

THE CITY OF GOD.

Four square it lies, with walls of gleaming pearl
And gates that are not shut at all by day;
There moreover their wings the storm winds
 furn.

And night falls not upon the shining way.
Up which by twos and threes, and in great
 thongs.

The happy people tread, whose mortal road
Lies straight to that fair home of endless songs,
The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

Eye has not seen, ear hath not heard, the joy,
The light, the bloom of that sweet dwelling
 place.

Whence praise is ay the rapturous employ
Of those who shun behind God's loving face.
Here, fretted by many a tedious hour,
 And bowed by burdens on the weary road.

We cannot dream of all the glory there.
In that bright city, beautiful, of God.

There some have waited for our coming long,
Blown thither on the mystic tide of death;
They catch some fragments of our broken song,
The while the eternal years are as a breath.

There we shall go one gladsome day of days,
And drop forever every cumbersome load,
 low
 maze.

The city, beautiful and vast, of God.

In that great city we shall see the King,
And tell Him how we took us by the hand
 and let us in
 our weakness, drag and cling.
As children when they do not understand
Yet with the mother walk as night comes on
 And wish that home was on some shorter
 road.

With what pleasure shall we look upon
Our Saviour in the city of our God!
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.



[Copyrighted, 1881, by S. S. Morton, and published by special arrangement.]

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

He started to his feet with a sudden
flash of recklessness in his eyes, and
paced the floor for a few moments
while he mentally debated this point;
then the question was settled.

"On the whole," he said, aloud, "I
will go. Why not? It will be merely
carrying out the programme that I
have already determined upon. I have
commenced to drift; I might as well
continue the exciting experiment. It
is possible, indeed most probable, that
Mrs. Maynard will at once discover
that I am not the particular Mr. North
to whom her note was addressed; but
in that case I can make some sort of
apology; 'note fell into my hands by
mistake; carelessness of the clerk;'
and so on, and thus bow myself grace-
fully out of the affair. But if, on the
other hand, she should share the popu-
lar misapprehension as to my identity,
then I'll be guided by circum-
stances!"

He paused now before his valise,
which the porter had deposited on a
chair, and, opening it, commenced un-
packing and tossing its contents care-
lessly on the bed. Among other items
a rather formidable-looking memo-
randum book, bound in Russia leather,
came to light. As his eye fell upon it,
a sudden inspiration seemed to seize
him.

"Something is certain to come of this
ridiculous affair," he said to himself,
taking up the note book, and also pen
and ink which he had in convenient
portable shape, "so I will just make a
little note of what has already occurred.
It may be the significant beginning of
important and interesting events."

With this reflection he established
himself at the writing table and com-
menced to record in the pages of his
note book the thrilling experiences he
had just passed through.

Alban North had a phenomenally
treacherous memory, which, instead of
strengthening it by a wise recourse to
one or all of the popular memory sys-
tems now in vogue, he had unconsciously
weakened still further by an habitual
subserviency to note-book and pencil.
Possessing a certain sense of humor, a
fluent style of expression, and the
leisure that enabled him to exercise his
literary talents, he frequently elaborated
his daily notes beyond the mere
jotting down of facts which it was im-



TOSSING ITS CONTENTS CARELESSLY.

portant for him to remember. If you,
dear reader, could have deciphered the
hastily scrawled pages preceding the
entry upon which he was now engaged,
you would have found them to read

"Monday.—Was in court this morn-
ing for the first time since the Dunkirk
will case was called. Found things in
status quo. Hopkins and Shepherd both
out of town. Possibly after that missing
witness who still continues non est in-
ventus. Suspect she's a myth. Hunter
and Ketchum both jubilant. Say they
are sure of winning. Hope they will;
credit of the office at stake. Thus far
no trace of that missing niece. Query:
Is she a myth, too?"

"Tuesday.—Startling developments in
the Dunkirk case to-day. Will proven
to be a forgery. Hopkins and Shep-
herd evidently had no hand in it. They
were both considerably taken aback
when this fact was established by the
experts, and they telegraphed at once
to the claimant's confidential legal ad-
visor—odd that I never happened to
hear him spoken of by name—to find

out what it all means. In my opinion
they would better send a detective after
him. I'll stake my last cigar (the one
I smoked last, I mean) that the
claimant and her confidential legal ad-
visor—who, by the way, has wisely
kept at a safe distance from New York
during this investigation—will prove to
be the persons who forged that docu-
ment. Hunter and Ketchum are still
advertising for information concerning
Annie Dupont, the niece and sole heir
at law. No result thus far. Mean-
while, there is a fine little case of
forgery to be investigated. Already the
inside theories are being woven, and, if
I mistake not, there will be some inter-
esting developments in the case before
many days.

"Wednesday.—Here's a state of
things! Hunter and Ketchum have
to-day received a communication from
a man calling himself Dennis O'Reilly
(doesn't that savor of the Emerald isle?)
living in X—, a city of considerable
importance in the wild west, who—the
Irishman, I mean—claims to be in pos-
session of facts that will lead to the
discovery and identification of Annie Du-
Pont. For my part I have no faith in
the story; but H. and K. think the mat-
ter is worth investigating, and they
have proposed that I go at once to X—,
find this man and follow up his clew if
it should prove to be worth anything.

The prospect is rather enlivening, and,
as it happens, my professional engagements
are not so numerous or exacting just
now as to interfere with my absenting
myself from the office. Prosecuted
a case of assault and battery yesterday,
and sent defendant to jail. Don't know
whether he was guilty or not. Suspect
not; but I prove it that he was, and
that was the end of it. And now, in-
flamed by that grand success, my voice
is still for war! Wish I could get hold
of something sensational, something
really worthy of my attention. Assault
and battery! I blush to write the words.
Are my talents to be dissipated,
my nerve and brain tissues to be
worn out pursuing such paltry game as
that? The fates forbid! There must
be some higher destiny in store for me.
Perhaps this mission to X— will furni-
sh me the sensational experiences
that I long for. I think I'll start to-
morrow. My constitution demands a
slight change of air and scenery, and
the trip will no doubt be of great benefit
to me, though whether anything of
importance to business interests will
result therefrom is somewhat problem-
atical."

Immediately after this came North's
latest entry:

"Friday noon.—At X—. Just got
here. Quite a breezy, wide-awake little
city, inhabited by a set of harmless and
amusing lunatics. Their first manifesta-
tion of eccentricity was to insist that
I am some other fellow, who oddly
enough bears my illustrious name, fol-
lows my honorable profession, looks
like me, and, as the final link in this as-
tonishing chain of coincidences, al-
though out of town at this present
writing, boards at the very hotel at
which I am stopping. Tried to con-
vince them of their mistake. No use.
Average mind not open to conviction.
Finally decided to let them have their
own way about it, and am therefore
going to play my role in this comedy of
errors as Antiphilus of Syracuse, unless
Antiphilus of Ephesus steps in prema-
turely and defeats my purpose. Must
hunt up Dennis O'Reilly. Forlorn hope.
Don't know where to look for him.
Probably digging ditches somewhere.
H. and K. must have been crazy to pay
any attention to his communication."

"Note Extraordinary" (made five
minutes after arrival after the manner
of English tourists visiting the
states).—People of X— are
very sociably inclined. Circumstances
offered in evidence: I find here
on the instant of my arrival a note
from one, Mrs. Maynard, evidently a
lady moving in aristocratic circles, in-
viting me to call upon her at two
o'clock this afternoon. No references
required. Invitation downright and
unconditional. In spite of the em-
barrassing fact that I have never had
the honor of meeting the lady afore-
said, and have not the slightest idea
where she lives, I have decided
that it will not be politic to slight
the very first invitation extended to me here, and I am there-
fore intending to call upon the said
Mrs. Maynard, of No. 33 Delaplaine
street, at the hour and place aforesaid.
Have a vague hope that she may be able
to throw some light upon the present
mystery of my identity. If she decides
that I am myself, the verdict of the general
public will be immediately set aside.
If she insists that I am the other
fellow, I will humbly bow to the decision.
Capital idea! Saves me all further
responsibility in the matter. Interest-
ing psychological question. Not
exactly a case of Jekyll and Hyde, but
rather suggests the query whether a
man may not have two separate and
distinct personalities without being at
all aware of it until some one else dis-
covers the fact for him. On second
thought, I am not sure but the real
question is, whether or not a man can
be in two different places at one and
the same time. Pshaw! No use in
wearing my brain with these airy specula-
tions. My first duty is to find out
who I really am. With that point once
clearly and indisputably settled (by
Mrs. Maynard), all these minor
questions will take care of themselves.
I think my prospects for innocent amusement
here look promising. As to business,
I can't tell yet. Shall reserve judgment
on that point until I have had an
interview with Mr. O'Reilly."

It was at this point that North closed
his book, threw down his pen and con-
sulted his watch again. As the imme-
diate result of this latter proceeding he
started up with the audible exclama-
tion:

"One o'clock! I must be expeditious
if I expect to be at Mrs. Maynard's at
the appointed hour. I shall do my best
to make a good impression; all in the
other fellow's interests, of course! I
suspect that I'm pretty well acquainted
at No. 33; note sounds a little that way.
I wonder upon what action this sum-
mons is based? Nothing whatever in
the writ to indicate that 'Mrs. May-
nard will be at home at two o'clock.'

"One o'clock! I must be expeditious
if I expect to be at Mrs. Maynard's at
the appointed hour. I shall do my best
to make a good impression; all in the
other fellow's interests, of course! I
suspect that I'm pretty well acquainted
at No. 33; note sounds a little that way.
I wonder upon what action this sum-
mons is based? Nothing whatever in
the writ to indicate that 'Mrs. May-
nard will be at home at two o'clock.'

"One o'clock! I must be expeditious
if I expect to be at Mrs. Maynard's at
the appointed hour. I shall do my best
to make a good impression; all in the
other fellow's interests, of course! I
suspect that I'm pretty well acquainted
at No. 33; note sounds a little that way.
I wonder upon what action this sum-
mons is based? Nothing whatever in
the writ to indicate that 'Mrs. May-
nard will be at home at two o'clock.'

Will it be convenient for Mr. North to
call at that hour?"

CHAPTER II.

Ant. S.—There's not a man I meet but doth
salute me,
As if we were well acquainted
friend;
And everyone doth call me by my
name.

—Comedy of Errors.

At half-past one o'clock Allan North
reappeared on the hotel portico. The
number of idlers there had diminished
considerably during the past half hour;
only Col. Dayton and the gentleman with
the eye-glasses remaining of the original
group.

The latter, tipped back in a chair with
his feet elevated to the top of the
veranda railing, was enveloped in a
cloud of fragrant cigar smoke, which he
contemplated with as much complacency
as if it had been a halo of glory. The colonel,
seated beside him with a newspaper spread out
before him, was proclaiming aloud to his
rather inattentive auditor the news of
the day, foreign, domestic and local.

"Hail Mr. North," he exclaimed, com-
ing to a full stop in his reading, "are
you off again?"

"For a short time, colonel," answered
North, pausing on the steps to give a
final smoothing down to his gloves.

The gentleman with the eye-glasses
took his cigar from his teeth, cleared
away the encircling smoke and turned
toward North with a half sneering
sneering sneer.

"I say," he suddenly demanded, the
idle curiosity in his expression chang-
ing to selfish interest, "are you going to
the office?"

North lifted his eyebrows slightly; a
comment entirely for his own benefit.

Perhaps he had an office, and a practice
that would be likely to make some
demand upon his attention. Might not
that be a trifle awkward?

"Well," he said to himself, "this can-
not go on forever, I shall either succeed
in establishing my own identity, or be
worn out pursuing such paltry game as
that? The fates forbid! There must
be some higher destiny in store for me.
Perhaps this mission to X— will furni-
sh me the sensational experiences
that I long for. I think I'll start to-
morrow. My constitution demands a
slight change of air and scenery, and
the trip will no doubt be of great benefit
to me, though whether anything of
importance to business interests will
result therefrom is somewhat problem-
atical."

North's first impulse was to resent
this imputation; then he reflected how
much ground there was for the colonel's
suspicion, and amusement became up-
permost in his feelings. He smiled as
he answered:

"Oh, yes, colonel, I am perfectly sure
of that."

"Well," said the colonel, still with the
air of one who darkly suspected that he
was being imposed upon, "you go up
Main street, ten squares beyond the
courthouse, and then turn into Delaplaine
street at your left. And if I had a
silver dollar for every time that you've
been over that route in the last three
years, I'd be a rich man!" he added,
with a reproachful scowl, as he drew
his brows together and looked down
sharply at North. "Think you
can come out, now, how to get there?"

"Oh, I think I shall have no difficulty
now, colonel, thank you." And with a
wave of his hand North turned away
again.

"Why didn't you let him go on in the
first place?" snarled the gentleman with
the eye-glasses, before North was
beyond the reach of his voice. "Per-
haps you had better send a small boy
along to show him the road! The fel-
low has been either drunk or as crazy
as Hamlet ever he got back this
morning. What to make of him I don't
know, I'm sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

is as plain as a pikestaff. I wish to go
to Delaplaine street, and I have not the
faintest idea where Delaplaine street is.
Now, is not that a coincidence that
appeals to your helpful sympathies?"

"Are you sure, Mr. North—quite sure,
you know—" ventured the colonel,
nervously apprehensive lest he might
not put the case with sufficient delicacy,
"that you are in a—exactly a condition,
you know, to call on a lady?"

North's first impulse was to resent
this imputation; then he reflected how
much ground there was for the colonel's
suspicion, and amusement became up-
permost in his feelings. He smiled as
he answered:

"Oh, yes, colonel, I am perfectly sure
of that."

"Well," said the colonel, still with the
air of one who darkly suspected that he
was being imposed upon, "you go up
Main street, ten squares beyond the
courthouse, and then turn into Delaplaine
street at your left. And if I had a
silver dollar for every time that you've
been over that route in the last three
years, I'd be a rich man!" he added,
with a reproachful scowl, as he drew
his brows together and looked down
sharply at North. "Think you
can come out, now, how to get there?"

"Oh, I think I shall have no difficulty
now, colonel, thank you." And with a
wave of his hand North turned away
again.

"Why didn't you let him go on in the
first place?" snarled the gentleman with
the eye-glasses, before North was
beyond the reach of his voice. "Per-
haps you had better send a small boy
along to show him the road! The fel-
low has been either drunk or as crazy
as Hamlet ever he got back this
morning. What to make of him I don't
know, I'm sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES.

Some of the Great Events Which Changed
the Map of the World.

According to Lord Creasy, the fifteen
decisive battles were those at Marath-
on, September, 490 B. C., when Miltiades,
with 10,000 Greeks, defeated 100,000
Persians under Datis and Artaphernes;

at Syracuse, September, 413 B. C., a great naval bat-
tle took place, the Athenians under Nicias and Demosthenes
being defeated with a loss of 40,000 killed
and wounded of their entire fleet; at
Arela, October, 381 B. C., Alexander the Great overthrew Darius Codomannus for the third time; at Mataurus, 207 B. C., the Consuls Lutius and Nero cut to pieces Hasdrubal's army sent to reinforce Hannibal; Arminius, in 9 A. D., and the Gauls overthrew the Romans under Varus and established the independence of Gaul; at Chalons, 451 A. D., Actius and Therodius utterly defeated Attila and prevented Europe from devas-
tation; at Tours, October, 732, Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens under Abderrahman and broke the Moslem yoke from Europe; at Hastings, October, 1066, William of Normandy slew Harold II, and obtained England's throne; at Orleans, 1429, Joan of Arc secured the independence of France; the defeat of the Spanish armada, 1588 de-
stroyed the hopes of the pope in England; the battle of Blenheim, August 13, 1704, when Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated Tallard, leading the French and the Bavarians, and thus preventing Louis XIV. from carrying out his schemes; at Pultowa, July, 1709, Czar Peter utterly defeated Charles XII., of Sweden, and established the Muscovite power; at Saratoga, October, 1777, Gen. Gates defeated the British and Gen. Burgoyne and thus secured for the United States the alliance of France; at Valmy, September, 1792, the French marshal, Kellerman, gained the upper hand for the French revolutionists over the duke of Brunswick and the allied armies; at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte commanded the French and the duke of Wellington the British and their allies, and the victory broke up Napoleon's revolutionary plans. Two recent battles, not here included, are those at Gettysburg, July, 1863, and at Sedan, preparing, respectively, for the downfall of the confederacy and the capture of Napoleon II. and his army.

"Where is it? No. 33 Delaplaine
street?" demanded that gentleman, with a
blank stare. "Good heavens, man,
how long do you intend to keep up this
role of idiot? Wasn't it I that first in-
troduced you there, I'd like to know?"

"Indeed!" No surprise, but consider-
able significance in this dry rejoinder.

"Do you know where that is?" pursued
North with amiable sociability,
thinking the while that, if so, he envied
the gentleman with the eyeglasses