THE VEILED WOMAN

On the other hand, however, no ordinary marriage could bring him such awful beauty—for awful is the only word that can describe it—such divine devotion, such wisdom and command over the secrets of nature, and the place and power that they must win, or lastly the royal crown of unending youth, if indeed she could give that. Nor on the whole it is not wonderful that, though Leo was plunged in bitter shame and grief, such as any gentleman would have felt under the circumstances, he was not ready to entertain the idea of running away from his extraordinary fortune

XXII.

JOB HAS A PRESENTIMENT.

It was nine o'clock on the following morning when Job, who still looked scared and frightened, came to call on me, and at the same time breathe his gratitude at finding us alive in our beds, which it appeared was more than he had expected. When I told him of the awful end of poor Ustane he was even more grateful at our survival, and much shocked, though Ustane had been no favorite of his—or he of hers, for the matter of that. She called him "pig" in bastard Arabic, and he called her "hussy" in good English, but these amenities were forgotten in the face of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed her at the hands of her queen.

"I don't want to say anything as mayn't be agreeable, sir," said Job, when he had finished exclaiming at my tale, "but it's my opinion that that there She is the old gentleman himself, or perhaps his wife, if he has got one, which I suppose he has, for he couldn't be so wicked all by himself. The Witch of Endor was a fool to her, sir; bless you, she would make no more of raising every gentleman in the Bible out of these here beastly tombs than I should of growing cress on an old flannel. It's a country of devils, this is, sir, and she's the master one of the lot; and if ever we get out of it, it will be more than I expect to do. I don't see no way out of it. That witch isn't likely to let a fine young man like Mr. Leo go."

"Come," I said; "at any rate she saved his life."

"Yes, and she'll take his soul to pay for it. She'll make him a witch, like herself. I say it's wicked to have anything to do with those sort of people. Last night, sir, I lay awake and read in my little Bible that my poor old mother gave me about what is going to happen to sorceresses and them sort, till my hair stood on end. Lord, how the old lady would stare if she saw where her Job had got to!"

"Yes, it's a queer country, and a queer people too, Job," I answered, with a sigh, for though I am not superstitious like Job, I admit to a natural shrinking (which will not bear investigation) from the things that are above nature.

"You are right, sir," he answered; "and if you won't think me very foolish, I should like to say something to you, now that Mr. Leo is out of the way" (Leo had got up early and gone for a stroll), "and that is that I know it is the last country as ever I shall see in this world. I had a dream last night, and I dreamed that I saw my old father, with a kind of night-shirt on him, something like these folks wear when they want to be in particular full dress, and a bit of that feathery grass in his hand, which he may have gathered on the way, for I saw lots of it yesterday about three hundred yards from the mouth of this beastly cave.

"'Job,' he said to me, solemn like, and yet with a kind of satisfaction shining through him, more like a Methody parson when he has sold a neighbor a marked horse for a sound one and cleared twenty pounds by the job than anything I can think on—'Job, time's up, Job; but I never did expect to have to come and hunt you out in this 'ere place, Job. Such ado as I have had to nose you up; it wasn't friendly to give your poor old father such a run, let alone that a wonderful lot of bad characters hail from this place Kor.'

"'Come, come, Job,' I said, seriously, 'this is all nonsense, you know. You mustn't be silly enough to go getting such ideas into your head. We've lives though some queer things, and I hope that we may go on doing so.'

"'No, sir,' answered Job, in a tone of conviction that jarred on me unpleasantly, 'it isn't nonsense. I'm a doomed man, and I feel it, and a most unsomfortable feeling it is, sir, for one can't help wondering how it's going to come about. If you are eating your dinner you think of poison, and it goes against your stomach; and if you are walking along these dark rabbit burrows you think of knives, and Lord, don't you just shiver about the backs! I ain't particular, sir, provided it's sharp, like that poor girl who, now that she's gone, I am sorry to have spoke hard on, though I don't approve of her morals in getting married, which I consider too quick to be decent. Still, sir,' and poor Job turned a shade paler as he said it, 'I do hope it won't be that hot-pot game.'

"'Nonsense,' I broke in, angrily—'nonsense!'

"'Very well, sir,' said Job; 'it isn't my place to differ from you, sir; but if you happen to be going anywhere, sir, I should be obliged if you could manage to take me with you, seeing that I shall be glad to have a friendly face to look at when the time comes, just to help one through as it were. And now, sir, I'll be getting the breakfast;' and he went, leaving me in a very uncomfortable state of mind. I was deeply attached to old Job, who was one of the best and honestest men I have ever had to do with in any class of life, and really more of a friend than a servant, and the mere idea of anything happening to him brought a lump into my throat. Beneath all his ludicrous talk I could see that he himself was quite convinced that something was going to happen, and though in most cases these convictions turn out to be utter moonshine—and this particular one especially was to be amply accounted for by the gloomy and unaccustomed surroundings in which its victim was placed—still it did more or less to carry a chill to my heart, as anything that is obviously a genuine object of belief is apt to do, however absurd the belief may be. Presently the breakfast arrived, and with it Leo, who had been taking a walk outside the cave—to clear his mind, he said—and very glad I was to see both, for they gave me a respite from my gloomy thoughts. After breakfast we went for another walk, and watched some of the Amahagger sowing a plot of ground with the grain from which they might make their beer. This they did in Scriptural fashion—a man with a bag made of goat's hide fastened round his waist walking up and down the plot, and scattering the seed as he went. It was a positive relief to see one of these dreadful people do anything so homely and pleasant as sow a field, perhaps, because it seemed to link them, as it were, with the rest of humanity.

As we were returning, Billali met us, and informed us that it was She's pleasure that we should walk upon her, and accordingly we entered her presence, not without trepidation, for Ayesha was certainly an exception to the rule. Familiarity with her might and did breed passion and wonder and horror, but it certainly did not breed contempt.

To be continued.

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M. Fremy has read a paper at the French Academy of Sciences, describing the successful researches made by him, with M. Verneuil's assistance, for obtaining artificial rubies. By letting alumina dissolve in fluoride of calcium he obtained crystals of alumina—that is to say, perfect rubies, defying the closest scrutiny, and even higher in value than natural stones. They can be made of large size.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. eod

Dr. Henry D. Coggswell, the San Francisco millionaire, has found better use for his money than spending it in the erection of cast-iron drinking fountains, so hideous that even Eastern cities refuse longer to tolerate them. He has given one million dollars for the endowment of a school in San Francisco, where trades will be taught to any boy or girl who is qualified to be admitted as a student.

FITS:—All Fits stopped free by Dr Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. L/eod&w-ly

Thomas O'Shea, near Danbury, Conn., owned two hens and a rooster. One died on the nest, and Tomas, discovering it before the eggs were cold, put them in a basket and put the rooster on the eggs and fastened him there. He fed and watered him without letting him quit the nest, and in due time from the fifteen eggs thirteen chicks appeared. Their father seems proud of them and takes good care of his family.

"Rough On Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jan.

"A LIVE CHURCH."

Dr. Talmage's Discourse on Sunday Morning.

Brooklyn, April 3.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., has returned from the west, after an absence of nearly three weeks. His subject this morning was: "A Live Church," and his text Revelation, chapter ii., verses 8 and 9: "Unto the angel of the Church in Smyrna write, these things saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive; I know thy works, and tribulations, and poverty, but thou art rich."

Smyrna was a great city of the ancients, bounded on three sides by mountains. It was the central emporium of the Levantine trade. In that prosperous and brilliant city there was a Christian church established. After it had existed for a while, it was rocked down by an earthquake. It was rebuilt. Then it was consumed by a conflagration that swept over the entire city. That church went through fire, and trouble, and disaster, but kept on to great spiritual prosperity. The fact was, that church had the grace of God, an ever active principle. Had it been otherwise, all the grandeur of architecture and pomp of surroundings would only have been the ornament of death—the garlands of a coffin, the plumes of a hearse.

It may be profitable to consider what are the elements of a live Church.

I remark in the first place, that one characteristic of such a Church is punctual in meeting its engagements. All ecclesiastical institutions have financial relations, and they ought to meet their obligations just as certainly as men meet their obligations at the bank. When a Church of God is not as faithful in its promises as the Bank of England, it ceases to be a Church of God. It ought to be understood that prayers cannot paint a church, and prayers cannot pay the winter's coal bill, and prayers cannot meet the insurance; and that, while prayers can do a thousand things, there are a thousand things that prayers cannot do. Prayers for any particular Church will never reach heaven high unless it goes down pocket deep. In my Church at the West, there was a man of comfortable means, who used to pray for his pastor in such elongated style that he became a nuisance to the prayer-meeting; asking God, in a prayer that was almost without pausing, that the pastor might be blessed in his basket and in his store, while the fact was he never paid anything. If we pray for the advancement of the Church, and do not out of our means contribute for its advancement, our prayer is only mockery. Let the Church of God thus meet its obligations on the outside, and let the members of the congregation meet the obligations on the inside, and the Church will be financially prosperous.

Let me say, also, that there must be punctuality in the attendance on the house of the Lord. If the service begins at half-past ten in the morning, the regular congregation of a live Church will not come at a quarter to eleven. If the service is to begin at half-past seven in the evening, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at a quarter to eight. In some churches I have noticed the people are always tardy. There are some people who are always late. They were born too late, and the probability is they will die too late. The rustling of dresses up the aisle, and the slamming of doors, and the treading of heavy feet is poor inspiration for a minister. It requires great abstraction in a pastor's mind to proceed with the preliminary exercises of the church when one-half of the audience seated are looking around to see the other half come in. Such a difference of attendance upon the house of God may be a difference of time-pieces; but the live church of which I am speaking ought to go by railroad time, and that is pretty well understood in all communities. There is one hymn that ought to be sung in a great many Christian families on Sabbath morning:

"Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy place."

Another characteristic of a live church is the fact that all the people participate in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ loft, while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around, lonely and unbefriended, and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody made unto the Lord. In heaven they all sing, though some there can not sing half as well as others. The Methodist Church has sung all around the world, and gone from conquest to conquest, among other things because it is a singing church; and any Christian church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty will go on from triumph to triumph. A Church of God that can sing, can do anything that ought to be done. Go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn book in the other. O! ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord, and have got out of the habit, take your harps down from the willows. I am glad to know that, as a Church, we are making advancement in this respect. When I came to be your pastor we had an excellent choir in the little chapel, and they sang very sweetly to us Sabbath by Sabbath; but ever and anon there was trouble, for you know that the choirs in the United States are the Waterloos where the great battles go on. One Sunday they will sing like angels, and the next Sunday they will be mad, and will not sing at all. We resolved to settle all the difficulties, and have one skillful man at the organ, and one man to do the work of a precentor; and now, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the voice comes up like the voice of mighty thunderings.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

On the way to triumph that never ends, and pleasures that never die—sing!

Another characteristic of a live Church is a flourishing Sabbath school. It is too late in the history of the Christian Church to argue the benefit of such an institution. The Sabbath school is not a supplement to the Church; it is its right arm. But you say there are dead Churches that have Sabbath schools. Yes, but the Sabbath schools are dead, too. It is a dead mother holding in her arms a dead child. But when superintendent, and teachers, and scholars come on Sabbath afternoon together, their faces glowing with interest and enthusiasm, and their songs are heard all through the exercises, and as the close they go away feeling they have been on the Mount of Transfiguration—that is a live school, and it is characteristic of a live Church. There is only one thing I have against the Sabbath schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but alas for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and the lost! A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath schools; but what about the 70,000 destitute children of New York, and the score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn, around whom are thrown no benign, and heavenly, and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them, or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them, or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropic and the statesman. Oh! if we could have all these suffering little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger, and wretchedness, and rags, and sin, and trouble, and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices in blasphemy which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit, we would recoil, crying out:—"Avaunt, thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blistered ruin every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money safe and blowing up your store to hide the villany. A great army, with staggering step, and blood-shot eye, and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog shop and den of infamy in the land, to take the ballot box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry in her plain frock will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying:—"The world owes us a living." O, what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uncontaminated, and unrestrained, and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flames, crushing like rocks! What are you going to do with this abandoned population of the streets? Will you gather them in your Churches? It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. If you have ten respectable children in your class, gather in ten that are not respectable. If in your Bible class there be twenty young men who have come from Christian homes and elegant surroundings; let those twenty young men go out and gather in twenty more of the young men of the city who are lost to God and lost to society. This outside population, unless educated and restrained, will work terror in ages that are to come. Years ago, at New Orleans, when the cholera was raging fearfully, a steamboat put out just before nightfall, crowded with passengers who were trying to escape from the pestilence. After the boat had been out a little while, the engineer fell with the cholera. The captain, in consternation, went down among the passengers and asked:—"Is there anyone here who knows anything about engineering?" A swarthy man replied: "I am an engineer." "Well," said the captain, "I would be very glad if you would take charge of this boat." The man went to the engine. The steamer moved more rapidly until, after awhile, the captain and some passengers were alarmed, and they went to see what was the matter, and they found that this was a maniac engineer, and that he was seated on the safety-valve; and, as they came to him, he said: "I am commissioned of Satan to drive this steamer to hell!" and he flourished his pistol, and would not come down. But after awhile, through some stratagem, he was brought from his position, and the lives of the passengers were saved. O, my friends! that steamer had no such peril as our institutions are threatened with, if the ignorant and unrestrained children of this land shall come up in their ignorance and their crime to endanger our civil and religious institutions, and drive them on the rocks. Educate this abandoned population, or they will overthrow the institutions of this land. Gather them into your Sabbath-schools. I congratulate you that many have been gathered. Go forth, teachers, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the coming Sabbaths may there be found gathered scholars and hundreds of these wanderers, and, instead of eighteen hundred in the Sabbath-schools, we shall see three thousand or four thousand, and the grace of God will come down upon them, and the Holy Spirit will bring them all into the truth.

Another characteristic of a live Church is one with appropriate architecture. In the far West and amid destitute population, a log church is very appropriate—the people living in log houses. But in communities where people live in comfortable abodes, a church uncommodious or lacking in beauty is a moral nuisance. Because Christ was born in a manger is no reason why we should worship Him in a barn. Let the churches of Jesus Christ be not only comfortable, but ornate. Years ago, we resolved to have a comfortable church. We resolved that it should be architectural in shape. The prominent architects of the country, after figuring on the matter a good while, said that such a church would not be churchly, and they would have nothing to do with the enterprise. But after awhile we found an architect willing to risk his reputation. He put up for us the first tabernacle in amphitheatrical style. We liked it. All who came liked it. This building followed in the same style. We believe it is appropriate and adapted. An angular church will have an angular theology. The Church of Jesus Christ ought to be a great family circle, the pulpit only the fire-place, around which they are gathered in sweet and domestic communion. But when our first tabernacle went up, O the caricature and the scoffing! They said: "It's a hippodrome! It's a holy circus! It's Talmage's theatre!" But the Lord came down with power upon that old building, and made it the gate of heaven to a great many. And this building followed. That we were right in persisting in the style of architecture is proved by the fact that now there are sixty or seventy Churches in the United States in the same style. Indeed, our tabernacle has revolutionized Church architecture in this country. A live Church must have a commodious, a comfortable, an adapted building. "How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Again, the characteristic of a live Church must be that it is a soul-saving Church. It must be the old Gospel of Christ. "O," say some people, "the Gospel of Christ allows but a small swing for a man's faculties, and some men have left the ministry with that idea." One such said to Rowland Hill:—"I have left the ministry because I don't want to hide my talents any longer. "Well," replied Rowland Hill, "I think the more you hide your talents the better." Why, there is no field on earth so grand as that which is open before the Gospel ministry. Have you powers of analysis? Exhaust them here. Have you unconquerable logic? Let it grapple with Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Have you strong imagination? Let it discourse on the Psalms of David, or John's Apocalyptic Vision. Have you great powers of pathos? Exhaust it in telling the story of a Saviour's love. Have you a bold style of thinking? Then follow Ezekiel's wheel, full of eyes, and hear through his chapters the rush of the wings of the seraphim. All ye who want a grand field in which to work for God, come into the Gospel ministry. At any rate, come into Christian circles, and somewhere and somehow declare the grace of God. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Eternal life for all the dead. O, my soul! preach it forever. It has been my ambition, and I believe it has been yours, my dear people, in these years of my ministry, to have this a soul-saving Church, and we never yet threw out the Gospel net but we drew in a great multitude. They have come, a hundred at a time; and two hundred at a time; and three hundred and fifty at a time; and I expect the day will appear when, in some service, there will be three thousand souls accepting the offers of eternal life. I wish I could tell you some circumstances that have come under my observation, proving the fact that God has blessed the prayers of these people in behalf of souls immortal. I could tell you of one night, when I stood at the end of the platform and a gentleman passed me, his cheek bronzed with the sea, and as he went into the inquiry-room he said to me:—"I am an Englishman," I said:—"I am very glad to see you; walk in." That night he gave his heart to the Lord. It was a clear case of quick but thorough conversion. Passing out at the close of the inquiry meeting, I said: "How long have you been in this country?" He said:—"I arrived by steamer this morning at eleven o'clock." I said:—"How long will you be in the city?" He said:—"I leave to-morrow for Canada, and thence I go to Halifax, and thence to Europe, and I'll never be here again." I said:—"I think you must have come to this country to have your soul saved." He said: "That certainly was the reason." In that other room, one night, at the close of the service, there sat among other persons, three persons looking so cheerful that I said to myself:—"These are not anxious inquirers." I said to the man:—"Are you a Christian?" He said:—"I am." I said:—"When did you become a Christian?" He said:—"To-night." His wife sat next to him. I said to her:—"Are you a Christian?" She said:—"I am." I said:—"When did you become a Christian?" She said:—"To-night." I remarked:—"Is this young lady your daughter?" They said:—"Yes." I said to her:—"Are you a Christian?" She said: "Yes." I said:—"When did you become a Christian?" She said:—"To-night." I said to them:—"From whence came you?". They said: "We are from Charleston, South Carolina." I said: "When did you come?" They said:—"We came yesterday." "How long are you going to remain?" "We go to-morrow. We have never been here before, and shall never be here again." I have heard from them since. They are members of the Church of Jesus Christ, in good and regular standing, eminent for consistency and piety. And so God has made it a soul-saving Church. But I could tell you of a tragic scene, when once at the close of the service I found a man in one of these front seats, wrought upon most mightily. I said to him:—"What is the matter?" He replied:—"I am a captive of strong drink; I came from the West; I thought, perhaps, you could do me some good; I find you can't do me any good; I find there is no hope for me." I said:—"Come into this side room and we will talk together." "Oh, no!" he said, "there's no need of my going in; I am a lost man; I have a beautiful wife; I have four beautiful children; I had a fine profession; I have had a thorough education; I had every opportunity a man ever had, but I am a captive of strong drink; God only knows what I suffer." I said:—"Be encouraged; come in here, and we'll talk together about it." "No," he said, "I can't come; you can't do me any good. I was on the Hudson River Railroad yesterday, and coming down, I resolved never again to touch a drop of strong drink. While I sat there a man came in—a low creature—and sat by me; he had a whiskey flask, and he said to me: 'Will you take a drink?' I said no; but oh, how I wanted it! and as I said no, it seemed that the liquor curled up around the mouth of the flask and begged:—'Take me! take me! take me!' I felt I couldn't resist it, and yet I was determined not to drink, and I rushed out on the platform of the car, and I thought I would jump off; we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I didn't dare to jump; the paroxysm of thirst went off, and I am here to-night." I said: "Come in, I'll pray for you, and commend you to God." He came in trembling. Some of you remember. After the service, we walked out and up the street. I said: "You have an awful struggle; I'll take you into a drug store; perhaps the doctor can give you some medicine that will help you in your struggle though, after all, you will have to depend upon the grace of God." I said to the doctor: "Can you give this man something to help him in his battle against strong drink?" "I can," replied the doctor, and he prepared a bottle of medicine. I said: "There is no alcohol in this—no strong drink?" "None at all," said the doctor. "How long will this last?" I enquired. "It will last him a week." "O," I said, "give us another bottle." We passed out into the street and stood under the gaslight. It was getting late, and I said to the man:—"I must part with you. Put your trust in the Lord, and He will see you through. You will make use of this medicine when the paroxysm of thirst comes on." A few weeks passed away, and I got a letter from Boston saying: "Dear friend, I enclose the money you paid for that medicine. I have never used any of it. The thirst for strong drink has entirely gone away from me. I send you two or three newspapers to show you what I have been doing since I came to Boston." I opened the newspapers and saw accounts of meetings of two or three thousand people to whom this man had been preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. I have heard from him again and again since. He is faithful now, and will be, I know, faithful to the last. O, this work of soul saving! Would God that out of this audience to-day five hundred men might hear the voice of the Son of God bidding them come to a glorious resurrection!

All the offers of the Gospel are extended to you, "without money and without price," and you are conscious of the fact that these opportunities will soon be gone forever. The conductor of a rail-train was telling me of the fact that he was one night standing his train on a side track, his train having been switched off so that the express train might dart past unhindered. He said while he stood there in the darkness, beside his train on the side-track, he heard the thunder of the express in the distance. Then he saw the flash of the headlight. The train came with fearful velocity, nearer and nearer, until after awhile when very near, by the flash of the headlight, he saw that the switchman had not attended to his duty—either through intoxication or indifference, had not attended to his duty, and that train, unless something were done immediately, would rush on the side-track, and dash the other train to atoms. He shouted to the switchman:—"Set up that switch!" and with one stroke the switch went back, and the express thundered on. O! man and woman, going on toward the eternal world, swift as the years, swift as the months, swift as the days, swift as the hours, swift as the minutes, swift as the seconds on what track are you running? Toward light or darkness? Toward victory or defeat? Toward heaven or hell? Set up that switch. Cry aloud to God, "Now is the day of salvation."

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All previous records of rapid construction of horse shoes were beaten on Friday night by John Tunney, of Chicago, in a match with Mark Walsh, also of Chicago. The best previous record was that of Dunn at Detroit—100 shoes in one hour and forty-seven minutes. Tunney made his 100 shoes Friday night in one hour, twelve minutes and fifteen seconds. The first shoe was complete in twenty-two seconds.

A Victim.

A very large percentage of the misery attendant upon the human race may be attributed to the derangement of the stomach. When it fails to perform its functions the victim is brought into such a wretched condition that life itself seems to be but a hollow mockery. Try McGregor's Speady Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pimples, Costiveness, Impure Blood, and Loss of Appetite. Sold in 50c and $1 00 bottles at Harkness & Co.'s. 3eod

Rev. John Dennis, of Philadelphia, who is a Canadian, went to Bristol, Pa., on Friday for the purpose of identifying the body of a well-dressed man who was found in a dying condition near Andalusia on Wednesday. He feels positive the body is that of a well known sporting man of Toronto, but whose name he does not remember. Further examination will be made.

A A A
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