

Continued from Second page

"Can you remember," he one day asked her, "what time it was when you cut the hair?"

"Teresa pressed her hands upon her eyes and temples.

"About 3 o'clock."

"And you were here at 7. You could have covered some ground in four hours?"

"Perhaps—I don't know," she said, her voice taking up her old quality again. "Don't ask me—I ran all the way."

Her face was quite pale as she removed her hands from her eyes, and her breath came as quickly as if she had just finished that race for life.

"Then you think I am safe here?" she asked, after a pause.

"Perfectly—until they find you are not in Yolo. Then they'll look here. And that's the time for you to go there." Teresa smiled timidly.

"It will take them some time to search Yolo—unless," she added, "you're tired of me?"

"The charming *non sequitur* did not, however, seem to strike the young man. "I've got the time yet to find a few more plants for you," she suggested.

"Oh, certainly!"

"And give you a few more lessons in cooking."

"Perhaps."

The conscientious and literal Low was beginning to doubt if she were really practical. How otherwise could she trifle with such a situation?

It must be confessed that that day and the next she did trifle with it. She gave herself up to a grave and delicious languor, that permeated her entire being. She passed hours in a thoughtful repose of mind and spirit that seemed to fall like heat from most steadfast guardians, and distill their gentle ether in her soul, or breathed into her listening ear immunities from the forgotten past and security for the present. If there was no dream of the future in this calm, even recurrence of placid existence, so much the better. The simple details of each succeeding day, the quaint housekeeping, the brief companionship, and coming and going of her young host—himself at best crystallized personification of the sedate and hospitable woods—satisfied her feeble cravings. She no longer regretted the inferior position that her fears had obliged her to take the first night she came; she began to look up to the young man—so much younger than herself—without knowing what it meant; it was not until she found that this attitude did not detract from his picturesqueness, that she discovered herself seeking for reasons to degrade him from this seductive eminence.

A week had elapsed with little change. On two days he had been absent all day, returning only in time to sup in the hollow tree, which, thanks to the final removal of the dead bear from its vicinity, was now considered a safer retreat than the exposed campfire. On the first of the occasions she received him with some preoccupation, paying but little heed to the scant gossip he brought from Indian Spring, and retiring early under the plea of fatigue, that he might seek his own distant campfire, which, thanks to her stronger nerves and regained courage, she no longer required so near. On the second occasion he found her writing a letter more or less blotted with tears. When it was finished, she begged him to post it at Indian Spring, where in two days an answer would be returned under cover to him.

"I hope you will be satisfied then," she added.

"Satisfied with what?" queried the young man.

"You'll see," she replied, giving him her cold hand.

"Good night."

"But can't you tell me now?" he remonstrated, retaining her hand.

"Wait two days longer—it isn't much," was all she vouchsafed to answer.

The two days passed. Their former confidence and good fellowship were fully restored when the morning came on which he was to bring the answer from the Post Office at Indian Spring. He had talked again of his future, and had recorded his ambition to procure the appointment of naturalist to the Government surveying expedition. She had even joyfully proposed to dress herself in a man's attire and "assist" as his assistant.

"But you will be safe with your friends, I hope, by that time," responded Low.

"Safe with my friends," she repeated in a lower voice. "Safe with my friends—yes!"

An awkward silence followed; Teresa broke it gayly. "But your girl—your sweetheart—my benefactor, will she let you go?"

"I haven't told her yet," said Low gravely, "but I don't see why she should object."

"Object! Indeed," interrupted Teresa in a high voice, and a sudden and utterly gratuitous indignation; "how should she? I'd like to see her do it!"

She accompanied him some distance to the intersection of the trail, where they parted in good spirits. On the dusty plain without a gale was blowing that rocked the high tree tops above her, but tempered and subdued, entered the low aisles with a fluttering breath of morning and a sound like the coming of doves. Never had the wood before shown so sweet a sense or security from the turmoil and tempest of the world beyond; never before had an intrusion from the outer life—even in the shape of a letter—seemed so wretched a desecration. Tempted by the solicitation of air and shade, she lingered with Low's herbarium slung on her shoulder.

A strange remembrance like a shiver suddenly passed across her nerves and left them in a state of rigid tension. With every sense morbidly acute, with every faculty strained to its utmost, the subtle instincts of Lowe's woodcraft transformed and possessed her. She knew it now! A new element was in the wood—a strange being—another life—another man approaching! She did not even raise her head to look about her, but darted with the precision and fleetness of an arrow in the direction of her tree. But her feet were arrested, her limbs paralyzed, her very existence suspended by the sound of a voice:

"Teresa!"

It was a voice that had rung in her ears for the last two years in all phases of intensity, passion, tenderness, and anger; a voice upon whose modulations, rude and unmusical though they were, her heart and soul had hung in transport or anguish. But it was a voice that had rung in her ears as she entered the Quargue woods, and for the last week had been a dead to her as a voice from the grave. It was the voice of her lover—Diosk Oursan!

CHAPTER V.

The wind was blowing toward the stranger so that he was nearly upon her, when Teresa first took the alarm. He was man over six feet in height, strongly built, with a slight tendency to a roundness of bulk which suggested reserve rather than impeded energy. His thick beard and mustache were closely cropped around a small and handsome mouth that lifted except when he was excited, but always kept fellowship with his blue eyes in a perpetual smile of half-cynical good humor. His dress was superior to that of the locality; his general expression that of a man of the world, albeit a world of San Francisco, Sacra-

mento and Murderers' Bar. He advanced toward her with a laugh and an outstretched hand.

"You here!" she gasped, drawing back.

Apparently neither surprised nor mortified at this reception, he answered frankly: "Yeth. You didn't expect me, I know. But Doloreth showed me the letter you wrote her, and—well—here I am, ready to help you, with two men and a spare horse waiting outside the woods on the blind trail."

"You—you—here?" she only repeated.

Oursan shrugged his shoulders. "Yeth. Of course you never expected to see me again, and least of all here. I'll admit that, I'll say, I wouldn't if I'd been in your place. I'll go further and say, you didn't want to see me again, anywhere. But it all cometh to the same thing; here I am. I read the letter you wrote Doloreth. I read how you were hiding here, under Dunn's very nothe, with his whole pothe out, cavorting round and barkin' up the wrong tree. I made up my mind to come down here with a few natty friends of mine and out you into Dunn's nothe, and run you over into Yubs, that'll all."

"How dare she show you my letter? you of all men. How dared she ask your help?" continued Teresa fiercely.

"But she didn't ask my help," he responded coolly. "D—d if I don't think she just calculated I'd be glad to know you were being hunted down and tharving, that I might put Dunn on your track."

"You lie!" said Teresa furiously, "she was my friend. A better friend than those who professed—more," she added, with a contemptuous drawing away of her skirt as if she feared Oursan's contamination.

"All right. Thettle that with her when you go back," continued Oursan philosophically. "We can talk of that on the way, the thing now it's to get up and get out of the woods. Come!" Teresa's only reply was a gesture of scorn.

"I know all that," continued Oursan half soothingly, "but they're waiting."

"Let them wait, I shall not go."

"What will you do?"

"Stay here—ill the wolves eat me."

"Teresa, listen. Teresa—Tita is here," he said with sudden energy. "I swear it's all right. I'm willing to let by-gones be by-gones and take a new deal. You shall come back as if nothing had happened and take your old place as before. I don't mind doing the square thing—all round. If that's what you mean, if that's all that stands in the way, why, look upon the thing as settled—there, Tita, old girl, come."

Careless or oblivious of her stony silence and starting eyes, he attempted to take her hand, but she disengaged herself with a quick movement, drew back, and suddenly crouched like a wild animal about to spring. Oursan folded his arms as she leaped to her feet; the little dagger she had drawn from her garter flashed mechanically in the air, but she stopped.

"The man before her remained erect, impassive, and silent, the great trees around and beyond her remained erect, impassive, and silent; there was no sound in the dim aisles but the quick panting of her mad passion, no movement in her calm, motionless shadow, but the trembling of her uplifted eyelid. Her arms bent and slowly sank, her fingers relaxed, the knife fell from her hand.

"That's quite enough for a show," he said with a return to his former cynical ease and a perceptible tone of relief in his voice. "It 'th the tame old Teretha. Well, then, if you won't go with me, go without me, take the led horse and cut away. Diok Athley and Fetorth will follow you over the county line. If you want thome money, there it is." He took a buckskin purse from his pocket. "If you won't take it from me—be hesitated as she made no reply; Athley 'th flush and ready to lend you thome."

She had not seemed to hear him, but had stooped in some embarrassment, plucked up the knife and hastily hid it, then with averted face and nervous fingers was beginning to tear strips of loose bark from the nearest trunk.

"Well, what do you say?"

"Don't want any money, and I shall stay here," she hesitated, looked around her, and then added with an effort. "I suppose you meant well. Be it so! Let by-gones be by-gones. You said just now. 'It's the same old Teresa.' So she is, and seeing she's the same, she's better here than anywhere else."

There was enough bitterness in her tone to call for Oursan's half-perfunctory sympathy.

"That he blowed," he responded quickly, "juth they you'll come, Tita, and—"

She stopped his half-compassionate sentence with a negative gesture. "You don't understand. I shall stay here."

"But even if they don't thank you here, you can't live here forever. The friend that you wrote about who with the good to you, you know, can't keep you here always, and are you there you can always truth her?"

"It isn't a woman, it's a man." She stopped short, and colored to the line of her forehead. "Who said that was a woman?" she continued fiercely, as if to cover her confusion with a burst of gratuitous anger. "Is that another of your lies?"

Oursan's lips, which for a moment had completely lost their smile were now drawn together in a prolonged whistle. He gazed curiously at her gowr, at her hat, at the bow of bright ribbon that tied her black hair, and said, "Ah!"

"A poor man who has kept my secret," she went on hurriedly, "a man as friendless and lonely as myself. Yes," disregarding Oursan's cynical smile, "a man who has shared everything."

"Naturally," suggested Oursan.

"And turned himself out of his only shelter to give me a roof and covering," she continued mechanically, struggling with the new and horrible fancy that his words awakened.

"And thieft every night at Indian Thpring to save your reputation," said Oursan. "Of course."

Teresa turned very white. Oursan was prepared for an outbreak of fury—perhaps even another attack. But the crushed and beaten woman only gazed at him with frightened and imploring eyes. "For God's sake, Diok, don't say that?"

The amiable cynic was staggered. His good humor and a certain oblivious instinct he could not repress got the better of him. He shrugged his shoulders. "What I say, and what you do, Teresa, needn't make us quarrel. I've no claim on you—I know it. Only—a vivid sense of the ridiculous, powerful in men of his stamp, completed her victory. "Only, don't say anything about my coming down here to cut you out from the—th—the Sheriff." He gave utterance to a short but unaffected laugh, made a slight grimace and turned to go.

Teresa did not join in his mirth. Awkward as it would have been if she had taken a savor view of the subject, she was mortified even amidst her fears and embarrassment at his levity. Just as she had become convinced that his jealousy had made her over-conscious, his apparent good-humored indifference gave that over-consciousness a guilty significance. Yet this was lost to her in sudden alarm as her companion, looking up, uttered

an exclamation and placed his hand upon his revolver. With a sinking conviction that the climax had come, Teresa raised her eyes. From the dim aisles beyond, Low was approaching! The ostentatious seemed complete.

She had barely time to utter an imploring whisper: "In the name of God, don't say a word to him." But a change had already come over her companion. It was no longer a parody with a foolish woman; he had to deal with a man like himself. As Low's dark face and picturesque figure came nearer, Mr. Oursan's proposed method of dealing with him was made audible.

"It's a mulatto or a Thronth, or both?" he asked, with affected anxiety.

Low's Indian phlegm was impervious to such assault. He turned to Teresa without apparently noticing her companion. "I turned back," he said quietly, "as soon as I knew there were strangers here; I thought you might need me." She noticed, for the first time, that, in addition to his rifle, he carried a revolver and hunting knife in his belt.

"eth," returned Oursan, with an ineffectual attempt to imitate Low's phlegm, "but as I didn't happen to be a stranger to this lady perhaps it wasn't necessary, particularly as I had two friends—"

"Waiting at the edge of the wood with a led horse," interrupted Low without addressing him, but apparently continuing his explanation to Teresa. But she turned to Low with feverish anxiety.

"That's so—he is an old friend," she gave a quick, imploring glance at Oursan, "an old friend who came to help me away—he is very kind," she stammered, turning alternately from the one to the other, "but I told him there was no hurry—at least to-day—that you—were very good—too, and—would you mind a little longer, until your plan—you know your plan—" she added, with a look of beseeching significance to Low, "could be tried. And then with a helpless conviction that her excuses, motives, and emotions were equally and perfectly transparent to both men, she stopped in a tremble.

"Perhaps it's th juth ash well then, that the gentleman came throught here and didn't tackle my two fiendth when he heathed them," observed Oursan, half-sarcastically.

"I have not passed your friends, nor have I been near them," said Low, looking at him for the first time with the same exasperating calm, "or perhaps I should not be here or there. I knew that one man entered the wood a few moments ago, and that two men and four horses remained outside."

"That's true," said Teresa to Oursan excitedly, "that's true. He knows all. He can see without looking, hear without listening. He—he—" she stammered, colored, and stopped.

The two men had faced each other. Oursan, after his first gaudy impulse, had retained no wish to regain Teresa, whom he felt he no longer loved, and yet who, for that very reason perhaps, had awakened his chivalrous instincts; Low, equally on his side was altogether unconscious of any feeling which might grow into a passion, and prevent him from letting her go with another if for her own safety. They were both men of a certain taste and refinement. Yet, in spite of all this, some vague instinct of the baser male animal remained with them, and they were moved to a mutually aggressive attitude in the presence of the female.

One word more and the opening chapter of a sylvan liad might have begun. But this modern Helen saw it coming and arrested it with an inspiration of female genius. Without being observed she disengaged her knife from her bosom and let it fall as if by accident. It struck the ground with the point of its keen blade, bounded, and rolled between them. The two men started and looked at each other with a foolish air. Oursan laughed.

"I reckon she can take care of herself," he said, extending his hand to Low. "I'm off. But if I wanted she'd know where to find me." Low took the proffered hand, but neither of the two men looked at Teresa. The reserve of antagonism once broken, a few words of caution, advice and encouragement passed between them in apparent obliviousness of her presence, or her personal responsibility. As Oursan at last nodded a farewell to her, Low insisted upon accompanying him as far as the horse, and, in another moment she was again alone.

She had saved a quarrel between them at the sacrifice of herself, for her vanity was still keen enough to feel that this exhibition of her old weakness had degraded her in their eyes, and worse—had lost the respect her late restraint had won from Low. They had treated her like a child or a crazy woman, perhaps even now were exchanging orthodoxy upon her—perhaps pitying her! Yet she had prevented a quarrel, a fight—possibly the death of either one or the other of these men who despised her, for none knew better than she the trivial beginning and desperate end of these encounters. Would they—would Low ever realize it, and forgive her? Her small, dark hands went up to her eyes, and she sank upon the ground. She looked through tear-veiled lashes upon the mute and giant witness of her deceit and passion, and tried to draw from their immovable calm strength and consolation as before. But even they seemed to stand apart—reserved and forbidding.

When Low returned she tried to gather from his eyes and manner what had passed between him and her former lover. But beyond a mere gentle abstraction at times, he retained his usual calm. She was at last forced to allude to it herself with simulated recklessness.

"I suppose I didn't get a very good character from my last place?" she said with a laugh.

"I don't understand you," he replied, in evident sincerity.

She bit her lip and was silent. But as they were returning home she said gently, "I hope you were not angry with me for the lie I told when I spoke of 'your plan.' I could not give the real reason for not returning with—with—that man. But it's not all a lie. I have a plan, if you haven't. When you are ready to go to Sacramento to take your place, dress me as an Indian boy, paint my face, and let me go with you. You can leave me—there—you know."

"It's not a bad idea," he responded, gravely. "We will see."

On the next day and the next the rendezvous seemed to be forgotten. The herbarium was already filled with rare specimens. Teresa had even overcome her feminine repugnance to "bugs" and creeping things so far as to assist in his entomological collection. He had drawn from a soiled cache in the hollow of a tree the few worn text books from which he had studied.

"They seem very precious," she said, with a smile.

"Very," he replied gravely. "There was one with plates that the ants ate up, and it will be six months before I can afford to buy another."

Teresa glanced hurriedly over his well worn buckskin suit, at his calico shirt, with its pattern almost obliterated by countless washings, and became thoughtful. "I sup-

pose you couldn't buy one at Indian Spring," she said innocently.

"For once Low was startled out of his phlegm.

"Indian Spring," he ejaculated; "perhaps not even in San Francisco. These came from the States."

"How did you get them?" persisted Teresa.

"I bought them for skins I got over the ridge."

"I didn't mean that—but no matter. Then you mean to sell that bear-skin, don't you?" she asked.

Low, in fact, had already sold it the proceeds having been invested in a gold ring for Miss Nellie, which she scrupulously did not wear except in his presence. In his singular truthfulness he would have frankly confessed it to Teresa, but the secret was not his own. He contented himself with saying that he had disposed of it at Indian Spring. Teresa started, and communicated unconsciously some of her nervousness to her companion. They gazed in each other's eyes with a troubled expression.

"Do you think it was wise to sell that particular skin, which might be identified?" she asked timidly.

Low halted his arched brows, but felt a strange sense of relief. "Perhaps not," he said carelessly; "but it's too late now to mend matters."

That afternoon she wrote several letters and tore them up. One, however, she retained, and handed it to Low to post at Indian Spring, whether he was going. She called his attention to the superscription being the same as the previous letter, and added, with affected gaiety, "But if the answer isn't as prompt, perhaps it will be pleasanter than the last." Her quick feminine eye noticed a little excitement in his manner and a more studious attention to his dress. Only a few days before she would not have allowed this to pass without some mischievous allusion to his mysterious sweatshirt; it troubled her greatly now to find that she could not bring herself to this household pleasantry, and that he had trembled and her eye grew moist as he parted from her.

The afternoon passed slowly; he had said he might not return to supper until late; nevertheless a strange restlessness took possession of her as the day wore on; she put aside her work, the darning of his stockings, and rambled aimlessly through the woods. She had wandered, she knew not how far, when she was suddenly seized with the same vague sense of a foreign presence which she had felt before. Could it be Oursan again—with a word of warning? No! she knew it was not he; so subtle had her sense become that she even fancied that she detected in the invisible aura projected by the unknown no significance or relation to herself or Low, and felt no fear. Nevertheless she deemed it wisest to seek the protection of her sylvan bower, and hurried swiftly thither.

But not so quickly nor fixedly that she did not once or twice pause in her flight to examine the new comer from behind a friendly trunk. He was a stranger—a young fellow with a brown moustache, wearing heavy Mexican spurs in his riding boots, whose tinkling he apparently did not care to correct. He had perceived her, and was evidently pursuing her, but so awkwardly and timidly that she eluded him with ease. When she had reached the security of the hollow tree and pulled the curtain of bark before the narrow opening, with her eye to the interstices, she waited his coming. He arrived breathlessly in the open space before the tree where the bear once lay; he gazed, bewildered and half-awed expression of his face as he glanced around him and through the openings of the forest aisles brought a faint smile to her saddened face. At length he called in a half-embarrassed voice:—

"Miss Nellie!"

The smile faded from Teresa's cheek. Who was "Miss Nellie?" She pressed her ear to the opening. "Miss Wynne!" the voice again called, but was lost in the echoes of the woods. Devoured with a new and gratuitous curiosity, in another moment Teresa felt she would have disclosed herself at any risk, but the stranger rose and began to retrace his steps. Long after his tinkling spurs were lost in the distance, Teresa remained like a statue staring at the place where he had stood. Then she suddenly turned like a mad woman, glanced down at the gown she was wearing, tore it from her back as if it had been a polluted garment, and stamped upon it in a convulsion of rage. And then, with her beautiful bare arms clasped together over her head, she threw herself upon her couch in a tempest of tears.

(To be continued.)

the phrase, "You cannot serve God and Mammon." This implies that the service which we render to one is but the service which we would render to the other. When we say that we serve our God there is no service commensurate but true and undivided devotion. Thus when we speak of adoring God it should mean adoration with all our faculties. Any other service than this is not pleasing to Him. This command is not addressed to any class or kind, but to all. God speaks also in a shorter text: "My love, give me thy heart;" and what is this but the very acknowledgment of everything that is in our nature? This, then, is the kind of service which God requires of us. He cannot deceive or be deceived. My intellect inclines before my God; for this reason. He proclaims that I shall love myself and my neighbor as myself. It is God as Lord and Master holding supreme power over me.

ADORATION OF GOD.

We adore Him in rejoicing at the works that He has accomplished by rendering gratitude to Him. This feeling identifies us as belonging to Him, and if we are made of spirit and of flesh both cause us to kneel before our Lord and Master. God helps us, as we well know—this blessed truth, with many others which we have learned from our mothers' lips. But have we conformed to them? If we are honest of heart we will look within at our soul, that sanctuary to which none of earth can penetrate, and see ourselves as He sees us. Whence comes this feeling of disobedience? Is it because sorrow or the still voice of conscience has spoken to us? The one sole atmosphere that makes men of us is wanting. It is the spiritual atmosphere. To serve God, of which the text speaks, means that we are to live without the world. The true model of such a course of action is Jesus. He stood in need of nothing, and, having a choice, chose poverty and degradation. He who comes nearest this model comes nearest being in the image of God. Who is there bearing the name of a Christian that could prove to the heathen that he was such a one? It is there our courage fails us, and we would rather drown our thoughts in pleasure. This is, then, why we do not serve God, but Mammon. It is here at this point that Mammon becomes conspicuous, and riches generally bring about this result.

Riches possession or income.

Wealth gives us that contented state so vividly expressed in the English word, comfort. It becomes a sustainer and supporter, and thus we court and worship the earthly source from which it is derived, and forget God, the real giver. Brethren, are you astonished under these circumstances that Paul, in his directions to Timothy, said, in regard to the rich, "For they that are rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts; for the love of money is the root of all evil," &c. In what stronger terms could it be stated? The fault is, as we state this in the face, that it must indeed startle us. If God has endowed us with wealth, does it necessitate that we, as rich men, cannot be the children of God? The Almighty One, in speaking of this difficulty has said, "What you have is not yours alone, but you are simply holding property in trust, and although it allows comfort, pleasure and the cultivation of art and science, yet do not let the charge of high-mindedness be applicable to you." God has given you wealth, but do not feel that you and your riches are above struggling humanity. Why stop under such circumstances in the midst of the course when a few strokes would carry you to the goal? Why gratify your desire, indifferent to those who are suffering about you? Rather remember that your responsibility as a treasurer is very great. Perhaps the thought has come to you, "I possess to-day; shall I possess to-morrow?" Of one thing we are sure. Thousands have said, "Come, let us enjoy the things that are present, and let not the flower of time pass by." Yet on the morrow we have seen them reduced to absolute poverty. "Is this our fate?" you may say. If you have trust in the good God all will be right.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD DEEDS.

Your chances, brethren, are in giving to give with a broad, generous heart, not by fancy and caprice. The Father who gave you your wealth makes the sun to shine upon the righteous and the unrighteous. Therefore you must not be governed by fickleness, but when you give do it in the name of God. If you make this your aim, brethren, when you shall stand before the judgment seat, He will say to you:—"I was hungry and ye gave me meat." Keep yourself lowly, give freely and your homes will be joyful places, sanctified by the hospitality which you extend to all. Brethren, you can take your choice, either to worship the golden calf, which is unworthy of one who has borne the stamp of a Christian, or to worship God. Have you noticed how swiftly time passes away? Just as a bird flies silently and swiftly through the air. Christmas and other festival days come and go, and yet how many shall pass away before another arrives! All is written upon the mind of God. He knows. What actions of our life shall we delight to think of when we at the last moment come to the brink of eternity? We shall dwell with delight, not on the hours spent in pleasure-seeking, but upon those spent in the service of God.

FORTUNATE CHANCE OF A LIEUT. CHANCE, U. S. A.

Lt. Josiah Chance of the 17th Regiment Infantry, U. S. Army, at the close of the late war, having served entirely through it, was commissioned in the regular service. Eleven years ago he was stationed at Bismarck, and here he has been ever since. Under his superintendence Camp Hancock was built, and the present Fort Lincoln. He shook hands with the gallant Custer when he left to march to death; and one of the first to fall over his sad fate fell from Lieut. Chance. At present he is at Lincoln, and no officer at the fort is held in better esteem than he. He drew \$30,000 in the July drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, at the cost of \$2. Every Bismarcker knows him, and the *Tri-Week* heard but one expression: "God! it couldn't have fallen to a better man." He says he will invest it in Dakota dirt, and will remain in the service. Through the Bismarck Nat. Bank he drew on New Orleans for his \$30,000. Lieut. Chance held two-fifths of ticket No. 37,348. The ticket drew the capital price of \$75,000.—*Bismarck (Dakota) Tribune, July 17.*

Celluloid, although originally invented by an Englishman and known under his auspices as X'omite, has been brought to great perfection here, and an immense trade is done in it as a material for knife handles. It may not be generally known that the main article in its composition is tissue paper, and that camphor is largely used in its preparation, while it owes its hardness to the admixture of the pigment of white zinc lead.

THE WEAKER SEX.

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

MGR. CAPEL.

Sermons by the Distinguished Divine at Newport.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF WEALTH.

The Adoration which Alone is Pleasing in the Sight of God.

Newport, R. I., August 19, 1883.

Mgr. Capel preached at the Rev. Dr. Grace's church this morning and also this afternoon. The edifice—the largest in the city—was filled to its utmost capacity at both services. Many of the leading cottagers, including Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and Mrs. Bonaparte, and ex-Governor John Lee Carroll and wife, of Maryland, were present. The morning sermon will attract special attention in view of the large amount of wealth represented among the audience and in the city, where he is spending a few days. His text was Matthew vi, 24—"You cannot serve God and Mammon," &c. The speaker said:—

MGR. CAPEL'S DISCOURSE.

Dear Brethren—Your town to-day is at the height of the season. Those who, by industry or inheritance, are possessed of large fortunes are enjoying all the pleasure that wealth can give. The liturgy breaks strangely in upon this scene. It is not a strange coincidence that we gather around the altar of God Almighty, who has given some of us riches, and who nevertheless guards and protects us. Coincidences of this kind are oftentimes due to the speaking and working of the Holy Spirit. Yet, while we would forget God, He does not forget us, and, loving us as children, His love reaches to our souls. Let us ponder over the text, and that which he by us means an antithesis, that "no man can serve two masters." As to what the Holy Spirit may instruct there is no doubt. We must work for God or for the world. Where should we take our stand? The problem can be easily solved, therefore we will not dwell upon it. Mark