Dr. Talmage Points Out the Peril of Fatal Indulgences.

Subject "Baleful Amusements."

TEXT: "Let the young men now arise and play before us."-II Samuel, ii., 14.

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfuiness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made de-

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straightjacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others.

I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and feeling in need of recreation, puts on his slippers, and goes into his garret and walks lively round the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us he implanted this

But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the church of God has, for the main part, ignored it. As in a riot, the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street, and has it fired off so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But my Bible commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figures we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear; and the winds sight, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland.

there are plenty of places where we may find and when a man gets as far on as that he moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst plagues of these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusement by the Sodomic pictures on board fences and in many of the show windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. These pictures were exhumed from Pompeii and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in handing out improper advertisements of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooklyn will beat not only Pempeli, but Sodom,

To help stay the plague now raging I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right or whether it is wrong.

I remark in the first place that you can judge of the meral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post-mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job of it.

But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces, and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pæan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the soft air of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amus ynents. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay, it wants a stout driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you how at night nervous so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from you. slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena.

If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build un and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to

the conclusion that they are obnoxious. There is nothing more depraving than atand puts his coat collar down. The biush that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consumnate destruction. The merry with the whirling waters? But you help. In vain! You pull at the par to pat | eternal world!

back, but the struggle will not avail! You will be tossed and dashed and shipwrecked and swallowed in the whirlpool that has already crushed in its wrath ten thousand

Young men who have just come from country residence to city residence will do well to be on guard and let no one induce you to places of improper amusement. It is mightily alluring when a young man, long a citizen, offers to show a new comer all

Still further. Those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transactions that yielded you hundreds or thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly

The first time I ever saw the city-it was the city of Philadelphia-I was a mere lad. I stoppedat a hotel, and I remember in the eventide one of these men plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it boked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk-I made up my mind he was a pasilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me, and with a concentrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! ob, young man. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a

man, but the end thereof is death.' The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The tablecloth in the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's fade 1 dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping;" large bets on norses have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror and drowning out the carol of music with the whopping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

I saw a beautiful home, where the bell rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgencies. His comrades were bringing him home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at 1 o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades, as soon as the door was epened, threw the prodigal headtong into the doorway, crying: There he is, drunk as a fool. Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements they cannot afford they first borrow what they cannot earn and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment I am glad to know that in all our cities and then into lying and then into theft; does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchants of Brooklyn or New York, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did not the last account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give

him in lawful salary. How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens. The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this! Hard working men hear the ciatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from? We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people, and in turn are stared at. The watch chain jurgles. The cup foams. The cheeks flusa. Their eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the silewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, 'Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?"

Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grog shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog shop ight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They torgive him all he ever did, although he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers, and twist them into a chaplet for the silent neart of the wayward boy, and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride, and the air will be rent with the azony. The great dramatist says: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

I go further, and say these are unchristian amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. Whether we were born in a palace or hovel, whether we are affluent or pinched, we have to work. If you do not sweat with toil, you will sweat with diseasa. You have a soul that is to be transfigured amid the pomp of a judgment day; and after the sea has sung its last chant and the mountain shall have come down in an avalanche of a rock, you will live and think and act, high on a throne where seraphs sing, or deep in a dungeon where demons howl. In a world where there is so much to do for yourselves, an i so much to do for others, God pity that man who has nothing to do.

Your sports are merely means to an ead. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while on their way to sturing achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in tendance upon amusements that are full of hunting up lounging places and loungers, innuendo and low suggestion. The young bis nights in seering out some gas lighted foolery! The man who always has on his his hat on and his coat collar up, fearful that sporting jacket, really to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray or work or read, is not so well off as the greyhound that runs by his side, or

the fly bait with which he whips the stream. A man who does not work does not know how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing but laugh He would not have given us shoulders with which to lift, and hands stars of hope will go out one by one, until you will be left in utter derkness, Hear to think. The anusements of life are merewith which to work, and brains with which you not the rush of the maelstrom, in whose outer circle your boat now dances, making tragely of life plunges through its five acts are being drawn in, and the gentle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for ity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an -infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and

I go further, and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your natura. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will give not one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will

chuckle over your damnation.

I had a friend at the west—a rare friend. He was one of the first to welcome me to his new home. To fine personal appearance be added a generosity, frankness and ardor of nature that made me love him like a brother. But I saw evil people gashering around him, They came up from the saloons, from the gambling hells. They plied him with a thousand arts. They seized upon his social nature, and he could not stand the charm. They drove him on the rocks, like a ship full winged, shivering on the breakers. I used to admonish him. I would say, "Now I wish you would quit these bad habits and become a Christian." "Oh," he would reply, gone so far I don't think there is any way back." In his moments of repentance he would go home and take his little girl of eight years, and embrace her convulsively, around her pictures and toys and every thing that could make her happy; and then, as though hounded by an evil spirit, he would go out to the enflaming cup and the house of

I was summoned to his deathbed. hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full every day dress on the top of the clothes. I put out my han!. He grasped it excitedly and said, "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right here." I sat down. He said: "Last night I saw my mother, who has been dead twenty years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you. Wife, I wish you would take those strings off of me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off of me." I saw it was de-

"Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there." He went on, and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Taimage, my mother sat. She said: 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed, put my arms around her, and said, 'Mother, I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help me.' No mistake about it. No delusion. I saw her-the cap, and the apron, and the spectacles, just es she used to look twenty years ago; but I do wish you would take these things away. They annoy me so. 1 can hardly talk. Won't you take them away?" I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said, "Good-by; I hope your will be better soon." He said, "Good-by, good-by."

That night his soul went to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said, "Don't bring him in the church; he was too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body coming up through the aisle I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I told the people that day: "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them. He had his faults, and good many of them, but if there is any man in this audience who is without sin let him cast the first stone at this coffin lid." On one side the pulpit sat that little child, rosy, sweet faced, as beautiful as any little child that sat at your table this morning, warrant you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full sorrows an orphan child. Oh, her countenance haunts me to-day like some sweet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit were the men wno had destroyed him. There they sat, hard visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of them flushed until it seemed as if the fires of iniquity flamed through the cheeks and crackled the lips. They were the men who had done the work, They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that orphan's cup. Did they weep! No. Did they sign repentingly? No. Did they say "what a pity that such a brave man should be slain?" No, no: not one bloated hand was lifted to wipe a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out! I cried in their ears as plainly as I could: "There is a God and a judgment day!" Did they tremble? Oh, no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their victim lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I was told that they blasphemed, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the houses of iniquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in physical strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines of evil companionship dug his eyes out and threw him into the prison of evil habits. But in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two pillared curses of God against drunkenness and uncleanness, and threw himself forward, until down upon him and his companions there

came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe. Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off. the mother went off, the child went off. There are to-day the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and, alas! if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished

from your neglect! I saw a wayward husband standing at the deathbed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger, and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring!" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, 'do you remember who put is there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it there," and all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, in the presence of men

and angels, you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when our life was spared and another given; by that sick bed, when the little one lifted up the voice and called for help, and you knew he must die, he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in Greenwood that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where, amidst stones of heavenly love, is the brisf but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment day, when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal

all that, I beg you to give to home your best

Ah, my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining pound of flesh, and the remaining drop of blood, and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven the curtain will forever drop.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The daily surplus of births over deaths in the United Kingdom is 1500.

A Massillon (Ohio) widow bad a "I would like to. I would like to, but I have dead poodle embalmed and set up for a parlor ornament.

"Goss," the red Chinese chow-chow and cover her with adornments and strew dog that was long the traveling companion of the Prince of Wales, is now fourteen years old and infirm, and the shame, like a fool to the correction of the honor has fallen upon "Plumpie," another dog of the same breed.

It is stated that the muskrat is enabled to travel under the ice of a frozen river or lake for a considerable distance by respiring against the ice roof, where the bubbles of gas collect, and getting a fresh supply of oxygen.

A wise provision for escape from fire is obligatory in all Russian hotels. Every corridor must have a staircase at each end, and, if of extra length, several others at stated intervals, or else iron ladders must be placed outside the house.

The Arab ponies which the Sultan of Turkey recently presented to three elder of the German Emperor's six sons are said to have a \*pedigree which dates back to the "sacred mare" on which the prophet fled from Mecca to Medina.

During a war dance an Indian warrior may brag to his heart's content France. While in that country he that?" said he. "Didn't I just tell he i and there is no one to dispute him. had visited the town of Pau amongth von I wasn't sixty yet?" Each warrior therefore brags of hav- Pyrenees Mountains. In this town the But, Uncle Bob, who is it?" pering killed 50 to 500 white men, and he high up, looking over the valleys, start misted Tom Tatlock. "Do you know, makes himself believe it for an hour an old, old castle, dark and gray and live heard some sort of a rumor of or two. This is why the dances are so popular. There are ninety-nine parts brag and one part dance.

Isaac Miller of Thomas County, Ga., was out in his field watching some burning logs and brush, when a large owl made a dash at his head and inserted his ugly talons, one in the corner of his eye and the other in the scalp of his head. Finding that his game was too heavy to fly away with he released his hold and flew off.

The mysterious canyon in Southern Cal fornia which is known as the Valley of Death, is said in some parts to be fully 500 feet below the sea level. The valley is said to be rich in deposits of gold, although it is not known that any person has ever returned alive from this unhealthy region, which seems to be shunned by all animal

# First Public Mention of the Gold Dis-

In the spring of 1848 San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, had two newspapers, the Californian and the California Sar, both weeklies. The printed mention of the gold discovery was a short paragraph in the former, under date of the 15th of March, stating that a gold mine had been found at Sutter's Mill, and that a package of the metal worth thirty dollars had been received at New Helvetia. Five weeks later the Star announced that its editor, E. C. Kemble, was about to take a trip into the country, and on his return would report his observations. He went to Coloma and either saw nothing or understood nothing of what he saw, for he preserved absolute silence in his paper about his trip. On the 20th of May, after a number of men had left San Francisco for the mines, he came out with the opinion that the mines were a "sham," and that the people who had gone to them were "superlatively silly." The increasing production of the mines soon overwhelmed on soft cushions, amid luxurious linen the doubters; and before the middle of and lace. June the whole territory resounded with the cry of "gold! gold!! gold!!!" as it was printed in one of the local newspapers. Nearly all the men harried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain, were left for a time to take care of themselves .-

A "temple of the arts" at Washington groups, will stand to be caught up in shining is to occupy 150 acres and cost \$5,000,.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

KEEP STILL. When vexing words are said to you. Smile, and keep bravely still: Annoying tongues will have their was Let you say what you will: Then shut your lips, speak not a word This is the wisest plan. And silence hurts tormentors more Than any answer can.

-[Youth's Company

THE CONSCIENCE.

An Eastern tale relates that a mous magician presented his so eign with a costly ring, the metal which possessed a singular pon Ordinarily it rested with ease w the finger, an object of beanty adornment. But the moment a wa purpose or evit thought was harles in the mind of the monarch a stine pain darted from the ring through sensitive flesh. The magician's gis an emblem of that priceless jewels is the peculiar heritage not only of palace, but of the humblest las Every one possesses it-a conscient Heed its warnings .- [Youth's Batte

A KING IN A TORTOISE-SHELL. The cradle that a queen sh choose for her princely little be must be a very grand affair, don't w think so? Perhaps made of choices costly woods or even of a precise metal. In either case it must, to think, be most beautifully shaped as perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching overthfavored mortal baby as he sleeps soften amid his clouds of fine linen and be

This may all be. What made me Intend to give me an aunt-in-law, do think of it was something that I hard con. Uncle Bob?"

days, when there was much fighting, at em. and nobles and princes had to live is and dismal enough. Here in the no time to lose." castle of Pau, in the year of 1555, was called great not only because he ulster and gripsack? knew how to head the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people and tried as well as glorious.

that had belonged to him with the she'll make him happy. But the idea Pau, is still treasured the cradle in

Shouldn't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate-no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big seaturtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-house) and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he didn't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I shouldn't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it isn't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated quite so tenderly at the first .- [St. Nicholas.

#### Onward.

ward to the grander-Tis a song I love to sing. eering all the weary-hearted; Daward to some higher thing. education |

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Onward to the golden, To the happy and the true; to tame and hoarded riches, lut some deed of good to do.

ward to the righteous-Ill who go at duty's call. ere I write them down as heroes, hough they battle but to fall.

award to the noble, With a spirit not to yield, ith a heart for any weather, And the truthful for a shield. W. A. Havener, in Times-Democrat.

## COSTLY MISTAKE

"You won't forget, Thomas?" said tiest Kir and l'il old Mr. Millingham. with a

No. Uncle Bob, I won't forget." "Because, you know," said Mr. higham, with a troubled countenee, "a man looks so old without any teeth. And I'm not sixty yet-not out into next week."

"No-to-be-sure, Uncle Bob!"

"And that dentist promised them a week ago-ten days ago!" added the old gentleman.

Dentists never do keep their word, ou know," soothed his nephew. "And, Thomas, if there are any

olee violets and roses in market, you send me down a box by express, know," added Mr. Millingham, stending to be intent on the scientific pping of his egg-shell. Thomas, the irreverent, burst into a

reat roar of langhter. "Hello!" said he. "So you really

a traveler tell about within a few Mr. Millingham assumed a de-

meanor of great dignity. The traveler had lately come from the Is there anything so ridiculous in regre

gloomy. It was built in the older this in the village, but I simply laughed

"Oh, you did, eh?" said Mr. Millingcastles, with walls made so thick and burn, much offended. "I'm glad you strong to keep out their enemies that one so easily amused. But isn't it ten the blessed sunlight was kept out too, o'clock, Thomas. If you mean to and the big rooms and halls were duri catch that ten twenty-five train, you've

If I can't walk a mile and a half said the traveler, lived the old King in twenty minutes," observed Tom, of Navarre, and here, in this same beloing himself to a fresh slice of cold year, was born his grandson Hear, boiled beef, "I deserve to be cashiered. Prince of Navarre, afterward knows Just a drop more coffee, Uncle Bob. the world over as Henry the Greet Really, your housekeeper does make King of France and Navarre. He superb coffee! Now then, where's my

"I wonder," Mr. Tatlock pondered to himself, as he walked, with the long, swinging strides which proto make them happy and prosperous claimed the practiced athlete, down oward Applegate Depot, "who it is So his people loved him, and after that has weven a network around dear his death they cherished everything old Uncle Bob? Whoever it is, I hope greatest care. Here, in his castle of of a frosty-haired old cove like him

thinking of matrimony!" which the royal baby was rocked to And at the idea Thomas Tatlock anghed so heartily that he had to stop It is a cradle made all of tortoise and pick up the gripsack, which es-

caped from his hands. "It is too good a joke" said he. Just at this particular turn of the and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's road a pretty Gothic mansion of cut stone with marble trimmings came in view. A rather mature young lady, in an extremely youthful hat garlanded with poppies, came out on the

> piazza, leading an asthmatic pug dog by a blue ribbon. She waved a neafly-kidded hand toward the young man, which gesture

he cordially returned. "May I come in?" he called out.

The mature young lady coquettishly drew out a jeweled watch, and motioned toward the red top of the distant railway station.

Thomas shook his head, laughing ; but he accepted the hint.

"Yes, I know," said he. "Express trains, like time and tide, wait for no

And waving his hat, he plunged wn the steep hill, reaching the little ation only in time to jump on board train.

homas Tatlock was an embryo M whose brand-new shingle had only been hung out, and whose ambi was boundless.

liss Francella Martin was no incon rable heiress, though not especiall ng, and Thomas had aspirations i direction, although he had not a breathed aught of them to the e who had furnished him with a