MARBLE HILL PRESS.

J. G. FINNEY, PUBLISHER.

MARBLE HILL - - MISSOURI.

A MAN with average health, with a fairly prosperous business, with an income ample to maintain himself and family up to the standard of the community in which he lives, has no business to get blue.

MR. DEPEW notes as an interesting characteristic of the queen that "her face lights up when she smiles." But this is a common trait in all faces. Every one's face lights up when he smiles, and even when he is asked to smile.

IN case of a war with a foreign nation this government could raise five men to every one she had in the civil war, and that probably without resorting to the draft. Financiers say that she could also raise $50 now easier than she could raise a dollar in 1860.

THE romance of West Point and Annapolis makes thousands of boys anxious to get there, but the cold facts of a practical trial discourage three-fifths of the pupils before the second year. Only about one in five graduates, and a smaller proportion follow the profession through life.

MODERN society laughs when two individuals go out to shoot at each other as a method of proclaiming their courage and vindicating their honor; but its savage delight in the shedding of blood is aroused when two nations rush to arms against each other for the same purpose.

WHY the Amazons fight better than the regular male soldiery is explained by one who was captured by the French in a battle last spring. Each woman is promised a mile square in Heaven, three husbands, all the fish and honey she needs, and the satisfaction of killing an enemy once a week.

WHEN a gun in action drops a shell at a certain spot everybody runs away, yet an old artilleryist says that every spot is the safest, as the range is changed at the next fire and the next shell will go somewhere else. Paste this in your hat, but remember that the case is different when a boy is firing snow balls at you.

THERE is no surer sign of a more liberal civilization and a wiser world than the perception that the bounds of legitimate womanly interest and activity are not to be set by men as heretofore to mark their own convenience and pleasure. The tradition of the lovely incapacity of women reflects either the sensitive apprehension or the ignoble abasement of man.

THE English law requires that every mine shall have at least two openings, and that the location of the second one shall be arranged with especial regard for ventilation and the chance of escape in the case of an accident. If such a law had been in effect, and enforced in this country for twenty years past, the present census would have showed thousands more people than it now will.

IT is said that New York is now full of dukes, counts, marquises and other European nobles who have been compelled to leave their homes for one reason or another. This is ever so convenient for New Yorkers, who have heretofore been compelled to go abroad to chase down a title. All they will have to do now is to hang out a sign, "title wanted," and make their bargains at their own doors.

NO ONE knows better that the active workers in the profession the faults of the newspaper. They know, too, that despite all things it more than keeps abreast of public sentiment, and that it is constantly progressing and improving to a broader and more wholesome influence in the changing and advancing conditions of civilization. In this respect the newspaper need fear no comparison with the achievements of men in other professions.

NEVER before in the history of mankind has there been a period when the Christian world was so much occupied as it is now in making ready for war. Never before was the business of killing men reduced to so great scientific perfection. More thought is expended on the invention and construction of engines of war than upon the implements of peace. Physics, chemistry, mechanics, all arts and sciences are enlisted for the work of destruction.

THE possibility of inoculating cattle against Texas fever is established by the experiment of the state veterinarian of Missouri, though the certainty of preventing the destructive disease is not established. The system of inoculation against Texas fever is on the principle of Pasteur's hydrophobic inoculation. Graduated virus is used in successive applications. In one case thirty cattle were inoculated and, though turned loose in an infected pasture where fifty cattle had died in the neighborhood, they did not catch the distemper.

LION taming, which has heretofore been looked upon as an exciting and dangerous pursuit, has been reduced to a safe and mechanical basis by the use of electricity. The lion tamer now enters the cage of the king of beasts carrying a light wand with an insulating grip for the hand connected by a flexible wire with a battery. With this device the lion is about as dangerous as a pug dog. He may look terrible and roar, but he can do no harm. Anybody can tame a lion nowadays, and those thrilling stories in which the keeper, failing to subdue the majestic animal by the strange power of his bad eye, is torn all to pieces by him in sight of the audience are tales of the past.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1886.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Stella remained silent as we entered and passed through the old hall. What a grand place it is! Just the home for my darling, I thought. Pictures of ancestors for many generations hung on the walls of the long gallery; and, as we were passing along Melvorne stepped to one and paused.

"This," he said, with reverence, "was Sir Edward, our grandfather."

Stella looked for some moments at the stately form with snow white hair and beard and bright blue eyes.

"My father had those clear blue eyes and a broad smooth brow, but the expression of his mouth was not so hard and proud," said Stella as she moved away.

"This was my mother's room," said Melvorne, leading the way into another apartment. The room was trimmed in blue and white. The ground work of the carpet, the curtains and all the drapery of the room was blue, while delicate vines and leaves were traced in white. Every thing about the room was in accord with the most perfect taste.

"This was your father's," said Melvorne, opening a door down the hall. Here, rich, dark tints gave a warm glow to the room. "And these were his books when a school-boy," he continued, opening the doors of a bookcase.

Stella went to the open case and with a tender sadness on her face took one book after another from its old accustomed place and read with an aching heart the dear name now forgotten save by a few. Tears fell on the open page as she looked upon the writing of the hand that had been her guide from infancy. I longed to comfort her, as she stood there with the memory of a fond father's, kind, protecting love so fresh in her thoughts. I went to her, and placing my arm about her waist remained silent.

"To think," she said, "that after all these years they are here to give me a welcome home. It seems like almost seeing my father to be among his books and see his own writing!"

"There is comfort in the silent messages," I said, as she stood reading from the margin of an old book. Then, as though speaking to herself alone she said:

"O, loving father, fond and true
Each silent book can speak for you.
And with an eloquence most rare,
Remind me of your tender care."

Then, as though some unseen comforter had been near, Stella closed the doors of the bookcase with a gentle touch as though she felt that it was conscious of her love. Then we left the room and joined Lady Irving and Melvorne in the school room. Broken toys and torn books still told of children's wayward ways. But now, alas, how changed, as Longfellow so beautifully pictures life in the lines:

"All things must change
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay,
Too soon to-day be yesterday.
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken pot shreds of the past.
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay."

It was a day of mingled joy and sadness for Stella. To her, this new revelation of her father's early life was a source of infinite pleasure, but it was mingled with regret because of her great loss in his death.

With Melvorne the past was full of precious memories, and with thoughtful kindness he anticipated Stella's slightest wish.

After lunch and a ramble over the velvety lawn and through the fragrant park, we returned to the city. In the evening papers we read the announcement of our arrival and they also gave a lengthy description of a double wedding soon to take place.

When we parted that evening I bade Stella good-night, saying.

"Good-bye, my darling, when we meet again I shall claim you as my own. No more separations then. It is only for a short time, still it looks long and tedious. You will write to me often, Stella dear?" I asked, as I held her to my heart in a close embrace.

"Yes, Loyd, I will write often, for letters help to make time pass more quickly. But I hate to let you go," she said clinging to my arm.

"You know I must go to make Waverland ready for its illustrious little mistress!"

"Dear old Waverland, I shall soon see it once more! Kiss Myrtle for me. Bring her with you when——" then she paused as though afraid to say more.

"Yes, dearest, I will bring her with me when I come to claim my bright, my bonny bride," I said, giving her a parting embrace.

It was a beautiful morning when I reached Waverland. I immediately set men to work repairing the place. The lodge at the gate I had taken down and set workmen to rebuilding it after the plan of one I had seen in Colorado. I had the lawn mowed, the walks re-graveled, the trees and shrubs trimmed and the old fountain once more gurgled forth its glee in silvery sprays. The sound of saw and hammer made music to my heart from every quarter, for I was preparing to receive my fairy star—my Stella!

The next day after my return I rode over to Sir Wren's to get Myrtle. When I came up the avenue I saw her in the poultry yard feeding the chickens, ducks and pigeons. The pigeons were flying about her, some of them even alighting on her head and shoulders.

What a picture of innocence and trust the group formed. Myrtle, with her sunny curls floating about her neck and shoulders, her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes and surrounded by the contented flock feeding from her gentle hands. But when she heard the horse's hoofs on the hard walk she turned, and seeing me, down went the little apron full of seeds and she came running toward me. The pigeons flew away in alarm, the ducks waddled off with a quack, quack, and the turkeys gobbled their disgust at being disturbed at meal time.

"O Loyd!" cried Myrtle, putting her arms about my neck as soon as I had dismounted, "have you come for me?"

"You are very happy here I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"I have had such a nice time. But do you want me to go home?" she asked, as though afraid of offending me.

"Yes I want you home if you are ready to go. Where is Annie?"

"She is in the house," said Myrtle, running on to tell the news. As she opened the drawing room door she exclaimed, "O Annie, Loyd has come!"

I had followed her into the room where Annie lay upon a sofa. She seemed but a shadow of her own happy self.

"Why, Annie," I said, going to her, "are you ill?"

"No," she said with a languid sigh "But I am not very strong this summer. Papa says he is going to take me to Italy to bring back my roses."

"Why, why Loyd, old boy, are you home?" said Sir Wren, coming into the room. "I had just heard that you were in London; and that Waverland is to have a new mistress."

"Yes, I found my lost friend in the new world among the mountains of Colorado with Lady Irving. They had been traveling together for some months."

"What is it, papa?" asked Annie, looking first at her father and then at me.

"O, I remember now, my pet," said Sir Wren tenderly. "You have not heard the news yet."

"What news?" she asked bewildered.

"Why Lady Irving is to be married again; this time to her old friend, the Duke of Melvorne, and Sir Loyd Waverland to Miss Stella Everett, grand-daughter of some English earl," he said. "But I thought this Miss Everett was your mother's governess," asked Sir Wren, turning to me with an inquiring look.

"So she was, Sir Wren," I answered, "but her grand-father was the late Earl of York."

"Then how came she to be in such a position in life?"

"Her father, Charles Edward Everett, married against his father's wishes and he disowned him for that cause," I explained.

"How does she become to be known and recognized now?"

"The Duke of Melvorne in some way discovered that she was his cousin. Then Stella's father left her as a part of his will a cryptogram, which when deciphered, explained who he was and where he came from. Melvorne has reinstated her to her rightful share as if her father had not been disowned."

"Strange," said Sir Wren, soliloquizing, "that I never thought of that. I knew Melvorne's mother was an Everett. And now I come to think of it, Stella looks very much as Melvorne's mother did at her age. You know we were great friends at that time and I remember very well the time Charlie left home," said Sir Wren, becoming excited with the news.

"Have you found Stella?" asked Myrtle, who had been standing at my side listening very attentively.

"I have found her pet, and she will soon be with us at Waverland again," I said.

"Then I want to go home," said she.

"And leave your pet pigeons?" I asked.

Her face clouded for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, for Stella would get me some more."

"Are you willing to leave Annie, when she has been so kind to you?"

"No. I will take Annie with me," she said, going to Annie as she spoke.

"Never mind me, dear," said Annie, in such a weary tone as though life was a burden, "papa and I are going to travel."

"Well, Loyd," said Sir Wren, taking my hand in his, "I am glad Waverland is going to be reopened. Annie has been pining away ever since the old house has been closed."

"I am having some improvements made. It will be quite a respectable place when I get it finished."

"Yes, you need to make it fine to receive so illustrious a wife. Quite an honor, I assure you, Loyd, to make such an alliance."

"That may be true but I loved her just as well as the simple governess as I ever can," I answered, truthfully.

"Where is she now?" asked Sir Wren.

"She is with Lady Irving at Silver Dell," I said. "Well, Myrtle," I asked, "are you ready to go home with me now?"

"Yes, if you want me to, but I would like to stay a while longer until Stella comes," she said.

"Good-bye then," I said, kissing her. "You must be able to attend our reception," I said to Annie as I left the room.

All the way home I could not forget Annie's sorrowful expression. What could have made such a change in my happy friend. I remembered our parting and could not help thinking that she might have known of my mother's wish and fancied herself in love with me. O, why is the world so full of sorrow! Why must some hearts go yearning through life for the love they can never enjoy! But Annie was soon forgotten. I was too happy in my love to remember anyone in sorrow.

The days flew past in quick succession; at last the time to leave Waverland had come. Everything was in order, and the old mansion was ready to receive its new mistress. As I went from room to room I felt proud of my home. In the drawing

"You are very happy here, I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

room I paused a moment in the deep window seat, thinking how soon my darling would be there to look upon the scene she enjoyed so much. Myrtle was at home and with a happy heart she danced from room to room in childish glee. Once she came to me, and climbing to my knee, she said:

"O, Loyd, if mamma was only here," and sobbed as though her little heart would break.

"Yes, my pet, if mother were here to enjoy it all with us how happy we could be," I said, holding her close in my arms. I thought of the weary hours I had passed with this sweet child as my only companion. No ray of hope came to bid us good cheer. It seemed as though we were doomed to go alone through life, and to never know the pleasures of a happy home. But now, so soon, the sacred light of love would fill our hearts with joy.

Then I had another source of pleasure. When I went to Sir Wren's the day before, I had found Annie full of the old time animation. Her eyes were so bright and her cheek had not recovered its rosy contour; but the expression of sadness had disappeared.

"Papa and I are going to Silver Dell too," was her first greeting, as I entered the room. "Cousin Cordelia says papa is her nearest relative and must be present at her wedding. Myrtle and I are to be bridesmaids."

"I am glad you are going, and more glad to see you looking so well," I said with a searching glance, for man like, I wished to know the truth.

She turned away her head but answered in a calm voice.

"Yes, Loyd, I am well: what a merry time we will have at the wedding!"

How pleased I was to see her so like her happy self. So pure, so childlike in her ways.

I had been round my estate considerably and found much more thrift and comfort than one year ago, and my tenants seemed more contented. But still the agitation for low rents and home rule was keeping the people roused to constant action. I found that no home was too poor, and no tenant so ignorant but that they had obtained and read an Irish paper.

I had issued invitations to a reception and banquet to be given on our return. Now the arrangements were all complete, and to-morrow, Myrtle and I were to leave Waverland for Silver Dell, London.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DOUBLE WEDDING.

The morning came full of joyous sound. It seemed as though the birds had tuned their songs in harmony with the glad refrain within my heart and were warbling forth their welcome home to my absent one.

Myrtle and I were ready when the train [illegible] our little railway station and we were soon making rapid time toward London. The journey was the old story; but how full of new joys and thoughts, as we sped away over the silent moors; through forests and busy cities.

There was a merry party gathered at Silver Dell. The grounds seemed filled with a living throng of happy smiling faces. Lady Irving was a queen of beauty. She was never bound down by any code of etiquette, and to-day she had departed from all known rules and planned an original programme characteristic of herself. It was late as we arrived. As we entered the grounds the first one to greet me was Colonel Haynes, my well remembered American friend.

"You here!" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, Sir Waverland I am here," he answered gaily, shaking my hand with a hearty good will. "I came to give you my congratulations on this most eventful occasion!"

"How did you know of the event! Where did you come from?" I asked.

"Not quite so fast," he said, laughing. "One question at a time." I heard through the papers that you had returned and when the grand ceremony was to take place. I came from Paris and the Duke of Melvorne asked me here," he continued.

"I am very glad to see you," I said, "but I supposed you were in America before this."

Just then Sir Wren joined us, saying.

"Loyd, they are waiting for you at the house."

"Yes, Sir Wren," I answered, "allow me to introduce my friend, Colonel Haynes, of New York, Sir Wren;" then I left them to entertain each other.

After a short time to dress for the important ceremony, we were summoned to Lady Irving's private parlor. From there we followed the attendants to the vine covered arbor that had been decorated for the bridal occasion. Sir Wren led out the beautiful brides, one on either arm, for he

Sir Wren led out the beautiful brides, one on either arm.

claimed the right to giving them both away. The bishop, clad in the robes of his sacred office, pronounced the solemn words that were to bind our hearts and our lives in one. Then the golden band of love, emblem of eternity, was placed upon the little hand, a seal of spoken vows. A moment's silence with a blessing on the new made ties, and then came the merry congratulations. Sir Wren secured the first kiss from each fair bride, saying:

"I must have pay for my precious gifts."

For one moment I held my wife to my bosom, saying, "Mine, all mine, at last!"

[To be Continued.]

Birmingham Baths.

The city supports four public swimming baths in buildings, and one open-air swimming bath at Small Heath Park. The bath-houses are imposing buildings of better than mere tasteful designing. They cost, variously, from $50,000 to $100,000 (£12,000 to £28,000), and offer larger swimming facilities than the people of New York city ever possessed within-doors in public or private baths, along-shore or in town. The tanks are lined with tiling, and the water, clear as crystal, is obtained from artesian wells. One of these tanks, for instance, measures eighty-one feet by thirty-two feet, and the water has a depth of from four to six feet. Two of the bath-houses contain the rooms and appurtenances for Turkish bathing; for which a shilling (twenty-four cents) is charged if all the routine of rubbing, needle, douche, and plunge bathing, with the use of private dressing-rooms and lounge-rooms, is undergone. A simpler Turkish bath, without rubbing, can be had for sixpence (twelve cents). Each bath-house has first-class and second-class swimming tanks. It costs sixpence to take a first-class swim, with two towels and private dressing-room free, and a charge of an extra penny for a man's bathing dress, or threepence for a dress for a woman. In the second-class departments twopence (four cents) is charged for a bath without a private dressing-room. An extra penny procures that desirable luxury. All these baths are set apart for women at certain hours. Special rates are made for schools and for swimming clubs. Professional bathing-masters are allowed to teach in them. The swimming tanks are fitted with diving platforms, trapezes, and showering apparatus. They are as clean and tidy as Holland kitchens, and they are so beautiful as to rank high among the show-places of the city.—*Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.*

How Old Is She?

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of their years without detection.

Observe well her hair!

Her bangs? No; her black hair!

Now, don't say it is false. False or real, you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two, and, no doubt if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At twenty-five a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a pumpkin vine over a picket fence. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at thirty it takes an angle of 50, at thirty-five 60, and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a methematic tape measure. But your practised eye will be enough.

Next note the quality. Hair at twenty-five is moire, at thirty it is sateen, at thirty-five it is passe satinette, at forty it is rope fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes.

Anybody can tell false or store hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a doesn't-belong-there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office.

So you may reasonably conclude if a woman has false back hair her age is beyond the interesting point. Never believe her to be under forty-eight, unless Bill Jones or some equally reliable person can prove it.—*Boston Globe.*

Mr. Newcome—"Mary, tell the cook to hurry up with those eggs. She has had time to cook them, surely." Mary—"Please, sir, cook says she don't know when they've been in three minutes." Mrs. Newcome—"Why Mary, haven't you a clock in the kitchen?" Mary—"Yes, ma'am; but cook says as its fifteen minutes too slow."—*Boston Beacon.*

"A NEW SONG."

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

"The New Song" Which Will Be Sung in Celestial Abodes, The Significance, Its Power and Its Purpose.

On Sunday the 7th, Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, his text being taken from Rev. 5. 9: "And they sang a new song." He said:

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations, whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights, Exeter Hall of London used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berlin, at eleven o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera house for the people. On Easter Sunday, in Dresden, the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells, bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music from far and near gather in the streets and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skilfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation, and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing awhile on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song.

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half-hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said, 'Surely this is music good enough for heaven.' Indeed I do not believe that 'Luther's Hymn,' or 'Coronation,' or 'Old Hundred,' or 'Mount Pisgah,' would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with note-books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home and sat down and wrote—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that;" and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought up by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshippers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a new tune. But not so with the new songs of heaven. The children who went up today from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago, departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those by the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting, or going back as if they never before had sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its thrill. No lips could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet, while I speak, heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further: It is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a christian sailor-boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecution suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of ax! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshippers shall come stupendous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed: and the enthroned spirit from the alms-house will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further: It will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs: for God demands that we shall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship; for I read that when he had taken the book, the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them which had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the HARPS of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say all this is figurative. Then I say, prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal. Who can say but that some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth: and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and the roll of the eternal orchestra.

Further, it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music to-day for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days, but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun the "new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances, they will also enkindle at glories to come. If, at nine o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audiance, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you had supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out.' We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe, but for ten thousand universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know, that heaven is to be constantly augmented: and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher, and the procession is being constantly multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left earth for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour, and moment by moment.

Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must seperate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "good-bye" in the hall, "good-bye" at the door, "good-bye" on the street, "good-bye" at the rail train, "good-bye" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-byes in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions, no good-bye. At the pearly gate, no good-bye. The song will be more pleasant, because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

If the first day we enter heaven we sing well, the next day we sing better. Song anticipative of more delight, of more love, of more triumphs. Always something new to hear, something new to see. Many good people suppose that we should see heaven the first day we get there. No! You can not see London in two weeks. You can not see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. You can not see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a day. No; it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the throne; to see the hierarchs. Ages on ages roll, and yet heaven is new! The streets new! The temple new! The joy new! The song new.

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping to thoroughly understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet and pour themselves into the great great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the song? NEVER! NEVER!

The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" Today I lift up my hands and looking toward the great future, cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

Finally, I remark, that if it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last, and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loud as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give, when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the south. Everybody going to Richmond or Charleston wants to hear the African sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand million of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

None of His Affair.

During a melodramatic performance a stout lady began to sob violently.

Anxious husband—"Come, my dear, let us be going; this is too much for your feelings."

"What does it matter to you, so long as I am enjoying myself."

They Will Marry.

Father—Did that game of checkers you played with Mr. Slowtopop last night amount to anything?

Daughter (blushing)—Yes, dear father; it resulted in a tie.

JUSTICE WILD AND WOOLLY.

Senator Pettigrew Tells of Some Funny Experiences in Dakota Courts.

"The administration of justice in Dakota when I first went out there to grow up with the country was exceedingly primitive," said Senator Pettigrew to a *Star* reporter. "Judges for the territorial courts were sent out from the East—nearly all of them men whose indolence or bad character had rendered them desirable persons to get rid of. There was one instance, I remember, where the Supreme Court was convened with only two of the three Justices on the bench, the odd one not turning up. This was disastrous, inasmuch as the absent Judge was the only one of the three who knew any law. However, one of the two Justices present volunteered to look up the absentee and started out for that purpose. He had reason to believe that he would find the delinquent in some saloon, and so he took a look into every gin mill that he came to. The result was that by the time he found the object of his search he himself was in a condition of utter indifference as to whether school kept or not, and forgot all about the court and his errand.

"When the court had waited vainly for an hour the United States Marshal was sent to hunt up the two Justices. He pursued the same tactics, visiting the saloons in turn, and was in a blissful condition of inebriation by the time he came up with the convivial pair. After another hour of delay the remaining Judge sent out the United States Attorney to make search for the missing ones; but he, too, pursued a like course—mind you, all this is strictly as it occurred—and did not appear again. So, as a last resort, the leading lawyer of the Territory was despatched to gather in the wanderers, and the result this time was successful. At about 3 P. M.—the court had been convened at 10:30—the two Judges, the Marshal, and the attorney were seen to emerge from a whiskey shop and to pursue a dignified, though serpentine course, arm in arm, up the street toward the court house. To get through the door of the court room they were obliged to relinquish each other's support, and, in trying to make their way to the bar, fell over tables, smashed chairs, and created general confusion.

"'Gentlemen,' said the sober Judge from the bench in a loud voice, 'this court stands adjourned until 10:30 to-morrow morning."

"Soon after I took up my residence in the Territory," continued Senator Pettigrew. "I had occasion to defend a man before the Chief Justice in a case of alleged horse stealing. The prosecution had absolutely no proof to offer, and the case against my client was so absurd that I said the defence would not take the trouble to offer any evidence. 'Well,' said the Chief Justice, 'you'd better offer some d——n quick; a cuss that hasn't any evidence to offer in this court against a charge of hoss stealing goes to jail, you bet.'

"Not long after this same Chief Justice had occassion to try one of his own associate Justices for perjury. The indictment was brought by the associate Justice's own grand jury, and the accused called in the Chief Justice to try the case in his own, the associate Justice's court. Defendant's attorney began proceedings by demurring to the indictment. This puzzled the Chief Justice, who turned to the accused and asked whether in such a case a demurrer should be sustained or not. The defendant said it must be sustained, and the Justice so ruled. 'Now, what follows?' he inquired, and was told that such action necessarily dismissed the case. 'The case is dismissed, then said the Chief Justice, and the associate Justice was vindicated.

"Another time, in trying a real estate case' I took exception to several of the Judge's rulings, and he got angry.

"'You can take all the exceptions you have a mind to,' he yelled; 'but I'd have you to know that this Court is a gentleman.'

"'I note another exception to that proposition' I replied, and I am willing to carry it to the Supreme Court.'"

Parental Pride.

Herr X. is much given to spending his time at the club-room indulging to excess in what is poetically called the "flowing bowl." Curtain lectures have no effect on him, as he does not quit carousing until he gets through.

Not long since, while thus enjoying himself, a messenger arrived in hot haste.

"Herr X.," said he, "there is a girl at your house."

"Tell her to go away. What have I got to do with the girls? I am a respectable married man."

"But I mean a baby girl."

"What! Left an infant at my door? Send it to the police station. Nobody can blackmail me."

"But it is your own. Mrs. X. has presented you with a girl baby."

"O, she has, has she? That's very kind of her. Well, boys, I guess I'll have to put up a couple of bottles on that news."

And he didn't go home at all that night.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Story of the Shah.

It is told of Nasr-ed-Deen that on one occasion he conceived the idea of imitating Haroun-el-Raschild, and going about by night in disguise and unattended through the streets of Teheran. On leaving the castle the sentinel, dozing in his box, let him pass two nights without hinderance, whereupon the shah had the sleepy sentinel flogged. The third night another soldier stood on guard, and he stopped the shah, and forced him, despite all his protestations, to spend the rest of the night in the sentry-box, barring egress with his bayonet. The next morning the shah, after having been liberated, first had the unaccommodating soldier bastinadoed and then sent him a purse with a sum equal to $150 and a robe of honor, but the shah was cured of his love for nightly excursions.

Mr. Grady's Home Life.

At home Mr. Grady was full of fun and frolic. One of the funniest scenes I ever witnessed was during a dinner at Mr. Grady's house. When we seated ourselves at the table Mrs. Grady gave a warning look at her husband, who had commenced to carve the chickens, as he said. "Henry, I am going to say grace." With a resigned air Mr. Grady sat, his head a little inclined to the right, his lips pursed up. Mrs. Grady, who was a devout Methodist, began to say grace, while Mr. Grady kept up an undercurrent of soft-toned, sotto voce parentheses. "Now, dear, the chickens are getting cold." "Now, dear, don't make it longer because you've got company." "Now, dear, these people can't be thankful; they look ready to eat me." And yet Henry Grady was a sincerely religious man. He simply could not suppress his bubbling spirits. That's all.—*Philadelphia News.*