THE COURIER.

BY H. J. FELTUS.

BLOOMINGTON, - INDIANA

THE STATE LEAGUE.

The following letter was read at a recent tariff reform meeting and responded to quite liberally:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 20, 1889.

John H. Shea, President Scott County Tariff Reform League, Scottsburgh, Ind..

DEAR SIR—When you invited me, as the president of the Indiana tariff reform league, to be present at your picnic, I gladly accepted the invitation, and asked that you so arrange the program that I could have an opportunity to present to your people the object of the state league, the work it has already done, and what we hope to do and will do if we are sustained by the people, in whose behalf we are organized.

It will be impossible for me, owing to unexpected professional duties, to be present, and I ask you to read this letter, which will present our case.

The question before the people of this country is not will we throw off this burden of excessive and unnecessary taxation which is plundering the masses of the fruits of their toil, for the benefits of the favored few, but it rather is, can we free ourselves from a system of taxation, inaugurated to raise revenue to prosecute a war to maintain the integrity of our Union, but kept up now to maintain castles in Scotland for our protected nabobs? History does not tell us of a war for which so much treasure was required. The people who were taxed at the breaking out of the conflict, only for the expenses of our government, economically administered, gladly submitted to an exhorbitant tax to furnish the government with sinews of war. To-day, however, after twenty-four years of profound peace, we find the government at Washington (an administration put in power by the organized greed and selfishness of the country) actually proposing to raise instead of lower these oppressive war taxes, the question then is not will we, the people, free ourselves, but can we?

There is only one way to do this. We must educate ourselves concerning our rights on this question, and must organize to meet the most wily foe who ever offered battle.

They point to our restored Union and say protection did all this. They call attention to the natural development of our vast natural resources and tell us we owe it all to high taxes. They tell you farmers that you are all prosperous and that you owe your prosperity to a ready home market at a high price, and that protection gave you this wonderful home market. They compare your condition in this sparsely settled new country with that of the poorest peasant in old crowded Europe and tell you that all the difference is due to protection. These are only a few of the falsehoods they resort to. They do not tell you, however, that protection has driven our flag from the ocean; that their grand institution has taken from the many, and given to the few until the rapid growth of millionaires and paupers has become phenomenal. They do not tell you farmers that you have bought in a highly protected market and sold in the open market of the world, until farming, which ought to make a good return on the money invested, is the poorest paid of all the industries; that under this magnificent system a large portion of the finest farming land in the Mississippi Valley is plastered with mortgages given to secure loans made from residents of bleak and sterile New England. You are borrowing back the money the government has compelled you to donate in the form of a tax to these favored classes, and if you do not keep your interest paid, you will have to surrender your farms to them and become their tenants.

I refer to these facts to show how you are interested in the work of tariff reform.

Our league is established to organize this State, and we propose to keep at it until every precinct has an organization through which the head office at Indianapolis can work and reach the people.

Fifty-two counties have been organized. We wish to organize the residue as soon as possible. Each county will then, during the fall and winter, organize its several precincts, all organizations will be enrolled in the books of the Secretary, and through these precinct leagues we can do our work. A small army, well organized and equipped, can put to route a vast army with no discipline. That accounts for the success of high taxes. They have paid agents at work all the time organizing for monopoly. They have the sinews of war in abundance. The politicians who espouse their cause fry enough fat out of them to keep the work in hand.

We must meet organization with organization. We have to pay our Secretary, who devotes his whole time to this work, a living for himself and family. We have met all expenses, but have collected so far from the cities. We want to give you farmers some chance to help. We have enlisted till 1892, and if you will help to keep our Secretary in the field we will promise that he will not insist on a service pension or a rerating.

You who can give $5, do so when the hat is passed. If you can't give us $5, give us $3, or $1, or 50 cents. Senator Voorhees sent us $50. You can see that he believes in us. The money which is collected will be sent to our Treasurer, John P. Frenzel, President of Merchants' National Bank, Indianapolis, and can only be drawn out on order of our Executive Committee. We trust you will look upon it as a privilege and help us in our work. Very truly yours,

EDGAR A. BROWN.

A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

Dr. Talmage on the Possibilities of the Coming World's Fair.

All the Nations of the Earth will Contribute to it—Their Products Their Manufactures and their Vices—Welcome the Good and Shun the Bad.

The sermon of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday was listened to by the usual overflowing audience. His subject was "The Coming World's Fair. Shall it Be Made a Blessing or a Curse?" His text was Ezekiel xxvii, 12: "They traded in thy fairs." He said:

Fairs may be for the sale of goods or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one nation or for all nations. My text brings us to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that is now extinct. Part of the city was on an island, and part on the mainland. Alexander, the conqueror, was much embarrassed when he found so much of the city was on an island, for he had no ships. But his military genius was not to be baffled. Having marched his army to the beach, he ordered them to tear up the city on the mainland and throw it into the water and build a causeway two hundred feet wide to the island. So they took that part of the city which was on the mainland and with it built a causeway of timber and brick and stone, on which his army marched to the capture of that part of the city which was on the island, as though a hostile army should put Brooklyn into the East river, and over it march to the capture of New York. That Tyrian causeway of ruins which Alexander's army built, is still there, and by alluvial deposits has permanently united the island to the mainland, so that it is no longer an island but a promontory. The sand, the greatest of all undertakers for burying cities, having covered up for the most part Baalbec and Palmyra and Thebes and Memphis and Carthage and Babylon and Luxor and Jericho, the sand, so small and yet so mighty, is now gradually giving rites of sepulture to what was left of Tyre. But, oh, what a magnificent city it once was! Mistress of the sea! Queen of international commerce! All nations casting their crowns at her feet! Where we have in our sailing vessels benches of wood, she had benches of ivory. Where we have for our masts of ships sails of coarse canvas, she had sails of richest embroidery.

The chapter from which my text is taken after enumerating the richest countries in all the world says of Tyre: "They traded in thy fairs." Look in upon a world's fair at Tyre. Ezekiel leads us through one department and it is a horse fair. Under fed and over drived for ages, the horses of today give you no idea of the splendid animals which, rearing and plunging and snorting and neighing, were brought down over the plank of the ships and led into the world's fair at Tyre until Ezekiel, who was a minister of religion and not supposed to know much about horses, cried out in admiration: "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses." Here in another department of that world's fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like petrified snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sapphires; and here is agate a-blush with all colors. What is that aroma we inhale? It is from chests of cedar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down this lane of enchantment, and here are cassia and frankincense and balm. Led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Pannag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan. And here is a mineralogical fair, with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and gold. But halt, for here is purple, Tyrian purple, all tints and shades, deep almost unto the black and bright almost unto the blue; waiting for kings and queens to order it made into robes for coronation day; purple not like that which is now made from the Orchilla weed, but the extinct purple, the lost purple, which the ancients knew how to make out of the gastcropod mollusks of the Mediterranean. Oh, look at those casks of wine from Helbon! See those snow banks of wool from the back of sheep that once pastured in Gilead. Oh, the bewildering riches and variety of that world's fair at Tyre!

But the world has copied these Bible mentioned fairs in all succeeding ages, and it has had its Louis the Sixth fair at Dagobert, and Henry the First fair on St. Bartholomew's day, and Hungarian fairs at Pesth, and Easter fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch fairs at Perth, (bright was the day when I was at one of them), and afterward came the London world's fair, and the New York world's fair, and the Vienna world's fair, and the Parsian world's fair, and it has been decided that, in commemoration of the discovery of America in 1492, there shall be held in this country in 1892 a world's fair that shall eclipse all preceding national expositions. I say, God speed the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics and eloquent and stupendous planning and monetary expenditure and congressional appropriations which the most sanguine Christian patriot has ever dreamed of. Was any voyage that the world ever heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of Columbus and his men? After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land birds and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck, and looking to the southwest, cried: "Land! Land! Land!" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative world's fair in America in 1892. Leaving to others the discussion as to the site of such exposition—and I wonder not that some five or six of our cities are struggling to have it, for it will give to any city to which it is assigned an impulse of prosperity for a hundred years—I say, leaving to others the selection of the particular locality to be thus honored, I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise, as certainly it is not Christian, to continue this wide and persistent attempt of American cities to belittle and depreciate other cities. It has been going on for years, but now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the World's fair shall be held, a style of discussion which has a tendency to injure the success of the fair as a great moral and patriotic enterprise, after the locality has been decided upon. There is such a thing as healthful rivalry between cities, but you will bear me out in saying that there can be no good to come from the uncanny things said about each other by New York and Chicago, by Chicago and St. Louis, by St. Paul and Minneapolis, by Tacoma and Seattle, and all through the states by almost every two proximate cities. All cities, like individuals, have their virtues and their vices. All our American cities should be our exultation. What churches! What public libraries! What asylums of mercy! What academies of music! What mighty men in law and medicine and art and scholarship! What schools and colleges and universities! What women radiant and gracious and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and the millions! What "God's acres" for the dead, gardens of beauty and palaces of marble for those who sleep the last sleep! Now stop your slander of American cities. Do you say they are the centers of crime and political corruption! Please admit the fact that they are centers of intelligence and generosity and the mightiest patrons of architecture and sculpture and painting and music and reservoirs of religious influence for all the continent. It will be well for the country districts to cease talking against the cities of other localities. New York will not get the World's fair by depreciating Chicago, and Chicago will not get the World's fair by bombarding New York.

Another suggestion concerning the coming exposition: let not the materialistic and monetary idea overpower the moral and religious. During that exposition, the first time in all their lives, there will be thousands of people from other lands who will see a country without a state religion. Let us by an increased harmony among all denominations of religion, impress other nationalities, as they come here that year, with the superior advantage of having all denominations equal in the sight of government. All the rulers and chief men of Europe belong to the state religion whatever it may be. Although our last two presidents have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two previous, Methodists; and going further back in that line of presidents, we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed; and John Quincy Adams a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither hindrance nor advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that. A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, be interferred with.

Furthermore, during that exposition, Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall, as a nation have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign nationalities, than would otherwise be afforded us in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day, and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the less than three years between this and that world's convocation, let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that world's fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds of thousands will be converted. You must remember that the Pentecost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing press, no books, no Christian pamphlets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries; "Phrygia and Pamphylia," that is, the western countries; "Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians," that is, the southern countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our world's fair in 1892, and a Pentecost here and then would mean the salvation of the round world.

But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands and all the machinery for gospelization, the religious printing presses and the churches, but all that would not make a Pentecost; we must have God. Well, you can have him. Has he not been graciously waiting! and nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief and indolence and sin. May God break down the barriers! The grandest opportunity for the evangelization of all nations since Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the World's exposition of 1892. God may take us out of the harvest field before that, but let it be known throughout Christendom that that year, between May and November, will be the mountain of Christian advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan height of opportunity overtopping all others for salvation. Instead of the slow process of having to send the gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings! Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1892, that work beginning in the autumn of 1891!

Another opportunity, if our public men see it, and it is the duty of pulpit and printing press to help them to see it, will be the calling at that time and place of a great peace congress for all nations. The convention of representatives from the governments of North and South America, now at Washington, is only a type of what we may have on a vast and a world wide scale at the international exposition of 1892. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither trumpet of human disaster or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered wondering what trap that wily destroyer of the French republic and the builder of a French monarchy might spring on them. But what if the most popular government on earth—I mean the United States government—should practically say to all nations: On the American continent, in 1892, we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures and their arts, and we invite all the governments of Europe, Asia and Africa to send representatives to a peace convention that shall be held at the same time and place, and that shall establish an international arbitration commission to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, and so all nations would be relieved from the expense of standing armies and naval equipment, war having been made an everlasting impossibility.

All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it, mighty men of England and Germany and France and Russia and all the other great nationalities, Bismarck who worships the Lord of Hosts, and Gladstone who worships the God of Peace, and Boulanger who worships himself. The fact is that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalices made out of human skulls and filled with blood. The United States government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come; or Germany should call it, France would not come; or Russia should call it, Turkey would not come; or England should call it, nations long jealous of her overshadowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot and 1892 will be the time. May it please the president of the United States, may it please the secretary of state, may it please the cabinet, may it please the senate and house of representatives, may it please the printing presses and the churches and the people who lift up and put down our American rulers!

To them I make this timely and solemn and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough without this wholesale butchery of war? Do you not think that we can trust to pneumonias and consumptions and apoplexies and palsies and yellow fevers and Asiatic choleras the work of killing them fast enough? Do you not think that the greedy, wide open jaws of the grave ought to be satisfied if filled by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year? Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their life out against casements or blow them into fragments by torpedoes or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties fearless, armless, legless? Do you not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave trench to wring their pale hands and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness? Why, the last glory has gone out of war.

There was a time when it demanded that quality which we all admire—namely, courage—for a man had to stand at the hilt of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool and deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city, or while thousands of private soldiers, who have no interest in the contest, for they were conscripted, are losing their lives, their general may sit smoking one of the best Havana cigars after a dinner of quail on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on commencement day to orate about the poetry of war, but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the Federal or Confederate armies who were at the front, or to some of us who, as members of the Christian commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ah! you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the "God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep."

War is an accursed monster and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedily descend to the place from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the red hot marl of hell. Let there be called a peace convention of 1892, with delegates sent by all the decent governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may find that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the Bethlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuilt again in the clouds, and the same angelic singers are returned with the same librettos of light to chant "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Again, I suggest in regard to the World's fair that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for the importation of foreign vices. America has enough of its own, and we need no new installments of that kind. A world's fair will bring all kinds of people, good and bad. The good we must prepare to welcome, the bad we must prepare to shun. The attempt will again be made in 1892, as in 1876, to break in on our American Sabbaths. The American Sabbath is the best kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it broken down, and substituted in the place thereof the Brussels Sabbath, the Vienna Sabbath, the St. Petersburg Sabbath, or any of the foreign Sabbaths, which are no Sabbaths at all. I think the Lord is more than generous in asking only fifty-two days out of the 365 for his service. You let the Sabbath go and with it will go your Bible, and after that your liberties, and your children or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes and duchesses and princes and princesses of other lands are some of the best men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbery and flunkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord or a prince, though he may be a walking lazaretto and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillion with one of these princely lepers. Some people cannot get their hat off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their kness as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of pedigree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him attractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by finger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vices for 1892.

By this sermon I would have the nation made aware of its opportunity and get ready to improve it, and of some perils and get ready to combat them. I rejoice to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in the world's fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and girls now on the threshold! What national and international education! What crowning of industry with sheaves of grain, and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and the instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown enough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotton to stocking every foot, and enough timber to shelter every head, making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indolence or dissipation if there be any without supply.

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let Capital and Labor, too long estranged, at least be married, each taking the hand of each in pledge of eternal fidelity, while representations of all nations stand round rejoicing at the nuptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Then shall the threnody of the needle woman no longer be heard:

> Work, work, work!
> Till the brain begins to swim;
> Work, work, work!
> Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
> Seam and gusset and band,
> Band and gusset and seam,
> Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
> And sew them on in a dream.

O, Christian America! Make ready for the grandest exposition ever seen under the sun! Have bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientific halls enough endowed. Have printing presses enough set up. Have revivals of religion enough in full blast. I believe you will. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

> Through the harsh voices of our day
> A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
> Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
> A light is breaking calm and clear.
>
> That song of love, now low and far,
> Ere long shall swell from star to star;
> That light, the breaking day, which tips
> The golden spired Apocalypse!

Swiss Form of Government.

The chief feature of Swiss government is to be found in its division into cantons and communes. The restrictions that are placed upon the Federal authority are deserving of study. While the Federal Government is in theory supposed to be absolute within its own domain, it has not the power to enforce its decrees upon an objecting canton, although the latter may generally be brought to terms by the threat of occupying it with the military forces of another canton.

Besides every law adopted by the National Assembly or Council has to be referred to the people for approval or rejection. Indeed, to such an extent does this idea of the sovereignty of the people enter into the governmental system that any citizen has the right to submit a law to the National Assembly, and to demand that it be acted upon. Strangely enough, this right is seldom asserted, although one shudders to think what would be the result if each voter should decide to try his "prentice hand" at law-making.

Although the reference of all laws to the vote of the people might naturally be supposed to lessen the influence of the National Assembly, yet it has been found to act as a wholesome check on the Radical majority in the Assembly. Another effect is to do away with any such thing as party government. No matter what the result of the appeal to the people might be the members of the Government serve out their term. The heads of departments are not interfered with by elections, and subordinate officers generally retain their places in spite of a change of government. The salaries for the higher offices, however, are low, and not everyone can afford to fill them.—Phila. Record.

Why They Advertise.

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay, and he can't afford to advertise, sets up his judgment against that of all the best business men in the world. With a few years experience in conducting a small business on a few thousand dollars of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands of men whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay.

If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants of every town, large and small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it doesn't pay to advertise, why do the heaviest business firms in the world spend millions in that way? Is it because they want to donate those millions of dollars to the newspaper and magazine publisher, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar "storekeeper" in a country town, who says money spent in advertising is thrown away, or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self conceit in assuming that he knows more than the whole business world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.—New York Sun.

Yankees in Palestine.

Among the people who confidently believe that the Jews will soon again own Palestine, is a colony of fifteen persons who live in a fine house built on the very walls of Jerusalem and who are known as "the Americans." These people are not Jews at all. They are Christians who have come here from different parts of the United States, and more especially from Chicago, to await the fulfillment of the prophecy that God will regenerate the world beginning at Jerusalem. They believe that this day is close at hand and they say it has begun in the Jews coming back to Palestine. They see its fulfillment in the improvements that are going on in Jerusalem, and cite the new roads that have been built over the country as one of the evidences of it. They are evidently people of means as well as of refinement and culture. When I visited them the other day I talked with several of them and found them intelligent and well educated. I asked one as to their belief and was answered that they had come to Jerusalem to endeavor to follow its precepts while living upon its walls. They have no particular creed, and one of them said when asked as to this, that there is too much preaching and too little good living. They do no missionary work and say that they have not felt called upon to preach. They spend much of their time in Bible study and singing, and are much respected among the foreigners who reside in Jerusalem.—Philadelphia Times.

Handkerchief Borders.

The true gentleman now carries linen handkerchiefs with silk borders that match his tie, wears black silk socks with open lace embroidered fronts, a very high collar and French gray gloves with three rows of black stitching on the back. Only a very inferior person will wear a one-button glove. Self-respecting person wear three-buttoned ones.—Ex.

Don't Be Discouraged, Hannah.

In her breach of promise suit against Chas. Ray, Hannah Jeffreys, a Hartford domestic, said he was the seventh chap who had promised to marry her and then went back on his word. It looks tough to toy with a girl's heart that way, but Hannah shouldn't get discouraged. A United States senator may come along at any moment.

SONGS.

THOMAS DERMODY.

O tender songs!
Heart-heavings of the breast that longs
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers
As fleeting—but more sweet.

O glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit-starring summons come,
To urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

O mournful songs!
When Sorrow's hosts, in gloomy throngs,
Assail the widowed heart;
You speak in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death has ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

O lovely songs—
Breathings of heaven! to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince and peer and swain,
With gentle power that knows not wane
Till thought and life depart.

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

Fifteen minutes later, and the deadly bullet lay in Nell Thanet's slight hand, which then, and not till then, showed signs of tremor.

Sir William eyed her keenly, Her eye sank beneath his searching look; she turned hastily away and applied herself to the dressing of the patient's wound; but she was not as deft as usual; somehow her sight seemed at fault, and some large tears fell. Sir William quickly took the appliances from her hand.

"Let me finish," he said. "You have done enough for one day—you have made yourself a name. And now," he continued, bending over the Colonel, "all you have to do is to get well. You have plenty of strength for that, thanks to Dr. Thanet."

"Doctor who?" asked the sick man quickly.

"Thanet," answered Sir William—"Doctor Thanet."

"Oh, why did you?" cried Nell suddenly. "He has fainted."

She spoke in her natural voice, not in the rougher tone she had assumed. Only Sir William noted the change; but he made no remark. He administered a stimulant, and in a little while Lyon Leslie returned to consciousness. He looked eagerly round; but Nell had drawn back; only Sir William's great form was visible.

"Your life depends on absolute quiet," he said. "Take this, and sleep."

Sir William was not a man to be disobeyed; the Colonel was fain to do his bidding, and, in a few minutes, as from very weariness, his eyes closed, and he slept.

Nell then left some directions with Mrs. McIan, and followed Sir William into another room. Mr. Parr was in haste to be gone, to carry the glad tidings to Lady Masters.

"You are an ornament, sir, to the profession," he said, shaking Nell's hand warmly, "You'll be a great man some day."

Nell's heart sank within her as the door closed, and she was alone with Sir William. She was afraid, she scarcely knew why. He did not leave her long in suspense. He came up to her, took her passive hands in his firm grasp.

"Young lady," he said kindly, "I have penetrated your secret. You know I am an unapproachable anatomist"—smiling. "You are safe with me, and I wish you all success. Greater skill I never witnessed than I witnessed to-day; and I have had much experience. Tell me one thing—I do not ask from idle curiosity—did you know Colonel Gordon before?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling; "but I did not know it was he at first. I begged my brother to let me see the case, as I had made surgery a more particular study than he had, and so I was led on. He does not recognize me, and did not know my name—I was only 'the doctor' to him till you told him. Sir William, you will not betray me? Randall can do all that is necessary now."

"Doctor Helen Thanet," he said, "you see I know all about you—I've heard a good deal. Your secret, whatever it is, is safe with me; but I refuse to give Dr. Randall Thanet the credit of what you have done. No one need know how you managed it; but the case and your name must be in the medical journals. And, take my advice, my dear young lady and fellow-worker—take your brother's name off your door. You can only injure each other. This is not a sort of thing you can do again with impunity. I've been told quite lately a good deal about your brother; he is young enough to choose another career. I speak to you as I would to my own daughter. I only wish I had such a one.

Then he raised Nell's hand to his lips and took his departure.

The advice given by Sir William Cheque was followed. Randall's name disappeared from his door; only his sister's remained. He had retired from the medical professsion to follow that of literature, that was the simple announcement made—he preferred books.

But a great care was taken off Nell's apprehensive heart, and an intolerable load off Randall's. He could be himself now, live his own life, and feel to his fellow-man.

It was of necessity a bitter disappointment to his father, who was at first disposed to resent it on Nell, and inclined to regard her success as an actual injustice to her brother. It took time to force the conviction on him of, in this instance, at any rate, female supremacy; and, when at last he grudgingly admitted that his daughter had won what his son had lost, and that by superior acquirements, he qualified the acknowledgement by asserting that the latter had failed, not from lack of capacity, but because he had obstinately elected to become that "devious and indefinable thing a *litterateur*,"

Prudent Mrs. Thanet never once said, "I told you so!" She was more than satisfied that for her boy the strain of a distasteful calling was at an end, and she wrote some words of approval and cheer, urging him to justify the step he had taken by doing what she was sure he would do, making the same mark in his new profession his sister had in the one of which she was such an ornament. And in time, in very despite of himself, her husband took an increasing interest in his daughter's career and pride in her triumphs; but, by a strange contradiction, as it seemed, but in reality only in simple conformity to a nature given to fixed ideas, when the son, who had disappointed him so keenly did make the mark his mother predicted he would in the world of letters, he felt neither pride nor satisfaction, and acknowledged no merit.

A great eagerness seemed to have come on Doctor Randall Thanet's patient, an eagerness to recover. He was no longer quiet and enduring, he was restless and unsatisfied.

"I did not know that you were my old acquaintance Randall Thanet," he said to the latter, the evening of the operation. "You have placed me under a life-long obligation."

Randall chafed at the undesired acknowledgement.

"I only discovered your identity," he said hastily, "by accident; but you take a wrong view of the matter; it is my profession that is under obligation to you. You have afforded it one of the most interesting cases of the day; to me personally you owe nothing, absolutely nothing on the score of skill."

"Nurse, said the colonel, a few days later, "Doctor Thanet has never been the same since the operation—I mean at night. I used to watch for his night-visits—he seemed to bring an atmosphere of soothing calm with him—he never now arranges my pillow—I asked him once; but he was so awkward—and then his voice seemed to be so soft. It is such a strange metamorphosis. I can't account for it."

Mrs. McIlan thought how easily she could; but she only smiled, and said the Colonel was getting well and seeing things as they were, and not as he fancied. But the Colonel was not satisfied.

At last the day came when it was pronounced safe for Colonel Leslie-Gordon to be moved to the country. He was to go to his sister's country-seat. Randall came to bid him good-bye, and to see him safely conveyed to the station. He did not seem to require much care and he said so. Wasted still, and worn-looking, there were evidences of quickly returning strength. He had that morning dressed himself without assistance—he told Randall so with satisfaction—and the day before had taken a half-hour's walk in the Green Park without much fatigue.

"I'm naturally strong," he said. "A week of country air, will set me on my legs. You'll see that I'll be at the opening of Parliament." Then he paused, and added hesitatingly—"How is your sister, Randall? I can't forget you were only a lad when I was at—at Thorpe."

"My sister is well," Randall replied, a little stiffly. "She lives with me"—he did not add she practised.

"She—she went in for medicine, didn't she?—to be a—a nurse, I suppose?"

"My sister, Colonel Gordon, is one of the most rising physicians of the day. I hear the carriage—you mustn't be late for the train;" and, with an air of hauteur, Randall lifted the Colonel's wraps and led the way to the door.

It had been on Lyon Leslie's tongue to ask if his old acquaintance, the pretty Nell, still held him in remembrance; but the flush on her brother's cheek warned him that he was on dangerous ground. With a heavy sigh, a feeling of intolerable smallness, a sudden swelling up of a yearning regret, a dissatisfaction with himself and with Randall, he followed the latter to the carriage.

"I will come and see you," he said, as he took Randall's reluctant hand. "Will you remember me to your sister?"

Randall bowed gravely, but said nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Gordon, in his anxiety to get well, had kept early hours at his sister's luxurious mansion. To-night the chimes clock in the great hall had tolled the third hour of the morning before he sought his pillow. For hours, whose flight he hardly noted, he had sat in a great arm chair before the fire, in his hand a lock of dark hair, and on a tiny table at his side a massive gold locket and chain; close to this lay an open journal—the Lancet. The page at which it was open bore a mark from a blue pencil. He had read the article so marked until he could have repeated the article without hesitation. It was his own case. He knew now to whom he owed his life.

Late on the following day, five by his watch, he stood in a little room where Doctor Helen Thanet received her patients in the forenoon, waiting her return from her rounds. She was not as punctual as usual. A difficult case, the servants supposed.

Randall was opportunely absent. He was not expected to return until the morning.

She came at last, her light ulster on her arm, and her close plain hat in her hand—glad that the day's work was over, just a little tired and anxious.

"A gentleman, ma'am, who would not be denied," the servant said; "he has come with a message for you. He is not a patient"—for Nell saw no patients in her own house after a certain hour.

And thus these two were once more face to face. The servant had gently closed the door as he retired from showing his mistress in.

For the moment Nell forgot the prostrate man, the fateful illness, the watching, and the anguish of the month that had passed; she did not hear the faint moan, or see the fever-lighted eyes and the hollow cheeks. Memory rushed back on her—a winter's day, now eight years a thing of the past. It filled her ears with the rush and bustle of a departing train and the imperative ring of a bell; it sounded like a knell now. It showed her, in dim gas-light, an eager, half-ashamed face bending towards hers. A warm, tremulous hand grasped hers. The words "Dinna forget" came back to her like a long-lost melody. Her lips moved as at a magnetic touch; she shivered—the vain phantasy had passed, and she was herself once more—herself—calm, cool, but gentle withal.

"I am glad to see you so much better, Colonel Gordon," were the quiet, conventional words she spoke. She did not hold out her hand in greeting. "Will you not sit down? You must not try your strength yet;" and she brought a chair forward.

He pushed it aside. With a sudden action, against which she was powerless, he seized her hand, and drew her to the fading light. He was still weak, even then she could see that, and he was pale and haggard; but his eyes were eager; they looked a victor's.

"Nell, Nell," he cried, "you haven't forgotten—I know you haven't! I owe you one life; will you not give me back another? I have never loved another woman, though I have tried. I am rich now. I have a name. I lay all at your feet, Nell, my darling. Look at me with your sweet true eyes, as you did by the lake that summer day, and tell me you love me still, and—and—forgive me."

She did not try to release her hand. She stood calmly still, as she answered—

"You say you have tried to love another. I never did, Lyon Leslie; you had my first, and you will have my last. I can never forget; but I will never marry you—never marry any one. Let my hand go free"—he had drawn her nearer. "There is a gulf between us that can never be bridged. Leave me in peace. I am not unhappy now."

She had struggled free, but did not turn aside. In the strength of betrayed trust, of conquered self, she stood erect and cold. All suddenly she seemed to him unapproachable as an accusing spirit, and invested with a dignity that raised her, even in person, above his height; and yet she was but a slender girl, of no commanding presence, so to speak, and with no striking beauty to catch the eye.

"Nell, I did you wrong," he pleaded; "but what could I do? I was poor in those days, and you were not all serious either, or you would not be given a *gage d'amour* to that man who calls himself the Baron von Melkenburg. I saw it—it was a link of the chain I sent you, and it had inside the words 'dinna forget.'" Then, as if suddenly inspired he continued, "I did love you, Nell, but when I found your love was not so very deep as I had believed, I thought myself free; but I was not. Your spell has been on me always—I never could forget."

She looked at him with a strange wendering sorrow in her eyes.

"Lyon," she said very gently, "you are even less true than I thought you. You know in your heart that I never gave that man the link he showed you. You knew it when he made the boast; but you accepted the lie—it justified your falseness. You were present when he repeated that lie, and you saw the punishment he got; but you said not a word. You are not a true man, Colonel Leslie-Gordon; the Lyon Leslie I loved was a creature of my own creation, and, like the baseless fabrics of all such visions, he has vanished. Do not mistake me; what I thought he was I shall always love, and I shall dream no more dreams."

Then she turned quickly and opened a secret drawer in a cabinet, and laid in his hand the tiny link that had been returned to her so many years ago.

"Andrew Kennett sent it back to me," she said; "it was stolen from my room. Read that."

He obeyed her, taking from her a slip of paper and opening it. It ran thus—

"I do confess I did take a link out of Miss Thanet's chain. I did find the chain on her table one morning; her room was open, and I did do it for a bit of fun."

That was all. The document was signed in due form by the Baron.

"Then why," he asked trembling, ashamed—"why did you return me the chain?"

"Because," she replied simply—"because, Colonel Gordon, I read your note to my mother, and I thought it better to take no love-gift until I was old enough to understand the tender passion."

She looked at him, with no scorn in her sweet eyes, only very sorrowful, as if for both.

A moment's silence, and then a great wave of passion rose in the man's heart. He dashed the link into the fire, the chain and locket, too; only the soft curl he held safe and close. He knelt to her, he pleaded his rescue from death at her hands—instinct told him we love the thing we serve—her own love, which he defied her to deny or to live down; he swore he would only live at her bidding, that body, soul and spirit were her's and her's only for all time, and to all hereafter. He challenged her to take on her blood-guiltiness, that more than real life lay at her word—a human soul.

"I will be what you make me, Nell; you will raise me step by step till I come to your ideal once more, the Lyon Leslie, dear, who stood by your side, your hand in his, watching the forget-me-nots drift down the little steam. If no one had come between us with wordly wisdom and cold caution these words would never have been penned—other words would have been spoken that never could have been unsaid, and I would have been bound to you. We Leslies are men of honor, Nell!"

"Are you?" she said. "Then I do not rightly know what honor means. Do you know I am glad you did not speak those words, for then perhaps my eyes might have been opened too late; now I remember one that perished." Her voice was soft and low