

A SPRING SONG.

If you were here, spring's beautiful robe...

The long soft plumes the willow wears...

And silver blades for bay leaves...

And a melody fairer slenderness...

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 ying bird throats...

It were here, if you were here...

To lend your sweet voice notes.

Ab, how adjustment fails to be!

'E'en spring time heads in part the pain...

And Compensation's pensive task...

To bring the gifts we need, not ask...

We'll teach us o'er again.

LIZZIE'S ELOPEMENT.

By SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

"Liz! Liz!"

Mrs. Blake stood at the foot of the stairs...

But there was no answer to her call...

"Liz! Elizabeth!" she called more sharply...

But still there was no reply, and she went...

The outer door opened, and Deacon Blake...

"Fine morning," he remarked as he looked...

"If this kind of weather continues there'll be...

Some of em' are beginning to turn already...

"Breakfast ready," called Mrs. Blake...

"I'm not hungry," answered Liz, somewhat...

"Not hungry?" she asked, and not likely to be...

"Where's Liz?"

"Not coming down, and it's nearly 7 o'clock..."

"I suppose she's out with the folks..."

"She's had as much as is good for her...

"Turning to a small help, who was bustling...

"Run up and wake her. She can be ready in...

"What's Tom's?"

"Not back from the mill yet. Time he should be..."

"Patty, in her zeal, dashed up stairs...

"They could hear her rattling the door..."

"Miss Lizzie! Miss Lizzie!"

"Patty, to get up, it's 'mos' seven o'clock..."

"No answer came."

"Then followed an irregular drumming...

"With an anxious face, turned to her husband..."

"Joseph, I hope there's nothing the matter..."

"Patty came running down with big eyes..."

"Please 'em, I can't wake her, and the door's bolted..."

"Before Patty had concluded Mrs. Blake...

"Liz!" he called in stentorian tones...

"Then, after pausing for an answer, he said..."

"Cassie, hurry up a key that will unlock...

"Quick!—and bring up my basket of tools..."

"His hands trembled a little, as with the assistance...

"The door opened, and he looked in..."

"His wife stepped hastily within the room..."

"She isn't here. The bed hasn't been made..."

"Mr. Blake stared round blankly as he took...

"Mebbe," he said—"mebbe she's stayed all night over to Cynthia's..."

"Why should she? It isn't far, and there's 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..."

"You're right, 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 went over to her when he first came here, but she didn't care to have anything to do with him..."

"But lately she seems to be becoming acquainted with the Meadow Bridge driving with a lady, who he is sure was Lizzie..."

"But in that case where was she all night?"

"Joe sternly shook his head. Mrs. Blake burst into a passion of weeping..."

"Tom, meanwhile had taken possession of the small box on the top shelf of the closet..."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Elvira Jane. "What do you mean to do with that dreadful thing?"

"Tom made no reply. His lips were firmly set, and he put the pistol into his breast pocket and turned toward the door..."

"Tom, my son!" cried his mother, seizing his arm. "Oh, Joe, stop him! There'll be murder somewhere. He'll kill that Parker!"

"If he don't," said Joe, deliberately, as he carefully selected a stout horse-whip from a number hanging in the hall...

"Elvira Jane screamed, and Mrs. Harden and Mrs. Peters made a sudden, 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, stood by the door..."

"Stand aside, mother! There's something trying to get in here," said Joe, as the door was pushed from without..."

"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 thitherward..."

Everyone uttered an exclamation. There stood Lizzie, bright and rosy, her hair hanging on her back by its strings...

"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 dispatched by Patty, who had all this time looked on with wide open eyes and mouth..."

"Now, Patty, run for your life..."

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said her mistress, as she gave her the bit of paper.

Patty ran only stopping once to tell somebody whom she met that Miss Lizzie had run away to get married.

In ten minutes she returned accompanied by Mrs. Blake's sister, Mrs. Cynthia Harden, and her daughter, Elvira Jane.

Mrs. Harden, a portly lady, was all out of breath, and Elvira Jane, slender and willowy, was pale and agitated.

"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 half-past nine," said Mrs. Harden, growing very red while her daughter became equally pale. "Wasn't Tom with her Elvira Jane?"

"No, ma. Tom and she quarreled the first part of the evening, because she danced with Mr. Parker," she said, and her voice trembled as she spoke the name.

"I thought so. They've undoubtedly run off together, or perhaps he's helped to get her off to the city."

"I wouldn't have believed it of Elizabeth," said Mrs. Harden, with indignant emphasis. "I wouldn't have believed it of any girl that could play checkers with a man! Why she's as good as Elvira Jane was good as she knew to Orville Parker."

"At this Mrs. Harden's feelings, hitherto suppressed, became too acute for endurance, and she sat down on the kitchen settee and burst into hysterical weeping."

"Don't cry, Elvira Jane," said her Uncle Joseph, leaning over her. "If the fellow's capable of acting in this way, he ain't worth shedding a tear for."

"There'll be something to shed besides tears when Joe comes to hear of it," said Mrs. Harden savagely. "He ain't one to see his sister put upon in this way. Joe is just right."

"Here there was a knock at the outer kitchen door, which, being opened, admitted two or three of the nearest neighbors, who had come to obtain information and administer consolation to the family in their trouble."

For by this time, thanks to Patty, half the village knew that Deacon Blake's pretty niece, who had made his home so bright in the few months that she had lived with him, had run away with everybody had decided was to marry his son Tom, had run off and got married to the dandy dry goods clerk, lately imported from the city."

"Well, I'm awfully cut up about it, I'm sure," said Mrs. Peters the wheelwright's wife, as she folded her hands on her ample chest, and solemnly shook her head. "I wish I could say something to comfort you, Mrs. Blake, but I've always noticed that them as you're kindest to are the least grateful, and adopted children are sure to bring trouble on the family."

"As for me, I've been expecting it all along," said Miss Tucker, who was president of the Female Mission and Charity Association. "I'm not surprised 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 anybody else—almost before the blessing was spoke. I remember I said to myself, 'if Elizabeth Gray and Orville Parker don't make a runaway match before long, the folks would attend more to the sermons in church, and less to the looks and doings of other folks.'"

"Mrs. Harden, addressing nobody in particular, but looking straight before her with a stony gaze, "they'd be considerable more of saints that they are likely to become other ways."

"Liz!" she called appealingly at Mrs. Peters, and put on a martyrlike expression.

"I can excuse you, ma'am," she said, with great politeness, and a compassionate glance toward Elvira Jane, "considering how badly you must feel about this matter. It isn't many of us can bear disappointments with patience and a Christian meekness and fortitude."

"Mrs. Harden's countenance certainly expressed neither meekness nor patience, but her reply was averted by a sudden exclamation from Patty, who was staring out of the window at sundry curious and inquisitive faces of passers-by, peering above the front garden palings."

"Liz!" they're coming! Mister Tom and Mister Joe, too."

Joe Harden was hurrying up the road from one direction and Tom Blake driving from another.

The two young men met at the gate, and after exchanging a few words Tom left his wagon in the yard and they came in together.

Tom's face was white, while Joe's was as red as his mother's.

"Well, Joe," said Deacon Blake hastily stepping forward.

Joe answered in a hard, sharp way: "Parker left the hotel this morning at five o'clock. He hired a buggy. He didn't say where he was going, but later on he met me near the Meadow Bridge driving with a lady, who he is sure was Lizzie."

"But in that case where was she all night?"

Joe sternly shook his head. Mrs. Blake burst into a passion of weeping.

Tom, meanwhile had taken possession of the small box on the top shelf of the closet, and was closely examining it at the window.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Elvira Jane. "What do you mean to do with that dreadful thing?"

Tom made no reply. His lips were firmly set, and he put the pistol into his breast pocket and turned toward the door.

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THE GREAT SOLDIER.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., TO VETERANS OF THE WAR.

He Preaches to the Thirtieth Regiment, Joshua the Soldier and Hero. The Crossing of the Jordan—The Great Victory. The Barial.

BROOKLYN, May 26. In the Embury Memorial church a large audience assembled this evening to listen to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage of the Thirtieth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being Joshua 1. 5. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

The "gallant Thirtieth" 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 through now not in active service, but in the memory of their military enthusiasm which characterized them when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home 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 do so. We thank you. We bless you, the veterans of the Thirtieth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side, and Lee and Johnston and Longstreet and Johnson on the other. As in Greek assemblies, when speakers would rouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon!" so I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, and the top of your heads are 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 you would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

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 you, and may you be as good as the Thirtieth 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, the hero of my text.

He was a magnificent fighter, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text he gets his military equipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text he gets his military equipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," and he never fought unless God told him to fight.

A Warning. A Cleveland man died a horrible death the other day. The cause will be made everyone and will act as a warning. The deceased had been writing to his family telling them of the successful conclusion of some business negotiations, and, in sealing the envelope, accidentally cut his tongue on the sharp edge. The mishap seemed to be such a trifling one that he paid little attention to it. In a few hours, however, his tongue began to swell, and he was confined to his bed. The swelling of the membrane, spread and increased in intensity until the unfortunate man fairly writhed in agony. Blood poisoning had set in, and, although the best of medical talent was secured, it had gone too far in its fatal work. His sufferings in the meantime were terrible. Thoroughly conscious, he was unable to speak owing to the terrible swelling of the tongue. It became so large that it protruded from his mouth.

A Society Girl's Suicide. DENVER, N. Y., May 31.—Miss Elise Coleman, daughter of the late William Coleman, a wealthy banker of this city, committed suicide last night by shooting her in the heart.

Miss Coleman was a prominent society woman and carried the early part of the evening calling upon friends. She was to all appearances in a cheerful mood and her friends detected nothing about her actions that would indicate anything wrong. Returning to her home about 11 o'clock, she went directly to her room, and in a few minutes she was found by her father, who, in a fit of rage, and hurrying to the girl's room, found that she had blown her brains out with a 42-caliber revolver. Miss Coleman was about 20 years of age and was surrounded with all the luxuries the wealth could provide. Her friends are now endeavoring to determine why she should have taken her own life, but the circumstances indicate premeditation.

Killed by the "Court." 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 McElhany in front of the latter's office on Main street. Bradshaw was a desperate man and was being tried on some charge after being fined the court, and when he came forward, drew his pistol and defied the court. McElhany withdrew and armed himself for protection, and when he appeared at his office again, Bradshaw opened fire on him, firing four times without effect, when the trial justice shot him. It was clearly a case of self-defense.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 30.—A party of men supposed to have been Bedonins recently attacked, in the vicinity of Jeddah, Syria, the British consul and vice-consul and the French consular secretary. The British vice consul was shot dead, the Russian consul seriously wounded and the French secretary slightly wounded.

abilities from going back. I declare it out your hearing today, victory ahead, water 10 feet deep in the rear. Triumphantly, I mean ahead, bellows blowing, and darkness and noise and hell, but you say, "Why didn't the Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank 20 or 40 feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise and he was going to keep it. "The sign will not be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

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 seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the protection of the city against the metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but in this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering rams. There shall be only a wall of stone and that a ram horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were 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 music that was used. The ram's horns on the seventh day of the operation 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 wall," says the Lord, "shall be left standing." The ram's horns on the seventh day of the operation 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 wall," says the Lord, "shall be left standing." The ram's horns on the seventh day of the operation of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

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