THE WEEKLY RECORD.

BEAUFORT, N. C.

CONTRARY CUPID.

You can't depend on evidence that emanates from Cupid.

CHAS. M. SNYDER.

For lovers are in every sense exceptionally stupid.

a maiden may the knowledge gain that sets her heart a-tremble. And we her face is all disdain, or so she

and dissemble she thereassumes a reticence that shrinks at

to feared the eloquence that speaks in salt e glances. As it she looked upon embrace as liberty

gularming. And dish't think a yielding grace additionally charming.

O when the dear seems most afraid of these alvances tender, Then is the time the cunning maid is wait-

ing to surrender. For every obstacle, she knows, gives ardor to pursuing;

A little coquetry bestows an impetus to wooshe doesn't care to show her heart, is all a thrill with pleasure.

leisure. Although the tremor of her lips all that you seek confesses,

and so she puts her subtlest art in hesitating

Whereat in dewy nectrous sips await the sweet caresses; Though at the heaving of her breast the sweet

conviction rushes. and while her drooping lids attest-sweet sighs and fervid blushes:

all such blissful evidence serves but to startle lovers, For one must bid adieu to sense who aught

in love discovers. To impulse only knows the way unto your satisfaction. For reason simply prompts delay and chills

the heart from action. Then presently-you never know just how your trouble ended.

The drifting streams together flow into a rapture blended. For there's a pair of ruby lips that yield you draughts of sweetness,

An unison of thrilling sips in wonderful completeness. the maid seems nothing loth you sure to pause and wonder,

Just how it was, so blindly, both could ever dwell asunder. For you can't depend on evidence that ema-

ates from Cupid, Since levers are in every sense exceptionally stupid.

THE RULING PASSION.

A l'ostoffice Lacks a Proper Assortment of Colors in Stamps

She had never mailed a letter before, and so she approached the stamp clerk's window with the same air that she would enter a dry goods store.

"I would like to look at some stamps ease," she said. "What denomination do you want?" ked the clerk.

'Denomination!" This was remarked in rprise. She hadn't supposed that stamps onged to any church at all. "Yes," replied the clerk, who saw no

ecessity for holding a lengthy palaver over he sale of a stamp, especially when other people were waiting. "Is it for a letter or a newspaper?"

"O, I want to send a letter to my Uncle John; he's just moved to-" "Then you need a two-cent stamp," interrupted the clerk, offering her one of that

"I hardly like that color," she observed, holding the brick-tinted stamp up to the

ight and surveying it critically. The clerk looked at her in astonishment. in his long experience in the postal business he had never before met a customer who ob-

je ted to the color of the stamps. "That is a two-cent stamp, madam. Please stand aside and let the gentleman behind you

"Haven't you got them in any other she asked, wholly oblivious of the yentleman behind.'

The clerk began to act cross. "I never did like that shade of red," she

"There is only one color," he replied, "That is strange," she mused." "I'd think you'd keep them in different shades, so that

there'd be some choice.' The clerk said nothing, but he kept getting or ser every minute, and murmurs of disapprobation began to rise from the everengthening line of people who would have been thankful to get their stamps without criticising their hue.

"You are sure you have none in a brighter and or even in a different color-Nile green, "seal brown, or jubilee blue, for instance?" You can put two one-cent stamps on Four letter if you like," said the clerk, who egan to see that the customer could not be havned away from the window.

"Let me see them, please." Two blue stamps were solemnly handed her, and the crowd began to hope that at last she was suited.

Ah, that will do," she said, as she took The one-cent stamps and eyed them as if were samples of dress goods. "I like that shade better. I'll take only one, if you

And she handed the other back to the therk, who took it mechanically, but managed to add: "It it's for a letter you'll need two. These

are one-cent stamps and letter postage is two "O, I don't want to put two stamps on my

letter," she said; "I don't think they would link Well." "It requires two cents to carry a letter,

madam, and you must either put a twothat stamp on or two ones. It won't go Without. And I must ask you to please harry, for you are keeping a great many leade away from the window." That's singular. I don't like the look of

two together. You are sure the other doesn't Come in seal-brown, or -" "No!" thundered the clerk, getting very red in the face.

"Then I'll have to see if I can suit myself elsewhere." And she departed. The clerk replaced his despised red and blue stamps, mopped his perspiring brow,

and began to make up for lost time. WM. H. SIVITER. Nipped in the Bud.

Father-I gave you half a dollar to get your shoes mended. Su-Yes, sir. You paid twenty-five cents to have them

mended, dan't you?"

Where is the change?" "I danno." You don't know, eh? Whack-youwhack-young-whack-Napoleon - whack of-finance, whack - whack - whack whack-whack-whack-whackwhack, etc., etc." - Texas Siftings.

A NATIONAL PARK.

SOME SIGHTS SEEN IN THE CANA-DIAN PLEASURE GROUND.

Steaming Water. Impregnated With Sulphur, Iron and Medicinal Salts, Gushes up Everywhere-The Bow River Pass of the Rockies the Great Natural Gate. lays of the Northwest provinces. And

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CALGARY, ALBERTA:-When you are crossing the prairie a thousand things besides your recollections of what there was the number and character of you were taught in school remind you the cases of drunkenness of the night that the great grassy level must at before. Queer hotels are the Western one time have been the bed and bottom of ores. Here in Calgary the gentlemen a vast inland sea of which only our great are provided with a trough and water by lakes now remain. But from this bustling town, the metropolis of the Northwest provinces of Canada, you are more than ever strongly reminded of the fact. You not only see the black prairie soil, the like of which you observe in marshes and flats beside low rivers but you see the



shore of the ancient sea, the edge or side of the bewl-and a considerable bowledge it is, for it rises 10,000 feet in the air, in some places, and though you think you could easily walk to the foot of it from Calgary, you are mistaken, for it is sixty miles away. That giant bowlrim, as you easily guessed, is the Rocky Mountain chain. Wonderfully grand and beautiful does that gigantic granite the Sanitarium. The questioner was a persons from the sorrows of existence, wall look from this distance with its buxom Englishwoman, the wife of a when the durbar suddenly dashed serrated upper edge all snow-clad and taking on a-half a dozen delicate shades of lilac, pink and blue that make the giant piles of rock seem as unsubstantial as the clouds that float above us.

from here, is a national Canadian park expected man into the presence of one eyes, and the Russians are coming." The that few of us of the United States ever heard of, though in the nature of things we are all likely to hear more and more of it and that speedily. This new pleasure reservation is called the Bauff National Park, and comprises 216 square miles of the most picturesque valley scenery and the most majestic mountain views imaginable. The beauties of the place are not alone responsible for its preservation as a pleasure park, its main features being the hot sulphur springs that distinguish the region. Steaming water, heavily impregnated with sulphur, iron and medicinal salts of other sorts, gushes from the rocks in some places, and in others is found in pools and cave bottoms. The curative properties of this water for those who parboil their bodies in it are said to be wonderful in cases of paralysis, catarrh, rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes and many common complaints, but I cannot vouch for any more concerning the springs than that they are hot, sulphurous and mysterious. As I write this, a host of men are putting the finishing touches to a grand threestory hotel, capable of accommodating 300 persons, and containing baths, to which this water is led in pipes from the earth's laboratory; but at present everything here is so primitive and peculiar that I rank a visit to it now as one of the choicest of experiences. Every turn and incident recall some of Charles Dickens' observations, when all America was younger and more crude, as he records them in his "American Notes." When the grand new hotel, which the Canadian Pacific railroad is building, is completed, the place willdoubtless be very popular, but it will be modern, conventional and comfortable, like any other resort, and all the present charm of rugged simplicity and Western rawness will have gone, like so many other peculiar phases of civilization, to that place which Jim Fisk once described vaguely but graphically as "Where the

woodbine twineth." The entrance to Bauff is the Bow river pass of the Rockies, a natural gate to the Pacific through which the pretty Bow winds and races down to the prairie level. You leave the cars in the night and find a stage-coach waiting to whirl you over a government road between the stately mountains into the steep-sided, narrow valley that the government has set aside for eternity The moon plates the pretty river with silver and throws into wondrous contrast the deep blue sky and the snow-capped peaks that pierce it. Now you rattle beside woods primeval, now you rumble over a floating bridge across the restless Bow, and presently you stop at a log-cabin hotel, one story high, but long and rectangular and roomy, probably the only log hotel (except that one built purposely as a curiosity in the Adirondacks) that you sky and mountain peaks. It is a notable trait was formerly the property of Eliza-



on the road the last stop k made at a frame house called "the Sanitarium." There you will find simplicity so great that the mind is appalled when it turns to consider what must be the greater degree of it undoubtedly to be found in the log hotel. The office into which you are shown has a bare floor, an iron bar-room stove, and two tables and a safe. One table is the office desk, clerk's quarters, proprietor's place and general seat of ia- the East, but in plentitude for all who inches of fried potato into his mouth with quiry and authority. The other table seek them. In the mountains the hunter his knife. "Ah, thanks, Jones, for your serves to indicate that the apartment is a finds mountain sheep and antelope, timely warning," replied Smith. "I always endeavor to pass the butter in this house reading, writing and smoking-room, parlor and lobby, all in one. There is an

ha but a bed at this time of night," puris naturalibus without fee or rubbing though that time is the only time of day by a backwoodsman. At some little disor light at which the transcontinental tance from the hotels, by carriage or donkey ride up the valley, are other natural tran from the East arrives. The only wonders of great beauty—Devil's lake, from which Devil's creek leaps torrentothr "common" room is the bar-room, with two billiard tables and a counter for like into the Bow and Ghost river, anthe ale of pop, ginger ale, soda water other exquisitely pretty mountain stream. and lemonade, for no laws in America The Canadian government is spending are so strict as the prohibitory drinking

thepail in the toilet-room of the principal

has its dining-room where other hotels

the ground. At this Sanitarium, in Bauff,

in he hall between the bed-rooms, and at

The oddities of life at the Springs con-

time at the baths. The principal bath-

house is of logs-a big slab-building-

all out up into double rooms, one in each

cot vhereon one rests and is rubbed to a

highstate of polish. Very aptly a long

and limber mountaineer, graduated at a bound from cutting timber to 'tending

the bath, is the "rubber" for the male

patients. Each bath-tub is filled with water registering 110° to 120° Fahren-

heit and when a patient feels his way at

firs/, with one toe or finger, it seems in-

crelible to imagine that he will, if he

tries, gradually work his whole body

into the steaming pool. In another log-

hut are a cigar-case, candy-counter and

barber's chair-the single store of Sul-

phur Mountain. Oh! it will not be the

same place at all when the grand hotel is

"Are you going to the ball to-night and

will you take me?" were the first words

Rocky Mountain eccentricities.

sleep is banished from the hotel.

money with wise liberality in this beautiful preserve. Level, broad roads are going forward up and around the mounye there must be liquor about for tain sides, superb iron bridges are being those who know how to get it, since the laid across the streams, the picturesque and lazy soldiers of the Northwest principal topic in the bar-room of the Sanitarium each morning while I was police are established there in numbers sufficient to preserve order and enforce law; and before winter-when the park is just as attractive as in summer—the place will seem a pillar of civilization instead of an outpost of the wilderness. A feature that will be conspicuous there. and from which we Americans might borrow to advantage, is the absence of hotel, and in Winnepeg the best house fees and expense to those who visit the park. Few Americans, comparatively, hate their cellars, eight or ten feet under have money to spare in such abundance as is needed to see the wonders of our the proprietor has hung canaries in cages Yellowstone Park. The very books that are issued to tempt us to go there daybreak the birds sing so shrilly that affright us with their lists of charges, mounting far beyond a hundred dollars for mere costs of sightseeing. Here in Bauff Park there is nothing of the sort You are charged exactty as at Long Branch or Minnetonka. If you ride you instance for the bath-tub and one for the must hire teams, of course, and if you board you must pay the hotel bills, but beyond the moderate hotel charges and the quarters put out for the daily baths, there is no absolute need to spend a penny. JULIAN RALPH.

NO MORE ALARMS.

Ameer Punished an Enterprising Young Man.

Homeward Mail says: Some strange stories have been told of the way in which Abdur Rahman lords it over his people. There is a humor in his way of playing the part of lord absolute which opened and there are marble floors can best be appreciated at a distance, as and French waiters, and regular a story which has just reached us will "course" dinners take the places of these show. Not long ago, we are told, the Ameer was sitting in durbar discussing public affairs. The "Home" Department addressed to me outside of the course of had gone through their work. Orders the business of arranging for board at had been issued to release certain resident, who stood by and waited for into greater things, and began to talk my answer with as much interest, appa- about the English and the Russians. A rently, as she who asked it possessed. | man who had lately been introduced at Strange as the question sounded, it was a | court, and was not well acquainted with natural one. There was to be a ball his sovereign's ways, remarked, "Lord of twenty-five miles away on the railroad. | the earth, let people say what they like, One little piece of that Canadian end | There were many women and few men | but this humble one has been scanning of the Rockies, just where we see them | in Bauff, and here came an extra and un- | the political horizon with far-reaching these women who suspected that if | lord of the earth smiled a sweet smile-

some of the old courtiers who knew that smile also smiledand, turning upon him with "the far-reaching eyes," said: "Bright jewel of our



other woman, less timid, would prove more fortunate. I am sorry I did not go by the soldiers, in yellow-striped breeches and yellow-sided capsset jauntily on one ear. "Were many people tipsy?" some one asked one of these prairie po-"Yes," he replied, licemen next day. but not too tipsy.' But if things are crude there, the park

and all its natural attributes are none the less charming. Cascade Mountain lifts its granite snow-capped mass 5,000 feet above you, and on its steep side the melting snow reaches your level in and full of profit in grand scenery to those who conquer it. Sulphur Mountain, where the springs are, is skirted by a substantial government road, from every turn of which views exquisite or impressive are commanded. Between these mountains is the narrow valley of the green and racing Bow river which, at one beauty-spot, is joined by the tiny rippling spray, and at another is widened into a glorious lake, whose surface repeats the altitudinous scenery of the will find in a resort of this kind. Further experience to find oneself there after beth Curle (one of Mary's attendants at only a four-days' journey from New the execution), and was bequeathed by York, within forty miles of the highest | her in 1620 to the Seminary or Scots Colpart of the Rockies at an elevation of 5,000 feet above tide-water, close to the border between Alberta and British Columbia, time one of the professors there. At the and in an atmosphere not only always | breaking out of the French revolution, cool but where daylight lasts until ten | writes the Echo, the inmates of the colo'clock at night-in fact, where every lege were obliged to fly, and the portrait night the sunset lingers faintly in the west until within an hour or two of the time for daybreak. And such a daybreak! As the golden flame of morning creeps downward from the mountaintops that are the first to catch its light, the snow fields of the peaks glow with the colors of mother-of-pearl touched here and there with the lustre of tinsel and the warmth of glowing coals. Tiny dew-clouds tear themselves from the tree-tops, and floating off dry up and disappear, and finally the sun's unobstructed rays fill the valleys with the

full glory of day. Here is hearty invitation for the sports man quite as great as for the invalid. From the water one may take pike and pickerel, and from the air geese, duck, prairie fowl and partridges-not as one bears, deer and wolves. For the gentler old Scotchman in charge who, upon being asked if it is possible toget anything caves, in one of which, after a steep detection to be scent by ladder, is a deep pond of hot a look that curdled the milk in his coffee. to eat, replies, "There's nothing to be sulphur water, where one may bathe in Peck's Sun.

and sun of our understanding, art thou sure of this?" of the earth is omniscient and knows everything," replied he. "Well, to be sure, we do see things, and she did not secure him for herself some old now. Moreover, you tree obstructs our view. However, thou art young; go thou, therefore, climb the tree, watch the to the ball. Two or three wagon-loads cursed Muscovite's movements, and of dancers went from the park, attended when he is very close upon us come and inform us. The tree is high, so that thou shalt be enabled to see a long way off." Forthwith the man was led to the tree and made to climb to the topmost branches. To keep up his courage if he grew weary of his post, a guard with bayonets fixed was told off to remain below. It is said the young man felt considerably elevated by his master's humor, and felt very exhilarated at first; but three days' contemplation of the beauties of nature, even from such a combounds of which one is a leap of 1,000 | manding position, is apt to tire one, and feet downward through the air. Tunnel so he fell. They say he got hurt and Hill, 1,000 feet high, is easily ascendable died. No one dares to raise alarms in Cabul now.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE. Hidden in a Chimney and Taken Through

Several Countries. A valuable addition has been made to the Mary Queen of Scots Relic Exhibition at Peterborough, in the celebrated full-length oil-painting of the Scottish Queen from Blair's College. The porlege at Douai, her brother being at the was taken out of the frame, rolled up, and hidden in a chimney of the refectory, the fire-place being afterward built up. In 1814 it was taken from its hiding place, transferred to the English Benedictine College in Paris, brought to Scotland in 1830 by the late Bishop Patison, and deposited in Blair's College. The painting, which is eight feet by four, is recognized as one of the few ag hentic portraits of Mary, and the portrait at Windsor is supposed to be a copy. It has been insured by the local committee for \$5,000, bringing up the total amount of insurance of the relic to \$172,000.

He Always Passed the Butter. "Pass the butter, please," said Jones to hunts for them with occasional reward in | round his neck and shoveled about four bears, deer and wolves. For the gentler in fact, I give it as wide a berth as possiidler there are sail and row-boats, and,
for the lover of awesome nature, queer

met with a gentle titter from the balance of

FORBIDDEN HONEY

NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS IN NINETEEN YEARS.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in Answer to Some Misrepresentations About the Brooklyn Tabernacle-Lessons Drawn from the Bee.

BROOKLYN, October 16 .- "Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents have been paid in cash down in this church for religious uses and Christian work during the nineteen years of my ministry," said the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., in answer to the misrepresentations that have been going through some of the religious papers depreciating the work of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. After giving out the hymn-Our God, our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come.

Dr. Talmage preached a sermon, the subject of which was, "Forbidden Honey," the text being I Samuel xiv, v. 43: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." Dr. Talmage said:

The honey bee is a most ingenious

architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer drawing hexagons creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristacus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezckiel, and St. John used the delicacies of the bee-manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee; sheath of protection, hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honeycomb is a palace such as no one but God could plan, and the honey bee construct; its cells sometimes a dormitory, and som etimes a storehouse, and sometimes the damage. When about the year 1776 | it makes them smack their lips to look time attacked the bee-hives all over it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed keep out the invader that was the terror it to make them oblivious, or they feel State street, Boston, or Third street, Philaof the bee-hives, it was found that every- good, and they must celebrate their hi- delphia, and depositing a small sum of where the bees had arranged for their larity. They begin with mint julep money run the risk of taking out a forown protection, and built before their sucked through two straws on the tune. Many men are doing an honest honeycombs an especial wall of wax Long Branch piazza and end in the and safe business in the stock market, with port-hole through which the bees ditch, taking from a jug a liquid and you are an ignoramus if you do not might go to and fro, but not large half kerosene and half whiskey. They know that it is just as legitimate to deal enough to admit the winged combatant, not only like it, but it is an all-con- in stocks as to deal in coffee, or sugar, or

called the Sphinx Atropos. Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother will, though one wine glass of it should cursion lose all. The old spiders eat up bee starts for a new home, and because cost the temporal and eternal destruction the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend of this the other bees of the hive get into of themselves, and all their families, and who put his hand on his hip pocket and an excitement which raises the heat of the whole human race. They would say: said to me in substance: "I have there an excitement which raises the heat of the whole human race. They would say: the hive some four degrees, and they "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and the value of a hundred and fifty thousand must die unless they leave their heated my family, and all the world's popula- dollars " His home is to-day penniless. apartments, and they follow the mother tion so very much, but here it What was the matter? Wall street. Of bee and alight on the branch of goes to my lips, and now let it roll the vast majority who are victimized you a tree, and cling to each other over my parched tongue and down my hear not one word. One great stock two or three have explored the region spiring, the most rapturous thing that newspapers discuss their fraud, or their and found the hollow of a tree or rock ever thrilled mortal or immortal." To disaster, and we are presented with their not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply stages, various plans were tried in olden one such famous firm sinks, five their aromatic industries, and give them- times. This plan was recommended in hundred unknown men sink with selves to the manufacture of the saccha- the books: When a man wanted to re- them. The great steamer goes down. rine edible. But who can tell the chem- form he put shot or bullets into the cup and all the little boats are swallowed in istry of that mixture of sweetness, part or glass of strong drink-one additional the same engulfment. Gambling is

it the life of the fields? were accursed. Coming through the short off, and when a man does that he All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he not knowing know one or two things, but we are the military order about abstinence take warning from some of the ominous dipped the end of a stick he had in his names given to the intoxicants, and stand low, and brown, and tempting, it glowed have noticed for instance that some of to the bit in a slough inextricable. The on the end of the stick he put it to his the restaurants are called "The Shades," mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell | typical of the fact that it puts a man's upon him, and but for special interventext Jonathan announces his awful mis-take. "I did but taste a little honey with the shade, and his immortal destiny in to sit. I was reading of a boy among the end of the rod that was in my hand, the chade. and, lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been ive, but damaging and destructive! Literature fascinating but deathful

good, honest, healthful book is read now there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy on the cars comes through the titles and notice that nine out dead. "Old Crow!" But alas, how many place where the corpse lay. Why seek injurious. All the way from New Cæsar on his way to the assassination notice that objectionable books domi- the hall crashed into fragments at his thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for in many a man that though his ful life. Come and live on the uplands the marriage institution and less ab- fortunes are crashing, and his health of grace where the vineyards sun themhorrence for the paramour, is a depression is crashing, and his domestic in selves. Oh, taste and see that the Lord of your own moral character. The terests are crashing, and we hand is gracious. Be happy now and happy book binding may be attractive, and him a long scroll containing the forever. For those who take a different the plant dramatic, and startling, and the names of perils that await him, he goes course the honey will turn to gall. style of writing sweet as the honey that straight on to physical, and mental, For many things I have admired Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but and moral assassination. In proportion Percy Shelley, the great English your best interests forbid it, your moral as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to poet, but I deplore the fact that safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and your taste, and stimulating to your it was a great sweetness to him to disone taste of it may lead to such bad re- nerves, and for a time delightful to all sults that you may have to say at the | your physical and mental constitution, | close of the experiment or at the close of | is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan | The infidel poet was impious enough to a misimproved life-time: "I did but taste | and the forbidden honey in the woods of a little honey with the rod that was in my | Beth-aven. hand, and, lo, I must die." Corrupt literature is doing more to-day

any other cause. Elopements, marital innames given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal story so exquisite, and all the characters tianize while they please. The devil does invented a preparation of food that he Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, not own all the honey. There is a wealth of | could take without stopping the game ; | but the way of the ungodly shall perish ' good books coming forth from our pub-lishing houses that leaves no excuse for of bread, which was named after the choice of that which is debauching Lord Sandwich. It is absurd for well .- Horace Mann.

tation from any of our rougher while you taste it? One book may for world or the next. It was a turn- these souls. ing point with me when in Wynkoop's bookstore, Syracuse, one day picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive be-

and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the | youd an easy capacity to own them, and | with his wife and children, and then the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous | what a heaven I went through in reading | the close said: "Come, now, let us have his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to describe except by saying that are in my mind so associated with it gave me a rapture for good books, the temporal and eternal demnation and an everlasting disgust for of splendid young men that I should no decrepit or immoral books that will last sooner say to my family: "Come, let me while my immortal soul lasts. All us have a game of cards," than I would around the church and the world to-day go into a menagerie and say: "Come, there are busy hives of intelligence occu- let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or pied by authors and authoresses from into a cemetery, and sitting down by a whose pens drip a distillation which is marble slab, say to the gravediggers: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a the very nectar of Heaven, and why will "Come, let us have a game of skulls." you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness | Conscientious young ladies are silently into the deathful saccharine of perdition? | saying to me while I speak: "Do you Stimulating liquids also come into the | think | card playing will do us any category of temptations, delicious but harm?" Perhaps not, but how will deathful. You say: "I cannot bear the you feel if in the great day taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any of eternity, when we are asked man can like it is to me an amazement." to give an account of our influence, Well, then, it is no credit to you that you some man shall say to you: "I was indo not take it. Do not brag about your troduced to games of chance in the year a cemetery. These winged toilers first total abstinence, because it is not from 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I make eight strips of wax, and by their any principle that you reject alcoholism, went on from that sport to something antennæ, which are to them hammer, but for the same reason that you more exciting, and went on down until I and chisel, and square, and plumb-line, reject certain styles of food- lost my business, and lost my morals, fashion them for use. Two and two, you simply don't like the taste and lost my soul, and these chains that these workers shape the wall. If of them. But multitudes of people you see on my wrists and feet are the an accident happen they put up but- have a natural fondness for all kinds of chains of a gamester's doom, and I am tresses or extra beams to remedy intoxicant. They like it so much that on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey an insect, before unknown, in the night | at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take | last. Europe, and the men who owned them by insomnia, and they take it to produce catalogue. It must be very exhilarating were in vain trying to plan something to sleep, or they are troubled, and they take to go into Wall street, New York, or

nated. The soldiery were positively for- Whether any one ever was cured in that work was done. If they disobeyed they it is found that the only way is to stop them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would hand into the candied liquid and as, yel- off from the devastating influence. You tion he would have been slain. In my in the shade, and his prosperity in the God puts on the banqueting table

Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow." damaged by forbidden honey, by which | mightily suggestive of a carcass and the | edge of the cliff and said: "There is a I mean temptation, delicious and attract- filthy rayen that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without num-bers slain of rum but unburied; and this fall off," "No," said he, "I must get that comes in this category. Where one evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and beautiful flower," and the guides rushed pecking at their bloated cheek, and peckwomanhood, thrusting beak and claw fell two thousand feet. Birds of prey were into the mortal remains of what was with a pile of publications, look over once gloriously alive but now morally the air and lowering gradually to the of ten of the books are depleting and take no warning! They make me think of York to Chicago or New Orleans fearing nothing; though his statue in blooms of the very Paradise of God? nate. Taste for pure literature is feet, and a scroll containing the names poisoned by this scum of the publishing of the conspirators was thrust into his would make men live forever, and one house. Every book in which sin triumphs | hands, yet walking right on to meet the | sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock over virtue, or in which a glamour is dagger that was to take his life. This

must be put in the list of temptations, delicious but destructive. I have crossed and one day on the Mediterranean with for the disruption of domestic life than | delicious but destructive. I have crossed | the ocean eight times, and always one of two friends in a boat which was trigues, sly correspondence, fictitious | the best rooms has, from morning till | twenty-four feet long he was comlate at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of many men who squall struck the water. A gentleman went on board with enough money for a standing on shore through a glass saw perjuries are among the damnable re- European excursion who landed without | many boats tossed in this squall, but all sults. When a woman, young or old, enough money to get their baggage up outrode the terror except one, that in gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the to the hotel or railroad station. To which Shefley, the infidel poet, and his modern novel she is in appalling peril. many, there is a complete fascination in two friends were sailing. That never games of hazard or the risking of cance ashore, but the bodies of two of so adroitly knavish, and the persons so money on possibilities. It seems as the occupants were washed upon the Smith, as the former tied two ends of napkin | bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the | natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food is often overpowered so enrapturing, I cannot quit them." My | with the hunger for wagers, as in the case brother, my sister, you can find styles of of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, literature just as charming that will ele-vate and purify, and ennoble, and Chris-table long enough for the taking of food,

to body, mind and soul. Go to some in- those of us who have never felt telligent man or woman, and ask for a the fascination of the wager to speak list of books that will be strengthen- slightingly of the temptation. It has ing to your mental and moral condi- slain a multitude of intellectual and tion. Life is so short and your time moral giants, men and women stronger for improvement so abbreviated that you than you or I. Down under its power cannot afford to fill up with husks, and | went | glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices Gibbon, the historian, and Charles Fox, of business that young man is reading | the statesman, and in olden times famous that which will prepare him to be a senators of the United States, merchant prince, and that young woman who used to be as regularly is filling her mind with an intelligence at the gambling house all night that will yet either make her the chief as they were in the halls of legislation by attraction of a good man's home or day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table give her an independence of character | I know persons who began with a slight that will qualify her to build her stake in a ladies' parlor, and ended with own home and maintain it in a the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They happiness that requires no augmen- played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing sex. That young man or young that Satan was playing for their bones at woman can by the right literary and the same time, and was sure to sweep moral improvement of the spare ten all the stakes off on his side of the minutes here or there in every day, rise | table. The last New York Legislature head and shoulders in prosperity, and sanctioned the mighty evil last spring by character, and influence above the passing a law for its defense at the race loungers who read nothing or read that tracks, and many young men in these which bedwarfs. See all the forests of cities lost all their wages at Coney Island good American literature dripping with this summer, and this fall are borrowing honey. Why pick up the honeycombs from the money-tills of their employers that have in them the fiery bees which or arranging by means of false entry to will sting you with an eternal poison adjust their demoralized finances. Every man who voted for the Ives pool bill has you or me decide everything for this on his hands and forehead the blood of

> But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist, and euchre, and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards

Stock gambling comes into the same suming passion of body, mind and flour. But nearly all the outsiders soul, and after a while have it they who go there on a little financial exa committee of heated throat, the sweetest, the most in- firm goes down, and whole columns of cure the habit before it comes to its last features and biography. But where of it the very life of the bee and part of shot or bullet each day, that displaced gambling, whether in stocks or breadso much liquor. Bullet after bullet added stuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Plenty of this luscious product was day by day, of course the liquor became | Exhilaration at the start, and a raving hanging in the woods of Beth-aven during less and less until the bullets would en- brain and a shattered nervous system, the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their tirely fill up the glass and there was and a sacrificed property, and a destroyed army was in pursuit of an enemy that no room for the liquid, and by that time soul at the last. Young man, buy no by God's command must be extermi- it was said the inebriate would be cured. lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no baseball games or yacht bidden to stop to eat anything until the way I know not, but by long experiment racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investments, shoo woods they found a place where the needs God to help him. And there away the buzzards that hover around bees had been busy, a great honey manu- have been more cases than you can our hotels trying to entrap strangers. factory. Honey gathered in the ho'low of count when God has so helped the man Go out and make an honest living. the trees until it had overdowed upon the that he quit forever, and I could count | Have God on your side and be a candiground in great profusion of sweetness. a score of them here to-day, some of date for Heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But further on the horse plunges best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and reputation in the shade, and his morals brought to his lip, but that which the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the flower I mean to get." "Come away toward him to pull him back, when they ing at their destroyed manhood and heard him say, "I almost have it," as he seen a few days after circling through flowers off the edge of the precipice when you may walk knee-deep amid the full The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar the drinking of which

> will give you immortal life with God. honor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the Deity ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey Chapel that he might denounce the Christian Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence religion. He was in great glee against ing toward shore when an bour's beach, one of them the poet. A funeral byre was built on the seashore by some classical friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived and he probably had no God when he died. "The

It is well to think well; it is divine to act