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The Pioneer Express circulates numerously in every neighborhood in Pembina county, and to a distance of over 50 miles west of Red river. It is independent in politics, though supporting Republican principles. Regular communications from all parts of the county published weekly. As an advertising medium it has no equal in North Dakota.

The Pioneer Express.

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JOB DEPARTMENT.

THE PIONEER EXPRESS
JOB DEPARTMENT

Is complete, and well supplied with latest styles of type. Our prices are as low as are consistent with a legitimate business.

We keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of letter heads, note heads, bill heads, monthly statements, flat caps, foolscap, business cards, shipping tags, labels, envelopes, ball programmes, etc., which enables us to do all kinds of commercial printing, both plain and ornamental, on short notice.
We keep on hand a full line of Legal Blanks.

RESUME OF THE NEWS

A Condensed Summary of the Important Telegraphic News of the World.

In Washington.

Maj. William Warner of Missouri has finally declined to accept the office of commissioner of pensions, which was tendered him by the president.

The Casualty Calendar.

Five fires were started at once by incendiaries at Charlestown, W. Va. Property valued at over $75,000 was destroyed.

According to a new directory at Johnstown, Pa., that city suffered a loss of 3,500 people in the flood.

William Schropp, Samuel Stotsf and Henry Reed were killed and a number of other workmen injured by the explosion of Laflin & Rand's powder mill an Cressona, Pa.

The body of Richard Maybury, shockingly disfigured, was found under the ruins caused by the recent land slide at Quebec. The number of bodies recovered to date is forty-four.

Nicholas C. Demarest, Sheriff of Bergen county and one of the best known politicians in Northern New Jersey, was struck by an Erie express train and literally ground to pieces.

A Rock Island suburban train was run in to at Chicago by a freight train and a passenger coach was crushed. Five persons were scalded to death, and many injured. The wreck appears to have been entirely due to the almost criminal carelessness of Engineer Seth Twombley, son of the master mechanic of the road. The passenger train was running on time, the signals were out at the semaphore; and yet the frieght train, regardless of time and signals, plunged into the passenger coach at the rate of twevle miles an hour—all within the city limits. The engineer reversed, but not until within a few rods of the passenger coach, and entirely too late to be of any avail. Both engineer and firemen leaped for their lives and escaped uninjured. Twombly at once took to flight and has not been heard from. It is stated that he was addicted to drink, and the presumption is that he was intoxicated at the time of the disaster.

Criminal Doings.

Joseph Keller, an American, representing himself as solicitor of a New York periodical, has swindled a number of residents of the City of Mexico by spurious drafts.

Phil. Armour and other members of the Chicago beef combine who refused to testify before Vest's committee are likely to be arrested for contempt when congress meets.

Robbers entered the railroad depot at Brighton, Pa., bound and gagged the agent, a woman, and secured a large amount of money and valuables.

The body of Almon S. Holtzlaw, a telegraph operator at Cincinnati, with wealthy relatives in Washington, was found in the river at Constance, Ky. Wounds on the head indicate that he was murdered.

The governor of Texas has received no particulars of the big express robbery on the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, near Fort Worth. It is rumored here, however, that the robbers succeeded in getting away with at least $30,000.

A school teacher named Sause committed suicide at Odessa, Prussia, whereupon his widow became insane and killed her five children. She threw the bodies of three of the children out of a third story window, and taking the other two in her arms jumped from the window and was instantly killed.

J. H. Crittenden, a cattle owner from Canyon Ferry, twenty miles North of Helena, M. T., committed suicide in a camp near that place a few days ago by shooting himself through the head with a rifle. He was out on a round-up when the deed was done, and it is supposed he grew despondent over not being able to take care of his cattle this winter. He leaves a wife and four children.

The New York Star says that A. Bentley Worthington, alias Gen. Ward, of Dakota, and Mrs. Plunkett, the Christian scientist, about whom a scandal was recently ventilated, eloped from New York a few days ago and are supposed to have gone to Australia. One of Worthington's victims is now in a matrnity hospital at Minneapolis.

Deputy Sheriff Rhodes of Polk county Texas, and Constable Welterson of Tyler county were killed at Warren Texas while attempting to arrest a man named John Bell, said to be a cattle thief and refugee from Montgomery county. The officers were shot through the head and died immediately. Bell remained on the battle field for nearly an hour, preventing anybody from removing the dead bodies until he saw fit to leave them.

Fort Fay, Cabell county, West Virgina, is in possession of toughs. They stoned the house of Elliott Nester, when he fired on them. They then made the mayor issue a warrant for his arrest. He was dragged out of bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, and beaten almost to death. The mayor, dismissed him, whereupon the gang beat the mayor who resighed. The marshal has also resigned. The gang has terrorized the whole town.

Bishop Abram A. Kembal died in Kanosh in Millard county, Utah. He was a prominent man in the Mormon church, and had a number of wives. He was sent to the Utah penitentiary last November to serve a six months' sentence, but was pardoned out by President Cleveland last December, because he was a consumptive. His father, Heber C. Kembal, is the man who had fifteen wives, and used to refer to his wives as heroes.

A brutal assault was made at Emporia, Kas., upon Sister Comilla at the Sacred Heart convent by an unknown man, who followed her, it is supposed, from her home in Terre Haute, Ind. While in the hospital at that place he made a similar assault because she would not marry him, and the sister was removed to the convent there at her own request. Sister Comilla was unconscious all night and did not recover until morning. The man escaped.

James Dennis shot himself at Mankato. The ball entered the center of the forehead and passed through the head, lodging just under the scalp behind. He has been in the employ of the American Express company for some time. For the last six months he had been drinking quite freely, and during the lost two days he was on a genuine spree and was discharged. Dennis was twenty-three years old and popular among the young men in the city. The deed was committed in Lee's bus barn in the presence of one of the stable boys.

A number of prominent ladies of Chicago have formed an association and have hired a lawyer to prosecute the gamblers of the city under the state law. The work was begun with the arrest of John Morris, the proprietor of a gambling house on Clark street. The attorney for the ladies says that there is every reason to believe that the gamblers will very soon become frightened, as the state law against gambling is very severe. They are taking steps to convict, not only the gamblers themselves, but also the men who own the buildings where gambling houses are run.

Mrs. Josie Gurley, who was convicted at Chicago of abducting little Annie Redmond and sentenced to Joliet prison for five years for the crime, has made a confession, which she claims, is the only true story regarding the abduction of the Redmond child. Mrs. Gurley had just been informed of Harvey Gurley's incarceration in Wisconsin for bigamy, and her anger against Gurley, to save whom from prison she had perjured herself, she said, led to the confession. She says that Dick Ryan, Gurley, Mrs. Parsons and Annie Allen were, in connection with a man named McGee, getting up a theatrical troupe, and wanted a little girl to dance and sing. Ryan planned the abduction and Gurley was promised $1,000 for his services in committing the crime. Annie Allen was the one who enticed the Redmond girl away from home. Mrs. Gurley did not know the child had been abducted until some time afterward, and was often threatened with death if she said anything about it.

Thomas Haywood, who lived on Mrs. William's place, near Decatur, Ala., went to her house, and, presenting a revolver, demanded that she sell her place, flee with him to the North and there marry him. Being at the mercy of the black fiend, she apparently consented to his demands and he, elated at his success returned to his quarters, threatening to kill her if she told anyone. While at Mrs. Williams' house, Haywood confessed to having killed Williams a year ago, and told her how he had managed to escape all suspicion by playing a trick on her. He had stuffed a a coat and placed it together with a hat on the woodpile, and Mrs. Williams, seeing that supposed it was Haywood, and it being on the woodpile at the time when Williams was killed, Mrs. Williams herself cleared Haywood by stating that she saw him at the time the murder was committed. The negro has not yet been caught, but his arrest was expected at any moment and, if caught, it is very likely that Judge Lynch will hold a special court and mete out terrible punishment to him.

From Foreign Shores.

Emperor Francis Joseph has ordered the stoppage of the prosecution againts the 322 striking miners charged with participation in the riots in Styria.

The rumor of Miss Margaret Blaine's engagement to Walter Damrosch is confirmed. Miss Blaine and Mr. Damrosch first met on Carnegie's coaching trip to Scotland, both being members of the party, and their engagement followed. The wedding will probably take place next spring.

People in Print.

Gov. Gordon of Georgia has granted the requisition of the governor of Alabama for Pat Calhoun and J. D. Williamson, principals, and Henry Jack and Jack King, seconds, in the recent duel in Cherokee county, Ala.

Miscellaneous.

The white people all along the line of the Illinois Central railroad in Mississippi and in every county in the delta are actively engaged in preparing themselves for an anticipated general attack to be made by the blacks.

Public Printer Palmer has dismissed thirty-eight of the employes in the government printing office. They were from all departments—composing room, press room and bindery.

In addition to the loss by fraudlent coupons, it is now feared that the state of Louisiana has lost large sums by another fraud. The Picayune's Baton Rouge special says that a levee warrant, drawn three or four years ago, for over $500, was recently presented for payment. Suspicion was aroused, as the levee fund has never been short, and there was no reason for holding a warrant uncashed for so long. On inquiry it was found that the warrant had been presented and paid about the time of its date. How it became floated is not known, and it is suspected that many such warrants have been paid more than once.

An old woman who had led a roaming life as a peddler, and who has made her headquarters in Niles, Mich., for ten years past, is believed to be Mrs. Bender, wife of John Bender, and mother of Kate Bender, the notorious murderers of Labette county, Kan. Mrs. Francis E. McCann of McPherson county, Kan., was, some time ago, informed by an old woman she had befriended that old John Bender and his son John were in the woods in Montcalm county, Mich., and that Mrs. Bender was in Niles. She at once wrote to the postmaster and city marshal of Niles. Their investigations resulted in finding an old woman whose photograph has been identified by several parties as Mrs. Bender. The woman, however, claims to have been in Niles when the Kansas murders were committed. The matter is being investigated.

Daring Train Robbery in Mississippi.

The Mobile & Ohio south-bound mail and passenger train was held up by train robbers at Buckatunna, Miss. Just before the train left Buckatunna two men mounted behind the tender of the train and climbed over and covered Engineer Jack Ferrel and Fireman Thomas Hust with their revolvers. The robbers were disguised with red bandana handkerchiefs over the lower part of their faces. The leader ordered the engineer to pull out and to stop at the bridge two miles below Buckatunna and to place the train so that the express and mail car should be on the further side of the bridge from the rest of the train, the bridge being a trestle over a deep creek.' "You obey instructions or it's death," he said. The engineer run the train rapidly down to the point indicated and put it just where the man with the pistol wanted. Then there appeared a third robber, disguised like the other two. These three made the engineer and fireman come with them to the express car and the engineer had to call out to Expressman John W. Dunning to open the door of the car. The wooden door was already open but the iron barred door was closed and locked. Dunning was seated with his back to the door, and when he turned round he looked down the muzzle of three revolvers. The command was given and Dunning opened the barred door and in the chief robber jumped, the other two remaining outside to guard the engineer and fireman. The leader made the messenger dump the contents of the safe into a canvas sack, but noticing that he was not closely watched Dunning shoved some of the money aside so that about $1,000 was hidden, the robbers getting $2,700. All this money belonged to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad company. Along-side the express car door was a pile of $70,000 government money en route to Florida, which the robbers failed to notice. W. C. Bell, the mail agent, had suspected that robbery was going on and tried to get into the baggage car, with a number of registered packages of mail. Just as he stepped to the end door of the car he saw through the glass that the robbers had intercepted him. The robber leader faced him, pistol in hand, and, finding Bell's arms full of packages, said: "Dump those here on my left arm." There were twenty-four packages in all, and Bell dumped them as requested. The robber made Bell hand him then a registered pouch and ordered the agent to open it, but Bell had no key, so the robber carried the pouch off with him. The pouch was made up of Meridian, and the contents and value are unknown. After getting the registered mail the train was ordered to pull out at once, which it did, the robbers disappearing in the undergrowth on the west side of the track.

The Mobile & Ohio offers $1,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the robbers. The leader is believed to be Rube Burrows, a desperado well known in the northern part of the state. The suspected parties have been camping in the vicinity of the bridge for several days past. A posse is now in pursuit of them and it is believed that they will be captured within a few hours.

The Markets.

CHICAGO.

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour firm and unchanged. No. 2 spring wheat, 78½c; No. 3 spring wheat, 68@69c; No. 2 red, 78½c; No. 2 corn, 32@32¼c; No. oats, 19¼@19¾c; No. 2 rye, 41¾c; No. 2 barley, nominal; No. 1 flax seed, $1.26; prime timothy seed, $1.29; mess pork, per bbl, $11; lard, per 100 lbs, $5.97½, eggs, 16½c.

NEW YORK.

Wheat, No. 2 red, 84@84½c.; No. 3 red, 81¾c.; ungraded red, 77@78c.; steamer No 2 red, 81c. Corn, No. 2, 40¾@41c.; No. 2 white, 41c.; ungraded mixed, 40@41¾c. Oats, No. 2 white, 28½c.; mixed Western, 24½@28c.; white do, 29@36½c.; No. 2 Chicago 27¾c. Rye, Western, 48@52c. Butter, Western dairy, 9@12½c.; do creamery, 12@23½c.; do factory, 7½@12c. Eggs, Western fresh, 19½@20c.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat, No. 1 hard, 79¾c@80½c; No. 1 Northern, 76@78c; No. 2 Northern, 73¼@75½c. Flour, Patents in sacks to local dealers, $4.60@5 patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $4.40@4.60; in barrels, $4.60@4.80; delivered at New England points, $5.20@5.65: New York points, $5.10@5.55; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $5.15@5.50: bakers' here, $3.10@3.40; superfine, $1.70@2.35; red dog, sacks, $1.10@1.25; red dog, barrels, $1.35@1.50. Bran, $6.50-6.75; shorts, $8.25; corn, 31@32c. Oats, No. 2 white, 22c. Barley, 30@33c. Flax, $1.21½; Chicago, $1.27½. Feed, $12@13.50. Hay, good $6.50@7.25, fair wild, $6.@6.50.

ST. PAUL.

Prices on incoming trains only: Wheat, No. 1 hard, 80c; No. 1 Northern, 76c; No. 2 Northern, 73@74c. Corn, No. 3, 31@33c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 19@20c; No. 2 white, 22@23c: September 21½@22c; October 2 ½@22c; November 22c; year, 21½@22c; No. 3 18@21c. Rye, No. 2, 23c; year, 33c. Barley, No. 2, 55c bid; No. 3, 40@45c. Ground feed, $12@13. Corn meal, Unbolted, $13. Bran, $6.75@7.25. Malt, 65@75c. Flax, No. 1, $1.20. Hay, No. 1 upland, $6@6.25; No. 1, $5@6; timothy, $8.50. Timothy Seed, $1.60. Eggs, 5.20@6 per case. Flour, Patents, $4.85, straight, $4.55; bakers', $3.25; rye, $2.75@3.20: buckwheat, $3. Butter, Creameries, 13@19c; extra dairy, 15@17c; medium, 10@14c; packing stock, 6@7c: grease, 3@5c.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

Dr. Talmage Makes His Recent Trip the Subject of a Very Interesting Sermon.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Special:—It was a great anthem of praise that went up from the crowded throngs at the Brooklyn tabernacle, where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage D. D. preached as usual. The opening hymn was

"No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flows from Jesus' side."

The subject of the sermon was, "From Ocean to Ocean, or My Transcontinental Journey." Text: Psalms, lxxii., 8: "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." The preacher said:

What two seas are referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian sea and Caspian sea, or between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean sea, or between the Black sea and the North sea. No, in such case my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water, And so I have a right to read it: He shall have dominion from the Atlantic sea to the Pacific sea. My theme is, America for God!

First, consider the immensity of this possession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage brush and with ability only to support prairie dogs I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can imagine unless, in immigrant wagon or stage coach or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it. Having been privileged six times to cross the continent, and twice this summer, I have come to some appreciation of its magnitude. California, which I supposed in boyhood from its size on the map was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevadas on one side or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other; California, the thin slice of land as I supposed it to be in boyhood, I have found it to be larger than all the states of New England and all New York and Pennsylvania added together, and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington territory, to be launched next winter into statehood, will be giants at their birth. Let the congress of the United States strain a point and soon admit also Idaho and Wyoming and New Mexico. What is the use keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into states with the senatorial and congressional representatives and we will be able to be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people fix up the constitution to suit these cases. Even Utah will by dropping polygamy soon be ready to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah and will probably triumph at this fall election in Salt Lake City. Turn all the territories into states, and if some of the sisters are smaller than the elder sisters give them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in statute and the others only four feet do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. Among the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and great author, the brilliant orator and magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move next winter in congress for the transference of other territories into states.

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent I must remark that it is not an immensity of monotone or sameness. The larger some countries are the worse for the world. This continent is not most remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. What a pity the United States government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone, Wyo., and of Niagara falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived. These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter. They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds while the old ship bears on its way through the ages. Their size, of which travelers often speak, does not effect me so much as their longevity. Though so old now, the branches of some of them will crackle in the last conflagration of the planet.

That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide and 3,000 feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man or beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth these are the white pillars. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up and yonder is Cathedral rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched until a bride one Fourth of July mounted it and planted the national standards, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes. Yonder are the "Three Brothers," 4,000 feet high; "Cloud's Rest," North and South Dome, and heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder storm.

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mount Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Veil falls, so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in the robe of mists seeks the heaven. Yonder is Nevada falls, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all the majesty and grandeur, the Grand canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down to the eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw a violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, sunrise and sunset married by the setting of a rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian bastlicas built before human architecture was born. Huge mortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was impearled. Thrones on which no one but the king of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight the elements were busy and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the old testament written on papyrus, the new testament written on parchment, and now this last testament written on the rocks.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of 500 feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden.

Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basault. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group can not hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battle field of the war of the elements.

Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire nor the crysolite nor the jacinth nor the amethystic nor the jasper nor the twelve gates of the twelve pearls wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass us by way of this canyon the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery in which the cristal is so bright and the red so flaming would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park on the morning of Aug. 9, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it. Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a judge of quick and dead. And these rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which nations of the earth might stand and all up and down these galaries of rock the nations of the heaven might sit. And that reverberation of archangel's trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery omnipotence ever built?

Oh, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget sound, its shores so bold that for 1,500 miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said: "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouver and other cities of that northwest region I thought to myself: "These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons, and Savannahs of the Pacific coast." But after all this summer's journeying and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

The Americo-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe, and Africa one continent. So you see America evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! and the prophecies of Revelation will be fulfilled: "There shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all gospelized? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore from the Santa Maria, and his second brother, Alonzo, when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother, Vincent, when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of this country in the name of the father and the son and the holy ghost.

As soon as you get in Yellowstone park or California you have pointed out to you places cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mush-Pot, "The Devil's Tea-Kettle," "The "Devil's Saw-Mill," "The Devil's Machine shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor or congressional committee or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord and to a Christian nation, and away with such plutonic nomenclature.

But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology not by ecclesiastical technicalties. I am sick of them and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our wounds and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the gulf stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia river a few days ago we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could have the right kind of bait they will spring above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christains associations of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I saw this summer their new building rising. In Vancouver I asked, "What are you going to put on that sightly place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I said: "What are they making these excavations for?" Answer: "For our Young Men's Christian association building." At Des Moines, Iowa, I saw a noble structure rising and I asked for what purpose it was being built and they told me for the Young Men's Christain association.

These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about $100,000,000 dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influence all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket and you a cup, and even a thimblefull would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah: "In the wilderness waters have broken out and streams in the desert," and with David: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! American for God!

A Very Astonished Musician.

One adventure of dead Bottesini's should be remembered. He was playing one night at Antwerp, and there was a full room, and considerable curiosity for his turn to begin.

He took his place beside his colossal double bass and commenced his variations. The public were electrified and so was the player No one who knows the double bass could say of the instrument that it was squeaky and shrieky. It has its faults, but at least, shrillness is not one of them. The sounds came forth that evening piercing and pathetic. The player looked terrified; his instrument seemed bewitched, and the sounds continued even when the bow was not drawn across the strings.

For a moment Bottesini faltered, and then plunging his hand into the internal cavities of his big instrument, he drew it back very hurriedly. He introduced it again very carefully and took out and held up to the audience a cat. The entertainment did not end there. There were kittens to follow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A London Fad.

An American who has returned from Europe has this to say concerning a popular "fad":—"I do not suppose you will believe me, but it is a fact that I saw dozens of women in London who wore a single eye glass or monocle in the street. The first woman I saw on Bond street, and she must have been at least 43 years old. She was tall and slim, and her face was lined and seamed with dissipation and care. She stared at me supercilious through a single glass which was attached to a thread; and I nearly fell backward off the curb. Before I had gone a dozen paces further I saw another woman pull her eyeglass up from the sling by which it was suspended from her dress, stick it in her eye precisely as a man might have done, and glare earnestly through it at a sporting newspaper. Then I kept my eyes open, and I counted half a dozen women with eyeglasses before I got away from Bond street. It was a whim, pure and simple, and an awful affectation."

THOMAS ALVA EDISON,

The Great Inventor.

Edison first saw the light in Milan, Erie County, Ohio, February 11, 1847, so that he is still a young man. The number of patents already granted him approaches two hundred. He is of mixed Hollander and English blood, his grandfather having been a Dutchman who settled near Newark, N. J., and who married into the Ogdens, a family of English descent. Edison began his working life as a news boy when only about eight years old, at Port Huron, Mich. Five years afterwards, he succeeded in procuring a contract for the exclusive sale of newspapers on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, to which fact is due the report that he is a Canadian. His business grew rapidly under his clever and energetic management, and was supplemented by an essay in journalism, the Grand Trunk Herald, which he printed with his own type and his own hands. The progress of the war at this time assisted his paper, which had at one time 450 subscribers. Dropping his publication, he began the study of chemistry, prosecuting it in connection with his newspaper business. When his experiments on the train had resulted in his setting fire to a car by the ignition of phos-

phorus, he was forced to abandon it. He next pursued telegraphy as a means of livelihood and became extraodinarily apt as an operator. In 1867, while living in Cincinnati, he began experimenting with the view to send two messengers at once over one wire, and succeeded in doing this in Boston not long afterwards. This was the first of the many inventions which have earned for him and his country immortal honor. His phonograph first attracted the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe by reason of its exhibition at the French Institute in 1878. No better idea of the multiplicity and variety of his inventions can be given than by mentioning the leading features of his exhibit in Paris at the Electrical Exhibition, 1881, where his was the largest, most important and most varied of the many exhibits. It included his system of electric lighting by incandescence, his dynamo-electric machine, his microtasimeter, which measures the smallest changes in temperature; his odoroscope, which renders visible the presence of certain escential oils and hydrocarbon vapors, and also registers their action; his electromotograph, which reproduces the human voice at a distance, like the telephone, but with a greater intensity, and so forth. Mr. Edison's career as an inventor, brilliant though it is, will probably prove but a portion of the obligation which the world will owe him for some of the most delicate as well as serviceable application of electrical science.

A Somnambulist's Performance.

Residing on the south side is a man whose physician has strongly advised him to indulge in a regular exercise. This young man has been troubled with insomnia and is occasionally afflicted with somnambulism. He belies, however, that he has the making of an athlete in him, and when he received his physician's instructions he resolve to bring it out. So he had a horizontal bar erected in the back yard of the house, and upon this he practiced daily. His principal feat was to grab the smooth bar with both hands and swing around with great rapidity. One night last week the young man's mother was awakened by the nosie of a door closing. She arose and tiptoed toward the back part of the house, Looking out of the window she saw her son, clad in his night-gown, revolving on the horizontal bar with lightning rapidity. Amazed at the spectacle of the gyrating son and his flapping night garment she aroused his father and told him about it. The old gentleman arose, donned his pants and went to the rescue. When he succeeded in stopping the revolutions of the flying boy he learned that he was asleep and that he had posed as a somnambulist athlete. He awoke him with some difficulty and led him back to his bed. Now the young man has his parents lock his doors and windows when he goes to bed. He is anxious to regain his health, but he will not go so far as to do a horizontal act in his nightgown—Chicago Herald.

The Home of the Earthquake.

Although earthquakes are common in Japan they are seldom violent. As many as eighty-seven vibrations have been noted in a single day. A month seldom passes without shocks in some part of the country, but they attract little attention. There are, however, authentic records of several severe and destructive earthquakes. In 679 A. D. the island of Kiu-Siu was visited by a heavy shock, which rent the earth in fissures, one of which is said to have been four miles long and twenty feet wide. Kiu-Siu was the scene of the recent calamity, and it is noticeable that the same phenomenon of the opening of the earth occurred in this instance. Kiu-Siu is far less subject to frequent shocks than the main island of Niphon, but they seem to make up for their infrequency by their severity. In 1702 the walls of the castle of Yedo were thrown down and a great tidal wave accompanied the convulsion of the earth. In 1854 the towns of Shimoda and Osaka were destroyed, and in the following year 14,000 dwellings and 1,600 storehouses were prostrated in Yedo.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Beecher and Ingersoll.

Living Church.

Once Col. Ingersoll was thrown accidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion made to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but finally one of the party, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Col. Ingersol's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentleman in very effective repartee, Contrary to the expectation of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Col. Ingersoll at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:

"Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent upon a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day.

"What was it?" at once inquired Col. Ingeresoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart. "Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a great big burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, and jerking the crutches from under the unfortunate man, left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulled him."

"What a brute he was," said Col. Ingersoll.

"What a brute he was," they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man rising from his chair and brushing back his long black hair, while his yes glittered with their old time fire as he bent them on Col. Ingersoll; "yes, Col. Ingersoll, and you are that man. The human soul is lame, but christianity gives it the crutches to enable it to pass across the pathway of life. It is your teachings that knock these crutches from under it and leave it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building, an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Col. Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing.

Poison Rings.

In Italy the poison ring was carried to the perfection of malicious imagining. The "anello morte" was occasionally resorted to as a means of putting an enemy out of the way. A hollow point in the bezel, worked by a spring, communicated with the receptacle behind, for the poison, in such a way that its villainous wearer could, in giving his adversary a hearty grip of the hand, inflict a mortal scratch. The point was fashioned to look like an ornament. So deadly and enduring was the poison contained in these rings, that some twenty or more years ago death was nearly occasioned by handling one unwittingly. A curio fancier was turning over gems in a shop in Paris, when he fell fainting and was with difficulty restored. It was found that he had been wounded by a poison ring.

This instrument of destruction was also worn in perilous times; in order that the owner might commit suicide rather than fall into an enemy,s hands. Another kind was furnished at the back with a slide, which could be slipped back by the wearer, who would drop the poison into the wine he offered to a hated guest. This kind was affected by Cæsar Borgia, whose own signet ring bore an inscription little suited to his character —"Fais ce que dois, avien que pourra." Another form of poison ring was the one which had for its bezel the key to a casket. The wearer would hand his ring in a confidential manner to a visitor, and desire him to hand him some article from his jewel box. The key, in being turned in a somewhat stiff lock, would give the unwary confidant a prick, which had for him fatal results.—London Standard.

Kaiser and Minister.

Berlin Letter.

Although his age and infirmities render it difficult, the Great Chancellor remains standing whenever he is received in audience by the young Emperor for the transaction of any State business. On the occasion of his first interview after his accession to the throne, Kaiser Wilhelm, mindful of the fact that he was indebted for his acquaintance with statecraft to the greatest living master thereof, and that he had been brought up, one might almost say, at the very feet of Bismarck, urged the old Prince to be seated while reading his report.

The Chancellor, however, absolutely refused to comply with the monarch's request in the matter. "Pardon me, sir," he remarked. "At the present moment I am not alone in the presence of my young King, who honors me with his friendship and confidence, but I am also in the presence of the representative of the principle of royalty, in transacting State affairs with whom no Prussian Minister can do otherwise than remain standing.

The Emperor remained silent for a moment, and then grasped both the Chancellor's hands, exclaiming as he did so: "You are quite right. Thus it has always been, and thus it shall remain." It is, however; due to the Kaiser to add that he invariably arises from his chair and remains standing whenever the old Prince is discussing affairs of State with him.

SAM DICKEY, the clown, who has often set the circus in a roar, died in a Michigan poorhouse and was buried in Potter's field. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

FOUL PLAY.

A Novel.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT

CHAPTER XXV—CONTINUED.

Whilst Hazel was gone for the crawfish, Welch asked Helen to go for her prayer-book. She brought it directly, and turned the leaves to find the prayers for the sick. But she was soon undeceived as to his intention.

"Sam had it wrote down how the Proserpine was foundered, and I should like to lie alongside my messmate on that there paper, as well as in t'other place" (meaning the grave.) "Begin as Sam did, that this is my last word."

"O, I hope not. O Mr. Welch pray do not leave me!"

"Well, well then, never mind that; but just put down as I heard Sam; and his dying words, that the parson took down, were the truth."

"I have written that."

"And that the two ho'es was on her portside, and seven foot from her starn-post; and I say them very augers that is in our cutter made them holes. Set down that."

"It is down."

"Then I'll put my mark under it; and you are my witness."

Helen, anxious to please him in everything, showed him where to put his mark. He did so; and she signed her name as his witness.

"And now, Mr. Welch," said she, "do not you fret about the loss of the ship; you should rather think how good Providence has been to us in saving us three out of so many that sailed in that poor ship. That Wylie was a wicked man; but he is drowned, or starved, no doubt and there is an end of him. You are alive, and we are all three to see Old England again. But to live, you must eat; and so now do pray make a good breakfast to-day. Tell me what you can fancy. A cabbage?"

"What you own it is a cabbage?"

"Of course I do," said Helen, coaxing. "You must excuse Mr. Hazel: these learned men are so crotchety in some things, and go by books; but you and I go by our senses, and to us a cabbage is a cabbage, grow where it will. Will you have one?"

"No, miss, not this morning. What I wants this morning very bad, indeed, it is—I wants a drink made of the sweet-smelling leaves, like as you strewed over my messmate—the Lord in heaven bless you for it."

"O Mr. Welch, that is a curious fancy; but you shall not ask me twice for anything; the jungle is full of them, and I'll fetch you some in five minutes. So you must boil the water."

She scudded away to the jungle, and soon returned with some aromatic leaves. Whilst they were infusing, Hazel came up, and, on being informed of Welch's fancy, made no opposition; but on the contrary, said that such men had sometimes very happy inspirations. He tasted it, however, and said the smell was the best part of it in his opinion. He then put it aside to cool for the sick man's use.

They ate their usual breakfast, and then Welch sipped his spiced tea, as he called it. Morning and afternoon he drank copious draughts of it, and seemed to get suddenly better, and told them not to hang about him any longer; but go to their work; he was all right now.

To humor him they went off in different directions; Hazel with his ax to level cocoa-nut trees; and Helen to search for fruits in the jungle.

She came back in an hour very proud of some pods she had found with nutmegs inside them. She ran to Welch. He was not in the boat. She saw his waistcoat, however, folded and lying on the thwart: so she knew he could not be far off and concluded he was in her bower. But he was not there; and she called to Mr. Hazel. He came to the side of the river laden with cocoa-nuts.

"Is he with you?" said Helen.

"Who? Welch? No."

"Well, then, he is not here. O dear! something is the matter."

Hazel came across directly. And they both began to run anxiously to every part whence they could command a view to any distance.

They could not see him anywhere, and met with blank faces at the bower.

Then Helen made a discovery.

This very day, while hanging about the place, Hazel had torn up from the edge of the river an old trunk, whose roots had been loosened by the water washing away the earth that held them, and this stump he had set up in her bower for a table, after sawing the roots down into legs. Well, on the smooth part of this table lay a little pile of money, a ring with a large pearl in it, and two gold ear rings, Helen had often noticed in Welch's ears.

She pointed at these and turned pale. Then, suddenly waving her hand to Hazel to follow her, she darted out of the bower, and in a moment, she was at the boat.

There she found, beside [illegible] his waistcoat, his knife, and a [illegible] pile of money, placed carefully on the thwart; and, underneath it, his jacket rolled up, and his shoes and sailor's cap, all put neatly and in order.

Hazel found her looking at them. He began to have vague misgivings. "What does this mean?" he said, faintly.

"'What does it mean!'" cried Helen, in agony. "Don't you see? A Legacy! The poor thing has divided his little all. O my heart! What has become of him? Then, with one of those inspirations her sex have, she cried, "Ah! Cooper's grave!"

Hazel, though not so quick as she was, caught her meaning at a word, and flew down the slope to the seashore. The tide was out: a long irregular track of footsteps indented the sand. He stopped a moment and looked at them. They pointed toward that cleft where the grave was. He followed them all across the sand. They entered the cleft, and did not return. Full of heavy foreboding he rushed into the cleft.

Yes; his arms hanging on each side of the grave, and his cheek laid gently on it, there lay Tom Welch, with a loving smile on his dead face. Only a man; yet faithful as a dog.

Hazel went back slowly, and crying. Of all men living, he could best appreciate Fidelity and mourn its fate.

But, as he drew near Helen, he dried his eyes; for it was his duty to comfort her.

She had at first endeavored to follow him; but after a few steps her knees smote together, and she was fain to sit down on the grassy slope that overlooked the sea.

The sun was setting huge and red over that vast and peaceful sea.

She put her hands to her head, and, sick at heart, looked heavily at that glorious and peaceful sight. Hazel came up to her. She looked at his face, and that look was enough for her. She rocked herself gently to and fro.

"Yes," said he, in a broken voice: "he was there—quite dead."

He sat gently down by her side, and looked at that setting sun and illimitable ocean, and his heart felt deadly sad. "He is gone—and we are alone—on this island."

She man said this in one sense only; but the woman heard it in more than one.

ALONE!

She glanced timidly round at him, and without rising, edged a little away from him, and wept in silence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After a long silence, Hazel asked her in a low voice if she could be there in half an hour. She said yes, in the same tone, but without turning her head. On reaching the graves, she found that Hazel had spared her a sad sight; nothing remained but to perform the service. When it was over she went slowly away in deep distress on more accounts than one. In due course Hazel came to her bower, but she was not there. Then he lighted the fire, and prepared everything for supper; and he was so busy, and her foot so light, he did not hear her come. But by and by, lifting his head, he saw her look wistfully at him, as if she could read his soul in his minutest actions. He started and brightened all over with pleasure at the sudden sight of her, and said eagerly, "Your supper is quite ready."

"Thank you, sir," saie she, sadly and coldly (she had noted that expression of joy). "I have no appetite; do not wait for me." And soon after strolled away again.

Hazel was dumfoundered. There was no mistaking her manner; it was chilly and reserved all of a sudden. It wounded him; but he behaved like a man. What! I keep her out of her own house, do I? said he to himself. He started up, took a fish out of the pot, wrapped it in a leaf, and stalked off to his boat. Then he ate a little of the fish, threw the rest away, and went down upon the sands, and paced them in a sad and bitter mood.

But the night calmed him, and some hours of tranquil thought brought him fortitude, patience, and a clear understanding. He went to his boat, elevated by generous and delicate resolutions. Now worthy resolves are tranquilizing, and he slept profoundly.

Not so she, whose sudden but very natural change of demeanor had hurt him. When she returned and found he was gone for the night, she began to be alarmed at having offended him.

For this and other reasons she passed the night in sore perplexity, and did not sleep till morning; and so she overslept her usual time. However, when she was up, she determined to find her own breakfast: she felt it would not do to be too independent, and on a person of uncertain humor; such for the moment she chose to pretend to herself was Hazel. Accordingly she went down to the sea to look for craw-fish. She found abundance. There they lay in the water; you have but to stoop and pick them up.

But alas! they were black, and lively, viperish; she went with no great relish for the task to take one up; it wriggled maliciously; she dropped it, and at that very moment, by a curious coincidence, remembered that she was sick and tired of craw-fish; she would breakfast on fruits. She crossed the sand, took off her shoes, and paddled through the river, and, having put her shoes on again, was about to walk through some rank grass to the big wood, when she heard a voice behind her, and it was Mr. Hazel. She bit her lip (it was broad day-light now), and prepared quietly to discourage this excessive assiduity. He came up to her panting a little, and, taking off his hat, said, with marked respect, "I beg your pardon, Miss Rolleston, but I know you hate reptiles; now there are a few snakes in that grass; not poisonous ones."

"Snakes!" cried Helen, let me go home; there—I'll go without my breakfast."

"Oh, I hope not," said Hazel, ruefully; "why, I have been rather fortunate this morning, and it is already."

"That is a different thing," said Helen, graciously; "you must not have your trouble for nothing, I suppose."

Directly after breakfast, Hazel took his ax and some rope from the boat; and went off in a great hurry to the jungle. In half an hour or so he returned, dragging a large conical shrub, armed with spikes for leaves, incredibly dense and prickly.

"There," said he, "there's a vegetable porcupine for you. This is your best defense against that roaring Bugbear."

"That little tree!" said Helen; the tiger would soon jump over that."

"Ay, but not over this an more; and sixty wall of stilettos. Don't touch it, please."

He worked very hard all day, and brought twelve of these prickly trees to the bower: his day's work; seemed quite mortified.

"This comes of beginning at the wrong end," he said; "I went to work like a fool. I should have begun by making a cart."

"But you can't do that," said Helen, soothingly; "no gentleman can make a cart."

"O, surely anybody can make a cart, by a little thinking," said he.

"I wish," said Helen, listlessly, "you would think of something for me to do; I begin to be ashamed of not helping."

"Hum! you can plait?"

"Yes, as far as eleven strands."

"Then you need never be unemployed. We want ropes, and shall want large mats for the rainy weather."

He went to the place where he had warned her of the snakes, and cut a great bundle of long silky grass, surprisingly tough, yet neither harsh nor juicy; he brought it her, and said he should be very glad of a hundred yards of light cord, three ply and five ply.

She was charmed with the grass, and the very next morning she came to breakfast with it nicely prepared, and a good deal of cord made and hanging round her neck. She found some preparations for carpenter's work lying about.

"Is that great log for the cart?" said she.

"Yes! it is a section of a sago-tree."

"What, our sago?"

"The basis. See, in the center it is all soft pith." He got from the boat one of the augers that had scuttled the Proserpine, and soon turned the pith out. "They pound that pith in water and run it through linen; then set the water in the sun to evaporate. The sediment is the sago of commerce, and and insipid stuff it is."

"O please don't call anything names one has eaten in England," said Helen, sorrowfully.

After a hasty meal, she and Mr. Hazel worked for a wager. Her taper fingers went like the wind, and though she watched him, and asked questions. she never stopped plaiting.

Mr. Hazel was no carpenter, he was merely Brains spurred by Necessity. He went to work and sawed off four disks of the sago log.

"Now what are those, pray?" asked Helen.

"The primeval wheels. And here are the linchpins, made of hard wood; I wattled them at odd times."

He then produced two young lime trees he had rooted up that morning, and sawed them into poles in a minute. Then he bored two holes in each pole, about four inches from either extremity and fitted his linchpins; then he drew out his linchpins, passed each pole first through one disk, and then through another, and fastened his linchpins. Then he ran to the boat, and came back with the stern and midship thwarts. He drilled with his center-bit three rows of holes in these, two inches form the edge; and now Helen's work came in; her grass rope bound the thwarts tight to the horizontal poles, leaving the disks room to play easily between the thwarts and the linchpins; but there was an open space thirteen inches [illegible] between the thwarts; this space Hazel herring-boned over with some of Helen's rope drawn as tight as possible. The cart was now made. Time occupied in its production, three hours and forty minutes.

The coachmaker was very hot: and Helen asked him timidly whether he had not better rest and eat. "No time for [illegible] [illegible]at," said he. "The day is not half [illegible] long enough for what I have to do." [illegible] He drank copiously from the [illegible] stream; put the carpenter's basket into the cart: got the tow-rope from the boat and fastened it to the cart in this shape A, putting himself in the center. So now the coachmaker was the horse, and off they went, rattling and crenking, to the jungle.

Helen turned her stool and watched this pageant enter the jungle. She plated on, but not so merrily. Hazel's companionship and bustling way somehow kept her spirits up.

But, whenever she was left alone, she gazed on the blank ocean, and her heart died within her. At last she strolled pensively toward the jungle, plaiting busily as she went, and hanging the rope round her neck as fast as she made it.

At the edge of the jungle she found Hazel in a difficulty. He had cut down a wagon load of pickly trees, and wanted to get all this mass of noli me tongere on to that wretched little cart, but had not rope enough to keep it together: she gave him plenty of new line, and partly by fastening a small rope to the big rope and so making the big rope a receptacle, party by artful tying, they dragged home an incredible load. To be sure some of it dragged half along the ground: and came after, like a peacock's tail.

He made six trips, and then the sun was low; so he began to build. He raised a rampart of these pricky trees, a rampart three feet wide and eight feet high; but it only went round two sides and a half of the bower. So then he said he had failed again; and lay down worn out by fatigue.

Helen Rolleston, though dejected herself, could not help pitying him for his exhaustion in her service, and for his bleeding hands: she undertook the cooking, and urged him kindly to eat of every dish; and, when he rose to go, she thanked him with as much feeling as modesty for the great pains he had taken to lesson those fears of hers which she saw he did not share.

These kind words more than repaid him. He went to his little den in a glow of spirits; and the next morning went off in a violent hurry, and, for once, seemed glad to get away from her.

"Poor Mr. Hazel," said she, softly, and watched him out of sight. Then she got her plait, and went to the high point where he had barked a tree; and looked far and wide for a sail. The air was wonderfully clear; the whole ocean seemed in sight; but all was blank.

A great awe fell upon her, and sickness of heart; and then first she began to fear she was out of the known world, and might die on that island; or never be found by the present generation; and this sickening fear lurked in her from that hour, and led to consequences that will be related shortly.

She did not return for a long while, and, when she did, she found Hazel had completed her fortifications. He invited her to explore the western part of the island, but she declined.

"Thank you," said she; "not to-day; there is something to be done at home. I have been comparing my abode with yours, and the contrast makes me uncomfortable, if it doesn't you. Oblige me by building yourself a house."

"What, in an afternoon?"

"Why not? you made a cart in a forenoon. How can I tell your limits? you are quite out of my poor little depth. Well, at all events, you must roof the boat, or something. Come, be good for once, and think a little of yourself. There, I'll sit by and—what shall I do whilst you are working to oblige me?"

"Make a fishing-net of cocoa-net fiber, four feet deep. Here's plenty of material all prepared."

"Why, Mr. Hazel, you must work in your sleep."

"No; but of course I am not idle when I am alone; and luckily I have made a spade out of hard wood at odd hours, or all the afternoon would go in making that.

"A spade! You are going to dig a hole in the ground and call it a house. That will not do for me."

"You will see," said Hazel.

The boat lay in a little triangular creek; the surrounding earth was alluvial clay; a sort of black cheesy mold, stiff, but kindly to work with the spade. Hazel cut and chiseled it out at a grand rate, and, throwing it to the sides, raised by degrees two mud banks, one on each side of the boat; and at last he dug so deep that he was enabled to draw the boat another yard inland.

As Helen sat by netting and forcing a smile now and then, though sad at heart, he was on his mettle, and the mud walls he raised in four hours were really wonderful. He squared their inner sides with the spade. When he had done, the boat lay in a hollow, the walls of which, half natural, half artificial, were five feet above her gunwale, and, of course, eight feet above her bottom, in which Hazel used to lie at night. He then made another little wall at the boat's stern, and laid palm branches over all, and a few huge banana-leaves from the jungle; got a dozen large stones out of the river, tied four yard's-lengths of Helen's grass rope from stone to stone, and so, passing the ropes over the roof, confined it, otherwise a sudden gust of wind might lift it.

"There," said he: "am I not as well off as you?—I, a great tough man. Abominable waste of time, I call it."

"Hum!" said Helen, doubtfully. "All this is very clever; but I doubt whether it will keep out much rain."

"More than yours will," said Hazel, "and that is a very serious thing. I am afraid you little know how serious. But, to-morrow, if you please, I will examine our resources, and lay our whole situation before you, and ask your advice. As to your Bugbear, let him roar his heart out, his reign is over. Will you not come and see your wooden walls?"

He then took Helen and showed her the tremendous nature of her fortification, and assured her that no beast of prey could face it, nor even smell at it, with impunity. And as to the door, here the defense was double and treble; but attached to four grass cords; two passed into the abode round each of the screw pine-trees at the east side, and were kept in their places by pegs driven into the trees.

"When you are up," said Hazel, "You pull these four cords steadily, and your four guards will draw back right and left, with all their bayonets, and you can come out."

Helen was very much pleased with this arrangement, and did not disguise her gratitude. She slept in peace and comfort that night. Hazel, too, profited by the mud walls for the night was colder, as it happened, than any preceding night since they came ashore. In the morning, Hazel saw a green turtle on the shore, which was unusual at that time of year. He ran and turned her, with some difficulty; then brought down his cart, cut off her head with a blow, and, in due course dragged her up to the slope. She weighed two hundred pounds. He showed Miss Rolleston the enormous shell, gave her a lecture on turtles, and especially on the four species known to South Sea navigators—the trunk turtle, the loggerhead, the green turtle, and the hawks-bill, from which last, and not from any tortoise, he assured her came the tortoise-shell of commerce.

"And now," said he, "will you now give up or suspend your Reptile theory, and eat a little green turtle, the king of them all?"

"I think I must, after all that," said she; and rather relished it.

That morning he kept his word, and laid their case before her.

He said: "We are here on an island that has probably been seen and disregarded by a few whalers, but is not known to navigators nor down on any chart. There is a wide range of vegetation, proving a delightful climate on the whole, and one particular suited to you, whose lungs are delicate. But then, comparing the beds of the rivers with the banks, a tremendous fall of rain is indicated. The rainy months (in these latitudes) are at hand, and if these rains catch us in our present condition, it will be a calamity. You have walls, but no roof to keep it out. I tremble when I think of it. This is my main anxiety. My next is about our sustenance during the rains; we have no stores under cover; no fuel, no provisions but a few cocoanuts. We use two lucifer matches a day; and what is to become of us at that rate? In theory, fire can be got by rubbing two pieces of wood together; Selkirk is said to have so obtained it, from pimento wood on Juan Fernandez: but, in fact, I believe the art is confined to savages. I never met a civilized man who could do it, and I have questioned scores of voyagers. As for my weapons, they consist of a boathook and an ax; no gun; no harpoon, no bow, no lance. My tools are a blunt saw, a blunter ax, a wooden spade, two great augers that I believe had a hand in bringing us here, but have not been any use to us since, a center bit, two planes, a hammer, a pair of pinchers, two brad-awls, three gimlets, two scrapers, a plumbline and line, a large pair of scissors, and you have a small pair, two gauges, a screw-driver, five clasp-knives, a few screws and nails of various sizes, two small barrels, two bags, two tin bowls, two wooden bowls, and the shell of this turtle, and that is a very good soupturenn, only we have no meat to make soup with."

"Well, sir," said Miss Rolleston, resignedly, "we can but kneel down and die."

"That would be cutting the gordian knot, indeed," said Hazel. "What, die to shirk a few difficulties? No. I propose an amendment to that. After the words 'kneel down,' insert the words, 'and get up again, trusting in that merciful Providence which has saved us so far, but expects us to exert ourselves too.'"

"It is good and pious advice," said Helen, "and let us follow it this moment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Unshipping His Rudder.

A veteran tar, who had served many years in the capacity of boatswain, on getting past exertion was appointed by his commander, in grateful memory of his former conduct, a kind of sub-gardener at his country seat near Philadelphia. Jack had not long been in possession of his new post when he perceived every morning on walking over the gardens that several of the beds were pawed about and the borders destroyed, indicating by their marks the stealthy visits of some canine wanderer.

Jack immediately communicated the news to the commander, who concurred with him in his opinion as to its cause and advised him to go to the garden a few hours earlier in the morning and give the intruder a warm welcome. Jack accordingly did so. Hiding himself in the shrubbery, he soon espied a long, lean dog, between a pointer and a mastiff, spring upon the garden wall, and jumping into the garden and began running about and exploring, with a degree of activity and keeness, the depth of a strawberry bed.

Jack watched his oppurtunity and at the moment the dog had burrowed his head out of sight in leaves, the tar stole behind him with a spade and at a blow struck off his tail; the dog sprang over the garden wall again, yelping. Some time after, when the commander came into the garden, Jack accosted him:

"All right, your Honor; we were boarded by a dog, sure enough, of a long, sharp, sailing build, rather white about the bows and dark in the midship."

"What did you do with him, Jack?"

"I prevented his finding his way back here any more."

"You did not kill him, Jack?"

"Oh, no, I laid by upon the lookout in the shubbery, and when I seed him dowse his bows in the strawberry bed I dropped softly astern and with this here tool unshipped his rudder—that's all."

The dog never came back to trouble Jack.

Hope.

The truth is that a man can better afford to sacrifice his dinner daily for a year than live without hope for a week. And nature has recognized that it is so. What phrase is more common in our mouths than the simple but significative "I hope?" Nor is there any human being, howsoever forlorn in material possessions or howsoever afflicted, who was not originally endowed with this capacity of hope. Go to the hospitals, where one might suppose it were easy to find despair in many aspects. The doctor will whisper to you that this or that invalid is doomed, and that he cannot, by all the evidence of human foresight and experience, live one day more. "Well, and how are you?" you say to the sick man, and perhaps you cannot help betraying in your tone the pity you feel for him, thus hovering between two worlds, about one of which alone, the one he is leaving, you are able to assure yourself that you know anything decisive. "Oh, much better," he replies, with strong hope in his voice and his eyes. "I think I shall soon be well." —All the Year Round.

A YOUNG Napoleon of the rail has cropped into prominence at Williamsport, Pa., A colored boy has there been jailed for stealing a locomotive.