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The Easton Gazette.

THE OL… PAPER IN TALB…

The Purest in Politics, th… Lists containing the most… subscribers.

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A SINGER CROWNED.

The light came softly streaming
The day the singer died;
They whispered: "He is dreaming"—
He lay so tranquil-eyed.

No vision of Death's river
Flashed on the waiting throng;
The pale lips seemed to quiver
Still with immortal song.

And nations came and crowned him
With laurels of their love;
The deathless glory 'round him
Seemed like that above.

But greater than all glory
Of worlds, or worlds to be,
Was Love's last, sweetest story,
In Love's simplicity.

For to the singer sleeping
Where none might heed or mark,
A little child came creeping
With lilies in the dark.

And, 'mid the laurels gleaming,
With trembling hands and fair,
Laid them above his dreaming—
Kissed them, and left them there.
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

A COMPLETE CURE.

"HAVE you had a good time in town?"

"No-o; beastly hole; bores one to death." "But there is such a lot going on now. Did you not go to any theatres?"

"Yes, to every one; music halls, too; saw everything there was to be seen. I suppose I did enjoy myself, but I have forgotten it."

The Girl looked at the Man steadily for a moment, but he walked moodily on, unconscious of her gaze.

"Were there any nice people staying at the same place?" she asked unconcernedly, but still watching him.

"No-o; at least, I hardly spoke to any of them."

"Who were those people you wrote about—those people you were with so much?"

"Oh, they were Irish."

Dead silence. The Man and the Girl sauntered along the beach, each intent on their own thoughts.

"What charming people the Irish are, as a rule," the Girl said at length.

"Yes, awfully jolly," enthusiastically.

"Were these?"

"Oh, yes, they weren't bad."

"How many were there, and of what sort and condition? Do rouse yourself a little and try to be a trifle more entertaining."

The Man pulled himself together and made an effort. "What shall I tell you? About the Irish people I met? Well, there was a father, also a mother—awfully fine old lady she was—and a daughter."

"Was the daughter pretty? Irish girls are lovely as a rule, I think. Their eyes are so beautiful. Had this girl beautiful eyes?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

"Was she a nice girl, clever and so on? Tell me all about her."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell. The Man grew restive under the cat… ing; then he tried to turn the conver… sation. The Girl sauntered on more slowly. She was a little paler than she had been, but a slightly mocking smile played around the corners of her mouth.

"How pretty those brown sails look out there," she said presently, pointing to a little fleet of fishing-boats far out on the glittering sea. "Mark, I should like to go out sailing."

"Would you?" he rejoined, indifferently.

"Yes; let us go and have a nice long day. I will get some provisions while you get the boat. Shall we go?"

"I should like it if you would." With a little more alacrity he moved off, while the Girl wended her way up the cliff path to the house perched on the top.

"Poor boy!" she said softly. "To be slangy, he is hard hit, or thinks he is, which amounts to the same. I am afraid he is very impressionable."

Out at sea there was a soft breeze blowing, a little breeze that made the boat run bearable and put new life and spirits into the two in the boat; there was something so exhilarating, so free, so invigorating, in the very feeling of flying along over the smooth, sparkling waters. Care seemed to be left behind, where it would not overtake them; anger, jealousy, mortification, seemed all too petty and mean to live in this great open stretch of sea and sky.

"Shall we have lunch now?" The Girl was leaning back in a perfect nest of cushions, looking unspeakably comfortable and very pretty.

"You look so comfortable it is a pity you should move," the Man said. "I will unpack the things and hand you all you want."

"My dear boy, I could not possibly eat in this position, and loath as I am to disturb myself, my spirit longeth for sustenance. I am going to sit in the bottom of the boat," she said, "will you arrange some cushions at my back for me?"

Easily and deftly, and with an air in which the proprietor and protector were curiously mixed, he arranged her ease.

"This is awfully fine," said the Man, leaning back, with his hands clasped behind his head, and looking first at the Girl, then at the sky, and then back again at the Girl. "This is splendid. I could go on sailing away forever. One seems to leave all worries behind and forget all disagreeables."

The Girl did not speak for a moment. She was looking at the brown sails of the boats they were passing.

"I do not know that I should care for it the rest of my existence," she said at length. "You are a very agreeable companion, Mark; at least, you can be," with a little rising of her eyebrows; "but I think it would be very stupid to pass one's whole life with one friend—"

"With one what?"

"Friend," answered the Girl, calmly unfurling her sunshade and settling more comfortably into her cushions.

The Man stared at her for a few seconds. Then he followed her gaze at the brown sails, and for a moment they appeared to find something of surpassing interest in them.

"I think it would be very jolly to bring out Miss Armstrong one day, and her brother, don't you?" asked the Girl.

"Ye-es, perhaps they would like it," indifferently.

"Oh, Jack Armstrong told me yesterday that he is devoted to sailing. He wanted me to go with him—them—to-day, but I said you were coming, and you would think it odd if you found no one at home."

"You were very kind," he answered a little sullenly. "I am sorry to have kept you at home."

"Oh, it does not matter. I can go another day. I wanted to see you, you know."

"Thanks; but why not go in his boat to-morrow instead of having him here? You would enjoy it more, probably."

"I don't know that I should," musingly. "Besides, I want you to know Mina. She is such a dear little soul, and so pretty. I am sure you will quite fall in love with her."

She looked at her companion for the first time, then quickly lowered her sunshade, for the dignified amazement of his expression was too much for her gravity. For minutes silence reigned in the boat. The Man was wondering if it could really be possible that the Girl regarded him simply as one of her many friends, and was quite indifferent as to whether he cared more for another girl or not.

It had never occurred to him that other men might admire Ruth so much as to wish to take her from him. He looked at her in his endeavor to fathom it all. He looked at her, and then he no longer wondered. She was really very pretty. When he looked at her she was leaning on the side of the boat, her head resting on her arm.

"How perfectly idyllic it is," she finally said. "What a comfort it is to be able to sit silent when one feels inclined, and not feel one is playing the bore. It is a sign of true friendship, Mark. I could not do so with any one but you, but you understand." She looked at him with a sweet, grave smile. "We ought to be good friends after knowing each other all these years, oughtn't we?"

Mark nodded. "'Friend' always seems to me such an inadequate, cold word," he said. "Friends and acquaintances are the same to me."

"Oh, no; oh, no!" she cried. "Acquaintances mean so little, they are nothing. I have so many, but of friends so few. You are one of my chiefest, and—"

"I always thought we were more than friends," he said.;

"You silly boy, how could we be?" she replied, with a little laugh, but the laugh did not ring true.

"Well, you know what the old folks—"

"Mark, do you know that it is nearly 4 o'clock, and that I promised to be at Armstrong's at 4.30? We must really go in now."

Later that day it occurred to the Man that he had not thought of the Irish girl for several hours. He did not think of her until the moon rose, and he went out on the headland and sat alone with his pipe.

"Ruth, do you feel inclined to come out for a stroll?" The Girl was sitting in a large basket chair in the garden on the cliff-top; in her hand she held a magazine, but she was not reading it, she was looking out over the sea, thinking, thinking of something which called up a little smile to her lips.

She looked so sweet and fresh and cool, her soft white gown showing her pretty, sunburnt cheeks, and the glorious color of her hair. Mark approached her with his request almost diffidently. During the last week or two he had found that she did not jump at his suggestions with her old alacrity; in fact, it had taken him all his time and all his tact to secure her company at all, and so occupied was he that he had had no time to… all of the Irish girl; at least he had only found time of an evening over his pipe and two of those evenings he had spent in thinking of Ruth.

To-day, however, Ruth willingly consented to accompany him. "Let us go on the heather," she said, "and you must talk to me, for I am feeling fearfully lazy."

So they strolled along the narrow lane inland until they came to the moor where great stringy beds of purple and white heather stretched away for miles and the low hedges were draped with festoons of honeysuckle and "old man's beard." Close to one of these hedges they found a seat, or at least Ruth found a seat; Mark did not want one, he lay on the heather beside her.

"Mark, this is an earthly paradise," she exclaimed, as she leaned back against a soft cushion of sweet scented thyme. "If I was superstitious I should say it was too good to last."

"I think it is," said Mark, rather mournfully. "We seldom have a walk or anything together now, Ruth."

"No?" She was not prepared for this sudden attack, and grew confused. The Man noticed it, and determined to make the most of it. "Ruth, dear, you have changed lately; we are not such good friends as we used to be. Why is it? Tell me!"

He looked up at her, and from his lowly position could see every change in her face

"Don't be silly," she said, studiously averting her eyes. She stooped and gathered a handful of heather, which she promptly began to destroy and scatter in little showers over her white gown. In a moment she recovered and became herself again. "Get into a more comfortable position," she said, smiling down at him, "and talk to me. I must be amused." So the Man, with a sigh, lay down on his heather couch and began to talk. In those days he did anything the Girl told him, and everything he could think of to please her. Presently he began to talk of his late visit to London, that visit on the subject of which he had hitherto been so silent.

"And those Irish people," said the Girl, unconcernedly, idly sticking pieces of heather in his curls while she looked keenly down on his face. The top of his head was towards her, his eyes were fixed on the blue sea, where it appeared far away in the distance, so that he did not see her. "Why do you not ask them down here? You were so much with them and liked them so, I am sure you would be glad to have them."

No answer. The girl stuck another piece of heather in his hair, then took it all out again. "I am sure I should have liked to have met them. I think I should have liked the girl awfully."

"I know you would not."

"Why? I think we should get on beautifully together."

"I am sure you would not. She is not your style at all."

"What style is she?"

"Oh, I don't know. She is an awful flirt, and not good form at all."

"Oh!" A silence ensued for about five minutes, then the Man rolled over, and, planting his elbows in the heather, looked up determinedly in his companion's face. An inkling of the truth had reached his brain.

"Ruth, I must know. It is only fair that you should tell me why you have changed so to me?" Dead silence. The Girl looked away and made no attempt to reply. "Won't you tell me?" he said, wistfully. "You are making me very miserable, dear." His voice was quite sad and pleading; it touched the girl in spite of herself.

"I am? Oh, Mark." The tears almost came into her eyes, but she smiled instead. "How can I make you unhappy?"

"Because I love you, Ruth, and I cannot bear this something that has risen between us; it drives me mad. Ruth, my dear girl, don't you know how I love you, and that I want you to be something very, very much nearer than a friend?"

The smile died away from her face; she grew very pale, and her fingers trembled a little as she played with the heather, but she spoke calmly, almost coldly. "I did not know it was me you loved," she said.

"I have never loved any one else, not with a real love such as I have for you. I may have admired others, yes, and perhaps thought myself in love with them for a time; but that is all so different, you know it is."

"Yes, I think I know," she said; "but it might happen again."

"I do not think it would," he said seriously. "I never knew until I came back this time, and—and began to feel that I might lose you, how much I loved you, dear." He wondered then why she smiled so oddly. "You must have seen it, Ruth?"

"But, Mark, how about that other girl, that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—care for her?"

"Pooh!" said the Man with unfeigned scorn. "Care for her? I never did. One may flirt with a girl like that, but as to loving her, or ---marrying her---well, I pity the poor fool who does. She flirts abominably."

Then the Girl smiled again, a triumphant little smile, quite unintelligible to the man. She knew that her course of treatment had been successful, the cure was complete.

"Why do you smile?" asked the Man, perplexed.

"Because---oh---because I am so happy."

"Happy! Do you mean that?" catching one of her hands and kissing it passionately. "Then it is to be—may I tell the old folks that it has all come out as they wished? Look at me, child, and tell me you really mean it, that you do care."

Still she looked away, intent on tearing up the unfortunate heather by her side. The Man watched her in silent dismay; he could not understand her in this vairable mood.

"You do not care," he said at last, when the silence had become unbearable. "You do not care, and you cannot make yourself."

There was great sadness in his voice, his face seemed in a moment to have aged and grown haggard. He turned over and propped himself on one elbow, with his face well away from hers.

Something was laid on his bowed head. It was Ruth's little hand. "Mark," she said, softly.

"What is it, Ruth?"

"Look up; I want to tell you something."

He obeyed her, and turned a very miserable pair of eyes towards her. "Never mind, little woman," he said bravely; "I know you can't care" He stopped; something in her face making him forget what he was saying.

Her eyes were bright and shining, a delicate flush crept up over her cheeks. "You are making a mistake. I do care, very, very much," she said earnestly. "It is all right now," and leaning towards him she took his face between her two hands and kissed him gently on the forehead.

"You dear little soul!" he cried, astonished at the unusual outburst on her part. But she had buried her face in her hands to hide the crimson that dyed her face.—The Gentlewoman.

Indians in Canada.

In Canada the white man provides provender for the winter. He lays in a store of frozen meat, frozen game, frozen fish and frozen milk. He has vegetables in his cellar, stacks of firewood at his door, and has his larder stocked with all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. The Indians, except those now becoming civilized, do none of these things. A fatalist could not be more apathetic on the subject of his next meal than is the red Indian, even when the prairie is beneath two feet of snow, must be so for many months, and the thermometer lingers day after day at thirty degrees below zero, with an occasional dip to forty degrees. The wild Indian in winter starves; he starves himself. Two winters ago I was among the Stony Indians, on the lake dotted plains of Alberta, almost within sight of the Rockies. There was not one of them who possessed more than a day's food, except the chief, who had had the forethought to grow and store a few bushels of potatoes. They subsisted by netting fish from beneath the frozen surface of a lake; they shot partridges and rabbits. Whenever they did so they feasted.

If a day came when the fish could not be caught, and the rabbits and partridges would not be shot—why, then they fasted and smoked kinikinik (the inner bark of the red willow.) While I was with them two squaws, after three days' sport, shot a bear, some rabbits and some partridges. One would have thought that experience would have dictated to them the expediency of freezing these for judicious consumption. Not so, however, but, as Carlyle would say, "Just the opposite of so." The Indian is anything but selfish. He will not feast while his neighbors fast. On this occasion a grand dancing party was convened, the whole of the spoil was cooked; the next day not a mouthful was left, and the sleepers slept the sleep of the gorged.—Westminster Review.

A Big Piece of Coal.

In the Mineral and Forestry Building at Atlanta, Ga., has been placed on display the largest piece of coal in one lump ever taken from one vein. This is a solid block of coal eleven feet six inches in height and three feet one inch on each side.

By geological experts it is regarded as one of the most phenomenal exhibits of this character ever placed on display. This piece of coal was taken especially for the Government in its display at Atlanta. It was taken from the vein at an immense cost and brought to the exposition in a special car. The block of coal weighs five tons.—Grafton (W. Va.) Journal of Commerce.

Cremation Growing in Favor.

Cremation of the dead is growing in favor in Philadelphia. A cremation society was organized in 1888, and the number of bodies cremated each year since then has increased steadily. In 1889 there were twenty-eight cremations, and so far this year there have been eighty-six. The society has started recently a scheme to "popularize the movement," by issuing bonds which net the purchaser three per cent. interest per annum, and entitle the holder of each bond to one incineration, with a receptacle and space for the storage of the ashes. The society now has 260 members and 300 stockholders.—New York Sun.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Return of the Prodigal Son."

TEXT: "Put a ring on his hand."—Luke xv., 22.

I will not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how, after that season of vagabondage and prodigality, he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farmhouse. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter? What is the matter?" But before they quite arrive the old man cries out, "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine trough! No more longing for the pods of the carob tree! No more blistered feet! Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and emerald rings, and diamond rings, but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roistering independence for an ecclesiastical straitjacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down. He starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is in infinity. It is not a blotting out. It is a polishing; it is an arborescence; it is an efflorescence: it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God, he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and the highest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into His love He puts upon him the ring of adoption. While in my church in Philadelphia there came the representative of the Howard Mission of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes, and as the little group stood on the pulpit and sang our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great hearted wealthy man came up and said, "I'll take this little bright eyed girl and I'll adopt her as one of my own children." And he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little waif came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress. Perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of His adoption we become the children of the Ruler of all Nations. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand, we are assured of eternal decency.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family attribute. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are royal robes on our limbs. The seraphic harps thrunge all the choir; we are His children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts us all kings and all priests. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymnmakers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into His love He puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine (Hosea ii., 19), "I will betroth thee unto Me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding after the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, showing love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the wedding march, under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you polish it until all the old luster comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into His keeping He puts on it a marriage ring! He endows you from that moment with all His wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine, but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, He loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from her family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts us all kings and all priests. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymnmakers, and sing:

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There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine, but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, He loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The waves began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the water was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storms and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment, "I am persuaded that neither height nor depth nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step farther, and tell you that when Chris. receives a soul into His love, He puts on him the ring of fidelity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded, "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between my God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people, I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them, and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smoothes all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out. Would you not like this hour to come up from the swine feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne, "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down and with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial street. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already gone beyond the tolling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the office, and you say, "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There are refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize, "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end?

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few morstolls. Only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful crowns and robes for the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without any hope in others, and who cultivate solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I want ordinances without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God and Christ and heaven that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations, and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep His commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, childlike faith apply for admission into the visible church, and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings Only one test—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people, but the Lord Jesus declared, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares, "Repent and be baptized every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized, yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the church, puts upon it.

Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God, but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back you will never come at all. After all you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand."

A PHANTOM FORTUNE.

In Pursuit of Which a Mississippi Woman Has Met With Misfortune.

Mrs. Cornelia Seibels, of Brookhaven, Miss., who was found wandering in the streets of London in a demented condition and was taken to St. George's Workhouse, recovered sufficiently to be able to talk rationally on most subjects. It was only when speaking of her claims to English and German fortunes that she showed any evidence of dementia. She said that her share of the Seibles estate was $50,000, and that she is entitled to a good share in the temple estate in England. Mrs. Seibels is about 81 years of age. Sewed in her clothing there was found about $15,000 in bills. The United States embassy in London has been notified of her condition.

Mrs. Seibels is a cousin of the late Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, and she has in her possession letters of introduction from Governor Stone and ex-Governor Lowry, both of Mississippi.

Mr. Seibels said that in 1867 a firm of lawyers, Sharp & Broadhead, of St. Louis, informed her that she was heir to the Temple Estate in England and the Seibels estate at Elberfeld, Germany. On her mother's side she is a direct descendant of the famous Temple family, of England. Since 1867 she has been trying to prove her claim. A few months ago she determined to go to England and from their go to Germany to place the matter in the hands of lawyers in both countries. For this purpose she sold property, consisting of 800 acres of timber land, near Brookhaven, Miss., for $3,160 and started.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

The passenger steamer Puritan was burned to the water's edge at her winter quarters, near Manistee, Michigan. Loss, $50,000.

A motorman, conductor and policeman were seriously injured in Chicago in a collision on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway.

Willie Black aged 14, Sam Toole, 16, and Addie Clayborn, 14, were drowned at Creston, O., while skating, the ice breaking under them.

Three young children of William Atkins and his wife, of Akron, O., were burned to death by a fire which destroyed their home. Their parents were absent at church.

A passenger train on the Nickel Plate Railroad struck a horse and sleigh at Claypool, Indiana. The occupants of the cutter, Wm. Doderidge and Daniel Rhoades were both killed.

A POPULAR LOAN.

Mr. Carlisle Invites Subscriptions for $100,000 000.

PUBLIC SALE AUTHORIZED.

Offered In Fifty Dollar Lots To Everybody Who Chooses to Subscribe—Proposals Received Only at the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries.

Secretary Carlisle has just issued the following broad circular:

Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C.—Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock M., on Wednesday, the fifth day of February, 1896, for the purchase of one hundred million dollars ($100,000 000) of United States four per cent. coupon or registered bonds, in denominations of fifty dollars ($50) and multiples of that sum, as may be desired by bidders. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

The bonds will dated on the 1st day of February, 1895, and be payable in coin thirty years after that date, and will bear interest at 4 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly in coin, but all coupons maturing on and before the 1st day of February, 1896, will be detached, and purchasers will be required to pay in United States gold coin or gold certificates for the bonds awarded to them, and all interest accrued thereon after the 1st day of February, 1896, up to the time of application for delivery.

Payments for the bonds must be made at the Treasury of the United States at Washington, D. C., or at the United States subtreasuries at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis or New Orleans, or they may be made at San Francisco with exchange on New York, and all bids must state what denominations of bonds are desired and whether coupon or registered, and at what place they will be paid for.

Payments may be made by installments, as follows: Twenty per cent. (20) upon receipt of notice of acceptance of bids, and twenty per cent. (20) at the end of each ten days thereafter, but all accepted bidders may pay the whole amount at the date of the first installment, and those who have paid all installments previously maturing may pay the whole amount of their bids at any time, not later than the maturity of the last installment.

The bonds will be ready for delivery on or before the fifteenth day of February, 1896.

Notice is further hereby given that if the issue and sale of an additional or different form of bond for the maintenance of the gold reserve shall be authorized by law before the 5th day of February, 1896, sealed proposals for the purchase of such bonds will also be received at the same time and place and up to the same date upon the same terms and conditions herein set forth, and such bids will be considered as well as the bids for the 4 per cent. bonds herein mentioned.

J. G. CARLISLE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

HANGED FOR HIS CRIME.

Albert Woodley Pays the Death Penalty on the Gallows.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says: Albert Woodley, the murderer of his intended wife, Jennie Buchanan, was hanged in the yard of the county jail at 10.43 o'clock A. M. Death was due to strangulation.

Five reprieves have been allowed Woodley since conviction. When bidding his attorney farewell he remarked: "I have no hope left." Later Rev. David Stillings and E. R. Dohohue called at the jail to offer spiritual encouragement. Woodley had embraced religion during his confinement, and believed he would be saved. Woodley gave his final directions to the ministers, which was that his remains in Washington; D. C., and in Brooklyn and Boston, who are all quite wealthy, be at once notified of his death and be furnished with his expression of sorrow and love. He requested that his body be interred after a short service by the ministers. Woodley was 35 years old last month.

Woodley spent several hours in Bible reading and silent meditation, interspersed with frequent chats with his guard. At 4 o'clock Woodley lay down, was soon fast asleep and rested well till 6.15 o'clock. At 8.15 o'clock the prisoner partook of his last meal.

At 10.50 o'clock the invited spectators, not more than fifty in number, were admitted to the jail yard. As soon as the farewells were concluded at the cell door Woodley was pinioned by Deputy Sheriff German, and the march to the scaffold was taken up. Woodley, supported by his spiritual advisers led the porsession. They were followed by the Sheriff and his deputies.

One minute after leaving the cell Woodley stood upon the trap, and an instant later he dropped through the opening. As the black cap was adjusted he exclaimed: "I am not guilty."

On Monday morning May 7,1894, Woodley, who had been drinking for several days, called at the home of his sweetheart. After smoking a cigar with her father he went into the kitchen, where the young lady was preparing a meal. Three minutes later two shots were heard, and when the father reached the kitchen he found the couple lying on the floor unconscious with bullet wounds in their heads.

The young woman died in a few moments, but Woodley recovered. He admitted the killing and said he was jealous. His trial followed in July and he was convicted of murder in the first degree.

KILLED BY A CAVE-IN.

Terrible Fate of Miners in the Battle Mountain Shaft, Colorado.

A terrible accident occurred about noon at the Anna Lee mine of the Portland Company, on the Battle Mountain. Nine men were caught in a big cave-in, and four were in the cage when the ground gave way. Five others in the mine are also supposed to be dead. The men in the cage were between the third and fourth levels when the shaft pinched.

The work of rescue was started at once, and great efforts were made to reach the men.

The cave-in began thirty-five feet from the top of the shaft It will take a week or ten days to rescue the entomed miners, as the shaft on the Anna Lee is about 1,000 feet deep, it can be readily seen that a great amount of work will be required not only to clear the shaft in order to make a passageway to the levels, but also to make way in the stations and slopes which are included in the cave-in.

The cause of the disaster cannot be definitely stated, but it is known that the timbers were insufficient to sustain great weight, both lateral and perpendicular, to which they have been subjected.

About two weeks ago the shaft of the Lee shrank to such an extent near one of the stations about the middle of the shaft that the cage on which there were three men at the time could not pass down. The engineer reversed and brought up the men. This was the first indication that the workings were closing in, and efforts were made to remedy the trouble.

KEEP IN SIGHT!

—Do not neglect your eyesight, 'tis precious; many a headache or dizzy feeling is relieved by the proper glasses.

Careful Examination Assured.

O. F. STURMER,
OPTICIAN.

N. B.—The Eastern Shore is flooded with spectacle fakirs—do not let them swindle you.

THE NEWS.

Joseph Fritze, aged thirty-two years, electrician for the Francis Wilson Opera Company, playing this week