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OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD.

Our Country's dead—where sleep they
In Death's grim camp of black?
Our heroes gone—where keep they
Their last long bivouac?
From burning southern billow,
To icy northern glare,
'Neath palm and pine and willow—
Our Country's dead are there.

Where old Quebec is crowning
Her ancient snow-capped crest,
Beside her cannon frowning,
Montgomery's warriors rest.
Where sailed the bold "Intrepid"
By Afric's pirate lair,
Beneath those waters tepid—
Our Country's dead are there.

Where fought the Essex's seamen
In Valparaiso's bay,
Where Taylor led his freemen
To sun-kissed Monterey,
Where raged the rout and rally
'Mid Dixie's verdure fair,
On mountain, hill and valley—
Our Country's dead are there.

Where flowed the Big Horn gory
By red Montana's plain,
And Custer died in glory
Amid his heroes slain;
At far Manila's portal,
In Santiago's snare,
On Caney's height immortal—
Our Country's dead are there.

Unmarked, unknown they slumber
In far-off, lonely graves,
But Fame their deeds shall number
While yet the old flag waves;
Where'er the stripes are meeting
The glorious stars in air,
Where patriot hearts are beating—
Our Country's dead are there.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE TREASURE OF SANTA ROSA REEF

CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"But have you no fear that your documents may some day be stolen, under the impression that the chest contains valuables? These islands were named, as you know, with some reason."

"Very true, senor; but he would be a rash man who would brave the vengeance of Holy Mother church by such a sacrilege. There are none in the archipelago who would attempt such a thing; besides, the records would be of no value to an heretico; they are but our secret history."

"And that, I presume, your orders would forbid your showing to even so profound a student and churchman as the Padre Sebastiano, unless you were so directed by the bishop?"

"Well, one would scarcely say so much as that. To a layman, or an heretico, no—under no circumstances. But el Padre Sebastiano—that, you see, is different. It is la gran honra that he does visit us."

"I see, I see. I had forgotten for the moment how near he stood to the bishop." This was a chance shot, but I could see by the padre's deferential manner that it had gone home.

We presently retraced our steps to the upper world, and when we sauntered out into the sunlight I had plenty of food for thought. A document, for instance, which would be utterly beyond my reach for consultation, seemed to be at Sebastiano's disposal whenever he chose to call for it. That there had been no time for him to do so while the steamer was in port, I felt sure; but that he might return from Saipan at any moment was something more than a possibility.

The sight of that box lying across the dead fray's lap would keep running through my mind, and I thought of innumerable excuses which might induce Padre Bartolomeo to give me a peep at its contents, especially if a sufficient quantity of good wine were under his skin. But one and all seemed too risky to attempt. The finding and recovering of the treasure were but minor difficulties; the secreting of and the getting away with it, afterward, constituted the most serious details of the undertaking. Sauntering along toward the plaza, I became more and more convinced that I must search that box without either the knowledge or the permission of my fat ecclesiastical friend; and the dangers involved in such an attempt so filled my mind that I scarcely heard the senorita calling me from the portico. She must have been embarrassed by the effort to make me hear, for her face was scarlet when I approached the house.

"Is it because el padre would not absolve the senor," she said, "that he has no appetite, and would walk away when the breakfast does wait? Ai, but he must be the sinful man! Perhaps he did not present el padre with una contribucion for the good of the church? It is the custom."

"Well, I'm afraid I did overlook that, senorita. But I'll make it all right with him later. Joking aside, though, the padre treated me very nicely—showed me all over the place. He seems to be a very learned man. No; I was thinking of other matters when you called. Please forgive me."

"Possibly it is that the senor feels sad because la Senorita Palacios has gone away in el vapor? She is muy hermosa."

"Yes, but not more so than Senorita Dorotea. I often compared them from the photograph which you gave el capitan."

"Ai, but how can I believe the senor? Come, let us see if you have el apetito; and afterward you shall spend the day with me as you like. Come."

I often look back to those breakfasts at Agana as among the most delightful hours of my life. Kipling has echoed the heartfelt longing of many a man to get for awhile outside the bounds of civilization—to exist where society is still in a rudimentary state, "where the best is like the worst; where there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

If you've 'eard the east a-callin', you won't
never 'eed naught else.
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else but them
spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine, an' the palm trees, an' the
tinkly temple bells.

Until the wet monsoon set in the table was usually placed under a clump of banana trees in the patio, opposite a grilled gateway through which there was a glimpse of the sea. Sometimes we were joined by the two sublieutenants and their ladies, sometimes by Padre Bartolomeo and his brother priests. Often the colonel, Senorita Doroteo and I dined by ourselves, idling deliciously over the coffee and cigarillos as we talked. It was a lazy little town. The natives worked as seldom as possible, and spent most of their time day-dreaming in the shade, fishing from the proas, swimming like so many fish and occasionally going off on catamaran visits to such islands as could be seen while the peak of Tiniquio was still above the horizon. They seldom took the chance of navigating beyond sight of land.

The senorita seemed to consider me her personal charge, and the gobernador placed the entire menage at my disposal with a courtesy as charming as it was rare. If I chose to stroll by myself I might have owned the island, so entirely was I left to my own free will. If I wished for company I had but to clap my hands and the colonel's orderly, Pepe, would appear somewhere in the near distance, with the information that I would find the colonel or the senorita in such a place. It seems, as I look back upon it, that I must have idled away a great deal of precious time; but this was really not the case. When they asked me what I would like to do, that first Monday morning, I mentioned being very fond of sailing, and in a few moments we were in one of the proas, with a native who sailed the thing like an arrow across the smooth water and along the coast to Orote.

It was rather a primitive affair, as far as construction went, but strong enough to stand pretty heavy weather. The hull had been hollowed out of a tree trunk and was pointed at each end. On the lee side it was rounded like any other boat, but to windward it was perpendicularly flat. Lashed across the gunwales about four feet from each end were two straight limbs of a tree that looked like teak, eight feet long; and these at the outer extremity were lashed to a rounded and sharpened boom of the same wood. The sail, of cocoa matting, was a triangular one, which seemed out of all proportion to the narrow hull beneath it. There was a stout bamboo mast in the middle, and from this hung a smaller and a longer pole which formed the upper side of the sail's triangle, meeting the lower one in a point at the bow, where they were secured like a jib. The immense spread of sail pulled us through the water at such a rate that I feared we might upset, but the colonel laughed at me.

"Eet ees impossible to upset him, Senor Stefans," he said. "I haf seen the wind lift him clear out of the water, even the outrigger also, but he does come down every time upon his feet. The hull so light is that the outrigger booms cannot tear of themselves loose."

"But isn't it very difficult to sail in anything like a straight line? I should think she'd make an awful lot of leeway."

"Not so, senor; eet ees not so. Turn you yourself around and watch the top of Santa Rosa mountain. You will see a piece of yellow rock on Punta de los Amantes, just below. Pedro will sail him ten miles into the sea, yet the peak and that rock shall be exactly in line all of the time. Do you but watch him verra close."

For half an hour I did watch, and I am bound to say the two points didn't budge an inch to the right or left of the vertical line. This settled the leeway question in my mind, and I took such a liking to the craft that I determined to own one. I asked the colonel what they were worth.

"What, one like this? But a few pesos, senor. But I never have heard of one being sold. Each man builds his own."

"Hmpf. Did you ever build one, colonel?"

"I—el gobernador! Por Dios, you do but laugh at me! Pedro, how many of the proas have I at Agana?"

"All are the gobernador's, excelencia."

"And how many has el Senor Stefans while he remains at Agana?"

"All of the gobernador's, excelencia."

"Por Dios, it is true, senor."

"Well, that is exceeding kind, I must say. But, you see, colonel, I am very fond of sailing, and I should like to

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN EMBARRASSED.

have one always ready—one that I was used to—in case I wanted to go off fishing with you, or in which I could take the ladies for a day upon the water. Sometimes I have an melancolia and I like to go away by myself, lest I prove bad company. So I'd like to have one of these boats that I could use whenever I pleased. And I don't think it's quite fair to take it without paying something."

"None but un Americano would think of it, senor. Give Pedro a bundle of cigars, if you like, and he will find you the best one on the island."

That settled the boat question. I had a perfect little beauty before night, and in a few days I was able to handle it almost as expertly as the natives. Being practically unsinkable, and drawing but ten inches of water, it was only necessary to look out for the sail in sudden squalls; otherwise a child could have handled it.

That evening saw a marvelous transformation in the senorita. She had reached the bottom of her Manila box at last, and one of the prettiest of the three gowns had gone on in a twinkling. The memory of Senorita Palacios' appearance was fresh enough in her mind to show instantly the difference in style between the new and the old ones. Her unaccountable possession of the extra finery was something she put off for later and more deliberate consideration, being satisfied, for the time being, to dispatch hasty dinner invitations to the other ladies and shyly watch the impression produced when she descended among us. I was horribly conscious of my previous meddling in her affairs, and feared I might betray myself; but the gown was so much more becoming to her than it had been to the original owner that I was lost in admiration. She wasn't one of your unsophisticated girls, either. Her life in Madrid had taught her how to wear even antiquated frocks like a princess, and it needed no stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves within sight of the Plaza del Oriente, as we looked at our hostess.

CHAPTER IX.

I had determined to lose no time in attempting to see the document in Fray Ignacio's box, and, as it proved, the dinner party helped me materially. Bartolomeo and the other priests dropped in upon us before the close of the meal, and were prevailed upon to spend the evening. Whether my liking for the senorita had at that time awakened a reciprocal feeling, I didn't know; but she seemed aware of my desire to get the padres in a happy frame of mind, and aided me in every way she could, ordering Pepe to bring bottles, and more bottles, for the delectation of the company. Palm brandy, or aguardiente, is the only brand known in the Ladrones, and that seldom appears upon a gentleman's table. But light wines, and, for stronger heads, rum and water, are freely indulged in. The result is rarely drunkenness; the stuff doesn't act that way in warm climates. But for early drooping eyelids and dreamless sleep that works like anaesthetics, give me two bottles of Spanish wine that have made the voyage to Manila or Guajan. The padres were built upon the cistern principle, all of them; but they were practically asleep before 11, at which time they accepted the colonel's hospitality and fell to snoring peacefully upon the floor or the rattan sofas, wherever they happened to drop.

It was such a perfect night that the senorita strolled down to the beach with me before retiring, and I have a hazy recollection of kissing her. Something of the sort, anyway, for she left her cool fingers in mine for half a minute before she disappeared.

This and her personal loveliness in the moonlight, came near to interfering with my progress; for upon reaching my room I took an easy chair out upon the balcony and smoked for over an hour, thinking of her. The windows of her room were diagonally opposite my own, across the patio; and I fancied once or twice that I could detect her figure among the shadows. After awhile, however, it struck me that if I were really going to do any thing it was about time to get at it. So I opened the sea chest and took out the electric safety lantern, then silently made my way along the corridors and down to the room where the padres were snoring.

I have been told by doctors that fat men usually sleep more soundly than their skinny brethren, and my experience that night seemed to clinch the assertion; for, though I had to feel over several square feet of Bartolomeo's anatomy in my search for his bunch of keys, he never even wiggled. It would have been possible, of course, to force the locks; but that was too risky an operation when simpler methods were available.

Stepping across the little square, the air was so still that I could hear the lapping of the ripples on the beach, a quarter of a mile away; and I seemed to be the only living creature awake. I had no difficulty in finding the key which opened the postern door at the rear of the church, and easily stole through the cloisters as far as the passage leading into the chamber of horrors. This was so pitchy dark that I turned on the current in my lamp and was startled at the brilliancy of the light which shot from its lens. When it fell upon the ghastly figure with the diseased wish-bone, a cold chill started the goose-flesh all over me; the contrast between the senorita's warm, breathing loveliness, of which I had been dreaming, and this semblance of rotting carrion, was something horrible. I had to take a good pull at my flask before I could unlock the iron trap and descend into the vaults. There, also, the foul dampness, and the company of real bodies, made my scalp creep until it felt as though each individual hair were squirming.

When Bartolomeo introduced me to the remains of Fray Ignacio, that morning, I felt more or less of a friendly interest in the old chap; we hadn't been near enough to appreciate the ghastliness of the grinning skull, half hidden by its gray cowl. But now, when I placed my light between his toes and attempted gently to ease his stomach of that heavy box, the bony fingers clung to it with gruesome strength; the old bones cracked and wheezed as I tugged at it. How I managed to keep from fainting outright, I never knew. My efforts to remove the chest from the old fellow's lap seemed to threaten a disarrangement of his skeleton so serious that I gave up the attempt and unlocked it where it lay. To this he made no objections; he even appeared to take a mild interest in the proceedings, wagging and wabbling his old skull, with horrid whisperings and creakings, every time I leaned against him.

The papers in the box were covered with a thick layer of dust, and, after another pull at the flask—in which the fray, by a sorrowful wag of the cowl, refused to join me—I gently lifted the top ones with a pair of pocket plyers so as to show the least possible disturbance. Realizing that every moment was precious, I hastily scanned the other documents until one bearing the fray's signature appeared, which proved to be the shipwrecked officer's statement. I wanted to read every word; but it was in old Spanish, the parchment was so brittle that it rattled like fire crackers, and there was really but one sentence that I needed. So, glancing rapidly from line to line, I finally came upon one which, translated, read: "Position of ledge, approximately, 12 degrees 30 minutes, 30 seconds N. lat., 144 degrees, 23 minutes 00 seconds E. lon." This I hastily pencilled upon the wristband of my shirt; then, considering the advisability of destroying the document, I had decided that its absence might be discovered at any time, and was about to replace it, when I thought of Sebastiano. I couldn't afford to leave accurate information for him to find. In a second or two an idea occurred to me, and, striking a match, I held it over the parchment in such a way that it charred the figure completely out, yet locked as though a cinder had fallen accidentally upon the page. It was, of course, likely that the padre would have his suspicions if he ever saw it; but if I succeeded in getting safely out of the church, I thought, he'd have a sweet time verifying them.

To replace all of the documents was a work of some moments, so careful was I not to disturb the coatings of dust with which they were covered. Then I locked the box, while the fray sadly wabbled his head at my temerity, and started to return. The floor of the vaults was of pounded clay, and each step I took produced a vibration which filled the air with echoes of other creeping footsteps. My nerves were worn to a thin edge by this time, and had it not been for the brandy I probably should have lost consciousness. Yet, standing there in that foul, subterranean passage, in an island practically unknown to the world and thousands of miles from civilization, I couldn't help grinning to myself—a chattering, nervous grin it was, too—at the incongruity of a prosaic commercial man who had worried through 35 years of humdrum existence, being in such a position. What an unmitigated liar my acquaintances in the club at Hong-Kong would think me if I merely detailed the bare facts!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After the Honeymoon.

Anxious Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter?

Married Daughter—Boo, hoo! My hus—band doesn't lov—love me any more.

"Mercy on us! How do you know?"

"He's—he's stopped kicking my (boo, hoo!) Fi—Fi—Fido."—N. Y. Weekly.

Never Comes to Some.

Friend—What is inspiration?

Author—A sudden desire to work hard.—N. Y. Journal

CHRIST'S TEACHINGS.

Dr. Talmage Depicts Triumphs of the Gospel.

Victories of the Christian Religion—Drunkards Are Reclaimed and Thieves Made Righteous.

(Copyright, 1897, by Louis Klopsch.)

The antagonists of the Christian religion are in this sermon of Dr. Talmage met in a very unusual way, and the triumphs of the Gospel are depicted. The text is Ezekiel 21:21: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have Divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and 100,000 disciples came forward to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ Apollonius was born, and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and, according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them.

So the ancient augurics deceived the people. The priests of those auguries by the flight of birds or by the intonation of slain animals told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals and of nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829 a man arose in New York, pretending to be a Divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his keeping. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world—the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day 400,000,000 dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side of the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanesia and Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian archipelago, and Borneo and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped it will swallow the globe. Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And, in the first place, I remark that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformations of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and, whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer meetings and churches, so complete is this delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night. Tremendous delusion!

Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and, seated not long before his death at Long Branch, he was giving some friends an account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling. I knew all the wickedness there was at that time abroad. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin except myself and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital?' 'Oh, no!' I said. 'Father, I will not be that; I will tread the quarter deck and command, as you do.' 'No, David, my father said: 'no, David, a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarter deck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then: 'I will change. I will never swear again. I will never drink again. I will never gamble again,' and, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the 6,000 years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah, that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity! It overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy "The Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say of the system of morals He left and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days!" President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and me?

Besides that, I have noticed that first rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading skeptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." Rousseau, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." Altemont, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. Oh, no! After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "Oh, Thou blasphemed but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown!" Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing 250 publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial and asks that they give him the sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon these first rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. Thomas Paine, the god of modern skeptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this country—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken and so profligate and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion.

But no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all conquering delusion, earthquaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on. It is so impertinent, and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that, having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of any magnificent musical festival and see what are the great performances and learn that the greatest of all the subjects are religious subjects.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's and the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion, is not satisfied until it projects itself, and in one year gives, contributes, $6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen. Deluded doctors—220 physicians meeting week by week in London in the Union Medical prayer circle to worship God.

Deluded doctors—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne, spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, once secretary of state, an old fashioned Evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the vice president of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South sea, the bushmen of Tierra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the 3,000 missionaries of the cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort and going out amid squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country and lived for themselves and lived luxuriously and been at last put into brilliant sepulchers. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous, but this religion comes to a man when he is sick and says: "You will do well again after awhile. You are going into a land where there are no coughs, and no pleurisies, and no consumptions, and no languishing. Take courage and bear up." Yea, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor, and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft, and it talks of reunion before the throne and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body, and when the body disintegrates the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some have been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic? Palace gates opening, they thought—diamond coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying actually believing they saw their departed parents, so that although the little children had been so weak and feeble and sick for weeks they could not turn on their dying pillow at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable they sprang to their feet and shouted: "Mother, catch me; I am coming."

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand, and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask: "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to Heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now. Good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain tops are all agleam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me 50 years will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!" "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Dr. Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is Heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on a battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid, and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

O my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges 10,000 fathoms deep. If infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion.

MAN'S QUEER ILLUSION.

Well-to-Do Farmer of Indiana Disputes the Death and Burial of His Wife.

Jacob Lass, a well-to-do German living seven miles south of Richmond, Ind., called on the police superintendent with an odd story. He reported that he was in search of his wife, whose remains were supposed to have been buried in a country graveyard near his home in April last. He asserts that his wife is among the living and that she is either in Richmond or else with relatives at Indianapolis. Last April his wife committed suicide by shooting herself through the head and her remains were buried two days later. Lass now insists that this death was not real, and that a scheme to separate himself and his wife was successfully carried out. The superintendent reached the conclusion that Mr. Lass is demented on this point. The bereaved husband owns a farm on the Union county line and has several married children.

Long-Lived Parrot.

One of the longest lived birds on record died recently in London. It was a parrot named Ducky, the property of the prince of Wales, and was a century and a quarter old

THE SLIP BROKE.

Crowd of Excursionists Plunged Into the Water at a Ferry Dock.

The Victims Were About to Take the Ferry at Mount Desert, Near Bar Harbor, Me., on Their Way to See the Assemblage of Warships.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 7.—While a crowd of excursionists were on the way to see the warships, a slip leading from the dock to the boat at Mount Desert ferry broke, precipitating more than 100 into the water. Twenty bodies have been recovered, and it is estimated that the dead will number 30 or more.

Among the bodies identified are those of Mrs. William Murray, of Brewer; Irving Bridges, of West Hancock; Albert Colson, of Levant; Mrs. Alonzo Oakes, of Bangor; Joseph Murphy, of Old Town; Mrs. Hollis Estey, of Ellsworth; Clifford Cushman, of Corinth; Mell McAdd, of Corinth; Miss Lizzie Wood, of Bangor; Charles W. Downes, of Ellsworth; F. F. Sweetzer, traveling salesman, Portland; Ora M. Lank, Danforth; G. R. Bennett, brewer, and a woman believed to be his wife. Four others have not yet been identified.

The Maine Central railroad Sunday ran excursions to Bar Harbor from all sections of its line in Maine, the attraction being the war ships which were expected Sunday. All the morning long trains packed with excursionists were rushing to Bar Harbor. The train which left Bangor at 8:25 consisted of 12 cars jammed with people.

At Mount Desert ferry, the terminus of the line, the train is left for the boat for an eight mile sail to Bar Harbor. From the wharf a slip or gang plank 40 feet long and 10 feet wide led up to the boat. The slip was hinged at the inner end, was raised or lowered to suit the tide.

The wharf extends on both sides of the lush with the end of the wooden gang plank. Five timbers, 4 by 12 inches, set vertically, ran the length of the plank and these were crossed by two inch planking. It is said that there was no support for the plank between the hinges at the outer end.

When the excursion train from Bangor arrived at the ferry there was a rush for the steamer Sapphet. The first few passengers had crossed the gang plank safely, and it is estimated that 200 people were massed on the plank. Suddenly they felt the plank give way beneath them. The long timber supporting the plank broke in the middle. The hinges held up one end and the chain the other, while the broken end of the plank dropped, and a struggling, screaming mass of humanity was plunged into the water, 15 feet below the wharf. A few clung to the inclined sides of the plank, but at least 150 were struggling in the water. The piling of the wharf partially penned them in on three sides and the boat at the wharf closed the outer end of the opening.

A BLACK REPUBLIC.

Leading Havana Merchant Says If Cuba is Not Annexed to the United States It Will Be a Second Hayti.

HAVANA, Aug. 7.—A leading Havana merchant, a Cuban, having business connections with most of the cities of the island and who claims to be well posted regarding Cuban affairs, said Sunday that universal suffrage in Cuba would mean a black republic in the near future, and that the only means of preventing it will be the incorporation of the island as a possession of the United States as a state, territory or colony, leading to American immigration, inter-marriages, the enrichment of insular blood and the improvement of the population. In his judgment Cuba is otherwise doomed to become another Hayti.

His assertions are based on the fact that in a population not exceeding 1,250,000 with a voting capacity of 400,000, the Spaniards number only 50,000, the white Cubans 125,000, those claiming to be white 25,000, while the blacks number 200,000 in voting strength. His theory is that more than half the Spaniards under a system of universal suffrage would not vote and that the number who would vote must inevitably diminish each year.

The Strike in the Sun Office.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—The compositors and stereotypers of the New York Sun, 120 in number, who went on a strike Saturday night were still out Sunday night. The press and composing rooms were in darkness but the editorial room presented the usual appearance. The Sun appeared Sunday morning with only four pages in its news section. In an editorial the Sun of Sunday morning says that it may be impossible for the paper to be published Monday morning.

A Storm in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 7. — During a severe thunder storm Saturday evening the lightning conductor on the Eiffel tower was struck ten times. A thunderbolt set fire to the Jeanot foundry. The Centure railway was flooded, many buildings were slightly injured, and scores of fine trees were destroyed.

Death of Col. A. S. Marvin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Col. Azor Smith Marvin, for many years president of the Marvin Safe Co., is dead at his home in Brooklyn, aged 74 years.

Death of Rev. George W. Pepper, D.D.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 7.—Rev. George W. Pepper, D.D., died at 12:15 o'clock Sunday morning at his home in this city. Dr. Pepper has been in ill health for several months. Dr. Pepper was ordained a Methodist minister in 1850, and has been prominent in that church in Ohio. In 1890 he was appointed United States consul to Milan.

Herr Vonderlasa Dead.

BERLIN, Aug. 7.—Herr Vonderlasa, a German diplomatist and celebrated characteristic player, is dead.

"Mole Cricket."

FINDLAY, O., Aug. 7.—Wilber Crook, a pumper employed by the Ohio Oil company, caught a very peculiar bug, which Prof. Louis, a local naturalist, has pronounced a "mole cricket." It is a very gaudy article, having a fine fur like a mole's skin and a snout for burrowing. It is attracting great attention.

Killed a White Squirrel.

ROME, O., Aug. 7.—Will and Rob Irons, while hunting, killed a white squirrel.

"Honor is Purchased by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. It is the best medicine money can buy. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

THERE IS A LIMIT.

The Fourth Gentleman Severely Strained the Bounds of Human Credulity.

"You may not believe it, gentlemen," remarked one of an after-dinner group engaged in smoking cigars in front of a hotel, "but I have used a fountain pen constantly for four years, and have never had the least trouble with it."

"That is indeed remarkable," rejoined another. "Nevertheless I am the father of six children and have never had to walk the floor by night with a single one of them."

There was a silence, lasting a minute or so. Then another spoke up: "I don't doubt it in the least," said he, "for I can testify to something stranger still. I have a bright little four-year-old boy at my house, and I've never repeated any of his smart sayings to my most intimate friends."

"Gentlemen," observed a fourth, after a protracted and somewhat painful pause, "I am fond of hearing young women practice their scales on the piano after I have retired to rest. It lulls me to sleep."

One or two other members of the group made more or less feeble attempts to say something, but falteringly gave it up. It seemed to be generally felt that the extreme limit of human credulity had been reached.—London Telegraph.

NOT ACQUAINTED WITH THEM.

**Men Dead Fif