The long soft plumes the willow wears, And silvery blades for baby leaves, Would show a greener tenderness And dreamier, fairer slenderness,

A drooping 'gainst the eaves. The starlike blooms that burst and spread Such brilliance in our garden beds Would waste more wealth of hue, I ween, If now and then you might be seen Just bending o'er their heads.

And all the music spring doth make With stirring leaf and y ung bird throats Would prove a richer pan, dear, If you were here, if you were here, To lend your sweet voice notes.

Ab, how adjustment fails to be ! E'en spring time heeds in part the pain-And Compensation's pensive task To bring the gifts we need, not ask, Will teach us or ce again.

LIZZIE'S ELOPEMENT.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

s she spoke the name. "Liz! Lizzie!" Mrs. Blake stood at the foot of the edly run off together, or perhaps he's stairs, with her eyes fixed upon the helped to get her off to the city. door facing it above.

But there was no answer to her call, nor did the door open.

"Lizzie! Elizabeth!" she called more sharply this time. But still there was no reply, and she went back into the kitchen with a vexed look, and began to beat an

omelet for breakfast. The outer door opened, and Deacon Blake came briskly in from the gar-

"Fine morning:" he remarked as he looked cheerfully around. "If this kind o' weather continues there'll be plenty of strawberries in a day or two Some of em' are beginning to turn al ready. Breakfast ready. Cassie:"

"No," answered his wife, somewhat petulantly; " and not likely to be this fifteen minutes. I've had all the work on my own hands this morning. Where's Liz?" "Not come down yet, and it's near

ly 7 o'clock. She's getting lazier every day, and we allow her to have her own way too much.

"I s'pose she's tired out with the frolic at Cynthy's last night. Let her have what rest she needs. "She's had as much as is good for her by this time, I guess. Here Patty," turning to a small help, who was bustling about the kitchen, very much

in everybody's way. "Run up stairs and wake her. She can be ready in time for breakfast, as it's so late today Where's Tom?" 'Not back from the mill yet Time

he should be, said the deacon looking from the window. Patty, in her zeal, dashed up stairs like a small tornado. They could hear her rattling the

door knob and calling: "Miss Lizzie! Miss 'Liz'beth! Yer aunt says to git up. It's 'mos' seven o'clock, and breakfus' 'mos' ready." No answer came.

Then followed an irregular drum-ming on the door, and Mrs. Blake, with an anxious face, turned to her husband "Joseph, I hope there's nothing the

matter with Liz. Why don't she answer? Patty came running down with big eyes. "Please 'm, Ican't wake her, and the

door's bolted!" Before Patty had concluded Mrs. Blake was half way up stairs, followed by her husband. "Lizzie!" he called in stentorian

tones, which would have awakene the soundest sleeper. Then, after pausing for an answer he said, hurriedly:

"Cassie, have you a key that will unlock this door? No? Then run down are likely to become other ways." -quick!-and bring up my basket of

His hands trembled a little, as with the assistance of the tools he plied open the door-no difficult task, as the lock was slight.

His wife stepped hastily within the room, and uttered an exclamation at once of relief and alarm.

"She isn't here. The bed hasn't been slept in. Why, Joseph, she hasn't been home all night!" Mr. Blake stared round blankly as

he took off his hat and wiped the drops from his brow. "Mebbe," he said—"mebbe she's stayed all night over to Cynthy's."
"Why should she? It isn't far,

and there was nothing to keep her.' "Unless she was sick," he suggested, anxiously. "In that case they'd have let us

know last night-" Mrs. Blake suddenly paused, and as suddenly sank into a chair. "Joseph, I hope-I hope it isn't that

young man from the city-that Orville Parker, you know.' "Why, Cassandra, she'd never think of such a thing!

"She might. There's no knowing what Liz would do when she's in one of her freakish moods. Parker was desperately attentive to her when he first came here, but she didn't care to have anything to do with him, so he went over to Elvira Jane. But lately she seems to have been encouraging him, and she and Tom had a pretty sharp talk about it Sunday night when Parker walked home with her from church. I took Tom's side-I never could abide that stuck up city clerk-and Liz got vexed, and said she'd marry whom she pleased, and that if we didn't want her here she could support herself in the city-for that Parker had told her there were elegant young ladies of good families and education employed in the stores

there. "And what did you say?" "I was vexed, and said she could go when she'd a mind to; but of cours

she knew I didn's mean it." "How could she know that? Cas sie, Cassie, I've warned you more than once or twice that your impatient temper would bring trouble at last. Elizabeth is like what her poor mother was-proud and easy hurt. And she'd not been long enough with us since her mother died to get familiar with your little irritable ways, and to know that at the bottom there's a good and true woman's heart. Cassie, I doubt but you've driven the poor child off.

Mrs. Blake burst into tears. "What's to be done, Joseph? knows. Lizzie is as dear to me as if she was my own! And I did hope." added, in a lower tone-"I did hope to be able to call her mine some time Tom-

And here she choked and burst into fresh sobs. "Yea, yea! Tom will be dreadfully

cut up by this," said the old man, slowly shaking his head as the two proceeded down stairs. "But I wish he'd hurry home now, for until he comes I hardly know what's to be done.

"Hadn't we better'send over to Cyn thia's? Maybe they'd know something that would serve for a clew, since Liz zie was there last night. No doubt she took the 11 o'clock train for the city. Stay, I'll write a line to Joe and ask him to step to the hotel and find out whether Parker has left there.

The hasty line was written and dis patched by Patty, who had all this time looked on with wide open eyes and mouth. "Now, Patty, run for your life,"

said her mistress, as she gave her the aunt, starting up, "where have you bit of paper.

Patty ran-only stopping once to ell somebody whom she met that Miss Lizzie had run away to get mar

In ten minutes she returned accom-

layed the red fruit beneath. panied by Mrs. Blake's sister, Mrs A dead silence ensued. Everybody Cynthia Harden, and her daughter ooked at each other, but no one spoke Elvira Jane. until Miss Tucker inquired half in-Mrs. Harden, a portly lady, was all creduously: "Who went with you?"

out of breath, and Eivira Jane, slender and willowy, was pale and agitat-Frank Lamb and Mr. Parker," an-"Cassandra," gasped Mrs. Harden

as she dropped heavily into a chair what is all this I hear? Patty says Lizzie's run away to get married; but I can't believe it's true. And then Mrs. Blake explained what had occurred. "She left my house last night about

wouldn't have believed it

At this Miss Harden's feelings

consolation to the family in their

For by this time, thanks to Patty.

half the village knew that Deacon

home so bright in the few months that

she had lived with them, and who

everybody had decided was to marry

his son Tom, had run off and got mar-

"Well, I'm awfully cut up about

could say something to comfort you.

Mrs. Blake, but I've always noticed

are sure to bring trouble on the fami-

all along," said Miss Tucker, who was

president of the Female Mission and

Charity Association. "I noticed the

way Lizzie Gray and that Mr. Parker

looked at each other in the church

Sunday night; and Tom Blake noticed

it, too, for he appeared awful glum,

and got up and went out before any-

body else-almost before the blessing

was spoke. I remember I said to my-

self, if Elizabeth Gray and Orville

Parker don't make a runaway match

said Mrs. Harden, addressing nobody

in particular, but looking straight be-

fore her with a stony gaze, "they'd be

considerable more of saints that they

"I can excuse you, ma'am,"

said, with great politeness, and a

before long, then I'm no saint,

expression.

and fortitude.

garden palings:

ter Tom-and Mister Joe, too.'

Blake driving from another.

was as red as his mother's.

hastily stepping forward.

The two young men met at the gate

Joe answered in a hard, sharp way

at five o'clock. He hired a buggy.

but Larry, the milkman, met him near

the Meadow Bridge driving with a

"But in that case where was she all

Mrs. Blake burst into a passion of

Tom, meanwhile, had taken some

thing from a small box on the top

shelf of the closet, and was closely

"Oh, Tom!" cried Elvira Jane,

"If he don't," said Joe, deliberately,

as he carefully selected a stout hore-

whip from a number hanging in the

him, then I'll finish him off myself.

Elvira Jane screamed, and Mrs

Harden and Mrs. Peters made a sud-

den, elephantine rush and placed their

ample forms against the kitchen door.

Mrs. Blake threw herself into a

rocking-chair with loud wailing, and

Patty, with tightly clenched hands,

mouth screwed up and eyes double

their natural size, danced about the

"Stand aside, mother! There's

something trying to get in here," said

loe, as the door was pushed from

And wrenching it open despite the

resistance of the two stout ladies,

he threw it wide, while the eyes of

all the excited group turned thither

Everyone uttered an exclamation.

There stood Lizzie, bright and

osy, her hat hanging on her back

by its strings, her curly hair all dis-

hands a little basket, the contents of

lady, who he is sure was Lizzie.

Joe sternly shook his head.

examining it at the window.

weeping.

dreadful thing?"

kill that Parker!"

Come along, Tom!"

room on tiptoe.

without.

ward.

green leaves.

utmost astonishment.

Tom made no reply

turned toward the door.

they entered the kitchen together.

'As for me. I've been expecting it

ly imported from the city.

as engaged to Orville Parker.

orth shedding a tear for.

this way. Joe isn't."

trouble.

with her Elvira Jane?

"Yes. It was he who told us, strawberries being ripe at the meadow bridge, and said that as he would have half-past nine, said Mrs. Harden, growing very red while her daughter to pass there today he would bring us some. And Mrs. Lamb proposed that became equally pale. "Wasn't Tom as her wagon was to go early to the station, we should all go in it to the "No, ma. Tom and she quarreled

Lizzie, in a bewildered tone.

swered Lizzie, unhesitatingly.

strawberries.

hend

to the meadow-bridge wood, to ge

And she lifted the leaves and dis

"Mrs. Lamb and the girls, and

"Oh. Mr. Parker!" said Miss Tucker.

with a signifiant smile and toss of her

strawberry grounds, and it would take the first part of the evening, because us up in returning. Mr. Parker overshe danced with-with Mr. Parker. took us in his buggy. And Elvira Jane's voice trembled "And, pray," said Mrs. Harden "how was it that he offered severely. "I thought so. They've undoubtyou a seat in the buggy instead of one

of the others? Lizzie hesitated, smiled and glanced toward Elvira Jane. Then she stooped Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Harden, with inand whispered a word or two in Mrs. dignant emphasis. "I wouldn't have Harden's ear, whose countenance in believed it of any girl that she could

stantly cleared. play such an underhand part. Why "You've given us a dreadful fright, she knew that Elvira Jane was as good Lizzie," said Mrs. Blake, beginning to erv again, but this time from pure relief and happiness. hitherto suppressed, became too acute

"Yes." said Mrs. Peters, with for endurance, and she sat down on broad smile breaking over her facethe kitchen settee and burst into hysyes, we all thought you and Mr. Parterical weeping.
"Don't cry, Elvira Jane!" said her er had run away to get married. Ain't it too ridiculous?" Lizzie looked around, with an indig-

Uncle Joseph kindly. "If the fellow's capable of acting in this way, he ain't nant flush suffusing her face. Uncle Joe sat down and broke into "There'll be something to shed be wild laugh. sides tears when Joe comes to hear of Even Elvira Jane smiled, for she

it." said Mrs. Harden savagely. "He had caught Lizzie's whisper. ain't one to see his sister put upon in And while they were all laughing Lizzie turned to Tom, who happened Just here there was a knock at the to be close beside her, and said with outer kitchen door, which, being reproach in her tone and tears in her opened, admitted two or three of the eves: nearest neighbors, who had come to

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, obtain information and administer Tom!" Tom looked very sheepish as he dis-

appeared in the closet and put away something in the box on the top shelf. "You see aunty," said Lizzie, Blake's pretty niece, who had made his standing by her side, with one arm around her neck and the other resting lovingly on Uncle Joseph's shoulder. "I came home so late last night that I had no opportunity of telling ried to the dandy dry goods clerk, lateyou. I was up and dressed early, and while waiting for the rest, I thought I might as well set my room in order. it, I'm sure," said Mrs. Peters the Then I locked the door, to keep you wheelright's wife, as she folded her from finding out I had gone; because hands on her ample chest, and sol-emnly shook her head. "I wish I I expected to be back in time for breakfast. You'll forgive me, aunty, won't you?—and you'll let me have some breakfast, becuse I am so awfully hunthat them as you're kindest to has the gry, and we'll all enjoy the first strawleast gratitude, and adopted children berries of the season.

A Cure for Hog Cholera. The following statement is copied from the Texas Live Stock and Farm Journal: "It is not often that I attempt to write anything for the press, and it is only now a philanthropic spirit that moves me to write this. Every editor in the United States should copy it, and every farmer should cut it out and preserve it. Because it is a sure cure for Why? heard of its failure. It is very simple, cheap and easily prepared. Directions: Put one-half teaspoonful of of cholera among his hogs, especially when one or two have died, drive every hog and pig into a very close Let one man catch the nog by pen. Mrs. Tucker glanced appealingly at between his legs, while another man Mrs. Peters, and put on a martyrlike opens the hog's mouth with a stick, and the medicine being in a very longshe necked heavy bottle, is easily poured down. Care should be taken not to compassionable glance toward Elvira dose the same one twice. Twice the "considering how badly you amount will kill, and every hog, sick

must feel about this matter. It isn't or well, on the farm should be dosed. many of us can bear disappointments A Warning. with patience and Christian meekness A Cleveland man died a horrible death the other day. The cause will Mrs. Harden's countenance certainstartle everyone and will act as a ly expressed neither meekness nor warning. The deceased had been patience, but her reply was averted by writing to his family telling them of a sudden exclamation from Patty, who the successful conclusion of some busiwas staring out of the window at sunness negotiations, and, in sealing the dry curious and inquisitive faces of envelope, accidentally cut histongue passers-by, peering above the front on the sharp edge. The mishap seemed to be such a trifling one that he "Lor,' mum, they're coming! Mispaid little attention to it. In a few hours, however, his tongue began to Joe Harden was hurrying up the swell. The pain, which at first was road from one direction and Tom confined merely to the small abrasion of the membrane, spread and increased in intensity until the unfortunate man fairly writhed in agony. Blood pois-oning had set in and, although the and after exchanging a few words Tom left his wagon in the yard and best of medical talent was secured, it Tom's face was white, while Joe's had gone too far in its fatal work. Within twenty-four hours he was dead. "Well, Joe," said Deacon Blake His sufferings in the meantime were terrible. Thoroughly conscious, he was unable to speak owing to the ter-"Parker left the hotel this morning ible swelling of the tongue. It became so large that it protruded from He didn't say where he was going, is mouth.

A Socity Girl's Suicide. DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 31.-Miss Elthis city, committed suicide last night by shooting herself. Miss Coleman spent the early part of the evening calling upon friends. She was to all appearances in a cheerful mode and ther friends detected nothing about her What do you mean to do with that actions that would indicate anything

wrong. Returning to her home about 11 o'clock, she went directly to her His lips were firmly set, and he put room. A few minutes later members the pistol into his breast pocket and of the family heard a pistol shot, and hurrying to the girl's room, found "Tom, my son!" cried his mother, that she had blown her brains out with seizing his arm. "Oh, Joe, stop him! a 42-calibre revolver. Miss Coleman a path of chalk and broken shells and a path of chalk and broken shells and some stop him." There'll be murder somewhere, 'He'll was about 20 years of age and sur rounded with all the luxuries that wealth could provide. Her friendare at a loss to determine why she should have taken her own life, but closet-"if he don't succeed in killing the circumstances indicate premedita-

Killed by the "Court".

tion.

FORT MILL, May 27,-Chas. Bradshaw, a young man formerly employed in the cotton mill here, was shot and killed with a Winchester rifle this afternoon by Trial Justice McElhaney in front of the latter's office on Main street. Bradshaw was a desperate man and was being tried on some charge, when he cursed the court, and after being fined, drew his tol and defied the town. Elhaney withdrew and armed himself for protection, and when he appeared at his office again, Bradshaw opened fire on him, firing four times

self-defense. A Consul Shot.

without effect, when the trial justice

shot him. It was clearly a case of

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 30.-A party ordered with the wind, and in her of men supposed to have been Beduoins secretary. The British vice consul "Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" cried her secretary slightly wounded.

THE GREAT SOLDIER.

days of thy life.

and it was afterward captured

"Where have I been:" repeated Why. REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., VETERANS OF THE WAR.

> He Preaches to the Thirteenth Regiment. Joshua the Soldier and Hero The Cross Brooklyn, May 26. In the Embu-

ry Memorial church a large audience assembled this evening to listen to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage of the Thirteenth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the rewe came home last night, about the giment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage choose for his subject "The Greatest Soldier of all Time," the text being Joshua i, 5, "There shall not any man be able to stand be fore thee all the days of thy life." The "gallant Thirteenth" as this regiment is generally and appropriately

called, has gathered tonight for the worship of God and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salvation into the faces of the veterans who though now not in active service have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them, when, in 1863, they bade farewell to nome and loved ones and started for the field and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the falling United States government. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hail We thank you! We bless you, vou! the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet and Johnston on the other. As in greek assemblages, when speakers would rouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation, I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellors-ville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and too quickly forgot the Monroe doctrine and set aggressive foot upon this continent, I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and your eye would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next I greet the colonel and his staff and all the officers and men of this regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates something of the value of its armories and the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirteenth regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful and inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered tonight with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldiers of all time-Joshua, thehero of my text. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to hog cholera. I have never known or fight. In my text he gets his military euqipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, "If some folks would attend more pure carbolic acid in a gill of sweet habergeon for the breast, "There shall nilk and pour down the hog's throat. not any man be able to stand before to the sermons in church, and less to the looks and doings of other folks," When the farmer sees any symptoms thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," of cholera among his hogs, especially you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friend, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the the ears and set him up with his back | Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as ofor him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this

> against darkness, wheeling the sun and moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death -five great victories. For the most part when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of et. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and ure it."

is impossible for them to reach us." But, after awhile they look across the water and they see a movement in the a panic among these troops, and they ise Coleman, daughter of the late William Coleman, a wealthy banker of this city, committed suicide last night Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks was a prininent society woman and at his army and cries, "Fo-ward march

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box 4 feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty flat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank 30 of 40 feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the od of Joshua.

But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters-waters perhaps uplifted half a mile-as the Almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Isrealites say: 'Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted; Because perhaps we may want to go back. () Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back: Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christain's recently attacked, in the vicinity of retreat. He clears the path all the way which were covered over with fresh Jeddah, Syria, the british consul and to Canaan. To go back is to die. The vice consul and the French consular same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the her face assumed an expression of the was shot dead, the Russian consul Jordan to let Israeal pass through now rocks in the night, and then he sends will be a God to thee and thy seed seriously wounded and the French swing shut the amethstine and crystal- a comparatively small battalion up in after thee."

raelites from going back. I declare it out with a shout. This battalion in out. Handle him very gently; that in your hearing today, victory ahead, water 40 feet deep in the rear. Triamphahead, Canaan ahead; behind nell. But you say. "Why didn't those plendid chance-standing on the top the bank 30 or 40 feet high, completedemonish those poor Israelites down the river:" I will tell you why. God But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, 'Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seem-

Joshua to stop.

punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days-once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base. The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall-not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say. the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall. It isn't philosophy." And suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brow knitted, and with the forefinger of the righ hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. they go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five

see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he promise of my text, although Joshua's cries out to his host, "Shout, for the first battle was with the spring fresh-Lord hath given you the city!" et, and the next with a stone wall, the people begin to cry, "Down, and the next leading on a regiment of cho, down Jericho!" and the long whipped cowards, and the next battle, line of masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air is blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debries of the wall hears a voice saying, shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Gibralter, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had betaken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says, 'Joshua. we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capt-They march with a small the Isrealites, and they laughed and regiment in front of that city. The say, "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb men of Ai look at them and give one until the freshets fall; it yell and the Israelites run like reindeers. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites army of Joshua. They say: "What's after them. They never cut such a the matter now? Why, there must be sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men est battle now. After 110 years he has be detected by close examination with of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carry
One mile ahead go two priests carry-God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: back, oh, church of God! Don't you

failure.

see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosphy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are great many people who say: "Scintific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creaion. Fall back!" Friends of God have never any right to fall back. Joshua falls on his face in chagrin.

t is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he savs: "O brought this people over Jordan to he lies there he tells the story one, deliver us into the hand of the Amortwo or three times—you have heard to be the best. These remedies will ites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the times over-and as he answers: "I go if it is necessary to use any quantity other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth.

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By compliment-ary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua arises, and, I warrant-you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says, "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai: let us go up the blood of the covenant, by the God right away." the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will

They march on. He puts the major ity of the troops behind a ledge of Jirch, we take the at thy promise, "I line gate of the Jordan to keep the Is- front of the city. The men of Ai come

stratagem fall back and fall back, and sacred body is over 110 years of age. when all the men of Ai have left the Lay him out, stretch out those feet city and are in pursuit of this scattered that walked dry shod the parted Jor on death and darkness and wor and or seemingly scattered battalion, Josh dan. Close those lips which helped ua stands on a rock -I see his locks blow the blast at which the walls of cannaaites, when they had such a flying in the wind as he points his Jericho fell. Fold the arms that lifted spear toward the doomed city, and that is the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that behind the rocks and take the city, exulted when the five kings fell. But and made a promise and he was going these Israelites in the city march down for the headstone? I bethink myself o keep it. "There shall not any man and the flying battalion of Israelites now. I imagine that for the head it be able to stand before thee all the return, and between these two waves shall be the sun that stood still upon the victory, and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all ringing and echoing ing to reach to the heavens, to butthrough his soul. "There shall not any tress the very sky. It is the great man be able to stand before thee all metropolis that commands the mounthe days of thy life." tain pass. It is Jericho. That city But this is no place for the host of was afterward captured by Pompey

"Forward, march!"

cries Joshua to the troops. There is Herod the Great, and it was afterward the city of Gibeon. It has put itself captured by the Mohammedans, but under the protection of Joshua. They this campaign the Lord plans. There sent word, "There are five kings after shall be no swords, no shields, no us; they are going to destroy us; send our readers, but especially by those battering ram. There shall be only troops quick; send us help right one weapon of war, and that a ram's Joshua has a three days' awav. horn. The horn of the slain ram was march more than double quick. sometimes taken, and holes were the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-"Oh," says Joshua, "this is surely a rictory! and bother us and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. - Oh, for a longer day than has ever been matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in

> Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at know the queen of the night someof the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not kn ..., and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun stand-ing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged. John Summerfield was a consumpt

ive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in old Sands Street church in this city, times, sixth times, seven times, and a preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New There is only one more thing to do, York pleading for the Bible until and that is to utter a great shout. I unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no He lives on in his burning utterance in behalf of the Christian church. The sun stood still. Robert McChevne was a consumpt ve Presbyterian. It was said when he preached he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name is fragant in all Christen-

dom, that name mightier today than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert Mc-Cheyne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to pronounce the benediction upon his familv and the benediction upon his country he seemed to say: "I cannot die now. I want to live on and on. I want to start an influence for the church that will never cease. I am only 30 years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still. But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washingon went down the Potomac, and at

Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatearth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the the world's hearse-the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do. Old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfath-

Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to of water, or resin, 120 pounds; caustic fight, and show how the old battles soda 30 pounds; fish-oil 15 pints; water who cannot quite take care of themwere won-so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and insecticides must be sprayed upon the he tells them the story of what he has trees and it will be found necessary to been through, and as he lies there, his make five or six applications during doubted if there is any one in the wide white locks snowing down on his the summer and it will be found that wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God a large majority will be killed. Out has kept his promise all the way of eight different remedies in 29 differ-Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all through—the promise of the text. As ent proportions tested by the Governold people tell a story two or three cost about eight cents per gallon and chord must be let down, so that it the way of all the earth, and not one fruit growers may not be disposed to word of the promise has failed. not use, but it is as Prof. Howard says: "It one word thereof has failed; all has is safe to say that trees attacked by the come to pass, not one word thereof scale will not recuperate without acthas failed." And then he turns to ive remedial work, and the choice his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or houghtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by

of Joshua, it shall not be.

not part, we cannot part. Jehovah

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid

and it is put to the torch, and then where shall we get burnished granite of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai Gibeon and for the foot, the moon are destroyed, and the Israelites gain that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

THE SAN JOSE SCALE

The Insect that is Destroying our Fruit Trees and How to Kill It.

The following interesting article on the San Jose Scale, the little insect that is playing havoc with the fruit trees throughout the South, is from the pen of Prof. J. C. Hartzell. Jr., who has given considerable study to the subject, and will be found very interesting. It should be read by all who have fruit trees. The Professor My attention has been called to the

blight that is affecting the fruit trees

in this section and destroying a large

per cent. of the trees in a majority of

the orchards. Several theories have

been advanced as to the cause of this

blight, but I am of the opinion that

none that I have heard is correct. I have examined a number of fruit trees, mainly peach, pear and plum, in the field, and twigs and undeveloped fruit in my laboratory, and have reached the conclusion that the cause of the trouble is the San Jose Scale (Aspidiotus perniciosus Cornst.) This insect has been the scourge of western orchards for many years and has caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to fruit growers in that section. In August, 1893, it made its appearance in Charlottesville. Va., and up to that time it had not been known in the eastern part of the Uni-"But do you not see the ted States, but since then it has spread sun is going down: Those Amorites over nearly all of the Atlantic States are going to get away after all, and and is causing great consternation they will come up some other time among nurserymen and farmers. It attacks the pear, peach, plum, apple, currant, rose, quince, gooseberry, and raspberry, and the only way its first seen in this climate! What is the appearance can be accounted for is that it undoubtedly infested nurserystock that was shipped to eastern nuran apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. serymen and by there distributed throughout the severa States. The trees upon which it was noticed in Charlottesville had been received from the faint crescent of the moon, for you a New Jersey nurseryman who had received them from California, and of times will linger around the palaces course when once introduced they spread like "wild-fire" and it does not take long for them to go from one State to another. Its work of destruction has been noticed from British Columbia to Florida, and so great have been its raviges that the Government has been making vigorous efforts to check the spread of the insect and to inform the Agricultural Department of the several Eastern States as to the best method of procedure. So destructive are these San Jose Scales that it behooves the farmer to act promptly if he wishes to save his fruit

> In the first place the insect is very inconspicuous and eyen experts fail at times to discover it, although of course its work of destruction can be In the second place absolute exter-

trees, and the realization of this fact

has prompted me to write this article

to enable him to realize the danger

which threatens the loss of thousands

of dollars.

mination can not be expected for it has come to stay and it must always be watched and fought if it is to be checked and if we would save our fruit. The insect is viviparous, that is,

gives birth to living young, and therefore does not lay eggs. During the winter it hibernates in the nearly full grown female condition and about the middle of May begin to give birth to living young and continue to do so for about six weeks. The newlyhatched larvæ, after crawling about for a few hours settle down and commence at once to form a scale. In two days the insect becomes invisable, being covered by a pale, grayish-yellow shield, with a projecting nipple at the centre. This nipple is at first white in color. Twelve days after hatching the first skin is cast. The males at this time are rather larger than the females and the latter have lost their eyes entirely. Six days later the males begin to change to popa, while the females have not yet cast the second skin. At this time the females are so tightly cemented to the scale that they cannot be removed without crushing. In two or three days more the females cast their second skin or twenty to twenty-one days after hatching. At twenty-four days the males begin to issue, emerging from their scales. At thirty days the females are about full-grown, and the embryonic young can be seen within their bodies; at from thirty to forty days the larvabegin to make their appearance.

I have taken the above description from the report on the insect by T. W. Howard, Chief Entomologist in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. These insects produce a peculiar reddening effect upon the skin of the fruit and tender twings and can only to meet a king who has more subjects a lens, and in winter they so completethan all the present population of the ly cover the twigs by overlapping each other that it is almost impossible to discover them. The infested leaves cemeteries of the world, his chariot turn purplish-brown, but do not have a tendency to fall. If a twig be scraped with the finger nail, a yellowish oily liquid will appear, resulting from the crushing of the bodies of the insects. It requires a very powerful microscope to distinguish the insect itself, but the scale can be seen with a lens.

I will now give two remidies that er or a great-grandfather, seated by have proved very effective in the desthe evening fire, tell of Monmouth, or truction of the scale: Two pounds of whale-oil soap dissolved in one gallon sufficient to make 100 gallons. These selves: She ought to see that in looktherefore remains to the fruit-grower between loosing his trees and applying one of these washes, expensive as they may seem. One gallon of either remedy will be

found sufficient to treat five average trees, and one man can treat two hundred and fifty in a day. The resin wash will be found to destroy the scale in a more advanced stage of development than the whale-oil soap solution, while its work is more rapid. Both however have their good qualities. The resin wash, although quick- ter." er in its action, is readily washed off mula was abbreviated, until at presby the rains, while the other is more ent only the letter "R" remains to resistant.



Highest of all in leavening strength test United States Government Food Re cort Royal Baking Pow der Company,

106 Wall St., N. Y. there are other insects that affect fruit trees, and that the remedy for the San Jose Scale will prove of equal

value in destroying the Agrilus sin-

uatus and all species of the genus

A DEFENDER OF SILVER.

Apides.

Senator Blackburn's Answer to Carlisle The Secretary's Change.

LAWRENCEBURG, Ky., May 25 .-Senator J. C. Blackburn, who was advertised to answer Secretary Carlisle here today, was greeted by a large audience. He spoke substantially as "They were not satisfied to let Mr. McCreary, Mr. Buckner, Mr. Brown and myself fight this battle on its merits, but they imported a man who is greater than is John the Baptist to drive back this silver craze as they call it. Now understand that what I am going to say about Mr. Carlisle will be said in the kindest terms possible. I do not mean to complain of Mr. Carlisle for coming here to his own State to speak. He has the right to come. It was not necessary for him

to apologize for coming. I do not know in what capacity the gentleman came and spoke-whether he came as a citizen of this grand old commonwealth or as Secretary of the Treasury. But God knows I am willing to believe he came in the capacity of the Secretary of the Treasury to dic tate to his people what to do about this all-important question. But nomatter how he came or who he is, I have the right to answer him, and that is what I am going to do. It may be called sacrilege for me to reply to so great a man, but I would reply to the President should he come down here and take issue against me. (Applause.) No man can get so big in mind or body but what he can be answered.

Mr. Blackburn went on to show what he termed Mr. Carlisle's inconsistency in saying in Covington that he had never been for free silver. "If the speech he made in 1878 was

not a free silver speech," said Mr. Blackburn, "what was it? He let his speech go for seventeen years without aying anything against it; now he comes out and says it was not a silver speech. Well, then, we will believe Mr. Carlisle and not his speech and I will go on and give you a little proof that is proof. On the 7th day of November, 1877, Mr. Carlisle while sitting by my side in the House of Representatives, voted for the Dick Bland bill, which as you all know, was a silver bill out and out. Ido not ask you to take my word on this vote but look on pages 143 and 144 of Journal proceedings of the Forty-fifth Congress, book No. 1,093. Only five years ago the Sherman bill passed. I voted against that bill; so did Carlisle vet he is making the same old speech Sherman made then. Now I knowyou will say showing his inconsistency does not answer his argument.

know that, and I am now going to an swer his argument, every point of it. "I thought when the mighty Carlisle came they were going to throw new light on this subject, but they did not. He did not advance a single new idea. First, he makes the assertion that if you have free coinage of silver you will put the country on a silver basis and would drive all the gold out of the country. This is not true. We have tried it once, and when we quit we had three dollars to every one dollar in gold more than when we began. He says this country would be the dumping ground for all silver bullion. He is off there, for ours is the only nation under the sun that has silver bull-

The Speaker went into every point of the Carlisle speech and was generously applauded.

Mr. Blackburn then paid his respects

to the administration, saying: greatly handicapped, but let Messrs. Cleveland, Carlisle and all the rest take the stump and I will win this race in spite of the whole combination."

The Mother Must Rest. We doubt not that many a reader of these columns feels herself mentally reduced to the flatness and thinness of gold-leaf merely through the long hammering of her daily duties, pursued year in and year out, without any remission of consequence, so that mind and heart and being have so long borne the recurring strokes: of this to be done at this time and in this way, and that to be done at that time and in the other way, that the mother of the house feels herself to be more than an animate and affec-

tionate sheet of writing paper. But does the queen of the house hold really owe all her duty to the household, and not any to herself? And if she feels that it is the first, is not she a part of the household, too, and so with a right to as much consideration as the others receive? What, for intance, is the state of the household going to be if she overworks or neglects herself till she sickens and dies! Or what is it going to be if her health gives out slowly, and she is an invalid on the hands of those ing out for herself she is really looking out for them also, since it is to be world who can exactly fill her place in regard to them, even if life has no longer much attraction for her personally. In order to preserve her health and to preserve her intellect there must be seasons of rest, the strained shall not snap. Why Physicians Use an 'R.'

A woman of an investigating to of mind started out the other day t discover why physicians begin their prescriptions with the letter "R." Well, she found out, but it took time and caused her trouble. It seems that during the middle ages, when astrology was in fashion, a character very much like our "R" was the sign of Jupiter, the preserver of health. The physicians, being then equally devoted to the science of medicine and astrology, invariable began their prescriptions with the following words: "In the name of Jupiter take the following doses in the order set down hereinaf-In the course of time this forteach us that the medical art was once In conclusion I wish to say that associated with the science of the stars.