lessly.

"Then! Why, back to the yacht again and out to sea as hard as we can go."

"But how can any one get on to the roof? There is a river to swim. The walls are smooth and without a single crevice of hand hold. The drawbridge is up at night. No one can enter except under supervision."

"I have my plan," said Desmond hopefully. "It's a desperate one, I allow, but the case is desperate too. What I want is a good long rope, a weight of some kind and a good file. I dare say my six shooter won't come amiss either. Now, you see this long arm of the poplar. It stretches half way across the stream. Suppose I crawl out as far as I can and tie the weight to the end of my rope. When I get as far as I can without the bough breaking, I begin to swing the cord like a pendulum till it flies out right over the window bars. Then I let it drop a foot or two, and it catches and lodges in a corner of the grating. I shall pull it as tight as I can, and there you have the bridge I want."

"But—but you can't swing across a thin rope like that."

"No, but I can if it's a thick one, and that it'll have to be if the others are to come back across it. When I get on to the roof, I can file the bars, drop down into the prison, untie the others, and then back we all troop through the forest as hard as we can split. Stefan says he's going to have the yacht ready for us. How I don't know, but that's his affair. Before morning we shall be 40 miles out into the Baltic, and it's 20 to 1 on our eluding any old ark they've got to send after us. It's as simple as getting shaved."

Hilmar and Stefan both shook their heads. The proposal seemed so utterly crack brained.

"Supposing the captain gets on to the roof," said the latter, "how does he know he can file the bars? The sentries will see him. He will only waste his own life purposely. Why not wait till they are brought out to travel down to Osbrog?"

"Because we shall be three to 30 then," answered Desmond. "How can we attack half a company of armed soldiers? No; my plan is the only feasible one."

"I can't let you," said Hilmar desperately. "It isn't honorable. Why should you risk yourself for us? No; I won't permit it."

Desmond smiled quietly. "I am going, Miss Hilmar. Don't let us discuss anything but the ways and means. After all, if I was taken we should be no worse off than we are now."

"Much worse off," replied Hilmar, "because you, too, would be in the hands of those wretches. Is it nothing to me, do you think," she added, with sudden passion, "that you should risk your life?"

"You forget, excellency. They are bound. The walls are smooth."

Desmond's eyes lit up with a glow of tenderness. "I—I hoped it might be something," he said simply. "But do you think there is no happiness to me in adventuring something for you and yours?"

Hilmar looked up at him for a moment without speaking. Her eyes were like stars in the soft twilight of the shadow.

"It must be as you wish," she said gravely. "But if you are taken—are taken"—and a sob escaped her as she strove for words—"what has life left for me?"

"The memory that to two men at least you were all in all," said Desmond, and he put out his hand and met hers as it strayed toward him, as if it sought support in this sudden strain of despair. "As if I could fail now!" he added triumphantly, pressing the shaking little palm.

Suddenly, impulsively, the girl raised his clasping hand to her lips and kissed it. Then, with a burning face, she gave a whispered command to old Stefan and began hastily to thread her way through the bushes and back into the forest.

Desmond stood for a minute like one to whom the gates of paradise are opened. He regarded his right hand in a sort of ecstatic amaze. Then quickly he pressed it to his own lips, as if transferring that precious influence to safer keeping. As one in a dream he followed the other two, and the whole party disappeared in the mazes of the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD STEFAN'S VODKI—DESMOND EMULATES THE CATS.

The saloon of the Hendrik Hudson would have been a sore sight to the eyes of Menzies, the Scotch steward, if he had been there to see its terrible dishevelment. Round the table four dirty, sheep skinned soldiers sat and fingered a filthy pack of cards. In each mouth was stuck an evil smelling cigar, and innumerable stains of jugs and tumblers marked the smooth mahogany. The cellaret doors had been burst open by the kicks of lusty boots, and books, broken crockery and a heap of little knickknacks strewed the floor. The company had evidently feasted where it slept. The dirty plates and knives of the previous evening meal were tossed carelessly into a corner, unwashed and sticky. The mud of shore and forest was thick on carpets and chairs.

One of the men took a sup from a jug beside him and cursed aloud.

"To call this thin wash liquor," he complained. "I'd rather have the scourings of a vodki cup whence all had gone but the smell."

"Hog's drink, cat lap," agreed another. "Never a sup of real spirit can I find aboard—nothing but this watery red filth."

Menzies would have been delighted at this. None but he and his master knew the hiding place of the grogroom, by no means a bad plan on board a yacht if you can trust your steward, an exceedingly bad one if you can't.

The claret would have been the delight of a gourmet. Among these savage Tartars nothing short of vitriol—and cheap vodki is that—deserved an encomium. So, though they continued to sup at the jug perfunctorily, they didn't cease to condemn the contents. The irritation born of their unaccustomed swillings made them quarrel hugely over their cards. They bandied accusations of cheating freely from one to the other. The atmosphere was thick with noisome smoke and heated words.

A hail came from their comrades on the deck. One of them thrust his head below the raised skylight, summoning them to come quickly. They reeled up the companion and stared stupidly round them across sea and shore. One of the men who had been on deck pointed to where a cleft in the ring of rocks showed the cliffs of the farther bay. About 300 yards away a man could be seen digging methodically at the crag foot. Beside him lay a brown object, indistinguishable at that distance. The fellow was throwing up the sand energetically and looked neither to the right hand nor the left. There was but the one narrow slit in the ringing rocks that gave view upon him at all. It was evident he knew nothing of the nearness of the yacht.

Yaroslaff, the corporal, snapped his fingers in his delight. "What should man bury here?" quoth he. "Why, what we're bemoaning the want of—liquor, my boys; good liquor. I've always heard this was a bay for the smugglers. He's leaving this for the Lapps without a doubt. Now shall we both preserve the law of the empire and get refreshment fit for gentlemen and soldiers. But quietly, you little pigeons, quietly, and we'll see what the old scoundrel's up to."

They stole silently across the gangway and wormed among the shore rocks till in a circle they stood behind the man. Unconsciously he toiled on at his digging, and the grins grew upon the soldiers' faces. Finally, as he delved away, Vladimir, a young recruit, contained himself no longer. He burst into a roar of laughter and strode forward, holding his sides, nor were the others slow to join in his hilarious bawlings. The man started up with a jerk of surprise. He faced round upon them tremblingly, his eyes wide and staring. He sank upon the sand and lifted his hands to the corporal appealingly.

"Mercy, captain, mercy! It is but a little I store against the winter."

The corporal smote his shoulder in good humored ferocity.

"Son of a dog!" he shouted. "As if I didn't know you and your ways! Why should Stefan, the forester, store good liquor out here? You want to trade with the Lapps, a thing strictly forbidden, as well you know, you desperate old contrabandist! Now a great fine will be due from you."

"Mercy!" said old Stefan, groveling. "Mercy, sir! It is a little, little barrel, and I am of the poorest. All mine is yours if you but forbear the reporting of me."

"This," said Yaroslaff, picking up the barrel, "is neither yours nor mine. It belongs to the state, in whose name I confiscate it. But our Little Father, the czar, always judges the laborer worthy of the hire. I have exhausted myself in tracking this foul piece of smugglery. I need a tonic. Here I shall find it. Whose vodki is it, O wicked old man?"

"Ivan's," answered the old jager, trembling, "but"—

"Ivan's!" yelled the corporal. "You waste on filthy scum of Lapps the divinest elixir ever distilled! Of a surety, Stefan, you are imbecile as well as particularly evil. I taste to see if you lie."

He raised the keg and took a mouthful. His eyes rolled. He gasped as he set it down and slapped his chest ecstatically.

"Ivan's liquid fire, by all that's holy!" he bawled. "Nay," as the others crowded round, demanding their share, "nay, lads! This must be wasted in no unmethodical swillings on a forsaken shore. Let us have it in well ordered cups in the comfort of the cabin. The court adjudges Stefan to hard labor as watch on deck while we dispose of the spoil." And, tucking the keg under his arm, he marched back to the ship, while the soldiers rained their rude attempts at wit on the old forester, who followed them submissively.

The six swaggered joyously across the gangway and descended into the cabin. Stefan they bade with many imprecations to stay on deck and summon them if any one appeared. Then shortly from the cabin came sounds of the clink of glass and boisterous toasts and jestings, rising at last to uproar as the hot liquor fumed into their brains.

The turmoil lasted but a short time. The jests grew less frequent, the snatches of song more maudlin. Finally both died away into incoherent mutterings. The corporal's head began to nod ominously and suddenly thudded forward upon the table. One of his tipsy comrades solemnly emptied a glass of the spirit over it. The fellow never even moved. The other five were leaden eyed and blinked stupidly one upon the other, drinking still with automatic insistence, clutching their glasses with nerveless hands. First one and then another yawned, rubbed his eyes, looked round gapingly and then surged forward till he, too, like his leader, rolled his head upon the table and slept stertorously. Soon no sound came up to the watcher on deck save snores, a round chorus of heavy grunts that shook the tumblers on the table and made the very deck planks tremble.

Cautiously Stefan peered beneath the open skylight and looked down on the six motionless bodies below. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he withdrew his head and descended into the cabin. He examined each man carefully and shook his shoulders, clapping his hand upon them heavily while he bawled aloud the name of each torpid sot. No answer came to his callings. Not one of them so much as winked an eye. He came on deck again and went forward. Selecting a coil of rope, he took it back with him and with slow, methodical action took out his clasp knife and cut it into short lengths. With these he bound each man securely hand and foot. Then, ranging them in a row upon the cabin floor, he placed a cushion or footstool beneath each head and left them there, rigid, unconscious, lashed up into the similitude of half a dozen graven images. Taking the rest of the vodki, he carefully bore it on deck and poured it into the sea. Then, lighting his pipe, he drew a deck chair beside the taffrail and as the evening closed about him sat there, waiting, watching, looking into the night, alert and expectant.

He sat there, waiting, watching, looking into the night.

Five miles away beside the castle moat stood Hilmar and Desmond. Girt about his waist was a long coil of cord, and sheathed in his belt was his knife, flanked by a file and a brace of pistols. In his hand he held a crowbar. For an instant he staid and looked down at his companion. The moment for the attempt was come.

"Goodby, Hilmar—dear!" The last word came shyly and haltingly. He looked at her half doubtfully.

She turned her eyes up to his wistfully. They were shining with unshed tears, but her glance was brave and there was no tremor in her voice.

"Goodby, Desmond, dear!" she answered, with a tender inflection on the word that had come so falteringly from him. She pronounced it steadily. Somehow her lips closed over it with a delicious pout. Desmond wavered and looked at her almost inquiringly. Then he stooped and kissed her and met with no repulse.

With the touch of that sweet farewell on his lips and no room in his heart for fear or aught but triumph he turned silently from her and caught at a poplar bough. He swung his legs across it, rose up and gained another, higher. Thus from bough to bough he swung himself till 30 feet above the ground he reached the great limb that shot out above the water, stretching far toward the castle walls. He made his way along it inch by inch, desisting only when its drooping twigs told him that the farthest point of safety was reached. He unslung the cord from his waist, attached to one end his crowbar and silently began to swing it to and fro. Backward and forward it pendulated, widening its reach at every beat, till finally its utmost swing brought it over the barn roof. There was a ring of metal, and the cord quivered and staid taut. Desmond pulled with all his strength. The rope was rigid. Then he lashed the end he held to the bough beside him. The gulf was bridged.

He waited a minute or two to see if any sentry had heard the clang of the meeting iron. Faintly up and down the courtyard he could hear the regular beat of steps. These stopped, and the sound of a grating lock came distinctly to him across the silence of the night. A ray of light shot up through the casement in the roof. The man must have heard the faint clatter of the falling bar and was examining his prisoners to see if any one stirred. In some ways it was a fortunate matter. Seeing them safe and still bound, he would be less likely to visit them during the next hour or two. The light snapped out, and the bang of a shutting door re-echoed in the hollow of the yard. There was a jingle of keys as the warder drew them from the lock. Then to and fro the monotonous beat of the sentry was resumed.

Desmond gripped the rope with both hands and swung his knees across it. It ran at a steep angle toward the roof, and it took him all his strength to restrain too swift a descent. Checking his way strenuously with alternate graspings of the cord, he slid down and alighted beside the window grating.

He had to use the utmost caution to prevent dislodging the stone roof slabs. Splinters, the result of many a winter's frost, lay about him in heaps. Fortunately those he displaced fell almost noiselessly into the stream. Any one hearing them might mistake them for the rise of feeding fish. He took from his pocket a little jar of grease and smeared it on the central bar of the grating. Then with his rasp he began to rub at the iron, eating steadily through the metal, which was rusted by storm and damp to half its original thickness. He kept to his work without ceasing, save to rub now and again more grease into the niche he made, swinging the long file backward and forward, pressing desperately upon the bars, gasping with excitement and the energy of his toil, the perspiration raining from his forehead.

Half an hour of unceasing toil, and the bar broke. Rising to his feet, he sought a sure foothold and then seized the severed end and tore it slowly back. The metal, softened by exposure, gave under his strenuous tugs. Unfortunately as he bent and pried it back the far end snapped at the angle of the bend. With a clatter that sounded out with horrible distinctness he fell prone upon the roof. He lay still, his heart throbbing in great beats that seemed to suffocate him. The steps of the sentry ceased in the courtyard. He could but have heard the clatter, and his suspicions were aroused. Then a desperate idea came into Desmond's head. "Yee-ow, yee-ow!" he miawed, the tremor of his voice giving a particularly feline ring to the sounds. "Yee-ow, fzz-st!" And he spat and scrabbled at an imaginary rival, dislodging one or two bits of shale recklessly.

"Ugh!" grunted the sentry and, picking up a pebble, cast it at the roof and resumed his walk down the center of the courtyard. The stone fell within

a yard of Desmond's face and, rebounding, struck him over the eye. If he could have found it, he felt he should like to preserve it as a precious relic.

He resumed his work at the next bar with greater caution, and, though it was stouter than the first, an hour's work saw it, too, broken. He twisted it aside and fastened his remaining rope to the side of the grating. Then, wriggling his body feet first through the opening, he caught the loose end between his hands and slid down into the darkness of the barn.

The prisoners must have heard his operations on the roof, but no sound came up to him. He landed gently on the floor, let go the rope and began to feel round him with groping hands. For a yard or two he crept about in the darkness, finding nothing. He gave a slight whisper. No answer came. With beating heart he strode forward, playing out his hands before him. Nothing met his touch but a blank wall. With sickening disappointment at his heart he crawled round the walls, feeling, stretching, grasping at emptiness. He crossed and recrossed the floor aimlessly. The result was everywhere the same. His adventure was vain. The barn was empty, the floor smooth and void as when Hilmar played in it in the days of long ago.

As this was borne upon him he turned despairingly to the rope to climb forth again and renew his search elsewhere. He clutched the rope and began to haul himself up hand by hand. There were a quiver and a grate from above. The iron framework stirred and began to move. He drew himself up with quick, desperate jerks. Too late! With a crash and a clang the bars came away from the walls and fell clattering to the hard stone pavement. A corner struck him, and, bleeding and half stunned, he rolled upon the floor, a prisoner indeed.

TO BE OONTINUED.

HOT WEATHER HINTS.

Philosophy of Dress for a Climate Which Requires Less Clothing Than the Tropics.

The renewal of hot weather after a brief respite, though less severe than it was last week, is to many people a cause of extreme discomfort, which rises in some cases to absolute danger, says the London Standard. The daily list of persons "overcome by the heat" or succumbing to "sunstroke" is significant of a vast amount of minor, but very appreciable, suffering. Yet the temperature, as measured by the thermometer, has been nothing to speak of, after all. Only once or twice has it touched 90 degrees in the shade, which, in most countries, would be a low maximum. Putting the South, India and the tropics aside, in Central Europe, Asia, Australia, and even Canada, higher temperatures are of regular occurrence, and that not only for a day or two, but often for weeks together. Yet the people who live there are not "overcome by the heat" or smitten down by "sunstroke" half so easily as the inhabitants of these islands are by such a comparatively moderate sun as that which has set us gasping and grumbling for some days past. Why this extreme susceptibility? It is partly our own fault, and partly not. The mischief arises from overheating of the blood, which is largely a matter within our own control. The direct action of the sun is probably never strong enough in England to cause sunstroke proper.

The cases one reads of as taken to the hospital are the victims of "heat stroke," and are properly spoken of as "overcome by the heat," but the heat is partly of their own making. To put it in the simplest terms, we wear too many clothes. The human body is naturally provided with a most efficient mechanism for preventing overheating of the blood. By means of this physiological arrangement the blood vessels in the skin are opened when the internal temperature rises, and the evaporation of moisture from the surface is proportionately increased. But evaporation—that is, the change of any substance from a liquid into a gaseous state—is always attended by a lowering of temperature, and therefore the heating of the blood is in this way promptly followed by a cooling process. That is why one perspires when one is hot. In order, however, that the natural apparatus may work effectively it is obvious that there must be not only free perspiration, but also free evaporation. This, of course, requires a plentiful current of air. Too many clothes prevent it, and that is where the trouble begins. The surface is not cooled, the temperature of the blood rises, and, in weakly persons, a "stroke" or syncope follows. The general excess in the matter of clothes is due to the fear of "taking a chill," but it is a vicious circle, for the more people overload themselves with clothes, the more susceptible to chills they become. It is astonishing how many layers of waistcoats and flannel shirts and underclothing an ordinary workman will peel off, even in summer time.

If the inhabitants of really hot countries dressed in the same way, they could not live at all. They naturally wear light and loose clothing of cotton or linen, not wool. The conventional dictum about wearing "flannel next to the skin," which is forever in the mouths of some medical men, is largely responsible for the mistake. It is well enough in cold and wet seasons, though by no means so indispensable as is supposed; but in hot weather it is oppressive and injurious. Over and above this, however, there is no doubt that in our moist climate the same degree of heat has a far more powerful effect than in drier atmospheres, and, after all, the point is how the temperature affects our own bodies, not how it affects the thermometer. There is no mystery about this: evaporation, with consequent cooling, goes on more rapidly in a dry than a moist air. This we cannot help—it is the defect of our island climate. The moral is that, in hot weather, we should wear, not heavier clothes, as we do; but, if anything, lighter ones than the inhabitants of what we call hot countries.

A COMPLETE EXPLANATION.

First Passenger. "Is n't this train confoundedly slow?"

Second Ditto. "Rather. I suspect they are trying to haul it with a stationary engine.—Boston Transcript.

COLOSSAL PRESUMPTION.

The Atlanta Constitution is trying to settle the silver question, wholly unmindful of the fact that George Fred Williams is in Europe.—Richmond Times.

Terrible plagues, those itching pestering diseases of the skin. Put an end to misery. Doan's Ointment cures. At any drug store.

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It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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A SERVICE OF SONG.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON MUSIC IN RELIGION.

The Best Music Rendered Under Trouble—God Meant All to Sing. The Proper Music For a Church.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Dr. Talmage today discussed a most attractive department of religious worship—the service of song. His ideas will be received with interest by all who love to lift their voices in praise in the Lord's house. The text is Nehemiah vii, 67, "And they had two hundred forty and five singing men and singing women."

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are 14 direct muscles and 30 indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world and should lock up the organ of Westminster abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world. You would call such a man as that a monster, and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's paean. There are soft cadences in nature and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The Judgment Day's Great March.

The animalculae have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music, but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous. In the judgment day, that day of tumult and terror, there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So, when the great march of the judgment day is played under the hand of earthquake, and storm and conflagration, the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we should understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are not understood at all the art is practiced. There are today 500 musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced this art. Pythagoras learned it. Lasus of Hermione wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools, but I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festivals at Jerusalem, they brought harp and timbrel and trumpet and poured along the great Judaean highways a river of harmony until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a cymbal and at the same time sang it. David, the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes vibrating

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own house work, and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at J. W. O'Sullivan's drug store. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

through all the ages.

Music of Bible Times.

There were in Bible times stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow, a harp of ten strings resounding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrum and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were 4,000 Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple.

These 4,000 Levites were divided into two classes and officiated on different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence and by the smoking altars and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Psalm of David? Do you know how it was done? One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again and say, "Unto him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For his mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven!" and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response, "For his mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, gave it their mighty influence, and in our day the best musical genius is throwing itself on the altars of God. Handel and Mozart and Bach and Durante and Wolf and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Judgment Hymn" he composed is resounding yet all through Christendom.

Appropriate Church Music.

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the controversies of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall, or the opera house, or the drawing room, may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

Music as a Help to Devotion.

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the boarded meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been, amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assembles every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

No Dull Music Wanted.

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of 2,000 or 3,000 people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuses us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing—do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshipers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching and the elders all the praying and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse in a Presbyterian church there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city and told me his trouble, how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day a committee, made up of the session of the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

National Airs of Heaven.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now; clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air.

Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, division by division, joined in the doxology:

> Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise him, all creatures here below;
> Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory. "Gloria In Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria In Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

REVOLUTIONARY WIDOWS ON PENSION LIST.

A Washington special says in addition to the record of the year's work in the pension office, Commissioner Evans' annual report contains a list of the four surviving widows of Revolutionary soldiers, one living in Vermont, one in Tennessee and two in Virginia; also of seven daughters, one in Massachusetts, two in Connecticut, two in Pennsylvania and one each in New Jersey and Virginia. There is only one surviving soldier of the war of 1812, Hiram Cronk of Northwestern, N. Y. He is ninety-nine years of age. There are 1968 widows of 1812 on the roll. These figures to to illustrate the oft-repeated statement that it is the young wives marrying aged veterans who keep the pension list weighed down. Additional force is given to this idea by the fact that, of five daughters of Revolutionary soldiers whose ages have been ascertained, the average age equals the highest age of any of the widows, and exceeds the average age of the widows by two years.

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THE REINTERMENT OF JOHN BROWN'S MEN.

The remains of seven of John Brown's followers, who heralded the civil war, and met their deaths in 1859 in a vain effort to free the slaves in Virginia, were reinterred on Wednesday at North Elba, N. Y., beside the grave of their old leader. The bodies of five of them were first buried at Harper's Ferry. Two of them, Absalom Hazard and Aaron Dwight Stevens who were wounded and captured with John Brown and were hanged a month after the raid, were buried at Perth Amboy, N. J. Their bones were disinterred a few days ago and sent to North Elba by Col. Richard L. Hinton, who is the sole survivor of John Brown's party. Wednesday was the 43d anniversary of the famous battle of Ossowattomie. About 1500 persons were in attendance upon the exercises at North Elba.

Over a single open grave rested the seven caskets containing the remains of the men. The Rev. Joshua Young delivered an address recalling the occasion on a cold December day, 40 years before, when he had stood beside an open grave in the same place and as officiating clergyman saw committed to that grave all that was mortal of John Brown.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the Epps family, the only survivors of those whom John Brown brought to North Elba and established in a colony, hoping to make them free and independent, sang the hymn that was sung forty years ago at the interment of their chieftain. Colonel Richard L. Hinton gave a sketch of the careers of those whose remains were buried. Bishop Potter spoke briefly and was followed by Whitelaw Reid. The bodies were then lowered into the grave. A firing squad of the 26th Infantry gave a parting salute.

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ALBRO B. HILDRETH'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.

To all persons concerned in the estate of Albro B. Hildreth, late of Richmond, in said district, deceased,

GREETING:

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 18th day of August, 1899, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Albro B. Hildreth, late of Richmond in said district, deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said court that the 15th day of September 1899, at the Probate Court rooms, in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper published at said Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Burlington, in said district, this 18th day of August, 1899.

EZRA M. HORTON,
Register.

8w,3t

CARLOS F. GILLETTE'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT. District of Chittenden, ss.

The Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Carlos F. Gillette, late of Charlotte, in said district, deceased,

GREETING:

Whereas, said Court has assigned the 28th day of September next for the settlement of the account of the administrator of the estate of Carlos F. Gillette, late of Charlotte, in said district, deceased, and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the lawful claimants of the estate of said deceased, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper published in Burlington in said district.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court rooms in Burlington, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to establish your right as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants of said residue.

Given under my hand, this 24th day of August A. D. 1899.

EZRA M. HORTON,
Register.

9,w3t

ESTATE OF SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable the Probate Court for the district of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Samuel Huntington, late of Burlington in said district deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said Court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the business of our appointment at the office of T. E. Wales, Burlington, Vt., in said district on the third Thursdays of September, 1899, and February, 1900, next, at 10 o'clock a. m. on each of said days.

Dated this 18th day of August, 1899.

T. E. WALES,
FRED JOHONNOTT,
Commissioners.

8w,3t