

MY WEDDING DAY.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

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CHAPTER I.

"Well, Miss Grey, you are going to have a scorching," said Mr. Green as he greeted me one summer morning.

I would gladly have doubted his word, for it was Christmas Day, and, moreover, my wedding day as well; but early as it was, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky—"shining with all his might," and though he had browned the grass, and baked the earth, and pumped up every drop of water long ago, leaving nothing but hot stones in the creek beds, he set to work as earnestly as if he had just taken a contract to dry up the deluge and wanted to get done in time.

"Ah, well," I said, "trying to make the best of it—ah, well, blessed is the bride the sun shines on, you know."

I left the shady veranda, and went across to the wood-shed to give a finishing touch to the wedding breakfast, already laid there on a long table improvised for the occasion. Only the decorating part was left to me; and as I arranged such greenery and flowers as I had, the old saw kept running in my head: "Blessed is the bride the sun shines on." Surely the omen is true this once, for was there ever such a splendid fellow as Jack, or such a lucky girl as I? I changed my opinion of old saws before the day was over; but there, that's telling.

Then I thought of my past life and wondered if I was the same Mary Grey who, two years—yes, only two years ago, had been all alone in the world. I remember my timid, scared feeling at being among strangers when I came as governess to this up-country run. How queer the life had seemed at first, and how home-like it seemed now. It was hard to realise that I could ever be afraid of Mrs. Green, who was like a loving mother to me. I soon got to like my work too; and then—yes, then came Jack, and had things been ever so bad, life would have seemed *couleur de rose* to me.

So I was dreaming over my work on that hot Christmas morning thirty years ago, when I was disturbed by Minnie Green. "Oh Miss Grey," she said, "Mr. Rushton has come, and Mr. Stanley." (Dick Stanley was to be Jack's best man), "and Mr. Bruce, and"—with emphasis—"the parson! Such a funny little man, Miss Grey, with yellow hair, and a pink face like a baby's, and white hands—Do parsons always have pink faces and white hands?"

I never had an opportunity of answering this question, for just then Jack appeared, and Minnie having gone to have another look at the cleric English complexion and white hands which had so impressed her, we fell into a conversation, interesting enough to ourselves, but of no concern to outsiders, till we were interrupted by Mrs. Green.

"Well, upon my word," she said, "what on earth can you two have to talk about?—Come, Mary, it is time for you to think of dressing. You can't have anything very particular to say to Jack here; and if you have, there is all the rest of your life to say it in."

With which profound remark she sent Jack to the dining-room, where a picnic sort of first breakfast was going on, and taking me to my room she brought me a cup of tea, and told me to rest a little, for I had a thirty-mile ride before me.

Now, though my dress were simple in the extreme, and I could have put it on myself in five minutes, being a bride I must be dressed. Mrs. Green and Minnie, who was to be my bridesmaid, undertook this office, and hindered me sadly. My dress was plain white muslin, simply made, and I had not intended wearing a veil; but Mrs. Green said that as they seldom saw a wedding, she did not suppose I would be married again in a hurry, I might as well do the thing in style while I was about it; so to please her, I shrouded myself in a length of plain tulle that covered me almost from head to foot, and really the effect was rather good.

At last I was dressed; but somehow we managed to be late, and it was a quarter of an hour behind time when I went across to the wood-shed on Mr. Green's arm; while Biddy held an umbrella over my head, and Mrs. Green followed sticking in utterly unnecessary pins to the very last moment. Every one was waiting; and the shed, decorated with such greenery as was available, looked quite festive. At one end stood the breakfast table with the cake, homemade, and impinging, a towering monument to Mrs. Green's housewifely skill. By a small table stood the clergyman in his surplice, looking a trifle out of place; while round about were ranged all available seats from chairs to milking-stools and slab benches with stick legs. They were all occupied, for, as I have already said, a wedding was not an every-day occurrence, and people had turned out in full force.

We advanced with all possible decorum, the ceremony proceeded as usual till the ring had been put on the bride's finger, when someone, breathless and dusty, dashed in at the door and cried: "Fire! Bush-fire! Close here!" Instantly most of the forms were upset, and there was a rush for the door.

"Hi! Stop a minute," cried Jack as he collared his two friends and dragged them back; "we will get this over now."

The clergyman hesitated, then skipping a good deal, he began the exhortation in which wives get so much good advice and husbands so little.

"Oh, never mind all that," cried Jack, stamping with impatience; "we will have the 'amen' and all the rest of it some other time.—What have we to sign? Be quick!"

Jack's friends made the poor clergyman show where we had to sign; and we all did it in a desperate hurry, the two witnesses scrawling something when their turn came and bolting at once. Jack just took me in his arms and gave me a hurried kiss. "Good-bye, dear little wife," he whispered—"good-bye!" and he was gone, leaving the clergyman and me alone together.

He—the clergyman—was a young man just out from Home. He had a clear complexion, and fair hair parted down the middle, and was altogether the mildest-looking little man imaginable; his little round face just now displaying the blindest possible astonishment. "Ye husbands—lovethe himself—ye wives—subject—plaiting of hair and wearing of gold—amazement," he muttered incoherently, looking from me, standing alone in my white veil and dress, to the deserted and upturned forms, and the

cake towering in solemn grandeur at the end of the room. I believe he manfully intended to do his duty, if no one else did, and finish that ceremony to the bitter end; but to read that exhortation at one poor woman left all alone would have been, to say the least of it, personal; so he gave it up and shook hands, as is the practice of clergymen.

"I—I wish you every happiness, Mrs. Rushton," he stammered; then, remembering that I had just been unceremoniously deserted by my bridegroom, and not being sure whether such was the custom of the country or not, he muttered something about "sympathy;" and then, gathering his wits together with a violent effort, he burst out like Mr. Winkle: "Where are they? What is the meaning of this most indecorous behaviour?"

I did not answer, but ran to the door to look out.

"What does this mean?" he repeated, following me.

"Can't you see?" Can't you smell?" I answered impatiently. "It's a bush-fire." The head station was built in a valley at the foot of a range of hills that formed a sort of semicircle behind it. They were thickly wooded with "stringy bark" and covered with fern and grass-trees, and from among them there now rose, through air already quivering with heat, a column of thick white smoke, that floated upwards in billowy clouds. The fire was near—that one could tell by the smell of burning gum-leaves; and though it could not have been burning long, it promised to be a large fire, and a fierce one, for, as we watched, puffs of reddish-brown rose before the white smoke, showing that the flames were getting stronger.

The first set of men had disappeared over the ridge already; but Jack and his friends were only half-way up, and had stopped to cut boughs from some young saplings. They looked back, and I snatched off my veil and waved it to Jack; they returned the salute with a flourish of their branches, and then resumed their climb; while I twisted that unfortunate veil into a turban and went to the house with the bewildered parson.

We found Mr. Green giving orders for the boughs with which the veranda posts were decorated in honor of Christmas to be pulled down and all inflammable things to be put away.

"Will the fire come here?" asked the Rev. Augustus Smith anxiously.

"Not if we can help it," said Mr. Green; "but it will be hard work stopping it on a day like this, and it is well to be ready."

"If the fire don't come, the sparks will," said Biddy, whose experience of bush-fires was extensive; "and them branches is just the things to catch."

"Yes; get them down at once," said Mr. Green, and he hurried off, calling back to his wife: "Send up some tea to the men as soon as you can."

I went to my room to change my dress, and there on the bed was my habit laid out for my homeward ride with Jack. "Dear me! how differently the day was turning out from what we expected," I thought. If it had not been for that fire, I would have been putting on my habit instead of this print morning-dress. No. On second thoughts, I decided things had happened so fast that, supposing we would just have sat down to breakfast, I would be cutting the cake; instead of which I went to the kitchen and cut large hunks of bread with cheese to match.

It really was a disappointing wedding-day. What was the good of getting married only to lose sight of my bridegroom at once, and have to work away as if nothing had happened? And Jack, poor fellow, what a day he must be having, hard at work in the heat and dust and smoke. I felt half inclined to give in and have a real good cry; but I laughed instead, for through the window I saw the Rev. Augustus working hard under Biddy's directions, taking down and carrying away the decorations put up with so much care an hour or so before.

Mrs. Green and I set to work at once on woman's work in time of fire—boiling kettles and getting tea and provisions ready for the men—no light task in this instance, for there were thirty or forty men, and no other station near enough to share in the providing. When the first batch was ready it was taken up the hill by two of the men's wives.

Mr. Smith and I next busied ourselves in taking out and filling all the tubs in the establishment, and in them bags and branches to be used in beating, should the fire come near the house.

We paused, Mr. Smith and I, when we had done all we could, and gazing upwards, wondered what it must feel like to be before that awful fire. Even where we were, the air quivered and danced with the heat and smoke, and the baked earth almost hurt our feet. What must it be up there? we wondered. The wind had strengthened, driving the smoke across the sky; and the sunlight coming through it, shed a lurid yellow glare on all around. Behind the hill the smoke rose thicker, faster, and darker, and the deep sullen roar of the fire could be heard. As we watched, a figure appeared on the top of the hill, then another and another, till quite a dozen were in sight. I could just make out Mr. Green with Jack and his friends beside him. They seemed to be consulting him about something. More men kept coming up by twos and threes, dragging or carrying scorched branches; some flung themselves down in the nearest shade with the characteristic impulse of old hands at bush-fires to take a rest when they could get it. The rest stood or lolled in groups, evidently waiting for orders. At last the council of war on the hill-top came to an end: Mr. Green pointed along the ridge and shook hands with Jack, who with ten or a dozen men started off in the direction indicated.

We had not noticed—or, at least, I had not, for of course I had eyes for no one else while Jack was in sight—that all this time the two women had been scrambling down the hill, accompanied by a man, who turned off to the stables, while the women came down to the house, whither we followed.

"Mr. Green says will you give Jackson tea and tucker for ten men; Mr. Rushton is going over to the big range, Mrs. Brown," one of the women was saying as we came in.

We all fell to work at once. Mr. Smith cut beef and sliced plum-pudding; while Mrs. Green and I made substantial sand-

wiches; Biddy hurried up the kettles; and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones packed things up as soon as they were ready. As they worked, we asked brief questions, and got them answered more briefly, with most aggravating interruptions at interesting points.

"Is it a big fire?"

"Yes."

"Where were they when you got up?"

"Just coming off the steep range. They had stopped the fire all along; but it got into the stringy bark and came along over their heads.—Are these the bags, Mrs. Green?—Yes; they had to run. It got behind Mr. Rushton and a lot of 'em.—Where do you keep the clean towels?"

Imagine my feelings when at this point she dived head first into a cupboard and became deaf to questions. I can see it now, that country kitchen, fresh whitewashed in honour of Christmas, with a bunch of gum-boughs hung from the ceiling by way of a fly-catcher. A good-sized room, with a roughly flagged floor, just now intolerably hot, for we had a roaring fire in the large fireplace, on which two large kettles and a fountain were singing and spluttering. The window-panes were hot to the touch; plates taken from the shelves were rapidly warmed, and the butter was a clear transparent oil. It certainly was warm work.

At the end of the long table stood Mr. Smith, just now with knife and fork suspended, as he gazed at Mrs. Brown, who was now intent on sorting towels.

"But—but, Mrs. Brown!" he gasped.

"What's that?" she said emerging from the cupboard.

"How did they escape?"

"Oh, they came through it of course.—Here's a towel to wrap that pudding in."

I suppose, if I had time to think of it, I would have been wretched about Jack's danger. I was anxious as it was; but we were all so busy that I had no time to fret; besides, I knew he was safe. If he had been killed or badly hurt, nothing would have hindered Mrs. Brown from telling me every detail.

I suppose we all looked hot; but poor Mr. Smith was the picture of misery as he stood in his hot black clothes slicing beef in a temperature considerably above a hundred degrees.

"Why don't you take off your coat?" said Biddy, noticing his distress.

Poor little man; I believe he blushed furiously, but can't be sure, for it was a simple impossibility for his face to get any redder than it already was.

"Do, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Green. "I wouldn't work in a hot thing like that for anything; besides, it's real good cloth, and it's sure to get spoilt.—Here, Biddy; take Mr. Smith's coat, and hang it up somewhere out of the way."

"Look sharp, sir," said Biddy, holding out her hand; "I've no time to lose."

So he had to give it up. And I think that after a while we were glad, though just at first he looked hotter and more uncomfortable than ever.

When we had packed up the provisions and seen Jackson start, we all went into the back veranda and looked up at the hill. The fire was nearer now, and the smoke was thicker; ashes and bits of burnt fern and gum-leaves were falling all around; the sun shone hotter, and the parched air seemed to scorch one's face. On the hill-top the men were cutting down branches, and evidently getting ready for a struggle.

"They are going to burn a track," said Mrs. Brown. "I expect they'd like their whet now; they won't have time to eat when the fire comes."

"Where is it now?" I asked.

"About half a mile off; but it won't take long to come," said Mrs. Brown.

"But," said Mr. Smith, looking puzzled, "why don't they extinguish it farther off?"

"Because they can't," said Mrs. Brown. "It's in a grass-tree gully. If they were fools enough to try to stand against it, they would be shivered up like so much brown paper."

And she went into the kitchen, where Mrs. Green and Biddy were already preparing more tea and provisions.

All this time I had been longing to hear more about Jack; but every one had been too busy to answer questions; now I tried again.

"What?" said Mrs. Brown. "Oh, Mr. Rushton? He's not hurt; not that I know of at least. Some one got his arm burnt, but I don't think it was him"—in an aggravatingly doubtful tone.—"Mrs. Jones here saw them afterwards. They did look like sweeps, and no mistake."

"I didn't see much," said Mrs. Jones modestly. "I only see half-a-dozen men beating like mad; and all at once the fire got into the trees and came along over their heads; and they never took no notice till the sparks and things had lighted the fern behind them.—Where's the sugar, Mrs. Green?—Yes; they had to run for it, they did! But it was all so smoky you couldn't make out which was which. The fern was blazing, and the burning bark was coming down like rain. If it had been up-hill they had to go, not down, they wouldn't have got away, no, not one of 'em—Oh no!—Mr. Rushton isn't hurt; he's got his eyebrows singed and lost the ends of his moustaches, that's all.—My husband has lost half his beard, and got a hole the size of your two hands in the back of his waistcoat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Spectre Deer of Walden Ridge.

The mountain people on Walden's Ridge, within fifteen miles of Chattanooga, are convinced that a spectre deer protects the living ones. There are still a large number of deer to be found on the mountains, and parties frequently go from the city on hunting expeditions. They seldom fail to get within sight of game, but very frequently return without any. The reason for this is explained by one of the natives of this is explained in a most singular way. "I know," he said, "that there is a spectre deer on the mountain. I have seen it, and so have a great many other people. Now, I can hit a top of a cap-box at 100 yards, and I never missed a deer in my life when it was an actual flesh and blood deer. But often, when I go hunting, I jump half a dozen deer at a time; one of them will stop within a few feet, with its side to me. I shoot at it and it never moves, and I load and fire again. Then I know that it is the spectre deer, and there is no use in my hunting any more that day; I would never see another deer."

Four white men and forty-seven blacks were lost by the wreck of the schooner Eliza Mary on the coast of the New Hebrides, many of the victims being tomahawked by the savages.

Germany's Colonies.

In a speech at Berlin on Monday he new German chancellor, Gen. von Caprivi, after referring to his past coolness toward colonization, said that during his short term of office he had read more on colonial matters than he had during his whole previous life. He had thus become acquainted with the enormous difficulties of the colonial policy. Germans had not yet had the necessary experience and the government had scarcely a sufficient number of experienced officials at its disposal. It was the aim of the government to bring matters in the colonies to a satisfactory state and then leave them to commercial companies to carry on what the empire had begun. In England private capitalists were always willing to invest in colonial enterprises, but Germans seemed to prefer to invest their money in the most dubious stocks of the most dubious states. He expressed the hope that all expenditures would be eventually recouped, but he believed it would take years to establish peace and order. He agreed with Herr von Bamberger that the time might arrive when Europe would require every mark and every man at home. Therefore he would not send a single mark or a single man to East Africa more than was absolutely necessary. It was also true, as von Bamberger states, that in case of war Germany would perhaps be unable to defend her colonies, but experience taught us that if Germany was victorious in Europe she would retain her colonies. To maintain these colonies Germany must develop her navy and establish coaling stations. Regarding slavery, he said: "We must found stations, and bullet and Bible must act in the cause of civilization. Without killing slave dealers you can never abolish slavery. We hope to be in a position to conduct colonial affairs so that the general policy of Germany will not be injured, and the just feeling of natural pride will not be wounded." The colonial movement, he said, had its origin in the same idealism or romanticism that unified the empire. There was a surplus of this after the war and it was directed toward colonizing. The movement was injudicious, as if one had only to raise the hand to conjure forth lumps of gold and ready-made cigars, and was begun with little practical knowledge of prudence. An atlas was taken and half of Africa was painted blue. (Laughter.) Such, however, was the inevitable beginning of such movements. It was difficult to convert enthusiasm into hard cash, still he cherished the hope that East Africa would become a fitting sphere for the investment of private capital.

Don't Refuse.

A woman, whose children were full of fun and frolic yet cheerfully obedient to her, was asked whether it was due to training, or were the children specially amiable. The children knew there were a few things they could not do, but she never refused them anything which she might upon second thought be induced to grant. How many more happy children there would be if all mothers were like this one. She was not careless. She did not turn her children into the street with any kind of companions, but she did say "yes," even if it cost her some inconvenience, when her children asked a legitimate pleasure.

The mother who lives on a farm has many more opportunities for granting simple pleasures than the dweller in town or city. The children so enjoy the freedom of the fresh air and sunshine. They are always finding something new, the first apple blossom, a deserted bird's nest, the early vegetables just peeping through the ground, the first lilac blossom, then the June roses, each a new-found joy. The ownership of a kitten, a dog or a lamb is a never-to-be forgotten pleasure. A little fellow we knew had some ducks of his own. When he fed them we would sometimes hear him singing, "Ducky, ducky daddles."

Come with all your paddles!" and the sunshine in his face was enough to make his mother forget weariness for an hour.

In a few years childhood will be but a memory to the children of to-day. Mothers, let us give them all the harmless joys possible.

The Brightest Sparkles.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is now the Imperial, that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition last year, and which is valued at \$1,000,000. This is the most valuable stone in the world, and is owned by a syndicate. The biggest and best ruby in existence is owned in London, and is valued at \$50,000. It is related that the Duchess of Edinburgh carried it all the way to St. Petersburg for the Czar to have a look at it. The finest private collection of pearls in the world is owned by Madame Dosne, sister-in-law of M. Thiers.

The biggest emerald in the world weighs 2,980 carats, and is in the Imperial Jewel Office, in Vienna. The largest and costliest cat's-eye in the world is owned by a Moor-man, of Ceylon, who dug it up himself from the mines. He has been offered as high as \$9,000 for it, but declines to part with it at that figure, saying that, if he liked, he could cut it up into 40 small pieces, and sell each piece for about \$5,000, aggregating pretty nearly \$200,000.

Memory in the Dog

Everyone knows that the dog has a good memory, but it would be hard to tell how far back its recollection of persons and things can go. Here is a touching story that throws some light on this point. A gentleman being unable to keep his dog in his London house gave it away when it was a twelve-month old. Eight years afterward it was restored to its original master. At first it looked upon him simply as a stranger, and then began to walk round and round him, sniffing it at him in a curious way, as much as to say, "There's something about you that is not perfectly strange to me." The creature grew more and more excited, but when he stopped and patted it, and called it by its name, it gave what he described as a "scream of rapture," and jumped into his arms. From that moment it never left him. This is an instance of a dog nine years old remembering a person whom he had not seen for eight years.

An aeronaut out West complains of the hard times this spring. He says that he has not made ascent.

No one laughs harder at a joke than the man who wants the bystanders to believe that he understands it.

Our Daughters.

If all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period, they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers, to prolong their days, and save them from much of the exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from merely selfish reasons, says Harper's Bazar. How many daughters are there who, if it lies between them to do it, do not let their mothers rise in the morning and make the fire and prepare the breakfast; who, in the interim between cooks, do not let the whole burden of care and the chief endeavor of work come upon the mother; who do not let the mother get up in the night and attend to the calls of sudden illness; who, if it is necessary to watch with the sick, do not hold themselves excused, and the duty to be a maternal one; who do not feel it their privilege to be ready for callers and company while the mother is still in working dress; who are not in the habit of taking the most comfortable chair; and who, in the matter of provision of toilet, do not think almost anything will do for mother, but they themselves must be fresh and fine and in the fashion? How many daughters are there who, when pleasure taking comes in question, do not feel, even if perchance unconsciously, that the mother has had her day and ought to be contented, and they should be the ones to go and take the enjoyment? It would seem as if the mere sentiment of self-preservation would teach daughters a better line of conduct. It is the mother making the central spot of the house usually that makes home possible. It is the mother from whom the greater part of the happiness of the home proceeds. If she dies the home disintegrates, or it is not unusual that another comes in to take her place—a foreign and alien element, before whom the old union and happiness may possibly fly. To preserve this home and this happiness, one would imagine, should be the first effort of the daughter, that she should, out of regard for her own comfort and gratification, as well as for that of others, seek every means to make life easy to the mother, to insure her health and length of her days. Never again will any daughter have such a friend as this mother; no fond adorer's eyes will ever follow her with the same disinterested love as this mother's eyes do, nor will any give her the sympathy she does. It is wild folly on the daughter's part that lets the mother waste her strength, instead of seeking by every means possible to save and increase it, for while a good mother is with her family they are entertaining an angel, whether aware or not.

Arabi Pasha in Ceylon.

Arabi Pasha has recently been sick, and he complains that his health suffers from the hot and humid climate of Ceylon, after the dry atmosphere of Egypt. It was just the hot season, and the climate of Ceylon is trying. "Ridiculous accounts of visits to Arabi Pasha," writes our correspondent at Colombo, "often appear in the English papers from passengers passing through. As a matter of fact, Arabi, whom I often see, has aged considerably. A few years ago he was a handsome, black-haired man, in the prime of life, with a fine military bearing, now he is quite gray, and has the look of an old man. So far as exile can be pleasant, however, he and his brother exiles have nothing to complain of, for they have large and well furnished bungalows to live in, horses, carriages, and everything they want, with liberty to go up country and almost anywhere they choose, provided they do not leave the island. They are invited to, and are present at, a great many social and public gatherings. Several of the Pashas have their sons and daughters married and are given in marriage, and all but the exiles themselves are allowed to come and go to and from Egypt as they like. The Pashas naturally have a great desire to return to their homes, and if they are ever permitted to do so, I think, if the word of the Egyptians is to be trusted, that the British Government may rest assured of their causing no further trouble. The attention and soldierly courtesy bestowed on Arabi and his brother exiles by the Duke of Connaught when here, was one of the most touching incidents of the recent royal visit."

The Reasons of Bismarck's Retirement.

Since the retirement of Prince Bismarck from the leadership of German affairs nearly every changing moon has brought a new version of the trouble. Within a week two new theories have been started. One attributes the rupture to the efforts of Empress Frederick, who for many years, indeed ever since her advent to the court in Berlin, has been the avowed enemy of the Iron Chancellor, whom she has unceasingly endeavored to overthrow. A special to the New York World states: "The true history of the rupture between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor is just coming out, though as yet it is only whispered in dark corners. Bismarck's confidential friends who have visited him at Friedrichsruhe say that the ex-Chancellor is fully aware that his dismissal is directly due to the hatred of the Empress Frederick, and that he is watching his opportunity for revenge. The Prince feels that he has been defeated by a smart woman and he winces under it, but he will strike back, and possibly very soon." Almost simultaneously with the foregoing which reveals its anti-British origin another explanation is put forth, stating that the resignation was due entirely to the intrigues of a clique of the Prince's political enemies, who succeeded in poisoning the mind of the Emperor against his worthy subject, and of creating in the Chancellor's mind an impression that the Emperor was resolved to get rid of him at any price, and was taking steps to find a successor. As "all things come to him that waits," the true inwardness of the trouble may yet be revealed, though the present prospects, it must be confessed, are not very assuring.

"Let another praise thee and not thyself" is a sentiment which seems to have escaped the attention of the average Yankee journalist who is forever shouting "Behold this great Babylon which we have builded." Here is a specimen taken from one of the New York dailies: "This Republic of ours is the world's schoolmaster. For a hundred years it has taught the lesson of human liberty and the equal rights of men so effectively that every despotism has been tempered by the teaching and every people taught to recognize themselves as the rightful source of authority." No danger of that editor being hung for his modesty.