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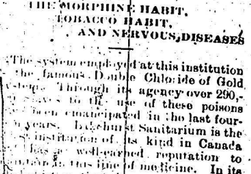

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

[CONTINUED.]

"And you were out in the storm that day, you two?"

"I went to look for Silvia, she was out all night."

"Did she not come in after I left?"

"No."

"Good Heavens!" he cries, striking his hard with his clinched fist. "What a brute I was! Where is she now?"

"At Homburg."

"I wonder what she is doing?" he says, talk to himself.

"Farting?" I answer, almost before I know what I am saying; I have an unhappy knack of blurting out the thought that is uppermost in my mind.

"What makes you think so child?" he asks, turning quickly to me.

"I did not mean to say that, Mr. Vasker. I was only thinking."

"And your opinion of her?" he says, looking at me. "I always like to have a very young persons opinion about another—it is always true; what is it?"

"She is young," I say, thoughtfully, "and well born and rich, and beautiful, and—I am sorry for her."

"Sorry!" he says, looking at me keenly, "and why are you sorry? What more does she want?"

"She is not happy," I say, turning my head away that he may not see how red my face is. "If he only knew that I know the whole story that I have been an eavesdropper—"

"You have not told me what you think of her," he says; "I want an answer."

"I am not fond of her," I say slowly. "I would not trust her; she is rather cried, but she could love well—"

"And never be faithful," says Paul. "Well! you will be a little woman some day, little one; shall I give you some advice? But no, you would not take it; you will fall in love like the rest, some day!"

"And why should I not?" I ask; "everybody does!"

"Love," he says, "is made up of vanity and vexation, folly and bitterness; it turns to dust between the teeth."

"Your creed is a hard one," I say. "Now, I have some lovers" (I think of Alice and Charles) "who never have any of that; they are fair in each other's eyes, and though they squabble sometimes, they never think of using any of these long words you use; they positively would not understand them."

"Perhaps they are worthy of each other," he says. "When two people trust one another, their love is a pleasant thing, I dare say. But if a man loves a woman, and she proves unworthy, and he loves her still, cannot you guess something of the little that is fought in that man's soul—the higher nature crying, 'Desist!' the lower, 'Yield!' The indomitable will and the respect of the man fighting against the merciless passionate longing after the beauty of the woman he renounces—the integrity of the mind warring against the heart that rises in fierce revolt against such sacrifices—the lily of renunciation against the crimson blossom of love—and the crowning sin and shame of it all must be that while he knows her worthlessness, he cannot forget her—her sweet words and ways—her veil of dappling hair, her clinging lips—in these memories must he that man's chief tortures—"

He press his hand impatiently over his forehead and starts up. "Forgive me, child," he says, "I have been thinking aloud—that psychological study interests you! Poor child! I hope he may reach the shore, don't you? A past error thoroughly repented of is the best basis for future good conduct! Can I take any message to Silverbridge for you to-morrow, little one?"

"You are going there?" I say, clasping my hands. "Oh! can you not put me in your pocket? Shall you stay long?"

"Only a couple of days. I am going abroad afterward, and when I come back you will be a grown up lady."

"Worse luck!" I say, dolefully. "I should like to put off 'tails' for another ten years!"

"Tell me," he says, leaning forward and taking my face in his hands, "how old are you?"

"Fourteen!"

"So much! You look about twelve; you have a dear little face, and a sweet— But I won't say! I hope you will be pretty when I come back. If ever you pray heartily for a thing, child, pray that you will never be exceptionally beautiful."

"There is too much fear!" I say, ruefully. "I don't think any amount of prayer would mend matters!"

"If you are good," he says, "that is all you want, and I think you will be."

"People like one so much better when one is pretty than when one is plain," I say, meditatively. "Plain people get all the leavings. Might not one be good and pretty too?"

"They might, but they very seldom are! Now, when I come back, child, I hope I shall find you just as you are now."

"May I not grow, sir?"

"Grow as much as you please, child; but don't grow out of honesty!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Christmas has come with his garment of snow and crown of holly and icicles, with his jolly red face and lavishly-filled hands, and he has abode with us a little while, wielding his scepter royally at feast and wassail; but now that the poor old guest, at the thought of which he grew, is gone, and the new one in all its pride and glowing hope sweeps away from us to-morrow, shall we see his face no more, and I hope for the holidays, have very literally obeying the golden rule that bids mankind "gather ye ye may," and we have eaten pudding and Christmas cakes galore, and the punishment of our unholy gluttony in aches and pains that we have to make up on our backs and bear in silence, venturing on no complaint, for in the case of what unique rules of our family there is a stringent one—"Thou shalt not be well, thou shalt not be ill, but thou shalt be in a state of perfect health, or thou shalt be in a state of perfect illness that refuses to be cured, or at the head in deference to the master's will, the pulpit is placed under the ban of an awful and crushing displeasure, Mr. Vasker's name is not mentioned, and when the convalescent makes his appearance in public, and attenuated, his presence is felt, he is considered to have disgraced himself past all forgiveness. To call in the doctor is dangerous and most unprecedented, and only ventured on in extreme emergency; he knows his place, and comes with reluctance and with alacrity. All things considered, I have had rather a stormy time of it. Over and above the perpetual disasters that will occur in so tightly held a household (for every one knows that nature if squeezed in at one place will burst out in another), the long-expected difficulty about Alice's and Charles's matrimonial affairs has supervened to the scene. The six months of probation having expired, Captain Lovelace has proposed for a formal engagement, and a wedding-day, only to be met with extremely, and dismissed with incredulous mockery. He does not come here to plead, I know him no more, and he has turned his back on my sister's lovely eyes, but I know he means what he says, and that outwardly, at least, she acquiesces in her lot, and says no word on the subject, good, bad or indifferent. She is growing very thin, our pretty Alice. It might move any man's heart to see how her face pales day by day, how slender her little wrists and waist are. But papa never heeds, never looks; he lays hard burdens upon his children, and does not teach them with so much as the tip of his finger. I think we would deal him out greater mercy than he deals us.

Although I was so faithful a go-between to Alice, she never asked of Charles Lovelace to me. Often I come upon her and Milly in close confabulation, and I am unreasonably vexed; for, after all, is not Milly sixteen, and old enough to understand, while I am but fourteen, and supposed to know nothing whatever on the subject of love and courtship? Ah! they don't know I have got a sweetheart too! That is a secret. I am a good deal puzzled by Miss Alice; I thought her so plucky, and good for any amount of fighting. Can she be going to "lay her down and die" without a protest? On this point I am specially disabused, making, in fact, a discovery so astounding and petrifying, that for a while I feel as though some one had rapped me on the head smartly and then run away, leaving me to recover as best as I might.

It is in this wise. Diving under Alice and Milly's bed one day, after a slippery vagrant orange, I discover the ample space beneath the huge old four-poster to be filled with packed and corded trunks—Alice's all, from the imperial down to the bonnet-box.

Is she going away? She has nowhere to go to. An awful thought strikes me, and I sit down on the floor, valance in hand, to follow it up. Can she be going to run away? She has no money. Ah! but Charles Lovelace has, and I read of a couple the other day who, after wasting away apart for six months, ran away and got married, and became fat directly. But then their governors weren't a patch upon ours! Alice never can be meditating anything so desperate as that.

As I sit ruminating, she herself comes in and sits down opposite to me—a charming figure in her winter gown of dark blue, with the snowy, Quaker-ish kerchief, and apron of muslin.

"Alice," I say, lifting the valance and pointing at the assemblage of boxes, "are you going away?"

She looks at me considering.

"I did not ask you to know, Nell," she says, "but as you have found it out it can't be helped. I am going to be married."

"Married!" I repeated; "O Alice!"

She looks such a child, as she sits yonder, to wear a wedding-ring on her finger and to be called Mrs., and order the dinner.

"It is all his fault," she says, nodding toward a distant field where we can see the governor hurrying his work-people; "there is nothing else to be done."

"Charles says it would have gone on like this forever, and that we may as well get it over now as in a year's time. If I stayed here much longer, Nell, I should die!"

"Dear love!" I say, jumping up and running to her. "Well, it will be wretched without you, disgusting" (the tears trickle down my cheeks); "but I am not sorry, for you will be happy, dear! But, Alice, Alice—papa!"

"His capers, you mean?"

"He will kill us all!" I say, with conviction. "Do not ever expect to receive any account of what happens after you leave, Alice! Mind, I shall be quite alone, and I have got the whole business on my shoulders! Oh, Alice, Alice, what a terrible—terrible—it will be! Papa will surely have forgotten then. If time would only step over breakfast, even, I should be safe; for, by dinner time Alice's elopement will be known, and that one overpowering fact will have cast all other misdemeanors into the shade. But, despite prayers and longing, the cold gray dawn comes at last. Groaning, I rise and attire myself for the slaughter. As in a dream, I go downstairs and listen to prayers, and then—I will not write down the details of that breakfast. I must be a hardened sinner, indeed, for when it is over my spirit is not broken, nor my hair gray. I am even able to reflect with complacency on the fact that I still possess my full complement of arms, legs and teeth, etc., for at one time I trembled for each and all of these valuables. And now I am watching Alice put on her cloak and hat. She is very pale, very trembling; but she does not cry; and when she is dressed, she goes into mother's room and kisses her, saying she is going to church.

Ay, she is going "to church," whence she will come out Alice Lovelace and not Alice Adair—never our own pretty Alice any more. As this thought strikes me I give a loud sob outside the door, which makes her turn approachingly; so I cram my handkerchief into my mouth, and choke inwardly. And now we are walking with her across the sodden grass of the dismal, bare garden, toward the postern gate, where Charles Lovelace waits with a traveling-carriage and grays.

"Good-bye," she says, looking into our faces and weeping passionately. "Tears do not matter now; there are no more appearances to be kept up."

"Good-bye," say Milly and I, weeping, too, but with a difference. Through her present sorrow the gay, bright future looks; we know what we are going back to.

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"Good-bye good-bye!" cries Alice, clinging about our necks in turn.

And now she is in the carriage, the valet jumps into the rumble and they are off, Alice's lovely face looking out of the window to the very last moment, away, through the cold winter morning. A couple of hundred yards away, papa is walking about, happy in the comfortable belief that he holds all our lives in his hand, and that he can mete us out happiness or misery, according to his sovereign will. Well, one at least of his white slaves has turned a rebel; he will know it by twelve of the clock, and then—

"Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," I say to Milly, as we go heavily back to the house. "After all we can only be killed once!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why Men Should Marry.

It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry; and those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny are, from nature's point of view, failures. It is not a question of personal felicity (which in eight cases out of ten may be problematic), but of race responsibility. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own ease, dooms some women, who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the stature of his manhood, imperishes his heart and brain and chokes up all the sweetest potentialities of his soul.

Ness, save for a tiny stream that shows under the half-opened door from the hall lamp. I wonder what all that commotion in the hall is about? Can Jack have run against Simpkins in his pursuit, and upset the old thing? He is sure to be here in a minute. I—I mount a chair behind the door— I grasp my bolster convulsively the door opens, and, bang! with all the strength of my body and soul, I bring it down on the head of—Jack? Scarcely. Does Jack swear like a trooper, and dance like a dervish? Does Jack rush madly hither and thither, vowing when he catches me to "break every bone in my skin?" My heart sinks like lead, the bolster drops from my limp fingers, my feet are glued to the chair, as the awful conviction strikes me that I have been bolstering the governor! Some instinct of self preservation, as he comes near me in his furious search, makes me leave my perch and dodge him swiftly and noiselessly round and round. Finally, watching my opportunity, I bolt out of the door just as William appears with candles, shoot past him like a meteor, and am up the stairs before you could say "Jack Robinson." Papa, dashing out in hot pursuit, butts head foremost into the outstretched arms of the footman, and they roll over and over, master, man, candles and all. A confused sound as of Wombwell's menagerie ascends to my ears, as I fly past the maids and fry who are hanging over the stairs anxiously watching the march of events, and, having locked myself into my chamber, I sit down on the side of my bed with my eyes fixed upon the door, expecting it every moment to be assunder and admit my executioner. But, though I hear terrible sounds of devastation and fury in the distance, the minutes pass, and still he comes not. After a while, therefore, I am able to draw a deep breath, and contemplate the fact of my being still alive without any particular amazement.

By and by a gentle knock comes to the door. "Who is it?" I ask, trembling. Perhaps it is only a trick of my outraged parent?

"Me," says Jack's voice. Why will people persist in believing that "me" is known to everybody, and requires no hush? I open the door and let him in, lock it again, and turn round and face him.

"You sneak!" I say, slowly; "you took good care to hide yourself, didn't you? And took good care to warn me, didn't you? I'm ashamed of you!"

"That's just like a girl," says Jack, sitting down. "Stow your heroics a bit, and listen to me. I followed you as far as the hall, and half way across I caught my foot in a mat, and went head foremost. When I picked myself up you had vanished, and I was just wondering whether you had gone into the library or the dining-room, when a ring came at the front door bell; and I had hardly got behind Venus, when in walked the governor!" Quivered with Skippy, I suppose, or yearned for his family; at any rate, there he was. He went into the dining-room, and the next thing I heard was a fearful whack! then noise enough to lift the hair from one's head. Then out you rushed, the governor at your heels, and bang! he went into William's arms, and over they went. Oh! shall I ever forget it?" He stuffs a corner of the sheet into his mouth and rolls. "The candles were squashed as flat as pancakes, and the governor, only too glad to vent his rage on somebody, pummelled William like mad, who was underneath and offered no resistance, merely saying, 'Don't sir!' without stopping for a single moment. I was behind Venus all the time, and I shook so that I nearly knocked the poor soul over. By the time the governor had finished off William, Amberley appeared, bleating. The governor soon squashed her into a jelly; and, after shaking his fist at your door, and muttering darkly about to-morrow, he stormed himself into the library."

"Jack," I say, in a voice that I try hard to make "don't-cavish," "do you—do you think he will kill me?"

"No," says Jack, judicially, "because he knows he would be hung if he did; but if he was sure he wouldn't be, he'd do it like a shot! It's going rather far with him, you know, to bolster him!" I suppose. Has this wretched hand of mine really dealt him a stunning blow on the head? Perhaps it will wither up.

"What a mercy it is there is a gallows in this country!" I say, with a sigh. "It is such a protection!"

"Hard words break no bones," says Jack, cheerfully, and he won't whip you, you's too big! Don't bother, Nell," he says, putting his arm round my shoulders; "you shall come and live with me some day, and we'll be as jolly as sand-boys."

"Dear old fellow!" I say, rubbing my miserable face against his cool red and white one. "You'll sit next to me at breakfast to-morrow, won't you?"

"All right," he says, and presently gives an alarming groan and goes away.

Oh, if only to-morrow would never come! If I might go to sleep now this minute, and not wake up again for five years! Papa would surely have forgotten then. If time would only step over breakfast, even, I should be safe; for, by dinner time Alice's elopement will be known, and that one overpowering fact will have cast all other misdemeanors into the shade. But, despite prayers and longing, the cold gray dawn comes at last. Groaning, I rise and attire myself for the slaughter. As in a dream, I go downstairs and listen to prayers, and then—I will not write down the details of that breakfast. I must be a hardened sinner, indeed, for when it is over my spirit is not broken, nor my hair gray. I am even able to reflect with complacency on the fact that I still possess my full complement of arms, legs and teeth, etc., for at one time I trembled for each and all of these valuables. And now I am watching Alice put on her cloak and hat. She is very pale, very trembling; but she does not cry; and when she is dressed, she goes into mother's room and kisses her, saying she is going to church.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

At the Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men, and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he specially addressed his discourse, the subject being, "Words with Young Men."

"Fayette, Ohio.—Reverend Sir:—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons, 'Advice to Young Men.'"

Yours respectfully,

H. S. Millott, Charles T. Rubert,
F. O. Millott, M. E. Elder,
J. L. Sherwood, S. J. Altman."

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May-time blossom week. The east wind never did understand the south wind. Autumnal golden-rod makes a poor flat as lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot, he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium. I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice, and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at seventy-five years as young in feeling as anyone at twenty, arose and said:—"That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening with such funeral-tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted, than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio and all young men have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestions as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

First: Get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining-room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right, but Oh! the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would desecrate and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with slight foot attempt the desperate and murderous. "Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be usher to announce His arrival, and introduce the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have Him once for your Guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warrantee against moral disaster, and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right.

"How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundred of thousands of good people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine closet, or a rum jug, or a whiskey cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisonous cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion yet, all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured. You six young men of Ohio, and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoid unhealthy excitements, and by taking outdoor exercise, whether by ball, or skate, or horseback, lawn tennis, or exhilarating bicycle. If you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs, and cramped chests, and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all-fours, and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind, or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh! it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todds' Manual, and Coombs' Physiology, and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication, and digestion, and assimilation. Where you find one healthy man or woman, you find fifty half dead. From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bar, and punching bags, and pulling weight, I thought Satan was about taking possession of society and the church and the world, but after one hour of climbing and lifting, and pulling, I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millennium set in. Take a good stout run my handkerchief into my mouth, and choke inwardly. And now we are walking with her across the sodden grass of the dismal, bare garden, toward the postern gate, where Charles Lovelace waits with a traveling-carriage and grays.

"Good-bye," she says, looking into our faces and weeping passionately. "Tears do not matter now; there are no more appearances to be kept up."

"Good-bye," say Milly and I, weeping, too, but with a difference. Through her present sorrow the gay, bright future looks; we know what we are going back to.

"Good-bye," says Charles Lovelace, kissing our dripping countenances.

"Good-bye good-bye!" cries Alice, clinging about our necks in turn.

And now she is in the carriage, the valet jumps into the rumble and they are off, Alice's lovely face looking out of the window to the very last moment, away, through the cold winter morning. A couple of hundred yards away, papa is walking about, happy in the comfortable belief that he holds all our lives in his hand, and that he can mete us out happiness or misery, according to his sovereign will. Well, one at least of his white slaves has turned a rebel; he will know it by twelve of the clock, and then—

"Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," I say to Milly, as we go heavily back to the house. "After all we can only be killed once!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why Men Should Marry.

It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry; and those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny are, from nature's point of view, failures. It is not a question of personal felicity (which in eight cases out of ten may be problematic), but of race responsibility. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own ease, dooms some woman, who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the stature of his manhood, imperishes his heart and brain and chokes up all the sweetest potentialities of his soul.

evening, I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train;" and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The palgue! The plague! Word the next: Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan, and you will never go to any evil amusement, nor be found in any compromising surroundings. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the company and the companionship. To put it on the least important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put officiating ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life go straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such surroundings is an appalling theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and beswEating efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snow bank with his rum-jug close beside him. But the straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world, or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such surroundings is an appalling theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and beswEating efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snow bank with his rum-jug close beside him. But the straight to heaven did the work of happy transformation as well as possible although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate at your demise. Die at home or in some place of honest business or where the laughter is clean or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our starting point for the next world. When we enter the harbor of Heaven and the Officer of Light comes aboard let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can by industry and economy have a home of you own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them; one room for slumber one for food. Its preparation and the partaking thereof. Mark you I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and statuetted, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and a wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in Heaven if they got there. He who wins and keeps the affection of a good practical woman has done a glorious thing. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God before she loved you. What do I mean by a practical woman? I mean one who can help you to earn a living, for a time comes in almost every man's life when he is fling of a hard misfortune, and you do not want a weakling going around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm poultice of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley the manner in which he conquered domestic unhappiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road Chapel he complained to the people, saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness" when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said, "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he marries for Heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. Can six young men in Fayette, Ohio, had better look out.

Word the next: Do not start yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. If you rate yourself too low, the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high, the world will say, "Come down." If is a bad thing when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Buchan, whose speech Ballantyn, the Edinburgh printer, could not set up for publication because he had not enough capital I's among his type. Remember that the world get along without you nearly six thousand years before you were born, and unless some meteor collides with us, or some internal explosion occurs, the world will probably last several thousand years after you are dead.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before forty years of age. Gotius at seventeen; Romanus at twenty; Pitt at twenty-two; Whitefield at twenty-four; Bonaparte at twenty-seven; Ignatius Loyola at thirty; Raphael at thirty-seven, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes you will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I have had, yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof, a kind Providence has crowned my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as you go at your work on the minute you are expected, and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they were required, and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless they are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day, you will remain on the low levels, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world a hundred years old. But a very few people in any country reach eighty. The majority of the human race expire before thirty. What an expense in such a consideration. If things go wrong, it is only for a little while. Have you not enough moral pluck to stand the jostling, and, the injustices, and the miss aps of the small parenthesis between the two centuries? It is a good thing to get ready for the one mile this side the marble slab, but more important to get fixed up for the interminable mile which stretch out into the distances beyond the marble slab.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the business or occupation, or profession you are about to choose, or have already chosen. Going to be a merchant? Read up Peter Cooper, and Abbot Lawrence, and James Lenox, and William E. Dodge, and George Peabody. See how the most of them munched their noonday luncheon made up of dry bread and hunk of cheese, behind a counter or a storeroom, as they started in a business which brought them to bless the world with millions of dollars consecrated to a hospitals, and schools, and churches, and private benefactions, where neither right hand or left hand know what the other hand did. Going to be a physician? Read up Harvey, and Grosse, and Sir Adam Clarke, and James Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anaesthetic, and Leslie Keeley, who, notwithstanding all the damage done by his incompetent imitators, stands one of the greatest benefactors of the century, and all the other mighty physicians who have mended broken bones, and enthroned again deposed intellects, and given their lives to healing the long, deep gash of the world's agony. Going to be a mechanic? Read up the inventors of sewing-machines, and cotton gins, and life-saving apparatus, and the men who are architects, and builders, and manufacturers, and day laborers have made a life of thirty years in this century worth more than the full one hundred years of any other century. You six young men of Ohio, and all the other young men—Instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library, and acquant yourselves with men who in the dim sights of earth, and Heaven, and hell, did the great things.

Remember, the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had fought it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it Saragossa, and Gettysburg, and Sedan were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we were not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the Valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried three ages ago where now is no water. Only six out of the eight hundred grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancers, and consumptions, and leprosies are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off, to stout constitutions which are able to throw them off. Worlds like Mars and the moon will be within hailing distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and their volcanoes, they will signal all styles of intelligence to us, and we will signal all styles of intelligence to them. Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of Gospelization the world is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums, as now we look at thumbscrews and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities you are going to have, young men all the world over under thirty. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it. During this nineteenth century the world has by Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twenty-first century! Ah, that will be the time to see great sights, and all great deeds. Oh, young man, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest, and grandest, and most glorious century that the world has ever seen!

Wanted To Scare His Wife.

John Millery of 415 West Thirty-fifth street, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday on the charge of attempted suicide, says the New York Recorder.

At 10 o'clock on Friday night Mary Miller, John's young wife, rushed breathlessly into the West Thirty-seventh police station, screaming:

"My husband is going to hang himself! Come quick, oh! come quick, or he'll be dead!"

Policeman Popertid hurried off with the woman, who explained that she had had a row with John, and he said he was going to kill himself.

"Why, he had the rope around his neck when I came out," sobbed she.

The door of the Millers' rooms was locked: The policeman forced it open. There was no light. There was the stillness of death, as the policeman and the wife groped their way toward the bedroom. This room was black as ink, and the frightened gasps of the woman blew out the first match which the policeman lit.

Another match flickered for a minute, the gas was lit, and what the policeman saw made him fall over on the bed and laugh until he cried. Even the sad-faced wife smiled.

There in the bed, sleeping comfortably, was John Miller, with four yards of clothesline coiled about his neck. The policeman woke him up. John's eyes blinked, but as he was fully dressed Popertid yanked him out of bed and took him to the police station, where he was locked up. In court he denied that he had any desire to kill himself, only to scare his wife.

"She's been gettin' purty flip with her tongue lately, and needed quieting."

Mrs. Miller refused to make a charge against him, and he was discharged.

Unveiled Once a Year.

According to a dispatch from Constantinople, in consequence of the rumors circulated regarding alleged plots organized by the Mussulman element which is discontented with the present government and especially by the Softas, unusual precautions were taken on the occasion of the sultan's annual visit to the Mosque of Top-Cadou on the Old Seraglio Point on the 12th inst., says the London News. This day, the fifth of Ramahan, is the only one in the year on which the sultan, as commander of the faithful, leaves Yildiz Kiosk in order to perform the ancient ceremony of unveiling and exposing to public veneration the reliquary containing one of the prophet's mantles. It is stated that his majes