

Must untwine, ere free we stand. As we builded, stone by stone. We must toil unhelped, alone, Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try, Lighter every test goes by; Wading in, the stream grows deep Toward the centre's downward sweep ; Backward turn, each step ashore shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste Levelling what we raised in haste : Doing what must be undone Ere content or love be won First, across the gulf we cast Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed. And habit builds the bridge at last !

## ELDER BROWN'S BACKSLIDE.

The Good that Sometimes Follows Evil

Harper's Magazine for August.]

he wandered up into the deserted fence Elder Brown told his wife good-by at corner, and began to nibble refreshment the farm-house door as mechanically as from a scrub oak. though his proposed trip to Macon, ten For a moment the elder gazed up into miles away, was an every-day affair. the sky, half impressed with the idea that while, as a matter of fact, many years had the camp-meeting platform had given way. But the truth forced its way to the clapsed since unaccompanied he set foot in the city. He did not kiss her. Many front in his disordered understanding at very good men never kiss their wives. But small blame attaches to the elder for his omission on this occasion, since his wife had long ago discouraged all amorous demonstrations on the part of her liege had he seen it in such shape. The truth ord, and at this particular moment was is, Elder Brown had never before tried to filling the parting moments with a rattling stand on his head in it. As calmly as poslist of directions concerning thread, but-tons, hooks, needles, and all the many sible he began to straighten it out, caring but little for the dust upon his garments. etceteras of an industrious housewife's The beaver was his special crown of digbasket. The elder was laboriously assorting these postscript commissions in his memory, well knowing that to return with any one of them neglected would cause rouble in the family circle.

Elder Brown mounted his patient steed that stood sleepily motionless in the warm sunlight, with his great pointed ears displayed to the right and left, as though owner had grown tired of the life burden their weight inflicted upon him. and was, old soldier fashion, ready to forego the once rigid alertness of early training for the pleasures of frequent rest in arms.

level with the common wool-hat herd. He with half a hundred packages, which nes-did his best, pulling, pressing, and pushing, but the hat did not look natural when sections of his clothing that boasted of he had finished. It seemed to have been pockets. As he deposited his deck-load laid off into counties, sections, and town upon the counter, great drops of perspiralots. Like a well-cut jewel, it had a face tion rolled down his face and over his cut-glass decanter, and sent a half-tumbfor him, view it from whatever point he water logged collar to the floor.

least.

would the old lady say?

finished, be would not listen.

tion.

zled him. But as he stood bare-headed

came and dwelt with him. His eye rested

upon sleeping Balaam anchored to a post

in the street, and so as he recalled the

lowed himself in twenty years. What paused to think. Then a brilliant idea rose i., his mind. He would forestall blame and disarm anger with kindness-Alas! Elder Brown knew too well. he would purchase Hannah a bonnet. What she would not say was what puz-

What woman's heart ever failed to soften at sight of a new bonnet? in the sunlight a sense of utter desolation As I have stated, the elder was a man of action. He entered a store near at hand. "Good morning," said an affable gentleman with a Hebrew countenance, approach-

treachery that lay at the base of all his affliction, gloom was added to the desola-"Good mornin', good mornin'," said the elder, piling his bundles on the coun-To turn back and search for the lost pater. "I hope you are well?" Elder Brown per would have been worse then useless. extended his hand fervidly.

Only one course was open to him, and at it went the leader of his people. He call-ed at the grocery; he invaded the recesses "Quite well, I thank you. What-" "And the little wife?" said Elder Brown, affectionately retaining the Jew's hand. of the dry goods establishments; he ran-"Quite well, sir." sacked the hardware stores; and wherever "And the little ones-quite well, I hope.

he went he made life a burden for the clerks, overhauling show-cases and pulling too? "Yes, sir; all well, thank you. Somedown whole shelves of stock. Occasionthing I can do for you?" ally an item of his memoranda would

The affable merchant was trying come to light, and thrusting his hand into

his capacious pocket, where lay the pro-ceeds of his check, he would pay for it call his customer's name. "Not now, not now, thankee. If you upon the spot, and insist on having it please to let my bundles stay untell I come rolled up. To the suggestion of the slave back-

"Can't I show you something? Hat, whom he had in charge for the time being that the articles be laid aside until he had coat-

"Not now. Be back bimeby. Was it chance or fate that brought Eld-"Now you look here, sonny," he said, er Brown in front of a bar? The glasses from view. in the dry goods store, "I'm conducting shone bright upon the shelves as the swinglast, and with painful dignity he staggered this revival, an' I don't need no help in into an upright position and regained his my line. Just you tie them stockin's up ing door flapped back to let out a coatless beaver. He was shocked again. Never be- an' lemme have 'em. Then I know I've clerk, who passed him with a rush, chewing upon a farewell mouthful of brown fore in all the long years it had served him got 'em." As each purchase was promptly paid for, and change had to be secured, bread and bologna. Elder Brown beheld for an instant the familiar scene within. the clerk earned his salary for that day at The screws of his resolution had been loosened. At sight of the glistening bar So it was when, near the heat of the the whole moral structure of twenty years ed of the decision which sent him to town. day, the good man arrived at the drugcame tumbling down. Mechanically he store, the last and only unvisited division nity. To lose it was to be reduced to a of trade, he made his appearance equipped entered the saloon, and laid a silver quarter upon the bar as he said :

The next instant she had seized him. "A little whisky an' sugar." The arms "For the Lord sakes, Elder Brown, of the bartender worked like a fakir's in a what ails you? As I live, if the man ain't side show as he set out the glass with its little quota of "short sweetening" and a drunk! Elder Brown! Elder Brown! for the life of me can't I make you hear? You ler of water spinning along from the up- crazy old hypocrite! you desevin' old sinchose, a quality which so impressed him There was a something exquisitely re- per end of the bar with a dime in change. ner! you black hearted wretch! where have you ben?" Whisky is higher'n used to be,' freshing in the great glasses of foaming soda that a spruce young man was draw- Elder Brown; but the bartender was taking from a marble fountain, above which ing another order, and did not hear him. for tears. He was a man of action. The half a dozen polar bears in an ambitious Elder Brown stirred away the sugar, and sudden vision which met his wandering print were disporting themselves. There let a steady stream of red liquid flow into I've ben 'swell's I do. Ben to town, wife, came a break in the run of customers, and the glass. He swallowed the drink as an' see yer w'at I've brought-the fines' buds, with the green juice already oozing the spruce young man having swept the unconcernedly as though his morning tod hat, ole woman, I could git. Look 't the from the corners of his frothy mouth, act-ed upon him like magic. He was, after a glass from the revolving rack which had the change, "But it ain't any better than you're red, an' it's a dead match. What rinsed it with a fierce little stream of wait was," he concluded, as he passed out. ter, and asked mechanically, as he caught | He did not even seem to realize that he had done anything extraordinary. the intense look of the perspiring elder, There was a millinery store up the street, and thither with uncertain step he wended Now it had not occurred to the elder to drink soda, but the suggestion, coming as his way, feeling a little more elate, and altogether sociable. A pretty black-eyed it did in his exhausted state, was overpowering. He drew near awkwardly, put girl, struggling to keep down her mirth, on his glasses, and examined the list of came forward and faced him behind the syrups with great care. The young man counter. Elder Brown lifted his faded being for the moment at leisure, surveyed | hat with the politeness, if not the grace, of critically the gaunt figure, the faded ban- a Castilian, and made a sweeping bow. dana, the antique claw-hammer coat, and Again he was in his element. But he did the battered stove-pipe hat, with a gradu- not speak. A shower of odds and ends, ally relaxing countenance. He even call- small packages, thread, needles, and but ed the prescription clerk's attention by a ons, released from their prison, rattle cough and a quick jerk of the thumb. down about him. The prescription clerk smiled freely, and The girl laughed. She could not help continued his assaults upon a piece of it. And the elder, leaning his hand on the counter, laughed too, until several other "I reckon," said the elder, resting his girls came half-way to the front. Then hands upon his knees and bending down they, hiding behind counters and ssuspendto the list, "you may gimme sassprilla an" ed cloaks, laughed and suickered until a little strawberry. Sassprilla's good for they re-convulsed the elder's vis-a-vis, who the blood this time er year, an' strawberry had been making desperate efforts to resume her demure appearance. The spruce young man let the syrup "Let me help you, sir," she said, com-stream into the glass as he smiled affably. ing from behind the counter, upon seeing Thinking, perhaps, to draw out the odd Elder Brown beginning to adjust his spec character, he ventured upon a jest him- tacles for a search. He waved her back self, repeating a pun invented by the man majestically. "No, my dear, no; can't who made the first soda fountain. With allow it. You mout sile them purty finga sweep of his arm he cleared away the swarm of insects as he remarked, "People who like a fly in theirs are easily accom-gently forcing the girl back to her place. 'Leave it to me. I've picked up bigger things'n them. Picked myself up this It was from sheer good nature only that Elder Brown replied, with his usual broad mornin'. Balaam--you don't know Ba-social smile, "Well, a fly now and then laam; he's my donkey-he tumbled me over in the sand this mornin'." And Eld-Now if there is anybody in the world | er Brown had to resume an upright posiwho prides himself on knowing a thing or | tion until his paroxysm of laughter had two, it is the spruce young man who pre- passed. "You see this old hat:" extendsides over a soda fountain. This particu- ing it, half full of packages; I fell clear lar young gentleman did not even deem a inter 'it; jes' as clean inter it as them reply necessary. He vanished an instant, things that fell out'n it." He laughed when he returned a close observer | again, and so did the girls. "But, my might have seen that the mixture in the dear, I whaled half the hide off'n him

Elder Brown surveyed the beast with hor- as an adventure out of the common run of ror, but again in his understanding there accidents. The gaunt countryman, with rang out the trumpet words: "Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer-unc, erunc,

-unc. -unc.'

He stooped instinctively for a missile gilded frames and polished tables betrayed with which to smite his accuser, but the character and purpose of the place, and brought up suddenly with a jerk and a handful of sand. Straightening himself up with a majestic dignity, he extended his right hand impressively.

voice:

lord.

unc, -erunc, -unc, unc."

hand, and shouted back :

speech from the top of the table; another "You're a goldarn liar, Balaam, and, blast your old buttons, you kin walk home mpersonated Hamlet; and finally, Elder Brown was lifted into a chair, and sang a camp-meeting song. This was rendered by yourself, for I'm danged if you sh'll by him with startling effect. He stood ride me er step. Surely Coriolanus never turned his back upright, with his hat jauntily knocked to upon Rome with a grander dignity than one side and his coat tails ornamented with sat upon the old man's form as he faced a couple of show bills, kindly pinned by about and left the brute to survey with his admirers. In his left hand he waved

the stub of a cigar, and on his back was anxious eyes the new departure of his mas-He saw the clder zigzag along the street, head, executed by some artist with billiard and beheld him about to turn a friendly chalk

As the elder sang his favorite hymn. corner. Once more he lifted up his mighty 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free," his stentorian voice awoke the echoes. Most of the com-"Drunk, drunk, drunk, drer-unc, drerpany rolled upon the floor in convulsions Once more the elder turned with lifted of laughter.

The exhibition came to a close by the chair overturning. Again Elder Brown fell into his beloved hat. He arose and shouted: "Whoa, Balaam!" Again he "You're a liar, Balaam, goldarn you! You're er iffamous liar." Then he passed seized the nearest weapon and sought satisfaction. The young gentleman with po-Mrs. Brown stood upon the steps anxlitical sentiments was knocked under the iously awaiting the return of her liege table, and Hamlet only escaped injury by She knew he had with him a large beating the infuriated elder into the street. sum of money, or should have, and she What next? Well, I hardly know. How the elder found Balaam is a mystery knew also that he was a man without business methods. She had long since repentyet: not that Balaam was hard to find, but that the old man was in no condition to When the old battered hat and flour-covfind anything. Still he did, and, climbered coat loomed up in the gloaming and ing laboriously into the saddle, he held on confronted her, she stared with terror. stupidly while the hungry beast struck out for home.

> Hannah Brown did not sleep that night. Sleep would not come. Hour after hour passed, and her wrath refused to be quelled. She tried every conceivable method, to try. but time hung heavily. It was not quite of day, however, when she laid her

> > The pink bonnet with the blue plume

It may appear strange to those who do

ing the queer object, bent her face upon it

For a half-hour she stood at the end of

the lane, and then hungry Balaam and his

master hove in sight. Reaching out her

hand, she checked the beast.

and gazed upon her blankly.

"What mule, Hannah ?'

'where is the mule ?"

"William," said sl.e, very

"The mule you rode to town."

you, brethren, you'd better mind what you other; he is like a poor old ox in a long are thinking about to-day, if you know what's good for you-if you would have bites through the crack of the fence on his battered hat and claw-hammer coat, was a prize of an extrordinary nature. any respect to what you may be doing to-

They drew him into a rear room, whose plied him with wine until ten thousand lights danced about him. The fun increased. One youngster made a political

better be on your knees begging God's pardon-not mine."

We partake of the nature of the things we associate with: Bring hither a corpse and a coffin, and I will soon be perfectly saturated with gloom; but surround me with their sweetness melts into my heart. The man who puts his mind and his eye on the truth and lives in an atmosphere of truth, will as naturally speak the truth as syrup will flow from a jug filled with syrup. It hounds. [Laughter]. is what cometh out that defileth the man. It is these outgushings that show what we than generous. It is easy enough to give

If there is one character I despise above to following a straight line, being just in all others, it is a liar-all towns have their all things, just to God, to your family, to regular "town liar"-and I'd rather be the your children, to all men, it is a different lowest town dog that roams the street at night than to be a man you can't rely on a wives. They pay their cook \$5 very willword he says; one who couldn't tell the ingly Saturday night, but when the hardtruth to save his life at three fair trials. How I love a truthful man-truthful in every act and word of his life! one who lives in, by, with, and for the truth! His

working, economical, painstaking wife asks for a little money on Monday, the brute will say: "Oh, wife, what do you want with money ?" I knew a fellow in Georgia who had been married 10 years. His wife one morning

suggested that that was her birthday, and I know an old fellow down in Georgia he said to himself, "I've got a good wife;

life becomes so wholly saturated with truth that he couldn't tell a falsehood if he were

an admirable representation of Balaam's

## morrow. You partake of the nature of men and things by which you are surrounded. You are very much like the world around you -like your circumstances and associates. | Amen ].

Place the worst man in Murfreesborough in good company and he'll be as good as I once saw a customer come into his store anybody. No man can stay with me for an hour and not be as good as I am-and blade was hard enough. "It seems to be

gin to beg my pardon. "Poor man," I have answered such. "You'd a great deal

I don't mean to say that I am over good. I don't mean to say that I am over good. I only mean to say that in my presence or a strange merchant? I asked him why he in the presence of any other minister of the hadn't told the man that perhaps it was Gospel he will not swear. I know no good hard enough, or something of that sort, man would. I have overheard men swear

who, on noticing my presence, would be-

It is the world that shapes us up morally. the aroma of the beauty of flowers, and trick if the conductor overlooks them and

man would-or, I should say, no gentle- but he wouldn't tell a lie. I should suppose a merchant of that kind would feel lonesome in most places-lonesome about in spots. [Laughter].

A man can lie and never open his mouth. That's the way a horse-trader lies-not knowing that to keep his mouth shut is the biggest sort of a lie. [Laughter]. I have heard men brag about cheating conductors out of a ride, and then the conductors, catching the disease, steal from the roads. Some fellows think they have done a smart they get a free ride. Before I would do such a thing as that I'd hunt the conductor from the "smoker" to the "sleeper," and then chase him down with a pack of

It's ten thousand times harder to be just

a poor woman a dollar, but when it comes

thing. Some men are never just to their

hot lane-all the grass he gets is what he

either side. [Laughter]. He is neither in

a garden of God nor in the devil's planta-

Every man, to occupy his true position,

I know a merchant by the name of Lee.

to buy a plow, and he asked whether the

must be on the Lord's side. [Amen.

tion. [Laughter].

"And, elder, don't you forgit them calker scraps, or you'll be wantin' kiver soon an' no kiver will be a-comin'."

Elder Brown did not turn his head, but merely let the whip hand, which had been checked in its backward motion, fall as he answered mechanically. The beast he bestrode responded with a rapid whisking of its tail and a great show of effort, as it ambled off down the sandy road, the rider's long legs seeming now and then to touch the ground.

But as the zigzag panels of the rail fence rept behind him, and he felt the freedom of the morning beginning to act upon his well trained blood, the mechanical manner of the old man's mind gave place to a mild exuberance. A weight seemed to be lifting from it ounce by ounce as the fence panels, the weedy corners, the persimmon prouts and sassafras bushes, crept away whind him, so that by the time a mile lay between him and the life partner of his joys and sorrows he was in a reasonably ontented frame of mind, and still improving.

It was a queer figure that crept along the road that cheery May morning. It was tall and gaunt, and had been for thirty years or more. The long head, ald on top, covered behind with irongray hair, and in front with a short tangled growth that curled and kinked in every direction, was surmounted by an oldfashioned stove-pipe hat, worn and stained, but eminently impressive. An old-fash ioned Henry Clay cloth coat, stained and threadbare, divided itself impartially over the donkey's back and dangled on his sides. This was all that remained of the elder's wedding suit of forty years ago. Unly constant care, and use of late years limited to extra occasions, had preserved it so long. The trousers had soon parted company with their friends. The substitutes were red jeans, which, while they did not well match his court costume, were better able to withstand the old man's abuse, for if, in addition to his frequent religious excursions astride his beast, there ever was a man who was fond of sitting down with his feet higher than his head, it was this self-same Elder Brown.

The morning expanded, and the old man expanded with it; for while a vigorous leader in his church, the elder at home was, it must be admitted, an uncomplaining slave. To the intense astonishment of the beast he rode, there came new vigor into the whacks which fell upon his flanks; and the beast allowed astonishment, to surprise him into real life and decided motion. Somewhere in the elder's expanding soul a tune had begun to ring. Possibly he took up the far faint tune that came from the straggling gang of negroes way off in the field, as they slowly chopped amid the thread like rows of cotton plants which lined the level ground, for the melody he hummed softly and then sang strongly, in the quavering, catchy tones of a good old country churchman, was, "I'm glad salvation's free." It was during the singing of this hymn that Elder Brown's regular motion-inspir-

came over him familiar to every man who "I think you're whistlin' agin. Nancy's off in the night there rose- and quivered a Wherever there is an italic the hickory generally closes the day with a suit of gets! has been "in his cups." As a matter of head's red, red as a woodpeck's. Sorrel's plaintive cry. Elder Brown smiled weari-"rescended. It fell about as regularly and far as possible." The other character is an outsider, out , white stuff. He has immense English cloth But where, I ask, oh where, The papers were drawn. A note was fact, the elder would have been a confirm- only half-way to the color of her topfter the fashion of the stick beating upon anm's appeal, and he recog v: it was E ass drum during a funeral march. | made out for \$552.50, for the interest was side of the church, but he won't swindle hats to match each suit. Besides this he ed drunkard twenty years before had his knot, an' it do seem like red oughter to Tell me, and thither I'll fly nized it. The animal he rode also recogany one out of a penny. He is charitable has three bull dogs. In the morning he But the heast, although convinced that at one and a half per cent. for seven wife been less strong-minded. She took soot red. Nancy's red an' the hat's red; Swifter than fleeting sound. nized it, and replied, until the silence of and kind-hearted, and gives liberally to has a buff dog, in the afternoon a slate Through sunshine and through storm, othething serious was impending, did not months, and a mortgage on ten mules bethe reins into her own hands when she like goes with like, an' birds of a feather the city was destroyed. The odd clamor the poor. Which is the better man of the colored dog, and in the evening a pure O'er land and o'er the sea, Consider a funeral march appropriate for longing to the elder was drawn and signfound that his business and strong drink flock together." The old man laughed and confusion drew from a saloon near by On ever, I'll sweep on, Utopia, till I've found thee. two? you ask. Why, I'd better be like the white bull dog follows him. He never the necasion. He protested, at first, with ed. The elder then promised to send his did not mix well, worked him into the until his cheeks were wet. a group of noisy youngsters, who had been big-hearted, generous, manly sinner, you has any companion but his dog. vigorous whiskings of his tail and a rapid cotton to the warehouse to be sold in the church, and sustained his resolutions by The girl, beginning to feel a little uneasy, making a night of it. They surrounded shifting of his ears. Finding these dem- fall, and with a curt "Anything else?" and say. And so would I. And on this excuse For thy sweet bowers I sigh making it difficult and dangerous for him and seeing a customer entering, rapidly Elder Brown as he began to transfer him. A Day of Small Things. And hope therein to rest, many keep out of the chutch. But why instructions unavailing, and convinced that a "Thankee, that's all," the two parted. to get to his toddy. She became the busi- fixed up the bonnet, took fifteen dollars self to the hungry beast to whose motion Beneath a cloudless sky, And there be ever blessed Elder Brown now made an effort to rebe a fool and be exactly like either of those one argent cause for hurry had suddenly ness head of the family, and he the spirit- out of a twenty-dollar bill, and calmly [Bellevue Banner ] he was more accustomed, and in the "hailcall the supplemental commissions shoutcharacters? [Laughter]. As for me, I'll tovaled the elder's serenity, as it had his ual. Only at rare intervals did he ever | asked the elder if he wanted anything else. fellow-well-met" of the day, began to ban-Oh, who can tell me where It is the small establishments, the small ed to him upon his departure, intending come into the church and pay God what is "backslide" during the twenty years of the new era, and Mrs. Brown herself used clothes, and beat a retreat. It had occur-Lies the enchanted ground ? which began to cover the ground with dy jests upon his appearance. Now Elder industries, with their low rates, chenp Tell me, lest I despair Before it has been found. to execute them first, and then take his due him; then I'll pay the world its dues. If I rob anybody it will be you-I won't rantic leaps that would have surprised wages, and moderate expenses, that pay the best returns on the capital and labor Brown was not in a jesting humor. Posiwritten list item by item. His mental rehis owner could he have realized what was to say that the "sugar in his'n turned to | red to him that he was nearly drunk. tively he was in the worst humor possible. solves had just reached this point when a rob God-and every man out of the church gall before the backslide ended." People Eider Brown's step begau to lose its buoyancy. He found himself utterly ungoing on But Elder Brown's eyes were When lo ! a geutle breeze Softly whisper'd in mine ear : "Here, nor beyond the seas, Nor on island anywhere The result was that before many minutes new thought made itself known. Passers half closed, and he was singing at the top who hasn't given his all to God is robbing passed the old man was swinging several of his voice. Lost in a trance of divine by were puzzled to see the old man sud-God of all the dear Father wants. [Amen. But Elder Brown's sin during the re-mainder of the day contained an element certain straddle in his gait that carried of the crowd by their collars, and break-Amen]. But I'll do right toward God and denly snatch his head-piece off and peer ing the peace of the city. A policeman approached, and but for the good humored party, upon whom the elder's pluck had exaltation, for he felt the effects of the Beneath the shining sub, with an intent and awe struck air into its my neighbor-for such a man is in the nvigorating motion, bent only on making of responsibility. As he moved majestic-ally down toward where Balaam slept in and caused people whom he met to cheer-Will Utopia be given army of Jesus Christ and trying to do right the air ring with the lines which he dimly irregular caverns. Some of them were Till you with earth are done-Then you'll find it in Heaven.' magined were drawing upon him the eyes shocked when he suddenly and vigorously by all. the sunlight, he felt no fatigue. There fully yield him plenty of room. clusively a city of small industries. made a favorable impression, would have of the whole female congregation, he wes | ejaculated,

that a lumn gathered in his eyes winked vigorously. Elder Brown was not, however, a man

gaze, the donkey calmly chewing scrub all, only human, and when he got hands upon a piece of brush, he thrashed the

donkey. With one supreme effort he col-

lected himself into a motionless mass of

matter, bracing his front legs wide apart;

that is to say, he stopped short. There

he stood, returning the pig's idiotic stare

with an interest which must have led to

the presumption that never before in all

his varied life had he seen such a singular

little creature. End over end went the

man of prayer, finally bringing up full

length in the sand, striking just as he

should have shouted "free" for the fourth

Fully convinced that his alarm had been

well founded, the shote sped out from under the gigantic missile hurled at him

by the donkey; and scampered down the

road, turning first one ear and then the

other to detect any sounds of pursuit. The donk y, also convinced that the ob-

ject before which he had halted was super-

natural, started back violently upon seeing

it apparently, turn to a man. But seeing

that it had turned to nothing but a man,

time in his glorious chorus.

poor beast until it seemed as though even its already half-tanned hide would be "What schrup, sir?" eternally ruined. Thoroughly exhausted at last, he wearily straddled his saddle, and with his chin upon his breast resumed the early morning tenor of his way.

́П. "Good-mornin', sir." Elder Brown leaned over the little pine picket which divided the book-keeper's department of a Macon warehouse from

the room in general, and surveyed the well-dressed back of a gentleman who was busily figuring at a desk within. The apartment was carpetless, and the dust of decade lay dcep on the old books, shelves, and the familiar advertisements blue mass. of guano and fertilizers which decorated the room. An old stove, rusty with the

nicotine contributed by farmers during the previous season while waiting by its glowing sides for their cotton to be sold, stood straight up in a bed of sand, and is good any time." festoons of cobwebs clung to the upper sashes of the murky windows. The lower sash of one window had been raised, and in the yard without, nearly an acre in extent, lay a few bales of cotton, with jagged holes in their ends, just as the sampler had left them. Elder Brown had time to notice all these familiar points,

and

for the figure at the desk kept serencly at its task, and deigned no reply. "Good-mornin', sir," said Elder Brown modated." again, in his most dignified tones. "Is Mr. Thomas in?" "Good-morning, sir," said the figure. don't hurt nobody."

I'll wait on you in a minute." The minute passed, and four more joined it. Then the desk man turned. 'Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

The elder was not in the best of humon when he arrived, and his state of mind had not improved. He waited full a minute as he surveyed the man of business. "I thought I mout be able to make some arrangements with you to get some money, but I reckon I was mistaken." The ware-

house man came nearer. "This is Mr. Brown, I believe. I did not recognize you at once. You are not in often to see us." sipping the cooling drink. "No; my wife usually tends to the town

bizness, while I run the church and farm. Got a fall from my donkey this morning." he said, noticing a quizzical, interrogating look upon the face before him, "and fell squar' on the hat." He made a pretence of smoothing it. The man of business had already lost interest. "How much money will you want, Mr. full and free forgiveness.

Brown?" "Well, about seven hundred dollars." said the elder, replacing his hat, and turning a furtive look upon the warehouse man. The other was tapping with his

the rail. "I can get you five hundred." "But I oughter have seven."

glass he bore had slightly changed color for it." and increased in quantity. But the Elder "Oh, sir! how could you? Indeed, sir,

saw only the whizzing stream of water I think you did wrong. The poor brute dart into its centre, and the rosy foam rise did not know what he was doing, I dare half the claim upon her as that simple and tremble on the glass's rim. The next say, and possibly he has been a faithful instant he was holding his breath and friend." The girl cast her mischievous enunciation. instant he was holding his breath and friend."

eyes toward her companions, who snickered again. The old man was not conscious of mental and actual gloom.

oughtn't."

Elder Brown paused at the door as he was about to leave. A rosy-cheeked that's my intention; set 'em all out." Elder Brown," he said, thickly. Then he

"Well, now, that's suthin' like.

But life in beauty grows. swindles his neighbors every chance he buff suit, follows with a slate color and the papers for five, and I'll make it go as

The elder made an effort to wave her off. 'Woman," he said, with grand digni-

"you forgit yussef; shu know ware yer mean? Hey! hole on! ole woman! --you Hannah!--you!" She literally shook him into silence.

"You miserable wretch! you low-down will drunken sot! what do you mean by coming home and insulting your wife ?" Hanthe book the fierce anger was gone. nah ceased shaking him from pure exhaus-

Where is it, I say? Where is it ?" covered up the woman's heart within her, By this time she was turning his pockets but though it lay deep, it was there still. As she sat with folded hands her eyes fell wrong side out. From one she got pills, from another change, from another packpon-what ?

The Lord be praised, and this is better luck than I hoped! Oh, clder! elder not understand such natures, but to me her elder ! what did you do it for ? Why, man, next action was perfectly natural. She where is Balaam ?" burst into a convulsive laugh; then, seiz-Thought of the beast choked off the

threatened hysterics.

and sobbed hysterically. When the storm "Balaam ? Balaam ?" said the elder. was over, very tenderly she laid the gift groggily. "He's in town. The infernal aside, and, bare-headed, passed out into fool 'sulted me, an' I lef' him to walk the night. home."

His wife surveyed him. Really at that moment she did think his mind was gone; but the leer upon the old man's face enraged her beyond endurance.

"You did, did you ? Well, now, I reckon you'll laugh for some cause, you will. Back you go, sir-straight back; an' don't you come home 'thout that donkey, or you'll rue it, sure as my name is Hannah Brown. Aleck !-- you Aleck k !" A black boy darted round the corner,

her face. Then it burst from his lips: from behind which, with several others, he had beheld the brief but stirring scene. laam and forgit the mule!' "Put a saddle on er mule. The elder's

gwine back to town. And don't you be ong about it, neither." "Yessum." Aleck's ivories gleamed in the darkness as he disappeared. Elder Brown was soberer at that mo-

it. The truth is, Hannah, I-"Never mind now, William," she said, nent than he had been for hours. gently, "you are tired and hungry. Come "Hannah, you don't mean it ?" into the house, husband." "Yes, sir, I do. Back you go to town,

Leading Balaam, she disappeared down s sure as my name is Hannah Brown." the lane; and when, a few minutes later, The elder was silent. He had never Hannah Brown and her husband entered known his wife to relent on any occasion, through the light that streamed out of the after she had affirmed her intention, supopen door, her arms were around him, and plemented with "as sure as my name is her face upturned to his. Hannah Brown." It was her way of swearing. No affidavit would have had -----

water.

## Longing for Utopia.

BY EARNEST. So back to town went Elder Brown, not How numerous are the storms in the order of the carly morn, but silent-That on us beat through life, In various ways and forms-Alike in calm and strife. The old man had turned a last appeal-Nor do they cease to fall ing glance upon the angry woman, as he While here on earth we stay ounted, with Aleck's assistance, and sat Both on the great and small. Till all have passed away.

> Oh, is there not a place In some far distant dell That may be found, if sought, Where man in peace may dwell? And all is pure and bright, Where naught will know decay, But ever give delight,

I long for such a home rest and sweet repose, Where sorrow ne'er can come, And joy forever flows In a perpetual stream, Bringing delight to all-Like music in a dream-

who thinks it no harm to tell a lie about she has been kind, self-sacrificing and true well-worn family Bible aside. It had been her mother's, and amid all the anxieties and tribulations incident to the life of a woman who had free negroes and a miserable husband to manage, it had been her that he had willingly set his slaves free, mainstay and comfort. She had frequentwhich was a stupendous lie, and he hasn't ly read it in anger, page after page, without knowing what was contained in the lines. But eventually the words became or not. intelligible and took meaning. She wrest-Truth, my brethren and sisters, is better that way. ed consolation from it by mere force of

than money-oh, so much better than money. I never saw a real truthful man And so on this occasion when she closed who couldn't get all the money he wanted, however poor he might be, while I have She was not a hard woman naturally seen wealthy liars who couldn't get accom-Fate had brought her conditions which modation at all.

There are (turning to the colored pews) darkies here who can get credit at any store in Murfreesborough. This is because of their reputation for truth. There are others who couldn't get credit for a paper of pins, because they are known as the biggest liars out of purgatory. [Dat's so -yah-yah-yah!] And the darkies are not the only liars in Murfreesborough, either, I'm sorry to say. [Laughter]. Oh, how I love the man who is true to

his word, to his friends, to his God-who is true to truth! I have heard reports that I carnestly believed until some common liar would come along and repeat it, and then I wouldn't believe a word of it. [Laughter].

Christianity demands truth in our inward hearts-Christianity is truth! I and you, and you, my brethren, are truthful The elder had been asleep. He woke only as we are true to God, to ourselves, to humanity. Better die than tell a lie. It doesn't take ten, a hundred, nor a thousand lies to constitute a liar. He who tells For one full minute the elder studied one lie is as much of a liar as the man who tells a thousand. A truthful child is the 'Well, bless me! if I didn't bring Bagreatest earthly blessing. Many children tell lies from fear of the switch. How The woman laughed till her eyes ran gratifying to a parent to have one truthtelling child, on whose word he can rely "William," said she, "you're drunk." implicitly. I have known such a little fel-"Hannah," said he, meekly, "I know low, and when you take him on your knee and say, "You tell your father all about

it." he'll split a hair a mile long to get at every truth in detail. We've got a little one-horse Methodist preacher down in Georgia by the name of

Dillard. He's not very smart, but when he tells a thing he neither adds to nor takes from, and all the neighborhood believes him whatever he says. Such a man is like a pair of balances-he weighs every word he utters. I am sorry for that husband who cannot rely implicitly on every word his wife says.

And I am sorry for that wife who cannot trust her husband's every word. When between man and wife the veracity of one is doubted by the other there can be but child would break some article of value, weep over her dead body than to know she would prevaricate as to any statement she give us a religion that will make us good might make to me. Oh, brothers! oh, sisters! if we die in a poorhouse, let us tell the trnth while we live.

Imbibe the truth in its best sense, and you will live a pure life. Some men are

true in different respects, but I want a man who is true in all. ter].

some things. He makes the best witness in all respects; I must buy her a present." in the world, for he always testifies in be- So he went down town that day and walked half of the lawyer that calls him. His ex- into a store and bought himself a new hat, cuse is that directly after the war he swore consoling himself that nothing would more please a good wife than to make her husband a present of a new hat. [Great laughcared for lying since. A truthful man ter-especially among the married ladies]. always tells the truth, whether under oath He's the meanest man I ever saw, [laughter] and there are a great many men just

> We are too often unjust to our children, exacting of them things we don't do ourselves, and berating them with our tongues when they don't understand what we want. And then we are too mean to say ten words to make one of them happy. Oh, how un-just we are to wives, husbands, children! If you'll put a little downright justice in your conduct with your children you'll have happier homes. Did you ever start anywhere with your wife and keep hurrying her up when you ought to know she has not only to dress herself, but five children besides, while you have nothing to do but get ready ? "Hurry up, hurry up; I don't want to be too late! If you don't hurry, I'll go on by myself." And after awhile she tells you to "go on, husband; I'm afraid I can't get ready in time for you; I don't want to hinder you."

I've done just that way. [Laughter]. I have walked off, out the gate and fifty yards down the road, and then I'd stop and think. I'd say; "Sam Jones, you are the meanest man living, and you shan't go to church nor anywhere else till you learn how to behave yourself." And then I walk back and go in and find worry in my wife's face and tears in her eyes, and I go up and put my arms around her and kiss her-there's nobody there but us two -[laughter]-and say, "Wife, I'm just as mean as a dog; I know I am, and I want you to forgive me; " and she forgives me. and we get ready and go-and find ourselves the first ones there. [Laughter].

The Lord have mercy on us; how unjust we are to our wives, our children, our brothers and sisters, and our neighbors.

There are men in this very town who meet a neighbor's wife on the street and take off their hats and bow and smile as sweet and tenderly, "How are you, Madam ?" and then go home and wound their own wives with their tongues. Clever to all wives but their own. And so it is with some wives; they are all smiles and kind words in company, and cut their husbands to the heart with their tongues. God pity the man who has such a wife as that.

I don't scold; if I do, I intend to scold somebody else's wife. [Laughter]. I have heard mothers say, when a neighbor's little love left and nothing whatever of re- "Oh, it doesn't matter," when, if their spect. Much as I love my wife, I'd rather own child were to do it, they'd slap him clean across the room. [Laughter]. Lord, to our wives and children and friends and neighbors. [Amen! amen!]

## A Foreigner's Fashion Freaks.

[New York World Letter.]

IV. ture to her lips before the fountain. It An attache of one of the legations here, Nor dim or fade away was a pretty picture, and he turned back | neither." To say that Elder Brown suffered on There are two characters in Murfrees- a young Austrian, has furnished no small pencil upon the little shelf lying across "Of course not. Now here is one; pink this long journey back to Macon would resolved to indulge in one more glass of borough, one of whom is a Methodist. I amount of amusement to society folks in silk, with delicate pale blue feathers. Just only mildly outline his experience. His say Methodist, for I never refer critically the way that he attires himself. Last the delightful beverage before beginning is long ride homeward. "Fix it up again, sonny," he said, re-more elegant in stock." Elder Brown held itself felt. He was sore and uncomfortahis long ride homeward. to any other denomination. I feel free to winter was his first in official society. He rebuke Methodists, and I find that keeps made his entree at a reception given at the "Can't arrange for that amount. Wait newing his broad, confiding smile, as the it out, upside down, at arm's length. ble. Besides, his stomach was empty, and ing strokes were for the first time varied. me as busy as I want to be kept. [Laugh- residence of the English Minister, appeartill later in the season, and come again. spruce young man poised a glass inquir-Will it called for two meals it had missed for the He began to hold his hickory up at certer]. It's all I can find time to do to tote ing in a skin-tight fitting suit of blue silk Money is very tight now. How much cotingly. The living automaton went through | soot a sorter red-headed 'ooman?" With pleasures that never pall. tain pauses in the melody, and beat the first time in years. my own Methodist skillet around. Laugh- tights, similar to those worn by circus A perfectly sober man would have said ton will you raise?" When, sore and weary, the elder entered the same motions as before, and again changes upon the sides of his astonished actors. He had a short, braided jacket, "Well, I count on a hundr'd bales. I'm sure there's such a place Prepared for man by God, Of which we see some trace the girl's corsets must have undergone a the city, the electric lights shone above it steed The chorus under this arrange-Elder Brown quaffed the fatal mixture. Well, of those two characters I am speak- of the same kind of blue silk. At other An' you can't git the sev'n hundr'd dol-What a singular power is habit! Up to terrible strain, but the elder did not notice like jewels in a crown. The city slept; thent was: ing about, one is a Methodist. He prays entertainments he appeared in different this time Elder Brown had been entirely her dumb convulsion. She answered, hethat is, the better portion of it did. Here lars?" in his family, pays the preacher, and goes but equally sensational attire. He now On this sin-stricken sod ; I'm glad salvation's free. "Like to oblige you, but can't right innocent of transgression, but with the old | roically: and there, however, the lower lights flashed And for that home I sigh, Where tempest never blowsto prayer-meeting. In fact, he does every- amuses his friends by changing his clothing in glad salvation's free. now; will fix it for you later on." "Perfectly, sir. It is an exquisite in glad salvation's free for all. out into the night. Moodily the elder alcoholic fire in his veins, twenty years thing the church requires of him. ' But he three times a day. He starts out with a "Well," said the elder, slowly, "fix up Where none can sicken or die. dropped from his shoulders, and a feeling pursued his journey, and as he rode, far 1 in glad salvation's free. match.' invested. New York, which, with one exception, is the greatest manufacturing city

on the continent and employs over a quar-ter of a million of mechanics, has not a cotton mill, a rolling mill, or a blast fur-nace within her limits, but is almost ex-

"Mebbe you're right, my dear, mebbe I in the light that streamed from out the "I am sure of it," said the girl. "But kitchen window. She met the glance now don't you want to buy a bonnet or a without a waver. cloak to carry home to your wife?" "She means it, as sure as my name is "Well, you're whistlin' now, birdie; 'An' I don't want no one-hoss bonnet

As Elder Brown paid his small score he was at peace with the world. I firmly be- the sarcasm. He only saw reproach. His ly, moodily, despairingly, surrounded by lieve that when he had finished his trad- face straightened, and he regarded the ing, and the little blue-stringed packages girl soberly. had been stored away, could the poor donkey have made his appearance at the door,

and gazed with his meek, fawn-like eyes into his master's he would have obtained

school-girl was just lifting a creamy mix- Again the elder's face shone with delight. | rode on.