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AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

"May I come in, Major?"

"Who is it? What—you Curtis? Come right in, my boy. You're just in time for my taps pipe."

Burke sank into the wicker chair the Major pushed toward him, and slowly filled his pipe from the proffered jar.

"Major Wright," said he, at last, "I want to leave the post."

The old gentleman looked up quickly. "Leave the post, man? Why, what for?"

The young officer arose and stood in front of the commandant.

"You've been more than a friend and kind commander to me, sir, and I come to you to ask this favor."

"You did right to come to me. What's the trouble, my boy?"

Years ago, when he was a youngster, he had loved the boy's mother, and when her son had come from the "Point" he had tried to be more than "a kind commander and a friend to him." It was with the solicitude of a father for his son that he asked:

"Curtis, my dear boy, what is the matter? I thought you were content here, and you've made an old man feel like living; but now tell me, what's on your mind?" and he rested his hand on Burke's shoulder.

The lieutenant walked up and down the room twice before he began. "Margaret—"

"I thought so," broke in the Major; "I thought it was the little flirt."

"No, no, sir; not that. It isn't her fault," and Burke sank into his seat again and hid his face in his hands. "It's Robinson."

The other man recalled an episode in his own youth as he gazed at the boy he loved.

"Major, listen; I'll tell you all. You're the best friend I have on earth, and you will understand. You know Margaret and I were as good as engaged for nearly a year. Well, when Robinson became sick at Fort Leavenworth and was exchanged to this post, you know how glad I was; for Ed was my chum and [illegible]mate, you know. Well, he [illegible] long when I saw how it was trying to win Margaret."

"Not he, your best friend?"

"Friend! A true friend doesn't steal away the girl you love. I saw this a month ago, and didn't say a word to Margaret or to him. Finally, Peggy"—he half smiled—"I mean Margaret, began to like him; so today I went to her, Major, and released her from every obligation she had toward me."

The old man nodded musingly.

"And she told me she didn't love me any more, and she did love Ed Robinson," Burke went on; "but she flatly denied that he had ever told her his feelings, or tried to prejudice her against me in the least. She wanted to defend him, you know. So, Major, I've thought it all over, and I've come to you to ask if I can't leave the post. I can't stay here and see her—" His voice half broke as he hid his face in his hands.

"Not tonight, my boy. Stay—"

"No sir," insisted the younger man. "You'd better take a man with you."

"No, sir, I want to be alone. And now, good-by, dear sir. You've always been so good! You seem like [illegible] you know mine died when I was so young I never knew how it felt to have one."

A half hour later a horseman left the post by the west stockade gate. He rode at a walk with his chin on his breast, and seemed oblivious to everything. The cool mountain breeze sang softly to the tall grass as each blade bent its head to hear the music. The blue hemisphere above glistened with a thousand eyes, which with their merry twinkle tried to make the man forget his sorrow, but on he rode. Burke's was not the only note of discord; for if he had noticed the northwest sky, he would have seen the reflection of many fires, and had he listened attentively he would have heard the weird notes of an Indian song and the beat of many dancing feet. But on he rode, and as the morning sun faintly tinted the mist high up on the mountains, he entered the foot hills and was lost to view.

That morning, as the major returned from guard mount, a girlish voice called to him from the balcony of the post surgeon's house:

"Major, I want to see you. Come over, do."

The commandant bit his lip as he turned and saw Margaret.

"Come, that's a dear. I want to ask you something;" and as the major went up the stoop: "Where's Curtis?"

"You ought to know, Margaret."

"I? I haven't the least idea," answered the girl, with eyes wide open.

"You don't know what you've done, little girl. You've sent the best man in the world away from you."

"Curtis gone!"

"He left last night. You know, Margaret, how close Curtis and I are to each other, and he told me all."

"But, major, what—"

"I don't come as an envoy from him, my dear. All I have to say to you is that Curtis is the best boy that ever breathed, and that you've lost him. Good by, little girl. I once heard of a case similar to this, and—but never mind, you've done your best, no doubt."

After the major left her, Margaret sat for a long time simply repeating to herself, "Curtis gone! gone!" And then she set to thinking over their friendship; how much he had really been to her, and how good, and brave, and kind. She had really loved him once, she thought to herself; and she knew in her heart of hearts that he loved her, and loved her yet—and now he was gone, and what had he left?

The door of the officers' mess opened, and a man came out on the piazza and waved a tennis racquet, she did not see him, nor did she see the nod he all could he spoke as he passed next her. Then she rose and [illegible] exclaimed:

"The same, Miss Margaret. Why, I must have frightened you, you said 'pool' in such a tragic way. Just like the Cacolla we saw at Talcott's last month in Denver. But won't you come and play tennis?"

"Mr. Robinson, Curtis Burke has left the post."

"Curtis gone!"

That was just what she had said to herself a hundred times during the last minute.

"Yes," she answered.

"Why?"

"I sent him away."

"Margaret, did you send him away on my account?" And he looked straight into her eyes. He thought she was his, for her eyes reflected his glance for a moment; then she shrank back.

"I did not send him away, Mr. Robinson. You drove him away."

"I?"

"You did, and I hate you for it."

"And you love him?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I do, Mr. Robinson, and we are your enemies after this;" and she swept into the house.

Robinson hardly realized that he had left her veranda as he walked across the parade ground and sank into a chair in his own quarters.

That afternoon, as the major passed the surgeon's house, he saw Margaret on the stoop again.

"What are you doing, Margaret?"

"Why, major?" she asked, sadly.

"If you don't stop, every officer in the regiment will be leaving the post."

"Mr. Robinson—"

"Left about ten minutes ago by the west gate."

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A great rapping came at the major's door, and a hurried call: "Major! Major Wright, quick, let me in!"

The major had been sleeping soundly, but awoke suddenly and hurried to the door. "Who is it? What is it?"

"It's me—MacLaughlin."

"What's the matter, sergeant?"

"Major, Black Snake and his band are off the reservation."

"What?"

"Sure, they've been dancing for the last two days, and this afternoon the Snake and about fifty bad reds took to the trail. [illegible] of the agency and half [illegible] The sergeant gasped out [illegible] word, he was so winded and excited.

"Which way did they go?" asked the major. He had gone back into his room and was hurriedly dressing.

"I can't tell you, sir. The rest of the Indians are so excited with the dancing and their medicine that you can't get a word from them. Cross and a couple of men from troop B happened over to Scott's and found him nearly dead."

Officers and men were coming out of their quarters. The bugle sounded and the call was taken up by the trumpeter of each troop. In shadowy squadrons they formed in on the parade ground, and in a moment they were gone through the west gate, with the Major at their head, pounding out into the darkness.

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For a day Curtis Burke had been in the mountains, alone with his memory and his rifle. The keen joys of a good killing made him feel the more like facing the world again, and there was something of lightness in his heart as he descended the trail through the Stage Coach Pass and came into the foothills. He had ridden hard for the last hour. A spring attracted his notice to the right, so he said, half to himself and half to the pony, "Let's take a drink." He swung off, and together man and beast drank from the same pool. He rose and stretched.

"Well, Roxy, do you want to rest? Shall I cinch off?"

As he spoke, a rifle cracked near him. He turned quickly as a bullet sang over his hat. Beyond his pony's back he saw a haze of smoke rising, and through it a figure crouching. His revolver was out at once, and a yell followed his shot.

"Indians, by Jove!" He was on Roxy's back in a moment, as the echo of his would-be-assassin's yell echoed down the gulch.

Up the trail he sped. "There's only one place for us, Roxy, and that's the Caldron. The reds must have jumped the reservation. I'll have to hide you, pet, in the bushes; then, if cartridges hold out, we can keep them off a while. Curse them, they're coming! Yell, you devils! Split your throats! There, Roxy, you stay there and don't make a noise, or you'll be wearing another brand at rounding up time. Good-by, old girl," and he crawled into a natural hollow on the top of the hill. Below him he could see the Indians breaking cover. They had left the trail and their ponies, and had formed in a half-circle and were crawling up.

The Caldron was without cover within a radius of two hundred yards, not even a boulder. Burke unstrapped his belt and loaded the magazine of his Winchester. He then took his Colt from the holster and laid it beside the belt.

"That'll be of use when we get thick," he murmured, and he popped over the rim of the hollow and received a salute of yells and whizzing balls.

"You're wild, friends. I am afraid you're loaded with Scott's worst tanglefoot, instead of your rifles with his best powder." Every period of these sentences was punctuated by a pull on the trigger of his gun and a snap of the lever.

"I can hold out for some time, and then when we close in—there, Snake, that's for you—you're a mean one, you are, and I am glad I knocked you down last month! You go to the rear and nurse that arm, young man, and kindahindi ushridi ushridi ushridiushridiu don't"—bang!—"lead"—bang!—"any more war parties"—bang!

A sudden redoubling of the yelling for a little left caused Burke to turn suddenly. The sound of a falling rock swerved him around with the exclamation, "Surrounded, by Gosh!" He glanced through the sights on the hovel and started at what he thought into range; a gun barrel [illegible] that an ugly and that eye belonging to his worst enemy, Robinson.

His heart seemed to beat a hundred times before he dropped the stock of his gun.

"Get in here, Ed, for Heaven's sake, and thank God you're here! I don't mean that I want you to be killed, but two Winchesters are better than one, even if—look out, man, down! They're getting the range. Lay there till you get your wind."

"How in the world!"

"Shut up; don't talk. You'll have to take my place in a little while!" He peeped over the edge and fired three times.

Robinson was beside him now, and alternately they singled out their man and let drive. Between the shots they talked.

"How did you get here, Curtis?"

"Been after goats."

"You left suddenly."

"Yep; but what the dickens are you doing here?"

"Shooting Indians;" and Robinson smiled through the grime on his face.

"I left, Ed, because Margaret had—"

"I know; that's why I'm here, Curt."

"Did you leave because you thought Peggy'd sent me away."

"Yep."

"I lit out for your sake, Ed;" and on the edge of that little hollow on the hilltop the two men shook hands. Below, the reds had ceased firing for the moment, and all was still as death.

"Whatever happens, Curt, we're here to stay together—"

"Till death," answered Curtis.

A report rang out near them, and Robinson fell backward.

"I'm hit, Curt," he said, quickly.

"Oh, Lord!—where?" A red spot on his shoulder showed the place.

Burke peeped over the rim. Five Indians had tried a flank move, and his ready rifle just stopped them.

"I'm done for, old chap," Robinson crawled back and lay down on his face.

"Nonsense!" said Burke. "You're all right."

"No, Curt, it's bad. I tell you what. Put me on the rim and I'll fire as long as I can, and you get out and vamose."

"And leave you here? Not much."

"But I'll die, anyhow. It doesn't matter how."

Curtis turned suddenly. "I have it. My pony is right down here. I'll carry you down to her, and you get on and under cover of my fire ride!"

"And leave you here? Not much." Robinson repeated Burke's refusal.

"Come on, I'll carry you, Ed."

"It can't be done, Curt!"

"Look—they're coming! Get up here, Ed;" and, wounded as he was, Robinson dragged himself to the edge once more.

The reds were getting braver. About twenty of them were running up the hill. Without a word, the two whites piled their Winchesters. The Indians, are cowards at best, and they broke and ran at this steady fire.

"Now is our time, Ed!" exclaimed Burke. "I'll carry you!"

Robinson reached out his hand and grasped Burke's Colt. He placed it to his own head.

A sorrel spot showed itself in the sight of Burke's rifle, and a wild neigh answered his shot. He kicked the revolver from Robinson's hand with, "You fool, I've killed the pony and we're both here for good!"

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Colors had just been sounded, and the flag came lazily down to the boom of the Major's favorite ten-pounder. Over in the shade of the wind break a hammock was stretched. A thin man lay in it, and beside him sat three persons. The girl who was fanning him half crooned a bit of a cradle song as she swayed the hammock. A young officer with his arm in a sling was playing chess with an elderly gentleman with a major's leaf on his collar. The game suddenly ended and the Major sat back.

"Peggy, when are you going to nerve yourself up to a proposal?"

The girl fanned the thin man in the hammock violently.

"I don't know," she said blushing.

"Why, I brought him back to you, and you ought to claim him. Hadn't she, Robinson?"

"She had, indeed, Major. Margaret, go on. We'll coach you. I know just what to say. I've done it before; but I hope you'll have better luck than I."

Under his breath the Major repeated the hope, but he said aloud:

"Peggy, go on."

The girl hesitated a moment.

"Curtis," she commenced. The thin man sat up in the hammock.

"Margaret, will you take what's left of me?"

"Yes, Curtis."

"And I'll be chief mourner," said Robinson.

"And as commandant of one of the divisions engaged," said the Major, "I order an unconditional surrender."—New York News.

Diamonds and Rubies Float.

"We float diamonds and rubies now to prove their genuineness," said the jeweler.

"Float diamonds and rubies! What are you saying? Gems won't float," expostulated the patron.

"Oh, but they will in some media," the jeweler insisted. "A chemist," he went on "has composed and bottled and put on the market certain harmless acids that will test gems accurately. Look here."

He poured from a vial into a bowl a colorless fluid. Then he unwrapped a black velvet cloth, and a handful of beautiful, unmounted diamonds were displayed. One of these he dropped into the bowl, and it floated like a piece of cork.

"See that!" he said. "That is a positive proof that this diamond is genuine. Here now," and he took out of his pocket another brilliant—"here is a French paste stone. Watch it sink."

He dropped the artificial diamond into the bowl, and it plumped down to the bottom like a lump of lead.

"I have," concluded the jeweler, "a half-dozen of these vials, each a test for its own particular stone. That blue vial tests the ruby, the purple one beside it tests the sapphire, the yellow one the pearl, and so on down the line."—Philadelphia Record.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Youngsters Ply Him With Many Questions Regarding History.

TRUTHFUL BOOKS ARE MUCH NEEDED

The Rising Generation is Becoming Poisoned in Mind Through Reading Biased Literature—A Call-down for Wisconsin. Four Confederate Flags.

So many young people who are thirsting for historical knowledge write to me for help that I feel encouraged and will answer their inquiries as far as I can. These young people in the country towns have schools to go to, but they lack books—reading books, cyclopedias, biographies, and, if I was as rich as Carnegie, I would plant a library of such books in every community. I would have a million sets of some standard cyclopedia printed for every school, even if they cost fifty million dollars. That would diffuse knowledge among the young people and do more good than all he is doing in the big cities. But what we most need in the south are historical books that will be standard with us and relate the truth about the south and secession and the confederacy and slavery and the war and reconstruction. I had a cyclopedia [illegible] whole column of another [illegible] Brown and the pedigree of his northern race horse, and [illegible] of John B. Gordon, or [illegible] of our southern poets [illegible] orators. I swapped it off [illegible] for the International by [illegible] & Co. The tributes in that work to Mr. Davis and Lee and Jackson are all that could be desired and more than was expected.

I wonder what has become of that great southern publishing house that was projected in Atlanta some time ago. That is what we want and must have to perpetuate southern history and defend our fathers and grandfathers from the slanders of northern foes. It is northern histories, northern novels and nothern plays that have already poisoned the minds of thousands of young people. Only yesterday I glanced at a serial story in an Atlanta paper, and the first thing I saw was a verse which read:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground,
But his soul keeps marching on."

In a Missouri paper I saw where a yankee troupe were playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And now a fool fellow from Wisconsin wants to get our governors to appoint delegates to a convention in Atlanta to determine the race problem, and it is said that that man Spooner is at the bottom of it to get up a presidential boom for himself. I suspected there was a nigger in the woodpile, for these northern politicians never do anything from patriotic, unselfish motives. Hanna's scheme fell through and Spooner thought he could patch it up. But the south never was more aroused and united on the negro question and will resent all interference whether it comes from Washington or Wisconsin. Wisconsin! What impudence! A state whose foreign population is 62 per cent of the whole, and of these there are 88,000 who can't speak English, and only 760 negroes in the state and three times as many Indians. What does Wisconsin know or care about our race problem? In the last few days I have received three letters from young people wanting to know something about the confederate flags, what were the designs and who designed them. I wish that I could sketch them and paint them in this letter, but all I can do is to describe them and give their history. There were four in all but only two lived to see the end at Appomattox.

No. 1, or the "Stars and Bars," was adopted by the confederate congress at Montgomery. Its stars were on a blue field and its red and white bars made it look somewhat like the Stars and Stripes, and sometimes was mistaken for the United States flag, and so General Beauregard designed

No. 2, "The Battle Flag," and General Joe E. Johnston adopted it, and it was never changed. It was a blue cross, or rather an X studded with stars and set on a red field.

No. 3. In May, 1863, the confederate congress adopted a national flag. It was a miniature battle flag set on a white field that had a wh to border at the side and afar off was mistaken for a flag of truce. And so, in March, 1865, congress adopted No. 4 as the national flag. This had the same battle flag on a blue field, but the white border was smaller and a red one put on the outside of that. This flag did not wave very long, only about a month, but nevertheless it remains as a national flag of the confederate states.

But the dear old battle flag No. 2 was the fighting banner of every company. Our wives and our daughters made them for the boys in gray, and many of them were smuggled back home again after the surrender and still kept as household treasures. Our boys, the Rome Light Guards, had one, and one night the young people gave a tableaux performance in the city hall to raise a little money to put some benches in the desecrated churches, for all the pews had been taken out and converted into horse troughs for the stage horses. One scene in the tableau represented a battle field where women were ministering to the wounded and the dying, and one dying soldier, the orphan, had this old tattered, and warstained flag grasped in his hand just as he held it when he fell. The Spanish commandant of the post was there with his wife, and when he discovered the flag, got furiously mad. He fumed up on his ears and yelled: "Take dat! Take dat! Take dat! Dis is no treason to me and de United States. I send my soldiers and crush de whole party." He was willing when the play had passed this scene, for his wife was a Yankee.

Quarters and came back quickly with half a dozen Dutchmen in arms to make the arrest. He marched the young men over to his office, but paroled the young ladies until he could hear from General Thomas, whose headquarters were in Louisville. I was mayor then and we had some hot words. He said finally he would release the young men until he could hear from General Thomas. So I wrote to General Thomas by the same mail. He very graciously forgave us, but warned us not to do so any more, for the display of a confederate flag was treason and the punishment of treason was death.

This is enough about flags. There is no treason in displaying one now. Time is a good doctor and Time keeps rolling on. My wife and I had another wedding last Saturday, and good friends were calling all the afternoon to say good words and congratulate us on our long and happy married life. Early in the morning, while my wife and the family were at breakfast, I came in late and slipping up behind her planted a venerable kiss upon her classic brow.

"She half enclosed me in her arms,
She clasped me in a meek embrace;
(No she didn't either.)
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed into my face."

Yes, she did that, for it took her by surprise. I hadn't kissed her since the first day of last June—which was her birthday. That one year satisfies her now—Bill, Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

RECIPIES.

Orange Sago.—To two cups of cold water add one cupful of sago; let it [illegible] until the water is all absorbed; [illegible] add another cupful of boiling [illegible]r and cook until the sago is clear; [illegible]e ready four oranges sliced and cut in small pieces; sprinkle with sugar while the sago is hot; pour it over the oranges and put in a cool place; serve with powdered sugar.

Fruit Gelatine.—Remove the skin from three bananas; slice them; cut into quarters two ounces of candied cherries; cut in halves two oranges crosswise, and with spoon remove the pulp, rejecting the seeds; have soaking one tablespoonful of gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of cold water; add to it half a cup of sugar and one cup of boiling water; stir over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved; put the fruit in a mould; pour over the gelatine; stand aside to cool; there should be jelly enough to cover the fruit; when ready to serve turn the jelly out on a dish and heap whipped cream around the base.

Cream Pie.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cupful of sugar; sift two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one cupful of sifted flour; add it to the yolks of eggs and sugar; then add half a cup of milk and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; butter two layer cake pans and fill them with the mixture; put in a rather quick oven and bake ten minutes; remove from the oven; let stand two minutes; then turn them out of the pans; just before serving spread with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored; the top may be iced.

Eggs en Fromage.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan or in your chafing dish, and a scant cup of grated rich cheese mixed with six slightly beaten eggs and stir constantly until the mixture is creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and paprica and immediately turn out on toast that has been softened with hot milk and butter mixed.

Fig Pudding.—Break five slices of bread into one pint of milk, add half a teaspoon of salt, half a cup of sugar, one cupful of suet, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs, half a nutmeg grated and sixteen figs chopped fine; turn into a greased mould and steam three and one-half hours; serve with a fruit sauce or with whipped cream.

Vanity Puffs.—Boil one cup of milk and thicken it with flour to make a stiff dough; stand aside to cool; add two eggs unbeaten and one tablespoonful of melted butter; drop spoonfuls into smoking hot fat, and when brown remove with a skimmer; drain and roll in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon.

ONE USE FOR AMMONIA.

I have often read of the great aid rendered the housekeeper by ammonia, says a writer in The Household, but, as happens in the case of much other good advice, it was absolutely thrown away on me until quite lately. I one day went to work to clean the silver, and as there was quite a little of it I was prepared for a long job, and a most disagreeable one. An old aunt who was with me proposed a wash in strong soapsuds with a dash of ammonia; when, lo! at the expense of a good washing and wiping, it was restored to the sideboard with a lustre I had never been able to obtain with polish or whiting—and unlimited elbow grease. More, the filigree work was cleaned perfectly, without any of the white sediment left, that is so difficult, nay, almost impossible, to get out. The knives, forks and spoons had to have a little rubbing with whiting to remove the discoloration, but nothing to what was usually required.

In a remarkable speech delivered the other day at Khartoum, Lord Cromer made some striking observations as to the future of the Upper Soudan. One great obstruction to the development of Egyptian industry, he said, was the high price of coal. At Khartoum it was recently six pounds a ton. He added, however, that he had recently heard that there was great prospect of finding good coal south of Khartoum. "Such a discovery would be of greater value than the finding of gold. It would materially alter the whole problem of the development of the Soudan. To return to what I was saying, however, I consider the construction of a railway to be quite absolutely essential to the development of the country. It will cost some two million five hundred thousand pounds—and money, especially where expended in naval channels, is not easy to find."

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE END OF TIME."

The Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell Discourses Instructively on a Theme That is Less Eloquent Maybe Might Seem Threadbare—Economic Fragments of Time.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, preached on "The End of Time." He took his text from Revelations x: 5 and 6: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."

Our theme is a trifle threadbare, but perhaps none the less profitable on that account. It is an easy matter to make a homily on time, but not all homilies are as much to the point as that of the court jester Jacques:

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I.
"No, sir," quoth he;
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."

Let this melancholy "tale" engage us for a while. The issues of interminable aeons may depend upon the attention we give to [illegible] hand on the dial. He who [illegible] the lessons of time is ready [illegible] responsibilities of eternity.

[illegible] time? "Time is money," they say. [illegible] good, if we would realize it. A [illegible] into Benjamin Franklin's book store and inquired the price of a volume. "One dollar," was the clerk's answer. "Call your employer," said the would-be purchaser. When Franklin was asked the price of the volume he answered, "One dollar and a quarter." "Why, your clerk asked only a dollar." "I'm in no hurry, but you called me from my printing press and I am charging you for my time." The man argued and remonstrated in vain. Presently he said, "Now, Mr. Franklin, really what is your lowest figure for this book?" "One dollar and a half." "Preposterous! You only asked me a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, but my time is valuable, and every minute sends the book up." This was sound philosophy and good business. If our days and hours were all marked with a price in plain figures we should probably be less profligate of them. We have no such scruple about wasting time as we would have in throwing gold eagles into the sea.

But time is more than money. It is "the stuff that life is made of." It stands for privilege, opportunity, responsibility, judgment, heaven or hell. You may throw away a dollar and earn another, but no two moments overlap. The last one said farewell forever; the next is—already gone!

Time is a talent, a talent of gold stamped with the image and superscription of the King. God made it, as He made the trees and mountains, and He owns it. He has entrusted it to us, to be put at usury for Him. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me, saith the Lord of hosts." The misappropriation or misuse of days and hours and moments is as really dishonest as the tapping of an employer's till. This is a serious matter, and gives us sufficient food for thought, if our question were pushed no further. But we cannot stop here.

I asked an aged man with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved with many worldly cares,
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the brave to use it well."

I asked the mighty angel and silvery spheres,
Those bright chronometers of passing years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea, the other on the land;
"Mortal," he cried, "the mystery is o'er;
Time was, time is, but time shall be no more!"

A step further brings us to the inquiry, What is time for? or to what end has this momentous trust been reposed in us? Let it be understood that time is not for us to live in. We are not ephemera; we live forever. Time is given us for preparation. This is only the antechamber of life, where we stand waiting until the door opens and we pass in. Death is the angel that opens the door. The only reason why we fear death is because we know that as time leaves us eternity finds us. Death ends probation. We cross the line with our characters chrystalized: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is holy, let him be holy still." These are our school-days; death is "commencement." Here we serve an apprenticeship; death is going to work.

The other day a young newspaper reporter said to me, on my refusing an interview: "I wish you would help me along. I'm on probation, and whether I get an engagement or not depends upon my success in this sort of thing." I wonder how some of the people who are now wasting their probation can expect to be taken into service in the kingdom of God. What can they do? Let the great Employer ask them, "What can you do?" How will it seem to answer, "I can sell dress goods; I can lead the german; I can make money or spend it; I can drive a bargain; I can sail a schooner or run an engine; I can 'receive' and 'entertain;' I can make money?" These may be good as far as they go, but, in all soberness, how far do they go as a preparation for the tasks of heaven? Do you know, friend, how to comfort the grief-stricken and rescue the wandering? How to minister to the need of the wounded traveler on the Jericho road? How to give the cup of cold water to one of God's little ones? How to point a penitent sinner to the lamb of God? How to speak the praises of the One altogether lovely? How to sing "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty?" If not, what a bewildering sort of place heaven would be to you! What are you fit for? Heaven is no place for unskilled labor. What can you do? Time is given you for this very purpose, to get ready for the things further on.

But how much time have we? Enough; no more, no less. It is distributed "to every one according to his general ability. A short life is long enough, and the longest life is short enough for what must be done in it." Seneca said: "We complain of the shortness of time and we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent in doing nothing at all, nothing to the purpose or nothing that we ought to do. We are ever complaining that our days are few and acting as if they were without end."

We have time enough for work. An "eight-hour day" is a purely artificial thing. God never made it. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" is now twelve hours in the day? God's day in which "man goeth to his work" is from morning until evening, and there is not too much of it.

We have time enough for recreation. No man is at liberty to overwork or to work without relaxing. "All work and no play makes Jack not only a dull but an unprofitable boy. No business should ever be so absorbing as to crowd out other things that contribute to the health and symmetry of life. Man was not of a quick brain, they say, but of hunger. Not a few branch on the tracks of mental dexterity. "Too busy to pray!" and the trumpet sounds.

We have time enough for spiritual rest. The night [illegible] "Heed nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Not in the night too [illegible] many people act as if they thought [illegible] all.

We have time enough for devotion. All the days God gives us are in it. Jacob said, "I will surely give the tithe unto Thee." Why, God's days belong to Him, and we have never a moment to spare from Him. This is the earth God made for us, and we are to live in it as in His presence. We are to use the things God has given us as stewards of the Most High. We are to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. We are to do all things to the glory of God. It is not enough that we should close the shop; we must open the windows of our souls toward God. The Sabbath is a "hallowed" or holy day. The Lord knew how busy we would be on the secular days—so busy that we are likely to give little or no thought to spiritual things—wherefore He said, "I will give them a day for their souls; when they may come up into the mountains and breathe the clear air with Me."

So He has given us time divided and adjusted to our needs, and it behooves us to make an economical use of it. Some people are always in haste; others are always behind time. It was a wise saying of Flavel, "To come before the opportunity is to come before the bird is hatched; to come after the opportunity is to come after the bird is flown." Every day, every hour, every moment strikes its own balance. Postponement is profligacy. Procrastination is a spendthrift as well as a thief. It was Lord Chesterfield, one of the worldliest of men, who wrote to his son, "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

But the worst of all capital crimes is "killing time." The phrase is significant—significant of murder most foul. The youth who seeks to quiet memory and an uneasy conscience by plunging into dissipation; the old social campaigner who wanders about with a worn-out stomach and a wizened heart in search of pastures new; the devotee of fashion, whose idle days are spent in recovering from worse than idle nights—these all are chronocides, and they are moral suicides as well.

Oh, the waste, the frightful, irrevocable waste! Dreaming empty dreams, building castles in the air, fighting spectres and windmills, entertaining vain regrets and foolish hopes, brooding on old grudges, tearing characters to tatters over the tea cups, borrowing trouble, writing books that never will be published nor ought to be, groaning over imaginary aches and pains, crossing bridges before we come to them—what a large part of life these fill! And every moment lost this way is lost to self culture, lost to humanity, filched from the service of God.

The world is full of commonplace people who have squandered their birthright and fallen short of all the large possibilities of their being through the misuse of time. They sit tilted back in their chairs twiddling their thumbs while Waterloos are being fought, and they wake up and begin to fret when nothing is going on. They never catch up with themselves. The "more convenient season" leads them a stern chase year in and year out.

One of the valuable secrets of success is knowing how to economize the fragments of time. An hour seems a little matter, but you can read twenty quarto pages in an hour, and an hour a day for four years would carry you through the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Ten minutes are hardly worth considering, yet Longfellow in his youth translated Dante's "Inferno" in the ten minutes day after day, while he waited for his coffee to boil. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." While Professor Mitchell was in charge of a division during the Civil War he said to a young officer: "You excuse yourself on the ground that you are only a few minutes late. Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a millionth part of a second!" It is the loss of time, a little here and a little there, that makes life a failure and eternity an irremediable disappointment.

Will there be an end of time? Aye, when eternity begins. The life beyond is unconditioned by the falling sands of the hour glass. At the sounding of the seventh trumpet John saw an angel arrayed in majesty, with one foot planted on the sea and the other on the land, who proclaimed the end of the present cycle, "There shall be time no longer!" But to all intents and purposes death marks the end of time for every man. Probation is over, once for all. The present probation would, indeed, be a farce, if there were another after it. The fabric is lifted from the loom and there is no gathering up its loose ends. School is out and life begins.

Wherefore, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, and do it here and now; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom on the grave whither thou goest. It is a true saying of Emerson's, "No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday, for every day and every hour has the issues of eternity wrapped up in it. In hoc momento pendit eternitas. The time to will, to choose, to act is now. If sin is to be repented of, repent now. If Christ is to be accepted, accept Him now. Now is the accepted time and to-day is the day of salvation. "The golden opportunity is never offered twice; seize thou the hour when fortune smiles and duty points the way."

God's Opportunity.

Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is and the thought will grow upon you as you meditate upon it. Just think, "I am God's opportunity!" Isn't it wonderfull. Isn't it glorious! When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in service we can see how it is, but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity?

Every one that responds to God's call, "Come!" gives God a large place in the world. Every one who obeys God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated heart and life is a new garden in which God plants His seeds of love and grace; a fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power. Take it home and say to yourself, "I am God's opportunity." Be that, and your life will become unutterably grand, and your experience unspeakably sweet.—Presbyterian Journal.

Making Others Happy.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time.—Sydney Smith.

The Brand of Drink.

Sin sets its seal upon the human face as distinctively as righteousness, says the Union Signal. An article in a New Orleans paper states the fact that experienced barkeepers can tell what a man drinks by the peculiar discolorations of his skin. There is, it appears, a livery of whisky, of brandy, beer, absinthe, each one doing its deadly work with strict individuality. In no little corner of the creation is law inoperative, whether it be the law of life or the law of sin and death.

The much [illegible] gallantry of the Gaul, says an English paper, does not extend to his financial dealings with the dames de la poste, as the women-clerks of the post-office are called. They receive only $200 to begin with, and out of this have to dress decently, if not smartly, and to support themselves. They petition for an additional $40, which will not give them the pay of an average English clerk of either sex. The dames de la poste consider they are badly treated by the nation in the matter of salary. Their case is championed by the novelist, Marcel Prevost. M. Prevost holds that a democracy with immense funds at its command should not be stigmatized with women employed in one of the most important branches of the public service.

A HARDY PLANT.

The honeysuckle is a hardy plant, and in a few years forms a thick covering to a veranda or village trellis. [illegible]

RETRIBUTION.

Poor old horse! He has to do
Just what we humans tell him to!

True sympathy his woes provoke;
When first he starts in life, he's broke.

He plods as bid, this way and that;
He's forced to wear a funny hat.

He has no chance to choose his sup,
He has to sleep while standing up.

And when we bipeds seek the track
And bet; and 'reft of coin go back,

Unmoved, the steed beholds our plight
And says, in horse-talk, "serves you right."

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"She has buried three husbands." "Yes; I heard her say that she had a lot in the cemetery."

La Mott—Is the young man who is going to play a finished musician? La Moyne—No; but he will be if I can find a brick handy.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, can any one tell me who made the Milky Way? Tommy—It was the cow that jumped over the moon.

Mr. Brown—Yes, Slader is passionately fond of horses, but he loves his wife, too. Mrs. Brown—He loves anything he can drive.

Wisg—The average Englishman is slow to see a joke, isn't he? Wagg—Yes; he believes that he laughs best who laughs the next day.

She—Why do you suppose they have all the telephone wires so high in the air? He—Oh, that is so they can keep up the conversation, I suppose.

"Hello!" the first deaf mute's fist signalled rapidly, "did you get that job as office boy?" "No," replied the other, "the man sid he didn't think I'd answer."

Sharpe (describing amazons)—Imagine a great army of women and their leader calling: "Fall in!" Wheelton—H'm! If it was an army of women I guess they'd "fall out."

Sillicus—Prosperity has ruined quite as many men as adversity. Cynicus—Possibly; but most of us would prefer to take the former course if we are to be ruined at all.

Blobbs—The vermiform appendix seems to be the one thing in the world that is absolutely useless. Slobbs—Useless? Why it has kept lots of doctors from starving to death.

Nell—Mrs. Rittenhouse Squeer says her husband was a perfect nobody when she married him. Belle—And now? Nell—Oh, now he is Mrs. Rittenhouse Squeer's husband.

Backlotz—You don't mean to say this is the first you've heard of it? Subbubs—Yes. Backlotz—Why, its the talk of the neighborhood. Subbubs—Yes; my wife is away on a visit.

"I say, auntie, uncle said this morning that there wasn't another woman like you in the world." "Ah, the dear, good fellow; did he really, Freddy?" "Yes; and he said it was a jolly good job, too!"

Dusty Dennis—Yes, mum; when I ride even millionaires have to pull out and give me the right of way. Lady (in surprise)—You don't mean to say you ride in a carriage? Dusty Dennis—No, mum; a patrol wagon.

Twist—I should think you'd be afraid to write in your novels of things you don't know the first thing about. Bluff—My dear boy, don't you know that the people who read my books don't know even as much as that?

Lady—Aren't you the poor man to whom I gave a piece of my cake the other day? Tramp—No'm; dat was me twin brudder Bill. He croaked de next day after eatin' dat cake, an' I tought mebby you'd gimme a quarter to help areckt a marble shaft to his mun'ry.

Mother—Have you any waterproof boots for a boy? Salesman—We have waterproof boots, ma'am; but they are not for boys. Mother—Why