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LEY European countries keep their defective and criminal classes. It is quite enough for us to assimilate and civilize the people they send us who are in other respects undesirable in their raw-material state.

FASHION has decreed that mourning paper shall hereafter bear a band of black across the corner of the sheet only. The relatives of dead millionaires who do not wish to be hypocritical will welcome the innovation.

NOTHING is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing, for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

"SHOULD every dog of every breed in America be killed to-morrow," says a St. Louis statistician, "the real loss to the country would not be $100. On the contrary, the gain would be at least $30,000,000 per year. Nations famed for their thrift and economy do not take to dogs."

NOTHING astonishes the French people more than to hear that the driver of a vehicle in America must exercise the least care for the safety of a pedestrian. In France the man who gets run over can be smartly fined, and they hold that this is the only way to make people careful.

TARGET-SHOOTING contests in the Turkish army have developed the fact that not one soldier in twenty could hit a man at twenty paces. A target as big as a barn door placed thirty rods away was missed twenty-nine times where it was hit once. The Turk looks well in red trousers, however.

NEW ORLEANS brokers have $10 gold pieces frozen into cakes of artificial ice and then brought around to the exchange by a boy. The cakes are placed in the sun, and the last gold piece to melt out takes all the others. It's not quite as exciting as a horse race, but it beats penny-ante way into the back woods.

A QUEBEC reporter offered any fortune teller in that city $50 if she or he would tell him one single circumstance in his past life, and though nine of them tried it, every one had to admit that the stars didn't work right and nothing could be done. What could have been done was not done—to jail the whole lot as swindlers.

DR. OLANUS, a distinguished German physician, who was for many years a vegetarian, has returned to the use of meat as food, alleging that under an exclusive vegetable diet his arteries had begun to degenerate. Arteries are mighty good allies of the gentleman who hankers for the flesh-pots. No one can dispute their testimony.

THE proper education of every man is the widest that he can attain; the more he knows the more useful is he to himself and to those around him. Education to be true and complete must fit a man or a nation for a complete life. The education that gives knowledge that is of no use for the activities and duties of existence is useless.

"THERE are just as many heroes and heroines now as in any age before," says a Cleveland paper, "but the opportunities for exhibiting acts of heroism are somewhat scarcer.' That's entirely correct, unless a young lady wants to pick up the broom and give her old mother a rest, or a young man dares face a crowd with his pants bagging at the knees.

THERE is said to be a reaction against the Republic in Brazil. This is temporary and will pass away. The reaction always comes after a revolution but it is seldom equal to the upheaval. It is a knowledge of this fact from which has come the saying: "Revolutions never go backwards." There may be an apathy for a time, but the new Republic will endure.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, who is many times a millionaire, is said to have made the statement that if he were a young man with $10,000 or $100,000 he would go to Africa and make millions in the rubber trade. A man with $100,000 can make money in a thousand and one ways. If Mr. Huntington can inform the young man without a penny how to make a moderate fortune it will be worth while speaking [illegible]

THE belief that man once ran wild in the woods seems confirmed by his persistent tendency to "strike for the timber" when he gets a respite from the cares and labors that civilization has imposed upon him, and that he has "evoluted" from a comparatively clotheless condition to a plug hat and Prince Albert is indicated by his yearning to discard those superfluities and get back to primeval simplicity in the way of garments in hot weather.

ANARCHAZIA appears to be leading the world in all kinds of reform. The last one is a method of simplifying the transfer of real estate. In general terms it consists in collecting and can[illegible] all the regular deeds and in[illegible] on a piece of property and [illegible] a guaranteed certificate of [illegible] which practically repre[illegible] land. This simple instru[illegible] cannot have one to another [illegible] rate. The cer[illegible] the land and sets [illegible] the title to it is [illegible] is recorded, [illegible] the

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Country Long Ago.

BY SARAH MABIE BERGHAM.

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CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED.

"To Dublin. In my hurry to leave Waverland I forgot to take the money from the funds I had in my possession, so I only had enough in my purse to take me there. When I left the train in that great city I was bewildered for a time. As I was walking along the street a little girl came running up to me and taking my hand said, 'come see my mamma, she is so still.' The child was a ragged, half starved little girl. She led me to an old hovel. There on a bed made of leaves and straw lay a woman, dead! I went into a house near by, and asked the woman who came to the door if she knew anything about the dead. She told me that the dead woman was a widow. She had tried to get work but failed, and she had probably starved to death. The child had a pinched and shrivelled look, but no doubt the mother had denied herself to save the child. The priest was sent for. I washed the poor woman's face and combed her hair. When the priest came he seemed surprised to see a stranger there. He asked who I was that I should take such an interest in this poor woman's death. I told him I was a stranger in Dublin but the child had led me to her mother. I also told him I was without money or friends, and would like to get a place somewhere as governess. He asked me to go with him to his sister's house until I could find some other home. I found his sister a kind, gentle woman of considerable culture and good common sense. Her whole aim and object in life was to be of use to her brother, who was her hero.

"They lived very plainly. Miss O'Hone said her brother would not allow himself any luxuries when there were so many that must suffer. Their food was of the simplest kind, but I was made welcome to share it with them. The little room that Father O'Hone used for his library was emptied of its books and made into a sleeping room for me. His books were piled on a box in one corner of the living room. This faithful woman never tired of telling how her brother would go through rain and mud in summer or winter if he could be of service to some poor suffering creature. Nothing could happen among his people but that he was called on to bear a part of their burdens. He was their pastor, doctor, lawyer and friend all in one. Father O'Hone was a large, powerful looking man. He had a pleasant face; was well educated; had a good share of common sense and a large heart full of sympathy. While I was staying with Miss O'Hone she tried earnestly to find me a position. I had about decided to advertise, when one day, Bishop Welch gave a public address. Miss O'Hone and I went to hear him. He told the people that the time for religious controversy had passed. Now they must unite and act in unison and Charles Stewart Parnell would lead them to victory. It was at that public meeting while I was standing on the walk that a closed carriage stopped near me. Lady Irving opened the door and called my name. I went to her surprised beyond measure at seeing her there, while she was equally surprised to see me. I sat with her in her carriage for a while giving her as much of my history as I deemed necessary. Then she offered me three hundred pounds a year to be her traveling companion. I can never forget the pleasure of that hour. Here was food and clothing and a chance to see the great world that I had so longed to see. Lady Irving handed me a gold coin to pay the kind hearted people who had so generously given me a home for nearly a month. When I went to bid Miss O'Hone good-bye I slipped the money into her hand. She smiled her thanks and with a hearty 'God bless you' bade me good-bye."

"I bless the kind Father for watching over my little friend," I said, with fervent heart. "What would you have done but for Lady Irving's timely visit?"

"I do not know, but some way would have been provided. My father taught me to do the best I could and trust the rest to God."

"Did you ever think of Waverland and feel sorry that you left?"

"I often thought of that place but was not sorry for leaving. Though I was nearly tempted to advertise and sign my own name, thinking if you wished to find me you would in that way be able to do so."

"I thought you might do that, and from the time you left Waverland until I found you in Denver, I never picked up a paper without looking through the list of advertisements. But I never found the name I longed to see."

"I have had a very happy time with Lady Irving. She has proved to be all that I anticipated on the first evening of our acquaintance."

"But did you still hope to see me again? Or give any thought to the lonely old home that you had deserted?"

"Yes, I thought of you and Waverland very often, but I always tried to crush the thought you were engaged to Annie Wren!"

"Annie! What made you think that!"

"Because you were fond of her, and then your mother said you were to marry her."

"And did you think that I could ever forget my little sunbeam who had filled my heart with warmth and gladness?"

"I did not know!"

"But you did know, or you would never have fled from Waverland. You know 'the wicked flee when no one pursueth.' That one act made me sure that you loved me. And the knowledge of that love gave me courage to struggle out of the despair I felt when I first found that you had gone."

"When you came into the parlor at Denver my heart answered that question almost unconsciously, and it was a hard task to teach myself composure. I kept saying over to myself your mother's words. He is to marry Annie."

"But he is not to marry Annie! never! never! as I told my mother on that evening. But darling, when will you become my bride and bring joy and happiness to the old home at Waverland?"

"Not yet, Loyd, not yet," she said.

"But Stella dear, why need we wait! You have no one to ask, I have no one to care, we have none in all the world to please but each other."

She only shook her head and remained firm. As we were returning to the hotel we could hear Melvorne pleading earnestly with Lady Irving to set their wedding day. But that lady was as obstinate as Stella had been.

Melvorne came to my room that evening with a gloomy face. He gave vent to his disappointment by saying:

"I always knew women were headstrong. Lady Irving has promised to be my wife, yet she will not name our wedding day."

"I tried to gain the same object this evening myself! Do you think they have made some arrangement to make us wait?" I asked.

"I don't know, but we seem fated. We must wait the will and pleasure of our self-willed angels," he said, as he bade me goodnight with returning cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

The morning found our party ready for new sights and scenes.

"What have you on the programme for to-day, Lolland?" asked Melvorne.

"The famous springs, six in number, are among the first objects," he answered.

"Either to-day or to-morrow I want our party to visit my ranch and see my fine herd of cattle. The ladies have never seen a cowboy yet," said Melvorne, good spirits at prospect of a change.

We started out to visit the far famed boiling springs first. Crossing a little rustic bridge we came to the Manitou spring. Stella was first to reach it, as she was first in everything, even in my thoughts. Reaching down for a cup of the sparkling water, she raised it high above her head.

She raised a cup of water high above her head.

As she did so her hat fell to the ground and down came the coil of wavy ringlets. She blushed as her hair fell round her shoulders, but said in a comical tone:

"May the God of the medicine man send health, wealth and long life to our little party."

"Amen," we shouted, laughing at her comic attitude. How fairy like she looked in her dress of woodland gray, surrounded by those silken locks made golden by the sunlight.

Before we had time for thought, Melvorne had grasped her hand and was saying:

"Stella Everett, was your father's name Charles Edward?"

"Yes sir," said Stella, amazed at his words and manner.

"Then you are my cousin," he exclaimed. "Now I can explain the charm your manner has always had for me. Friends, congratulate me on the happy discovery."

Then came warm congratulations. Lady Irving was the first, and, woman like, she found comfort in a few glistening tears. Then Mrs. Lollard greeted Stella in a most sisterly fashion. Mrs. Lollard took her hand, saying:

"I am glad to know that such good fortune has come to my little friend." As for myself I hardly knew what to say. But the glad look that met my glance made my heart beat a double quick as I clasped her hand in mine.

"But," said Stella, as soon as the congratulations were over, "how did you make this happy discovery, for such it is to me, Cousin Melvorne?"

"My mother died when I was but a child," said Melvorne with emotion. "But I remember one morning as I went to her room she was standing as you are now, with her hair falling about her shoulders, while the sunlight was streaming on it, turning it to finest gold. I cried out in childish joy, 'O, mamma, your hair is all aglow!' Just now your face, your form, and, above all, these golden locks have brought my mother to my mind.

"But that does not explain it all. My mother's maiden name was Everett. She had one brother who married against his father's wishes. The old gentleman, who was imperiously proud and self-willed, disinherited his son on that account. At his death he left all his wealth to my mother," said Melvorne, still watching Stella, who by the aid of a few hair pins, was making the unruly tresses into a closely twisted coil.

"Cousin Stella," said Melvorne, with a lingering tone, as if to catch the melody of the new words, "have you never heard that your father was an English nobleman?"

"Yes, my old nurse told me that he was, one day when I was helping her with the housework," Stella replied.

"But did your father never tell you of it?" he asked.

"I think not. But I remember once, not many years ago, my father came to me, and putting one hand on either side of my face said, 'You look so much like her!' and, with a deep sigh left the room. When I asked the nurse if he meant my mother, she said no, it was of his sister he was thinking."

"I think you must look very much like my mother. That made the charm your society had for me. I have often tried to analyze it," said Melvorne thoughtfully.

While the duke and Stella had been talking I had taken from my note book a little white envelope; the time had now come to understand its meaning.

"Melvorne, was your mother's home at Raven's Park, England?" I asked.

"Yes; why?"

"I have something here," I said opening the note that held my translation of the cryptogram, and handing it to Melvorne. As I handed it to him Stella caught sight of the card and exclaimed:

"O, my lost treasure!" reaching her hand out for it. "Where did you find it, Loyd? I looked everywhere for it when I left Waverland, but could not find it."

I explained how I happened to find it and how I came to learn its meaning. Stella stood like one in a trance. Then with tears of joy she thanked me for revealing its contents.

"I have spent hours in trying to read that little hidden message. That and the fifty pounds I told you of I found in an envelope addressed to me and on a little note inside were these words: 'A father's will to his darling child,'" said Stella.

"This is indeed a revelation," said Melvorne. "We need no farther testimony than this translated message from the departed. 'I am Charles Edward Everett, Son of Edward Everett, Earl of York, from Ravens Park, England,' said the duke with emotion.

"How strange that this message should have remained hidden until now," said Lady Irving.

"It was like my father to provide in some unexpected way for my learning of his birth and rank," said Stella, holding the precious cryptogram as though it could take wings and fly. "How strange it seems to know that I have one relative in all this world of people," she continued, going to the duke and altering her hand. "You are my very own cousin. My father's words have proven it!"

"You are not sorry, are you, little cousin?" asked Melvorne, seeing the tears glistening in her eyes.

"O, no, cousin James, but glad! so glad!"

"Well, now, I have something else to do besides visiting boiling springs," he said, turning to us. "And I want your aid, so all follow me." And Melvorne led the way back to the hotel, keeping Stella by his side.

At the hotel he paused a moment, then started down the street, still keeping Stella's hand upon his arm.

At a place where a lawyer's sign swung to and fro in the summer's breeze Melvorne paused, and opening the door, asked us to enter. The room was large and fitted up in the most approved style for an office. It was a sort of combination law office and real estate business room.

After entering, Melvorne asked if Lawyer Jones was present.

"Yes, sir," answered a gentleman, "that is my name. What can I do for you?" he asked, making an easy bow to the ladies.

"I wish some important papers made out and sent to England," said Melvorne in a business way.

Then followed the tedious legal process of a transfer of property. Melvorne had decided to divide his grandfather's estate as it would have been divided had Stella's father received his rightful share. At first Stella objected to receiving it but the duke was determined.

While the lawyer was busy with Melvorne's papers, a man entered and asked if Mr. Sharp was in. A gentleman from the other desk answered to the name, saying.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Have you money to loan?" asked the stranger.

"Yes sir, that is my business," answered Mr. Sharp.

"I want to borrow a thousand dollars on that property," said the man, handing a document to Mr. Sharp as he spoke.

Mr. Sharp, a keen, shrewd business man took the paper and after reading it over carefully, said.

"I know the property your deed describes, and can loan you the money secured by a mortgage on that land."

"What per cent must I give, sir?" asked the man.

"Ten per cent for five years time," said Mr. Sharp.

"What is the commission?"

"Only six per cent."

"I must have it or lose my place," said the man with a sigh.

"As soon as Jones is at liberty we will make out the papers," said Mr. Sharp, with a most complacent smile as though his ready fingers had already secured the commission, while in the near future a vision revealed a foreclosure on the mortgage and the land within his own grasp.

I thought, here is a veritable shylock ready to take not one pound only, but many, if we could count the toil and worry and weary heart aches! I remembered the story the old man told me back in Illinois who had passed through such an ordeal as this, and the final result was to see his home go into the hands of a foreign land monopolist, whose capital is said to be developing (?) the country! O yes! developing another Ireland!

While I had been busy thinking, the papers had been completed, and I was roused from my reverie by hearing Melvorne say:

"Now Miss Everett, you are hereby entitled to all the rank and privileges of an Earl's daughter."

Stella was confused, and for a moment made no answer. But her cheeks flushed and her looks recalled to my mind the evening when she heard those stinging words at Lord Waverland's reception.

"Now you stand by right of birth above those who scorned you once," I said going to her side.

"I was thinking of those words, and others I have often heard," she said; then aside she said to me, "Now, Sir Waverland, you will not need to wed beneath your rank by marrying me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPECTACLE LENSES.

How They Are Cut Out of Sheets of Glass with Diamond Sparks.

The work of cutting is all performed with a tiny fragment of diamond, known in the trade as a spark. It is not every spark, however, that will cut a lens, says the *American Jeweler*. The sparks are mounted in the following manner: A piece of brass wire is selected, say three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, a hole is drilled in the end large enough to admit the spark, and it is set in the hole with the point up. The outer edge or shell of the wire is beaten inward, and holds the spark firmly in place. The wire is then placed in the lathe and cut off just back of the sparks, turning the end hemispherical, using the point of the spark that sticks through the brass as a center. A piece of steel wire is next selected, of the same diameter as the brass wire, and the end is turned in, forming a cup. The mounted spark is then soft-soldered into this cup and it is ready for the machine, which works automatically from a pattern and can be set to cut larger or smaller than the pattern. Before the mounted spark is placed in the machine, however, it is tested by holding the handle upright. If it does not cut in an upright position, the point is unsoldered by means of the blowpipe and the handle resoldered, leaving the cutting point at the required angle, while the handle itself is upright. When the spark is found to cut well in an upright position it is then placed in the machine for trial. The glass is placed upon a pad under the spark, the glass varying in form according to the kind of lens being cut. If the lens is flat the pad is also, and if the lens is convex the pad is concave and must be a perfect fit; for the better the fit the more accurate will be the work. The pattern and glass travel around while the diamond remains stationary. The life of a spark is short, some being only one day, while once in awhile they can be worked for a year. The workmen average fifty dozen pairs of lenses per day. A good diamond will cut on an average 1,500 dozen pairs. The average lens measures four inches around and a dozen pairs would be eight feet. In cutting 1,500 pairs the spark would travel over a surface equal to a piece of glass 120,000 feet long. There are exceptional sparks that cut for months. I now have one which has been in operation for fifteen months and has cut 8,200 dozen pairs, traveling about 57,600 feet. We use two kinds of sparks, the Brazilian and the African, and they cost from $3 to $5 each.

A Big Game Preserve.

Much interest, says *Forest and Stream*, attaches to the enterprise undertaken by Austin Corbin, who has laid out on an extensive scale a preserve for big game in New England. A tract of country has been secured forty miles north of Concord, amid the Croyldon and Grantham mountains in New Hampshire. The range covers many thousands of acres. Mr. Corbin proposes to inclose the territory, police it, and maintain it strictly as a private game preserve. The species of big game to be put out upon it will include buffalo, elk, antelope, moose, caribou and deer, white-tailed and black-tailed. While this is further northeast than the recorded native range of the buffalo, there is no reason why they should not do well in New Hampshire. The region is the native home of the moose, caribou and the white-tailed deer; and the black-tail might thrive there. We seriously question, however, the success of the experiment with antelope. The climate is dry compared with that of the West, and the probability is that the species will not live in New England. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Corbin's enterprise in establishing such a preserve for the noble game of America may be successful.

Russian Female Telegraphers.

The Russian ukase forbids female telegraphers from marrying any persons except male telegraphists has been revoked, and now they may marry "any man of respectability" after having obtained official permission.

"A SOFT TONGUE."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON IN CINCINNATI.

The Eloquent Divine Delivers a Powerful Sermon on Kindness as a Defense and as a Means of Usefulness.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached in Cincinnati on Sunday. His text taken from Proverbs xv. 18 was "A soft tongue breaketh the bone." He said:

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot, and I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals; and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defence. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under the circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as they sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to reconsider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go. "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse, and worse, and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and, lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a christian hammer that the scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him: "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says to you: "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages; year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much; but let us settle all now in one great hand-shaking, and be good friends all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which you before stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you, and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all, they conquered themselves. "O," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October, and I have to admit that this grace of christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the singing tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord, by His spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other subject that I desire to present, and that is, KINDNESS AS A MEANS OF USEFULNESS, in all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed christian people, or through prying curiously about the future world, there are a great many people who become sceptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from scepticism to the christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when sceptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high-water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and stories of sarcasm may rouse up the passions of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of the christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth, and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said, is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, the thick tongue and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself from his debauch, and began to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life to come. He was afterward attorney-general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace. That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. O, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying for ever for the lack one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the planes all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

"Kind words never die, never die;
Cherished and blessed."

O, that we might in our families, and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March north-easter will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Savior's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of the world's obduracy is to be broken before that story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens' pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent from the Cross," as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get Him down."

O, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that He will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that he may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, seeing them prepared for the world that is to come. Above all, I look for the mercy of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. O, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and glorious assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His Grace which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Excused This Time.

Schoolmarm (with ominous look in her eye)—What made you so late, Robert Reed?

Robert—Been fightin'.

Schoolmarm (advancing furiously)—You have, eh?

Robert—Yes, ma'am. A boy' sed yer wuz ugly as home-made sin, an' I jest give it to him.

Schoolmarm—Well, Robby, dear, I'll have to pardon you this time, but control your temper the best you can.

Comparative Speed.

The rate of speed of passenger trains in England is much greater than in this country. A number of lines have time cards of 45 to 51 miles per hour. In the United States the average time made on trunk lines is 21 to 23 miles per hour, including stops. The passenger, nevertheless, often rides at the rate of a mile a minute between stations.

A Great Scheme.

Villager—"Ah! Congressman Blank, very glad I met you. I want you to introduce a bill compelling all brass bands to join the militia, and in case of war march to the front."

Congressman—"Um! Suppose such a bill should become a law, then what?"

Villager—"Then what? Why, we'd get up a war."

No Necessity for That.

Papa—Why do you wish to marry him, Ethel?

Ethel—Why, because he loves me.

Papa—But do you love him?

Ethel—Why, no. I never thought of that. I've been too much interested in getting him to propose to have time to think of it.

HEROISM OF MISS PARSONS.

An Army Nurse Who Is Frightened Neither by Heat Nor Disease.

Miss Louise Parsons, head nurse of a ward in Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, and acting superintendent of nurses pending the arrival of Miss Isabel A. Hampton of Canada, has an interesting history. Miss Parsons is one of the nursing sisters, a Nightingale nurse, trained in 1879 at St. Thomas Hospital, London. Florence Nightingale, after the Crimean war, started this school of instruction under the name of St. Thomas Training School for Nurses. For service in Egypt during the Soudan war, Miss Parsons has been highly commended and handsomely decorated. She received from Queen Victoria the Royal Red Cross, which the queen, the princess of Wales and other members of the royal family of England wear; a silver medal from the English war office, and a bronze medal from the khedive of Egypt.

Miss Parsons, as described by the Springfield *Union*, is an Englishwoman of medium stature and active movement. She sailed from London for the Soudan March 3, 1885, and landed at Suez, from which place she had a two and a half days' trip to Suakim. She was stationed on the steam transport Ganges, fitted up as a hospital. The boat received its complement of patients from the seat of war, wounded and fever-stricken. There were about four hundred on the Ganges when Miss Parsons was assigned to that post. During her stay on the steamer the ship was cleared of all who could be moved. They were transferred to the Iberia and sent to London. Suakim is said to be the hottest place in the world—so hot that flies cannot live there. The last popular belief, Miss Parsons, says, is a mistake, for she saw and fought millions of flies here and all the plagues of Israel. Miss Parsons, with two other sisters, took back to England 400 patients on the Iberia and only lost four on the way. She returned overland to Brindisi and crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria, whence she went to Suez by rail, passing the battlefield of Tel-e-Keber, where the Arabs in 1883 lost 5,000 killed. The journey is described as terrible, on account of the heat. With three other sisters she was stationed at Suez, and received all sick forwarded from Suakim. As soon as convalescent they were put aboard homebound ships.

It was intensely hot at Suez, and Miss Parsons had a thermometer, from excess of heat, burst in her pocket. The hospital yard was gorgeous with beautiful flowers, but they had to be gathered before 4 o'clock in the morning or the hot atmosphere robbed them of their fragrance. In some of the marshes the men, suffering with dreadful thirst, would drink water that had been lying in the sun for days. The result was always a largely increased number for the hospitals. She was herself attacked with typhoid fever at Suez suffered a relapse on the homeward voyage on the steamer Ganges, and had a second relapse after she reached home. Miss Parsons sent her resignation to the war office before coming to this country. She came to the United States on a visit, but circumstances caused her to remain longer than she expected, and finally to accept a place in the Johns Hopkins hospital. She has never served in any other hospital in the United States.

MARRIED THREE SISTERS.

Remarkable Experience in the Life of a Georgia Legislator.

The Hon. Alfred Herrington—Herrington of Emanuel—is married, says the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*.

He was one of the most popular members of the last legislature, and a great many friends here and in other parts of the state will be interested in the story.

He will be most readily recalled to *Constitution* readers, perhaps, by his spirited refusal to obey instructions given by the political bosses of his section to control his vote on the Olive bill.

The incident was the subject of a lot of comment, and secured him many friends.

It was known among his intimate acquaintances that he had been twice married and was again a widower. His two wives were sisters.

While his first wife was living he had contributed toward the education of his sister-in-law, then a young girl.

Then in time he married the second sister—the one he had educated.

The second wife's place in school was taken by a third sister. It was Mr. Herrington's pride that the children should grow up cultured and refined, and he spared no expense in giving the third sister—as he had given the second—the best of educations.

Now he has married the third sister. The story is told briefly in this special from Swainsboro:

"The most interesting occurrence that has taken place in our town in some time is the marriage of the Hon. Alfred Herrington to Miss Annie Lee Wilkins at the residence of Mrs. E. E. Flanders. The contracting parties are among the most prominent and popular young people of this section. Mr. Herrington is our present very efficient member of the legislature. The bride is a young lady of many natural gifts and enviable accomplishments. For some time she has been editing the *Southern Girl*, and many young people in this and other southern states are familiar with her writing. Another interesting feature of the program is that this is the third sister Mr. Herrington has married. He has educated and given his bride all the accomplishments that money could contribute, having educated her at one of the best female colleges in the south.

Mount Tacoma.

By the new measurement the famous Mount Popocatepetl of Mexico, supposed to be one of the highest mountains in the world, is not quite so high as Mount Tacoma, the marvelous mountain that towers three miles into the air within sight of the city of Tacoma on Puget Sound. From the city Mount Tacoma is so grand and so vivid in every feature that it seems to be almost within rifle shot. "How far off is the mountain?" a stranger was asked one evening when the sunset flush reddened the lovely peak of eternal snow. "It is farther than it appears, I suppose," was the answer; "but it is not more than two miles away." The mountain was sixty miles distant in an air line.

A trial in the harbor of Portsmouth, England, recently showed that a modern torpedo boat can mount any boom yet devised to protect a roadstead or harbor. The structure tested it was supposed would instantly stop and hold fast any boat attempting to pass it, but the boat, driven at full speed, went over it without difficulty or damage.