller."

"Oho, aha," smiled her majesty, again relapsing into thought, "bring on another."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Waiter in a Dilemma.

It was in one of the large downtown restaurants that the short little woman and her tall husband went to dinner one night.

"Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded and, as he handed his order to the waiter he said: "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red. Then he came around to John's side and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"—Chicago Chronicle.

Railroad Across the English Channel.

The English Parliament is considering the plan of connecting that country with France by railway. Engineers say a roadbed can be laid on the bottom of the English channel, and by mounting trestlework on wheels, so that it projects above the water, the railway can be operated. This seems beyond belief, but it is perhaps no more remarkable than some of the cures accomplished by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in bad cases of dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. This is an age of wonderful achievements.

Scientific Note.

"I see that distilled water is really poisonous," said the majah. "That is what comes, sah, of interfering with nature."

"Right, sah," assented the colonel. "Natuah nevah intended the distillery, sah, to be idling its time away on watah, sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Our Industries.

"Cuba seems to adopt our industries quite readily."

"Yes, I'm told Cuban tobacco is already being produced in Cuba to some extent."—Detroit Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Paternal Finesse.—"My son is taking an exhaustive course in political economy." "What's that for?" "I had to do something to keep him out of my business."—Chicago Daily Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Frankness may ruin a man, but duplicity always dishonors him.—Chicago Daily News.

The pen may be mightier than the sword; but it is always the pen that tells you so.—Town Topics.

Plant Line. Five sailings weekly. Port Tampa to Havana. Choice of routes, either via Key West or direct ships. Apply to L. A. Bell, 205 Clark Street, Chicago.

Some men think they deserve credit for liking their own children.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Often a man gets out of the rut only to get into the ditch.—Town Topics.

"It's gone," he said. "10 years of rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil did it."

Auctioneers are morbid men.—Christian Work.

It is easy, sure. It will vanish. Use St. Jacobs Oil for Neuralgia. It's done.

A high-toned young man—The tenor singer.—Christian Work.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers

To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. *It never disappoints.*

Poor Blood—"The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." SUSIE E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SEELE