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The Boanoke Beacon,

THE GOOD WE DO.

The good we do with motives true Will never quite be lost; For somewhere in time's distant blue We gain more than it cost. And oft I think a strange surprise

Will meet us, as we gain Some diadem that hidden lies, From deeds we thought in vain.

Oh, toiler in a weary land, Work on with cheerful face, And sow the seed with lavish hand, With all the gentle grace That marks a brave yet loving soul, A soul of royal birth.

And golden harvests shall enfold Your own bright, blessed earth.

The Conqueror of Junius.

"A regular Amazon!" said Junius Haven, shrugging his shoulders. "On the very top of a load of hay, with a straw hat pulled down over her eyes and a pitchfork in her hand!"

"Now, Junius," cried out Mary Haven, "you are talking arrant non-

"A man must believe his senses," aid Junius. "I asked for Miss Jocelyn, and the ancient beldame who was shelling peas by the kitchen window pointed one skinny forefinger across the fields and answered, 'There she is, a-gettin' in the hay. They all stirs round lively in these parts when there's a shower comin' up. Guess you'll find her, if you goes across lots.'"

"And you?" questioned Mary. Mr. Haven smiled ironically.
"I?" said he. "You must bear in mind that I was looking for a young

lady, not for a farm boy's assistant, so I just turned around and came home. "But there must be some mistake!"

cried out impetuous Mary. "My Ellice Jocelyn is a princess among women, tall and slender and graceful, who plays the harp and writes delicious transcendental essays." "There was neither harp nor writing

desk on the top of that load of hay, said Junius, very decidedly. "And pray, Mary, don't be offended, but I am rather disenchanted with your rustic belles, after my afternoon's experi-Reach me a cigar, please, and don't let anyone disturb me for a while, there's a darling!"

Mary Haven obeyed. Was not Junius, newly arrived from Europe, a very shah and sultan among men, to be the younger Miss Jocelyn's defiant waited on and humored in his every caprice?

But while she found the cigar-case, handed the newspaper and regulated the exact fall of the curtain-folds which should be most agreeable to her brother's optical partialities, she puzand Ellice Jocelyn had thus come to an untimely standstill.

"It's the most unaccountable thing in the world," said Mary to herself. "I think I'll go over and see what it all means."

Low and long, with gabled fronts and bay windows, all wreathed about with trumpet creepers and blue-cupped convolvulus vines, the Jocelyn farmhouse stretched itself out under the umbrageous walnut trees, with Ellice's hammock swinging in the porch and Ellice herself, posed like a woodland nymph.

She was certainly very pretty, this fair-haired blonde, with the complexion of sea-shell pink, the china-blue eyes, the dimples on cheek and chin, the muslin dress that looked as if it might have been just taken out of the windows of a New York modiste-and she came forward, cool and composed, to meet Miss Haven, as if the June sun were not blazing overhead and the thermometer in the porch did not stand at 90 degrees in the shade.

"So glad to see you, dear!" said Miss Jocelyn, with the princess air which seemed to sit so naturally on

"Dear Ellice," said Mary, plunging precipitately into her subject, "where have you been all the morning?" "Where have I been?"

"Believe me, I am not asking from mere curiosity," pleaded Mary. "I have a reason. You will answer me,

"Certainly! Why shouldn't I?" said the Serene One, lifting her golden brows the sixteenth part of an inch. "Let me see-I was in the glen, sketching the beautiful mossy boulders by the spring, until the shower came up, and then I sat in my own room and

wrote a few letters." "Then it couldn't have been you, after all!" bluntly ejaculated Mary. "What couldn't have been me?"

"The girl with the pitch-fork on the top of the load of hay.'

And then, laughing heartily at her own blunder, Mary related the morn-

ing adventure of her brother. 'It must have been Una," said El lice Jocabe, with a slight shadow of p her smooth brow. tle sister who has arding school?' her head.

at child's

"And

"It's enough to drive one frantic,"

said she And in the same moment a browncheeked damsel, with chestnut curls tangled around her neck and a pretty brown cambric dress, burst into the room like a beam of sunshine.

"It isn't true!" said she, defiantly. "I'm not an Amazon, and nobody has any business to call me a farm boy's

"Una!" softly pleaded Ellice, lifting her white palms, as if to ward off this sudden gust of breezy defiance.

"And the hay would have been spoiled if I nadn't helped to get it in and poor old Hans would have been d scharged for forgetting; and, besides, wasn't Mand Muller, in the poem, a haymaker? And did anyone dare to criticise her?"

"I am sure-" mildly commenced Miss Haven.

"Oh, don't make any apologies!" said little Una, with her retrousse nose in the air and two red spots on her cheeks. "And tell your brother, Miss Mary, that I am as little anxious to make his acquaintance as he is

And exit Una, not without some slight emphasis on the closing of the door.

"How pretty she has grown!" said Mary Haven, in admiration.

"Do you think so?" said Ellice, a little doubtfully. "She is so dark and so abrupt, you know; and then she has no charm of manner-poor, dear, little Una!"

Junius Haven laughed a little when message was brought to him.

"She need not be alarmed," he said. "There is no sort of probability that we shall be brought into contact with each other."

But "Man proposes and God disposes," says the sparkling little provzled her brain as to how and why and erb, and the week was not out before wherefore this little plan of hers for Mr. Junius Haven, strolling among an instant attachment between Junius | the picturesque woods, found himself in a ruined saw mill, where tall, sweet fern bushes grew through the yawning crevices of the mouldering floor, and sunbeams sifted like misty lines of gold between the cracks in the roof

> "There must be a view from that peak," said Haven to himself; and springing up a slight ladder, which reared itself from beam to beam, he picked his way across the perilous flooring to the window, which looked out over a breezy stretch of vale and upland, where the blue windings of a river flashed in the sunshine, and the undulations of a distant mountain chain seemed to close up the horizon

with its purple gateways. As he stood there, feasting his eyes upon the prospect, a slight noise below attracted his ear; he hurried to the edge of the floor only in time to discover that the ladder, his sole means of escape, was walking off upon the shoulders of a stout, silver-haired old man, who whistled cheerfully as he went.

"Halloa!" shouted Junius. "Hold on there, my man! Where are you going with that ladder?" No answer-no response of any na-

"Is the man deaf?" cried Junius, in

a sort of frenzy. That was precisely what old Hans

Diefendorf was. As deaf as the proverbial post. Pretty Una Jocelyn was waiting for him on the edge of the ruins, holding

up one pretty finger. "Hush, Hans!" said she. "Dou't you hear some one calling?" "Me not hear notting," said old

Hans, whose dull ears could catch Una's clear, sweet voice, when all the shouting of the farm hands was inaudible to him. "It must be de catbirds or some one who shoots squirrels in de glen, may happen." "No," said Una, crisply; "it is a

voice calling. Stay here, Hans, until Hans stood still, contentedly, with

the ladder on his back, while his young mistress hurried up the steep bank as fast as she could. "Who is it?" she cried, in a voice

sweet and shrill as a thrush's warble. "It is I!" responded Mr. Junius Haven, plaintively. "I climbed up here, and now some one has taken the ladder away, and I can't get back."

Una stood there, tall, brown-cheeked, with her hands clasped behind her back and the wind blowing her chestnut curls about, while a mischievous light scintillated under her long, dark eyelashes.

"Oh," said she, "I understand! You are Mr. Haven?"

"And you are Miss Una Jocelyn?" aid he, coloring and biting his lip. "Exactly," responded the girl. and here is an excellent opportunity a to be avenged. You have called | walks.

me an Amazon, a farm boy's assistant all manner of names, and you are at my mercy now."

"Yes," confessed Mr. Haven, peni-tently; "it's all true."

"Don't you think it would serve you right," went on Una, severely, "if I sent old Hans home with the ladder, instead of recalling him to your assist-

"Of course it would," said Haven.
"So do I," said Una; "but I meau to be magnanimous. Hans! Hans!" Clear and flute-like her voice sounded down the glen, and old Hans' husky accents replied:

"Yaw, yaw! I ish coming!" Una Jocelyn in the meantime stood looking at Mr. Haven as coolly as if he were a Sphinx or an obelisk or some such marvel of the universe. Mr. Haven regarded her on his part with a sort of meek propitiation, and when at last he had descended and stood on the green turf beside his fair rescuer, he held out his hands.

"I hope we are friends?" said he. "Oh, certainly!"

But she made no motion to take the extended palm. 'Won't you shake hands with me?"

he asked, in some discomfiture. "I didn't suppose you cared to shake hands with a regular Am zon,'

said Miss Una, sarcastically.
"It was a foolish speech," said Haven, vehemently, "and I've been sorry for it a score of times since it was

spoken!" Una turned to him with a smile that illuminated her piquant face.

"In that case it shall be forgotten," said she. "And I'm very glad that old Hans brought the ladder here to look for my poll-parrot that has been lost these two days.

"I wonder if I couldn't help find it?" said Mr. Haven, eagerly. "I don't know," said Una, demurely.

'You might try.' They did try. The parrot was not found, for he had been stolen by a tramp who slept in the Jocelyn barn two nights before. But Mr. Haven and Miss Jocelyn became excellent

friends in the progress of the quest. Una forgave him his city-bred prejudices, and he began to see things through the medium of her clear and brilliant eyes. They had called her a child, but she was such a bright, original sort of child!

And one evening, about a fortnight subsequently, Mr. Haven astonished his sister by saying, abruptly:

"Well, Polly" (the name he always used when he was in an especially good humor), "I have a piece of news for you. I have proposed to Miss Jocelyn, and she has been graciously pleased to accept me."

Mary clasped her hands in delight, "Oh, Junius!" she cried, rapturous-

"But not your Miss Jocelyn," he added-"not the one like an exaggerated wax doll. It is Una that I mean -my dark-eyed queen of the brunettes -my little compound of fire and dew and sparkle!"

"Oh," said Mary, "I am sure I'm very glad!" But she thought, and so did Miss

Ellice Jocelyn, that there was no accounting for the erratic direction taken by the current of true love .-Saturday Night.

AN ANCIENT TIMEPIECE.

The Egyptian Water Clock Was the First Medium for Marking Time.

The water clock, otherwise the clepsydra, seems, unless the Egyptologists find something fresh in that laud of incessant discoveries from the most far mists of time, to have been the first scientific effort at noting the hours. A good many people talk glibly about the clepsydra who neither know its precise construction nor the nation who have the credit of constructing it. That belongs to the Assyrian, and as far back as at least over 2600 years ago the clepsydra was used in Ninevel under the sway of the second Sardanapalus. It was a brass vessel of cylindrical shape, holding several gallons of water, which could only emerge through one tiny hole in the side. Thus the trickling of the fluid marked a certain amount of time. and the water was emptied about half a dozen times per diem. In Nineveh there was one at the palace and one in each principal district. These were all filled by signal from a watchman on a tower at the moment of sunrise, and each had an attendant, whose business it was to refill the clepsydra as soon as it was emptied, the fact being announced by criers, much as in the last century the watchmen drowsily shouted the hours at night throughout the streets of London. Some five centuries later an anonymous genius ma de a great improvement by inserting toothed wheels, which, revolving, turned two hands on a dial in clock fashion, thus showing the process of the time, which from one filling to empting averaged two hours and a half. In this shape the clepsydra, which was then chiefly procurable in Egypt, became introduced to various other nations including Rome, where it flourished with various splendid embellishments until the end of the empire.-London standard.

An ordinance ad pted in Brookline, Mass., forbids spitting in street cars and in public buildings or on sideSCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Some scientists now hold that above the altitude of 12,000 feet from the sea level the temperature decreases about one degree for every rise of 350

If, after eating pure food, fresh outdoor air is breathed, the blood will show a large increase in red corpuscles, but by drinking stimulants, the red disks are decreased in serious proportions.

Captain Parry speaks of the great distance that sounds can be heard during intense cold. "We often," he says, "in the Arctic regions heard people converse in a common voice at the distance of a mile."

Bourrier, after a series of experiments, has come to the conclusion that fresh meat in a room filled with smoke of tobacco absorbs nicotine readily, and may under circumstances become so tainted as to lead to digestive disorders.

The temperature of the sun's surface has been measured and determined to be between 12,000 degrees and 20,-000 degrees. The most accurate determinations of the sun's temperature, made by Wilson and Gray, in Ireland, place it as 14,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

A celebrated family of lion tamers are reported to use electricity. A live wire is stretched across the cage and serves as an impassable yet invisible barrier which protects the performer. It is said that one touch of the wire gives a lasting lesson to the fiercest

Foreign orders for aluminium are constantly being received by the Pittsburg Reduction company of Pittsburg, with works at New Kensington, Pa., and Niagara Falls, N. Y. Shipments have recently been made to Japan, Germany, Italy, Austria, Sweden, and other foreign countries.

Greenwich observatory claims that it has little clear weather, sun and stars are wholly invisible every other day in winter, one day in four in fall, one in eight in spring and one in sixteen in summer. In the twenty years ending with 1896, there were only eight instances of sunlight for fourteen continuous hours.

Carbolic acid has been effectively used for tempering steel tools by M. Levat, a French engineer. Two caststeel gravers of fine quality were heated to a cherry red, and one was dipped into water and the other into a solution of commercial carbolic acid. They were then tried on chiselled iron and on extra hard white cast iron. The water-tempered graver, notched in several places, while the other resisted perfectly.

Hodgkins' Disease.

Hodgkins' disease, which caused the death of a Yale student, is a curious but, fortunately, a comparatively rare affection. It is characterized by the appearance of glandular tumors, first appearing in the neck and armpits and extending in groups throughout other portions of the body. Young adults are the most frequent subjects. The malady is always associated with impoverishment of the blood and the relative increase of its white cells, also with marked enlargement of the spleen and changes in the bone marrow, and generally ends fatally within two years after the first appearance of symptoms. The swellings, which are at first isolated, vary from the size of a bean to that of a hen's egg, and finally multiply and coalesce, forming an almost continuous chain of growths, those encircling the neck being often

larger in circumference than the head. The early removal of the primary enlargement is sometimes beneficial, and occasionally curative, but as a rule the fundamental error of nutrition, which is at the bottom of all the trouble, is scarcely possible of correction by internal remedies. The predisposing causes of the disease are not hereditary in character. In a fair proportion of cases the initiatory swelling of the glands is caused by some comparatively trivial ailment, such as an ulcerated tooth, an inflamed throat or a "running" ear. Life is terminated by exhaustion. times, however, death results from suffocation, or from starvation in consequence of obstructive growths in the throat. - New York Herald.

London's Expensive Fogs.

Fogs are costly inflictions. Figures taken from an official source show that the excess in the day's gas bill would represent the supply of a town with 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants for a whole year. The total consumption on one foggy day was 150,000,000 cubic feet, the excess in the output by the Gas Light and Coke company alone being 35,000,000 cubic feet. The total cost of the gas consumed was \$120,000, of which \$40,000 was due to the fog. In addition there must be added the cost of electricity and oil, and the loss of business by stoppage of traffic and lack of custom is a serious matter for the west end shopkeepers. That there is other loss than the mere worldly one is demonstrated by a spiritualist, who gives a striking testimony that London fog interferes terribly with the manifestations to the faithful. The lady spiritualist relates that after twenty years' deprivation mediumship returned to her unsought immediately on her arrival at Bath from smoky London.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

'Our Yesterdays and Our To-morrows" is the Title of Dr. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald-Dr. Talmage on Trying Life's Journey Over Again.

[Nore: The one-thousand-dollar prize for the best sermon in the New York Her-ald's competition was won by Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass, "The Power of Gentleness" was the title of Mr. Woodbridge's sermon. Fifteen sermons in all appeared in the Herald's competitive

Texr: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 34.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and coninuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of your circumstances. You are com-manded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to borrow from the future the troubles which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as
far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary if you would get out of life
all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of
his part troubles and who cherishes that

memory deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds them to the burdens of to-day he becomes disheartened and his discouragement saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the gnosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been outlived you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual

or business success. In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampen your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one day at a time. When Jesus asks you not to attempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice. Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the bad roads over which you have already passed or anticipating the bad roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful, and therefore strong, if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day you will add what God warns you against doing, and will certainly make a

great mistake. If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain vesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard tomerrow. You have got beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on the other, the time has not come to meet the blizzard. It is foolish to make yourself miserable now because you were miserable a few days hence. One duty, one labor at a time is If there is any enjoyment to be had, take it with an eager grasp; for if you sit in the warm sunshine for only five minutes it helps you bear the cold of the next five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes by worrying

about the other five minutes.

Let me illustrate. There is nothing in onnection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you failed to render, and the remembrance plerces like a knife. No one ever parted with a loved one without self-blame

of that kind. But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much as hu-man nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the bonds of mortality are broken, that he is at last released, and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his sake. But there comes this thorny thought, that you may have been remiss, and your soul is wrung by it.

You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were loving tender, gentle and more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead exept to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peace-fully as possible. Live in each day as it comes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart. This is the noblest policy you can adopt, the policy which comes to you as a divine injunction. Let neither regret nor anticipation intrude upon you to make you

It is evident that there is a plan according to which your life is arranging itself, and equally evident that if you are repose-ful and trustful, doing the duty of the present hour and not fretting over the duty of the next hour, you are in a mental condition which keeps all your powers at

It is the grandest privilege to feel that there is a God, a guardian of human des-tiny, and that you are in His hands. If that conviction is one of your possessions, your pearl of great price, you can be quiet even in the midst of tumult and cheerful in the midst of sorrow, for your very tears will serve as a background for the rainbow of hope and promise.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" is the Subject.

Texr: "All that a man bath will be for his life,"-Job. ii., 4. That is untrue. The Lord did not say

it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: 'So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore bolls, 'And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabetical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers stating that the strikers are starving.

got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throftle valve, or his foot on the brake, until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open draw bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousand of marryrs who submitted to flery stake and knife of massacre and headman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says, 'All that a man hath will be give for his life. "But Satan's falsehood was built on a

"But Satan's falseacod was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather the surrender it. We see how precious life from the fact we do every thing to prolit. Hence all sanitary regulations, study of hygiene, all fear of draughts waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, struggle in crisis or accident. An Admira of the British Navy was court-martialed, for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: 'Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British Navy. No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yes, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to try it overagain. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from

like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty.

"The fact is, that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life.

"However successful your life may have been, you, are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, 'Success is a million dollars;' another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity;' another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity;' another will say, 'Success is gaining that which you started for.' But as it is a free country, I give my own definition, and say, 'Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether mission upon which you were sent, to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child.' Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave a million dollars at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your

"Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the streets, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous car-riage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God, Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse, A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of be. He started life with as good a pros-pect as any man on the American continent, and there he is, a bloated carenss, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five teet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! a way that seemeth right to a man, but the

end thereof is death.' "To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of Kings and Queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming On with the dance! Flush and rus brow. tle and laughter of immeasurable merrymaking. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cometeries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room, Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain, Scarl drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death, Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished, Torn garlands will not half cover the ul-cerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness, Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed,

Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this assembly, I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and, perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do Lot go to sea! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you; and your mother— I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter. saying: By the blessing of God on my ser-mon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has beco creature in Christ Jesus.' My creature in Christ Jesus. My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

Eyes shut. Lights out.

"A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been enptured, and the old Indian chieftein said. Thost my son in battle, and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive? The young man said: 'I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive.' Then said the Indianchieftain: Because of the less of my sou this world is a lesert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring. So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin. Your other is watting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you.