Bleckly Times

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1877

THE LAST SENSATION.

a full synopsis is given in our supplement men. this morning. At the "Old Orchard Council." of Congregational Ministers, a few weeks ago, the fact was developed that a large number of the preachers of that denomination had "serious doubts" on the clared that they did not preach the doceminent Episcopatwo sermons delivered recently to large congregations in Westminster Abbey, boldly avowed an atter disbelief in the doctrine from orthodox pulpits, "Was there any human being" he asked, "worthy of the dignity of a human being, who did not revolt and sicken at the notion of a world of worm and flame?" The words, "hell." "damnation" and "everlasting," he said lish bible, and if the revisers did their duty all three would be stricken out. While he could not preach the doctrine of universal salvation as a certainty, he found supported by many passages of sacred writings, as well as taught by some of the early fathers. That a found and saved, he firmly believed and unbesitatingly taught. This is very remarkable language from a Canon of the Church of England, and we are not surprised to learn that all England is talking about this clergyman's utterances. But it has been left to Mr. Beecher to take the most advanced ground on the subject, and in his sermon above referred to, he uses the most powerful language at his command, with which to denounce and utterly repudiate the doctrine. He says that such a A BAPTIST CURE FOR HARD doctrine could transform the Almighty in-

them off into hell, not like dead files, but without taking the trouble even to kill them. and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a beaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe t and I won't. They say the saints in heaven Christ I denounce it; by the wounds in His has little or no church." and agony, I abbor and denounce it as the

indicate that it is not too strong to be en-

church - would soon be discarded from the creeds of all Protestant denominations And it certainly ought to be. But very character and habits is not correct. few church members in their hearts believe it, while thousands of the best people are DEMANDING A REVISION OF THE kept out of church by it, because they canot believe a doctrine which, as Beccher

published in the New York Graphic of a large number of letters each containing \$5 addressed to Maria II. Russell, sent to the dead letter office unclaimed from New York. Those letters were never applied cation of the facts led to several applica- palga has commenced, and that so far the tions from persons unable to identify them, and to whom of course they were not delivered. Their contents were, finally, under the law, deposited in the United States size in the country, yet there are congrega-Treasury to the credit of the Post Office Department, and the letters placed on file in the dead letter office. Upon the facts being made known to the public that these tinued sending them, but has never asked or their return. Another case, very similar to this, has just been developed in the Dead Letter Office, and is thus stated by

Since 1874, letters mailed in Boston e to time have been addressed to Cathan forwarded to the dead letter office. A equest has very recently been received at ton for the return of these letters for the on claiming is an old lady who has no ld osition that it is a case of restitution from who robbed her son some years ag and is taking this means of paying back the mother, the son having since died.

The telephone is spreading all over Euope. In Germany it is now a part of the office system. It is in more general use in that country than in the United States secause nothing is paid to the patenter thereas, here, every telephone pays an an-The English Post Office Department has

Cameron, the next town of importance of the ways in which the ill wind in the East blow good to the United States, is illustrated by the fact that the famous Baldwin locomotive company in Philadelphia, have just received orders from the Remains Government for the construction of forty large first class engines, of five feet gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the construction of the work of the work of the work of the basiness Cameron does, and in fact gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the Remains Government to the construction of the basiness Cameron does, and in fact gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the construction of the basiness Cameron does, and in fact gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge, to be completed during Februaryand March, 1878. The Russian Government to the cast town of the West can gauge to the basiness Cameron does, and in fact the work of the truth of the basiness Cameron does, and in fact the basiness Cameron does, and in fact the basiness Cameron does, and in fact the work studied with the tense that a length upon the mewer trust for the truth of the substance, and the softened on my shoulder.

Canneron the United States, in the United States, in the substance, and the weak, stupid old man in or the truth of the properties of the

have to be transported by rail to the Baltic ports, and about three hundred new engines We doubt whether there has been any- will be required at once. A large proporthing since Luther's time that created a | tion of these will, however, be built in Eumore profound sensation in ecclesias.ical rope. The engines to be built at the Baldcircles than "the new departure" on the win Locomotive works will cost upwards of subject of e ernal punishment, set forth in \$500,000, and in their construction employ-Mr. Beecher's sermon tast Sunday -of which | ment will be given to about eight hundred

"THE COLD OF OPHIR."

Rich gold mines have been discovered, so t is reported, in the Madras Presidency, in British India-the locality which has been so sorely afflicted by famine during the last two years. It is thought by may that this houses and residences being greater than may be the gold producing country referred to so frequently in the Bible as "Ophir," house leads, and is a favortie with the travthe precise situation of which has not been receptained some learned men placing it in rabia some in Eastern Africa, opposite Ophir" is a familiar phrase, and that metal was regarded as of the finest quality. An inglish journalist, mentioning this matter, ounces that "a new curse has fallen on India," declaring that 'for months Madras will fall a prey to thirst, "unhallowed thirst for gold." It may be doubted whether the fiscovery of gold benefits or injures a

THE FRENCH EXPONITION.

Two sailing ships and a steamer will lie ady to sail in February and March, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, with goods for the French Internationa Exposition. The Commissioner of Agriculture will at once proceed to prepare for an extensive display of cotton, tobacco, wool, Indian corn, sugar, rice and other products of this country. He also intends to exhibit wood of this country. Gov. McCormick, 18 the Commissioner-General, will this week issue rules and regulations concerning the application for space and the transportation

The Philadelphia Eaptists have declared that the commercial and industrial depression of the country are due to moral causes, such as selfishness, greed of gain, says men may tell him that he will not go o heaven if he doesn't believe it, and he public and private dishonesty, waste, reckessness, and a disregard of the rights of man and the laws of God. The remedy which that, who has been peopling this world with they propose for these crying evils is praymillions of human beings, and then sweeping er. As if the good people haven't been praying all these years.

BOSTON CHURCHES.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott after a visit to Roston writes about the churches of neats of the damned in field, but what sort that city. He says that many of them are of salents must they be who could be happy burdened with heavy debts, and that the while looking down up in the horrors of the number is far greater than the need. Edthe when berinfast was lying dead in the el is no longer crowded. James Freeman use, should come dancing and singing into (Tarke has transferred his evening services the parlor, and exciaim. "Oh! I'm so happy to a hall. Adirondack Murray's work, mother! I don't care for the dead body in the "judged by the ordinary standards applied with this doctrine; and by the blood of to churches and pulpits, is a failure and he

It is a very common thing, in this try to talk about the French as being a frivolous, dissipated, and 'fast" people; such people generally do not attain very ong life, and p t the most of the prominent men in France to-day in liter-ture or polienty to ninety years of age - Jules Armaud for the purpose of scaring people into the Dufaure, head of the new ministry, being in his eightieth year. These facts would THE NEW CALIFORNIA SENATOR. seem to show that our estimate of French

says, "would transform the Almighty into gregationalists of New England regarding monster more hideons than Satan him- the doctrine of eternal punishment continself," and are too conscienceus to profess a ues to break out. There was a manifestation of it, the other day, in Hartford, It would be convenient, now, to hold a sort of MANTERIES OF THE DEAD LET. Vatlean Council, and promulgate a state ment of the dogma w ich is to be accepted

show that a regular mortgage lifting camresults are of a most encouraging character. from debt as those of any other city of its tions here carrying uncomfortable loads.

PT'S ENGLAND'S TURN NOW. Sitting Bull, having tired of his allegiance to the "Great Mother," is reported again within the boundaries of the United States in quest of scalps and plunder. The Cincinnati Gozette says it is now in order for the British Government to send a commission to interview him.

It is reported that ex-Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, is to be appointed consul general at Paris, vice General Torbert, whose mmission expires in January next.

WESTERN MISSOURI.

Along the Line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Road as far

TRENTON, Mo., December 21. FORTOR TIMES:-The towns along the ine of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad bear every evidence of thrift and enterprise and possess energetic and pushing populations which have built them up within the past few years to an extent

Plattsburg, thirty-six miles from Leavenby a rich farming community which is its chief support. The Pla taburg Bank, Geo.

vice. Meanwhile the largest crop of wheat of being situated at some distance from the ever raised in Southern Russia and Bulga-ria is rotting in the bins for want of trans-houses and residences, and has a large portation. This wheat, which usually finds an outlet from the Black Sea ports, will be transported by rail to the Baltic

> and the Iowa line, and is as busy and lively as a town can possibly be during the existing state of the weather. For weeks, owing to the terrible condition of the roads, trade. Trenton being the end of one of the divisions of the Rock Island road, and having the machine shops of the company located there, is, principally, a railroad town, and it owes its building up almost town, and it owes its building up alm wholly to that influence. The population at present is about 4,000, and co the increase. Rents are high, with no vacant houses to let, the demand for bu eling public.

Some person has written a circular f the Ex-Pie and Molasses Candy Peddler, Life Insurance Company" of Milwaukee, i this city, and the fellow feels as proud as a child with a new toy-in fact as proud as if he himself was the author. "There is nothing in it," and were it no

for the fellow's audacity, and his persist ing in false statements, I should not conde seend to notice it. The comparison of divi dends would be amusing, 'if it were not intended to deceive the public, as most all publications issued by the Company are. For instance he falsifies figures to show that the dividends of the New York Life for 1876 are 8 p r cent. less than the "Northrestern," when in fact they are one per cent, greater as I shall show from the

om.		Prem.	Div.	Per
III.	Company.	1876.	1876.	cent.
45.	Conn. Mutual	6,725,121	2,461,031	36,6
43.	Mutual of N. Y		3,701,700	24.5
45.	Mutual Benefit	4,570,871	1,585,795	34 0
44.	New Eng Mutu'l	1,966,287	470,042	23,5
47.	Penn Mutual	1,173, 95	329,742	28.1
51.	Phoenix	2,014,816	541,208	25.4
45.		287,104	72,887	25.4
43.	New York Lite	5,865,037	1,409,300	24.0
58.		2,565,805	845,450	32.2

The premium income of the Northwes ern (if we can believe the sworn statemen of the officers) for 1876, is given at \$2,565, 805.47. The Company paid dividends as follows: Cash, \$38,205.16; notes, \$541,-653.59, then the geatleman wants to bring in as dividends \$245,599.92, which is sworu to as interest and tax; deducting the latter the percentage of the Northwestern twenty three (23) per cent., which is one (1) per

The criminal charge of false pretences i advertising is answered thus: "Barnur should capture him." How is that for wit If the gentleman were in New York, he would answer the charge in a criminal court, here he may escape the penalty. The author don't tell us why the Northwestern swindled Ed. Laithe out of \$800, John Cre-

Instead of answering the charges of swin dling and fraud against his company, he draws on his magination in the most reck-less manner, and says his company has a claim against me of \$486.34, when he knows that I have a good and valid claim

comings, must be imputed to his ignorance, for which he is not to blame. Whilst the he had no time for study, and should be a corded some credit for what little he do to the time when he was selling pies, for ther he was an object of envy, compared with what he is now; namely, the agent of a fraudulent Life insurance company.

In view of Hon. James T. Farley's election by the legislature of California as United States Senator for the term beginning on view with him, printed in the San Francisco Coll of the 10th inst, becomes of general interest. The reporter thus describes him: "He is a man of large and rather beavy frame, whose dark hair and full beard are sprikled with silv-r, and whose eye looks

keenly from under its shaggy brow, evi-dence that while years have left their traces

one o attempt familiarity, in other words he is cool, self-possessed, and too well accustomed to the ways of the world to be caught by petty flattery." marized; "Of the Texas Pacific Railroad I have only to say, and I say it frankly and truthfully, that I am absolutely opposed to the Government's paying a subsidy to that or any other railroad. I am perfectly willing, and am glad to see Tom Scott and other capitalists build railroads in any part of the United States, so long as they build with their own money, but I am not willing to see the Government lead them its aid or credit. My ideas upon the vaved silver question

would require more time than I can give ou, and more space than you would print, so I will only say that I believe a silver dol-lar should be a dollar in fact as well as name, and that if elected I shall strive to bring about that result. The financial question has racked the brains of our ablest statesmen, and I don't claim to fully understatesmen, and I don't claim to fully understand it, but after carefully studying it, I agree with the ideas expressed by Mr. Tilden in his letter accepting the Presidential nomination, as I do also upon the question of resumption. I do not think the present generation should be heavily loadration should be heavily load-with t-xation to liquidate public debt, in the paya public debt, in the pay-ment of which our successors ought certain-ly to be equally interested with ourselves. I am opposed to anything that approaches repudiation. I am emphatically opposed ulcer, which, unchecked, will eat its way to the bone and life of our state. It should be stopped, and shall be if my earnest efforts will avail, even though it cost the abroga-tion of the Burlingame and other treaties. The presence of the se Chinese who are now among us creates an unhealthy moral and political feeling, and while I would in no

Plattsburg, thirty-six miles from Leavenworth, is a live town, and does considerable in a small manufacturing way. It is the crossing point of the North Missouri and the Rock Island roads, and is surrounded by a rich farming community which is its chief support. The Pla taburg Bank, Geo. P. Funkhouser, cashier, is one of the solid institutions of the town, and the carriage and wagon factory of W. W. Scutt on the other hand, when a road is proved to be no detriment to the general experiment in connection with the cable, twenty-one and three-quarter miles long of the leading manufactories of its kind in Western Missoura. Though three other wires were busy at the same time, every word was heard through the telephone, and individual voices were distinguished.

The distribution on the other hand, when a road is proved to the general to the sightest failure during a period of two hours. Though three other wires were busy at the same time, every word was heard throughout the busy season. The Clinton and Commercial houses are both good houtes and never distinguished.

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The pic ure in the wood, and I went home interests who hand out washing; and there are looks, and in turn should be proved to the measing you asked me to get—old and rugged, and hands of monopolists, and the Desert Land law should be amended, or repealed, if necessary from any railway-station; and there with laws dou

OLIVER WESTELL BOLVES [In the Atlantic for January.] igh my north window, in the

My airy oriel on the river shore— watch the sea-lowi as they flock togeth Where late the boatman flashed his

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen Lets the loose water waft him as it will; The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maider Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still

easter Shricks through the laboring coaster's shronds "B ware!" The pale bird, kindling likea Christmas feaster When some wild chorus shakes the vinous

ing,
Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his
torpid nerves,
Now on the bast his whistling plumage poising. Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.

ich is our gull ; a gentleman of leisure. Less fleshed than featheren ; bagged, you'll find him such;
find him such;
His virtue silence; his employment pleasure
Not bad to look at, but not good for much His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the

Grobs up a living some and some strows?
Crabs? mussels? weeds?—Look quick?
there's one just diving!
Flop! Splash! his white breast glistens—down he goes!

And while he's under—just about a: I take advantage of the fact to say His fishy careass has no virtue in it The gunning idiot's worthless hire He knows you! "sportsmen" from suburba all-ys, Stretched under seaweed in the treacherou punt; Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that saliles Forth to waste powder—as he says, to

watched you with a patient satisfaction, Well pleased to discount your processmed luck;
The float that figures in your sly transactive Will carry back a goose and not a duck. Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him. Sharp is the outlook of those pin-hea

eyes; Still, he is mortal and a shot may bit him,

Thou who carest for the falling sparrow

death;

ne little gasp—thy universe has perished,
Wreeked by the idle thief who stole il

s this the whole sad story of creation. Lived by its breatning myriads o'er ar o'er-one glimpse of day, then black annihila

lynxes!
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads!

How often gazing where a bird reposes, Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide, I lose myself in strange metempsychosis And float a sea-towl's side.

From rain, hall, snow, in feathery mant muffled, Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keene

ing-In met, with nothing bird-like but m GATHERED ROSES

Only a bee made prisoner, Cau, ht in a gathered rose! Was he tot 'ware, a flower so fair For the first gather grows?

Only a heart made prisoner, Goling out free no more! Was he not 'ware, a nace so fair, Must have been gathered before

"There," I ve found the place, Cobweb." "You have, papa? "I have."
"Not a dreadful detached villa or cottage ne, papa?"
"On, no."

"With admir bly planned kitchen and "No," said I. "With an extensive view of the

ouse agent, Cobweb," said I smiling.
"No wonder, paps, when I've been reading so many advertisements. "Is it a real old-fashioned

"In which you can lose yourself?"

"And plenty of fruit and flowers " "Plenty to make you ill and to litter house."

"And purple plums, and ruddy apples, and soft downy peaches, and great rich Morella cheries?"

'Yes, yes, yes, and cabbages, and turnips, and 'tatoes, and beans, and broccoli enough to supply a green-grocer's shop," I cried,

I tell you what, my lady, you'll have to aside, and then, pointing to where Cobweb month, till the summer-time came round niversary of its own and Madeleine's birth take pains to make me comfortable down sat, as astounded as myself, he said: "What the dickens—are you make me so hapty, for I was very tired of London."

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up, gazing earnestl in my face, and then kissed me very, very fondly. "Don't think about the past, dear father," she said softly she always called me father when she "Cant't help it, child," I said, mournfully; and then, seeing the tears gather in her eyes, I tried to be cheerful, and smiled as I added, "I hvae the future as well as the

She looked at me wonderingly, but did not speak, and I sat there holding her little not speak, and I sat there has to the past, hand to my heart as I thought of the past, make a good picture, eh?" and how ten years before, just as be was beginning to prosper with me, I was left alone with the little fair-haired girl of eight, who found it so hard to believe that her mother had been taken away never to eturn, only to live in our memories. And away, and I had become a wealthy man, whose sole thought had been of the child I had seen grow up to maidenhood, making a very idol of her, yielding to her every whim, and doing the most I could to spoil one who never could be spoiled. For, with all the accomplishments I had lavished on her.

Ruth had grown up to be a notable little housewife, who disgusted our cooks by insisting upon going into the kitchen and making my favorite puddings and tarts with her own little hands, and generally "By a very clever artist, sir," he said with behaving in what the servants called an unladylike way. -And then I thought of my other sorrow

the future—and pictured with an agony I cannot describe the day when I should have to resign my claims to another, and he left aione a desolate, broken old man. I am naturally a very common, hard, business-like old man, and terribly h. Cobweb had woven herself so round my beart that in my peevish, irritable way, I was never happy when home from the city without she was waiting on from the city without she was waiting on me—filling my pipe, my one nightly glass of a grog, upon which the butler frowned—in fret, he had once suggested to me that his late m-ster always took port of an evening.

Cobweb was very quiet as she glide own from my knee to her bassock at my et, and was evidently thinking as much as I; and at last I brightened up, for a thought had come to me with a selfish kind of comfort.

"She'll be quite away from all temps

ions to leave to leave me, there, anyhow," I said to myself as I thought of the "at home" and balls to which she was so often This set me talking-fishing, as I called

"How shall you be able to leave all your "Oh, I'm tired of them all!" she said clapping her hands.
"And gay cavaliers, with dandy airs and oustaches, and programmes."

"Ha, ha, ha," she laughed merrily; and

then, as it seemed to me in my jealous watchfulness, turning the subject, she began to talk about the country place I had prise! But is anything wrong?

where or another into the grounds of the pretty old place, where she arranged gar-As I have said, there was a wildern a wood adjoining the garden, which the former possesser had left in a state of na-ture, saving that he had the old footpaths

and tracks widened in their old winding ways, carefully turfed and dotted with a chair here and there. This was Cobweb's favorite place, and it I missed her out of the garden. I knew I should find her here, with the sun raining a hower of golden beams through the

work of trees overhead, to dance and flash among the waving tresses of her long gol-den hair. bough which crossed an opening in the word, where all seemed a delicate twilight green. She was listening intently to the song of a bird overhead, and as I stopped

"All that's bright must fade! My darling I wish I had your likeness just as you stand. Time flies," I muttered, "and the winter comes at last, with bare trees to the woods-gray hairs and wrinkles to the

aoment to her merry, happy voice.

A day or two later I was in the city where I always went twice a week-for

could not give up business, it was part of my life—when an old friend dropped in "By the way, Burrows, why dont you have your portrait painted?"
"Bah! stuff! What for?" I said.

"Well," said my old friend, laughing, don't know, only that it would give a poor artist I know a job; and, the poor fellow, he wants it bad enough."

"Bah! I'm handsome enough without thought flashed through my mind—for I saw again the picture in the wood with Cobweb leaning on the branch—"Stop a minute. Can be paint well?"

"Gloriously."
"And is terrioly hard up?" "Horribly, poor fellow."
"How's that?" "Don't know. He's poor and proud, and the world has dealt very hardly with him It isn't so smooth with every one, Jack, as

"True, Tom, old fellow," I said, "true.
Well. look here: I'll give him a job.
Would he come down and stay a my place."
"Oh, yes, if you treat him well; as I tell

"Well, I'm not," I said testily. "I'll giv him enough to eat, and a good bed to sleep on; and he'll have to put up with me drop-ping my 'h's.' But," I added, s'apping my pocket, "I can pay him like a gentleman."
"Get out, you purse-proud old humbog!"
said my friend, laughing, as he ciapped me
on the shoulder. "But there, I am obliged
to you. Have him down, and I'll thank

I said, laughing.

"No," he said dryly, "no fear of that. But you'll make a good picture."
"Stuff!" I said. "Do you think I'm g ing to be painted?"

"Why, what are you going he said in an astonished way.

"Let him paint little Cobweb," I said chuckling, and rubbing my hands. My friend gave a long whistle, and after It did not strike me then, but I remarked afterward that he seemed to draw back from his proposal; but I was now so wrapped up in my plans that I could think of nothing but the pic ure in the wood, and I went home full of it, meaning it for a surprise.

our child with all mo heart."

"That would be admirable, sir.

Mr. Elden said vou wished me to paint this young lady's portrait. Am I mistaken?"

"Chut?" I ejaculated, cooling on the instant. "I beg your pardon. Sit down, sir. You're hungry, of course. How stupid of me!—Cobweb, my de r, order some lunch ime!—Cobweb, my de r, order some lunch ime!—Cobweb in the dining-room."

I did not let her see me, but went straight in Elden's learned what I wanted, and

and then looked after my darling in a way that I did not like; for this was not what I meant, and my jealousy was aroused. I expected some snuffy looking old painter, not a grave, handsome voung tellow. But I remembered Tom Elden's words—"He is gentleman, and a man of honor"-and casting away my suspicious thoughts, I en-tered ibto the subject at once.

"I'd half forgotten it," I said. "She'll

"Admirable sir. That position struck me It was my turn to sit down and ery like a "I'll show you a better one that that, my oy," I chuckled. But I'm a business child, while my dear boy tried to comfort me-telling me too with peide how he had

"I should take great pains with it—it will be a long task," he said eagerly; and there was trouble in the wrinkles of his estily, for Eden had said he was very poor. Why, Mr. Eden gave four hundred for a bit of a scrap of canvass -

"Look here," I said, "Mr.-Mr. Grantly. You make a good picture of it, and I'll give you fifty guineas."

He flushed and looked pained. "Less than half would pay me well,

"Tut, tut! stuff, man! Elden told me you were poor and hard up. You always will be it you are not more of a man of "Sir!" he exclaimed, rising and loooking it me angrily, "I came here expecting the

He stopped short, reeled, sank into his obbed like a child. mean—"I stammed, perspiring at every pore, for the position was most painful. "No, no," he said, hastily, "I beg your pardon. But—but," he continued, striving nanfully to master his emotion, "I have een very ill, sir, and I am weak. I have been unfortunate, almost starving at times I have not broken bread since yesterday morning-I could not without selling my

has it come to this? He sank back half fainting, but started as I roared out, "Go away!" for Cobweb "Thank you," he said, taking my hand

olors. I-I am much obliged-forgive me

of you."
"My dear fellow," I said, "this is terrible;" and 1 mopped my face. "There, sit still -- back directly." I ran out to find Cobweb in the hall.

"Artist little faint," I said. "Here, the ment the altars. I ran back with them, and made him take some wine, and thus revived, he rose

in that brief glance, as in a revelation, I saw the struggles of a poor, proud man of genius, who could not battle with the world.

I saw the man who have the same the same the man who have the same the man who have the same the I saw the man who had sold, bit by bit, everything he owned, in his struggle for daily bread; and as I looked at him I felt

"Mr. Grantly," I said, taking his hand,
"I am a rough man, and spoiled by bullying people, and having my own way, I beg
your pardon for what I have said and an
going to say. You came down here, sir, to
paint my little girl's portrait, and you are
going to paint it before you go back to
town; and when you do go, you are going
to have fifty guineas in your pocket. Hush!
not a word, sir. My old friend, Eldent, told
me that you were a general man and a man
bed to give, rather than they may be enabled to give, rather than they may receive.
The children are rich in health the me that you were a gentleman and a man of honor. Tom Elden is never deceived. Now, sir, please come into the dining-room and have some lunch. Not a word, please. If good food won't bring you round, you shall have the doctor, for, as the police

soner-but on parole. turned away.
"All right," I said, "all right;" and I

patted him on the shoulder, and walked away to the window for a few minutes bethe woop, and I made Cobweb stand as I had seen her on that day.

Grantly was delighted, and insisted upon making a sketch at once; and then the days wore on, with the painting progress-ing slowly, but in a way that was a wonder bell tower, are soon seen, their small intel-ligent heads joyfully encircling the bright to me, so exquisite was every touch, for the artist's whole soul was in his work. Those were delightful days, but there was

Those were delightful days, but there was a storm coming. I quite took to the young fellow, though, and by degrees heard from him his whole story—how, young and eager, he had, five years before, come to town to improve in his art, and how bitter had been his struggle, till, just before he had encountered my friend Elden, he had been realty, literally deiner of inchrons and want. It was a happy time, that, for when the painting was over for the morning we gar-dened, or strolled in the country—our new friend being an accomplished botanist, and

to wonder how he had learned so much, and found time to paint so well.

I say it was a happy time for the first three weeks, and then there were clouds.

Cobweb was changed. I knew it but too well. I could see it day by day. Grantly was growing distunt too, and strange, and my suspicions grew hour by hour, till I was only kept from breaking out by the recollection of Tom Elden's words—"He is a entleman and a man of honor." "Tom Elden never was wrong," I said one morning as I sat alone, "and for a man like that, after my kindness, to take advan-

"May I come in, Mr. Burrows?" said the "May I come in, Mr. Burrows?" said the voice of the man of whom I was thinking. "Yes, come in," I said; and there we stood looking in one another's eyes.
"He's come to speak to me," I said, and my heart grew very hard, but I concealed my feelings till he spoke, and then I was astounded.

"Mr. Burrows," he said, "I've come to

"Yes, sir, good-bye. I have wakened from a dream of happiness to a sense of misery af which I cannot speak. Let me be brief, sir, ond tell you that I shall never forget your kindness."
"But you haven't finished the picture." you haven't finished the picture "No, sir, and never shall," he said bitte , Mr. Burrows, I cannot stay. I—that

again, and I knew that in my jealous sel-fishness I was breaking her young heart.

She never complained, and was as loving

In truth, the young girl and the bell are twenty years old to-day.

IX.

as ever; but my little Cobweb was broken, and the tears spangled like dew whenever it was alone. It was as nearly as could be a year after, that I, f eliog ten years older, ent to seek her one afternoon, and found

up to Elden's, learned what I wanted, and short time after I was in a handson finished picture of my child-painted, of course, from memory-framed, against the

As I stood there, I heard the door We looked in each other's eyes for a few moments without speaking, and then in a trembling voice, I said— "Grantiv, I've come as a beggar now, My poor darling-God forgive me! I've to the soup."

worked and become famous, and in a few ore months had meant te come down and ask my consent. he told me that as we were rushing along, having just had time to catch the express; and on reaching the station there was 1 conveyance, and we had to talk.

on without me, and when I got there pant-ing and hot, I found my darling's heart was nded with all of that belonging to the good man from whose arms she ran to hide I'm not the selfish old fellow that I was

I'm not the semsn ord to the old place, about Cobweb, for here in the old place, where they've let me stay with them, I pass where they've let me stay with them, I pass where they've let me two flossy-haired little as we call little Frank. Af for Cobweb the Second, aged two, she said to me this morning, with her tiny arms round my neck, and her solf cherub-cheek against mine-"Oh, ganpa dear, I do yove oo!"-as l her with all my selfith heart.

Legend. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY PAN-

Dng! ding! ding! Do you hear? What silvery sounds, what joyous onsoling vibrations! To all, young and old, rich and poor, bell of Saint Hilaire repeats mo

evening, without ever tiring: "Courage! patience and faith! Good people hope! hope and love! Listen to me: The only enviable treasures of the word Saint Hilaire is indeed a privileged vilage. Calm and true happiness has vol-untarily installed itself there. All faces

are smiling, for, in this small corner of the earth, each one has conquered his desires. good which may be his neighbor's portion On Sunday, when the bell calls the fervent parishioners, the humble church is well filled. It is in vain to seek for rich gilding and marble sculpture in this simple "Oh, you dear, good father!" she cried, edifice; but instead, armfuls of fresh verwith tears in her eyes. "What a kind surdure, and bouquets of exquisitely perfumed flowers decorated the vestibule, and orna-

"I'm going back to town, sir," he said quietly, but with his lower lip trembling. "I am not fit to undertake the task. I twine themselves about the tree, or carpet the rustic arbors: the ivy and the wall the rustic arbors: the ivy and the wall

buzzes from corolla to corolla, whilst the idle beetle takes a bath of dew in the fresh calyx of an eglant ne. One admires the many colored butterflies with their velvety wings,-what can equal them in grace,-

mothers, without exception, prodigies

Ding! ding! ding! Here is the morning! Here is the sun! Good morning, friend sun! Thou who healest and consolest, welcome! To greet thee, the bell takes its most sonorous

caressing voice. Good morning friend sun! wood periwinkle.
A slight breeze disturbs the accacias near the great house, and their odorous snow diffuses itself softly here and there, and a company of chaffinches and sparrows, nest-ling in the foliage, chatter busily in emulation of each other, charmed with the beau-tiful day which has come. The swallows, blessed inhabitants of the old moss covered

green tufts of the house—leek and maiden
—hair. The bell has awakened the whole
winged world; little by little the entire
village shows signs of animation, and com-The morning is here. Arise! arise! A window garlanded with bind weed and masturtium is thrown open, A curlous sunbeam invaded the chamber of Made

the silvery sounding bell—and she s ly salutes the morning visitor: How it pleases her to hear the village bell, the blonde Madeleine! And that can be wonderfully explained. The day of the consecration of the bell so dear to the hearts of the good people of Saint Hilaire, was also the day of the christening of Madeleine, the poor orphan, adopted good hearts in the village.

Faithful to his duties, the sun never fails

upon the anniversary.

Madeleine is very pr tty; white as a lilv, and graceful and light as a bird. Old aunt Suzon, her neighbor, often murmurs, furtively drying a tear, as Madeleine passes, "Alas! alas! poor dear darling; so frail and so sweet; her place is not upon the earth—that is, if the good God wishes

us to give her up."

And aunt Suzon has had experience evil. At such times her pale cheeks flush quickly, her limpid and profound glance has a strange light, and her hands burn. The physicians says all this will pass away. But he has not the air of one who is well To work! to work! no more of idleness The venerable cure, his breviary in his hand, walks with slow steps in the garden

a glimpse of Madeleine through the branches of the trees, and from afar he addresses her a paternal good morning.

The laborer, with a gay refrain upon his lips, goes to the fields to earn bread for his family. Who labors, prays.

The chaffinches c ntinue their chatte

At last, when the twilight comes, at the moment of the angelus, it speaks to each one, the blessed bell, of simple happiness, of the joy of a peaceful conscience, the unspeakable pleasure of the hours of repose, if the day has been filled with duties well per-

Of the ineffable joys of the fireside! The laborer again beholds his children, a rosy group clustering around the mother, a robust and pleasing peasant woman, her face red as a peony, clear to the large plaited bor-ders of her white muslin cap. The noisy,

They do not dream of disobeying. The call on the contrary is welcome, and each one goes to do honor to the tempting cab-

Towards the end of the feast the hens great shepherd dog, with an air at once grave and indulgent, plays with a young malicious cat.

clock and the great fireplace, a half dozen copper jars are leaned carelessiy against an oaken board, b'ackened by time, and shine ike gold. Through the wide open door are seen the hedges of bawthorn and elder; the limpid river, which lovingla caresses the feet of the willows, the apple orchard, the fields of wheat, enamelled with rose campion, and vivid scarlet poppies, and in the distance, the hills carpeted with moss and dotted here and there with chestnut trees

imple petition, whiah mounted straight to

A brave, honest fellow is Pierre; a heart of gold! Poor, it is true, but courageous,

Ding! ding! ding! Oh, it is a long time since it has sounded so vibrant and consoling, the bell of Saint Hilbire. It has in its short life announced

Good, dear bell, faithful and blessed!

the great happiness he anticipates.

aithful at his workand most worthy of

When by sorrowful chance its mission heart, and fancies the bell says: the tomb there is eternal life! dry your tears. Hope! hope! God wishes that we

Hilaire should announce to day the mar riage of Madeleine with her betrothed Why, then, are its tones so feeble, so sor-trowful that they can scarcely be recogniz-to their business and relegate politics to the

What has happened?

A bier covered with a white cloth, and arlanded with white roses and immorteles, occupies the entrance to the altar. The day before yesterday the good Good Madeleine away into his own blue para dise. Since then she has been an angel in heaven; an angel escaped from the sorrow and bitterness of the world. Happy Madeleine!

The tears of the old cure fell upon his robe as he murmurs the solemn prayers of farewell. He remembers that he baptises

nunion. He recollects that he was to-day o have blessed the marriage of Madeleine He weeps; his trembling voice is broker with emotion, and the congregation sob in uttering the responses.

Pierre, pale and desperate, kneels in the shade, and drays that he too may die.

Farewell Madeleine! Meanwhile the free sparrows and the

hattering chaffinches sing merrily in the sufted trees around the great house. The sun, abaning the stained-grass windows of the church, smiles upon the window of the little room,—desserted now by the beauti-tiful, blonde Madeleine. Ding! ding! ding!
The funeral kneel, more and more feeble,

The funeral kneel, more and more feeble, and sounding sadly from the depths of the beil's heart. The bell also mourns for the another. Strange occurrence!

tones.

The good people of the country believe that the bell had a soul, and that it has gone to rejoin that of Madeleine.

Last Sunday-Individual Know- Wool Growers Association, and has plenty ledge of God Contrasted With Or- of good land all around it, here is just the

Mr. Beecher's text was from Paul's Epis

tle to the Ephesians:-"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will action of the fuiness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him." One great difficulty in understanding Paul's impassioned writing, said Mr. Beecher, arises from the fact that his ardor moved him to use high figures and seemingly obscure allusions. This was an exidence of his elevation of spirit of a far-seeing prophecy of what relation this universe should in time bear toward this universe should in time bear toward Christ. In another place he speaks of the mystery of this intent. The great back-ground of all theology is mystery. In this realm, these remote from positive knowledge, men's fancies becomes most remarkably discursive and despotic. The slighest aberra-tions of belief on such subjects as the na-ture of God have been visited by marked penalties in many ages. And yet, despite orthodoxy, men learn of God through their

orthodoxy, men learn of God through their own experience. This is the one indispension of the first of itself implies that men have faculties in quality similiar to the divine attributes. If there be anything which requires personality it is that on which we wish to fix our hearts. Human nature, like the morning glory, however ready to climb and twine about an object of support, cannot cling to a shadow. It must have a substance to cling to. Truth is one thing in God and man. It differs only as the experience of the wise father is greater than that of his young child. The child and the father have the same quality of thinking. True, between man and his Creator there is the same difference as there is between the light

The "cun" on corn during the last two or three weeks has determined Latirange &Co. to add elavator machinery to their mill, which stands along side the track of the Gulf road, near the depot. Two dumps will be put in immediately. The business men of Paola are getting red hot in the di-"And, arr, such a dream of mine could never be fulfulled—it is impossible."

"Yes,', I said, in a cold hard voice, "it is impossible."

"You will not say good-bye."

"You will not say good-bye to her?" I said harshly.

He shook his head, and as I stood there, hard, selfish, and jealous of him, I saw him go down the path, and breathed more freely, for he was gooe.

"Gooe, but there was a shadow on my home. Cobweb said not a word, and expensed no surprise, never even referring to the picture, but went about the home slow."

This morning the bell seemed more joy-but the principal in the distribution of a taper and the sunlight, but the principal to the same difference as there is between the light of a taper and the sunlight, but the principal to the same and we get an idea of the sun from the candle. There is, to be sure, the vast difference that exists in the great beauty of the sun from the samely distributed. God is above and beyond all limit, not measuring with our stunted standard of time and space, but viewing all things from an infinitude and eternity too vast for our comprehension.

VIII.

This morning the bell seemed more joy-but there was a shadow on my home. Cobweb said not a word, and expensed no surprise, never even referring to the picture, but went about the home slow.

This morning the bell seemed more joy-but the principal to the same and we get an idea of the sun from the candle. There is, to be sure, the vast difference that exists in the great beauty of the same and we get an idea of the sun from the candle. There is, to be sure, the vast difference that exists in the great beauty of a taper and the sunlight, but the principal to said never the same difference as there is between the light of a taper and the sunlight, but the principal to said never the same difference as there is the same and the sunlight, but the principal to sun from the candle. There is, to be sure, the vast difference that exists in the great limited. God is above and beyond all limit, not measuring with our stunted stand

bringing back of humanity in attenuated form and under conditions somewhat simi-lar to those of the flesh. Swedenborg had described a man in his heaven, or her who had been dead for twenty years and did not know it. He knew of many living as a dream, and the qualities we attribute to it are as the echo of some attribute in our own natures. To conceive of a pure absolute spirit existence transcends the power of human intellect. In this sphere we have the word time, which was invenhappy band of chidren, congregated on the threshold of the door, await with impatience the return of the father, at his as tience the return of the father; at his approach lively joy is depicted on each countenance, and they utter a long cry of happiness. He, drying his tanned forehead, wet with perspiration, (blessed dew of honest toil), embraces them all round; and says in mate of infinite things. To go off into the present law in the motions of matter. It does not indicate them there is any such that in the spirit life the a strong and laughing voice: "Good evening, dear wife. Come along, little people, and say to men, "These you must believe," must not be compelled to believe in per-pendicular channels, or that after this life people are immediately shot up to heaven family as children, and often educated them by fiction and fable as grown people done were done regularly and squarely by rule and law He would then be merely a great man. If everything had gone regularly He would then be only human, but only one with mystery about him would have acted so. His discourses discovered a

After depicting the universal application of the inspired writings as a guide to personal morality, social order and civic duties, the preacher dwelt upon the trials and diffiscience about the origin of the human race, whose early condition was a savage one Upon hearing the first sound of the angelus, Madeleine let fall her needle, and grew eloquent in a denunciation of the idea that the great majority of the earth's early inhabitants had taken the orpended song, offered her prayer—a short, simple petition, which mounted straight to
Heaven, as pure incense, or the perfume of
Jesus Christ, that I believe the nature of God is to suffer rather than to let other At present, with her elbow resting on the suffer for His sake. Show me such a deity windowsill, she dreams—but her reverie is sweet, for a happy smile trembles on her unittudes to hell in swarms and I wil See how she blushes, the native and grace-devil. Such a deity I will not worship even ful child.

She thinks of Pierre and her promise—
that she will wed him in a month, when that she will wed him in a month, when the sits on the throne of Jehovah. I will not worship cruelty; I won't if I die for it.

To such a heaven as his would be I don't want to go. Do men study the humanity that is in Christ's suffering that they may learn that His saints in glory dance over the myriad sufferers who have been swept nounce it as infernal by the Saviour on the cross, by the wounds in His hands, by His holy sepulchre as a most hideous nightmare of theology."

From the orthodox view of God's enmity

familiarity with the upper sphere and

showed a sense of things beyond men's com-

toward the sinner Mr. Beecher turned in terms of ardent admiration to the theme of God's love for his creatures. Who could realize the love of God not living in infinity and thinking in eternity? When Christ washed the feet of His disciples He said, What I am doing now ye know not but ye

Reverends Talmage and Beecher hav both taken occasion to denounce from their pulpits "the diabolical outrage contained in

Worse Than an Infidel.

the average man in this country that these clerical gentlemen are moddling beyond their proper jurisdiction. They are doing more to damage the cause of the Master than Bob Ingersoll, can do. Let them stick MANSAS PERMS. A Good One.

five years of age, carried eighty bushels of wheat, a distance of eighty feet; carrying one and a half bushels at a time, last week, and claimed he did not feel much fatigued either. When even old men come to Kan-

Old Mr. Loomis, a gentleman of seventy

sas they get young and strong again. A Tall Onc. The chimney stack for the city mills is completed and the staging removed. It is sixty feet and six inches high, and is a credit on its builders, Mesers. Jones and Fluck. It is twelve feet square at the bot-

(Hutchison Interior.) Judge Houk is our authority for the folty, the ants in thier excavations bring to the surface quantities of small beads, supsion of the Indians; and he further states that it is of frequent occurrence, in fact i

[Chase County Leader.] We learn that over 100 car loads of cat-Saint Hillaire utters only soft, plaintive sounds; it is scarcely heard at any more, so mournful and exceedingly delicate are its in the county, a pretty good idea of the cat-tle business of Chase can be had.

> Among the last excursion party from Ohio, is a Mr. Brunson, an extensive stock dealer, who visits this county with a view of engaging largely in the raising of sheep.
>
> As Frankfort is the headquarters of the

[Frankfort Record.]

[Winfield Courier.] N. J. Larkin, of Richmond township. ailed on us Tuesday. He says his neigh-

The Same all Over the State.

class of citizens and farmers are putting We Guess So. The report comes in from all over the

Correct. Southern Kansas Gazette. The large corn crop of this county is being rapidly converted into pork, which sells, on foot for three cents. Though that

Or will the wet weather kill it off the same as it does with the chintz-bugs? One at a

then we will let everybody know.

is a small price, it is better than to sell the Mr. Jess Swartz, of Bellevue Ohio, has