THE OLD FRIENDS. The old friends, the old friends! We loved when we were young, With sunshine on their faces. And music on their tongue The bees are in the almond flower The birds ren w their strain But the old friends, once lost to us. Can never cor e a ain.

The old friends, the old triends! Their brow is lined with cire, They've furrows in the faded che k, And silver in the hair, But to me they are the o'd friends still In youth and bloom the same, As when we drove the flying ball, Or shouted in the cane

The old men, the old men! How slow they creep along! How naughtily we scoffed at them In days when we were young! Their prosing and their dozing, Their prate of times gone by Their shiver like an aspen for If but a breath went by.

Bat we, we are the o'd men now, Our blood is faint and chill; We cannot leap the mighty brook, Or climb the breakneck hul. We maunder down the shortest cuts We rest on stick or stile, And the young men half-ashamed to laugh Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young mes! Their strength is fair to see; The straight back and the springy stride, The eye is falcon free; The shout above the frolic wind, As up the hill they go: But though so high above us now They soon shall be as low.

O weary, weary drag the years As life draws near the end; And sadly, sadly fall the tea s For loss of love and friend But we'll not doubt there's good about In all of humankind So here's a health before we go, To those we leave behind!

WHAT A BREAKFAST DID.

"You love her, my son." "I do."

"And have told her so?" "Never in words, mother."

Hawley's lips. And putting her hand carelessly on her son's shoulder, she said

"Herbert, when your brother married, having no daughter of my own, my heart was gladdened with the thought that my boy's wife would fill the vacant place in both heart and home. You know how terribly I was disappointed. Oh! my boy, with this, Albert's dreadful mistake, ever before you. I fear you will do likewise. Louise Delmar is not the girl to make you happy. The petted favorite of such a woman as Mrs. Courtney, her aunt, whose whole life is devoted to fashion, what can you expect of Promise me you will pro-Louise? ceed no further in this matter until you know better; that is, until you find out she is different from what she seems.'

"Oh, mother, how can I ever know her better unless I become something more to her than a mere acquaintance? Do not bind me with such a promise." "I must. Promise me, my son

Your happiness is my only aim. If she is worthy you will find it out some time.

"After another man has won her. perhaps," said Herbert gloomily. "No, I think not. I do not ask you

to withdraw entirely from her society; and if you have made a favorable impression on her heart she will not readily transfer her kindly feeling to another.

Mrs. Hawley won the promise she sought. Poor fellow! The bright hopes which filled his heart were suddenly dashed aside.

He believed Louise thought more other young men who sought her so-

Just then the listener's attention was directed from Bridget by the sound of light footsteps coming down Further back into the the stairs. shade they drew, as the kitchen door opened, and they heard the pleasant voice of Miss Delmar, asking: "Can I have some hot water. Bridcret.

Bridget immediately poured out her grief to Louise, who at once under took to help get breakfast which should sustain the reputation of the kitchen; out of the seanty materials on hand, and ended by saving:

"We will give the gentlemen a very nice breakfast, Bridget." "It strikes me. Tom, we are learn ing some secrets in the culinary art in a rather questionable way. 1 think we had better retire," said Herbert. The next morning when Herbert entered the breakfast room, he felt a wings." little curiosity to see the result of Miss Delmar's debut in Bridget's do-

main As he had hoped, the object of his thought that morning, and dreams

table to preside at the breakfast, which, to Herbert's mind, was the most delightful in his life. Louise was charming in her simple morning toilet. Bridget was the picture of good humor. And how could she be otherwise: The breakfast was a perfect success. The fragrant coffee,

omelet beautiful to look at, and delicious to taste: a dish of delecate and tempting looking little articles, which the young gentlemen seemed to relish very highly. Louise laughingly called them "wonders," and Herbert was sure they were the result of Bridget's attack on the much abused "ham

bone.

An expression of relief escaped Mrs.

her for the very nice breakfast she had given them at such a very unseasonable hour. Bridget, looking at the notes that

moment and then exclaimed : 'Yes, it's your dollars I'll take, for she's not wantin' for them, an' thank ve. But it's the riputation and credit that Bridget O'Grady will take from no one. The breakfast was none of me doin'. Miss Louise it was; and all

out of a ham bone and a bit of noth ing she made the illegant breakfast. It's a jewel she is! Sure, an' it's a lucky man that gets her, it is! Herbert's heart fully responded to Bridget's praises.

he gave his mother a full account of his visit. But I think most likely she made full allowance for a lover's enthusiasm.

called. Hunting for something in his pocke

tonight. I forgot all about it. It's

from here.' "To Mrs. Courtney's?" asked Herbert.

favorable of him than any of the sad reverses, she became housekeeper in the Courtney family." ciety. He had determined, after A bright thought came to Mrs. gladness, what rainbows around the

WITH HAND AND WING. REV. DR. TALMAGE CHOOSES A CURI OUSLY UNIQUE TEXT. The Likeness of the Hands of a Man Was

Under Their Wings" A Powerful Hor tatory Discourse by the World's Great

NEW YORK, May 19.-Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon in the Academy of Music this afternoon was a powerful and eloquent plea for practical Christianity. The subject as announced

was, "Wing and Hand," the text being Ezekiel x, 21, "The likeness of the hands of a man was under their

While tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon I first particu-

larly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all a flutter with cherubin. the night before, was waiting at the Who are the cherubim? An order of angels, radiant, mighty, all knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to repre sent the cherubim, he made them part lion, or part ox, or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesge of the cherubim whose majesty the rice cakes, so light and crisp; an and speed and splendor we will never know until, lifted into their presence. we behold them for ourselves, as pray by the pardoning grace of God may. But all the accounts ve all Biblical, and all the suppositions human, represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about 7 feet long. vaster, more imposing than any plum-

age that ever floated in earthly atmos-The time for leaving came. It was a ohere. Condor in flight above Chimorazo, or Rocky mountain eagle aim severe trial for Herbert, to go without whispering a word of tenderness. ng for the noonday sun, or albatross There was such a wistful earnestness in play with ocean tempest, presents in his eyes, as they lingered so long to such glory. We can get an impergazing into hers, that Louise knew he fect idea of the wing of cherubim by oved her, and wondered why he did the only wing we see-the bird's pin not tell her so. In the hall the young ion-which is the arm of the bird, but gentlemen called Bridget, to thank in some respects more wondrous that the human arm; with power of mak-

ing itself more light or more heavy expansion and contraction, defving

Il altitudes and all abysms; the bird vere placed in her hand, hesitated a ooking down with pity upon boasting nan as he toils up the sides of the Ad rondacks, while the wing, with a few strokes, puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of herubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance

of that the Bible again and again sets forth.

Immediately after his arrival home.

That evening, after business, Tom ving.

he drew forth a letter, and said: "There! I declare this is too bad promised Miss Delmar to deliver this

too late now, and it is fully a mile

"Oh no! Mrs. Agatha Foster's, 50th street.

"The name is very familiar," said Mrs. Hawley. "Ah, I remember; I knew her several years ago. Once, I have heard she was in very comfortable circumstances; but meeting with

Christian souls must contribute to the the same time pull with all your evangelism of that faroff land for might for the world's rescue. An arctic which they have been praying. Stop "Fly abroad, thou mighty singing. unless you are willing to give gospel. something of your own means to make tlly.

Have you been praying for the salvaion of a young man's soul? That is ight, but also extend the hand of initation to come to a religious meetng. It always excites our sympathy

to see a man with his hand in a sling. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon," or, "Have your fingers been crushed :" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their lifelong with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference or wrong ideas of what is best, or it is injured of conventionalities, and they never put forth that hand to lift or help or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings, but there is no hand under the wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for-to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help and to rescue, and endowed with two ands we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves

we were to hold fast, to lift, to push. o pull, to help to rescue. Wondrous nand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater, in his will, left \$40,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God as Manifested In the Creation," and Davis Gilbert, the president of the Royal society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book, "The Hand, Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand ! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the 14 bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a abyrinth of the muscle and nerve and lesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands

of a man was under the wings." This idea is combined in Christ. When he rose from Mount Olivet, he took wing. All up and down his life you see the uplifting divinity. It glowed in his forehead. It flashed in his eye. Its cadences were heard in his voice. But he was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch his hand be-

My attention is not more attracted fore it was spiked. There was a dead by those wings than by what they regirl in a governor's house, and Christ veal when lifted. In two places in comes into the room and takes her pale, Ezekiel we are told there were hands cold hands in his warm grasp, and she under the wings, human hands, hands opens her eyes on the weeping houseike ours, "The likeness of the hands hold and says: "Father, what are of a man was under the wings." We you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book savs. have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have 'He took her by the hand, and the noticed the human hand under the maid rose." A follower, angered at There are whole sermons, an insult offered Christ, drew the whole anthems, whole doxologies, sword from sheath and struck at a whole millenniums in that combina man with the sharp edge, aiming, I tion of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the appreciation of the fact that supernat right ear at its roots. Christ with his ural and human agencies are to go tohand reconstructed that wonderful gether; that which soars and that organ of sound, that whispering galwhich practically works; that which ery of the soul, that collector of vibraascends the heavens and that which ions, that arched way to the auditory reaches forth to earth; the joining of nerve, that tunnel without which all the terrestrial and the celestial; the the musical instruments of earth would hand and the wing. We see this un be of no avail. The book says,

ion in the construction of the Bible. ouched his ear and healed him.' The wing of inspiration is in every ing a full grown man who had never chapter. What realms of the ranseen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a somed earth did Isaiah fly over! Over lower, or the face of his own father or what battlefields for righteousness, mother, Christ moistens the dust from what coronations, what dominions of his own tongue and stirs the dust into in eye salve, and with his own hands throne did St. John hover! But in applies the strange medicament, and every book of the Bible you just as suddenly all ths colors of earth and certainly see the human hand that sky rush in upon the newly created wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing optic nerve, and the * instantaneous his hand in the Ten Commandments. noon drove out the long night. the foundation of all good legislation; When he sees the grief of Mary and Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in similies drawn from fields and Martha, he sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse flocks: the fishermen apostles showing in the Bible, but to me it seems because their hand when writing about gospe of its farreaching sympathies about nets; Luke, the physician, showing the largest-"Jesus wept!" So very his hand by giving especial attention humane. He could not stand the sight to diseases cured; Paul showing his of dropsy or epilepsy or paralysis or hunger or dementia, but he stretches scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets and making arguments about out his sympathetic hand toward it. the resurrection that stand as firmly So very human. Omnipotent and as on the day he planted them, and glorious, this angel of the new cove-St. John shows his hand by taking his nant, with wings capable of encircling imagery from the appearance of the a universe, and yet hands of gentle bright waters spread around the island ness, hands of helpfulness, "The hands of Patmos at the hour of sunset, when of a man under the wings." There is he speaks of the sea of glass mingled with fire. Scores of hands writing the a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and wo parables, the miracles, the promises, men spending their time in delectathe hosannas, the raptures, the consoion over their saved state, going about lations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Birom praver meeting to prayer meetble is so human, so full of heartbeats. ng and from church to church telling so sympathetic, so wet with tears, so how happy they are. But show them triumphant with palm branches, that subscription paper, or ask them to it takes hold of the human race as to and visit the sick, or tell them to renothing else ever can take hold of itclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, each writer in his own style-Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal blooded: and they have bronchitis. or stitch in Jeremiah, the despondent: Daniel, the the side, or sudden attack of grip. abstemious and heroic-why, we know Their religion is all wing and no hand. their style so well that we need not They can fly heavenward, but they look to the top of the page to see who cannot reach out earthward. is the author. No more conspicuous While Thomas Chalmers occupied the uplifting wing of inspiration than the chair of moral philosophy in St. the hand, the warm hand, the flexible a push at the marriage altar now is Andrew's university he had at the same time a Sabbath school class of hand, the skillful hand of human intco large and falls off, and again and strumentality. "The likeness of the poor boys down in the slums of Edin-burgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was hands of a man was under the wings. Again, behold this combination of traveling in Canada he saw a poor Inmy text in all successful Christian dian squaw carrying a crushing load, work. We stand or kneel in our puland he took the burden on his own pits and social meetings and reformashoulders. That was Christlike. That tory associations, offering prayer. Now if anything has wings it is prayer. was "a hand under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and It can fly farther and faster than any thing I can now think of. In one n helping to the heavenly shore the second of time from where you sit it rew and passengers of this shipwreckcan fly to the throne of God and alight ed planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of this city, and all in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the through the mountain glens, and down throne of God and alight in India. It in the quarries where the sunlight has can girdle the earth in shorter time never visited, and amid the rigging than you can seal a letter, or clasp a relping to take in another reef before belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's the Caribbean whirlwind. A friend was telling me of an exouis tongue, or the trembling lip of a cenite thing aboat Seattle, then of Washtenarian, rising from the heart of a ington territory, now of Washington state. The people of Seattle had raised farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a a generous sum of money for the country oven, they soar away and Johnstown sufferers from the flood. pick out of all the shipping of the A few days after Seattle was destroyearth, on all the seas, the craft on ed by fire. I saw it while the whole which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into city was living in tents. In a pubthe future. When the father of Queen lic meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relief of their own city, Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brough and the cry was No! No! No! Send the while he sat up in bed, and the babe money to Johnstown, and by acclamawas brought and the father prayed. tion the money was so sent. Nothing 'If this child should live to become more beautiful or sublime than that. queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his pray-er, he said, "Take the child away." Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian But all who know the history of Engrelief for people thousands of miles land for the last 50 years know that the away. Why, there are a hundred prayer for that infant more than 70 thousand men and women whose one ears ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions business is to help others. Helping hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands. of the queen's subjects have this emancipating hands saving hands. day in chapels and cathedrals, on Sure enough, those people had wings land and sea, supplicated, "God save the queen." Prayer flies not only of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the across continents, but across centuries. f prayer had only feet, it might run wings." There was much sense in that which the robust boatman said when ere and there and do wonders. But three were in a boat off the coast in a to death. The charred trunk of one it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume and as swift to rise or swoop sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they or dart or circle as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's all kneel down in the boat to pray, and vision. But, oh, my friends, the the robust man took hold of the oar prayer must have the hand under the and began to pull, saying "Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand or the father's hand other oar, and let the weak one who exactly who were in the building at must write to the wayward boy as scon cannot pull give himself up to as you can hear how to address him. prayer," Prayer by all means, but at as you can hear how to address him. | prayer." Prayer by all means, but at the police authorities of this city.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS traveler hunting beaver while the ic was breaking up, and supposing tha

there was no human being with 100 miles, heard the ice crackle, and, lo, : lost man, insane with hunger and cold was wading in the ice water. The explorer took the man into his canoe and made for land, and the people gathered on the shore. All the islanders had been looking for the lost man. and finding him, according to prear rangement, all the bells rang and all the guns fired. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and

illtops of heaven if you can fetch home a wanderer. In our time it is the habit to denounce the cities and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other

side of the story and to say that the city is the heaven of practical helpful ness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed: the Bow ery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life and bread for the life to come. al the pillows of that institution under the blessing of him who had not where to lav his head: the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated the hospitals for broken bones: the homes for the restoration of intellects astray: the orphan house, father and mother to all who come under its ben ediction ; the midnight missions, which pour midnoon upon the darkened; the Prison Reform association : the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the shelter ing arms; the aid societies; the indus trial schools; the Sailor's Snug harbor the foundling asylums; the free dis pensaries, where greatest scientific skill feels the pulse of wan pauper; the ambulance, the startling stroke of its bell clearing the way to the place of casualty, and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard mission, with its crowd of friendless boys picked up from the streets and saying "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me. My dear boy died with the spinal complaint." And such a one she found and took him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty

things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not sav that Christianity in our cities is all show and talk and genuflexion and sacred noise. You have been so long looking at the hand of theft, and the hand of outrage that you have not sufficently appreciated the hand of help streached forth from the doors and windows of churches and from merci ful institutions, the Christ-like hand,

There is also in my suject the sugges tion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went, the hand went. When the wing as cended, the hand ascended, and for every useful and Christain hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal Expect no human gratitude, for it will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you

which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect noth-

ing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms] defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has no ticed or rewarded or honored, will "He rise to heavenly recognition. While " Meet-I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may

ed off your own anxieties.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

part that the South had taken in the rivil and military history of the coun-Many of the histories, in use in | singing of "Lorena." Irv. which has done so much in the making of our history, would be satisfied if that history were truthfully written. At this juncture. Miss Winnie Davis, with her escort numbering many ladies appeared on the platform. The enthus iasm of the convention as the delegates caught sight of the Daughter of the Confederacy was beyond all bounds. It was not a succession of

cheers, but one continuous roar. Such scene has not been witnessed in the South in many years.

Miss Davis, dressed in a dark brown costume, with a Confederate badge on in which things broken but made her breast and a bunch of flowers in her belt, advanced to the side of General Gordon near the edge of the platform, and made bow after bow to the enthusiastic crowd, which seemed in5 which nobody sings, pressed and dried toxicated by her smile. Complete orand withered flowers with volumes of love and loss and longing and infinider could never be restored after her ties of pathos folded within their poor. advent, and it was not until General ifeless petals-flowers which Gordon had said, after a reasonable back the fragrance of days which the intermission, that he would clear the hall unless the convention came to order, that General Lee could proceed. General Lee ':en finished reading is report, which recommends beginning at the bottom to stimulate public sentiment in favor of histories which are just to the South, by teaching them in the universities. It recommendations of previous reports, and urges that in the future that each camp have prepared a correct list of the enrollnent from each county, the number killed and in what battle; it asks each State organization to urge upon its respective Legislature to make an appropriation for carrying into effect these ecommendations; endorses the Contope and memory on multitudes. federate Veteran publication; censures the Encyclopaedia Britannica for misrepresenting the South: strongly en-dorses Dr. J. L. M. Curry and his history, "The Constitution and Reunited Union" and asked that he be invited to address the veterans at the next reunion on the subject of slavery and and secession. It asks that the committee be enlarged to one member from each State. The report was advain longing and lost hope-"Lorena" opted and ordered published.

When Gen. Lee finisned, the veterans where invitited to pass in review before Miss Winnie Davis, after adjournment, which was then taken from to 7 o'clock. The crush and confusion was so great that there was actual danger or fatalities. Miss Davis adthe cherubic hand, "the hand under vanced to the front of the platform the wings." and smilingly raising her hands, said

she knew she could rely upon the members, "as men and Texans to follow the rules and make the review as about the fires each heart had in it the easy as possible," adding, "Now, won't you," with an appealing smile. This was partly effective, but not wholly so, and for nearly two hours she was buried among the mass of veteran who scrambled over the reporters' tables and upon the platform. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm are pleased with one of my letters and confusion of the scene.

•At 5 o'clock this afternoon the sponsors and their maids of honor held a large reception at the Hutchins House.

NO USE FOR A CAMERA.

The Old Mountaineer Didn't Want His Picture Taken

An hour before noon I overtook a young man with a camera who was making snap shots by the wayside. A few minutes later we met a mountaineer on a mule with a sack of corn not come to you right away. Washington lost no more battles than he behind him, and after salutations had the mists of tender memories.

A Peace Poem from the Greenville News. The memorial day exercises at An derson the other day included the

LORENA.

Probably schools, it says, are inaccurate, almost majority of those who were present had to the point of criminality. The South, never heard the song before, "Tis years since first we met. Lorena. The people who used to sing and whistle 'Lorena," who knew and loved every note and word of it, in whose heads and hearts it rang, are passing away from here in increasing numbers every vear now. It will not be very long until the last of them has gone, but we hope it will be a long, long time be fore "Lorena" is lost.

In the River of Time, sung of in one of the sweetest and most majestic brief poems in the English language, there is, we are told, an island of Long Ago

Highest of all in leavening strength .- Latest United States Government Food Re beautiful by memory and love. forgotport. ten by the many but precious to some Royal Bakin g Powder Company, hearts, linger and live a life of their own. There are fragments of songs 106 Wall St., N. Y.

bring

COLUMBIA THE WINNER.

She Gets the Location of the Epworth Orphanage.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 19 .- Columyears have swept into the far past, of bia has won. She will have the great the gardens of seasons long gone. There are ribbons and gloves and but-Epworth Orphanage of the Methodists tons and broken toys of children, large of the State and it will be located on and small, locks of hair and fading one of the prettiest sites in the State. pictures. Probably the songs which In this matter, since The State called nobody sings lives longest. Their melodies are woven among the heart the attention of the citizens to it. strings. Considered as works of art Columbia has "done herself proud," few of them, we suppose, would be and the institution will ever stand here very highly valued by skilled musi-cians. The works of the masters are as a monument to the push, vim and energy of our people. The securing immortal, but the number who can understand them will always be limited. of the orphanage is a fine example of The humpler composers who make the what a little energetic work done at popular songs reach the popular heart the right time, backed by such advantand confer the blessings of love and ages as Columbia possesses will do.

We do not know that there is much This institution now comes here, and "Lorena." It will never be a clascic. it is hard to tell how great the benefits Probably the writer of it had no Columbia will reap from it will be. thought that it would live long. But it was born in time of tronble and The conference proposes to • make an outlay of \$100,000 in buildings alone change when sentiment and passion and ultimately to erect in addition a home for aged Methodist ministers. were strong and hearts were vibrant to impressions and impulse. Like a Then there will be a heavy annual melodious echo from a dream—an echo outlay of cash in the running expenses of tender sentiment, of pathos and of the institution.

The special committee from the concomes faintly, part of a vanished past ference, charged with the location of which seems so unreal now that we the orphange, met here again yestermay hardly understand that it was day morning and after a short confernot a fleeting vision. The old life of ence gave the location of the instituthe South was just breaking and detion to Columbia by a unanimous vote. parting as the beautiful clouds of sun-The only other bid that was "in it" set time fade into the night. The long at all was that from Union, but it was peace was ended and men gathered not to be compared to Columbia's. from thonsands of homes, each carrywhen the railroad facilities and other ing with him memories and hopes. In natural advantages possessed by the the camps where the soldiers gathered capital of the State were taken into account.

pictures of familiar scenes and loved The committee accepted the tender faces left behind, for they had all left of the Sims place with adjacent proper-This property lies about a mile home, many of them for the first time. tv. Around all the camp fires voices sang and three-quarters from the city, just of "Lorena." The bands played it and over the hill beyond Shandon. The where there were pianos and the harps Sims place contains twenty-five acres which used to stand in the corners of of the finest land in the county; the parlors its notes floated upon the air other property adjacent, which is rom beneath white fingers. As known as the Baughman propertey, months went by and battles were contains 1011 acres. On the Sims fought and marches made, as the arplace is a splendid brick mansion, mies struggled and the tide of war comparatively new, worth about \$3, 500 or more. The money value of the rolled here and there, "Lorena" lived, and the tattered and worn and scarred offer made by Columbia is between

\$12,000 and \$15,000. veterans without tents, blankets or food sang it. To the very last, all The securing of the location is due through the last days when hope gave entirely to the energetic work done by place to grim desperation and the the citizens' committee. They worked lack cloud of defeat gathered ever hard for it and presented two fine bids. closer and blacker, the men sang "Lo-In order to secre that property where rena" as so many who would sing no the institution is to be located, it was more, whose lips were silenced and necessary for this committee to raise whose sturdy hearts were cold forever. by subscription \$5,000 in cash. They managed to secure the bulk of this and had sung it, and to the last it carried thoughts back and enveloped souls in gave their individual notes for the re-

mainder, which of course they will



speaking to his mother on the subject, to tell his love and win her promise to he his So, of course, the interview with his mother, and the result, was a severe disappointment.

A few evenings after Mrs. Hawley was seated in the parlor with Herbert. Vainly she had endeavored to draw him into conversation. He remained in gloomy silence. And his mother was wishing someone would come in. to make it necessary for him to throw off the depression, and exert himself to be a little agreeable, when the door opened and the servant announced "Mr. Mayo."

Tom Mayo was Herbert's chum and class mate. Mrs. Hawley gladly wel-comed his coming. As he acknowl-

edged her cordial greeting, he said: "My call is especially for you, Mrs. Hawley, to solicit your influence with that obstinate son of yours. I've been man. pleading with him for a week past to promise he will go home with me to Baltimore, and spend the Easter holi-days. My sister has written me to bring a couple of friends. She is going to have some of her school mates, and we expect a very pleasant time. But Herbert insists that he cannot. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Hawley was delighted with the prospect, and earnestly joined her efforts with his friends to induce him

to go. At length they were successful. And the next morning Tom, Herbert and another friend left town for the former's home.

Three days after Mrs. Hawley received a letter from her son, bringing this information :

"On my arrival at Mayo's I received a surprise which would have been a very happy one had I not been bound by that hard promise. You, perhaps, will think it all a concerted plan. But I tell you, and you will believe me, I never dreamed of meeting Louise, when I stood before her in Mrs. Mayo's drawingroom."

Notwithstanding the barrier against any further progress in Herbert's wooing, he spent a very pleasant week. New hope was in his heart. In daily intercourse with Louise, his love grew greater. He was convinced life with her would be such as to make him the happiest of mortals.

A proof to him of her worth was the children lingered near and clung about her while she listened with interest to their prattle, and busied her fingers with little articles for their amusement

It was the last evening of their stay. Tom and his friend had prolonged the pleasant visit to the last hour. Herbert's business had not been so pressing as the others, and he would gladly have remained longer; but of course he felt bound to return when they did.

It was a terrible night. The rain, which had been falling during the afternoon, came down in torrents. There was no prospect of anything better in the morning. Nevertheless they must leave on the early train.

Herbert had accompanied Tom down to the basement, in a hunt for sundry rubber coats and overshoes. They were about to enter the kitchen to make inquiries of Bridget, when a wail, as of the greatest grief and de spair escaped that worthy's lips. Herbert started back with a look of

much anxiety. Tom whispered: "Nothing of much consequence. Something has gone wrong with her. Stand back a little and be quiet; we shall soon know the trouble. And soon it was as Tom predicted.

Bridget groaned forth : 'Tin o'clock! Oh! bad luck to him an' he'll not come tonight! An' it's Bridget O'Grady's riputation as a cook

will be ruined by a baste of a butcher.

Hawley then. From Mrs. Foster she could learn all about Miss Delmar. "Mr. Mayo," she said, "if you have no objection I will deliver this letter tomorrow morning. It is many years

since I met Mrs. Foster, and I should ike to renew the acquaintance." Tom acquiesced. Herbert's eyes sought his mother's. Instantly he knew the object of the visit. The next morning found Mrs. Haw

ley in the humble home of Miss Del mar's friend. The old lady delighted in talking of Louise. She brought forth numerous articles of comfort, the work of her favorite.

"You know her in the fashionable world, I in the humble home. With her high position, beauty, grace and accomplishments, she will likely make a brilliant match. But I often think what a blessing she will be to a poor

When Mrs. Hawley returned to Herbert, she smilingly said: "Mrs. Foster is not an impartial

idge, for she is as much in love with Miss Delmar as you. But I give you back your promise, Herbert; win her if you can Herbert hastened to make up for

lost time, and so, under plea of pressing business, he again visited Balti-Much surprised was Louise when

ess than a week after parting with him, the servant handed her his card. An hour after, he was happy. He had told his love, and won her promise to be his. Mrs. Hawley was a just woman

She fully acknowledged her error in pronouncing Louisa unfitted for do mestic happiness. And ever after declared, "Herbert's wife is a real treas-

ure."-New York News.

Shot by Her Husband.

JACKSONVILLE, May 23 .- A homicide in St. Augustine today wound up the story of an elopenment which occur-red in that city a few weeks ago. Rudolph Ligon and Mrs. John Sullies disappeared and it was supposed that they had eloped. A few days later Mrs. Sullies returned, but after settling up some matters of business disap-

peared. She and Ligon were found living together in Alvine, Tex. They were borught back to Florida, arriv ing in St. Augustine today. They were carried before a justice of the peace to have their preliminary hearing when Sullies asked that the hearing be postponed. It was postponed for one day and Ligon and Mrs. Sul-

lies were released on their own recognizance. Later in the day, Ligon vent to a barroom near Sullies' place of ousiness Sullies came up, passed him and shot him in the back of the head the ball coming out of his forehead. With Ligon at the time was A. E. Yates,

who supposed to have assisted Ligon and Mrs. Sullies in their elopement. After shooting Ligon, Sullies fired at Yates, but the latter escaped up the stairs of a near-by building. Sullies followed, but Yates effected his escape. Later, Sullies was arrested and is now in jail. Mrs. Sullies claims that she was never married to Sullies and it is stated that she and Ligon were married

while in Texas. Four Burnt to Death.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 21.-On Sunlay moning, at Gate City, a suburb of Birmingham, was visited by a fire in which two unknown men were roasted and an arm and skull of another being all that was left of them. Two wo

men are missing and it is thought that they were also in the ill-fated building. The identity of none of the unfortunates has been revealed and possibly never will be as it is not known

won, but he triumphed at the last. been exchanged the artist said Walter Scott in boyhood was called would like to take his picture. the "Greek Blockhead," but what

height of renown did he not afterward tread? And I promise you victory further on and higher up, if not "Of course." in this world, then in the next. Oh the heavenly day when your lifted "Yes." hand shall be gloved with what honors

"Then I'll hey to disapp'int you its fingers enringed with what jewels Thar was a feller up yere with a squinits wrist clasped with what splendors tin masheen like that, and he met my up and take it, you Christian woman brother Bill. He sot Bill on a rock who served at the washtub. Come and squinted at him and jogged along. up and take it, you Christain shoe-When he got down to Knoxville, he maker who pounded the shoe last fixed the pictur' up and was showin it Come up and take it, you professional around when a feller says to him: nurse whose compensation never fully

paid for broken nights and the whims and struggles of delirious sickrooms. ter Come up and take it, you' firemen. " 'And mought his fust name be Bill? bestweated, far down amid the greasy "' 'I reckon.

machinery of ocean steamers, and ye "' 'And his last name Scott?" conductors and engineers on railroads " 'The same.' that knew no Sunday and whose ring-

ing bells and loud whistle never warn the co'se of three days a lot of revenue officers cum along and gobbled on to Come up and take it, you mothers Bill, and he's in the Albany prison doin time yit. They dun reckoned he who rocked and lullabied the family brood until they took wing for other was in Texas till they saw his picture'. nests and never appreciated what you "But, as the revenue officers don' had done and suffered for them. Your want you, that removes the objection, hand was well favored when you were explained the artist. young, and it was a beautifui hand so

'It 'pears to, but it don't do it," re well rounded, so graceful that many plied the old man as he looked up and admired and eulogized it, but hard down the road. "You take my pictur'. work calloused it and twisted it, and You go down to Clinton. You show self sacrificing toil for others paled it, it around. Purty soon a feller cums and many household griefs thinned it and the ring which went on only with

ole Jeb Scott, up in the hills!

again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Wornout hand! But " 'Over on the Clinch river. God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know

the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it bandaged! What lighthouses it kindled! What storm tossed ships it brought into the pearl beached harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlasting rest for all the toiling and misunderstood and suffering and weary children of God.

and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand, the triumphant hand of him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the King of which the poet sang in Scotch dialect: It's a bonnie, boonie warl that were living

in the noo. An sunny is the lan we aften traivel thro'. But in vain we look for something to which oor learts can cling, For its beauty is as naething to the palace

o' the King. We see oor frien's await us ower yonder a

his gate. Then let as a' be ready, for, ye ken, it's gettin late. Let cor lamps be brichtly barning, let's raise oor voice an sing. Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, f' the

In Jail for "Cunjering."

liams is in jail in Hamburg, across the Savannah river from Augusta, for "cunjering" a Negro woman of that place. Eustis claims to be a "cunjer" doctor and was pretending to treat this woman when she went into convulsions. The charge brought against the "doctor" is poisoning. The wo-man has recovered from the convulsion, but is still sick and declares that she is "cunjered."

In a River. MONTREAL, May 17 .- The bodies of three men were found floating in the None river St. Lawrence near Sorel.

"Is that thing fur takin pictu's?" "Yes, takes a regular photograph." "Would it look like me?"

"And the mewl?"

"'Whar did you meet this yere crit-" 'Up above Cumberland Gap.

" 'That's about all they said, but in

'Dixie" and "the Bonnie Blue Flag" were songs of the Confederacy. "When this Cruel war is over" was a song of the war. "Lorena" was the son of the men. It had no direct con-

ad gone home. along and says: "Durn my hide, but that looks like

' 'Yes, it's the ole cuss hisself. 'Lorena." The story of it is ordinary " 'Whar'd you meet him?' enough. Perhaps that is why the

song was loved so-so many men could hear or sing "Lorena" and uu-"'The dear old critter! How pear he's lookin' on that ole mewl o' his! derstand all about it and respond to its

I'd gin a dollar to shake hands with neasure with their own experinces and knowledge. Everybody could learn it "Waal," continued the old man and the days when all of us in the 'in about three days I'd be roostin' in South were dreaming dreams destined jail and hev only myself to blame fur never to be realized and hoping for it, while them revenue fellers would things impossible everybody knew it. be jest tickled to death."

"But I thought they didn't want you !" protested the artist. "No, I reckon they don't, but they

men now trod through so many long would as soon as they say the pictur Summer days, the trees, the fields. Some of 'em would recognize the innerfences and gateways, the porches and cent ole critter who locked seven of steps scarred and marked with the re-'em up in a stable while the boys were cords of many times of juvenile idletotin a moonshine still out of a ravine ness, the old school houses and desks and over the mountains," and as I and benches, the furniture and dresses hain't much of a hand to talk I'm which would seem so quaint and old afeard I couldn't explain how I hapfashioned now-then the bright hopes pened to fall asleep and leave 'em thar and wild dreams and furious passions till they cut thar way out through the of the time when a whole people roof. You can squint at the ole mewl rushed to war, the sure, horrible fadand the bag of con all day if it will ing away all those, the many obleege you, but don't pull trigger till thousands of scenes, stirring hapterrible, splendid, ole Jeb Scott gits down and hides bepy, years from 1861 to

hind a log!"-Detroit Free Press. the All these are interwoven with Had Duped Many.

CHICAGO, May 24 .-- C. G. Arnold who has been masquerading as a young heiress in search of a husband has been arrested on complaint of H H. Warner, of Sedan, Minn. A trunk

full of sentimental correspondence was confiscated. Arnold sent photographs

A Car Load of Decorations.

Down to Twenty-Eight.

of beautiful young girls to his dupes and posed as "Jennie Lamont," Le Claire" and "Birdie W "Clara Walker. These mysths had tyrannical aunt who had charge of their fortunes Victims were collected through adver tisements. They usually sent from \$30 Chicago for the decoration of the federate monument there on May 30. to \$50 to pay the expenses of the girl to some place where the marriage ceremony was to take place. C. A. Ma-ho, of Syracuse, N. Y., wrote that he was not cross, but full of jokes. Wil- magnolia pods will be sent by express liam Thomas of Bryantville, Mass., Saturday. The car leaves at 2 o'clock tomorrow.

poetry, and I think of nothing but you." James H. Wilson of Buffalo gave up \$75 and a gold ring, and was of the bodies have been identified yet. to meet her at Niagara Falls. He

So "Lorena" comes now to thous make good, but the people of the city ands like a faint, far away, melodious now that the institution has been seecho from brave bright days, from cured, should come up and reimburse youth departed, from hopes which them the amount not already covered have gone long ago, from a life of by the subscriptions. The property which nothing remains but memories. has already been turned over to the It brings with it the restfulness of the conference sub-committee appointed old South and many a glimpse of to have charge of this feature, consistthings once so familiar, now so strange ing of Capt. L. D. Childs and the Rev. and so distant, encompassed with a Mr. Coleman. dreamy haze like that of an Indian Summer. A love song, very simple

The conference's committee proposes to get to work immediately. The comin words and composition. each note mittee will meet here next week to and word of it is freighted with have the property all staked off and thoughts of camp and battle and com- surveyed. Then the plans for the prothoughts of camp and battle and comsurveyed. rades, of storm and battle smoke and posed twelve buildings will be secured danger and happiness. It is a song and work will be begun immediately from a dead country, a dead army on the erection thereof. The commitand a dead past. From the mystic tee does not propose to lose any more island of the Long Ago, set where the

time than it can help. It may be mentioned here that a waves of the River of Time sweep by part of the offer was that the electric forever and beat softly upon its shores, railway line would be extended from little parts of "Lorena" float gently to the living hearts which knew it. Shandon to the Sims place as soon as it was needed, which will of course be almost immediately.—State.

An Inhuman Wretch.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., May 22 .- D. McKinley MacArthur, a young Ennection with the war. It was written. glishman, was sent to jail today for we believe, long before the ordinance assault and battery on his young wife. of secession was solemnly adopted. MacArthur came from Brooklyn re-But it came into general favor when the war was well begun and held its cently and established a monthly periodical called the "Florida Magazine' lace until the men who were left alive He seemed to have plenty of money and was quite popular until stories that he treated his young wife inhu-We hope somebody will always sing Lorena" now and then. We do manly got abroad. Last night Mrs. MacArthur ran out in night clothes, not know who "Lorena" was. Like the singing of Annie Laurie, each screaming that her husband was tryheart recalled a different name with

ing to kill her. Neighbors took her in and today had her husband arrested. Testimony in court showed that MacArthur had treated his wife with shocking cruelty. Mrs. MacArthur testified that her husband had beat her several times and knocked her on the head. She also said that it was a frequent occurrence for him to come to the city and before leaving lock up all the food in the house and be gone all day leaving her The old houses, stately or humble, without anything to eat. Mrs. Macthe yards and paths wherein the bare Arthur is small in stature and very feet of the boys who are old or aging lender. She was very much distressed during the time she was giving her testimony and at times would burst in tears. She is only nineteen years of age and was formerly Miss Louise Hunt, her family residing at 2,287 Pacific street, Brooklyn. MacArthur it is said receives a handsome allowance

from wealthy relatives in England. It is believed he is demented.

To Invade China.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.-Another army is about to invade China, but the campaign will be conducted on differduring ent lines from that of the Japanese. 1865-The Salvation Army is going to try to "Lo conquer the Orient and bring the milrena," all of them come back with the ions of Chinese into the fold of simple old song which nobody sings Christianity. The leader of the movenow, the melodies of which ome floatment is Fong Foo Sing, a young Chiing softly and faintly from far away naman, who is a member of the Salon the mystic island of the Long Ago vation Army in the city, and who is which is somewhere behind the mists employed as a typewriter in the office of The War Cry. He said to a report-er: "I expect that the army at the which lie upon the ever flowing, ever sweeping and rushing River of Time. proper time will send me to China. To go to China was really the object SAVANNAH, Ga., May 22 .- A car that led me to join the Salvation load of evergreen and flowers was loaded by the executive committee of

Army. I wanted to do something for my country along army lines. The the Confederate Veterans, to go to late war. I believe, has made China Conopen her eyes. As a result the way will be opened for Christianity, civili-The car contains 24 palmetto trees, 100 zation and other good things. Caprine saplings, 1000 laurel wreaths and tain Sing expresses himself fluently in a lot of wild smilax. A thousand English, but uses some expressions that are peculiar.

Fatal Explosion

KNOXVILLE. Tenn., May 17.-Cliff Baxter was killed outright and Andrew CLEVELAND, May 21.-The temper-Campbell mortally wounded by premature explosion of a blast in a copper mine at Ducktown, Tenn., today.

palace o' the King.

AUGUSTA, GA., May 18.-A colored man, who calls himself Eustis Wil-

wrote: "I love music, flowers and

ature fell to 28 degrees in the grape Descirptions have been forwarded to the police authorities of this city. quotes a line from a popular song, belt along the Lake shore last night, "I'll be there, love, at half past nine." and the crop is ruined.