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LUCK AND LABOR. Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate,

Wishing, wishing all the day; And at night, without fire and without

And before an empty tray, Doth sadly say.

"To-morrow something may turn up; To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes plowing deep the fertile rows Singing, singing all the day: And at night, before the fire, beside the

And with a well-filled tray, Doth gladly say, "To-morrow, I'll turn something up; To-night on plenty earned, I sup.

The Black Lace Domino.

BY ELIZABETH M. LEYDEN.



AM a Baltimorean: but last February a year ago, business, in combination with fate, carried ms to Mobile. Pursuing my way up Royal street from the Battle House I was at a loss to account for the throngs of pedestrians which were pouring in two ceaseless streams up and down

this thoroughfare. It was a motley erowd, consisting of masquers, peanut venders, street singers, organ grinders, nuns, priests and ordinary individuals of

every class and variety.

I turned into Dauphin street, and came face to face with my old classmate and crony, Ferdinand Duval.

"Why, Philip Blackbarn!" claimed, grasping my hand. "What good luck brought you to Mobile at the gay and festive season of mardi gras?" accounts for the galvanic thrill that has

passed over the town."

"Don't abuse Mobile; there isn't a place in the Union that can compare with ground." it. But she is at her best now-you know Mobile has been dubbed the 'Mother of Mystics.' The Knights of Revelry have just finished their procession. To-night the Infant Mystics and the Order of Myths have theirs, and then unite in a grand carnival at the Opera House. You must surely go. There'll be no trouble about a costume, I'll fix you up casily."

While Ferdinand rattled on we had

"And you must be sure," he added, about it-you must drive me back. "to come out home to seven-o'clock dinner-southwest corner of Conception and can't go without one turn with me. St. Anthony streets; you'll find no Come. trouble in finding the place. I am sorry to say that Helene cannot go to the from Waldteufel, its sad, sweet strains carnival to-night. She has not been well for some time. I say, Phil; if you come to Mobile next winter I'll introduce you to the prettiest little sister-inlaw in the country. Margherita Pancita is her name-Helene's sister, you understand." I may as well announce here, by way of parenthesis, that Ferdinand pronounced his sister-in-law's surname as though it were spelled Poncheeter.

"Why can't I meet her now?" I demanded. "Well, for the present she is in a

private boarding school, and the teachers have such poor taste as not to include young gentlemen of your fascinating appearance among their list of callers. But in hiring a buggy, and returned Margherita graduates in May. In the little figure just inside the door. meantime you will have to content yourself with Helene and myself."

Duval was the most hespital fellow in the world, and it was certainly a Godsend to have met him. After a delicious dinner we joined the Order of Myths, of which Ferdinand was a member, and after making a triumphal tour of the city, we wound up at the opera house about eleven o'clock. He was a gay and brilliant Mephistopheles, while I was the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

When was a masqued ball otherwise than enjoyable? True, I knew no one, but that was a matter of small consequence-nine-tenth of the gathering

were in the same fix. But from the first I was attracted to a black lace domino that flittered through the throng like a swallow, so small, so light of foot was the wearer. From the black silk, lace-edged masque two large all thescene; the gentle breezes from the dark eyes gleamed like twin stars, the bay, bearing the sweetest perfumes of soft waves of blue-black hair were piled on the little head in a distractingly pretty fashion, while beneath gleamed the softest, creamiest throat imaginable.

For some time I suspected that this fascinating little figure was, as it were, skirting on my borders, and this caused me to keep my eye on her; but I was totally unprepared when she finally walked up to me, as I stood alone after a dance, and deliberately tucked her hand under my arm.

"Ferdy," she said softly, "I've gotten myself into a scrape, and you must get

"Hello!" I mentally ejaculated. "Am I happening on a family skeleton?" But I only stared at my companion in

stupid silence. "Don't you know me?" she demanded, giving my arm a gentle stake. "I knew you at once from your costume. By the way, haven't you got any better sense than to wear the same costume two seasons in succession !- and such an unusual character as the Veiled Prophet, too? Is Heleno here to-night!" "No She wasn't well snough."

at me curiously.
"Ferdy," she interrogated, "it is you,

isn't it?" "Of course it is-if you mean Ferdi-

nand Duval." "Well, your voice sounded strange, but I suppose that is the effect of the masque. You are certainly stupid to-night. Why don't you ask me how I escaped from the school? Positively, I

don't believe you know me." But at the word "convent" the truth came upon me like a flash of light. 1

was on solid ground at last. "Margherita!" I exclaimed, as famil-

iarly as though I had raised her, "is it possible that this is you?" "Now, Ferdy," said my lovely companion, giving my arm a gentle squeeze, and looking into my face with two large, soft, beseeching eyes, "if you are going to call this poor little girl Margherita,

she will certainly run away. You fright-en her to death." Well, here I was at sea again! What

was I to call her? "I'm not too bad for Rita, indeed I'm

not!" she exclaimed earnestly.
"All right, Rita, my dear," I replied in a voice I was fatuous enough to hope was brotherly, and covered her little soft hand with mine. "I was so astonished, you know-that made me call you Margherita. Goon with your story, child."

"And you'll not breathe a word to Helene? "Not a syllable to Helene, or any liv-

ing creature. "Ferdy, I do know you are the best to-night. The idea of a girl seventeen years old being shut up in a school is preposterous anyhow. I have a quantity of block lace and I ripped up an old black silk skirt for the foundation, and all over Mobile. made my domino without any trouble. Then as soon as I finished supper to-"Mardi gras!" I ejaculated. "So that night I plead a headache and went to my room. I locked the door on the inside, climbed out the window to the verauda roof, and then by a tree to the

She paused for breath.

"How did you get over the wall?" I "O, I never attempted the wall.

climbed the gate." The gate, though high, was fron, and had many a foothold. "Then I walked here." "Rita Pancita! Did you walk four

miles to this carnival?" "Certainly I did. And I've danced everything since I've been here, but I'm been making our way up Dauphin street to the Albambra Club, where he insisted upon my taking lunch.

Everything since I to been making our way up Dauphin street about to drop now. I couldn't walk that four miles back if I never got there.

Ferdinand Duval, there are no two ways Pancita. The groom—oh, blissful world!

"I shall be only too glad. But you tution.

The band was just beginning a waltz swelling and dying upon the sott, per-fume-laden air. With my arm around that slender waist, the little soft hand in mine, the rippling masses of her hair resting against my shoulder, I soon felt that my heart, my head, myself were passing into the possession of the seductive little mass of black lace in my arms.

And yet I had never seen her face! "Now, Rita, I said, with a brave effort at self-possession as the last bars of the waltz died away, "you stay here near the door while I go out and get a carriage. I'll not be gone a minute." Nor was it much longer when, after many vain attempts, I finally succeeded

"I couldn't get a carriage," I explained, as we went out into the moonlight-flooded street. "They were all engaged. But I got a one-horse affair

in hiring a buggy, and returned to the

that I'll drive you in myself." "No matter," she replied indifferently. "Anything, so long as I don't have to

walk." She settled herself in the buggy, as I gathered up the reins, and began untying the ribbon of her masque. Finally it came off and revealed the sweetest face

my eyes ever rested upon. "Oh, I am so tired!" she sighed. I put my arm around her and drew her

head down to my breast. "You can rest better so," I remarked in a cool, brotherly fashion; but my

heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Shall I ever forget that drive! The soft brilliance of the moonlight, fleoding that flower-crowded Southern city; the the gleaming shellroad, stretching like a broad path of silver; the beautiful girl resting so contentedly in my arms! Surely

that memory will be with me till I die. It was all too snort. Four miles are soon covered, and as the dark walls of the school rose in the entrance, a bold

scheme entered my brain. We drew up under the shadow of the wall. I jumped out and lifted Rita

"Ferdy," she said gratefully, "you dear good brother, I don't know how to thank you. You've done me a service to-night I can never forget."

"Well, give me a good-night kiss," I answered in a tone I tried to make light. "Why, of course. But that masque-

"Never mind the masque." I was not quite master of my words, and I half listed the article in question by way of reply. She put up her little red mouth, and with one arm around her, I preseed my lips to hers. I think I tried to give her a cool, brotherly kiss; but whether I did or not, that kiss contained much more fervor than the sup-

At the sound of my voice she looked posed relationship varranted—there was nothing platonic about it.

"Ferdy," she interrogated, "it is you, With en exclamation of astonishment

and indignation, she instinctively drew further from me; and as her angry eyes tried to pierce the masque, I deliberately removed it and stood before her, con-

Poor little girl! She seemed about to drop, and the look in her large eyes made me feel like the blackest villian un-

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Miss Pancita," I began, with ceremony. But her eyes were still distended with terror, and she looked as though she were still meditating flight, so I dropped my dignity and grasped her hands instead.

"Rita," I went on hurriedly, "don't look at me that way; I'm not an ogre. Your brother-in-law is one of the best friends I have; we were schoolmates. This costume is his, as you know. Ask him sbout Philip Blackburn. He will tell you that I am a man to be trusted and am a gentleman, though I'm afraid I have not acted the part very well tonight. But it was a fierce temptation. At least, believe me, your escapade shall never pass my lips. Won't you try to

She looked at me in a bewildered way, then a burning blush rose and died all her sweet face, the white throat, even the little.

"It is very strange," she murmured, "but you have been very kind. Ferdy could not have been kinder; and then, as you say, you will tell no one, while Ferdy-well, I've felt all the time as brother in the world. Well, I couldn't though Helene was sure to know. withstand the temptation to come here Really, I am under a great many cbli-

"Then you will try to forgive me s lithle?" I asked penitently.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, trying gently to release her hands. "Indeed, I hope this shall not be the last time I shall ever see you."

"Believe me, it is not. You brother says you leave the convent in May. After that you will be very certain to see more than enough of me. But now good-night, indeed," and pressing a kiss on each of their little hands, I jumped in the buggy and drove off.

That was a year ago. Another mardi gras has come and gone, and lent is drawng to a close.

In Mobile there are several weddings booked to occur immediately after Easter; -is Philip Blackburn. -Atlanta Consti-

Origin of the Organ. The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan-aside from that mythical personage-indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds, the "waterorgan of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clew regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magriphs, an organ of ten pipes with a crude key-board, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is averred that an organ-the gift of Constantinewas in the possession of King Pepin, of France, in 757; but Aldhelm, a monk, makes mention of an organ with "gilt pipes" as far back as the year 700. Wolston speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes, which was erected in the tenth century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant, which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons, and usually per-formed on by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy, and from four to six inches broad. About the end of the eleventh century semitones were introduced into the key-board, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals, in 1490, by Bernhardt-giving a compass B flat to A-was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player .- Popular Science Monthly.

Opening for Whistling Girls.

I have just heard of at least one new branch of work which would come into the category of new employments. So far it is only practiced by the inventor, who is a Parisian. Here is a fac simile of his address card:

CHARLES RICHON,
IMITATOR OF NIGHTINGALES
FOR GARDENS & RESTAURANTS.

It appears that this artist is fully employed during the sum ner months. If the good Parisian bourgeois who owns a dozen square varias of garden gives a "garden parcy," Charles Richon takes his stand behind flower pots or pomegranate tubs and thence produces warbles, such heavenly sounds, compared to which those of the famous nightingale of the Emperor ot Chins are poor music indeed .- Pall Mall Gazette,

The Bantist centenary fund now exceeds \$250,000 and fresh promises are still being received in furtherance of the

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Straining at Gnats and Swallow" ing Camels."

TEXT: "Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."—Matthew xiii., 24. A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt,

in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a millrace. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text He means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciations of greatones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and yet it inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistences. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or a strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says. "I would rather do anything al-

sieve or a strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says, "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until this larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or enat.

or gnat.

Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastrono-

"ship of the desert." the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience were yet smiling at the oppositeness and wit of His illustration—for smile they did in church, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them. "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. No subject over withered under a surgeon's knife more bitterly than did the Pharisees under Christ's scalpel of truth.

As an anatomist will take a human body to pieces and put them under a "croscope for examination, so Christ finds." way to the heart of the dead Pharisee and cuts it out and puts it under the glass of inspection for all generations to examine. Those Pharisees thought that Christ would flatter them and compliment them, and how they must have writhed under the red hot words as He said, "Ye fools, ye whited sepulchers, ye blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many gnats

There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this ser-

mon to sketch a few persons who are ex-tensively engaged in that business. First, I remark, that all those ministers First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations and there are hyperboles like that trations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent auditory. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious ser vice which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installa tions and to presbyteries and to conference and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity

indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watches with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one, but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is church services to-day is not too much viva-city, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text. I take down from my library the biog-raphies of ministers and writers of the past

rapnies of ministers and writers of the past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ, Elijah used it when he advised the Basilian as they could not make their God Baalites, as they could not make their God respond, telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "Wisdom will die with you." Christ not only used it in the text, but when He isonically complimented. text, but when He ironically complimented the putrefied Pharisees, saying, "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word He described the cunning of Herod, saying, "Go ye, and tell that fox."

Matthew Renry's Commentaries from the first page to the last cornecated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John

first page to the last coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man here who has ever read "Pilgrim's Progress" who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, George G. Finney and all the men of the past who Finney and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God con-secrated their wit and their humor to the

and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless mid-

has spring morning than its a startess indinight.
Raligious work without any humor or wit in it is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down at such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity and all pathos and all lightness and all vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but, on the other hand, beware of that monster which overshallows beware of that monster which overshadows the Christian church to-day, conventionally, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecclesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom—and vehemently re-fuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did He not excoriate the people in His time who were so careful to wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a ways thing to have wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their feet toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the inst whichever was they are buried. How they shall come up in the resurrection of the just whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly auxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camela.

Again, my subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thetts. You will find many a merchant, who while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a

without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier should make a mistake and send in a roll of bills five dollars too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surpins, yet who will go into a stock company in which after awhile he gets control of the stock and then waters the stock and makes \$100,000 appear like \$200,000. He stole only \$100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

One of those men engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf rat stealing an evening newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow cannot say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while. You stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? You miserable wretch!" And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, "Police, police!"

That same man, the evening of the day on which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayer and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good night with an air which seems to say:
"I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father!" Prisons for sins insectile in size but valear for sins insectile. as your father!" Prisons for sins insecute in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity.

It is time that we learn in America that

sin is not excusable in proportion as it de-clares large dividends and has cutriders in ciares large divinents and has cutriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdi-tion postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal a dollar is a gnat; to steal many thoufruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall, but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets.

Any summer go down into the Mercantile library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men tnem, methodically and infamously carry-ing out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there is a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a conte for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American cornerib. And men will sit in ing to strain out the small gnats of scoundrel ism, while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after awhile to swallow. Society has to be entirely recon-structed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church or a deacon or a minister of the Gospel or a superintendent of a Sabbath school turns out a defaulter what display heads there are in many of the what display heads there are in many of the newspapers—great primer type; five line pica—"Another Saint Absconded," "Cler-ical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Dis-count," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tampt a man to become a Chris-

is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company.

But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great in-

iquities like camels.

This subject does not give the picture of of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all these people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell and he trealls his constance it is iquities like camels. worth \$20,000. Next day the assessor co around and the owner says it is worth \$15,-000. The Government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truto, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of

Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their
Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris
and a half dozen watches from Geneva,
Switzerland, telling the custom house officer
on the wharf, "There is nothing in that
trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a
five dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

ate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are So it has been in all the ages, and I say to these young theological students, who ciustor in these services Sabbath by Sabbath, sharpen your wits as keen as scimiters and and then take them into the holy war. It a very short bridge between a smile and tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, caravan of cameis, when they might beneficature every law of the language an shock their intellectual taste, and better leverb seek in vain for its nominative, an every noun for its government, and over preposition lose its way in the santence, an adjectives and participles and pronouns go into a grandriot worthy of the Fourth ward on election day, then to commit a moral in accuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnatthan one camel.

Such persons are also described in the

than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watchdogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. Thay wonder if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to small carrion. They are self appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exceptian—that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms.

hypercriticisms.

They spend their life in hunting for muskrats and mud turties instead of hunting for
Rocky Mountain eagles; always for something mean instead of something grand,
They look at their neighbors' imperfections
through a microscope, and look at their own
imperfections through a telescope upside
down. Twenty faults of their own do not
hunt them half so much except fault of some

imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them half so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbor's imperfections are like gnats, and they strain them out; their own imperfections are like camels, and they swallow them.

But lest any might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you we all come under the divine satirs when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live forever's flow shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever's flow shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, what if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunnar existence? greater that the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunnar existence? greater that the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestial existence? Time, how small It is? Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous be-

away.

But let us all surrender to the charge.

What an ado about things here. What
poor preparation for a great eternity. As
though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circutt than an albatross, as though a nettle
were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as
though a giant were greater than a camel,
as though a minute were longer than a
century, as though time were higher,
deeper, broader than eternity. So the
text which flashed with lightning of wit as
Christ reterned it is followed by the ceach-Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashers of awful catastrophe to t who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshading future. O Eternity! Eternity! overshadin Eternity!

The Blues and Reds of Sunset-

Observers of the gorgeous sunsets and afterglows have been most particularly struck with the immense wealth of the various shades and tints of red. Now, if the glowing colors are due to the presence of dust in the air, there must be somewhere a display of the colors complementary to the reds, because the dust acts by a selective dispersion of the colors. The small dust particles arrest the direct course of the rays of light and reflect them in all directions. but they principally reflect the rays of the violet end of the spectrum, while the red rays pass on almost unchecked. Overhead deep blue reigns in awe inspiring glory. As the sun passes below the horizon, and the lower stratum of air with its larger particles of dust which reflect light, ceases to be illuminated, the depth and fulness of the blue most intensely increase. This effect is produced by the very fine particles of dust in the sky overhead being unable to scatter any colors unless those of short wave lengths at the violet end of the spectrum. This we see above blue in its intensity without any of the red colors. When, however, the observer brings his eyes down in any direction except the west, he will see the blue mellowing into blue-green, green and then rose color. And some of the most beautiful and delicate rose tints are formed by the air cooling and depositing its moisture on the particles of dust, increasing the size of the particles till they are sufficiently large to stop and spread the red rays, when the sky glows with a strange auroralike light.-Popular Science Monthly.

Palattal Clubbouses.

Clubs are not exactly a native growth in this country: but our principal cities have each shown that the institution may become both permanent and flourishing in American soil. New York has many clubs of ripe age and ample resources. One of them, the Union Club, ranks among the largest in either hemisphere, with a membership of about fifteen thousand and a building covering over one-fourth of an acre, in which 5,000 people can be accommodated. The largest clubhouse in the world, however, is said to be the Constitutional, in Northumberland avenue, London, which can entertain in its palace of terra cotta 7,000 menibers; and very near it in capacity is the National Liberal, at the corner of Whitehall place, which has a famous dining-room 110 feet long by 38 feet