

THREE TRAVELERS.

Three travelers met in Brander Pass, By the bubbling Brander Springs...

"I married the Lady of Logan Brae," Said one, with a lofty air...

CAPT. LONG'S PASSENGER.

I HATE the sea. For certain reasons, however, I am compelled periodically to cross the Atlantic...

"It was five or six years ago," said he one day, "and in the summer time, that the ship was making her voyage out, and a very good voyage."

"Well, I should not perhaps have said 'the whole way,'" he admitted with a smile, "for when we were about a hundred miles from port we met with a breeze because we picked up a little sailing boat with only one man in her, who had been blown out to sea, and whom we took on board."

"That is true, captain," he answered, in a thin, quavering voice and with a strong American accent...

"Then what had seemed like anxiety in his face became mortal fear—genuine abject terror, such as no actor could have imitated."

"Good heavens, man, tell me all," I cried, "and quickly."

"Nay, but I daren't and I can't," he pleaded, "unless I have your solemn promise that you will not betray me."

"Well, I promise. Now, where is this dynamite?"

If I repented and would have undone the mischief I could. The ship is insured in London—never mind where or how—for a large sum and I have been employed to sink her. I brought the machinery, set to this very day...

"Come at once, you scoundrel," cried I, "and identify this horrible thing."

"I set twenty men to work immediately to bring up the luggage on the deck, which, since we had not even sighted land, astonished them not a little."

"Well, captain," he replied, "you see I am a poor man, and the money was a good round sum, and as I told you, my employer insisted on my going to see that the thing was going right with my own eyes; there was a risk of course, but the fact is that arrangements had been made for meeting me in this very latitude."

"Well, no," he answered; "but I've reason to believe there is a citizen of the United States who would neither stick at murder nor anything else."

"You have a warrant for his apprehension I conclude?"

"According to my instructions," continued the officer, "the plant is contained in a portmanteau of bullock's hide, with brass nails around the rim and easily recognizable."

"Of course the officer didn't find that portmanteau among the 'personal luggage,' though I am bound to say he looked for it very carefully and scandalized some of my saloon passengers not a little by his unwelcome attentions; nor was it among the larger articles, though they all lay exposed on the decks as if for his especial behoof and convenience."

"As to the owner of the article in question, he kept out of my way and slipped out of the ship on the first opportunity. His story was so far true that he intended to keep the things in his cabin to be got quietly on shore, only the steward had objected and caused it to be taken below. That information had been telegraphed from England to the New York police was known to his confederate, who had come out to warn him, and they would no doubt have saved me all trouble by dropping the portmanteau overboard themselves, only it was among the other luggage. How to get it out and dispose of it without discovery was the problem they had to solve, which they accomplished by means of the dynamite story."

A Conscientious Drive.

"No, sir," said a herdic driver, "I never run over a man, not at least a drunken man. Why should I run down a prospective customer? With ladies it is different. I'd just as soon run over a lady as not. They never take a herdic. But the drunk man does. He comes to me and says, 'take me home,' and I say 'where?' He can't tell me, but I search his pockets and find his card or an addressed envelope and I take him home. If he has no money his wife gives it to me and thanks me besides. No, sir, I never run over a drunken man."

SUNDAY READING.

SOME WELL-MEANT ADVICE—THERE IS HOPE FOR THE SKEPTIC.

Summer Reading—Doing Good—Character—Items and Reflections for the Sabbath.

The question comes to the heart of the thinker: How can we best rise out of the atmosphere of strife and uneasiness to one of harmony and of tranquil peace? By individually looking into our own lives and scanning that which we find. Are we, as individuals, doing our best to exercise a peaceful spirit upon human life? Are we generating an atmosphere that is of itself harmonizing, and that will affect pleasantly those with whom we come in contact? If so, then is the work begun of tranquilizing human life to such a degree as will assist to slough off the elements of strife and uneasiness, and to cultivate the principles of honor and of purity that lead to a plane of peace and serenity.

"Well, no, captain," he replied, "you see I am a poor man, and the money was a good round sum, and as I told you, my employer insisted on my going to see that the thing was going right with my own eyes; there was a risk of course, but the fact is that arrangements had been made for meeting me in this very latitude. The man in the boat whom you took on board was on the lookout for me off the ship."

"When we were still some way from the harbor we were met by a police boat, the chief officer of which demanded to be taken on board to speak with me."

"Hullo! I said, when we were in the cabin together; no extradition business, I hope. There is no murdering Englishmen among my passengers, is there?"

"Well, no," he answered; "but I've reason to believe there is a citizen of the United States who would neither stick at murder nor anything else."

"Then I thought of the dynamite, of course, and I rejoiced that the villain had been discovered without any betrayal of his secret on my part."

"You have a warrant for his apprehension I conclude?"

"Well, no, captain, that is just my difficulty, for I don't know just which man it is; but I've an order to search the luggage. Information has come by wire that a whole outfit for forging American bank-notes is being imported by your ship. It will not be down below, of course, but in the man's personal luggage in his cabin."

"I smelt a rat at once and I dare say looked pretty blank and bamboozled."

THE REPUBLIC IS A SUCCESS

There Have Been Troubles, but the President Finds Us United.

The enthusiasm with which the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence is celebrated in no wise diminishes as the event commemorated recedes more and more into the past. The methods of manifesting patriotic spirit have changed in some respects. The spread eagle oratory of former days has gone out of vogue; but the exhibition of devotion to the republic and its institutions, and of a strong and individual American sentiment grows more rather than less pronounced and emphatic.

"It seems to me," wrote in December, 1788, Gerard de Rayneval, the French minister to this country, "that the Americans we at ripe, if I may use this expression, or popular government. They were too much accustomed to the distinctions of authority, rank, honors, birth and of wealth for the class of citizens who enjoyed these advantages to willingly confound themselves with the masses. The people of Massachusetts, among others already fear that they have instructed their governments with too much power."

But to-day finds the republic more united, more harmonious, better governed, and with a more distinct and common national sentiment than before these many millions of foreigners were admitted to citizenship. The more the people have been trusted, the more they have taken their government into their own hands, the more powerful has become the republic, and the more completely have been shattered the theories of the wailing political pessimists.

But there still remains much to do. These critics of popular government and skeptics as to the ability of the people to exercise sovereign power are not yet vanquished at all points. The work of purgation is not yet completed.—New York Sun.

Just as Clear as Mud.

From the Washington Post. "Dear me," said Mamie to Maude as she shoved a soggy caramel under her upper lip. "You should have been with me when I went to Congress."

"What did they do?"

"Oh, they talked about silver and things, it was awfully interesting."

"Oh, dear, I don't suppose I ever will understand this silver question."

"It's easy. You see, when you buy anything and give a man money for it, very likely he'd rather have paper, because he can fold it up and put it in his vest pocket, although it's easier to lose that way, and some men would rather have silver than gold. And when they get too much gold, that tilts the balance of trade away over to one side, and you get all mixed up on your standards of value, and you can't tell which is a precious metal and which is a baser metal more'n half the time. On the other hand, the country has a large floating debt, and if you get into all this uncertainty you can't tell whether it is going to sink or swim. Some of them want the government to buy bullion and coin it, and, of course, this would be buy-metalism. Then again, some want the white metal demonetized and some don't, and I am just a d d d d d to see how it is all going to come out."

"Isn't it lovely!" said Maude, under her breath.

Painted Glass in New Buildings

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. "Not one man in a thousand," said a member of the Master Builders' Exchange yesterday, "can tell why or the inside of window-panes approaching completion, whitening or soap is put on. Can you tell?"

The query was put to several men standing near the speaker, one a contractor, a second a brickmaker, a third a plumber, and a fourth a newspaper man.

"To clean the windows," said the contractor, knowingly.

"To prevent people from seeing inside," said the brickmaker, modestly.

"So as to keep off fly-specks," said the plumber, facetiously.

"Give it up," said the newspaper man, sentimentally.

"Simple enough," said the Exchange man, quietly. "It's to prevent the carpenters from smashing the glass. You see, it's this way: When the carpenters come the day after the glass is put in—and the glass is generally put in just before the day closes—they forget the glass is there and start to push the planks through. By this means many panes of glass have been broken before the building was completed, until some ingenious fellow hit upon this method of notifying the carpenters that there was glass there. See?"

THE OLD DOMINION.

Ever since you can remember you have heard the state of Virginia called the 'Old Dominion'; do you know why it is so called? During the protectorate of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce them to subjection, the Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation and was on the eve of embarking for the new world when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was safely seated on the throne, out of gratitude for the royalty of Virginia he caused her coat-of-arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland, as an independent member of the empire—a distinct portion of the 'Old Dominion.' Coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coat-of-arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Virginia.—St. Louis Republic.

The Prince of Wales and a Blind Man.

The following story is told of a piece of silverware now existing in the plate-room at Marlborough house. One day the prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature the prince came to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterward he received a massive silver inkstand with the following inscription: "To the prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and christian action." Neither note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered.

Much Interested in Him.

Mother—"Where have you been, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture."

Mother—"Didn't you bother him?"

Johnny—"Naw. He seemed to be real interested in me."

Mother—"What did he say?"

Johnny—"He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and 'ould miss me."

Building a Pompeian Palace.

From the London World. The Empress of Austria is building herself a magnificent Pompeian palace at Corfu, which will cost nearly £500,000 by the time it is ready for occupation. It is on a charming site on the top of a steep hill, and is being constructed of marble brought from Carrara, while the interior is to be decorated with the rarest woods. The gardens will be laid out in terraces, with fountains, and both houses and grounds are to be illuminated by electricity. Three hundred men are now employed in the building operations.

Just the Man for the Job.

A Massachusetts avenue lady wanted a coachman, and one was recommended whom she interviewed. "I want a very safe and careful driver," she said.

"That's me, mum," responded the applicant, confidently.

"I'm nervous about horses and I don't want to drive fast, and I don't want to go 'round the corners with a whirl."

"I know, mum, just what you want. Them was my orders be ore, mum."

"Where were you engaged last?"

"Drivin' a hearse, mum."

He got the place, and he is giving excellent satisfaction.—Washington Star.

Mission Notes.

As India is engrossing at the present time so much of the attention of the Christian Church, figures relating to its people and their religion may be useful. In March, 1888, the population of British India, including the Protectorates and Feudatories, was reckoned by the Government at 269,000,000. It is calculated that there are about two millions of Christians in India, counting Roman Catholics, Protestants, and adherents of what are known as the Eastern Churches. To the Romish church about a million adherents are assigned; to the Syrian, Armenian, and Greek Churches about 300,000; to the Church of England, 360,000; to the Presbyterian Churches, 20,000; and to other Protestant communions, 158,000. There are still 105,000,000 men and 111,000,000 women who can neither read nor write. The different languages spoken are 109.

Method of Atone-ment.

When I see men busy about the method of atonement, I marvel at them. It is as if a man that was starving to death should insist upon going into a laboratory to ascertain in what way dirt germinated wheat. It is as if a man that was perishing from hunger should insist upon having a chemical analysis of bread.—Becher.

Summer Reading. Summer days invite so temptingly