

### Does He Feel No Sorrow Now.

"Now is my soul troubled.—John 12-27.  
Does He feel no sorrow now,  
When His children slight and leave Him?  
Does His heart on that thorn-narred brow,  
Never show how their follies grieve him?  
Is His soul not troubled still  
When His chosen friends forsake Him?  
As the sombre clouds of ill,  
Seem to menace and overtake Him?  
Does His heart not throb with pain  
When His trusted ones deny Him?  
Or barter His great Love for gain?  
Or with doubt or impatience try Him?  
Does He shed no bitter tears  
For the ones—in sins misleading—  
Who through all the weary years,  
Give no heed to His tender pleading?  
If the highest suffer most,  
And the truest feel the keenest,  
All the shafts by man's hand,  
Then the Lord's shafts thou leastest.  
When my soul is wounded sore  
By the archers," does not pout thee;  
But suffers with thee the more,  
Because he knows all about thee.  
The heart of the Christ of God  
In the tenderest heart that beareth  
Thy burden, thy Christening rod,  
On his soul the spirit repeatech.

L. A. MORRIS

### SEPTIMUS BROWN'S DILEMMA.

Septimus Brown was a man of moderate courage, but of vast erudition. Books were to him the most interesting and important things in creation. He spent money lavishly in dusty old black-letter volumes that had little but their mustiness and age to recommend them. He would travel hundreds of miles to be present at the sale of some deceased bibliomaniac's library. To secure a genuine copy of a work unknown even to the librarian of the British museum was the dream of his life. It was on one of these book-hunting expeditions that Septimus met with an adventure that he will remember to his dying day.

Septimus had a neat little house at Turnham Green. Needless to say that he was a bachelor. He was too wise a man to bring anything so subservive of what he termed "peace and quiet" as a wife into his prim and orderly abode.

It was with eager joy that he read one day the announcement in the *Times* of the approaching sale of a most remarkable and valuable library which was to be brought to the hammer without reserve. The book-worm's heart rejoiced at the prospect of securing some great prize; and, as he was not a poor man, he resolved to outbid any one who might also have cast covetous eyes on the choicest volumes in the collection.

When the day of the sale came Septimus started off in high spirits to the auction-rooms of Messrs. Bricabrac & Rococo. To his great joy the collection contained some unique works, and, as it was nearly the end of the season and money was particularly scarce just then, he secured some veritable bargains. So elated was he at his good fortune that he bought much more largely than he had intended, and by the time the sale was over he was astonished to find how his purchases had multiplied. They really formed a formidable heap, which would not be easy to transport to Turnham Green. While wondering as to how this difficulty was to be overcome one of the numerous brokers who invariably hung about the auction-rooms, guessing the difficulty he was in suggested to him to pay a visit to a second-hand shop in the neighborhood for the purpose of buying some box or packing case in which the books could be sent home. Septimus immediately acted upon the proposal, and after some deliberation at the shop he selected a long, black-painted box, which was not only extremely cheap, but was sufficiently roomy to hold a far greater number of books than he had purchased.

"You ain't superstitious, sir, I'm glad to see," remarked the master of the shop, a talkative little man with very keen gray eyes. "To tell you the truth, many people wouldn't buy that box because it looks so much like a coffin. That is why it is so cheap."

Septimus shivered uncomfortably as he glanced down at the case.

"Though a customer who bought one very like it a few weeks ago said he chose it on that very account," went on the shopman, glibly. "No accounting for tastes—is there sir?"

Septimus hardly listened to the man's chatter. He paid for the box, and it was duly conveyed to the auction-room, and the books were carefully placed in it under his supervision.

That difficulty disposed of another arose. Like many men who are recklessly extravagant in indulging in some particular taste, Septimus was extremely frugal, not to say parsimonious, in trifles. Now, the cab fare to Turnham Green was larger than he cared to pay. He therefore decided that he would go by train; the books would be quite as safe in the guard's van as on the roof of a four-wheel cab. There was a metropolitan railway station within a stone's throw of the auction-rooms, and a couple of men would carry the box across the road for a shilling. Just as he had decided upon this economical plan a friend of his, Justinian Jaypen, entered the auction-rooms.

"Hallo! Brown," said Jaypen, coming up to him at once, and shaking him cordially by the hand; "I'm too late, I suppose. You've picked up all sorts of good things, I hear. Unlucky I was detained; one of the youngsters got the whooping-cough or something, and my wife worked herself up into a fever of nervousness and fright."

"You have missed a most excellent chance of enriching your bookshelves," replied Septimus severely.

"Oh, well, that can't be helped; it's a no good crying over spilt milk," retorted the other, good-humoredly. "You'll come and lunch with me at the Palladium, won't you? and we'll celebrate your good fortune over a bottle of Clicquot."

Septimus hesitated. He would have liked a lunch with Jaypen, for the cooking at the Palladium was particularly good, and Septimus was not at all averse to delicate fare, especially when he was not called upon to pay for it; besides, he was really hungry after the long morning in the auction rooms. But then he had to consider his newly acquired treasures. What was to be done with the box of books while he ate his luncheon at the Palladium?

"Thanks, very much, Jaypen," he said, slowly. It would give me the greatest pleasure to lunch with you, but the fact is I don't quite know what to do with this," and he looked down at the packing-case at his feet.

"Order it sent to Turnham Green by the London Parcels Delivery," suggested Jaypen, promptly.

"I hardly like to trust it out of my sight—the books are so valuable, you know and—"

"Then, look here, I tell you what we'll do. We'll put it on top of a cab and go up with it ourselves to Victoria station. You can leave it in the cloak-room, get a receipt for it, and take it on with you this evening to Turnham Green."

Septimus' face brightened. No doubt Jaypen would pay the cab to Victoria, so besides enjoying an excellent luncheon gratis at the Palladium, he would actually save the shilling he meant to pay for getting the box across to the Metropolitan railway station. He felt it was really necessary that he should study economy, after spending so large a sum that morning.

And so the thing was settled. The long, heavy, black box of books was hauled on the top of a four-wheel cab, and the two bibliomaniacs drove off to Victoria, deposited the packing-case in the cloak-room, duly obtained a receipt for it, and then drove to the Palladium. As Septimus had anticipated, Jaypen paid the fare, for though the jolly-looking bibliomaniac was not particularly rich, and had a wife and children to support, he was not the sort of a man to look twice at a shilling before he spent it.

The luncheon was splendid, and Septimus whose partiality for Clicquot was somewhat stronger than his capacity for imbibing it with impunity, drank a magnum with a light heart.

"Haven't enjoyed myself so much for ever-s-long," he declared in slightly thickened tones, as he bade Jaypen good-by at dusk.

"I think you had better take a hansom to Victoria, my dear fellow," said Jaypen, with a slight smile, as he watched Septimus' somewhat uncertain progress down the steps.

"Oh, yesh, certainly—goudola of London, capital institution," murmured the book worm, as Jaypen hailed a hansom and stowed him carefully in it. "Victoria, station, cabby," he called out to the driver. "Got your receipt for the box safe, Brown?" he added to his friend.

Septimus fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced a crumpled bit of paper.

"Oh, yesh! receipt all right. Good night, Jaypen, my boy! Gor bless you!"

The hansom rattled off and soon reached Victoria station. In his haste and confusion of mind Septimus gave the cabby a sovereign instead of a shilling, and, with the receipt clutched tightly in his hand, shambled into the station and made straight for the cloak-room.

"Long black box; to be left until called for—name of Brown. Yesh, that's the box," he added, pointing to it; "don't keep me all night, man. Know my own property when I see it."

The clerk in charge glanced carelessly at the crumpled receipt, and the box was duly given up and hoisted onto a truck for conveyance to the Metropolitan station. Septimus, who was growing more drowsy every minute, took his ticket to Turnham Green, had his box labeled, and, when his train came in, he saw his treasure put in the guard's van, and then he stumbled into a second-class compartment and fell fast asleep. By the time Turnham Green station was reached the fumes of the wine had somewhat evaporated, and Septimus was a tolerably sober and clear-headed individual when he reached his own door. The box, which had been wheeled on a barrow from the station by a porter, was by Septimus' order conveyed into his study, and a small—a very small—gratuity was given to the porter.

Septimus, who was still troubled by a slight headache, brewed himself a cup of tea, and then went to bed. But either the tea, or the unwonted dissipation, or his elation

at having secured so many valuable books at such a moderate price, drove sleep from his eyelids. After tossing about for two or three hours he rose, donned his dressing-gown, and descended to his study, lamp in hand. It was his custom, when afflicted with sleeplessness, to read for an hour or two some abstruse work of religious controversy, which generally had the desired soporific effect. But when he reached his study, and beheld the box containing his new treasures, an irresistible impulse prompted him to open it and glance over the contents. As he examined it he was somewhat surprised to find how carefully the lid was nailed down. No doubt the broker, knowing the value of the books, had taken especial pains to secure their safety, Septimus was a tidy and a handy man; he possessed a neat box of tools, which had saved him many a shilling in the matter of small household repairs. Arming himself with a chisel, he knelt down and carefully began to loosen the nails which fastened down the lid of the case. After some minutes, and with considerable difficulty, he drew the last nail, and eagerly pushed up the lid.

Good heavens! Was he dreaming or was he the victim of some strange hallucination? The case contained not books—not one of the precious tomes he loved—but, a coffin! Septimus rubbed his eyes and looked again. No; it was no hallucination, nor was he dreaming. There it was, visible to the eye and palpable to the touch—a coffin!

He bent down to examine it more closely, and, as he looked, every atom of flesh on his bones crept with horror. The coffin was screwed down, and a slight tap on it satisfied him, from the deadened sound that it was not empty. Not a doubt that it held an occupant—a corpse. With chattering teeth and trembling limbs Septimus sank back in a heap on the ground. Drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead as he thought of all the blood-curdling stories he had heard as a child about secret murders, body-snatching, and the like. Perhaps hidden in that coffin reposed the mangled remains of a murdered human being, or perhaps a corpse sacrilegiously stolen from its resting-place, or what should have been its resting-place, in some ancestral family vault. In either case, what a dreadful position he was placed in! If any of his servants saw the ghastly thing what interpretation would be placed on its presence there? He, Septimus Brown, bookworm and recluse though he was, would be branded as the accomplice of murderers or body-snatchers.

The only feasible plan that suggested itself to his stunned mind was to get rid of the dreadful thing without delay. Perhaps he might be able to get it down to the Thames and consign it to a watery grave. But one thing was certain, he could do nothing that night. So, cautiously and with as little noise as possible, he made the case secure, locked the study-door on the outside, and tottered back to bed, where he tossed in fevered sleeplessness until morning dawned.

Long before the servants were astir the unhappy Septimus rose, dressed, and descended to the room which was to him now simply a chamber of horrors. But though it made him sick to think of the coffin and its silent occupant he dared not be absent a moment from the study, lest the curiosity of the servants might lead them to pry into the case. So he ordered breakfast to be served there, and naturally the neighborhood of the horrible thing in the coffin did not give him an appetite for his morning cutlet.

He spent the whole forenoon in such a state of nervous terror that every ring of the bell was an agony to him. As he was about to sit down to luncheon (served of

course, in the study) a double knock sounded on the door, and, just as the unhappy Septimus had braced himself to confront at least a detective from Scotland yard, the door opened and Justinian Jaypen's jolly face peeped in.

"Thought I must run over to see how you were after last night," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "By Jove! how seedy you look! Hope you didn't eat anything yesterday that disagreed with you?"

"Oh!—no—not at all!" stammered Septimus, giving a surreptitious kick at the case, which for greater safety he had put under the table. "Won't you have some lunch? So glad to see you, my dear friend!"

If he was he didn't look it, Jaypen thought but, though the invitation was not given very graciously, he accepted it.

"Did you manage all right about the box of books?" remarked Jaypen, carelessly.

"Oh, y—yes, quite, thanks."

"You must let me have a look at them after lunch."

Septimus' blood curdled. He was speechless with terror. Jaypen took his silence for consent, and went on eating his lunch with the pleasant anticipation of a delightful afternoon spent in rummaging among the bibliomaniac's new treasures.

Luncheon ended, the unwelcome visitor asked permission to light a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and stretched out his legs.

"Why, what on earth have you got under the table, Brown?" he called out, as his feet came in contact with the box. Before the trembling Septimus could utter a word his friend had pushed the table-cloth aside and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Well, that beats everything!" he cried. "You are like that fellow in 'David Copperfield' who couldn't bear to have his miser's hoard out of his sight."

Septimus laughed uneasily and glanced furtively across at his friend.

"The fact is, my dear Jaypen," he said, nervously, "if you don't mind, I would rather you did not look at the books to-day. Some—er—other time I shall be—er delighted to show you the whole collection."

Jaypen's face fell. He was really curious to see what his friend had bought. He thought Septimus' manner decidedly odd, but he forbore to press the matter and soon took his leave.

"There's a screw loose somewhere," he said to himself, as he left the house. "I am sadly afraid that poor old Brown has rats in the upper story." And he touched his forehead significantly.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Septimus was left alone to face his difficulties. The sight of his old friend had, however done him good. At first he had been frightened to think how the box and its terrible contents had come into his possession in lieu of his own property. But now common sense came to his aid and suggested that owing to his flustered state on the previous evening some mistake must have occurred at the cloak-room.

As has been already intimated, Septimus was not a brave man. Of course, the simplest, most straightforward, and therefore best course to pursue would have been to go to Victoria with the box that did not belong to him and give it up to the proper authorities. But Septimus was such an arrant coward that he dared not face the possibility of being suspected of a crime; and to have a dead body hidden in a coffin in one's possession has an ugly look. "Would this story of the two boxes be believed? He was afraid to risk it. Instead, he began to plan all sorts of desperate schemes for getting rid of that horrible incubus. But somehow the day passed and he had done nothing, and when the evening came he was so worn out with worry and want of sleep that he felt quite unable to carry out a project that appeared to him tolerably easy of execution—to take the box on a second railway journey and lose it.

With characteristic indecision he resolved to put off all active measures until the next day. That night he slept heavily and woke late. Feeling very much refreshed, he went down-stairs to unlock the study. There the box was safe and sound in its old position under the table. So far, so good. Septimus rang for breakfast, and ordered a cab to be at the door by 11 o'clock. He was going into the country for a few days, he informed his housekeeper, but would only require a change of linen to be packed in his Gladstone bag.

At the hour he had fixed a cab drew up to the door. Septimus ordered the dreadful box to be put on the roof, and had just given the cabman directions to drive to Charing Cross station, when one of three men whom he had noticed hanging about the road stepped forward and civilly accosted him.

"Can I speak with you for a few minutes, sir, on important business?"

Septimus' heart sank.

"I have to catch a train; won't some other time do?" he stammered.

"I am afraid not," answered the man, with a queer smile. "Come, sir, I don't want to make a scene before your servants, but I must see you alone. You, Smith and Jones," he added, turning to his companions, "will look after Mr. Brown's luggage."

What could the unhappy Brown do? Looking very like a discovered criminal, he led the way back to the house, and ushered the mysterious individual into his study.

"Sorry to call on you on such unpleasant business, sir," he said, when the door was shut. "The fact is, I am a detective from Scotland Yard. Jonas Lynx is my name."

Septimus turned quite green with terror, and his teeth chattered audibly. The detective, whose vocation made him a keen observer, saw his change of countenance, and drew his own conclusions.

"From information we have received," he went on in a formal tone, "we have reason to suspect that you, Mr. Brown, are a receiver of stolen goods. I must search that luggage of yours."

"Search my luggage! I never heard of such a thing! The—the big box contains—only books."

The detective smiled.

"Indeed. Sorry to contradict you, sir; but I must tell you the game's up. We have had our eye on that big box of yours for a very long time. It has travelled a deal, but its travels are over now; it has carried its last cargo. Better take it, quietly, sir; but I arrest you as a receiver of stolen goods—very valuable plate—hidden in a coffin. Ha, ha! Clever thing, very—box—name of Brown, to be left till called for. Ha, ha!" And the detective laughed immoderately.

And so the unlucky bibliomaniac was taken off in custody to the nearest police station.

Late that night Justinian Jaypen got a frantic and almost unintelligible note from Septimus, begging him to appear the follow-

ing morning at the Hammersmith police station and bear witness to the respectability of his character. At the police court the whole story came out. As Jonas Lynx had said the police had long had their eye on that strange receptacle for stolen goods, but, with their customary want of acuteness, they had arrested the wrong man.

The master of the second-hand shop where Septimus had purchased the unlucky case appeared in court, and swore that he had sold two boxes of similar size and shape within the last three months—one to the prisoner, the other to a customer he had never seen before or since. The one shown him by the police was sold some weeks since to the aforesaid customer.

Jonas Lynx was duly sworn, and declared that that identical box had been left till called for at various railway stations, and was generally booked as the property of some individual whose aliases were usually common names, such as Brown, Jones, or Smith. By a strange coincidence it had been left at the cloak-room of Victoria station on the day on which Mr. Septimus Brown had also deposited there his treasures. The clerk in charge bore witness to the fact that two boxes had been left in his care under the name of Brown, but owing to press of work that day he could not be certain whether the boxes were alike or not. One had been given up to the prisoner, whom he believed was the worse for drink; the other had been claimed shortly afterwards by a black-bearded man in a wide-awake hat.

Septimus received a severe rebuke from the magistrate for the want of honest frankness that had characterized his proceedings. "Honesty, Mr. Brown, is always the best policy," he said, severely. "Had you at once furnished information to the police, we might have been able to lay hands on the principals of a most nefarious conspiracy. As matters now stand I fear you will not only lose your doubtless valuable collection of books, but a set of scoundrels have had time to elude the clutches of the law. As to the mistake at Victoria station, I fail to understand how any sober man could go off with property that did not belong to him. You may go, sir!"

### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, contends that yellow fever is transmitted by inoculation, which is largely performed by mosquitoes.

Oxidized silver can be made bright and clear by boiling it in a solution of forty parts of water and one part of sulphuric acid, or by heating it and dipping it in the solution.

"Sand-paper" is now made without either sand or paper. Glass is pulverized and sifted on muslin, which has been covered with a coating of glue. It is better and more durable than the old-fashioned sand-paper.

The oxide of iron is one of the most adhesive cements for iron. With this a joint can be made so perfect that the iron will break before the cement will part. It is mixed with sulphur and sal-ammoniac moistened with water.

A novel Parisian idea is a floating exhibition for bringing French products to the view of the people of other countries. A vessel of 3,000 tons has been provided and will shortly start on a trip to the coast of Central and South America.

A Krupp cannon weighing 121 tons was shipped a few days ago from Antwerp to Spezia. It is the largest cannon that has ever been made. Extensive orders have been executed in Krupp's works for the Italian Government.

An electric motor for a street car, which is in the car itself, and not as an independent engine, has been worked out by Mr. Jarman, an Englishman. It is placed under the car between the axles, and does not interfere with the construction of the car.

The experiments of Dr. Brown-Sequard have convinced him that the rigidity retained by corpses for several days is due to a true muscular contraction, indicating that the muscles do not give up their vitality until after the body has been otherwise lifeless for a considerable time.

The diminished cost of production in metal-work was illustrated recently by Dr. John Percy in an address to the British Iron and Steel Institute by the statement that a gross of steel pens, formerly costing \$35, might now be produced for eight cents. The cost of making gold chains has been reduced to an eighth of what it was.

Dr. Harold Whiting, of Harvard University, proposes to arrange connections so that the clock beating seconds, regulated from the observatory, may regulate a one-quarter second pendulum and a one-thirty-second pendulum. The last will control a tuning fork vibrating sixty-four times as fast as will.

An Italian astronomer has discovered canals on the planet Mars. He says that "wherever there was at first one canal there are two canals when a more powerful glass is used." We believe him. A second and more powerful glass has often caused a man to see double. If there are canals on Mars then, of course, there are towpaths mules on the planet also. Perhaps the newspaper humorist goes to Mars when he dies.

Aromatic ammonia is a most useful household remedy. Half a teaspoonful taken in half a tumbler of water is far better for faintness than alcoholic stimulants. In the temperance hospital in London it is used with best results. It was used freely by Lieut. Greely's Arctic party, for keeping up circulation. It is a relief in nervousness, headache and heart disturbances. I have seen it restore a person prostrated by the fumes of gas, and the recovery was without bad after-effects. As in the case of all home dosing, aromatic ammonia should be used sparingly, and kept out of baby's eyes.

Until 1776, cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

A farmer of New Hope, Cal., who planted 500 acres in potatoes, has had such an abundant crop that he calculates that it will yield him \$50,000.

Leaks in waste pipes; Shut yourself the room from which the pipe starts, two or three ounces of peppermint oil of boiling hot water, and pour the pipe. Another person, who has inhaled the strong odor, should for course of the pipe through the hole peppermint will be pretty sure to break that even an expert plumber overlook.—The Examiner.

### LADY'S WINTER COSTUME.

The "Bartholdi" visite and "Fernanda" skirt are combined to form this handsome visiting costume. The foundation skirt is of bayadere striped goods, stripes of dark green plush alternating with slightly narrower ones of old-gold faille with fine brocade of green and red. The panels and cascades are of exquisitely fine cashmere, dark green, and the facings are of plain plush matching in color. The visite is of the

same kind of plush, trimmed with striped plush of the same color, a fringe stripe alternating with a cut one; and the large, pointed plaque on the back, and the ornaments at the throat, and on the bottom of the fronts, are of green irise beads. Togue of green velvet, the brim covered with plush of the same shade, and the trimming consisting of a large bow of green, red and old-gold ribbon. Pattern of visite in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

