

THE TWO HEROINES.

Big Stories of Two Clerks in the United States Treasury.

The One a Noted Army Nurse, the Other Secretary Seward's Housekeeper.

A Washington letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: There are now engaged in the Division of Loans and Currency of the Treasury Department at Washington two lady employes who have become widely known for their historical experience in war times, and one gentleman who is the son of a former President.

Miss Harriet P. Dame, the army nurse, who won national fame by her four years and eight months of perilous service with the Second New Hampshire Regiment during the Civil war, deserves first mention. Her career has been repeatedly published in part, but no writer who attempts to chronicle all her thrilling, trying experiences under deadly fire on the field of battle, exposed to the contending elements of heaven, or over wounded, sick and dying soldiers in the hospitals, need ever hope to be successful. As a matter of fact, and not merely of sentiment, her history is written in scars held under her ministering hands, in hearts to whom she by her presence and deeds brought hope and comfort amid the sufferings of war, and in the memories of stricken suffering ones, both blue and gray, for whom she cared.

She was once taken prisoner at the second battle of Bull Run and detained a week about Stonewall Jackson's headquarters, in a tent specially provided for her occupancy; but when the general found on investigation that she was not a spy, as suspected, he had her released and permitted her to go undisturbed. She was sent on highly important and responsible missions at various times by the governor of New Hampshire and by other officials and organizations, each time returning with thoroughly reliable and practical reports, and often doing efficient work in securing needed reforms in the hospital and transportation arrangements.

For a number of years since the war her soldier friends had been urging her at different times to secure a pension for her services, but she modestly maintained that she wanted the soldiers pensioned first, and that she could take care of herself.

This remarkable woman had served these four years and eight months amid all the carnage and suffering of war for the pittance of \$6 per month allowed army nurses. By a special act of Congress, secured by her friends, she was given a pension of \$25 a month, beginning on July 3, 1884. She allowed the pension to run for considerable time, then taking the amount due her and adding to the same from her modest earnings in the government service she built, at her own expense, a house to be used as the future headquarters of the Second New Hampshire soldiers in their reunions at the Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. This cost her \$1000, and ex-Gov. Smith, governor of New Hampshire at the close of the war, furnished the house. At the close of the war the state legislature of New Hampshire presented her with some highly appreciative resolutions, engrossed on parchment, in recognition of her services, and also presented her with a sum of money.

She is now seventy-two years old, and is a well-preserved woman for her age. She wears a plain black dress, has well-formed, expressive features, dark eyes and hair only partially turned to gray. Her nose and forehead are sharply and yet becomingly outlined. She is engaged as a money counter at \$900 per year.

Miss Margaret Coleman, in the same division, was the housekeeper for the Seward family in Washington at the time of the assassination of Lincoln and the attempt on Secretary Seward's life. The screams of Miss Fannie Seward, who was in the room with her invalid father when he was murderously attacked by Payne, brought Miss Coleman to the rescue, and when Payne heard her coming he left Mr. Seward, who in the struggle had fallen out of bed and was found by Miss Coleman between the bed and the wall, with his head still under the clothes, and smothering in his own blood. Payne had lost his hat and paused a moment to look in vain for what was afterwards to be a silent but unimpeachable witness against him, then rushed for the door, and, meeting Miss Coleman threw himself against her, hurling her against the door as it stood open and dislocating her shoulder-blade. Further on he passed Miss Fannie in his hot haste and made his escape.

Miss Coleman was with the Seward family eight years, and witnessed the rapid decline of both Mrs. Seward and Miss Fannie, who never survived the shock of that terrible night of the 14th of April, 1865. Mrs. Seward died in June, and Miss Fannie in the fall following the awful scenes of assassination in their home. Miss Coleman tells the story as vividly as though it had been witnessed scarcely an hour ago. She is now fifty-seven years of age, and serves as a messenger at \$660 a year. She has been in the division twelve years.

Temptations of a Broker's Life.

From the start the boy entering a broker's office will be entrusted with large sums of money to carry to the bank or to customers. He may be in an office where bank bills and shining gold are within his reach all the time; and he will be so completely absorbed in the subject of stocks, bonds and money, that it will be somewhat strange if he does not soon begin to look at the getting of money as the most important business of life. And when he is a little older and becomes clerk or cashier, he will be exposed to the temptation to increase his income by stock gambling—"speculating," as it is called—on his own account. Such ventures are, of course, very hazardous, and on all accounts should be shunned. A broker requires great strength of character to resist the temptation to get wealthy by false methods; and a boy should think long and well before he adopts the calling.

For the broker's business is at best unstable. The work is done quickly in the midst of great excitement and at "high pressure," as we say. As money comes quickly and easily to the broker, it is not so highly prized as if it were earned by the toil which produces a visible result, and it usually goes as quickly as it comes. Brokers, of course, defend their own occupation. They will tell you that their services as agents in securing stocks and bonds are needed; but they do not deny that stock brokerage would cease to be a profitable business, except to a very few firms, if people were to stop speculating in securities. Of course there are many men in this business who have risen to wealth and to eminence as financiers who would scorn to do a mean or dishonorable act. All honor to such men, because they must often have been sorely tempted to do wrong.—(St. Nicholas.

"The Queen's Pipe."

In the centre of the tobacco warehouses at the London docks there is an immense kiln, which is kept continually burning, day and night, and goes by the name of the queen's tobacco pipe. The English government has a different way of treating confiscated articles than that in use in this country, one of them being to utilize them as fuel for what is termed the queen's smoking. Whenever merchandise is seized for nonpayment of duty, or because it is considered under the law as in a damaged or unsalable condition, it is taken to this great kiln and burned there, the owners having no remedy. The only utilization that is made of these seizures is from the sale of the ashes from the furnace, which, to the amount of a great many tons a month, are sold by auction to chemical works, and to farmers and others to be used in enriching the soil. There is a similar but smaller queen's tobacco pipe in the government tobacco warehouses at Liverpool, these two forming the points of destruction, for all confiscated merchandise in the United Kingdom.—(Commercial Gazette.

A Man Who Lives in a Tree.

Mr. Heywood, better known as "the man who lives in a tree," has built a new house a few feet north of the old one in Washington. As there were no tall trees growing where he wanted his house, he has put it on a scaffold fifty feet high. A bridge connects it with the old house. Mr. Heywood's idiosyncrasy is a strong one, and he gives good reasons to support it. Those who think he is a queer in the upper regions are mistaken. He is a matter of fact man, with excellent record as a clerk in the interior Department. He is a shrewd speculator in real estate. His house in the tree attracted attention to the beautiful lot near by, and he sold them to good advantage. Mr. Heywood has but one arm, but his lungs are good. He says consumption can be cured by living in trees as he does, where nothing but pure air can be breathed.—[New York Sun.

The Snail's Pace.

A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term, more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Polytechnic the other day it was ascertained exactly and reduced to figures which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was easy enough to calculate that one snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days.—[Terre Haute Express.

Business Enterprise.

The train was approaching Troy. "Are you going to eat your dinner at the railroad restaurant?" he asked of a passenger.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Just slip that card in your pocket," he whispered; "I'm an undertaker."—[New York Sun.

An Author's Greatest Difficulty.

Young Author (to editor)—"Getting a publisher, I have heard, is the most difficult thing in authorship."
Editor—"I don't think so."
Author—"Ah, you encourage me. What, then, is the most difficult?"
Editor—"Getting readers."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

"The Heavens Opened."

TEXT: "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stamped their feet, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."—Acts vii, 54-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do on this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and whoop, and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone, stone after stone. Amid this rain of missiles Stephen clammers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his eyes to his garments, and his garments to the ground; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you today two pictures. Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it is right that Stephen within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and pictures in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there, hour after hour, you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, the resplendent floor of amethyst and blossom, and the winding stairways are stretched out in canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saron, and gold. Here are the highest exhilarations. John says of the kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it. And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with gazing and trumpet and myriad voiced acclamation of awe and glory into it. And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with gazing and trumpet and myriad voiced acclamation of awe and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have a great many friends there. There is not a man in this house to-day so isolated in his life, but there is some one in heaven with whom he shook hands, as a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintance very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-bye and they went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steamer, and as they go we wave our hands while the hulls of the vessels disappear, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some evening cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces. While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain, and sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing at your heart, and you stand like Stephen, gazing into heaven. Do you wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometime, in the evening-tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their name, and listen, and wait, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that He had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful stature; but I suppose it was all guess-work. The painters of different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have told you that when you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear Him in heaven! Look! There he is. Behold the Lamb of God. Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day, comes down to you from the angels, and the angels say: "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels. Ahasuerus gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast; the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table; but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked, and the world answered, "Come and sit down beside him? O wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say: "Come! I throne for your rags, save for your sores, a clothes for your eternal reigning." Christ that talks like that, and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for you live to three score years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your falling eyesight. Behold Him, earth, for you have been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's melody. Stephen as he lay, gazing, gazing on Jesus.

"His worth if all the nations knew."

Sure the whole earth would love him, too." I pass on now, and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Outwardly Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him, down the precipice. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned; but Stephen alive, all good men must be pelted. All who will live truly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to State or Church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

All men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dog. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature of him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say: "Stephen stoned." When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against gross sins, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church, and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say: "Stephen stoned." The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin, and Robert Moffat, and Paul, and Stephen of the text. But you notice my friends, that while they assailed him they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Soudhrid; this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the Apostle stood on Mars Hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's ballet vacated the President's chair; but from every spot of congealed blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre, there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned; but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his soul. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we were going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul, so to gleam from your eyes. Look at me, I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulture in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your body will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be dark for its gateway? After the light of the light of our soul, will there be torrid light for the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? O, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty words at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it? Do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in creation or immortality. I shall sleep just as well in wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I leave this house this morning I will find out where it is going to land. Thank God for the intuition of my text, that when we die the angels take up the answer to our question. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though I have no means to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we shall be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." O, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now and I will show you a more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "O," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministrations of kindness and love, I do not know; but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. He now lies with a discipline he takes him up. They wash the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep! I have seen the sea driven with the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crushed, and everything became smooth and burished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So it has been with Stephen. He has been tossed and driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's melody. Stephen asleep! I saw such an one. He fought all

his days against poverty and against abuse. He traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying, with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul weather on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or ask for a scuttle of coal, or a pair of shoes; but spread your death couch amid the leaves of the forest, or make it out of the straw of a pauper's hut, the wolf in the jungle howling close by, or inexorable creditors jerking the pillow from under your dying head—Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay; no more agony because flour has gone up; no more struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil; but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep: A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninterrupted by the last of foes."

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be; But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep."

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of Divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

Life In Stockholm.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript says in a letter from the Swedish capital: Stockholm is a wild and giddy town, unfit for theological students and newspaper correspondents. It has cafes enough to give one apiece to every inhabitant, and each cafe has its own brass band; consequently the effect upon a Sunday is as if one had dropped into a circus unawares. One of the prettiest of the pleasure resorts, and right in the heart of the city too, is the Strom Parterre, a neatly kept little peninsula, which juts out into the green waters of the city Saltsjon, and affords a beautiful view of the city. Here I heard an orchestra which was unique in its way. It numbered some seventy performers, all of whom were small boys. It was interesting to see three feet of humanity trying to play six feet of bass fiddle, and to find the big drum towering high above its performer. But they make good music and would make the fortune of any manager who should bring them to America. I will not give your readers an inventory of all the cafes that I passed (some of which I did not pass) the first day of my stay in Stockholm. Suffice it to say that at last I found myself in the Djurgarten at Hasselbackers. This dreadful name is not Swedish for a lock-up. It is the pleasure park par excellence of Stockholm. Seated in the open air, with a beautiful view spread out on every side, the Stockholm can listen to excellent music and drink his beer or coffee at the same time. I only wish that any words of mine could impress the geniality, the respectability, the sobriety of the picture upon the American public. Here are entire families sitting contentedly in the pure fresh air, taking recreation in a manner which all can afford and which will brighten up the entire week of labor. They have attended to their religious duties in the morning; the afternoon is given to this absolute rest. There is, of course, no trace of intoxication, and none of the hurry and excitement of an American excursion. Stockholm is absolutely encircled by beautiful suburbs. The approach to most of these is by water, and little steam launches carry passengers in every direction.

A Cobra Acts as Nurse.

The cobra is not generally credited with kindly feelings toward humanity; on the contrary, it has the reputation of being almost the equal of the hamadryad in misanthropy. Perhaps, however, it frames the same charge against man, on the ground that whenever it crosses his path he invariably seeks its life. From an interesting incident which occurred lately at Pudupet, in the Madras Presidency, it appears that there are some cobras, at all events, who experience a yearning for more friendly relations with the human race. An English lady, returning to her house after the evening's drive, was horrified on entering the nursery to see a huge cobra, with expanded hood, rearing itself over her sleeping infant.

The reptile did not attempt, however, to harm the baby, but contented itself with softly hissing as it moved its head slowly to and fro. Clearly it must have watched the nurse when putting the child to sleep, and sought in its humble way to execute a lullaby with the proper accompaniments. On an alarm being raised the serpent made off in haste, but without taking even a nibble at the little one. Perhaps it was just as lucky that the latter did not awake; a baby in full cry has been known before now to provoke even human beings wrath.

"The Saloon Has No Rights."

The time has not come when a just and wholesome law will be permitted to remain as a dead letter; but the time is fast approaching when the insolence and lawlessness of the saloon will be effectually suppressed. A sentiment in that direction is rapidly developing, and nothing has done more to quicken it than the saloon itself. Its disregard for law, its arrogance, its lobbying in legislative halls, and dictating to conventions and caucuses have done more than all else to create a sentiment against it that will control it or suppress it altogether. It should consider that it has no claim on the public at all. It is no part of legitimate industry; it has no place in commercial prosperity. It exists in opposition to all principles of industrial and commercial interests. The people have the highest right recognizable to suppress it entirely—the right of self-protection. For the saloon to talk of its rights is foolish. It has none. It exists only by sufferance, and there is nothing on which it can base a claim for protection. It is an industry that weakens everything it touches, one that adds nothing to the wealth or morality of a community, and is a heavy burden upon both. The revenue it yields is too insignificant, compared to the tax it makes necessary, to speak of.—Chicago Current.

House-Keepers, GREETING.

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