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TAND COLL

A THANKSGIVING DUEL

T was Thanksgiv-

who was like a sweet, faded old of eager young women about her, the trouble with Jack

Brice was this: He was heels over head in love with my cousin, Margery Lee, but he was too poor to marry. He lived with his uncle, Tom Brice, of the Mansion House-old Squire Brice, as all the country called him, though he wasn't more than fifty; and naturally when they both came courting Margery, her father favored clothes covered with mud and Satan the squire's suit most. But Margery in his eyes. True love, poisoned by Pepper mildly in conclusion of her favored Jack's, and showed it openly.

A man may be as rich as Crossus, but when he's choleric and up in years -none too good in the bargain-he needn't expect to make much headway with a lovesick girl of twenty. Longlegged Jack's good looks outweighed the squire's gold, but when her father blowing, he forbade Margy to see him again. She said nothing, for she was not a girl to talk. But every night she wrote him a long letter, that she would hide in a hollow tree stump, and that Jack would come and take

Sometimes, too, in the early morning, hardly daylight, she would jump on her bay mare Hornet and dash two miles down the river to the ford, where Jack would be waiting, and would swim his horse over from the other side, just to have five minutes' talk with her. Ah, but they were in love, I can

tell you. And I never saw a better matched pair—both so good looking, both so full of life!

Whether my uncle ever heard of their goings on I don't know. But he stopped talking against Jack and urging the squire's suit. He only told me-Margy and me both, for I lived with them—that old Tom had him in his power and could ruin him, and now that she wouldn't marry him, he was going to take his revenge.

Theu he fell sick and seemed likely to die, and my poor cousin was in a terrible quandary. She loved Jack, but she loved her father, too. And she felt it was worry that was killing was now almost maddened with think-

One terrible night, when we were almost expecting my uncle to breathe his last, Margy fell on her knees and promised she'd marry the squire, and astonishing quickness.

cold letter, that she sat two days over: like a flower from the shank. and that he tore in half and sent back to her, and then left the county on top of it.

It was Thanksgiving night, a festival not in favor in the South in those



MEETING AT THE FORD.

ion House to a family dinner. The wedding was only three days off now,

When we rolled up to the open | For the squire, you must doorway there he was, magnificent in stand, was an experienced swordsa rosebud satin waistcoat and with a man; he had pinked his man in his world like a bedecked old turkey cook! always a good fencer, Jack was a

"Welcome to the Mansion House," match for him. One moment it was he said, gayly, as I bundled up the he who was doing the parrying. The stairs first. And then to Margy, next it was the squire. And presently, though quite loud enough for mo to as if in a dream, I could see my uncle hear: "In three shert days?"-mean- and Prince, the butler, standing on ing, of course, the marriage that was chairs and putting out the candles to leave her in his home forever,

her face as white as her muslin frock, hope that this would stop them. and I verily believe that if ne andn't But it did nothing of the sort.

Lis erm, she would have fallen.

ing Day and, this honor; where, three times a day, she is the story as it was soon to face old Tom, until death was told by Miss should mercifully take one or the other of them out of the world. None of us talked much, none, even my uncle, who was emptying goblet after goblet of wine to drown his thoughts. You see, my dears, And when the squire stood up sudsaid Miss Pepper, denly, with his glass, to toast the bride-a frozen bride, that looked ready for the tomb-I almost welcomed rose in the group the interruption that followed.

"To the bride!" repeated the squire, glass high in air, and was echoed by a dreadful laugh. "To Satan, you mean; to Satan,

you old villain!" said a voice. "He gave you money to buy a wife, so toast him deep!"

flung up window, was Jack, his into the night. wounded vanity, you see, my dears, may sleep drugged for awhile, but the



time will come when it will fight like a tiger for what it feels its own. And this had been the case with Jack, who ing over the coming wedding.

"You young puppy," roared the quire, "didn't I tell you not to come here again?"

"That for your telling!" said Jack, he at once began to get better with diabolically cool; and with the whirl of a long whip in his hand the squire's She wrote Jack one letter, one curt, uplifted glass fell to the floor, cut

Then followed a terrible scene, while we looked on like people in a nightmare. The two men seemed suddealy to turn into raging demons, but from the very first I could see Jack days, and we were going to the Man- had the upper hand. He held the squire, squirming and cursing like a trooper, down in his chair as if he had been a child.

> "Margy," he called out over his head, "did you write me that letter of your own account?"

And getting no answer beyond the denial of her death white face and piteous eyes, his rage knew no bounds. "Satan gave you money enough to buy a wife," he kept say ing, shaking the squire as he would a mouse, "but, by heaven, it's only over my dead body you'll get her!" "Defend yourself, you old rascal!" he yelled. "Defend yourself, for kin

or not we are one too many on earth!" There were a pair of swords crossed on the wall, slender, murderous duelling swords, and tearing them down he flung one to his uncle, and in and the squire had taken a fancy to moment they were fighting like mad, keep it in honor of his coming happi- parrying, thrusting and feinting with a dexterity sickening to see.

a flower in his buttonhole; for all the time; but fired by love and hate, and

that were fastened to the antiers of She winced as if he had struck her, the deer heads against the walls in the

walked her into the dining room on only made them all the more determined to kill each other. And directly Uncle and I were on each side, and in the pitch dark, after a moment's Margy was at the foot in the place of groping-groping that sent an icy chill to the roots of my hair-their swords clashed and we knew that the duel was not yet over.

Margy fell in a faint across my lap and my uncle began to pray. All I could think of was to hope that Jack would beat, and with my heart in my mouth I sat staring at the sparks that | flew from their swords and waiting for

At last, after an eternity of time, a time made up of appalling silences and mad, blind loomings togetherand again that hideous groping-there was a cry, a fall, and when the frightened butler made a light again there was the squire, pinned by Jack's sword through an ear to the floor, and there outside the window were Jack And there, in the middle of the and Margy clinging to each other on floor, landed by a jump through the the same horse and ready to dash off

Well, my dears, said little Miss spirited recital, of course they got married and lived happy ever after. And equally of course, the squire nelted in time and forgave them and tore up the notes he held against my uncle. And to this very day, if any of you should go to Buck Forest, anybody there would tell you how Jack Brice won his bride on Thanksgiving

#### Thanksgiving Proclamations.

Washington issued a proclamation for a general thanksgiving by the Continental Army Thursday, December 18, 1877, and again at Valley Forge May 7, 1778. A few days before the adjournment of Congress in September, 1789, Representative Elias Boudinot moved in the House that the President be requested to recommend a day of thanksgiving and prayer to acknowledgment of the many signal favors of Almighty God. and especially His affording them an opportunity of establishing a constiution of government for their safety and happiness. Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, supported the motion. Aedanus Burke, of South Carolina, did not like "this mimicking of European customs," and Tucker, of Virginia, intimated that it might be as well to wait for some experience of the efficiency of the Constitution before returning thanks for it. In spite of these objections the motion was carried and President Washington issued a proclamation appointing as Thanks-

giving Day November 26. Thanksgiving Day proclamations were issued in an irregular way for many years after that date, but the day was not a fixed holiday. After the battle of Gettysburg in 1863 President Lincoln recommended the people to set apart the 6th day of August "to be observed as a day of Naitional thanksgiving, praise and prayer to Almighty God." In the following year the President issued another proclamation, and the Presidential proclamation has been an annual fixture

### Good Cheer.

The office boy was a freckled-faced, ill-fed looking little chap, but he was sharp. The day after Thanksgiving his employer was provoked at something and went for the boy feroc-

"Say," said the boy, stopping him, "did you have turkey yistiday fer

The angry man was astonished into "Yes," he replied. "What's that

got to do with you?" "Nothin'," and the boy looked hungry. "Did you have cramberry sauce, and oysters, and sweet pertatoes, and things like that?"

"And mince pie?"

"Yes."

"Real, old-fashioned, nice, thick ones?" and the boy's mouth watered.

The boy's face hardened.

"Well, you don't talk like it day," he said, and there was something in the way he said it that brought an apology from the employer and enough money to give the boy a Thanksgiving dinner, none the less welcome for being a day late.

### Forced to It.

Strawber-"This is the first Than ksgiving in my life that I have had to dine alone.'

Singerly-"What's the tromble? Couldn't you get anyone to ask you It to dinner?"—Life.

#### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Advice to Young Women."

The text was the following letter received "Reverend Sir-You delivered a discourse in answer to a letter from six young mentof. Fayette, O., requesting you to preach a sermon, on 'Advice to Young Men,' Are we justified in asking you to preach a sermon on 'Marian you to preach a sermon on Advice to Young Women?
"Letter Signed by Six Young Women." Christ, who took His text from a flock of birds flying overhead, saying, "Beho'd the fowls of the air," and from the flowers in the valley, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field," and from the clucking of a barnyard fowl, saying, "As a hen gathered her chickown, saying. "As a nen gameren nor emek-ens under her wing." and from a crystal of salt picked up by the rondside, saying. 'Salt is good," will grant us a blessing if, instead of taking a text from the Bible, I take for my ext this letter from Cincinnati, which is only one of many letters which I have received from young women in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Edinburgh and from the ends of the earth, all implying that, having some months ago preached the sermon on "Advice to Young Men," I could not, without neglect of duty, refuse to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Wo-

inen."

It is the more important that the pulpit be heard on this subject at this time when we are having such an illimitable discussion about what is called the new woman, as though some new creature of God had arrived on earth or were about to arrive. One rived on earth or were about to arrive. One theory is that she will be an athlete, and box-ing glove and football and pugilistic encounter will characterize her. Another counter will characterize her. Adoller theory is that she will superintend ballot boxes, sit in Congressional hall and, through improved politics, bring the millenium by the evil she will extirpate and the good she will install. Another theory is that she will adopt masculine attire and make sacred a vulgarianism positively horrific. Another theory is that she will be so asthetic that broom handle and rolling pin and coal seuttle will be pictorialized with tints from soft skies or suggestions of Rembrandt and Raphael.

Heaven deliver the church and the world from anyone of these styles of new woman! She will never come. I have so much faith in the evangelistic triumph and in the progress of all things in the right direction that I prophesy that style of new woman will never arrive. She would hand over this world to diabolism, and from being, as she is now, the mightiest agency for the world's uplifting, she would be the mightiest force for its downthan. or its downthrust. I will tell you who the new woman will

be. It will be the good woman of all the ages past. Here and there a differen e of attire, as the temp rary custom may command, but the same good, honest, lovely, Christian, all influential being that your mother and mine was. Of that kind of woman was Christian Eddy, who, talking to a man who was so much of an unbeliever he had every the control of t had named his two children Voltaire and Tom Paine, nevertheless saw him converted, he breaking down with emotion as he said to her. "I cannot stand you vo my mother." And telling the story of his conversion to twelve companions who had been blatant opposers of religion, they asked her to come and see them also an I tell them of Christ, and four of them were converted, and all the others greatly change !, and the leader of the band, departing for heaven, shouted: "Joyful! Joyfu!! Joyfu!! If you know any better style of woman than that. where is she? The world cannot improve on that kind. The new woman may have more knowledge because she will have more books, but she will have no more common sense than that which tried to manage and discipline and educate us, and did as well as she could with such unpromising material. She may have more health than the woman of other days, for the sewing machine and the sani-tary regulations and added intelligence on the subjects of diet, ventilation and exercise

and rescue from many forms of drudgery may allow her more longevity, but she will have the same characteristics which God gave her in paradise, with the exception of the nervous shock and moral jolt of the fall the nervous snock and morat joir of the fair she got that day when, not noticing where she stepped, she looked up into the branches of the fruit tree, But I must be specific. This letter before me wants advice to young women. Advice the first: Get your soul right with God and you will be in the best attitude for everything that comes. New ways of voyaging by sea, new ways of traveling by land, new ways of thrashing the harvest, new ways of printing books—and the patent office is enough to enchant a man who has mechant

eal ingenuity and knows a good deal of levers and wheels—and we hardly do anything as it used to be done: invention after invention, invention on top of invention. But in the matter of getting right with God there has not been an invention for 6000 ears. It is on the same line of repentar that David exercised about his sins, and the same old style of prayer that the publican used when he emphasized it by an inward stroke of both hands, and the same faith in Christ that Paul suggested to the jailer the night the penitentiary broke down. Aye that is the reason I have more confidence in It has been tried by more millions than I dare to state lest I come far short of the brilliant facts. All who through Christ earaestly tried to get right with God are right and always will be right. That gives the young woman who gets that position superiority over all rivalries, all jea'ousies, all disasters and all the combined troubles of eighty years, if she shall live to be an octogenarian. If the world fails to appreciate her, she says, "God loves me, the angels in heaven are in sympathy with me, and I can afford to be patient until the day when the imperial chariot shall wheel to my door to take me up to my coronation." It health goes, she says, "I can endure the present distress, for I am on the way to a climate the first broath of which will make me proof the first breath of which will make me proc gainst even the slightest discomfort. she be jostled with perturbations of social life, she can say, "Well, when I begin my life among the thrones of heaven and the kings and queens unto God shall be my as sociates, it will not make much difference who on earth forgot me when the invitation to that reception were made out." All right with God, you are all right with everything. Martin Luther, writing a letter of con-lolence to one of his friends who had los are dependent upon their own wits, and the

his daughter, Legan by saying. "This is a hard world for girls." It is for those who whims of the world, and the preferences of human favor, but those who take the Eternal God for their portion not later than fifteen years of age, and that is ten years later than it ought to be, will find that while Martin Luther's letter of condolence was true in regard to many, if not most, with respect to those who have the wisdom and promptitude and the earnestness to get right with God, I deslare that this is a good world for girls. Advice the second: Make it a matter of coligion to take care < your physical health.

I do not wonder that the Greeks deified health and hailed Hygeia as a goddess. rejoice that there have been so many mode of maintaining and restoring young womanly health invented into our time. may have been known a long time back, but they have been popularized in our day-lawn tennis, croquet and golf and the bicycle. It always seemed strange and nscrutable that our human race should be o slow of locomotion, when creatures of less importance have powers of velocity, wing of bird or foot of antelope, leaving us far benine, and while is seems so important that we be in many places in a short while we were weighed down with incapacities, and most men if they run a mile are exhausted or dead from the exhaustion. It was left until the last decade of the nineteenth century to give the speed which we the whirling through all our cities and a'ong the country roads, and with that speed comes health. The woman of the next deeade will be healthier than at any time since the world was created, while the invalidism which has so often characterized womanhood will pass over to manhood, which by Its posture on the wheel is coming to curve I spine and eramped chest and a deformity for which another fifty years will not have pow-

straight when you ride. Darwin says the human race is descended from the monkey, but the bievele will turn a hundred thousand men of the present generation in physical condition from man to monkey. For good womanhood, I thank food that this mode of recreation has been invented. Use it wisely, modestly, Christenson because of the control of vanities, cardense in hand, calling on people for whom she does not care except for some social advantage, and in-

er to make rescue. Young man, sit up

No good woman needs to be told tianly. No good woman needs to be told what attire is proper and what behavior is right. If anything be doubtful, reject it. A hoydenish, boisterous, musculine woman is the detestation of all, and every revolution of the wheel she rides is toward depreciation. and downfall Take care of your health, ( woman: of your nerves in not reading the trash which makes up ninety-nine out of 10' novels, or by eating too many cornucopias of confectionery! Take care of your eyes by not reading at hours when you ought to be sleeping. Take care of your ears by stopping them against the tides of gossip that surge through every neighborhood. surge through every neighborhood.

Health! Only those know its value who baye lost it. The earth is girdled with pain.

and a vast proportion of it is the price paid for early recklessness. I close this thought with the salutation in Macbeth:

Now good digestion wait on appetite And health on both. Advice the third: Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the almost universal testimony of young women who have lost mother that they did not realize what she was to them until after her exit from this life. Indeed mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at eighteen than their mothers at forty-five. With what an elaberate argument, perhaps spiced with some temper, the youngling tries to reverse the opinion of the oldling. The sprinkle of gray on the maternal forehead is rather an indication to the resent graduate of the female seminary that the circumstances of to-lay or to-night are not fully appreciated.

What a wise boarding school that would boil the mothers were the pupils and the daughters the teachers! How well the teens could chaperon the fifties! Then mothers do not amount to much anyhow. They are in the way and are always asking questions about postage marks of letters, and asking, "Who is that Mary D.?" and "Where did you form that acquaintance. Flora?" and "Where did you get that ring, Myra?" For mothers have such unprecedented means of knowing everything—they say "it was a bird in the air" that told them. Alas, for that bird in the air! Will not some one lift his gun and shoot it? It would take whole libraries to hold the wisdom which the daughter knows more than her mother. "Why cannot I bave this?" "Why cannot I do that?" And the question in many a group has been, al-though not plainly stated: "What shall we do with the mothers, anyhow? They are so far behind the times." Permit me to suggest that if the mothe,

had given more time to looking after hersel and less time to looking after you she would have been as fully up to date as you, in music, in style of gait, in asthetic tastes and in all sorts of information. I expect that while you were studying botany and chemistry and embroidery and the new opera sh vas studying household economies. But one day from overwork, or sittling up of nights with a neighbor's sick child, or a blast of the west wind, on which pneumonias are horsed, mother is siek. Yet the family think she will soon te well, for she has been siek so often, and always has got well, and the physician comes three times a day, and there is is gradually broken that recovery is impossible, given in the words "While there is life there is hope." And the white pillow over which are strewn the locks a little tinted with the family gather, some standing, som kneeling, and the pulse beats the last throb. and the bosom trembles with the last breath and the question is asked in a whisper i all the group, "Is she gone?" And all i Now come the regrets. Now the daughter

reviews her for ner criticism of maternal su-

what it is to have a mother and what it is to

For the first time she realize

lose a mother. Tell me, men and women young and old, did any of us appreciate how much mother was to us until she was gone? Young woman, you will probably never have a more disinterested friend than your moth er. When she says anything is unsafe or imprudent, you had better believe it is unsafe omething you ought to do, I think you had better do it. She has seen more of the world than you have. Do you think she could have any mercenary or contemptible motive in what she advises you? She would give her life for you if it were called for. Dyou know of anyone else who would do more than that for you? Do you know of anyone who would do as much? Agair again she has already endangered that life during six weeks o diphtheria or scarlet fever, and she never oncobrought up the question of whether she had better stay, breathing day and night the The graveyards are full of mothers who died taking care of their children. Better appreciate your mother before your appreciation of her will be no kindness to her, and the post mortem regrets will b more and more of an agony as the years pass on. Big headstones of polished Aberdeen. on. Big headstones of polished Aberdeen, and the best epitaphs which the family put together and compose, and a garland of whitest roses from the conservatory are often ought to have uttered in living ears, and the kind words that would have done more good han all the calla lilies ever piled up on the silent mounds of the cemeteries. The world makes application and over the work of mothers who have raised boys to be great men, and I could turn to my bookshelves and find the names of fifty disinguished men who had great mothers-Cuvier's mother, Walter Scott's mother, St. Bernard's mother, Benjamin West's mother But who praises mothers for what they do for daughters who make the homes of Amerea? I do not know of an instance of such ecognition. I declare to you that I believe I am uttering the first word that has ever been uttered in appreciation of the self denial, of the fatigues and good sense and prayers which those mothers go through who navigate a family of girls from the edge of the cradle to the choolhouse door, and from the schoolhouse door up to the marriage altar. That is an achievement which the eternal God cele-brates high up in the heavens, though for it human hands so soldom c ap the faintest applause. My! My! What a time that mothe

had with those youngsters, and if she had relaxed care and work and advice and solicitation of heaventy help, that next genera-tion would have landed in the poorhouse idiot asylum or penitentiary. It is while she is living, but never while she is dead, that some girls call their mother "maternal ancestor" or "the old woman." And if you have a grief already, and some

of the keenest sorrows of a woman's life come early, roll it over on Carist and you will find Him more sympathetic than was Queen Victoria, who, when her children, th princes and princesses, came out of the choolroom after the morning lesson had been given up by their governess and told how her voice had trembled in the morning prayer because it was the anniversary of he other's death, and that she had put her head down on the desk and sobbed "Jother! Mother!" the queen went in and said to the governess: "My poor child! I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I will hear their lessons to-day, and to show you that I have not for gotten the sad anniversary, I bring you this gift." And the queen clasped on the girl's wrist a mourning bracelet with a lock of her mother's hair. All you young women th

world around who mourn a like sorrow, and sometimes in your lonoliness and sorrow and loss burst out crying, "Mother!" Mother!" out on your wrist this golden clasp of divine ympathy, "As one whom his mother com-Advice the fourth: Allow no time to pas without brightening some one's life. Within five minutes' walk of you there is some one in a tragedy exmpared with which Shake speare's "King Lear" or Victor Hugo's "Jean Valjean" has no power. Go out and brighten somebody's life with a cheering word or smile or a flower. Take a good book and read a chapter to that blind man. Go up that dark alley and make that invalid woman laugh with some good story. Go to that house from which that child has been taken by death and tell the father and mother what an escape the child has had from the winter of earth into the springtime of heaven. For God's sake make some one happy for ten minutes if for no longer a time. A young woman bound on such a missionwhat might she not accomplish. Oh, there are thousands of these manufacturers of sunshine. They are "King's Daughters" whether inside or outside that delightful organization. They do more goot before they are twenty years of age than seifish women who live ninety, and they are so

happy just because they make others happy

has such a mission with one who lives a round of vanities, cardease in hand, calling

Compare such a young women who feels sho

sufferably bored when the call is re-turned, and trying to look young after she is old, and living a life of insincerity and hollowness and dramatization and sham. Young woman, live to make others happy, and you will be happy. Live for yourself, and you will be miserable. There never has been an exception to the rule; there never

will be an exception.

I have noticed on many of the railroads that the porter will go around and light the lamps while it is broad day light, and I am at first surprised, but I afterward find that we are about to enter a tunnel, and its dark-ness is thus illuminate I. Ob, kindle a light for those who are plunging into financial or domestic or spiritual midnight. Advice the fifth: Plan out your life on a

big scale, whether you are a farmer's daughter, or a shepherdess among the hills, or the flattered pet of a drawing room filled with statuary and pictures an 1 bric-a-brac. Stop statuary and pictures an! bric-a-brac. Stop where you are and make a plan for your lifetime. You cannot be satisfied with a life of frivolity and giggle and indirection. Trust the world, and it will cheat you if it does not destroy you. The Redoubtable was' the name of an enemy's ship that Lord Nelson spared twice from demolition, but that same ship afterwards sent the ball that him ship afterwards sent the ball that killed him and the world on which you smile may aim at you the deadliest weapon. Be a God's woman. This moment make as mighty a change as did a college student of England. He had neglected his studies, rioting at night with dissipated companions and sleeping in the classroom when he ought to have been listening. A fellow student to have been listening. A fellow student came into his room one morning before the young man I am speaking of had arisen from his pillow and said to him: "Paley, you are a fool! You are wasting your opportunities. Do not throw away your life." Paley said: "I was so struck with what hesaid that I hay in bed until I had formed my plan for life. I ordered my flant to be always laid over with ordered my fire to be always laid over night. I arose at five and read steadily all day, al-I arose at five and read steaming an may, alloted to each portion of the day its proper branch of study and became the senior wrangler." What an hour that was when a resolution definitely placed changed a young man from a reckless and time wasting student to a consecrated man who stonged not ent to a consecrated man who stopped not until all time and all eternity shall be debtor

to his pen and influence!

Young woman, draw out and decide what you will be and do, God helping. Write it out in a plain hand, not like the letters which Josephine received from Napoleon in Italy, the writing so scrawling and scattered that it was sometimes taken as a map of the seat of war. Put the plan on the wall of your room, or write it in the opening of a blank book, or put it where you will be compelled often to see it. A thousand questions of your coming life you cannot be a sea of the compelled of the compelled of the compelled of your coming life you cannot be seasoned. questions of your coming life you cannot settle now, but there is one question you can settle independent of man, woman, angel and devil, and that is that you will be God's woman now, henceforth and forever. Clasp hands with the Almighty. Pythagoras represented life by the left. represented life by the letter Y, because it early divides into two ways. Look out for opportunities of cheering, inspiring, rescuopportunities of casering, fisspring, rescuing and saving all the people you can. Make a league with the eternities. I seek your present and everlasting safety. David Brewster said that a comet belonging to our system called Lexell's comet is lost, as it could be a leave appared. ought to have appeared thirteen times and has not appeared at all. Alas, it is not only the lost comets, but the lost stars, and what were considered fixed stars. Some of the most brilliant and steady souls have disappeared. The world wonders at the charge of the Light Brigade immortatized by Tennyson. Only a few of Lord Cardigan, of the Muscovite guns, and all the havor was done in twenty-five minutes, the charge beginning at ten minutes prest 11 o'clock, and closing at thirty-five minutes past 11, and yet nothing left on the field but dying and dead men, dying and dead horses. But a smaller proportion of the men and women who go into the battle of life come out unwounded. The slaughte has been and will be terrifle, and we all need God and we need Him now and we need Him all the time. And let me say there is a new woman, as there is a new man, and that is the regenerated woman made such by the imphant power of the spirit who is so suerior to all other spirits that He has been called for ages the Holy Spirit. Quicker han wheel ever turned on its axis; quicker than fleetest hoof ever struck the pavement quicker than zigzag lightning ever dropped lown the sky, the ransoming power I speak of will revolutionize your entire nature. Then you can start out on a voyage of life defying both calm and cyclone, saying with

One who has known in storms to sail I have on board:

Above the roaring of the galo I hear my Lord. He holds me when the billows smile; shall not fall If short 'tis sharp, if long 'tis light; He tempers all.

The Turkish ambassador has telegraphed his government the substance of a significant interview he has had with Lord Salisbury relative to the Armenian question. From his statement it appears he informed Lord Salisbury that the Sublime Perte is not opposed to the reforms demanded by the Berlin treaty powers, but that Turkey would not permit the control of Armenia by an international commission. Knowing that Turkey, if left to itself, would never put these reforms into operation, Lord Salisbury appropriately and promptly informed the minister that if this were the position of Turker it would be of no use to continue the interview. With a final declaration that if the Porte persisted in the refusal the powers would carry out the reforms, and that if it resisted them Turkey would be dismembered, he politely dismissed the Porte's representative. This means business. Turkey will yield rather than submit to a carving which will end its existence in Europe as a separate power. There is one blessing it least in the recent conservative vic-

A gentleman from Birmingham tells in the Atlanta Constitution) of a very effective way in which the anti-bloomer enthusiasts of that city checked and forever killed the growth of the craze in that up-to-date city. So far, it seems, none but young girls have appeared publicly in bloomers, but it became whispered around that some of the young women were having them constructed. Thereupon the anti-bloomertes secured the services of an enormous negress, whom they dressed in a grotesque bloomer costume, consisting of a red waist, blue trousers, with a broad stripe down the sides, and bright yellow hose. The ridiculous figure had been made to parade the streets on a bicycle for several days, perspiring at every pore. She has served, it is said, to forever kill the bloomer craze

Too Much for Electricians.

in the Magic City.

North Adams, Mass., continues to be puzzled over a queer crankism of electricity in its vicinity. Although when the great four and one-half mile Hoosac tunnel was built no ores, magnetic or otherwise, were encountered, there was general expectation that rich ore pockets would be found; for a yet unexa plained reason not an electrician has been discovered who can send a telegraphic message from portal to portal of that tunnel, be such wire run inside of an ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Therefore such messages have to be sent on wires strung on poles over the top of the mountain. fully nine miles, and that is the way higoling and outcoming passenger and freight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches.