The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.—NO. 23. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892. $1 50 PER YEAR

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MURRAY, the BARBER.
MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

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DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

THREE more cases of typhus fever were discovered in New York.

CRAIG M. HUBNER and John Krier were killed by lightning at Fulda, Minn.

MRS. ELLIS CARPENTER, living near Tunkhannock, Pa., was killed by lightning.

BY a cave in of a sewer trench in Pittsburg, two men were buried under 12 feet of earth.

BY the capsizing of a boat on Leighton Lake, near Grand Rapids, Minnesota, three men were drowned.

WM. STANTON and son were drowned at Spruce Head, Mount Desert Island, by the capsizing of their boat.

LOUIS SCHMEIZ, sheriff of Brown county, Minnesota, has been found drowned in the Minnesota river at New Ulm. He had been drinking heavily.

A PORTION of the cellar floor of the large Havemeyer building, in course of construction in New York city, fell, and Albert Gimmer and August Decoin were killed. Two other workmen were injured.

GRADY is here to-day to look after the safety of the crew of the schooner Sophie Minen, which broke loose from her tow-boat at the western end of Lake Superior. The schooner was loaded with coal and nine men on board.

DURING a joint debate at Clarkson, Texas, between Governor Hogg and Judge Clark, a Gubernatorial candidate, a portion of the grand stand fell, carrying down hundreds of people. There were two fatalities and many people were injured.

THE boiler of engine No. 25, on the Pennsylvania and Northwestern Railroad, expected at Irvonia, killing Engineer Moulton and Fireman Jack. Three brakemen were seriously hurt by pieces of flying metal.

A MYSTERIOUS explosion of chemicals occurred in Dr. Samuel Ridgeway's laboratory at Hydetown, near Titusville. Miss Austie Baldwin, an assistant, was burned to death, and Dr. Ridgeway and a patient seriously injured.

A CAR on the San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad, an electric motor line, jumped the track and was overturned. The car was filled with passengers and 15 were more or less injured. Josiah Saunders, the motor man, and M. S. Ureamus and John Brady, passengers, were fatally hurt.

A FREIGHT train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad crashed through a bridge near Otis, Ind., and Engineer John Murray, Fireman James Bowen and Brakeman Isaer Brown were buried in the bottom of the creek under a great pile of wreckage.

THE COLUMBUS FLEET.

Spanish Warships Will Convey the Caravels Across the Ocean.

The Spanish government, as a substantial proof of the desire of Spain to contribute in every possible way to the splendor of the Chicago Exhibition, has appointed, through the Minister of Public Works, a committee to organize the method and means of having Spain well represented in the Chicago World's Fair. Respecting the caravels, the ministry of marine has issued urgent orders that the Santa Maria, which is built at the expense of the Spanish government, is to be ready well in advance of the anniversary date of the sailing of Columbus from Palos de Moguer. To this end, one hundred and forty-five workmen are to be at work on her constantly in regular shifts, and the work is not to be interrupted neither on Sundays nor festivals. It is said this ship will be ready and at anchor in the port of Palos on the 24 of August next. The two smaller caravels, Nina and Pinta, are to be built by next April for account of America, and will be ready as soon or sooner than the Santa Maria. No doubt, the little fleet will be manned by sailors from the government arsenals, and will be conveyed across the Atlantic by a small Spanish squadron of warships. As a return for the concurrence of Spain to the Chicago Exhibition, the government of Washington has promised to have America well represented at the Columbus celebration this year in Spain.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE has been president of Bowdoin College for nearly seven years, and perhaps no longer deserves to be called as formerly, "the boy president," but he is still a young man, being only 34 years of age. He is fond of athletic sports and is a devoted father. It is no uncommon thing to see this dignitary toddling around town with his little boy at his side or upon a sled drawn by the proud and affectionate parent.

SUNLIGHT OF SPRING.

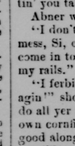
Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Crowds of hepatices,
Fresh from their naps,
Throwing down coverlets,
Pulling off caps,
Chanting together,
'Gone are bad weather,
Chills and mishaps.'"

Sunlight of spring what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Millions of wings
Gayly unfurled,
Lifted on high,
Drifted and whirled,
Freighted with song,
Floating along,
'Oh, happy world!'"

Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Masks with their lovers,
Children at play,
Hope as of April,
Joy as of May:
Winter begotten,
Night is forgotten,
In this bright day."
—Alice W. Bailey, in Harper's Bazar.

The Great Lane Freshet.

BY HARRY HOWARD.



BNER BALDWIN and Josiah Glint had been good friends and neighbors from their boyhood days. They grew up together, married sisters, and settled on adjoining farms. There they lived monotonous and uneventful lives for more than twenty years.

Then came a season of estrangement.

Josiah lived on a flue farm in the angle formed by the junction of Salt Creek and Lane River. Aoner's farm was just above Josiah's on the bank of the river. Both farms were for the most part what is called "bottom land," and subject to overflow during protracted rainy weather.

Besides being sometimes flooded by the river, Josiah's farm was occasionally inundated by Salt Creek, the turbulent little stream which flowed along his southern boundary line. Salt Creek seldom rose very high, but when it did so its rapid current wrought much greater damage than the rises of the larger but more sluggish Lane.

This river would have been more destructive had it not been in some degree controlled by a great levee on the farm next above Abner's. This levee acted in such a way that the water from the Lane, when it did cover the lands of Abner and Josiah, spread over a wide expanse and moved with very little current.

But even a slight current will carry wooden things a long distance. Abner's rail fences, together with brush, logs, and debris from his woodlnad, were sometimes lifted by the water of the Lane River and set down on various parts of Josiah's farm. Then Abner would haul his rails back and rebuild his fences, while Josiah would burn the debris.

But one unlucky spring, when Josiah's corn had just appeared above the ground, the Lane came over its banks and wrought unusual harm. Not only were Josiah's fences removed and Abner's brought into their places, but Josiah's cornfield was thickly strewn with treetops from the great quantity of timber that Abner had cut on his farm during the winter.

After the water had subsided, Josiah was looking about his cornfield one morning. Tree tops, logs, big chips, long sections of bark, fence rails, all covered with slime and mud, were reposing on his newly sprouted corn. Many days of hard labor would be needed to cut and pile up all this driftwood, which would not burn for weeks.

Much of his corn, which had been the finest in the neighborhood, would be ruined. And by the removal of Abner's fences much of Josiah's corn would be trampled into the ground.

No wonder Josiah was out of sorts.

If he had been left to himself all might have been well, and I should have had no story to write. But as Josiah was gloomily viewing his flooded property, Abner came across the field.

"Mornin', Si."

Si grunted.

"Things looks kind o' bad, don't they, Si?"

Si said nothing.

"How soon kin I come an' get my rails?"

"Don't know as ye'll get 'em at all," said Josiah.

"I thought them was mine over yander." Abner pointed to a mass of rails and cornstalks which were undeniably his.

"Ain't them yourn, too, then, an' them?" Josiah pointed eloquently to the mud-coated logs and treetops.

"I'll leeve they air, Si, most of 'em."

"Wal, when ye take the last one of 'em off o' my corn we'll talk about lettin' you take them rails, too."

Abner was astonished.

"I don't mind helpin' ye clear off that mess, Si, of ye ask it. But I'd like to come in to-morrer or nex' day an' git my rails."

"I ferbid ye settin' foot on my land agin'" shouted Josiah. "If I've got ter do all yer log-rollin' fer ye, an' do in my own cornfield to boot, I'll just keep the good along 'th the trash."

"I'll sue ye then!" said Abner angrily.

"Sue an' be hanged! I'll sue ye fer damage fer lettin' yer trash in here, an' fer ruinin' my corn, if ye come in after yer rails."

Abner did not bring suit as he had threatened, for he saw that the expense would outweigh the profits. He made new rails and rebuilt his fences.

Josiah rebuilt his own fences from the rails brought down from Abner's farm, together with those which remained of his own. For weeks his cornfield was in a fog of smoke from the slimy logheaps, and in the autumn his crop was far below the average.

During all this time Josiah and Abner shunned each other. Their wives and children were not allowed to exchange visits.

One night of the following spring Salt Creek rose to a height many feet above any point it had ever reached in the history of the valley. There had been a week of rainy weather, so that the turbulent stream was much swollen, and on this particular night there was a tremendous rainstorm.

As the Lane River was swollen greatly, there was no adequate outlet for the turbid flood which swirled and rushed down the Salt Creek valley. Consequently, the current of the Lane was not only stopped, but turned back, so that for some hours the river actually flowed up stream.

Then the brawling little stream, like a person of passionate impulses, calmed down almost as quickly as it had risen.

The light of morning revealed a strange state of affairs to Josiah. Except the very small area of high ground about the house, his entire farm had been flooded. Everything that would float was carried away and stranded on Abner's farm. Here was retribution indeed!

Who could have dreamed that the current would set up stream and carry back to Abner that which it had once taken from him? But there it was.

Josiah walked along to the upper edge of his farm and saw thousands of his rails—those he had made as well as those he had taken from Abner—piled up on the low knolls of Abner's farm.

Josiah also saw Abner looking over his unexpected acquisitions. Among them was Josiah's own stalk-rake. Abner was contemplating it with smiles of welcome.

Then, for the first time in almost a year, Josiah set foot on his neighbor's land, and walked over to where Abner stood grinning.

"I'll come and git that rake after a while," said Josiah, shamefacedly.

"Don't think ye will," answered Abner.

"An' why don't ye think I will?"

"'Cause I ferbid ye to set foot on my land."

"Ain't that my rake?"

"Wasn't them my rails ye jist the same as stole las' spring?"

"Didn't I put in a hull month clearin' yer logs out o' my cornfield?"

"What d'ye call them, then, an' whose air they?"

Abner pointed to his oatfield, thickly studded with logs and drift which had undeniably come from Josiah's wood land.

"I 'low we're about even, Ab, so lemme have my rake and we won't say nothin' about the rails," said Josiah.

"I guess we're nigher even as we stand, so ye kin let the rake stay right whar it is."

Josiah walked home without a word in reply. Abner stood chuckling over the discomfiture of his brother-in-law.

Late in the afternoon the Lane, fed fuller by countless creeks farther up, crept over its banks and came gliding gently into the little depressions of the adjacent fields.

No sooner was it dark than Abner Baldwin, armed with a shotgun, took his stand behind a tree near the pile of drift where the rake lay.

No sooner was it dark than Josiah Glint, telling his hired man to follow him with a wagon and team as soon as the moon was up, started for the scene of his late encounter with his neighbor.

Josiah intended to clear away the rubbish from his rake and have it ready to load into the wagon when it arrived. Abner had divined Josiah's intention, and was prepared to keep him away, even by using the shotgun.

Meantime the river was creeping, through the fields and across the woodlands. Josiah had no little trouble in making his way in the darkness. At last, when there was but one little depression between him and the rake, he found that hollow filled with water, and sat down to await the coming of the wagon.

Long he waited there in the darkness, no sound audible save the roar of the river at a distance, and the lapping of the water as it rose higher and higher. The moon was casting her first faint beams across the land, when, above the sounds of the rushing current and of the nearer water which had risen almost to his feet, Josiah heard something of a still more alarming nature. A continuous crashing as of splintering timbers came from a point up the Lane River. Blent with this was a loud roaring, which grew momentarily louder and came on.

What could it be? Josiah rose from the ground and peered anxiously in the direction of the sounds. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, and more incomprehensible! Surely that was a falling tree he heard.

Another and another fell, each nearer than the last! Just then the moon came boldly into view, and disclosed to Josiah a line of white foam racing madly toward him across Abner's oatfield.

Then the truth was plain. Deming's great levee had broken, the Lane was coming down like a low wall moving at speed, and Josiah was caught in the flood.

He stood for few moments without power to fly or even to take his eyes from that wide crest of water charging down upon him. Next instant he was whirled away by the torrent, scarcely able to keep his head above the water. Soon he managed to grasp a solid timber and steady himself enough to look around.

Josiah had already drifted considerably behind the crest of the wave, and was now being carried rapidly across his own farm, in company with brush, logs, cornstalks, and his rails—and Abner's.

But to what was Josiah clinging for support? He could hardly believe it, but it was his stalk-rake, the very thing he had gone to bring away. Still more astonishing, there was a man clinging to the other end of the rake, and he looked wonderfully like Abner Baldwin. Josiah had begun to think it was only some terrible nightmare after all, when a voice hailed him:

"That you, Si?"

"Yes. That you, Ab?"

"Yes, but I don't b'leeve I kin hold on much longer."

"I'll help ye; jist hang on a bit longer."

Josiah edged his way along to the place where Abner was clinging, placed an arm around him, and grasped a rake-tooth firmly with each hand.

"I don't b'leeve it, Si," said Abner. "I was goin' to keep this here rake."

"No, ye wasn't, Ab. I was goin' to steal it this very night."

"No, ye wasn't, Si. I was goin' to fill ye full o' birdshot."

"Wal, it seems to be a sort of a pardnership affair jist now, as we've both got consider'ble interest in it," said Josiah, grimly.

Rapidly they drifted over Josiah's farm until they came to Salt Creek, whose swift cross-current bore them out into the main channel of the Lane. Both men were nearly exhausted when they were drifted into an eddy, whence they managed to climb on a great log, and from there into a scrubby tree.

Abner had been struck by a piece of timber when the flood caught him, and now suffered great pain. Josiah held him in the tree.

All night long the flood roared past them, bearing uprooted trees, buildings and various wreckage. But the two men were happy in their reconciliation; for though neither said a word on the subject, each understood that they were firmer friends than ever before.

Next day their neighbors rescued them, badly chilled, and thoroughly worn out with the long night's watching.

The story of the terrible havoc wrought by the Great Lane Freshet is told in the history of the valley, and does not belong to this narrative. But neither of the two men who drifted down on the stalk-rake ever regretted his experience on that night.

The Baldwin and Glint children now play together every day; their mothers are happy in the reconciliation, and nowhere can be found two firmer friends than Abner and Josiah.—Youth's Companion.

Lord Dufferin is only the eighth ambassador sent by Great Britain to France since 1814; while the latter power has been represented at the Court of St. James by no less than thirty-eight men in that period.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"Lessons From the Story of Daniel."

TEXT: "*Daniel was first.*"—Daniel vi., 2.

Where in romance can you find anything equal to what Daniel was in reality? A young man, far away from home, introduced into the most magnificent and most dissolute palace of all the earth. The king, wishing to make this young man a prodigy in personal appearance, orders his attendants to see that he has plenty of meat and wine, and Daniel refuses these delicacies and insists on a vegetable diet, refusing everything but pulse and water, waving back all the rich viands with a determined "No; I thank you." He surpasses all the princes in brilliancy. As this sun rises higher and higher in the firmament, it puts out all the stars, and if there is anything the stars hate it is the sun.

Daniel becomes so much of a favorite with King Darius that our young hero is promoted to be prime minister or secretary of state—the Prelinghuysen or the Bismarck of the ancients. But no man ever attained so high position without exciting the envy of others. The meanest and wrathiest passion of the soul is jealousy. You see it among all professions and occupations. I am sorry to say you see it as much among clergymen as among other classes of men. It is a passion bitter as hell, and it is immediately recognized, and yet, though it blackens the man who indulges in it, men will kindle this fire which consumes only themselves.

There were demagogues in Babylon, who, highly appreciative of their own capacity, doubted the policy of elevating such a young man as Daniel. They said: "Why, we know more than he does. We could manage the public affairs better than he can manage them. The idea of putting Dan in such a place as that." Old politicians were afraid of young Babylon. They began to plot his ruin. He was an illustrious target. The taller the cedar the more apt to be struck with the lightning.

These demagogues asked Darius to make an unalterable decree that any man who within thirty days shall ask a petition of any one except Darius shall be put to death. Darius, not mistrusting any foul play, makes such a decree. The demagogues have accomplished their purpose, for they knew that Daniel would never cease bringing petitions to his God, and Daniel, instead of being affrighted by the decree, went three times a day to his housetop for prayer. He was cast in the den. He is surrounded to be devoured by the lions. Such a healthy young man will be for the leonine monarchs the best banquet they ever had. By the rough contortions of the jaw he is buried away toward the den.

I hear the growl of the monsters, and their parting of their mutilated mouths are placed to the ground in the solid earth quakes with their bellow. The door is removed and Daniel shoved into the den, which was all aglare with fiery eyeballs that seem to roll and snap in the caverns. They approach the defenseless man. Their appetite was sharp with hunger. One stroke of their paw, one champing of their jaws, would have been lifeless. How strange a welcome Daniel receives from the monsters. They fawn about him. They cover his feet with their long manes. They lick his hands with their lockjaw. That night Daniel's sleep is calm and undisturbed, with his head pillowed on the warm neck of the tamed lions.

But King Darius was not so happy. He loved Daniel and he hated the stratagem by which his favorite had been condemned. He paces his floor all night. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. A bad conscience will make the bravest man a coward. He watches eagerly for the dawn, which seems so long in coming. At the first streak of light he starts out to find out the fate of Daniel. The palace gate opens and jars heavily behind him while yet the city is asleep. He comes to the den. He looks through the crevices but sees nothing. He dare not speak. Expecting the worst, his heart stops.

Gathering strength, he puts his mouth to the rift in the rock and cries, "O, Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" An answer comes rolling up out of the darkness: "O, King, live forever. My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." The young man is brought out and the demagogues who made the plot are thrown in. But they hardly struck the bottom of the den when their flesh is rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts, while the fierce monsters sank down to rest with their terrible roar, announcing to all ages the truth that while God defends His people, the way of the wicked shall perish.

Now, you see from this subject that in the eyes of many the greatest offense you can commit is success. Of what crime had this young man been guilty that he should come under the bitter hatred of his colleagues? Why, he had gone to be prime minister of Babylon. That they could not forgive. Behold in this sketch a touch of human nature! As long as poverty pinches you, and you are in the gauntlet between taxgatherer and landlord, and you have hard work to educate your children, there will be multitudes to say: "Poor fellow, he ought to succeed. How sorry I am for him!"

But after awhile you begin to emerge from the darkness. That was a capital investment. You purchased at just the right time. Fortune became good natured and smiled. You builded your own house. You got to be one of the first men on the street. Now when you pass a number of those late sympathizers stand on the corner of the street. They scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money now than they have, and ought to be. They scowled at from under the rim of their hats.

Before you get fully past you hear a word or two. "Stuck up," says one. "Didn't get it honestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house was laid on their heart. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Your carriage tire cut into their soul. Who have you more outrageous culprit? You ought to be cast to the lions. You have dared to achieve success. Depend upon it that if you say one kind word for yourself or your fellows—if you are more truthful, more wise, more eloquent, more influential—the shallow of your success will chill somebody's heart. The meanness and virtue is within reach of the enemies' guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down or I will knock you down." In midair a snowflake said to a snowbird, "I don't like you." "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Because," replied the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down."

Success is often a synonym for scorn. The first thing a man wants is religion. The second is grit. If you do not want to face wild beasts you must never get to be prime minister. If you are now, as a young man, rising by your own merit, God pity you for your advancement, but I wish to say before I quit this thought, look out for the lions. Young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers have much sympathy, and kind advice is given them at first, but as you become your own masters and begin to succeed in your different occupations and professions, how it is then, young merchants, young lawyers, young physicians, young ministers? How is it then?

Again behold in our subject an exhibition of true decision of character. Before Daniel were condemnation and death, if he continued faithful to his religion. Yet, just as before, three times a day he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. There is nothing more fatal for the religious or worldly advancement than a spirit of indecision. How often youth is almost gone before the individual has determined upon his profession.

There are those who for thirty or forty years have accomplished nothing and why? because they have not felt themselves settled. They have thought of the law, of medicine, of merchandise, of mechanism. They have come to ideas of going west. Perhaps they will go east. Perhaps they won't. They may go north or south. Perhaps they will invest their money in railroads or in real estate. Perhaps they won't. They are like a vessel starting from New York harbor, which should one day decide on going to Liverpool, and the next on New Orleans, and the next on Marseilles. How many men have for a long while been out on the great sea of life and they do not know to what port they are destined! It is an everlasting lacking of ship, but no haven.

The man who begins to build a house in the Corinthian style and when half way up concludes to make it Doric, and then completes it in Ionic, will have an unseemly pile and be cursed of every school of architecture. These men that try everything get to be nothing. God wrote in your brain and engraved on your bones what you ought to be. Then be that, nothing more or nothing less. In that direction is your success. Every other road is ruin. Having adjusted your knowledge like a watering at a forge, become one hand and hammer in the other—like digging in mines with crowbars, prying under the ledge and the constant bang of blasted rocks. Especially is it true that no growth in grace is possible unless, like Daniel, we are willing to take up the cross, however heavy it may be and rouga with it. Many a fellow signed the articles with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin, and if we would be anything like him we must be willing sometimes to choose the hard bread of self-denial rather than the imperial canapes from royal vineyards.

To get strength and depth enough in rivers for turning mill wheels and manufactories, dams are built across them, and then through the mill race the quick floods leap on the water wheel to turn it with tremendous power. So natures that would otherwise have been powerless and insufficient by self-restraint have been dammed back and deepened, until with consecrated power they rush into the world turning its powerful machinery of important interests. Unrestrained men may have much good in them, but it is so scattered that you see no positive effects. Electricity in the air does not strike, but gathered in the cloud with its bare red arm it cleaves the mountain.

Passions harnessed and yoked make excellent beasts of burden. However attractive may be the sinful offers of the world, though rich and luxurious as the provision of the king's table, we must be willing to refuse them if nothing be left us but plain pulse. Oh, how we want the faith and courage of a Daniel and a Paul, but how we dread the hot atmosphere of trial, in which their graces ripened. The richest fruits of religion grow in the sultry tropics of trial. If you want pearls, you must dive for them. If you want gold, you must dig for it. The richest parts of California and Australia are under ground. Depend upon it, if no prune ing, no fruit; no climbing, no elevation; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown. Had there been no Nebuchadnezzar, there would have been no Daniel. Even so it has been in all ages. The flames that have flashed up from the stake have been so many illuminations of Christian triumph.

When God would make a great light of truth and holiness in the world, he often takes great persecutions and with them strikes fire. The devil's hate is God's glory. Had it not been for the persecutions of Emperor Valerian, the world would not have known of the courage of a Cyprian, and if the tyranny of Diocletian had never been known, the triumphant grace would not have been seen which made Maximilian, when sentenced to death, exclaim: "God be praised." Had not the bandits of Piedmont pursued the Waldenses through the valley of the Alps, and the infuriate decree put to massacre the Albigenses of France, the world would have had fewer illustrations of Christian heroism. So Joseph before Pharaoh. So Paul before Felix. So Daniel before Darius.

Again let the story of Daniel teach us the beauty of that youthful character which remains unblemished and upright when away from home. Had Daniel, on arriving in Babylon, plunged into every excess, his friends in Jerusalem would never have heard of it. His dissipation and renunciation of religion would not have cast one sorrow on the family hearth where he had lived or the old family Bible which he used to read. But, though far away from home, he knew that God's eye watched him and that was enough. It is not every young man who maintains the same character when absent that was maintained at home.

Frederick watching his father's sheep among the hills or thrashing rye in the barn is far different from Frederick on the Stock Exchange. How often does the kind, retiring spirit become bold effrontery, and the accommodating, half sneering disposition once exhibited among brothers and sisters becomes a cold and unresponsive selfishness, and econo ny, wastefulness and open handed charity, tight fisted stinginess, and the keeping of good hours is changed to midnight revelry.

I probably address young men now, distant from their father's house, and others who, still under the parental roof, look forward to a time when they will depart alone to conflict with the world and among strangers be called to build up characters for themselves. Happy for you, oh, young man, if you shall, like Joseph, be the same when living with wicked Pharaoh as with pious Jacob, or Daniel as pure in Babylon as in Jerusalem. There is no passage in a man's life of more thrilling interest than the day in which he leaves home and goes off to seek his fortune. The novelty and romance connected with the departure may keep the young man from any poignant sorrow, but parents, who have seen the destruction among strangers of those who were considered promising youths, cannot help feeling that this step is full of momentous importance. Before the youth left home all his conduct was under affectionate guardianship.

Outbursts of folly, carelessness and impropriety of manner and looseness of speech were kindly reproved, and although the restraint seemed sometimes too severe, yet hours of sober reflection have convinced him that it was salutary and righteous. But behold how the scene changes. The father, through the intercession of metropolitan friends has secured the son a place in some bank or store or office. Schoolmates, on the night before his departure, come to take their farewell of the young adventurer.

That morning he takes a last walk around the old place, and going past some loved spot a sly tear may start, but no one sees it. The trunk is on the carriage, and after a warm goodby away they speed over the hills. Set down amid excitements and among companions not overscrupulous as to their words or deeds, temptations troop around the stranger. The morning comes, but no family altar, and the Sabbath, but no real quiet, and perhaps at the sanctuary the faces are all strange and no one cares whether he goes to church or whether he does not go. Long winter evenings arrive, and how shall they be spent? On his way home from his place of business he saw flaming placards announcing rare performances and that this was positively the last night.

At the door of his cheerless boarding-house no one greets him, and the evening meal is insipid, for no one cares whether he eats or does not eat. The room in the third story that evening seems doleful and repelling. A book snatched up from the stand proves to be dull, for no stake is there to look over with him. In despair he rushes out, reckless as to where he goes, if only he can see something to make him stop thinking. That night may be the turning point in his history. Once within the fatal circle of sin, and the soul has no power to repel. Oh, how we want the faith and courage of a Daniel and a Paul, but how we dread the hot atmosphere of trial, in which their graces ripened. The richest fruits of religion grow in the sultry tropics of trial. If you want pearls, you must dive for them. If you want gold, you must dig for it. The richest parts of California and Australia are under ground. Depend upon it, if no pruning, no fruit; no climbing, no elevation; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown. Had there been no Nebuchadnezzar, there would have been no Daniel. Even so it has been in all ages. The flames that have flashed up from the stake have been so many illuminations of Christian triumph.

When God would make a great light of truth and holiness in the world, he often takes great persecutions and with them strikes fire. The devil's hate is God's glory. Had it not been for the persecutions of Emperor Valerian, the world would not have known of the courage of a Cyprian, and if the tyranny of Diocletian had never been known, the triumphant grace would not have been seen which made Maximilian, when sentenced to death, exclaim: "God be praised." Had not the bandits of Piedmont pursued the Waldenses through the valley of the Alps, and the infuriate decree put to massacre the Albigenses of France, the world would have had fewer illustrations of Christian heroism. So Joseph before Pharaoh. So Paul before Felix. So Daniel before Darius.

Again let the story of Daniel teach us the beauty of that youthful character which remains unblemished and upright when away from home. Had Daniel, on arriving in Babylon, plunged into every excess, his friends in Jerusalem would never have heard of it. His dissipation and renunciation of religion would not have cast one sorrow on the family hearth where he had lived or the old family Bible which he used to read. But, though far away from home, he knew that God's eye watched him and that was enough. It is not every young man who maintains the same character when absent that was maintained at home.

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THE NEWS.

THE Redding and Weaverville stage was robbed by two masked men about one mile from Redding, Cal. The robbers got away with the express box, but it contained no treasure. The mail bag was not touched.——R. P. Earhart, collectors of customs of Portland, Oregon, is dead.——The firm of R. Hunter & Bro., general merchandise and stock dealers, in Rockport, Mo., closed its doors. Liabilities $75,000; assets $40,000. Attributed to losses in stock deals.——Police Captain Joseph M. Schooley, of Philadelphia, committed suicide in the captains' room at the City Hall.——Enos E. Bacon, a prominent citizen of Greenwich, N. J., was struck by a freight train and instantly killed.——Knauers' granite quarries at Falls of French Creek, Pa., closed down because of impending difficulties about wages with the Paving Cutters' Union. The quarries employ two hundred hands, and furnish large quantities of belgian blocks for paving purposes to the city of Philadelphia. An effort to effect a compromise failed.——Jackson Moore, colored, of Palatka, Fla., shot his wife through the head, killing her instantly, and then committed suicide.——Mrs. B. McDonough, the wife of a section boss on the Gulf, Colorado and Sante Fe Railroad, at Brenham, Texas, was outraged and murdered and her little son killed by men recently discharged by Mr. McDonough.——The Reading, the New York Central and the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroads have entered into an agreement for an interchange of traffic.——The first convention of the Federation of Women's club opened in Chicago.

Moses Chambers, a Western Union lineman, while repairing a wire which was dragging over the railroad track at Salem, N. J., was thrown from his perch by a passing train catching the wire, and ground to pieces under the car wheels——Confederate Memorial Day in North Carolina was appropriately observed in all the cities of the State.——General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, says the order has increased over 8,000 members during the past three months.——The cruisers Philadelphia, Kearsage and Newark will take part in the May festival at Savannah.——The Supreme Court of Boston, in the case of Joseph Sweat, a brakeman, against the Boston and Albany Railroad for the loss of an arm, affirmed the judgment of the lower court, which gives the plaintiff $10,000.——A. Platt & Co.'s cotton mill a Manayunk, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. Loss $30,000.——The state authorities of New Jersey decided to begin suits against the railroad companies in that state interested in the leading trust created, and the bill passed. The meeting of the Conference considered the report of the committee on the World's Fair recommending that the Exposition gates be closed on Sunday.——Hon. Wm. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, has been elected to a lectureship before the University Extension Semicary, which opens in September in Philadelphia.——George Guise, of South Boston, a brakeman on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was killed by being run over and horribly mangled at Sunnyside, N. J.——The Pennsylvania and Reading have agreed to reduce the tolls on anthracite coal and coke.

Misses Alice La Rue and Kitty Clark were drowned near Hamilton, Ohio, while boating.——A jury at Helena, Mont., has given John T. Reese, a traveling man, $25 000 damages against the Union Pacific Railway for injuries sustained while boarding a train, the injuries resulting in the amputation of one arm.——The Williams block, Fort Fairfield, Me., embracing the clothing and boot and shoe stores of J. R. Williams, the barber shop of A. P. Welsh, and occupied