From the Chicago Ledger.]

The Rended Veil.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

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

CHAPTER XXIII-Continued.

Both he and Doc were at first for pro ceeding at once to The Aspens, and, upon the return of Jocelya, overwhelming him with their united accusations, and then taking immediate legal steps to bring him to punishment. But I counseled another Dresser in doing so.

I said: "Gentlemen, wait. We are not vet absolutley certain of Miles Jocelyn's identity wth De Marchmont. He may still merely be his close and cunning confederate. In that case, how much better for you both to remain here in your present positions-you, apparently unsuspicious, at The Aspens, and you, Mr. Dixon. here in your character of Rapsy, of The Spider-in order to throw him off his guard, while I undertake a trip to-morrow, for the rescue of Miss Lulu Dixon, and perhaps the capture of her captor, the allimpo tant, all-perfidious Montague de Marchmont himself. Hank has promised to accompany me, and trust us for seeing the thing through. We set out early in

the moining." "What!" exclaimed Doc, "you have then recognized, by my sister's scant description, the place of her imprisonment?"

With scarcely a doubt," I replied. "It is an old house, somewhat famous in Revolutionary times as The King's Head Tavern, situated on a now unfrequented road some twelve mi'es back in the heart of the Westchester Hills, almost due north from High Bridge. At least Hank Dresser and I, after turning the matter over in our minds, have every reason to think so, and will act accordingly.

"Such being the case," said Doc, his father nodding approval, "of course there can be no doubt of your plan being the

best one. "By the way," said I, as we arose to dispers :, "this imp of a boy here-we had well-high left him out of our considera-

The little fellow had remained sitting bolt upright in a chair throughout the entire interview, listening intent y, and gazing fully at us all, as dumb as a fish and as sober as a judge.

"Being one of Jocelyn's minions, he'll time being, small as he is," observed Doc.

"He is an odd genius of a street arab, as you call it, that Jocelyn picked up some months ago, I have understood," said Mr. easily managed.

"Good!" said Doc. "Here, my boy, is a dollar for you. Remain here quietly with my father till to-morrow night, and I

"In the meantime I will answer for his silence," said Mr. Dixon.

"Mister, I accepts your offer," said the odd urchin, pocketing the piece of money with comical solemnity; "an' if you might want me to blab agin ol I Joss an' his doin's in the future, just count on me. I know a thing or two; you hear me!"

That being arranged, Hank Dresser and I took our departure, Doc still not being | Mr. Piercer, he's going to shoot," interable to relinquish so soon the society of his new-found father, even for the purpose of rejoining Marion Digby.

I should have mentioned before that Hank and I had discussed among other things, on our way from the cottage to The Spider, the subject of Miss Lulu's delivera ce, and had come to the conclusions already stated, my friend's professional duties fortunately being sufficiently lax to enable lim to promise me his co-operation on the following day.

On our return to the cottage we lost no time in astonishing and delighting little Norah with an account of the strange revelations of the evening; and then set about comp'eting our preparations for the next day's work.

After an carly breakfast on the following morning, Hank and I were proceeding by a two-horse light carriage on our way to Westchester, with Hank on the box, disguised as rather a loaferish-looking friend of the driver (a tried and fast friend of ours), and myself inside, pretty well got up as a dry-goods drummer on a collecting and sampling tour through the off-railroad con stry towns.

We crossed the Harlem at the head of Th rd avenue, and then skirted along the upp r bank til we reached a certain quiet read leading a little northeasterly through the hil's from the northern extremity of High Br dge.

Before turning into this road, Hank brought the coach to a stop, and called back down to where I was sitting, "Note that a fugitive from this road on

foot, Tom," he observed, "would be dead sure to cross the river yonder alongside the big water pipes, on the High Bridge, instead of making for the Central, or any "I have already thought of it," I replied.

"Drive on."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LONE HOUSE IN THE HILLS, Just at the turn of this narrow, littlefrequented road there was a small public house, kept by one Maxton, an old detective friend of ours, and we likewise stopped there a few moments to give him certain hints in our interest, looking to possible emergencies in the future, and then resumed our journey.

We had only heard of The King's Head by common but rather hazy countryside report, and were not only altogether ignorant of its exact location but entirely unfamiliar with the road itself. When, therefore, after an hour's moderate driving, our road forked into two, both leading in a northerly direction, we were somewhat puzzled which one to take.

We were also cautious about making inquiries, since there was no telling how far our powerful enemy might have succeeded in bribing the simple farm-folk thereabout in his interest. However, a loutish cowboy chanced along from whom we extracted the information that there was some such old house as we described about six miles further up on the left-hand road. "It's a mizzable, lonely old barn, though." voluntarily added our informant, with a peculiar twinkle in his ordinarily stupid eyes, I taken to describe it, but the situation at "and nobody goes nigh to it, fur fear of this juncture was certainly the most mixed its bein' ha'nted. Perhaps you be goin' to | and exciting that it had ever been my good buy it fur a gent's country seat, sir?' "Perhaps so." I replied, his query hav-

ing been directed to me, and at the same time eying him keenly. "So you advise the left-hand road, do you?" "Certain sure, mister, it's the only one that'll take you to the old house.

"Take the right-hand road!" I at once sang out to the driver, and, as we moved on again, I called out to the dumfounded rustic, who had at once changed color, "if you can reach the old house before I do, my fine fellow, just tell your master, or the man who bribes you to give misinformation, that he will presently receive vis-

"Good!" cried out Hank, as we bowled merri y along. "I was afraid you would fail to interpret that twinkle in the masca;'s

"I have read the same sort of literature before, as you know," I replied; "but if De Marchmont has his spies planted in this way six mi'es from his stronghold, it behooves us to be so much the more care-

But we met with not another soul upon the road, which grew wilder and lonelier with every rod of our progress. At last, as we were passing in a deep cut

through densely wooded hills, the coach came to a standstill, and Hank called out in a cautious voice, "I see some pigs and chickens in the road just ahead.

"The house must be near at hand, then. replied, hastily alighting. "We must find some place in which to conceal the equipage, and then proceed cautiously on

Such a place was found a little further on, a deep open glade to the left of the road, into which we managed to drive for some distance. Then, having secured the horses, we returned to the road and kept along it with increased caution. We were accompanied by our driver, an old New York "rounder," Lannigan by name, of whose stanch shoulder-hitting qualifications my compinion and I had had signal proof upon various tough occasions.

Pretty soon the road opened a little and we saw the house—the very old house that Miss Dixon had described in her letterstanding a little to the left, and almost buried away amid the wild, thickly wooded hills. The half acre or so of ground in which it stood, however, was but little course, and was fully supported by Hank sheltered, and it was a comparatively easy matter to surround the house, or at least to so dispose the members of our group around it, as to insure against the sudden escape of any one from it; and an instinctive feeling apprised me that De March-

mont was in there at the time. We might not only deliver Miss Dixon, out conture the head and front of all offending at the same time. My fingers itched to be at his throat; a deep personal element had entered into my desire to effect his capture; when I thought of the bare likelihood of that lovely and innocent girl being in that lonely house, and in the power of that desperate, blood-stained wretch, it set my blood dancing from my heart to my temples and to my fingers' ends in a way that it had seldom danced before.

There was not a sign of life about the house, but we approached it with increased cant on at every step. Before quitting the concealment of the wayside trees we made a halt; then Hank struck through the woods so as to approach the house by the back garden fence; Lannigan skir ed the forest in front, in order to get on the further side: and, when I could see from my position that they were both properly posted, I gave the signal for a combined advance, and boldly stalked down the road

toward the front gate of the little garden. The house itself was much as Miss Dixon had described it, but with the additional feature of being surrounded by a very broad piazza, or covered porch, very much the worse for time and weather.

We soon had intimations that our tactics were observed. We had just got inside of the garden, when three doors upon three sides of the house flew open as if by magic. Hank found himself confronted by an immense Siberian bloodhound, which made directly at him, red-eyed and open-mouthed, like a bolt from a bow-gun; and, whi'e a big, hulking-looking counhave to be looked after cautiously for the tryman made toward me, brandishing a club. I took note of another, very much like him, rushing for Lannigan, upon his point of attack. "What are you going to do?" said L

quietly bringing my man to a stop by cov-Dixon. "As Jocelyn treats him brutally | ering him with my revolver, while a shot and stingily, I should think he could be from Hank's quarter apprised me at the same time of the bloodhound being attended to. "Going to drive you off these premises.

or mash in your skull," was the amiable promise you another dollar as big as that | response of my antagonist, who stood a little irreso ute, but with his bludgeon still threateningly raised. you will certainly wish that you had never deserted your natural vocation of digging

turnips for warlike pursuits," I replied, suavely. "You are evidently out of your element, and-A piercing scream from the house, accompanied by a shrill cry of "Take care.

rupted me. I looked up, to perceive Miss Dixon at one of the windows, where she appeared to be struggling desperately to foil the murderous intentions of De Marchmont himself, who was aiming a shotgun in my di-

At the very instant that I looked up, however, he hurled her to one side, and the next instant the buckshot from the gun whistled in such close proximity to my head as to riddle my hat and send it flying. "There's another barrel for you yet, curse you!" shouted the villain, hoarse with fury. "Remember my warning in the

sunken lots!" But at this instant I was a together occupied with my more immediate and loutish antagonist, who had not neglected to take advantage of the diversion in his favorand spring in upon me. To this circumstance undoubtedly owed my immunity from the second barrel of the shotgun with which I had been threatened from the

I managed to save myself from the sweep of the fellow's bludgeon, but had my pisto! knocked ou of my hand, and the next moment I was locked in his grasp and rolling over and over upon the ground with him, which prevented De Marchmont from firing again with any more certainty of hitting me than of ridding his hench-

Powerful as my antagonist was. I soor found that he was no match for me in a rough-and-tumble fight, and, after disabling him with a teling blow under the chin. I tore the club from his grasp and laid him senseless by a heavy stroke with that. My blood being up, I might have given him yet more, but there was a rather simple, inoffensive look in the general character of his clownish face that disarmed my resentment so far as he was concerned, so, recovering my revolver, I scrambled to my feet.

The swift glance that I threw about me revealed a varied scene of contention. In the back garden, to my left, was Hank Dresser, having killed the dog, engaged in a desperate hand to-hand struggle with a bludgeon-armed rascal, who might have been the counterpart of the fellow I had just disposed of, and who hal evidently first succeeded in flooring poor Lannigan, for the latter individual lay stretched on the ground to my right without sign or motion.

On the roof of the piazza was the archvillain, De Marchmont, reaching out on his hands and knees after the shotgun, which had slipped or been knocked out of his clutch, and rolled to the guttered edge, while Miss Dixon, still screaming at the top of her voice, was leaning over the window-sill and graspi g his coat-tais, to prevent his intention, with all her might. Then, directly behind her and altogether in the room, was Mrs. Miggles, using every

effort in her power to pull her (Miss Dixon) back, and frustate her intention. Everything, from the inception of the fray, had occupied less time than I have

or bid luck to engage in. I immediately brought my revolver to bear, and let fiv at De Marchmont. Whether my fear of hitting Miss Dixon disturbed my aim, or it was something else, I do not know, but at any rate missed him. The shot, however, had the effect of causing him to abandon his intention, for he suddenly rose, thrust both women as de, dashed into the window, and disappeared.

"Go back!" I shouted to Miss Dixon; "go back, and have no further fear.' Then I ran to Hank's assistance, and disembarrassed him of his burly antagonist, with whom he was bravely holding his own, by knocking the fellow down with the butt of my pistol.

"Guard the back of the house, lest De Marchmont make for the woods!" I exclaimed to Hank, and then started to run across the front of the house once more to the relief of Lannigan, who had at this momentshown signs of recovering. But I was not more than half-way thither

before the front door of the house again opened, and Miss Dixon flew out and down the piazza steps and threw herself, sobbing hysterically, into my arms.

"You are not hurt, Mr. Piercer? Speak; tell me youare uninjured!" she shrieked,

"Not a bit of it," I answered, straining her to my breast, and half-beside myself "And you? If he has dared with joy. harm but a hair of your lovely head——"
"No, no!" she sobbed. "I am only dreadfully frightened, that is all. But

look! Beware again!" She was looking over my shoulder just then, with her eyes toward the house, and as she spoke she quickly disengaged herself, at the same time whirling me around. De Marchmont had just come out of the same door from which she had emerged, and stood hesitating on the porch. There was a desperate, hunted look in his eves. and at the same time an expression of jealous fury upon his face that was positively diabolical.

In an instant I covered him with my revolver, with my finger on the trigger. Then, remembering the importance of taking him alive, I altered my purpose, and, lowering the weapon, dashed toward him. But, even when my feet were springing up the four short steps rising from the ground to his level, he gave a harsh, mocking laugh, shouting out, "Another time, curse you, another time;" the floor of the porch seemed to open beneath him, and he vanished from view as swiftly and cleverly as was ever witnessed in a pantomime."

ITO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE.

The Wicked, Cruel Spider.

I know a dingy corner, where a wicked spider clings; Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses, jugs, and other things; And I listened in the shadow as one day I passed along, And I heard the wicked spider, as he sung

his cruel song: Will you take a little cider? Will you call while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider, to the buzzing

little fly. Will you take a little lager? Surely you will not decline Just to take a drink for friendship; say, just sip a little wine.

"He is coming for his cider!" said the wicked, cruel spider;
'He is coming for his wine, and my cords shall round him twine; Vhile he sits and sips his lager, I will whet

And when he has drunk his wine, he will find that he is mine! Ha! the little fool is coming, I can hear him buzzing, humming, He who comes to visit me, vainly struggles to be free.

my little dagger,

You are welcome to my parlor, I am glad to see you come, Do not stay outside the entrance, please to make yourself at home; Will you take a little lager, while I sharpen up my dagger?

Will you take a drop of wine? then you surely shall be mine: I will bind you, I will grind you, though you struggle, weep and pray, will tie your hands behind you, you shall never get away: I will fight you, I will smite you, I will stab

you, I will bite you, will make you poor and needy, I will make you old and seedy, will make you bleared and bloated, and with rags and tatters coated, And your hat will look so shocking, that the boys will all be mocking, I will haunt you till you die, then I'll hang

you up to dry. "Keep your distance, my kindly yokel, or O my boy, beware of cider, and of lager and Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shail get a child of mine. Let us storm his ugly castle, let us tear his

web away: Let us drive away this spider, Heaven in mercy speed the day -The Little Christian.

The Killing of Editor Gambrell. Last week we chronicled the murder in Haverhill, Ohio, by saloonists, of Dr. Northup. This week we chronicle still another murder by the liquor interest, and the murder of as brave and true and talented a young man as the State of Mississippi can boast. Last Thursday night R. D. Gambrell, editor of the Sword and Shield, of Jackson, Miss., was waylaid by a party of whisky men as he was passing over a bridge on the way to his home, and was shot dead. He was a young man but twenty-three years of age, of Christian character, of splendid talents, heroic courage, and devoted with his whole soul to the cause for which he has fallen. His father is one of the most prominent Baptist clergymen in the State, and his mother is one of the State officers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. His chief assailant, Jones D. Ha n'lton, was last year leader of the anti-Prohibition forces in the desperate contest in Hinds County, which resulted in the victory for Prohibition. Young Gambrell was one of the most prominent in that contest, and has also been one of the most trusty leaders of the Prohibition party in that State. Threats and attempts at assassination were made then. In spite of them he has gone ahead exposing the enormities of the traffic, and the political corruption of those engaged in it, daring the hatred of the political boss before whom others trembled. For this he has fallen, murdered in cold blood, a martyr to the cause of

the home, a hero as true as ever braved the wrath of he'l. As for us, our pen trembles as we write, and our vision is blurred by the tears that arise. He was one of our most trusted corresponddents, and has been ever since the Voice began. The terrible tragedy that laid him bleeding from the wounds of the bullets that plowed him through and through, and bruised by the fiendish blows inflicted with the butts of their pistols by his assailants, has come to us like the death of a personal friend. God help those to whom he was dearer than to all else, and strengthen them to bear the awful horror that has fallen upon them! Dead in his youthful manhood! Dead in the promise of a noble and unselfish life! Over and over that scene flashes before us: The lonely walk upon the bridge, as the young man, alone and unwarned, took his way homeward; the fateful flash of a pistol upon the dark night; the sudden cry which those who have once heard can never again forget-"MURDER!" the hurried tramp of feet; flash following flash in rapid succession: and then that silence that was, for one, a silence that shall never end until the grave gives up its dead at the command of its Conquerer! Haddock - Northup - Gambrell! Citizens of America, what do you think of them? What do you think of the cause for which they were willing to die, and for which there are thousands of men and women as ready to die as were they? What do you think of the murderer of these and of thousands-the legalized dram shop system of our land? God Almighty has grown tired of waiting for deaf ears to open and blind eyes to see. Heaven help us, poor fools that we are, who cannot awake to these awful crimes against Him and against us until a

baptism of blood tells us that the Great Avenger has taken the cause in his own hands and out of ours. - Voice. Crimes of Drink in Paris. Drs. Dumont Pellier and Charcot-both bright lights of science-ascribe its continuance to the bad alcohol which now replaces in this country the pure strengthening wines which French vineyards, before the advent of the phylloxera, used to produce in such aburdance. A French drunkard, before his con stitution breaks up, and his hand gets tod palsied to strike a hard blow, is a dangerous being, and prone to get out of many difficulties through murder. He loses moral sense before the brain gets stultified, and the animal part of his nature tyrannously overrides the rest. Capital crimes will not be reduced in number by M. Grevy turning over a new leaf, and sternly refusing to commute capital sentences, unless something effective be done to put a stop to the sale, for bibulous purposes, of alcohols which contain a heavy percentage of fusel-oil. To my thinking, the best way to cut at the root of of the plague of fast increasing drunkenness would be to give French women local option to put a stop to the sale in restaurants and at bars of all such alcohols. If the option is given to the men they will not use it, the mass of male voters being, unfortunately, attracted toward the bars of the Assommoir kind which Zola describes. But the women are still untouched by the contagion, and have a manifest interat in getting the drink-curse stamped out."

The law compelling saloons to close on Sunday is being rigidly observed in New York. Even hotels refrain from supplying guests with wine at meal times.

Decline of the Saloon Power, Some of the results of the thorough agitation of the liquor question are beginning to appear already. This is evidenced in the greater discrimination shown in the large cities in granting license for selling alcoholic and malt liquors, and in the stricter accountability to which saloon keepers are being The first of May is the date on which licenses expired, and a renewal had to be made in many places. In Boston 3,125 applications were sent in, of which 2,300 were granted, 400 rejected, and the remainder held for further consideration. Chicago has had 3,700 saloons open during the past year, but this number will, undoubtedly, be greatly reduced by the decision not to grant licenses to those on the "black list," unless they can give good reasons why they should not be catalogued. All this is evidence of a decline in the political power so long and so ruth-lessly wielded by the saloons. Their late defeat at Harrisburg, where all their efforts to kill or render impotent the high license bill were wholly fruitless, is a further proof of their decreasing influence. The day when they held in their hands the fortunes of parties is believed to be rapidly waning. The offensive proofs which have been given of the saloon's interference in politics have finally created a strong public sentiment against the further toleration of such methods. This baneful influence has been felt in both parties; but to a much greater extent in the Democratic than in the Republican party. The audacity of this power has been something astounding. While it filled the poor-houses and the prisons, it made and unmade Mayors, Governors, and Congressmen. Politicians have stood in mortal terror of it, and have truckled to it as something whose favor was more valuable than the good will of respectable voters. This condition of things could not continue always. The self-respect of the intelligent voters, who form a great majority of the citizens in this country, would not permit it, and sooner or later they were certain to be aroused to the peril of the situation. It it probable that that time has come, and that the liquor power is to feel the avenging heel of an outraged public for thrusting its head

strictly business pfinciples. That that time is approaching is evident, unless all the signs are misleading.-Philadelphia Press. A Practical Temperance Sermon. The Rev. John Rhey Thompson preached

an eleoquent and earnest sermon upon the

into politics and daring to oppose the respect-

time will probably never come when liquor

will not be sold or drunk. The strongest Pro-

hibition States have found it impossible to

wholly eradicate the traffic, but that its evils

can be vastly lessened there is no manner of

doubt. And one of the longest steps in this

direction will be taken when the saloon is

forced out of politics and is dealt with on

able public sentiment of the country.

temperance question recently in New York. He said in substance; "It is my purpose to-night to discuss in a living way a practical question and to discuss it on the solid basis of conceded facts. I shall give a record of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, in a single week, in the cities of Brooklyn and New Jersey, as re-

ported in the daily papers." The speaker then read accounts of sixty one arrests for murder, robbery, arson, wifebeating, assault and battery, and a number of cases of suicide. Proceeding he said: This is no exaggeration. It is a terrible

reality, and yet it is all under the sanction of the law. And this is all among the lower class of people. Now look behind those lace curtains, into the homes of the wealthy, whose money keeps their names out of the paper, there is wife-beating there. We hear of so many wealthy men dying of brain fever Their doctors could tell you a different story Add New York City to these account; ther add the world, and then just stop and think Bad as New York is, it is nothing to be com pared with England. Just think of the waste of labor, waste of time, waste of health, waste of will, waste of heart that rum causes. Whal is this cause! Is it the law! Who makes th! law? Is it a better enforcement of the laws Who elects the Alderman or appoints the cities' officials? The immediateness and in fectiousness of the danger just fies words of expostulation and almonition, of warning and entreaty. No home is safe. If the cholera were prevailing in a mild form in this country, would you not be apprehensive If last week there had occurred 1,500 death from cholera east of Colorado, would you no take the utmost precautions against the dis ease! And yet rum cause 11,500 deaths this side of Colorado this last week, and will continue to do so until we check it in its mad career I call upon good men everywhere to combine in undving hostility to intemperance. It deserves, and I hereby solemnly invoke upor it, the swift and just judgment of Almights

Prohibition's Progress. The rapid progress of the Prohibition movement is a puzzler to the politicians and a surprise to everybody; yet, after ail, the difference between Temperance and Prohibition is not so great as many people imagine. Whenever a man makes up his mind that he can get along better without whisky, than with it-that it is not the necessity and benefit which he thought it to be, but wholly unnecessary and a positive evil-it is not to be won lered at that he should shortly be asking himself why the manufacture and sale of an article productive of so little good and capable of such infinite mischief should not be stopped. What's the use of making that which ought not to be used? Such is the perversity of human nature that he reasons wholly from his own experience and observation, and not from the experience of observation of his neighbor, who believes in drinking all the whisky he can comfortably carry, and, of course, sees things in a different light. It will be noticed, moreover, that while "sumptuary laws," as the party platforms used to call them, have lost their oldtime terror, and all good citizens admit that the whisky traffic must be rigorously regulated, so the question of statutory interference with the "personal liberty" of the citizen is losing much of its weight. We have all known temperance men who, having no moral scruples as to the moderate use of iquors, have nevertheless abandoned the inlulgence altogether as a protest against their immoderate use and wholesome example to the intemperate. It is nothing uncommon nowadays for temperance men to say that they are ready to make still further sacrifice of their personal liberty for the sake of the general welfare, and consent to an absolute prohibition of a traffic which to the majority of its patrons is the worst possible investment they can make. This is a growing sentiment, and it cannot be stopped. The recruiting offices of the Prohibition Party are multiplying every day, and, though it may be many years before the new crusade accomplishes its full object, it is already a force that is bound to command the respect, even if it is slow to secure the endorsement of the old party leaders.—Washington Critic.

The Drunkard's Feeble Offspring. On the subject of inheritance, it has been truly said that the blood of the inebriate parent is so vitiated and his energies are so wasted that even when there is a sober mother the innocent progeny are often hrought into existence puny, stunted and debilitated. Body and brain having been insufficiently nourished; the vital powers of such infants are so very defective that, in their earliest years, they are literally mowed down. In the causation of the terrible infantile mortality which is such a disgrace to civilization, the drinking habits of the parent The Paris correspondent of the New York | or parents have the largest share. Even en grown up to manhood, the co tions of the offspring of intemperate parentage are frequently so enfeebled and impaired that they succumb to a premature death from their lack of recuperative power after the exhaustion following some acute illness, which 2 vigorous system would have perfectly recovered from .- Boston Herald.

> Temperance News and Notes. There are manufactured daily in the United

States 301,736 gallons of whisky. New York city spent \$12,000,000 in 1886 to maintain charitable and reformatory institutions. Intoxicating drink necessitates 75 per cent, of this great outlay. The saloon-men of New Orleans have com-

laws which are being strenuously enforced by the Law and Order League. A recent temperance lecturer propounded the theory that the bicycle is a means of grace, since none but a perfectly sober man

bined and raised \$10,000 to fight the Sunday

can ride one successfully. It is said that between 150 and 200 municipal corporations in Ohio have adopted local prohibition under the Dow law. The temperance wave never ran quite so high in that state

At the State dinner given at the White House to Queen Kapiolani, of the Sandwich Islands, although several kinds of wines were served to each guest, Mrs. Cleveland drank nothing but Apollinaris.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Preached to Soldiers From Thirty-One States at the National Drill Encampment in Washington.

TEXTS: "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," I. Chronicles xii., 33; and "Every one could sling stones a hair's breadth and not

miss," Judges xx., 16. Companies of infantry, cavalry, artillery and zouaves, please notice the first Scripture passage applauds the soldiers of Zebulun, because they were disciplined troops. They may have been inefficient at the start and laughed at by old soldiers because they seemed so clumsy in the line, but it was drill, drill, drill, until they could keep step as one man. "Fity thousand which could keep rank." The second Scripture passage ap-plauds a regiment of slingers, in the tribe of Benjamin, because they are dextrous marksmen. When they first enlisted they may have been an awkward squad and all their fingers were thumbs, but they practiced until when they aimed at a mark they always hit it. "Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss." Both texts combining to show us that if we must fight we

should do it well. There is something absorbing in the mili-tary science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between twenty and fifty years of age were enrolled in the army and then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt: those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and had not led the bride to the altar; those who were yet in the first year of wedded life; those who were so neryous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled, and could not look upon blood but they fainted.

The army was in three divisions-the centre and right and left wings. The weapons of defence were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offence were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult-which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift; and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The shields were made of woven willow-work with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level, all these shields touched each other, making a wall, moving but impenetrable, and then when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling of the missiles. The brestplate, was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces

fastened with buttons or clasps. The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that the warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had on an iron boot. When a wall was to be assaulted a battering ram was brought up. A battering ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go and the beam became a great swinging

pendulum of destruction. Twenty or forty men would stand in movable tower on the back of an elephant the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses so when they went ahead the sword thrust and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried flags beautifully embroidered. Tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; tribe of Reuben, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with cherubim. The noise of the host, as they moved on, was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields, and the rumbling of wheels, and the shouts the captains, and the vociferation of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advancing all these years, you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture, howing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my text expresses it, they were "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," and "Eve y one could sling stones a

hair's breath and not miss.' I congratulate you, the officers and soldiers of this national encampment; that if a foreign attack should at any time be made you would be ready, and there would be millions of the drilled men of North and South like the men of my first text "which could keep rank," and like the men of my second text, that would not miss a hair's

At this national drill when thirty-one States of the Union are represented, and between the decoration of the graves of the Southern dead, which took place a few da s ago, and the decorations of the graves of Northern dead, which shall take place to-merrow, I would stir the Christian patriotism and gratitude not only of this soldiery here present but of all the people by putting before them the difference between these times when the soldiers of all sections meet in peace and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional amity in 1887. At the first date the South had banished the national air, the Star Spangled Banner, and the North had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The Northern people were "mudsills" and the Southern people were "white trash." The more Southern people were killed in battle the better the North liked it. The more Northern people were killed in battle the better the South like it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars if delivered on either side of the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. To estimate how very dearly they loved each other count up the bombshells that were hurled and the carbines that were loaded and the cavalry horses that were mounted. North and South facing each other all around in the attempt to kill. The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayer of the Northern and Southern pulpits gave information to the about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, President of the Oglethorpe University in Georgia. He was about the grandest man I ever knew and as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way and the ministry at the Southprayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and the South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of war-time I place the complete accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New York was held to raise money to build a Home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and the leg not lost so hurt that it does not amount to much. The Cotton Exhibition held not long ago at Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of Northern people, and by General Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans Exhibition held two years ago, every Northern State was represented. A thousand-fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war. No more use of gunpowder in this country except for rifle practice or Fourth of July pyrotechnics or at a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brigadier-Generals in the Southern Confederacy making their for-tunes as lawyers in the northern cities, Rivers

of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war—Fort Sumter and Moultrie and Lafayette and Pickens and Hamilton sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi Statue on Bedloe's island, figure of Liberty with uplifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in.

Instead of war antipathies, when you could not cross the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steel or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll has there ever been in about two decades such an overmastering antithesis as between the war time of complete bitterness and this time of complete and the such as the complete bitterness and the such as the complete such as th Contrast also the domestic life of those

times with the domestic life of these times.

plete sympathy?

Many of you were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letters. What a morning that was when you left nome! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outstde but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited.
Boys of the blue and gray! Whether you
started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landing. The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Don't you remember those charges to write home often and take care of yourself, be good boys, and the goodbye kiss which they thought and you thought might be forever. Then the nomesiekness as you faced the river bank on a starlight night on picket duty and the sly tears which you wiped off when you heard a group at the camp fire singing the plantation song about the old folks at home. The dinner of hard - tack on Thanksgiving day and the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital so different from the sickness when you were at home with mother and sister at the bedside, and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine, and that forced march when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and, more than all, your heart ached. Homesickness that had in it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war, who heartlessly wrote

home to his mother: "I do not want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I put into my rifle after loading it and I have fired them at the Russians. because you appear to have a strong dislike of them. If you have seen as many killed as I have, you would not have as many weak

ideas as you now have." You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in our American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand tens of thousands of homes waited for news. Parents saying: "Twenty thousand I wonder if our boy was among Fainting dead away in postoffices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred waiting for news or dropping under Speak, the announcement of bad news. swamps of Chickahominy and midnight lagoons and fire-rafts of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and villages and rivers and lakes of North and South jeremiads of war times that have

never been syllabled. Beside that domestic perturbation and homesickness of those days put the sweet The only camp fire domesticity of to-day. you now ever sit at is the one kindled in stove or furnace or hearth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a repast luxuriant because partaken of by loving family circles in secret Oh, now I see who those confidences. letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write and that you were so particular to put in the mail without anyone seeing you lest you be teazed by your com-God spared you to get back. Though the old people have gone you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences of filial and brotherly and loverly heartbreaks, with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven, the place where your children were born and the place where you want to die. To write the figures 1862 I set up four crystals of tears. To write the figures 1887 I stand up four members of your household, figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

Living soldiers of the North and South, take new and special ordination at this season of the year to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor; and Marfreesboro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field and hospital re-ceive these floral offerings of the living sol-But they shall come again, all the dead

troops. We sometimes talk about earthly

military reviews, such as took place in Paris,

in the time of Marshal Ney, in London, in the time of Wellington, and in our own land; but what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I don't know but some of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle that were wounded and worn out in service may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they would be resurrected for the grand review of the Judgment Day. It It would not take any more power to reconstruct their bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment. They come up. All the armies of all lands and all centuries, on which ever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus and Sennacherib, and Joshua and David, leading forth the armies of Scriptural Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians. Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan followed by the armies of Asia. Gustavus Adolphus, and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812, and one million of Northern and Southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The six million fallen in Napoleonic battle, the twelve million Germans fallen in the thirty years war, the fifteen million fallen in the war under Sesostris, the twenty million fallen in the wars of Justinian, the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars, the eighty million fallen in the crusades, the 180 million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks. The thirty-five billion men estimated to have fallen in battle, enough according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the

earth 442 times. But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of judgment, the cavalry-men, the artillery-men, the spearmen, the infantry, the sharp-shooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to bear their tread, Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand murch, joined by all the fifers, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodino, Marathon or Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaclava, Sedan or Gettysburg; from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the Judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we were all marching in the right regiment, and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander, all heaven, some on Amethystine battlement and others standing in the shining gates, some on our hearts. - [Samuel Rutherford. pearly shore and others on the turreted heights giving us the resounding, million-volced cheer. "More than conquerors." Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL going from Sicily to Italy escaped ten days' quarantine by hiring a boatman to take him across the straits and land him in an out-of-the-way place where he could escape the notice of the coast guard. Then Lord Randolph had to tramp inland for half a day before he could find a village and hire a conveyance.

RELIGIOUS READING

The Baby's Boon. Take the gift, and for the Giver.

Rear it, mother, tenderly; Let it be your high endeavor From the world to keep it free

There is now no spot upon it. It is like the Giver, pure; But the sinful world will lure it And the Temp er sock it, sure Guard the preci us one, and guide

Tell it of the Heavenly way; Bear it often up before Him Who hears mothers when they pro-Knowest thou the wreath of tream Thus com nitted to thy caret

Far more precious than Golconia It may yet outshine a star! No such charge on earth is given As the little infant, steet, Take it, and in Him believing,

Lay it at the Master's feet.

A Holy Life.

A holy life is made up of small the little words, not eloquent speeche sermons; little deeds, not miracle battles, nor one great heroic at mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life. The little sunbeam the lightning; the waters of sa "that so softly" in the meek miss refreshment, not the "waters of the great and many," rushing down in torrents, are the true symbols of all life. The avoidance of little evils ! sins, little inconsistencies, little w nesses, little follies, indiscretions imprudences, little foibles, little is gences of the flesh-the avoidant such little things as these goes in make up, at least, the negative be of a holy life, - Bonar.

How to Reach the "Master,"

1. Precept .- Go out quickly in streets and lanes of the city, and in hither the poor and the maimed the halt, and the blind. Go out into the highways and his

and compel them to come in the house may be filled. Let us not be weary in well de

As we have opportunity, let us do a unto all men .- [Paul . Visit the fatherless and the will

in their affliction. - [James. Let him that heareth say come-le 2. Example-Jesus went about Galilee, teaching in their synago and preaching the Gospel of the i dom, and healing all manner of

the people. When he saw the multitudes, he moved with compassion on themwent about doing good, and healing

ness, and all manner of disease and

that were oppressed of the devil. A friend of publicans and sinners The Son of Man is come to seek a to save that which is lost.

Old Age Dean Bradley, successor o' in the deanery of Westminster anecdote of him as he neared bill year. He was traveling in Ger a Rhine steamer, and getting with a boy, (he loved children), the asked him his age, which being swered, he said, "Why, all your like

"No," said the dean, "the best to come,"

"You must be on the wrong side sixty," said one acquaintance to and "No," he replied, "I am on the n side." Old age is cheerless enough one lacking faith in God and the but bright and divinest hopes when has for his portion the Christ, what know with the Father is eternal Let every man mourn as old age of upon him if he be without faith in Holy One. Let every man rejoint age comes upon him, if he trusts in who said, "Because I live, ye live." Life here is only the state of

A plain London lighterman, [01] navigator on the Thames, was it Abbey, standing before the monum of John Wesley, and as he talked ' the dean, knowing he had been to Pa tine, said, "It must have been beau to have walked where the San walked." "Yes," and with a st look, he said, "Beautiful to walk in steps of the Saviour." Stanley's, w as he spoke of death, are so bem we quote them: "There the soul itself on the mountain ridge overlood the unknown future; our company fore is gone; the kinsfolk and in of many years are passed over the river, and we are left alone with We know not in the shadow of the who it is that touches us-we fee a that the everlasting arms are closing in; the twilight of the morning we are bid to depart in peace, for strength not our own we have protect and the path is made clear before in

tions of advancing age. - Selected The divinest attribute in the man is love, and the mightiest, bed the most human princip'e in the hear man is faith. Love is heaven; falls that which appropriates heaven.

Great and many are the compe

W. Robertson, I find that when the saints are trials and well humbled, little raise great cries in the conscience. in prosperity conscience is a pope gives dispensations and great latitude

THE Interstate Commerce Com sioners vary in height from the tic Walker, who is much over sit in height, to Judge Cooley, who is about five feet six. Commission Bragg is the typical Southerner his dress he evidently takes Attor General Garland for a model. missioner Schoonmaker looks conservative business man. His ures much resemble Blaine's.