THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

There are various reports that the contributions from all over the country for the Johnstown sufferers is being misappropriated. We sincerely trust that this is untrue, for it will have a tendency to repress charity for other places of real suffering.

New York is discussing a big quadricentennial of the discovery of America for October 12, 1892. Columbus deserves some recognition among all our glorifications, for he has not a monument so far in the great Metropolis.

The Coroner's Jury in the case of the death of certain parties at the Johnstown flood have rendered a verdict that the owners of the South Fork dam are responsible for their death. The New York papers say that the verdict was a surprise, but if these same papers have given a true account of the construction of the dam, we think the verdict a very just one.

The Board of Trustees of the Agricultural and Mechanical College meets in Raleigh to-day for the purpose of electing officers and professors for the Institution. This is very important work and the success and prosperity of this new movement, for the present, will depend upon to-day's work. We fear for the result for we have but few men in the State who are properly educated and trained for such positions. If politicians are put in charge of the institution, it will languish and result in a failure while the politician is trying to humbug the "dear people" and hoist himself into a bigger office, as the guardian angel of the farming and laboring classes.

Raleigh seems to have a run on shocking and deplorable sensations. The Cross and White steal, followed by the Father Boyle scanda', and now, worst of all, the disgusting details of the Insane Asylum investigation. Dr. Grissom, the Superintendent of the Asylum, is charged with improper and immoral conduct toward inmates and attendants, cruelty to inmates and misappropriation of State funds. If a tenth of the charges preferred against him are true, then he is unfit to hold any position of trust or profit. Dr. Grissom, however, denies all these charges, but even if he is guilty of none of them, the Board of Directors could make no mistake in removing him from the important position which he holds.

A citizen of Richburg, Miss., (105 miles from New Orleans(, on last Monday, might have beheld a very peculiar and demoralizing spectacle. He might have seen two men inside a ring pelting each other fiercely with their fists, while a crowd pressed around, shouting, yelling and cheering them on, at the same, betting and gambling, on which of the two men would knock the breath out of the other first. Who were these two men? They were two brutes, Sullivan and Kilrain, engaged in a modern abomination, known as prize fighting. Where did these prize fighters come from? They left Boston last week on their way South, looking for some place where they could fisticuff each other without being arrested. But the most demoralizing and degrading thing connected with these criminals and their fight, is the fact that on their journey South they were toasted, treated and banqueted at every station at which they stopped as heroes of the hour, and in addition to this the daily press has surfeited its readers with a detailed and minute account of the movements, actions and expressions of these two social excresences. The President of the United States and his whole cabinet on a trip to New Orleans would not have received half of the attention from people or the Press that these two bullies did. On Tuesday, the day after the fight, here comes the daily papers, State as well as National, with four or five columns, describing the disgusting details of that brutal fight before a degenerate and howling mob; and this too in a civilized and christian age. Can it be that this is the day-break of an enlightened and refined 20th century? Whither is the world drifting? Is the millennium not losing ground? The Associated Press is to some extent responsible for the people of this country being fed on such literary slops and poison, but the papers receiving these dispatches should use some discretion between publishing instrutcive news and low and corrupting sensations.

OUR HOUSE ON THE HILLS.

SUBJECT OF SERMON DELIVERED BY DR. TALMAGE, SUNDAY, JULY 7.

A House the Favorite Biblical Simile for Heaven—"In My Father's House Are Many Rooms"—The Doctor's Idea of What the Home of the Blest Will Be.

THE HAMPTONS, N. Y., July 7.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today on the subject: "Our House on the Hills." His text was John xiv, 2: "In my Father's house are many rooms." He said:

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house and, seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grand-children, come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Many millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY ROOMS."

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded. An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the imperial rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms." Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves.

WE WILL BE USHERED IN.

As we ascend the golden steps, an invisible guardsman swings open the front door and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel. In that room Christ lovingly greeted all new comers. He redeemed them and he has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord. Better than all we ever read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one second to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them. So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely. They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old Homestead. You see they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant; though they were in some other world on errand from God a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation and we will say: "O my lost boy," "O my lost companion," "O my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes have been witnessed in that reception room of the old homestead! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son, Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

WE ARE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people I found myself being closely inspected by governmental officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more severely the throne room. A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye! we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throne room. O king, live forever! We touch the forgiving scepter and prostrate ourselves at thy feet! The crowns of the royal families of this world are tossed about from generation to generation and from family to family. There are children four years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolt of heaven; and while I watch and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Oh, that throne room of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

PLENTY OF MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven, I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window!" In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day meet the old Christian masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four-and-twenty soldiers chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

ROOMS FOR THE FAMILY.

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! Whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that and the heavenly old age will retreat to that.

When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them right away such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry. "Let me open a window," said an humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one; "you have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." So today I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

IN CONCLUSION.

Hot would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room today? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries pencilled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms. Majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysophrasus is nothing; illumined panels of sunrise and sunset, nothing; the aurora of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill tops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Parisian Restaurants.

Prices at the exposition itself vary. A restaurant which you find cheap, or moderately cheap, one day, becomes dear the day after; or perhaps is cheap in the morning and dear in the evening. The law of supply and demand, so precious to the political economist and often so odious in actual life, explains this variability. If there are few customers they may have their cutlet and wine at reasonable rates. If there are many, they must pay for the charm of each other's society; and for the competition. Every restaurant keeper inside the railings of the Champs de Mars has sworn an oath to retire next November with a fortune. There is no prospect that any one of them will be forsworn. But time and the whirligig Frenchman have their revenges. Itinerant venders of eatables and drinkables prowl outside the railings and sell to the thrifty Parisian inside, who lunches or dines in this penurious manner on the grass; the restaurant man gnashing his teeth as he beholds the sad spectacle.—Cor. New York Tribune.

The Day of Trusts.

Trusts are a Yankee invention, and apparently got their cue from the Standard Oil company. Great Britain, however, is taking up the idea for all it is worth. During the first three months of 1889 nineteen English associations were formed, with a capital of over $125,000,000. Most of these are sham affairs, gotten up purely for gammon and fraud. Sooner or later the bottom will fall out of every one of them; and out of everything of the kind. If there can be no legal check on the formation of such combinations the people who trust them must suffer the consequences while learning the lesson. The eternal truth remains that legerdemain of any sort will not turn a dollar into ten dollars without legitimately earning the balance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ambulances in England.

America has been drawn upon by England for many devices now in every day use in various branches of the public service, as well as of domestic economy. The latest idea transplanted to English soil is that of the ambulance service for the relief of persons injured or taken suddenly ill in large cities. A number of charitable people in London who have learned of the New York system have contributed funds sufficient to maintain an ambulance service for a year as an experiment.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Pair of Babies.

A pair of babies has achieved great distinction in Missouri. A local paper says:

"In a short time all checks issued from the office of the state treasurer will bear an engraving of the famous Noland twins, Marguret and Mary. These widely known little ones, as everybody recollects, cut no small figure in the late campaign, and they are just as much the pride of the Main street people as they are of their parents. After winning the first prize at the baby show at Kansas city last fall, the reception they received upon returning home partook of the nature of an ovation. The lithograph for the check is now being prepared in St. Louis, and soon the cherub faces of the twins will meet the eyes of those who receive remittances from the state."

Tanner's Fast Outdone By a Dog.

A Bristol dog which was found in a deserted barn on Thursday had survived six weeks without food. The dog is a valuable setter, belonging to Robert Bruden, and was lost six weeks ago after Mr. Bruden had been at a furniture sale. The furniture dealer had locked the dog in his barn and left the town. People in the neighborhood heard the dog barking for two weeks, and then heard him no more. After a fruitless search in every other direction Mr. Bruden thought of the furniture-dealer's barn, and looked in there as a last chance. Here he found the setter as thin as a shingle and too weak to stand up. He, however, soon revived under the stimulating effects of a three pound beefsteak, and is now well.—Philadelphia Record.

"BOSS DARLIN'."

TRUE MANHOOD AND GENUINE HEROISM CONCEALED BEHIND THE EFFEMINATE APPEARANCE OF A SOFT, CURLY-HEADED YOUTH OF LUXURY.

"You can't always tell what's in a bundle by the look of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat on a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hillside, and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke, and let his eye run along its length as if to discover its irregularities; but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill with its tall, blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated, more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it, and stop tryin', 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now there's the Darlin'"—

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated uncertainly.

The keen eyes under the old man's shaggy brows twinkled, and his gray mustache twitched.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman, like puddler, or nailer, or such; it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been going pretty bad at the mill then—stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the short sighted, savin' kind, that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to, till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter, and sort of reckless like, when all of a sudden one day Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill, and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands. He'd been here the longest of any of the men, and knew a deal about the business in a practical kind of way.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally, after the way things had been goin', we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then, one day, down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes, and light curly hair like a girl's; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson, as they passed by where we was workin'. 'That chap never superintended nothin' heftier than a band box in his born days.'

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin' too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at em!' says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little pianner, and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'!'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him—'The Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel blue now and then, and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife blade.

"After a while we found there was some experiments to be made—some inventions of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things, if a body'll only take the trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands, big, strong and willin', but helpless to provide for them dependin' on you, and then see a pair of soft, white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, Old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

"'And this feller—I'll be bound he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce—'he'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will have to go down or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now.'

"'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down, unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!' answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that.

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and after awhile, from hopin' somethin' would happen, the boys went a little farther, and got to plannin' how to make it happen.

"'I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to try to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't a-goin' to hurt mammy's darlin'—bless his pretty little heart!—not 'less he gits in the way, when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest flies to flinders some day, and the noise scares him so that he gives it up and runs home, it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.'

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and black looks and secret meetin's went on.

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath or wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees, and everything was still, like as if the world was holdin' its breath and waitin' for somethin'.

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's threwed black shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye. There's times when common things don't have a common look, and it's mostly them kind of times that git burned into your mem'ry, somehow.

"Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. That miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' and there was Boss Darlin', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he'd never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his button hole, and 'looked like a dancin' master' goin' to a party,' as I heard Bob mutter, as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They couldn't carry out their plan then, so there was nothin' left for 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked 'round kind of smilin' and pleasant like. He'd got that model he was busy with about into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do, that day, but have it brought out into our room because, the weather havin' turned gloomy like, there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl, who had come down with his lunch basket, couldn't go home. Jim was a piece worker, and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout 3 o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy now and then, when little Jinny'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where that box was. But he couldn't say nothin' and maybe there wasn't any danger; only I was sure he didn't like her 'round there, and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a storeroom where she was let stay sometimes while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter, till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash, as if the whole earth was a-tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look 'round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bomb shell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and weavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did, for over on the other side of it run another buildin', where the finishin' rooms was, and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside that totterin' wall.

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'.

"'The bell!' says somebody; but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families.'

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was aimin' for he had reached the place, and the white hands, strong and steady, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell shout danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long, shivering breath ran round the crowd.

"I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared nigh to death at the uproar, and instead of stayin' where she was safe, what does she do but come creepin' out of the store room—it was off to the right, you understand, and considerably tore up, like ours—and try to make her way over the ruins to her father.

"The boss heard her cry, turned back like a flash, and catchin' her in his arms, begun to climb over the rubbish piles again.

"'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough, and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones.

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or maybe it wasn't the jar at all—but anyway the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is; of course a few was struck with flying stones, and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins.

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was, and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill.

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar! one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired, and as many workin' at once as the space would allow.

"Once, goin' back into the mill to rest a bit, I found Jim Bryce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that Boss had been workin' over, back into the office where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!' says Jim, with a groan. 'To think'—

"'But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all; and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it.

"'No, he wasn't killed after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from being crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come 'round again at last, and got back to the mill to finish up his invention.

"'It was a success, too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it; and that was why he come here.

"'That's his house over there, that big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married, and settled down among his mill folks, as he calls 'em.

"'Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident! Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin', and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."—Kate W. Hamilton in The Youth's Companion.

Poor George.

Yesterday morning while the circus parade was going up Elm street, near Church, the advance encountered a countryman with a two seated carriage. In the rear seat were his wife and another lady. The wagon was almost in the center of the street, and the marshal told him he had better drive up or down Church street, as he was in the way and his horse might be frightened. The wife spoke up, saying:

"Don't move, George; here is a good place to see the parade."

A moment later, an attache on horseback preceding the elephants gave the warning in a stentorian voice:

"Look out for your horses!"

The countryman's horse grew restive at the music, and George had to alight and hold the horse by the bits. When the elephants neared him it took two men to hold him, but when the steam calliope appeared the operator put on the loud pedal and the horse kicked and reared furiously, although three men volunteered their services to keep him quiet. Then the wife remarked:

"George, I never saw such a man as you are for driving into dangerous places. I think you are trying to kill us."

Then George drove away from the dangerous place.—New Haven Palladium.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Rats and mice have as great an aversion to the odor of chloride of lime as humans

The English sparrow, undisguised, is said to be taking the place of the reed bird on Chicago bills of fare.

A philosopher who has kept his eyes open says: "Give me more taffy while I am with you, and less epitaphy when I am gone."

It is said a salve of equal parts of tar, tallow and salt will cure the worst case of felon.

The cattle industry of the United States represents the immense capital of one billion two hundred million dollars.

It is industry more than birth that lifts a boy up in the world. A boot black may shine in society, if he will stoop to conquer.

The duke of Portland has decided to devote all his past and future winnings on the turf to the erection and endowment of almshouses for the poor of Welbeck. The scheme originated with the duchess.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech loading rifles which will carry a distance of 6,000 feet. Noiseless powder will also be used in future by the army.

If so were it possible that all other ornaments of mind might be had in their full perfection, nevertheless the mind that should possess them, divorced from piety, could be but a spectacle of commiseration.—Hooker.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who has written seventy-nine stories and novels, and earned over $100,000 by her pen, thinks she might have aided mankind in general far more by writing some sweet ballad without charge.

There are some curious men on the legal bench in this country. A Connecticut court fines a man $5 for lying in wait to kill his wife and stabbing her, and an Ohio court calls it assault and battery when four bullets are fired into a farmer and he is robbed of his wallet.

The time honored precautions of gum camphor and tobacco are declared nowadays to be utterly useless. It is alleged by those who should be experts that neither preventive has any effect, either good or bad, upon the moths. However this may be, there are still enough housekeepers who cling to the old traditions to prevent the use of such protections falling entirely out of favor.

The Madras museum has recently received the skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India. It was the source of great terror to the people of South Arcot, by whom it was killed and buried. The museum authorities dispatched a taxidermist to the spot to exhume the bones and prepare them for exhibition. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height, being eight inches higher than the highest specimen hitherto measured in the flesh by Mr. Sanderson.