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WHEN MIDIA SINGS.

When Midia sings, for many a mile The feathered flocks forsake the skies, And, stooping earthwards for awhile, Hush all their liquid harmonies ; And lightly borne on lissome wings, Listen and learn, when Midia sings.

When Midia sings, the river stays His own inimitable song, And loiters down the watery ways, And lurks and lists the reeds among, And lulls the myriad murmurings Of his old march, when Midia sings.

When Midia sings, the glad gales hush Their learsome shrilling o'er the floods. No more they harp on reed and rush, No more they whisperthrough the woods, Idle and mute their fronded strings. In branch and brake, when Midia sings.

> When Midia sings, earth's every tongue Is dumb before her larger skill, But there be goodly songs unsung, And music lingers in a thrill; Wherefore it is my dull heart rings, Most musical, when Midia sings. -Pall Mall Gazette.

to the state of th ELSIE'S APTITUDE.

How a Bevy of College Girls Taught Self-Help to a "Chum in Distress."

BY IBABELLA M. ANDREWS.

books in one hand and a box of candy chickens, and I gave it up. Try B. in the other, ran through the halls of one of the "overflow" dormitories of Finlay college, gave a peculiar knock at several carefully selected doors. tossed among the peaceful occupants a bombshell in the startling snnouncement, "Council of War in Sparrow's Nest, Two o'Clock Sharp!" and vanished amid a shower of questions, exclamations, reproaches and appeals for candy.

It was half-past one then, and two o'clock saw a dozen girls, respectfully curious over Elsie Sparrow's reddened eyes, assembled for the council, Kitty

presiding with great dignity. "You have been called together, ladies," she began impressively, "for purposes of consultation and aid in a most trying case. O girls!" she went on, and this was as long as Kitty's dignity usually lasted, "Elsie's father has lost all his money, and she thinks she will have to leave college! Now the question is, Aren't any of us bright enough to think of any way she can earn some money and stay?"

There were cries of sympathy and distress all around the room, and Elsie, with tears flowing again, and Mary and Mabel and Edith and Alice and Kitty and Gertrude all besieging her with questions and commiseration, began to feel some consolation for her troubles in the importance they

"It isn't as if I could do anything great and glorious to help things out at home," she said at length. "If I could, I wouldn't mind leaving college so much; but Grace is at home, and mamma is going to send our old Ellen away-and she's been with us ever since I can remember-and mamma and Grace are going to get on alone. So I'm not really needed. Mamma and papa hate dreadfully to take me out of college when I'm so nearly through, but mamma says they don't feel as if they could spare the money for my expenses this year, though it does seem to me that my leaving now only postpones the time when I could help myself and so help them—unless I could get a school now, which is unlikely; and my tuition paid through the first half, too!"

'No tuition will be refunded after a student has actually entered college,' " said Gertrude Miller gloomily, quoting from the catalogue. " 'Each student will provide herself with four sheets, two pairs of pillow-cases, six towels, one napkin-ring, etc.' I hope your things will be refunded to you,

"She isn't gone yet," said Kitty, hopefully. "Go on, Elsie. Real ladies will not interrupt. All others requested not to."

"Well, girls, you can imagine I was perfectly crushed when the letter came," continued Elsie, obediently, "and I had no idea of doing anything but packing my trunk and going

"And leave us!" "And leave the class of '95!" "O Elsie!" chorused the various sopranos, regardless of Kitty's threatening eye.

"But Kitty said, couldn't I stay if I could pay my own expenses, and said I supposed I could, could write a book or marry a know I can teach next year. So that's hat Kitty called you in for."

"What?" came the soprano chorus. "Why, to see how she could pay her own expenses, of course," explained Kitty, briskly.

"I read once of a girl that went through Vassar by mending and sew-Ransom, hesitatingly.

Then Elsie joined the general laugh and said, "That's very helpful to a poor incompetent who can barely sew on a shoe button and who quails in abject and coal bills with more real satisfacdespair before a three-cornered tear. Try again, somebody."

do, Elsie?" persisted Mabel, undaunted-"Because-"

ly. "Because—"That isn't the way to begin," exclaimed Kitty, with sudden inspiration. "Let's take all the occupations cal order and see which one she fits. | tuition for the second half year. Of course there is something she can do, Mabel. Don't be so discouraging.

Pretty Kitty Kenyon, with a bag of chicken coop, but it wouldn't hold

"My mind won't work alphabetically," said Edith Caldwell. "I haven't thought of anything but singing and sweeping and tinkering and painting and tutoring and weaving and fruitraising and other things at the tail end of the alphabet. I move we proceed to miscellaneous suggestions.'

"What geese we all are," broke in Mary Maynard, eagerly. "Doesn't B stand for boiling and brewing and baking, and C for cooking and candy and catering and cake and cookies and chocolate, and don't we all know that Elsie is a born genius in all that kind of thing? Aren't her spreads always more magnificent than anybody's else, and doesn't she always make everything herself, and does anything eatable or drinkable ever dare to fail under her magic touch? And isn't she an authority on all such? Hear how the subject inspires me, girls! Elsie, be the college caterer, do! I'm sure there are plenty of spreads all through the year that the girls would be glad to be relieved of if the city caterers weren't so expensive."

"Glorious!" "Just the thing!" 'Bravo!" from everybody at once. "How lucky you room alone, Elsie!" added Kitty. "You can mess all you like with nobody to smell, taste, touch, see or hear."

Elsie still looked doubtful. "Do you think I could make anything at it?" she said, hesitatingly. "I know I can do all those things. It's my one gift; but there doesn't seem to be the usual 'long-felt want.' "

"Oh, yes, there is," said Mary, posi-"I'm chairman of the refreshment committee for the freshman spread, and every single girl on that committee has privately groaned to me that she didn't see how she could find a minute to give it. I'll call that committee together tomorrow morning, and I'm sure it will be the greatest relief in the world to put the whole thing into your hands if you will take

"It happens just right, too," Mary hurried on, "for we can make this your debut, Elsie dear, and I prophesy that orders will pour in upon you. Frances Cox has a little 'at home' the week after for those friends of hers that came this year, and you know she has loads of money and hates to work. And then there's the senior reception to the sophomores and by and by the freshman reception to the classes that have entertained them and any number of little ones coming along all the time. And think of commencement! Oh, yes, my dear! Your for-tune is made. 'The path of glory leads'-no, that isn't what I mean-

" 'Victory calls you; on, be ready!' " quoted Mabel.

Elsie lay awake nights planning the freshman spread. It was a great success, though quite as simple as the college spreads usually were, but it was full of novelties and surprises, for Elsie was a born genius, as Mary had said. And the dainty courses succeeded each other like clockwork, while the entertainers were fresh and unwearied for the real task of getting acquainted with the "new girls."

Elsie had furnished everything, had gone early and made the necessary arlord, which would be better. But she rangements in the private home that thought those were both impracticable, had been kindly offered for the evenand if I can only stay and graduate I ing, had instructed the house servants and privately posted one or two friends in her secret how to keep the ball rolling and was herself in the kitchen with her hand on the pulse of the party, although the party knew it not. Then Chairman Mary, full of unselfish enthusiasm, told the girls all about it while they were congratulating her on ing for other girls," suggested Mabel her success, and Elsie's debut could not have been more auspicious.

She had asked five dollars for her services over and above the cost of her materials, and she paid her rent tion than she had ever felt before in her life. Then, to her surprise and Well, is there anything you can delight-for she had been incredulous -orders began to come. Many of them were small, for very few of the college girls were rich; but every little helped, and her father and mother, sympathizing with her brave efforts we can possibly think of in alphabeti- to help herself, managed to pay her

Then one of the professors' wives engaged her help for a series of aftera stands for architect -at least it did noon receptions, and one or two others on my blocks. Elsie, can you build?" did the same, for Elsie had been a "I did decide to be a carpenter great favorite, and the girls generously orce when I was a little girl," said trampeted her fame in season and out Eksie, rather forlornly, "and I made a of season. By and by she found her-

self the fashion and was as busy and

happy and important as could be. She began to enlarge her scale of work, arranged decorations and souvenirs, hired extra dishes and in short troubled the hostess for nothing but the number of her guests. Mrs. Banks gave her the use of her summer kitchen and gas stove and shared Elsie's prosperity, for she made delicious cake and through Elsie's influence received many an order for it. And when Elsie engaged her little girl to run on errands and assist her generally, the good woman's joy over the addition to her scanty income was complete.

After commencement was over and the books were balanced Elsie found that she paid for her board, books, the dreaded "sundries" and a few clothes and had needed to ask for very little help from home. Her class standing was not so high as it would otherwise have been, but she had gained ten pounds in weight, beside an incalcuable amount of experience and a 'priceless pointer on her province,' as she elegantly put it, when, the night before they all parted, she entertained in her grandest style the girls who had taken counsel together in the Sparrow's Nest.

Mary, as the happy originator of the plan, sat in the place of honor, and when Katie Banks, gorgeous to behold in cap and apron, had brought the coffee and finally disappeared, Elsie made her maiden speech.

"I can never thank you enough, girls," she said. "I couldn't have done it except for your help, both in starting it and in supporting it, and now I want to tell you what it has led to, which is nothing more or less than an entire change of my plans for next year and the future. Mrs. Howard, who gave me my first catering outside of the class work, has been talking to me and says I have a special gift for this sort of thing and I ought to cultivate it, and the small voice within me says she is right. My mind alwavs misgave me about teaching, and I do feel myself absolute mistress of 'vittles,' as Ellen says. Only it seemed so common I never thought of it before as my talent.

"But I am going to throw conventionality to the winds and follow Mrs. Howard's advice. I am to set sail for myself as caterer and decorator! Mrs. Howard has always lived in the city and has a great many friends there, and she says she knows there is an opening all ready for me.

"Of course I can come out here, too! and I shall hope to keep my patrons here. So there's my long-dreamed-of career cut and dried! Now wish me uck before we say good by, and be sure to remember me when you are preparing for your weddings and

Success came none too quickly nor too easily, but it came. And perhaps the best success lay not in the career itself, but in the lesson it taught her that if she couldn't do a thing in one way she could in another; that a special talent is too precious a sign of the niche we are meant to fill to be lightly disregarded; and that, in good old Herbert's words:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws Makes that and th' action fine. -Youth's Companion.

"BROTHER OF THE GIRLS."

The Power of Enduring Pain Shown by the Sondanese Is Incredible.

The power of enduring pain exhibited by the Nubians of the Soudan is almost incredible. This is strongly instanced in the competition by the youths of the villages for the championship of their camps.

It is a much coveted honor to be called "Akho Benat" (the brother of the girls), and the youth who attains this distinction is entitled to marry the belle.

The competition itself is a most agonizing spectacle. It commences by the maidens, on certain festivals, beating the drums to a quaint and peculiar tune, which so excites the spirits of the young men that numbers of them at once rush into the arena, each loudly exclaiming, "I am the brother of the girls! I am the brother of the

They are then paired off by casting lots, and, when stripped to the waist, a powerful, flexible whip of hippopotamus-hide, five feet in length, is placed in the hand of each combatant, and at a certain signal a flogging-match com-

The strokes are not given at random or in haste, but with the utmost deliberation, each youth delivering his blow in turn, and keeping time to the music. The long, pliant lash descends with keen precision cutting deep into the flesh at every stroke, while the monotonous "hwit," "hwit," "hwit," goes on unceasingly, and the red streams tell the tale of suffering which the tongues disdain to proclaim. At last the one who can endure no longer falls fainting t the ground, and is borne away by his kinsmen.

The victors are subsequently pitted against each other, till the remaining one becomes the champion, and bears the proud title of "The Brother of the Girls. ' -From "A Glimpse at Nubia," by Captain T. C. S. Speedy, in Harper's Magazine.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

WEBS OF MEMORY.

Woven in the Flickering Light of the Domestic Fireside.

"Mildred!" It was the young wife's name which was called, and the husband was sitting in the cozy front parlor of their happy little home, reading by the soft light of the flickering gas burner, and resting his slippered feet upon the burnished brass fender in front of a glowing fire of rosy embers.

"Mildred!" he called again, as when a lover he breathed her name, the sweetest in all the world to him.

But there was no answer. "Ah!" he murmured, "the dear girl does not hear her husband's voice, and he lay back in his easy chair and watched the blue flames dance in and out among the sparkling coals. At such a time memory weaves cunning webs of softened colors and sweet designs, and the young husband's thoughts fiew backward and forward in the loom of the past.

Three years ago he had been a mother's petted darling, with no wish ungratified, no comfort neglected, no luxury forgotten. Yet he felt within his heart a tender longing, an empty void, which so far in his happy life had remained unfilled. Mildred Ray came, and the mother's heart knew that the wife was greater than the mother.

A year passed and Mildred was his wife. Gentle, loving, beautiful, he took her to their new home, and for two years she had filled his mother's place, and made his home a beautiful ideal, a four-walled paradise upon earth, yet far above it. He was serenely happy and peacefully comfortable. Mildred had given him her thought, her energy, her time, her endeavor-and he was at rest. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Mildred!"

No answer. He became alarmed. Was it, then, all a dream? And was he to be rudely awakened?

Alas, for the mutability of human affairs. "Mildred!" he called for the fourth

"Yes, Henry," came the sweetvoiced answer from a so'a in the cor-

"Oh!" he said, in a tone of relief. "Are you there, darling?"

"Yes, hubbie mine." "Well, love, the fire is going out; won't you go and get some more coal?" "Not much, petsey! I've been doing the loving-wife slave business

long enough, and if you want any more coal you'll have to get it your-Mildred's memory had been weav-

ing a few webs itself while that five was slowly getting cold .- Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Married Yet.

I rode up to a country store, where a young girl stood on the porch swinging a sunbonnet and talking to a mountaineer. I had left her in that position a year before and her father had told me then his daughter and the mountaineer would soon be married. Talking to her father a few minutes later. I asked:

"Is your daughter married yet?" "Naw, an' I don't reckon she will

"What is the trouble? I saw her talking to her lover just now." "Yaas-she don't do much else. Thet feller ain' no 'count. 'He's been courtin' fer three y'ar, an' axed Sal ter marry 'im a y'ar ago. I tol' him ter clean out an' s'posed he'd 'lope with her. I tol' Sal she could hev my bes' hoss fer run away with, but he never did make no propersition. I ain' goin' ter the expense o' no weddin' fixin's, an' it looks like he wan't goin' ter run off with her, so it jes' stan's thar. I sin' goin' ter hev no home weddin'; kain't afford no sich nonsense; an' I've hed six gals run off an' git married, and that feller don't seem to hev no appreciation of the sit-

As I left the girl was still talking to her lover, while the old man watched them from behind a tree. - Washington Star.

One Man's Unique Will.

"Sam Hodgkins," says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, "was in his day and generation a much respected citizen of Hancock, and, like his son, Dudley, better known as Uncle Dudley, was well known all over the eastern portion of the county. An amusing story is told by some of his old acquaintances to an Eastern Maine paper of how he once made his will. "It happened to be done at a time when the old man was in one of his happiest and most generous moods, and realizing, no doubt, the uncertainty of human life, concluded that he would bequeath to his seven sons-Dudley, Zachariah, Moses, Sam, Sham, Gee and Elliot-his wordly goods and possessions. He was very anxious that the will should be legal, and was careful lest any of his children might be left unmentioned in some way. So the old man drew up the instrument, in part like this: 'Half to Dud, half to Zack and all the rest to Moses, Shem is blind, Sam is poor, Gee has moved to the Falls (Sullivan Falls) and Elliot is the baby.' As the will was never probated it answered the purpose just as well as any."

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Dishonest Transactions"-One of the Crying Evils of Modern Life is the Abuse of Trust-Beware of the Web of Peculation-Advice to Business Men.

TEXT: "Whose trust shall be a spider's web."-Job viii. 14.

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for files. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which in the latter part of that very day ventures on it and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away go the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes 4,000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastille, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom or scattered by the same wind. Alas that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized files!

There has not been a time when the

utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of ad-ministrators with the funds of large estates and the disordered accounts of United States of Scials have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman and leads every philan-thropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the piague? There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask my-self if it would not be better for men making wills to be queath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses and members of expensive clubhouses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem and their horses go a mile in twenty sec-onds less than their predecessors, and in-stead of one county seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large There is something woefully swindle. wrong in the fact that these things are pos-

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institu-It ought not to be possible for a on for two or three years without detec-tion either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty for which God will hold them as responsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial insti-tution so that unsophisticated people are thereby inqueed to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraigamens of an indignant public, had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themwere carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends and they and retaining and right names are used as decreased. same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity. We must especially deplore the misfor-tunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking astitution, which is the great convenience

of the centuries and indispensable to com-merce and the advance of nations. With

one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On

their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which

run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands

financiers in days of business exigency

They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State and national relief. At their head and in their manage-

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God honored in-

We also deplore abuse of trust funds be-cause the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness which seems determined to bless We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scramble of whole nation like princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share, dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the tom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5000 years off found it in 1893 or 1897 or 1896. And this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great bus-inesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had noth-ing have lost all they had. I believe we are on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital -if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it into kites to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong. except when you tumble your helpless children into the poorhouse for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankrantey than any other word in commercial ille, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for all the defalcations and embezziements and financial consternations of the last transfer was a word as a second of the last transfer was a second or the last transfer was a s of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin; they say they only borrow. When a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft;

he only borrows. If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all, but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract mind, sour-stand on, stand on! Acstract
pulpit discussion must step aside on this
question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance
are no more doctrines of the Bible than
commercial integrity. "Render to all their
dues." "Owe no man anything." And
while I mean to preach faith and repentwhile I mean to preach faith and repent-ance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgashites of ing compromised with their creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regret, and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts and their horses go a mile in twenty second sess than their predices. lling in all things to live the Hebrews. honestly." The Bible says that faith with-out works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug. Gathered in all religious assemblages

there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others as you are care-ful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried mixed up with their own property; they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without less they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can and it is all lost, you are not to blame. You did the best you could. But do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that given you. In any assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged and you will sleep better nights and you will have the better chance for your soul, What a sad thing it would be if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books or from the lack of vouchers that you are not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul! If all toe trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly their owners and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America.

I have also a word of comfort for all wastner or not they get their dividends are used as deregularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is a column of air forty-five miles needed is that 500 bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The compared with the pressure that business are related to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of pagingt, or complicity, who for thirty years have hear in husiness. you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some polar expedition—Cape Fare-weil and Thank God Harbor. At this last the Polaris wintered in 1871 and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and there hid goodbea to all well, and there bid goodbye to all annoyity, for individual, State and national re-lief. At their head and in their manage-ment there are as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men, perhaps from troubling and the wears are at rest."