

A FRIEND.

We quote the following Poem from the *Newton Enterprise* dedicated to our old friend, Col. McCorkle, so kindly remembered by friends in Lincoln county.

There is not in all our language,
Though we search from end to end,
Word of truer, deeper meaning
Than the simple one of "friend."

Yet how often we abuse it,
And how hard it is to know
Whether one we've loved and trusted
Will remain a friend or no.

Thus the heart is always seeking,
For the one who will not prove
Recrudent to all our loving,
But return us love for love.

We need one in whom the shadow
Of a doubt can never rise—
One we know will understand us,
Just by looking in our eyes.

One to whom the heart turns over,
As the flowers to the sun—
One who shares our joys and sorrows,
Pardons all the wrongs we've done.

Knows the hopes that we have cherished,
Knows our sins for future years,
Knows our sins for which repentance
Has been bought with bitter tears.

'Tis the ties the world deems nearest,
'Cause give us such a friend!
'Tis our hearts to us the dearest,
Seems a stranger to life's end.

But, alas! the deepest sorrow
That our hearts can ever know,
May by that same friend be given,
Who has proved our bitterest foe.

So our faith grows even weaker,
Till we say and think it true,
'What is life when friends betray us;
What is left for us to do.'

'Life is real, life is earnest,'
Rings the old heart-thrilling strain,
Many duties still are left us—
Life's sweet flowers may bloom again.

—*Cosmopolitan.*
Ewart, Mich., April 28, 1889.

A GEORGIA SERMON.

A BAPTIST BROTHER GIVES HIS OPINION ABOUT THE PRESBYTERIANS.

A lady correspondent of the *Independent* gives a sketch of a sermon she heard in Georgia nearly half a century ago from which we give an extract:

The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular, and well proportioned. On entering the pulpit, he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind him, then opened his collar and wristbands, and wiped the perspiration from his face, neck and hands. He was clad in striped cotton homespun, and his shirt was of the same material. He had traveled several miles that morning, and seemed almost overcome by the heat. But the brethren sang a couple of hymns while he was fanning and cooling off, and when he arose he looked comfortable and good-natured.

He had preached there once or twice before, but to most of the audience he was a stranger. Hence he thought it necessary to announce himself, as he did, as "Old Club Axe Davis, from Scriven county, a half hard and half soft-shell Baptist."

"I have given myself that name," said he, "because I believe the Lord elected me from all eternity to go ahead in the backwoods and grub out a path and blaze the way for others to follow. After the thickest of it is cut away, a good Methodist brother will come along and take my trail and make things a little smoother and a good deal wiser. And after all the under-brush is cleared out, and the owls and wolves skinned off, a Presbyterian brother in black broadcloth and white cravat will come along and cry for decency and order. And they'll both do good in their sphere. I don't despise a larnt man, even if he don't dress and think as I do. You couldn't pay me enough to wear broadcloth, summer or winter, and you couldn't pay a Presbyterian enough to go without it in dog days."

"God don't make us all alike, my brethren; but every man has his own sphere. When God has a place to fill, He makes a man and puts him in it. When He wanted General Jackson, He made him and set him to fightin' Indians and the English; when He wanted George Whitfield, He made him for to blow the Gospel trumpet as no other man ever blowed it, and when He wanted old Club Axe Davis, He made

him and set him to grubbin' in the backwoods.

"But my shell isn't so hard but I can see good pints in everybody; and as for the Presbyterians, they are a long way ahead of us Baptist and Methodists in some things. They raise their children better than any people on the face of the earth. Only a few days ago a Methodist class-leader said to me: 'Brother Club Axe, I was born a Methodist, I was raised a Methodist, and by the grace of God I hope to die a Methodist; but thank God I got a Presbyterian wife to raise my children.'

"And I believe, my brethren, if the Lord should open the way for me to marry again, I'd try my best to find a Presbyterian woman, and run my chances of breakin' her in to the savin' doctrines of feet washin' and immersion afterwards."

Just at this time he was interrupted by two spotted hounds that had been continuing running up and down the pulpit stairs. One of them jumped upon the seat and began to gnaw his coat tail, in which was something he had brought along for his lunch.

He turned slowly and took him by the ears and tail and threw him out of the window behind as easily as if it had been a young kitten. The other took warning and got out as rapidly as possible, though not without howling and yelping as if he had been half killed.

He then turned to the audience and said smilingly: "St. Paul exhorted the brethren to 'beware of dogs.' I wonder what he would do if he were in my place this morning? It appears like I am compassed about with dogs, as David says he was."

He had scarcely commenced preaching again before there was a squealing and kicking and jumping among the mules and horses that were tied to trees close by. He put his head out of the window and said: "No harm done, brethren. Just a creetur with a sidesaddle broke loose. Will some brother head the animal? For no sister can walk home this hot day."

Quiet being restored, he continued: "Well, my brethren, I will now try to say what I allowed to about the Presbyterians. As I said before, they raise their children a heap better than we do. They behave better in church and keep Sunday bet'er, and read the Bible, and learn the catechism better than ours do. I declare brethren, their children are larnt that Westminster catechism before the time they begin to talk plain.

"It ain't three weeks since I was out cattle huntin'—for two of my yearlins had strayed off—and I stopped at old Brother Hardy's on Land Creek and took dinner. He is a deacon in the Presbyterian church over thar. Well, as sure as I stand here, my brethren, sister Hardy had her little gal a standin' right before her, with her toes just even with the crack of the floor, and hands were hanging down by her side, and her mouth turned up like a chicken when it drinks, and she was puttin this question to her out o' that catechism: 'What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption or sanctification?'

"Now, the question in itself was enough to break the child down. But when she began to say the question all over, (for that's the way it was in the book) and then hitch the answer to it, and which all put together made this: 'The benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, are peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace and perseverance therein to the end.'

I thought the child was the greatest wonder I had ever seen in all my life. She tuck it right through too, without balkin' or missin' the first word. And she spoke so sweet, and looked so like a little angel, that, before I knowed it, the tears was a runnin' down my cheek as big as buckshot. Pre seen the day when I could have mauled and

split a thousand rails quicker'n I could a larnt that thing and said it off like she did.

"Now my brethren, that child didn't understand or know one word o' that. It put me to all I knew to take it in myself. But just let that Presbyterian young'un gro' up, and every word o' that catechism will come back to her, and her character will stiffen up under it, and she will have the backbone of the matter in her for life.

"Now, pean't put things into my children in that way. Nothin' don't stay somehow. It's like drivin' a nail into a rotten log."

This last remark I never forgot. For thirty years afterwards as I would stand by the blackboard, trying to fix rules and principles in the mind of a dull pupil, this remark would come back to me with its peculiar pertinacity.

"I tell you, my brethren," he continued, "if your children had a little more catechism and the Presbyterians a little less it would be better for both.

"Then, we don't pray in our families like they do. I know their prayers are mighty long, and they pray over all creation; but after all it's the right way. Its better than prayin' too little.

"Now, my mother and father were good Baptists, and raised children to be honest and industrious, but I never heard one or them pray in my life, and I was most a grown man before I prayed a prayer myself, and it was in this wise:

"There was a big meetin' over in Elbert county, and I knowed a pretty gal. So I borrowed a little Jersey wagon, which was a stylish thing in them days, and went over to her home and stayed all night, and engaged her to ride to meetin' next day, which was Sunday.

"We went and had a glorious time, and I might as well say right here, that she was afterwards my wife, but a comin' home I met with a powerful accident that I've never got over to this day. As I was a comin' down a steep hill, some part of the gearin' give way, and let me and the wagon on my creter's heels; and bein' young and skery, and not much used to wheels, she tumbled and tore from one side to the other, until I was pitched head-foremost as much as ten foot into a deep gully, and its a miracle of mercy that my neck wasn't broke on the spot.

"Expectin' to be killed every minute I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy. But as I had never prayed in my life, I couldn't think of the first thing to say but the blessin' my father used to say before eatin' when he had company, and which was this: 'Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive.'

"Now, my brethren, do you 'spose any Presbyterian raised boy was ever put to such a strait as that for prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself and gone off after the Jews and heathens, while I was a huntin' up and gettin' off that blessin'."

A Cheap Marriage.

While a justice of the peace of a country town sat warming his feet by the stove and his nose by a pipe a stranger entered and presently inquired:—

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifty lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" asked His Honor.

"I can but I want to hear how they sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," said the justice. "I can't earn twenty-five cents any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said:—
"Begin at the pencil mark there and read slowly."
His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches, by dry measure, as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.

MY REVENGE.

A room, sunlit and warm; a bed, draped in snowy white, relieved with just a touch of delicate blue, and, resting on the pillows, a woman's face, with eyes full of happiness. On her breast the little boy child the angel had given into her keeping, and watching over both with a dim wonderment at his heart it hovered at last was not reached, the proud husband and father.

Such the picture on that morning in early May, which seemed as though no disturbing element could enter to destroy it; yet, in answer to a summons to enter, a servant appears, bearing in her hand a letter. Still, with no presence of mind, her master robes and tears it open, not with impatient haste, but with his eyes still fastened on the spouse before him. Then they turn reluctantly upon the page, and Reginald Archer learns that he is beggared.

At the hands of the man who has been friend and brother in one, was the fatal blow struck. He was a banker, rich and respected, and held all Reginald Archer's property in his possession. He had speculated, saw ruin staring him in the face, and Horace Grey fled the country, followed by the curses of his victims.

Horace Grey! The son of Reginald Archer, was not likely to forget the name; I who, years after, had heard how my gentle mother had sickened and died under the blow, knew to whom I owed the fact that I was not as other boys—could not exist over my pony or handsome dress—and that even the education I received was bought by my father's premature age in his struggle with adversity.

As I, at 18, looked down upon the coffin which held the dear form, and traced the lines of care around mouth and brow, and any one questioned me as to the cause of death, I would have cried, "Murdered, and Horace Grey is his murderer."

A few months later, I accepted a business offer which would take me far from my native land. I did not care for wealth. Yet, however, all that my hand touched turned to gold, and when a few years later, I turned my face homeward, it was with a competency assured for life.

Up to this time love had never entered my heart. I knew not its meaning until chance threw Maude Roland into my path. Did I say chance? Providence would have been the better word.

She was singularly unlike other girls, and perhaps on that account, first attracted me. She had little time to devote to girlish graces and follies, for heart and soul seemed centered in the old man whose footsteps she strove to guide and support.

These two lived alone, she young and beautiful, with no companion, save that old father, who was as a child in her hands. Age and trouble had withered his face, but with whatever exaction he demanded, she complied cheerfully. And so I grew to love her.

For herself she would accept nothing, save the flowers I sent her daily, but her father I could supply with fruits and wine, and delicacies necessary to him, which he was unable to provide. They lived very simple in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, but it grew to me to be a hallowed spot.

Once I said to her: "Maude, be my wife. I love you and can make for you a happy home, where you still can give your father every comfort;" but she sadly shook her head.

"No, Percy. Here is my post; I will not desert it. As your wife you would have the right to demand more of my time than I could give you. Often night and day I spend by his side; and when he needs me, I must not be found wanting."

In vain I sought to combat her resolution. She was inexorable. But I persuaded her at last to allow me to live under her roof, for her father was gradually breaking down, and at times had his almost of madness, which needed a strong controlling hand.

Once I awakened from my sleep to find him standing by my bed, his eyes burning with a fierce light, his lips muttering incoherent words, and his hands restlessly moving to and fro.

"Up, Percy! up!" at last he exclaimed. "He has been here again tonight, demanding his own; and I must satisfy him!"

With soothing hands I persuaded him to go back to his bed, and he soon fell into a quiet sleep. But after that night he grew weaker day by day, and the doctors warned us the end was near.

A week later I was sitting alone by his bedside. He had been tossing restlessly all night, until sleep had conquered him, and my own eyes were closing when I heard him pronounce my name. Something in the tone caused me to look inquiringly in his face. Over it there had crept an expressive calm, almost happy, and the unconscious had died out of his eyes, which reflected the light of reason awakened in his brain.

"Are you alone?" he questioned. "I have a story to tell. It has been long (touching his forehead) a long time past, but somehow I can not put it into words. I think now I can make it plain. You have been a kind friend; you will be so still to Maude when I am gone, and I can trust you to fulfill the duty I impose upon you."

Horace Grey! Could this be he? The man upon whom all my life had almost prayed for revenge; whose daughter was the girl I had had hoped to win for my wife.

"You call yourself Roland," I murmured, almost unconsciously.

"An assumed name, merely. My child has never known her rightful name."

As in a trance, I sat listening, my head bowed upon my hands. My father's form, lying so still and cold as I had last seen it, seemed to forbid one word of comfort to the dying man. The young wife in her early grave seemed to call out against it, when, as though a voice had breathed the words into my ear, came the recollection of a sentence spoken when I stood a boy beside my father's coffin, and spoke of revenge.

"Horace's conscience has long since repented me. If I could see him to-day, I would extend him my hand, knowing his suffering had exceeded mine."

And had it not? To look upon the poor, wasted form, to see the last struggle to restore what he had taken; to read the wretchedness of remorse written in every feature, was sufficient answer; and falling on my knees beside the bed, the last words of thought left me, as I said:—

"If Reginald Archer's son could speak to you with my lips, and say his father had never harbored a thought save of pity and forgiveness, would it bring you comfort?"

"Yes, what more you? Say that once again!"

"Horace Grey, my father, whom you wronged, forgives you. The property you have restored shall be your child's. I am his son."

"Proofs I would like," he muttered.

"You shall have them," I answered, and hastening to my room, I soon returned with papers proving my identity.

"Strange! strange! Of all I wronged, he alone can I remember—he whose son whispers forgiveness, God help me! I never can forgive myself!"

Two weeks later, the man whom all my life I had regarded as my bitterest enemy, breathed his last, and I, I wept tears of sincere sorrow as I undressed my hand from his cold grasp, and raised the weeping girl who knelt at my side. He had gone to more merciful judgment than men could give. Before his death he had placed in my hands the papers restoring to me my own; and by my urgent appeal that it should be Maude's, he at last consented; and so I won my vengeance.

"How strange, Percy," Maude one day said to me, "that I should come into possession of such a fortune when we have lived so long in almost poverty. Poor father! He imagined, perhaps, such economy was necessary."

I let her think it so; and when she put her hand in mine, and shared my name, I knew that could my father have looked down from heights above, I should have seen the old smile light his face, and heard him murmur: "It is as I would have wished it!"—New York Ledger.

THE STORY OF A DELAYED LETTER.

It lost John Miller a Wife, and Turned the Current of His Life.

Janet Russell was the belle of the village, a Canadian Village, on the St. Lawrence, and was admired by all the swains who dwelt in those parts, but her "steady company" was a handsome young fellow, John Miller, son of the village postmaster, who also kept a general store.

John and Janet went together to a rustic frolic one night, and on the road John asked the old question, which was answered in the affirmative. Things went nicely but at last, Janet dancing twice in succession with a young fellow whom he looked upon as a rival, John felt bad, and on the way home sharp words passed between them. The girl told him she wished it had been Charley Hall (the rival) who had asked her the question before mentioned, whereat Joan said he would give her a day to take that back, and if not—why, all was over between them. Janet related when she had time to think about it, and the next morning wrote a note to John and dropped it into the letter-box at old Mr. Miller's store.

Time passed on. A year or so after that Charley Hall and Janet Russell were married, and John Miller was wedded to another girl. Some five years passed and old Mr. Miller died, leaving his property and his store to his son, who at once set about making improvements. And it so happened that the day the old letter box was broken up, Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her eldest daughter, 4 years old, was in the store. A letter dropped to the floor; a workman picked it up, and with the remark, "Here's an old letter addressed to you, Mr. Miller," passed it to John. At that moment he was talking to his old sweet-heart.

He took the letter and turned it over and over in his hand. As Janet's eyes fell on it she blushed. John opened the note and read it, then he handed it to Janet with a bow and the words: "That has been in the box ever since the day after we went to the dance at Turner's. Ah, Janet, if I had only known!" Mrs. Hall took her child by the hand and went home without a word. Janet's poor little note had been caught and concealed for nearly six years, and had changed the current of two lives, but for better or worse who can tell?

State Library

She Was Particular About It. "Color—And you want terrapin, N. Cross—Dolls, of course? Diamond-back? No?"

Carrying a Feather Duster. "I had a curious experience not long ago," says the superintendent of one of the departments of an uptown dry goods establishment.

Who is Your Best Friend? Your stomach, of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living.

A New Submarine Vessel. It is reported that a Spanish submarine vessel at San Fernando Arsenal has been damaged by one of the tubes serving reservoirs for compressed air bursting.

A Figure Puzzle. The following is a very curious puzzle. Try it, all of you.

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5.

Then add 20. Then add the number of the line you have selected.

Then add 5. Multiply the sum by 10. Add the number of the word in the line. From this substract 250, and the remainder in the unit column will indicate the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

The Hotels. Mr. Lewis, in his Detroit Free Press article on Goldsboro, makes deserved mention of the hotel accommodations of the place.

A Satisfactory Explanation. "Mother—What makes you look in the glass so much for?"

The Inspiration of Cheer. Half the battle of life consists in keeping up a cheerful spirit. When depression comes and the clouds, when the spirit is leaden with deadening pain, all work becomes drudgery, and life is a burden and difficulty.

A SAFE INVESTMENT. Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

Tom Nichols, John Parker and Wyatt Stinson, all colored, and all confined for larceny, succeeded in breaking jail in Monroe last night by burning through the overhead ceiling, in the usual way.