

The Rended Veil. BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Author of "Florence Falkland," "The Modern Crusoe," "Squirrel-Cap," "Rover and Trader," "The Speechless Spy," "Evadne," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV-Continued. Eunice was probably about to make a venemous retort, when she was anticipated by Doc, who held one hand over his averted eyes, while stretching out the other toward Miss Digby, and cried out in a sad, grieved voice: "Oh, Marion! how can you speak so? You were seen keeping such an appointment-both Mr. Piercer and I witnessed it!"

M ss Digby staggered back, as if smitten in the heart. She crimsoned first, then turned frightfully pale, and I expected she was going to faint. But she caught the back of a chair, and again recovered herself with capital firmness. Then, once more, and unflinchingly facing alike her lover's sad, accusing gaze, Jocelyn's icy respect, a d the colored beauty's malignant triumph, she spoke calmly and with a resumption of all her maidenly dignity.

You must all have been the victims of strange illusions concerning me," said she, slowly. "I can only solemnly and firmly persist in the denial of what has been imputed to me. As Heaven is my witness, the charge is wholly and unqualifiedly false

With erect demeanor and unbowed head, she swept out of the room.

Doc took an irresolute step forward, and would, I believe, have recalled her, but that Eunice ventured to slip her hand in his and detain him. If he had not solemnly assured me, some time previous to this, that he had never either seriously encouraged or taken advantage of this girl's passionate and painfully-evident attachment for him, I should just then have been impressed with a suspicion as little flatte ing to his common-sense as to his moral principle.

But at this moment a servant entered the room with a roossage for me from my sister Norah, apprising me of important information awaiting me at the cottage; for I had telegraphed her of my intended return, and she took the chances of a message reaching me at The Aspens.

As it was already dusk, I at once took leave of Doc and Jocelyn, saying that I would soon let them know if I should learn of anything fresh bearing upon our case, and started to quit the house.

While I was standing a'one at the hatrack, however, groping for my hat and overcoat, the hall lamp having not yet been lighted, a step came hurrying down the stairs, and then a light but resolute touch was laid upon my arm. There was yet

"I'm as much mixed up as you, Norah." said I, slipping into my boots, overcost and hat with the rapidity of a fireman at the bell-tap. "Good bye, once more! I'm

"But you've only just returned! How long shall you be?" "No longer than necessary, my dear," I

replied. kissing her shining face at parting; "but, if over long, 1 shall send Hank to take my place at the fireside. And then I escaped from the house, just in time to avoid a good-natured box on the ear from Nora's plump right hand.

CHAPTER XV. THE CLANDESTINE APPOINTMENT. It was a cold, clear night, with plenty of starlight but no moon, as I was walking at

thing to drink at the bar. a brisk pace over the frozen ground toward The Aspens, when, upon traversing the lonely raised road, almost directly opposite seen before, and both rooms of the place The Spider, I, was somewhat startled by were occupied by drinkers, rough, unsusseeing a woman suddenly flit down into the sunken waste-lot to my left, and walk rapidly toward the shrubbery-masked mouth of the disused drain, already described, tender's bronzed, wearied-looking face for from which the figure of a man as sudsome time, but without detecting any pardenly rese to meet her, just as he had done upon a previous occasion

ticular resemblance between it and that of the tramp, for, to tell the truth, a suspicion I was not only startled, but shocked, for of their being one and the same had more then, as before, I was almost positive that than once crossed my mind. He even rec-I recognized in the woman's street-dress ognized me, and presently began to quesand graceful bearing the person-yes, it tion me so innocently about the strange could be no other-of Marion Digby. events he had witnessed at The Aspens Yet, remembering as I did the solemnity

during the afternoon, on the occasion of and apparent earnestness of her recent dethe sudden irruption there of Doc and myn:ai, could it be possible? Could such monstrous duplicity and falsehood have seir, as to further quiet any distrust I might have had concerning him. existence in such fair-seeming guise?

I had not, apparently, been perceived by

them or any one else, and the night was fa-

vorable for secret observations. By keep-

ing first in the shadow of the bank, and

then, stooping lower, in that of the raised

drain, I was enabled to reach the clump of

bushes and stunted trees at its mouth, be-

hind which I could hear the murmur of

their voices in conversation, though with-

out distinguishing the words or recogniz-

enabled to stand erect and approach them

more easily. At last I had them before me in

full view under the clear starlight, and not

The woman's face was so closely veiled

and muffled that I could not distinguish

the features, but the form, the bearing,

every expression of the graceful, listening

attitude, were apparently those of Marion

Digby, whom I then silently cursed in my

heart as being perfidious in full proportio

first. But presently he raised it in the

full glitter of the star-shine-a careworn,

sparsely bearded, hunted face-and then,

almost with a yell of astonishment and

with her beauty and seeming innocence.

more than twenty paces away.

Reaching the cover of the thicket, I was

where they were standing.

ing the voices.

I put a few questions to him in relation "No matter; this time there shall be no uncertainty about it!" I muttered between the business with Jocelyn that had to my set teeth; and, also dropping into the called him to The Aspens, without eliciting anything of interest in reply. Then, bafsunken lot, I cautiously crept under the shadow of the road-bank toward the place fled once more, continued on my way. TO BE CONTINUED.

black, lead-like eyes.

I lost no time in beating a retreat.

Once more reaching the open air, I threw away my torch and hurried up to a level of

the street. A bright light was still burning

in The Spider, and, not wishing to go on

without investigating the place once more.

I entered the place and called for some-

Mr. Rapsey himself was in attendance

assisted by a little boy whom I had never

picious-looking workingmen for the most

part, such as are usually the main support

of resorts of that kind. I studied the bar-

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Sovereign Will.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. -Prov. 21:1. A plan is in this life of mine

Despite its sun and wrong; Beyond my will a hand divine Hath led my steps along,

I've travelled oft a thorny way Which L couldn't refuse,

But mercies followed, day by day, More than my heart coull choose. Man's pride in youth hath oft proposed Which way his course should tend, To find a sovereiga will disposed The journ y and the cn l.

The man with whom she was conversing Man's way, I find, is not in man as by clandestine appointment in this re-To order and control mote and lonesome place, was a villain-There lies above his partial plan ously dirty, travel-stained fellow, whose A larg r, grander whole. face was also partly concealed from me at

> Learn thou, my soul, without debate, God's vo.cs and hand to heed; In faith to labor and to wait,

then, dividing my torch into two parts, 1 nial in the Christian system is a doctrine cast one of the blazing fragments far ahead that has faded or is fading out from the into the gloomy recesses. It revealed myriads of rats, literally covering the walls, consciousness of the Christian church," heaping the corners, and either running and that so many are satisfied with singhither and thither, or regarding me menacingly, hungrily, with their villainously ing, "Hold the fort," and, "Here, Lord. I give myself away," while they still live Thoroughly satisfied that no man could on very much as the world lives, giving ever have passed through those loathsome, eager masses without being devoured, even but faint evidence that the Spirit of if he had been able to withstand the stifling Christ is the controlling spirit of their effects of those mysterious sulphur fumes, lives?

> The avenues of usefulness are more numerous and more widely open than ever before, and our missionary and tract and Bible societies are doing a great and glorious work for the salvation of men. And if the entire church would but rise superior to worldly imfluences. and in the spirit of Christ devote themselves to doing his work the wide world might soon be brought to the Saviour's

## TEMPERANCE.

feet.

Strength, Beauty and Gladness. Oh! do we wish for beauty? What makes the flowers bloom? What sprinkles all their loveliness With varied sweet perfume? The dew that creeps at evening's close, The pearly raindrops bring The perfume and the beauty That glad the bowers of spring.

Is strength the gift we long for? What rears the proud oak's form, Whose brawny arms brave sturdily The tempest and the storm? He quaffs the pure, fresh moisture By rootlet and by leaf, And stands up in his greatness, That stout old forest chief.

Oh! do we wish for gladness? What makes the wild birds sing? Their drink is but the running brook, The flower-clad crystal spring. Then do we wish for beauty, That mirth and strength be ours? Our drink should be the heaven-sent drink Of birds, and trees, and flowers. -G. Lawson.

## Dangers of Alcohol,

In a recent lecture before his class, Dr. William Tod Helmuth, of New York, said: Now shall I tell you what, in my opinion, has blighted more brilliant minds in the profession than anything else? What has wrecked the high hopes and noble aspirations of hundreds of bright men, such as you are? It is alcohol! I need not enter here upon the physiological question as to action of alcohol as food or in disease. In my opinion, especially in surgical practice, it is necessary; what I refer to now is the use of alcohol as a

## INDIA'S ARMY. GREAT BRITAIN'S PICTURESQUE

NATIVE TROOPS.

Strength of the Indian Army-The Bengal Cavalry-Warlike Goorkhas-Love of Pomp - A Recruit's Oath.

Singular as it may appear, the enormous size of the Indian Empire, her vast population and her magnificent resources we but little known to ordinary Englishmen. It is only the men serving in Hindostan who realize her power, and who can appreciate the fact that the total strength of the Bengal, Madras and Bombay native armies is about 125,000 men, just half what it was in the company's latter days. But this total represents only a small fraction of the available force of the great Indian Satrapy. The

entire population of the peninsula, accoiding to a late census, was a trifle under 240,000,000 souls, of whom a little less than 191,000,000 come under British administration. The male population of British India amounts to 98,000,000, and 50,000,000 of them, it is fair to say, would make good food for powder.

The bulk of the Indian army is composed of various Hindoo tribes, while the Mohammedans prefer the cavalry branch of the service. The Sikhs are among the most warlike components of the native army, and, in proportion to their total furnish a larger contingent to the army than any of the other religions. The native Christians form the bands attached to the various regiments, while the Jews, Jains, Buddhists and Parsees never volunteer. Thus it will be seen that the majority of culistments in the native army are Ilindoo; and upon this class will devolve at some future day, the task of defending the integrity of the British Empire.

It would be beyond the limits of this article to enter into a detailed description of the various establishments of the Indian army, but let it suffice to 'state that 64,000 men belong to the Bengal army, 34,000 to Madras and 27,000 to Bombay. The Bengal establishment, properly speaking, is the flower of the Indian army. Here can be found the stalwart Sikh, the Puritan Disenters of India, Monotheists and Iconoclasts, abhorrers of the pig and despisers of the cow. In their impartial hatred of Hindoo and Moslem lies the secret of their loyalty to the British Raj. Under Generals like Avitabile add Ventura they beat the English to a standstill at Ferozeshur and Chillianwalla, and years afterward they

The very antitype of the Punjabi is the Ghoorka, whose home is under the shadows of the Himalayas. This valiant tribe maintained for a long time a fierce contest against British superiority and were only subducd after they had inflicted more than one terrible disaster upon the English arms. They are nominally Hin-

doos. They dispatch their meals in half an hour, mercly dofling the kookril and washing face and hands. The Goorkha is willling to carry several days' provis-ions, to which the Ilindoo would object under the pretense of losing caste. They

are a yellow, ugly, squat, sturdy and active set of men, with great energy of character and love of enterprise, absolutey fearless, adroit in the use of rifle and their national weapon, the kookril, a curved, heavy-bladed knife. During the Indian mutiny they were loyal, and 80,-000 of them came to British assistance. armed with a rifle, kookril and an umbrella. Of their valor there is no question.

Among the other foot regiments in the Bengal establishment, the one known as the Khelat-i-Ghilzais must be mentioned, as it shows the recklessness with which recruiting is carried on in India. The town of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, whence this regiment takes its name, is eighty-eight miles northeast of Kandalbar. on the road to Chuzni and Kabul, and intermixed among this regiment are men belonging to the frontier tribes in the Derayat and the border of Beloochistan. There are none in India who deny the ferocious courage of this soldiery, their readiness o fight and their endurance of hardship. Reared in a country which is declared to be the bleakest and coldest in all Afghanistan, they are accustomed from their earliest youth to deprivation, and to all mauly exercises, from the chasing of dangerous beasts and the breaking in of wild horses to the gentler pastime of wrestling. The average Afghan looks upon the killing of his fellow-creature as no crime, for it enhances his reputation among his kindred, whilst it makes of him an object of dread to the men of surrounding tribes. To the pursuit of agriculture they have a distaste, as work



Guzerati, Kanarese, Mahratti, Mullay, lum, Ooriya, Persian; Punjabi, Pushtos Sanskrit, Indi, Tamil and Telu large money prizes are offered t efficiency in these various tongues, -s Francisco Chronicle.

The New Commissioner of Patenta We give herewith a portrait of Benton

J. Hall, of Burlington, Iowa, who ha bcen appointed Commissioner of Patenta in place of Colonel M. V. Montgomery resigned.



Mr. Hall was born at Mount Vernoge Ohio, January 13, 1835. His home ha been in Iowa since 1839. He was edu cated at Knox College, Illinois, and at Miami University, Ohio. In June, 1855 he was graduated from the last named is stitution. Returning to Burlington le read law in his father's office, and wa admitted to the bar after two year, Since 1857 he has been in practicer Burlington, of which place he is a propinent citizen.

The new Commissioner of Patents le. gan a career of public service with menbership in the lower house of the General Assembly of Iowa, for 1872-73. Beginning in January, 1882, he was a State Senator for four years. He was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress on the Dim. ocratic ticket, and served his term and member of the House of Representative Ex-Governor John H. Gear was his sue cessful opponent last fall, when Mr. Hat was a candidate for re-election to Con gress.

Mr. Hall is a strongly built man of me dium height. He carries his tifty-jm years well, his dark brown hair and inter tache as yet scarcely showing the snow effects of time.

**Que Guard** 

sufficient light for me to recognize Miss triumph, I recognized it. Marion Digby.

"I am fortunate to see you alone, if but a moment," said she. "Tell me, Mr. Piercer, do you still believe me to have really kept such an appointment at night, when I solemnly repeat, upon my word of honor, that I did not?"

For an instant I hesitated in my reply, sorely troub'ed, but then, as I caught the brave, appealing look of her sweet eves and face, I could not deny their truthful-

"No, Miss Digby," I blurted out impulsively; "I do not-I can no longer believe it!

"Thank you, oh, so much!" she exclaimed, gratefully pressing my hand. Now I do feel encouraged in the work and duty before me. Nothing shall drive me from under this roof until that duty is accomplished, or at least until my friend, Lulu Dixon, 1s returned to it.

I would willingly have lengthened the interview, but, with another thankful pressure of my hand, she glided away, up the shadowy stairs.

I think I was more troubled and mystified on my way home that evening than I had been for years. In addition to being thoroughly wearied out, discouraged and bewildered at the unsuccessfulness of our long chase after the fugitive tramp, but especially at the strange, unaccountable contretemps of that afternoon, I was anxious about having left poor Norah so long without information of my whereabouts, but most of all concerning the flight or abduction of Miss Dixon, exactly which I could not yet determine what to believe. But, concerning this last, a new feeling, almost of terror, began to possess me. I might as well confess it here as later. I was in love, for the first and only time in my life, and with the gentle and beautiful young heiress herself. I tried in vain to laugh, sneer and reason myself out of it, but the sweet and subtle sentiment had been growing in me for days, and was no longer to be denied. True, my love was as yet unmingled with hope, but the fact nevertheless remained that I, the poor detective, was in love with the rich and accomplished heiress; and of course the existence of this sentiment, mad and incongruous as it seemed, added tenfold to my distress and solicitude concerning the mystery or peril that now surrounded her, I could not tell which.

Norah's welcome to me was as hearty and tender as it always was after the long absences from home so frequently incidental to my professional duties.

self that the stunni g blow I had received After I had briefly given an account of Various opinions are expressed as to and a soul-destroyer. And you will agree had occasioned neither the drawing of myself, and while we were eating supper what is "the great question of the age." blood nor any considerable inflammation, with me when I say to you that such abtogether, she told me that Hank Dresser, a directly between the eyes, from which I One may speak of foreign missions, brother detective and good friend of mine. stinence is far easier than temperancejudged that it had been dealt by a sandhad called to see me repeatedly during the another of home evangelization, another bag, dexterously delivered, one of whose the former being possible, the latter altopast three days, saying that he had obpeculiarities is often to cause a stunning of temperance, and another, perhaps, of gether impossible. If you desire any tained important information for me. effect without leaving a mark. which, however, he had laughingly refused Christian union. A thoughtful and obproof of such assertions, look around this Then 1 began to look about me. I was to divulge to her, confidential communicaserving writer, however, has said that entirely alone in the wild vacant space, the great city to-day and you will find contions, even to a pretty woman, not being woman having evidently fled at the first inthe great question of the day is, "How one of Hank's weaknesses, even when that clusive evidence of every word I speak. timation of my presence, my assailant havpretty woman chanced to be Norah herself, to reach the church membership with ing also as evidently taken himself off after his best chum's only sister, with whom I Carrying His Illustration Farther disposing of me, while, as for the tramp the gospel of Christ;" that is, to make had long suspected he was more than half (who, of course, it was out of the ques-Than He Intended. in love, and less hopelessly than she the entire church feel the full power of tion to longer confound with De March-Writing of the late Hon. Henry B. would mostly have me believe. Just before the gospel and cherish and live up to its mont himself). I was pretty certain that I setting out upon my will-o'-the-wisp Stanton, his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady had seen him dirt into the cavernous fu'l spirit in their daily life and conduct. tramp-hunt through Long Island, I had mouth of the drain just at the moment Stanton, gives the following incident in engaged Hank to look out for my interests The great mass of our church memthat I was so unexpectedly overpowered. connection with one of his temperance in the down-town business quarters, and I bers are outwardly moral and correct al-I now advanced to the mouth of this was well aware that he would not have drain, lighting another piece of paper to addresses : so in their theoretical belief. And many called to see me repeatedly without good do so. "When speaking before an audience, reason. But, to tell the truth, I was now of them are devoted in heart and life to It was a round tunnel of rough masonry. too fagged out to even trouble myself with he was very quick to turn to account the service of the Master, more, perhaps, half underground and half out, which had speculations as to the nature of his inany unexpected occurrence. On one its beginning, or break-off, in the center formation. So, soon after supper, I rethan in almost any previous age. But, of the sunken lot that it had once, pertired to my own room, intending to take a occasion he was delivering a temperance alas, how little of deep spirituality and haps, entirely traversed, before falling into warm sponge bath and change my clothes, lecture on a platform covered by a thick self-denial and earnest and prayful effort cisuse. From this point it ran out directly preparatory to a good, all-night, restful oilcloth that protruded two or three to bring others to Christ! How large Sth & sword sleep in my own bed. under the raised street, on the other side of inches over the edge of the boards in But man proposes, while fate disposes. which The Spider was situated, and with number of the male membership of our I had no sooner completed my preparathe foundations of which it might have front. In the midst of one of his most churches are never seen in the prayer tions, and settled down in my easy chain for a little soporific perusal of the newscommunicated. It was tall enough for a eloquent passages he was comparing the meeting! How few speak to the impeniman to penetrate it in a bent attitude; the inebriate's downward course to the falls papers, when Norah brought me the folrough walls were damp and unwholesome tent on the great subject of personal sallowing telegram, which had just been left in places, and the bottom unevenly covered vation, seeking continually, like Harlan of Niagara, and the struggle with drink by a messenger: POLICE HEADQUARTERS, Dec.-, 18-, DEARTOM: Twice during your absence have 1 with mud or dry earth, mixed up with loose to the hopeless efforts of a man in the sticks and stones. Page, to win men to Christ! How many "So far, so good," I muttered, lighting a neglect the worship of God in the family rapids. Just as he reached, in his spotted and recognized your man, De Marchfresh newspaper as the first burnt itself discription, the fatal plunge over the mont, among the crowd of brokers at the Stock and give almost nothing to the great out. "Now to see if my runaway tramp Exchange. Am assured that he attends there frecan have utilized this underground passage precipice, he advanced to the edge of causes of benevolence, and, in a word, so quently, and without disguise. I only held my for communicating with The Spider itself." hands off because he is your game and not live that no one would take them for the platform, the oilcloth gave way un-Collecting and bunching a bundle of dry mine. If this reaches you in time, come dowr to the Exchange to-morrow (Friday), where I will meet you HANK DRESSER. church members but that now and thene der his feet, and in an instant he went sticks, I soon had a more effective torch at my serv ce than flaring newspapers. Holddown headlong into the audience, carry, they are seen at the communion table! ing this over my head and a little in ad-I uttered an exclamation of astonishing with him desk, glass, pitcher, and Is there not truth, and what ought to vance, I at once proceeded to plunge ment, and, tossing the telegram to Norah, be felt as startling truth, in the manifest water. Being light and agile, he was at once got on my feet and began prepardeeper into the passage, at the same time not neglecting to grasp my cocked revolver in the other hand, for I had no notion of ing for the street. fact that so many in the church are fallquickly on the platform again, and "What! you are not going out again toing in with worldly influences and fashimmediately remarked with great coolnight, Tom?" said my sister, hastily masbeing taken unawares again, either before ions, rather than overcoming such inness: 'I carried my illustration farther tering the contents of the dispatch. or behind. "Indeed I am!" was my reply, with all But I had not penetrated a dozen paces fluences by the Spirit of Christ; that, as than I had intended to. Yet even so it sense of weariness suddenly banished. into the tunnel before I made up my mind some one has said, "The church is mais that the drunkard falls, glass in hand, "It is'nt ten o'clock yet, and Doc must be that no human being could ever, in its then terialistic, rather than truly spiritual; carrying destruction with him. But not notified of this." condition, have successfully traversed it "Bat Hank must be crazy!" she cried. from end to end. In the first place, I was rationalistic, rather than fully believing; so readily does he rise again from the "How could he have recognized De Marchgradually assailed by an unaccountable self-indulgent, rather than self-denying" terrible depth into which he has premont down town, when you were on smell of sulphur, as from a recent bonfire in the cause of the Master and for the his heels, in the tramp's disguise, away off of lucifer matches, that grew stronger and cipitated himself.' The whole house there in Long Island? more insupportable at every step, and then good of men! Is it not true, as the vencheered again and again, and ever, Gough "I don't know." large numbers of rats began to run over erable ex-President Hopkins has said, never struck a more powerful blow for "Then the tramp and this fellow must be my feet and scamper about in every direcdifferent persons, after all?" "that the essential inherence of self-detion. I hesitated to advance further, and temperance." GHCORKA ON

It was the wash-house tramp-the mysterious, fiend-assisted fugitive who had led us the phantom race through the length and breadth of Long Island-the slippery, illusive wretch who had vanished almost from beneath our very grasp but a few

hours before! No sooner had I collected myself from the sort of shock consequent upon this startling recognition than, with a hoarse, triumphant cry, I sprung forward to seize him.

But at that instant, while the woman was 'uttering a loud shriek and turning to fly, a tall, muffled man suddenly started from a tree directly between me and my intended captive, and I received from him a stunning blow between the eyes that laid me senseless on my back.

I recovered consciousness in less than five minutes-as was afterward ascertained -and struggled into a sitting posture, to find myself alone among the bushes at the mouth of the drain. I felt a sickening sensation about the head, but otherwise vigorous, though, in struggling to gain my feet, I found the sleeve of one arm unaccountably fastened to a loose log against which I had partly fallen.

Further examination proved it to be pinned there by a bowie-knife, whose blade ing had been driven through the sleeve and into the wood by a vigorous blow, and around whose hilt was twisted a slip of

disengaged my atm with some difficulty, satisfied myself that I was not wounded, and then, lighting a match and a piece of newspaper that I had about me, I proceeded to examine the knife and the paper attached to it. It was a murderous clasp-knife, of the bowie variety, apparently brand new, and with a broad, heavy blade about six inches long The paper attached to it seemed to have been torn from an account-book, as there were some carefully arranged figures in red ink upon one side. On the other side, scrawled with lead pencil, were the following hurried words:

Take warning in time, and leave the affair of The Aspens to more interested and less expe-perienced hands than yours. If my dagger carries a second warning, it will be written on your heart. DE MARCHMONT.

Somewhat shocked as well as puzzledfor it stood to reason that my life had been spared where it might easily have been taken-I secured both knife and missive, with him."-[American Mestenger. and then got upon my feet, but little the worse for my mishap. I even assured my-

Con ent to let him lead. A Word for the Season.

It is April, and the time of seed-sowing. But the agriculturist who now is putting his seed into the field is not ex-

pecting an immediate harvest, but one only in due time. The seed must germinate; it must grow into a plant; the plant must be cultivated. Then at last is the fruitage and the gathering. It is a good deal so in spiritual husbandry. There must be time for the ripening of the grain of the kingdom. We are sometimes tempted, because we cannot gather fruit immediately upon the planting, to neglect the planting. Of course it is gratifying when results follow at once upon such labor. But this is not always, perhaps not gen-

erally, the case. The parent does not see immediate results from his and watchful faithful trainof his child. The Sab bath school teacher does not have the joy of beholding his scholars at once brought to Christ. What pastor is there

who sees all his congregation turning to Col? And yet parent and teacher and pastor must push on their work dili. made him an outcast and a wanderer on gently and faithfully.

Every season in spiritual husbandry is a time for sead-sowing. We can always be scattering the "good seed of the kingdom." But in the ordering of divine providence not every season is a time of ingathering. We must sow the

seed in faith, and then in faith we must let us be faithful in the seed-sowing. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves

## The Question of the Age.

beverage, as a stimulant taken by healthy young men to excite their nervous systems. Let me illustrate this to the point. Every man and woman in this assemblage I am sure knows of some friend, some relative, some one perhaps near and dear to them, whose lives have been sacrificed to alcohol. Fix such an one in your mind and ask yourselves the question, what was the character and temperament of that man? Was he a fool, a dunce, a man whose mind worked slowly, whose perceptions were obtuse. whose intellect was plodding, whose affections were cold? Oh, no! It was the bright boy, the loving lad, the youth at the head of his class, the boy who loved his mother, whose capacities of mind were large, whose heart was big, whose aspirations were high, the idol of his household, the admiration of his friends -who allowed this monster to take out of him all that was good and honest and true and noble and brave in life's battle; that

smothered his morality, killed his mind, diseased his body and sent him, perhaps disgraced, to a premature grave, or, what is ten thousand times more deplorable, the face of the earth.

There is a predisposition, and perhaps an hereditary tendency to alcoholism, that renders alcohol dangerous to temperaments such as I have described, and when we remember that nearly eight-tenths of all the crimes that are committed in this country can be attributed either directly wait till the harvest-time appears. Only or indirectly to strong drink, and when you are made aware of the seductive nature of the habit, you will see that to some alcohol is the rankest of all poisons, the very bane of existence, the smotherer of all manly sentiment, the desolator of home, the ruiner of reputation, the father of poverty and shame, a disease-producer



enthusiastically followed the gallant Nicholson from the Sutlej to the Jumna and helped to replace the British standard on the walls of Delhi. Here also can be seen the Goorkha, the Rajput, the Jat and the Pathan.

Picturesquely speaking, too, the Bengal army is a study. Where can be found men who better convey the impression of the beau ideal of soldiers than in this establishment? The Punjabi is a born soldier. The history of the band of Five Waters is a record of war and devastation. It is the Punjabi who has been the buffer for Lower India against the tempestuous assaults of the depredatory Afghan. He is, however, averse to serving in the foot regiments, and, like the Pathans, enters readily the cavalry regiments. They are brave, hardy and warlike, but somewhat difficult to control.

A Bengal cavalryman is a picture. These men, literally speaking, have been born on horseback. From their infancy they have been among horses, and their women are as much at their ease on a horse as are the Gaucho women in Patagonia. The animals used in the cavalry service average seventeen hands high and are bred on the plains of northern Punjab, in the various Government studs

scattered throughout that region. The average height of a Puujabi is a trifle over six feet, and his handsome uniform sets off to considerable advantage his graceful figure. His head is covered with a green and red turban, which is protected by fine steel chains from sword cuts. Ilis tunic is also of a dark green color, slashed with red, his shoulders are also covered with steel chains, he has huge yellow leather gauntlcts, loose-fitting yellow trousers, and his feet and calf, as far as the knee, are incased in big boots. His weapons consist of pistols, sword and lance. Naturally an athletic race, they delight in all manly sports, and the parade ground is the scene of many a joust. A Punjabi without a horse is but a poor creature. He may, dismounted, take part in a tug of war, or where brute strength is only necessary, but to display his skill with lance or sword, he must be mounted. Then he can show the daring management of his horse. He will pick up a

handkerchief from the ground, slice with his sharp tulivar an orange in half, split a tent peg with his lance, or will engage in combat with a brother sowar. ermed with a lance, while he will attack

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therefore the recruiting of a native soldier is made in the most ostentatious manner. The ceremony takes place in the presence of the whole regiment, formed up in three sides of a square, in the center of which are the colors, borne by two jemadars, or native lieutenants, accompanied by a small boy, carrying a jar of water, which has been consecrated by the priest. The recruits are marched up to the colors, and the priest pours some of the water into the right hand; with the left hand the recruit holds the edge



"Don't you know? There's a street car tic-up.

Oh, I see. That's why so must people are standing around in knots"-Phil adelphia Call.



A few miles from Mackinaw, Ill., ist curious piece of ground, nearly an acri in extent, which is so warm that the snow melts as soon as it falls upon it, and though the surrounding country may b buried in deep drifts, this peculiar spo remains bare throughout the winter. The earth there is so dry that it is said to fast like powder when disturbed, and a peer liar gas issues from the ground, which he thus far shattered every vessel in which a is confined.

A Pig Born Withont a llead. Mr. J. Ogden, of Jamestown, Dakota has a natural curiosity in the shape pig which came into the world headles and hairless, but with a horn sticking ( from the end of its neck like the tusk an infant rhinoceros. Its feet are part the hoofs of a horse, and there is a hum sticking out from its back, which is sur posed to be the missing head. The has one eye. It lived for a week and wat apparently hearty, but is now preserved in alcohol.



however, doubtful.

allegiance is read in a loud voice by the priest. This oath, which each recruit repeats, is to the following effect: "That we will serve her Majesty or her heirs, obey our superior officers, and go whither we are ordered, either by land or sca, as it may please her Majesty to command us." After the oath the right hand is raised, and the water, or what remains of it, is poured over the turban of the recruit. The ceremony is concluded by the rendering of "God save the Queen." The Indian army, it will thus be seen, promises good fighting material, and, when properly handled, would from its numbers and discipline, prove no mean foe. The backbone of the Indian army is, however, the white face. No native troops could be relied upon unless officered by Englishmen. In times of peril they lose their heads; they are impatient of the control of their own men, and a European boy could restore courage in an Indian army and lead them to victory, while the bravest veteran in their service would be uscless.

It is for the purpose of securing effi-cient officers that the Indian Government gives so much encouragement to the mastery of the Hindostani languages. Examinations are held in Hindostani, Arabic, Assamese, Bengale, Burmese,



Making both ends meet. - 1'id-Bits