

## LAMPS BURNING.

I did not build the lofty lighthouse tower  
At the reef's end, beacon by day and night;  
Its solid strength came not by wit or power  
Of mine, may, nor its clear, far-sweeping light.

Not from my brain evolved the kindly thought,  
How, storm or calm, a timely warning may  
Wait for the sailor, by the lenses wrought  
So skillfully, set in such grand array.

"Tis only mine, as shadows fall, to climb,  
Often with failing foot, the slender stair,  
And light with feeble hand the lamp, in time,  
Ere night and tempest set a fatal snare.

And if, far off on the dark, wind-swept sea,  
Some watchful eye shall catch the signal  
gleam,  
And heed the warning given faithfully,  
Though but for it no peril near may seem;

And I sit in a dark room down below  
The blazing beacon, mine to light and tend,  
And of that glad escape may never know—  
What then? the lighthouse has fulfilled its end.

If in my station, it be gale or calm,  
I stand, feet weary, eyes at length grown dim,  
But God's lamp burns; I may not hear the psalm  
Of rescue sweet, but it will rise to him.

Alexander R. Thompson, D. D., in S. S. T. Times.



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## CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

North was in recklessly high spirits now, and he greeted his caller with a torrent of lively nonsense. Weighed down by the responsibilities devolving upon him as a member of the executive committee, and disapproving of North's levity on so important an occasion, Warner was in no mood to appreciate this nonsense, and his answers were short, business like and far between. Consequently something like seriousness had settled down over North before they had walked two squares together. It was only the outward semblance, however; his inward mood was one of reckless mirth and daring—a mood upon which he confidently depended to carry him through the evening.

The pretty little opera house was crowded from pit to gallery when North stepped out on the stage in the full blaze of the foot lights. He was welcomed cordially by the gentlemen there assembled, members of the executive committee and distinguished citizens who had been specially invited to grace the stage with their presence. As he was responding to this welcome the audience discovered him, and instantly a murmur of enthusiasm swept over the house, culminating in a storm of applause that made North look around involuntarily, though he did not think of appropriating the compliment until Warner, who was just at his elbow, whispered sharply:

"Why don't you acknowledge your reception, North? For goodness' sake, do keep your wits about you better than this!"

Thus admonished, North turned to the audience with a profound bow, which was greeted with fresh bursts of applause; then, as the chairman—a pompous old gentleman whose lengthy list of titles, all with the prefix "Ex," testified to a long life of active public services, now gracefully laid aside—rose to call the meeting to order, North took refuge in an arm chair in a retired position on the stage, where, though an inconspicuous figure himself, he could command a comprehensive view of the house, and settled himself with a slight shrug and with feelings that can be more easily imagined than described, to survey the large audience who were soon to hang spell-bound, so he humbly ventured to hope, upon his eloquent utterances.

After the brief preliminary remarks of the chairman which were received with a good-natured demonstration as if the audience at least had assembled themselves together with the best intentions imaginable, whatever might be said of the speakers, and meant to applaud and hurrah, whatever hap-

pened, a tall, solemn man made a short address in which he said a great many sensible things in a very tiresome, mournful, utterly unimpassioned way which had a soporific effect upon the audience and set even the best-intentioned ones to yawning surreptitiously. He was listened to unresponsively until he closed his remarks with the announcement that "he would now yield the floor to others who would occupy it more acceptably." Then the auditorium rang with the loud applause, which might have been construed either as a hearty indorsement of his final statement or as the involuntary expression of the self-congratulation of the audience for two separate and distinct causes, to wit: First, that the gentleman's remarks had been brief and, secondly, that the gentleman's remarks were now ended.

He was followed by several other speakers, of that class so well known to a long-suffering public; orators who, with nothing at all to say, talk on forever in the blind belief, perhaps, that this American republic is to be preserved and perpetuated through the

same agency that once saved Rome. All the elements that ordinarily enter into a heated political demonstration were present there—the ranting denunciation of all opposing parties; the "magnetic enthusiasm" that caused the audience to howl with patriotic fury; the glowing tributes to national heroes dead and gone, whose illustrious careers had about as much to do with the local elections of X— as the great men themselves would have had, if they had been living; the heavy thunder of the big guns and the rattling fusillade of the lighter artillery which was brought into use for the first time in the present campaign. The political situation was duly set forth in various styles of oratory—the ornate, the spread-eagle, the laboriously off-hand, and, rarest of all, the plain, practical common-sense style; and as North listened critically to every word that was spoken and noted the effect upon the audience, he gathered many valuable hints for his own speech, which he was quick to appropriate and apply.

Then as the last speaker, one of Ollin North's fellow-candidates, sat down, flushed with his enthusiasm and the exhilarating effect of his eloquent gestures, the audience settled themselves with an air of expectancy for the chief event of the evening, their future city attorney's address.

There was a brief interval between the acts, during which the orchestra played choice selections from "Patience" and "Martha," and other well-known light operas, interspersed with popular sentimental and patriotic airs, the whole forming a pot-pourri adapted to the various tastes of the audience. A hum of voices filled the house. The gentlemen in plain view on the stage conversed together decorously or sat in grave dignified silence gazing up at the glittering lights or down at their respective and highly polished boots as if they fully appreciated their conspicuous position and wished to set the public an example of behavior worthy of imitation; while North, leaning back languidly in his deep arm chair, quite hidden from general view by the portly figure of the chairman, conversed in a tantalizing way with his friend Warner, who had taken advantage of the temporary lull in the proceedings to urge upon North with stern vehemence the necessity of dropping all levity and rising to the occasion. All of this apparently had no effect upon North; and Warner was in despair.

At that interesting crisis a slight sensation was produced by the arrival of Col. Clipper. North had already noticed and wondered at his absence. He crossed the stage with stately commanding tread, bowing informally to the gentlemen there assembled, and slipping behind the outer circle of chairs he made his way to North's side.

"Get here at last!" was his triumphant though somewhat superfluous announcement, delivered breathlessly as if his exertions to appear upon the scene had been attended with great exhaustion; and he shook hands with North vigorously, nodding to Warner at the same time in a confidential way.

"Distrained so long at the office," he added, addressing North, "that I was afraid I should miss your speech; but I see I'm just in time. What's the prospect—considerable enthusiasm in the audience? How is that, Warner?" turning to that gentleman as if he considered him the more competent judge.

"A very good feeling on all sides," was Warner's prompt report. "Tremendous enthusiasm in reserve, if it's only skillfully aroused;" and he glanced sharply at North as if to add: "You can do it if you will, but that's a doubtful question as yet."

The colonel nodded in a perfectly satisfied way, and at that instant, some public-spirited person having checked the mad career of the orchestra, they put up their instruments with an evident consciousness of having done their worst, and a slight paroxysm of applause rounded off the performance.

A silence gradually settled over the house the chairman rose, turned toward North with a significant glance, and then, in a few highly eulogistic remarks, introduced to the audience "our distinguished fellow-citizen and candidate for city attorney, Mr. Ollin North, who now appears before you as the orator of the evening, and who will address you in his usual eloquent manner, on the interesting theme—ahem! 'The Political Future of X—'; What It Might Be, and What They Who Constituted the City Government Should Strive to Make It."

The worthy chairman delivered this fine volley of words with quite an oratorical flourish, then paused and gazed around upon the audience, who now began to cheer rather impatiently, as if conscious that in working up that theme for North the zealous committee had done a very neat thing. North himself, as he stroked his mustache nervously to conceal the amused smile that rose to his lips, thought in a momentary panic:

"The future of X—! And I've been studying up the political past and present, letting the future take care of itself! However, the theme allows me considerable latitude, and I may find it easier to deal with shadowy futurities than with past and fulfilled realities."

With this hopeful reflection he stepped forward, bowed to the chairman, and amid the ringing applause that greeted him he made his graceful salute to the audience, while his eye swept the galleries with perfect self-possession as if, in thus facing his large constituency, he felt no lack of confidence either in his own strength and ability or in their appreciation and support.

Waiting only until the enthusiasm had subsided sufficiently for him to make his voice heard, North began with a graceful acknowledgment of the reception that had been accorded him; weaving into his remarks with consummate tact the most delicate dexterity of the audience, which was ingeniously indorsed by hearty cheering. Then he mentioned Col. Clipper's name, and amid the applause that this reference elicited, he proceeded briefly to eulogize that gentleman's devoted public services, giving due credit to Warner and others who, as faithful coadjutors,

had stood shoulder to shoulder with the valiant colonel in many a hard-won fight.

Finally, having struck fire from the audience by these skillful and well-directed blows until the glow could be seen and felt in all parts of the house, North glided neatly and effectively into the elaborate theme that had been announced for him.

It has been sometimes advanced as an axiom in oratory, founded on the experience of many famous public speakers, that there can be no signal success promised to any orator who does not approach his audience with a feeling of confidence amounting even to stage-fright. Granting this to be correct, there was a brilliant promise of success in the frame of mind with which Allan North entered upon his address. During all the time he was speaking with such ease and fluency he was watching the audience with a keenness that would have detected the slightest evidence of an unfavorable impression; and it was no doubt due in part to this intense interest and concentration of his own thought upon the audience that he held them in such close sympathy and attention. The very novelty of his situation, instead of embarrassing him,

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Of course his reflections on this point were mere fruitless conjecture; nevertheless they possessed a great fascination for him, and even his satisfaction at having solved the mystery so long enveloping Annie Dupont was quite eclipsed by this far deeper personal feeling.

As a basis for a few very brief remarks we submit to our readers the following clippings, printed in parallel columns, in order that they may see that the failure of some fifty or sixty banking institutions in the United States since May 18, and an alarming increase in mercantile failures, has its counterpart in a country widely separated from this, where there is no silver produced and where is no such thing as a Sherman silver act, and where, moreover, they have always enjoyed the blessings (?) of a single gold standard.

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It was therefore solely in pursuance of his professional duties—or so he assured himself with great emphasis—that he went on the morning following his signal success at the opera house to call on Mrs. Maynard, before proceeding to Evansburg on his second and probably decisive visit, and give her some hint of the turns that affairs were taking.

His walk thither was enlivened by a curious incident, which, however, he might soon have forgotten but for its speedy and embarrassing sequel.

## THE CLIMAX OF ABSURDITY.

An Attempt to Make the Sherman Silver Act Responsible for the Present Stringency.

The first act in the grand drama played upon the boards by the money power is now being played. It will be remembered that the threat has been freely made that the western and southern banks would refuse banking accommodations to the people in order to manufacture sentiment against silver. It is also charged, and admitted by the American Banker, that a panic was to be brought about with the same end in view. Well, the panic seems to be with us, at least in its incipient stages, and, with rare poetic justice, one of the first to be caught in the crash proves to be one of the principal instigators of the plot, and one, who more than any other one man, is responsible for present monetary conditions. The ex-secretary of the United States treasury, Hon. Charles Foster, has failed and has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

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## TO BE CONTINUED.

THIS SON OF REST TOOK ADVANTAGE OF A FREAK OF WOMAN NATURE.

"Madam, I have every reason for believing that the lady next door is greatly mistaken concerning your real disposition toward those to whom fate has not granted the golden opportunities others have enjoyed for winning success and happiness in life. I am led to this conclusion by a remark she made a moment ago.

"As I left her door she said to me: 'It's no use for you to call there; she was never known to give anyone a bite, and she is sure to send you away hungry.' In reply I said to her: 'It may be you are mistaken. Probably if she felt assured that she was feeding a worthy but unfortunate man she would do as much as anybody.' 'No, she wouldn't,' she insisted.

"Then I said to her: 'Well, you just peep through the blinds and see if she doesn't treat me as a worthy man deserves to be treated,' and I was not watching to note the result of my call."

The speaker was what the ordinary observer would call a tramp. The lady at the door of whose home he had called replied: "Did she say that?"

"That's what I understood her to say, ma'am."

"I'll prove to you that she is what all the neighbors know her to be—a false, good-for-nothing creature. Sit right down here on the porch, where she cannot help seeing you, and if you will do your part we will make her feel ashamed to ever show her face in this community again."

As soon as he could escape from the admiring populace, who showered compliments and congratulations upon him and insisted on shaking hands with him, after the impulsive custom of the average American, he was carried off to his hotel by his two right-hand men, Clipper and Warner, who seemed to feel as much pride in his manner of acquitting himself as if they had shared the achievement.

"Best thing you ever did, North," was Clipper's verdict, as he parted from North at the hotel. "Gets away with even that speech in court that made you so famous last winter. Don't you think so, Warner?"

"Decidedly" was Warner's brief and emphatic assent.

And only one man in X— knew to what diligent effort and calm daring that brilliant success was due.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Prince Henry—What pagan may that be?

—King Henry IV.

It is no doubt delightful, and a thing to be greatly desired and zealously striven for, to stand well with our fellow-men; nevertheless, there is such a thing as an oppressive and embarrassing popularity.

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studying up the political past and present, letting the future take care of itself! However, the theme allows me

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