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THE MORNIN' O' THE YEAR.

furrow is a-showin'. An' there's gaps along the fences where

the drifts have broke the rails; When ye smell the spruces an' the brakes on ev'ry wind that's blowin'

An' hear along the mountainside the hounds a-follerin trails; lowed by a proof.

Then ye better put yer frock on, for the Ev'ry livin' thing is wakin' like as if it had

mornin' o' the year.

When the cows are standin' in the yard, con- When yer voice sounds kind o' holler an'

tented-like, a-chewin', An' the rooster flaps his wings an' crows upon the barnyard gate; When the wind is sharp an' gusty, an' the

showers are a-brewin'. An' nature's wipin' off the snow like fig-

ures on a slate; Then it's time to hang the buckets up an' An'

spring child in its lap.

a smoke; When the woodchuck sets outside his hole,

ye better git your frock on, for the workin days are here, tap the trees agin,
tap the trees agin,
For the sun is crowdin' winter out an' shovin' summer in.

workin' days are here,
An' there's no place for a dreamer in the
mornin' o' the year.

—Florence Josephine Boyce, in Youth's Companion.

By L. E. Chittenden.

ished he surveyed himself a moment, then taking up his gloves he stalked down the stairs and into the stately library where his father sat at a table writing.

Philip's father was a great railroad magnate of whom most men stood in wholesome awe, but his stern face lighted up wonderfully as the athletic figure of his only son came up to his chair and laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"What is it, excellency?" Philip asked, and the tones of his voice sent a turill of pride through his father's

"Sit down, Phil," said his father, motioning to a chair near at hand. "Were you in that crowd last night that nearly wrecked a horseless carriage and frightened a horse that an old woman from the country was driving? She might have been killed if one of you-I fancy I know who-(Philip blushed)-hadn't taken a flying leap at considerable risk and canght the horse just in time and stopped it."

"Yes, I was there," said Philip. "You see, father, the boys took old motocycles and things like that, but and fishing in plenty?" not much else. But Steele put on airs, so the boys pulled him off the seat, and two or three of us tried to run it. It really ran us," said Philip, laughing. "Steele must have had his foot on something-we couldn't find it-and you never saw anything go so, father, never. I really don't know where they fetched up; perhaps they're going yet, for Steele turned sulky and wouldn't let them know where the brake was."

"I should think not," said his father, smiling. "Of course, but for the accident there would have been no real harm in such a thing.

"Except listening to Steele's language, father; it was electrically blue, he was so upset in more ways than one,"

"But," went on his father, "is life never going to mean anything but a frolic and good time to you, Philip? You are through school, and it is certainly time for you to take a more serious view of life. You have no idea of what it means to earn your daily

"Oh, but you do that for me far too well, daddy," said Philip, laughing. "In fact, you earn cake, too."

"Yes, that's the trouble, Phil, and as long as you are here it will be the same I am afraid. My boy, you must cut adrift and steer for yourself awhile I think,"

"When?" said Philip, with startled

"Now," said his father, his voice trembling a little in spite of himself. "How much do you owe in town?"

"Oh, two or three hundred I suppose," said Philip, his mind intent on his father's meaning. "You don't think I have done anything wrong or disgraceful, do you, father?" and Philip's voice was very auxious.

"No, no, my boy," said his father, "No, no, I am not displeased with you in any way, my son, Heaven knows how I will get on without you-but we won't talk about that now. You have passes on all the roads. Here is a check for \$500. Now go out west and begin at the lower round of the ladder and climb up. Here is a letter to my friend, the superintendent of the Great Western ly the details of a plan to rob the pay & Northern road. He will start you car which would go through in about at work. Good bye; don't come home | an hour. until you have earned your promotion. It's all my fault, Philip; I haven't brought you up just right, but since left his teleycle just as the mail train, your mother's death I haven't been able to refuse you anything.

There was silence a moment, then Philip came to his father's side. "You aren't angry with me then,

father?" he said. "No, no, Philip, no, no, only anxious that you may grow into a manly man.

Good-bye." Philip put his boyish head down on the back of his father's chair a minute, then went upstairs, rapidly changed of in the way of speed. His front

When the winter snow is meltin', and the When the eaves are all a drippin', an' the neighbors' hens are crakin', An' the shingles that have loosened go a-flappin' on the roof; When the frost has put his staff away an' left

the roads a-shakin', Ye will find the signs o' nature closely fol-

workin' days are here,
An' there's no time left for dreamin' in the And the year seems sort o' hummin' to the

goes thro' the woods a ringin', An' ev'ry sugar house around is sendin' up

and robins are a singin',
We can safely be a-tellin' that the heart o'
winter's broke.

PHILIP'S PROMOTION.

"All right," said Philip, struggling his clothes, packed his trunk and with his white tie. A servant had just valises, came down and caught the informed him that his father wished midnight train for the west, and it to see him in the library. wasn't until he reached Topeka that Philip was arraying his comely self he found he had left at home his check for the Mortons' party, and as he fin- for \$500 and had only a little silver and his letter of introduction to the super-

intendent of the great road that threaded the west like a huge artery. He found the superintendent's office without difficulty and presented

him his father's letter. After the superintendent had read the letter from his great eastern friend he looked keenly at the somewhat slender, but athletic figure before him and smiled.

"I have an opening," he said, "but it is by no means a bed of roses." "What is it?" asked Philip.

"Not especially hard work, but it is a lonely spot. There is a cut up the road about 150 miles. It is in the mountains, where washouts frequently occur. Telegraph poles wash down, wires are broken, etc. So it is necessary to keep a watchman there continually. A railroad tricycle is furnished; also a shack where, after a fashion, one can live. Wages, \$30 a month. Think you can stand it?"

The prospect was not alluring, but Philip had made up his mind to accept whatever offered itself without demur; so he said, "Yes, thanks; I will take Steele with them. He knows all about it. I suppose there will be shooting

> "Yes, plenty of that, fortunately. By the way, you will consider yourself my guest for a day or two if you would like-your father is an old friend of

"Thank you sir," said Philip, gravely, "but I will go at once if you please."

So the superintendent, well pleased with his new watchman's pluck, furnished him with a list of directions, supplies needed and passes. In the few hours before his train left Philip sold some jewelry and bought his simple outfit.

Only one train a day from either direction stopped at his station unless flagged. He was dropped at his new abode just as night was closing in, with supply boxes, gun, camera, valises -he had left his trunk in Topeka. He made many journeys up to where his little shack, or hut, literally hung on the mountain side before his possessions were landed on the floor of his one room. It was cold, but the former occupant had thoughtfully left a box filled with resinous pine knots, and Philip soon had a fire crackling delightfully in the rusty stove and after a very frugal meal he was so honestly tired that he slept as he had rarely slept before, though on a "shakedown" of fragrant balsam boughs covered with his great roll of blan-

Hunting, fishing and a touch of the outside world through the books and papers mysteriously sent him supplied him with recreation outside of his somewhat monotonous duties in the

weeks that followed. Fortunately Philip thoroughly loved nature, and the magnificent views all around him were a source of endless

delight. "When I've exmed my promotion I'll bring his dear excellency out here," he thought. "I'll show him a thing or two that will surprise him. The only thing is there is nothing to do here that will earn a promotion.'

However, one day, far up in the cut, he was tapping poles and scanning the track over a deep culvert when all at once he heard voices below him. He dropped on his face and heard destinct-

Surely this was an adventure at last! He ran back to the place where he had which had side-tracked for a few minutes on account of a hot-box, was pulling out. "Whoop," said Philip, then whiz went a rope round the brake on the rear car, and Phil and his tricycle were going down grade tied to the

lightning mail. He had tied on benind a freight once or twice before this, and that was fun, but this beat tobogganing and everything else that he had ever heard

wheel did not often touch the track, and he clung for his life.

As the mail cars opened at the side no one saw him. "This means death," he thought, "if I am thrown off, and I think likely it's death if I stay on, but I must get home before that pay car comes past. Evidently this is either a promotion or a disgrace; there's no middle track."

The train was slowing up-though it never stopped—close by Phil's Unfortunately the tricycle shack. could not slow up with equal rapidity. Phil's box containing knife and pliers had tumbled off long before, and now the tricycle tried to climb the rear car, the rope broke and Phil flew off and landed near his own shack, fortunately in a pile of balsam boughs, while the mail car serenely proceeded on its way, leaving behind it a wrecked tricycle and a winded rider.

Two men who had been standing in Philip's door rushed to pick him up, and when his head stopped whirling around he looked into his father's eyes and saw the western superintendent standing near.

At this surprising event Philip neary lost his breath again, but knowing there was no time to lose he gasped out the plan he had overheard of derailing the pay car and then robbing it, and the car was nearly due now.

So the two, each supporting an arm of the dizzy watchman, helped flag to a standstill the pay train, and then, being forewarned, they went cautiously ahead, followed by the eastern private car containing several railroad dignitaries and the pale young watch-man who had wished immensely to participate in the capture of the rob-

The capture was effected with neatness and decision, and Philip was returned to his own abode, where, after entertaining his father and employer at supper, they sat down before the

fire to talk things over.

'I came out,' said Philip's father with dignity, 'to see how you were getting on.

"Badly enough without you, dad," said Philip, smiling, his hand in the old place, "but I couldn't come to see you until I had earned my promotion, you know."

"There was nothing in the plan that prevented me from coming to see you, though," said the older man, smiling up into his son's face. "And I really think you have earned your promotion, and I shall take you home as my contiden ial clerk-

"There's a bill for a broken tricycle-" began the western superintendent, dryly. "Not allowed," replied his eastern friend promptly. "It was broken in the company's service. Son, you are promoted."- Chicago Record.

STORY WITH A MORAL,

Clarence Won the Prize When He Stated

the Application of His. "I want each one of you little boys to tell an original story next Sunday, said Miss Jones, the teacher of a juvenile class in a Kadunk Sunday "Now, how many will do school. this? All who will, hold up hands."

Several pairs of dirty hands were elevated. Next Sunday came and the st ry-telling began. The fun started from the head of the class, and moved on in magnificence down the line, until Clarence Eugene Hobson was reached. He hung his head, evidently not sure whether his story was proper and applicable to the time and place or not.

"Now for your story," said Miss Jones, a saintly smile playing about her mouth.

Well it's not much of a story." said Clarence, diffidently.

"Go on," said Miss Jones. "Well," said Clarence, "one day a man was riding down a dusty road on a poor little old animal. He saw a crow on the fence. Then he saw the remains of a dead hog on the roadside near. The crow flew down and eat greedily for a miunte or two then got upon the fence again and flapping his wings made fearful noise cawing. In a minute a great big hawk flew down, grabbed Mr. Crow and the feathers flew thick for a while. There was no more flapping of wings and cawing." Clarence stopped and looked un-

easily about. "Well," said Miss Jones, in a tenderly meant tone, "the story is all right, Clarence, but I fail to see the Where is your moral, Clarence?"

"Moral! Can't you see the moral? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face." said Clarence.

"We are from Missouri," said Miss Jones, "and you will have to show "The moral," said Clarence, with

some enthusiasm, "is this: Don't crow and flap your wings so gay and giddily when you are chock full of dead hog!"

The moral was seen, and Miss Jones said the story was a prize-winner,

His Points Were O. K. "Every joke should have a point," said the editor, as he handed back

some unavailable offerings, "I think you will find mine all punctuated properly," replied Mr. Saickers,-Judge.

Japan has a new lighthouse, made waves better than any kind of wood.

THE CHIROS OF PORTO RICO. Strange Tales Told About a Curious Religlous Sect.

Strange tales of a curious religious sect in Puerto Rico are told, says a Binghampton letter to the Baltimore Merald, by Rev. William Maxfield, a returned missionary. The sect, which carefully excludes foreigners, is known as Chiros. One of its peculiar ceremonies is that of "flogging the

This rite is celebrated every Friday, at daybreak. In the seaport towns it takes place on board fishing smacks or other craft owned by members of the sect, and often is attended by the entire population of the village.

The life-size figure of a man supposed to represent his satanic majesty is dragged on deck, and amid jeers and curses, fastened to the yard-arm. For some time the figure is allowed to hang, then it is carried three times around the deck of the craft, and finally fastened to the capstan or some convenient post, where the crowd proceed to belabor it with clubs, shrieking that they have killed the devil.

When the clothes are cut into shreds and the figure entirely denuded, exposing the block of wood that serves as a head, it is repeatedly dipped overboard, and finally chopped into splinters and burned.

"It was in an inland town that I first saw the ceremony," says Mr. Maxfield. "I was roused from my sleep by the passing of a howling mob, dragging the form of a man, which they occasionally jumped upon and kicked. My first impression was that some unfortunate wretch had incurred their wrath, and they were wreaking vengeance on him.

"Hurrying on my clothes I rushed forth, hoping to save the body from further mutilation at least. Following the crowd to the public square I saw them halt and haul the body on to the limb of a tree. Then I saw that the figure was stuffed with straw.

"Quickly the bundle of rags was fastened to the trunk, sticks were piled around it, and soon the fire was blazing merrily. Around this pyre danced the disorderly crowd, until suddenly there was an explosion, and the figure was blown to pieces. A bag of gunpowder had been fastened around the neck. Then the fire went down, and the hooting crowd dispersed."

Another ceremony of this strange people is called "Drowning the devil," and this is sometimes accompanied with serious consequences. The victim is a man or woman of incorrigible temper, whom a neighbor has charged

with having a "devil."
The council of the "Chiros" is called and evidence taken as to the truth or falsity of the charge. If in the opinion of the board it has been sustained, a day is appointed when the victim shall be purified, and a spot is selected. This is usually a running stream, as it is held that the devil can-

not stand running water. A crowd of worshippers form a ring around the unfortunate subject and march to the stream, chanting a weird wail. Arriving, two of the strongest men force the victim into the water, and though he struggles violently, they hold him under until "the devil goes out"-that is until he becomes quiet; and frequently when taken out prompt remedies have to be resorted

to to prevent death from drowning. In one or two instances the victims perished. After that the authorities interfered, and ceremonies, of this kind are now rare and conducted much more carefully.

A Perambulating Breakfast,

The perambulating breakfast vendor is a feature in Havana. Men are seen about 11 o'clock in the forenoon traversing certain portions of Havana with breakfast buckets made after the fashion of the American laborer's apartment bucket, in which are carried to the door fish, one kind of meat, potatoes, bread and butter, coffee and perhaps eggs or some other additional article. By this practice many families avoid the necessity of cooking the midday meal. The breakfast vendor is not always an inviting looking character, but this matters little with these people if he sells a fairly decent meal, and if they can avoid having to cook for themselves. In very hot weather the practice is said to be much in vogue. - Chicago Rec-

The Useful Ladybug.

Not many years ago Australian ladybugs were imported into California to make war on a species of scale which was then rapidly destroying the orange groves of the Pacific coast. The little mercenaries did their work effectively, and now California has sent them to the aid of Portugal, whose orange and lemon trees have lately suffered severely from attacks of the scale-insect. From a few individuals sent to Lisbon two years ago millions of the ladybugs have since developed, and it is reported that they are making short work of the scale pest in Portugal.

An Egg From Madagascar.

The largest egg in the world is in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, in Faris, France. It was found in the island of Madagascar by a French naturalist, and is said to be equal in bulk to 150 hen's eggs. It is supposed of bamboo, which is said to resist the to be the egg of an extinct bird of mammoth size.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "A Great Man Fallen"-A Eulogy of the Late Justice Field-One of the Most Notable Characters of Our Times Whose Life is Worthy of Emulation.

Text: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—II Samuel iii., 38.

Here is a plumed catafalque, followed by King David and a funeral oration which he delivers at the tomb. Concerning Abner, the great, David weeps out the text. More appropriately than when originally ut-tered we may now utter this resounding lamentation, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in

It was thirty minutes after six, the exact hour of sunset of the Sabbath day, and while the evening lights were being kin-dled, that the soul of Stephen J. Field, the lawyer, the judge, the patriot, the states-man, the Christian, ascended. It was sundown in the home on yonder Capitol hill, Washington, as it was sundown on all the washington, as it was audown on all the surrounding hills, but in both cases the sun-set to be followed by a glorious sunrise. Hear the Easter anthems still lingering in the air, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise."

Our departed friend came forth a boy from a minister's home in New England. He knelt with father and mother at morning and evening prayer, learned from ma-ternal lips lessons of piety which lasted him and controlled him amid all the varied and exciting scenes of a lifetime and helped him to die in peace an octogenarian. Blot out from American history the names of those ministers' sons who have done honor to judicial bench and commercial circle and national Legislature and Presidential chair, and you would obliterate many of the grandest chapters of that history. It is no small advantage to have started from a home where God is honored and the subject of a world's emancipation from sin and sorrow is under constant discus-sion. The Ten-Commandments, which are the foundation of all good law— Roman law, German law English law, American law—are the best foundation upon which to build character, and those which the boy, Stephen J. Field, so often heard in the parsonage at Stock-bridge were his guidance when a half century after, as a gowned justice of the Su-preme Court of the United States, he unrolled his opinions. Bibles, hymn books, catechisms, family prayers, atmosphere sanctified, are good surroundings for boys and girls to start from, and if our laxer ideas of religion and Sabbath days and home training produce as splendid men and women as the much derided Puritanic Sabbath and Puritanic teachings have produced, it will be a matter of congratulation

and thanksgiving.

Do not pass by the fact that I have not yet seen emphasized that Stephen J. Field was a minister's son. Notwithstanding that there are conspicuous exceptions to the rule—and the exceptions have built up a stereotyped defamation on the subject statistics plain and undeniable prove that a larger proportion of ministers' sons turn out well than are to be found in any other genealogical table. Let all the parsonages of all denominations of Christians where children are growing up take the consola-tion. See the star of hope pointing down that manger!

Notice also that our departed friend was a member of a royal family. There were no crowns or scepters or thrones in that ancestral line, but the family of the Fields, like the family of the New York Primes, like the family of the Princeton Alexanders, like a score of families that I might mention, if it were best to mention them. were "the children of the king," and had put on them bonors brighter than crowns and wielded influence longer and wider than scepters. That family of Fields traces an honorable lineage back 800 years to Hubertus de la Feld, coadjutor of William the Conqueror. Let us thank God for such families, generation after gener-tion on the side of that which is right Four sons of that country minister, known the world over for ex-traordinary usefulness in their spheres, legal, commercial, literary and theological and a daughter, the mother of one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court. Such families counter-balance for good those families all wrong from generation to generation—families that stand for wealth, unrighteously got and stingly kept or wickedly squaudered; families that stand for fraud or impurity or malevolence; family names that immediately come to every mind, though through sense of propriety they do not come to the lip. The name of Field will survive centuries and be

a synonym for religion, for great jurispru-dence, for able Christian journalism, as the names of the Pharaobs and the Casars stand for cruelty and oppression and vice. While parents cannot aspire to have such consticuous households as the one the name of whose son we now celebrate, all parents may, by fidelity in prayer and holy example have their sons and daugh ters become kings and queens unto God, to reign forever and ever. But the work has already been done, and I could go through this country and find a thousand households which have by the grace of God and blessing upon paternal and ma-ternal excellence become the royal families

of America.

Let young men beware lest they by their behavior blot such family records with some misdeed. We can all think of houseolds the names of which meant everything honorable and consecrated for a long while, but by the deed of one son sacrificed, disgraced and blasted. Look out how you rob your consecrated ancestry of the name they handed to you unsulfied! Better as trustee to that name add someday by the Christian life, the service, the death of his son Stephen.

Among the most absorbing books of the Bible is the book of Kings, which again and again filustrates that, though piety is not hereditary, the style of parentage has much to do with the style of descendant. It declares of King Abijam, "He walked in all the sins of his father which he had done before him," and of King Azariah, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his tather Ama-ziah had done." We owe a debt to those who have gone before in our line as certainly as we have obligations to those who subsequently appear in the household. Not so sacred is your old father's walking staff, which you keep in his memory or the eye-glasses through which your mother studied the Bible in her old age as the name they bore, the name which you inherited. Keep it bright, I charge you. Keep it suggestive of something elevated in character. Trample not underfoot that which to your father and mother was dearer than life itself. Defend their graves as they defended your cradle. Family coat of arms, escutcheons, ensigns armorial, Hon couchant, or Hon dermant, or Hon

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. rampant, or lion combatant, may attract attention, but better than all heraldic inscription is a family name which means from generation to generation faith in God, self sacrifice, duty performed, a life well lived and a death happily died and a heaven gloriously won! That was the heaven gloriously won! That was the kind of name that Justice Field augmented and adorned and perpetuated—a name honorable at the close of the eighteenth century, more honored now at the close of

the nineteenth. Notice also that our illustrious friend was great in reasonable and genial dissent. Of 1642 opinions he rendered, none were more potent or memorable than those rendered while he was in small minority and sometimes in a minority of one. A learned and distinguished lawyer of this country said he would rather be author of Judge Field's dissenting opinions than to be the author of the Constitution of the United States. The tendency is to go with the multitude, to think what others think, to say and do what others do. Sometimes the majority are wrong, and it Of 1042 opinions he rendered, none times the majority are wrong, and it requires heroes to take the negative, but to do that logically and in good humor requires some elements of make up not often found in judicial dissenters or, indeed, in any class of men, There are so many people in the world opposed to every-thing and who display their opposition in rancorous and obnexious ways that a Judge Field was needed to make the negative respected and genial and right. Minorities under God save the world and save the church. An unthinking and precipitate "yes" may be stopped by a righteous and he role "no." The majorities are not always right. The old gospel hymn de-

clares it Numbers are no mark that men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark to many millions drowned.

The Declaration of American Independence was a dissenting opinion. The Free Church of Scotland, under Chalmers and his compeers, was a dissenting movement. The Bible itself, Old Testament and New Testament, is a protest against the the-ories that would have destroyed the world and is a dissenting as well as a divinely inspired book. The decalogue on Sinal repeated ten times "Thou shalt not." Forages to come will be quoted

from lawbooks in court rooms Justice Field's magnificent dissenting opinions. Notice that our ascended friend had such a character as assault and peril alone can develop. He had not come to the soft cushions of the Supreme Court bench stepping on cloth of gold and saluted all along the line by handelapping of applause. Country parsonages do not rock their babies in satin lined cradle or afterward send them out into the world with enough in their hands to purchase place and power. Pastors' salaries in the early part of this century hardly ever reached \$700 a. year. Economies that sometimes cut into the bone characterized many of the homes of the New England clergymen. The young lawyer of whom we speak to-day arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with only \$10 in his pocket. Williamstown College was only introductory to a post-graduate course which our illustrious friend took while administering justice and halting rufflanism amid the mining camps of Cali-fornia. Oh, those "forty-niners," as they were called, through what privations, through what narrow escapes, amid what exposures they moved! Administering and executing law among outlaws never has been an easy undertaking. mountaineers, many of whom had no re gard for human life and where the snap of pistol and bang of gun were not unusual

metal. Behind a dry goods box surmounted by tallow candles Judge Field began his judicial career. What exciting scenes he passed through! An infernal machine was cial career. handed to him, and inside the lid of the box was pasted his decision in the Pueblo case, the decision that had balked unprineipled speculators. Ten years ago his life would have passed out had not an officer of the law shot down his assailant. It took a long training of hardship and abuse and misinterpretation and threat of violence and flash of assassin's knife to fit him for the high place where he could defy legislatures and congresses and presidents and the world when he knew he was right. Hard-ship is the grindstone that sharpens intellectual faculties, and the swords with which to strike effectively for God and

one's country.
Notice also how much our friend did for the honor of the judiciary. What momentous scenes have been witnessed in our United States Supreme Court, on the beach and before the beach, whether, far back, it held its sessions in the upper roo of the Exchange at New York, ward for ten years in the City Hall at Philadelphia, or later in the cellar of yonder capitol, the place where for many years the Congressional Library was kept, a sepuicher where books were buried alive, the hole called by John Randolph "the cave

of Trophonius!" have done well, all that such a profession could ask of him, and to have made that profession still more honorable by his brilliant and sublime life, is enough for national and international, terrestrial and elestial congratulation. And then to expire beautifully, while the prayers of his church were being offered at his bedside, the door of heaven opening for his en-trance as the door of earth opened for his departure, the sob of the earthly farewell caught up into raptures that never die. Yes, he lived and died in the faith of the old fashioned Christian religion.

Young man, I want to tell you that Jus-ice Field believed in the Bible from lid to lid, a book all true either as doctrine or history, much of it the history of events that neither God por man approves. Our friend drank the wine of the holy sagrament and ate the bread of which "if a man eat he shall never hunger." He was the upeat he shall never hunger." He was theup and down, out and out friend of the church of Christ. If there had been anything il-Better as trustee to that name and something worthy. Do something to bonor the old homestead, whether a mountain cabin or a city mansion or a country parsonage, or a city mansion or a country parsonage.

Better as trustee to that name and something worthy. Do something to bonor the scouled it, for he was a logician. It there is add because he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he would have rejected it, because he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. It there is a decided in it anything unreasonable, he was a logician. thing that would not stand research, he would have exploded the fallacy, for his life was a life of research. Young men of Washington, young men of America, young men of the round world, a religion that would stand the test of Justice Field's penetrating and all ransacking intellect must have in it something worthy of your confidence. I tell you now that Christianity has not only the heart of the world onits side, but the brain of the world also. Ye who have tried to represent the religion of the 1 ble as something pusillanimous; how do you account for the Christian faith of Stephen J. Field, whole shelves of the law library occupied with his magnificent

And now may the God of all comfort speak to the pereft, especially to her who was the queen of his life from the day when as a stranger he was shown to her pew in the Episcopal Church to this time of the broken heart. He changed churches, but did not change religion, for the church in which he was born and the church in which he died alike believe in God the Father Almighy, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten son, and in the communion of satute, and in the life everlasting. Amen.