Andover News

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1894.

The journeys of the Emperor of Germany cost him a great deal of money. According to an article recently published in a German paper, over $200,000 were spent on the trip to Italy and Austria undertaken soon after he ascended the throne. A heavy trunk, in charge of a privy councilor on that occasion, contained eighty diamond rings, 150 decorations, many of them jeweled; fifty scarf pins, thirty necklaces, with diamond pendants; six handsome sabres, three large photographs of the Emperor and his family, framed in gold; thirty gold watches and 100 gold cigar-holders, with diamond ornaments. The Emperor pays his own expenses when traveling on German railways.

An Odessa correspondent says that the Russian orthodox missionaries have so failed in their proselytizing efforts among the Khirgese that the missions will probably be shortly withdrawn. Nearly the whole of the steppe tribes, generally described as "heathens," are now adopting, almost en mass, the Mohammedan faith, which is spread among them chiefly by Tartar teachers. The Mohammedan Tartars have always enjoyed the right of free proselytizism among the natives of the Khirgese Steppes. According to a report just issued by the All-Russian Orthodox Mission Socieiy, during the last twenty-five years it missionaries have made 85,000 converts among the heathens of Asiatic and European Russia and Japan. The cost of these missions during the quarter of a century amounts to 3,146,763 rubles.

Says the New York World: From all the cities there goes up the cry of the thousands of unemployed. The churches are united and earnest in their efforts to house and feed these homeless poor. That eminent evangelist, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, writing in the Outlook, a Congregational paper, mentions a unique plan suggested by a Chicago pastor in a recent meeting of the clergy in that city. "Why not take take some of the homeless people into our churches through the nights of the winter?" "This plan," writes Mr. Mills, "seems to me to be so easy, so practicable, so in harmony with the spirit of the Master, so well adapted to relieve untold misery in these coming months of poverty, and one so well adapted to produce the beneficent effect of bringing together the prejudiced masses and the members of our churches, and destroying the well-founded or unfounded prejudices against the churches on the part of the laboring men, that I cannot but hope that the example of these earnest Chicago churches may be followed by scores and hundreds throughout the land. Since I wrote the above these nine Chicago churches have decided to take one large room together, capable of lodging 250 men and keep it warmed and cared for, and give the lodgers sandwiches for supper and breakfast."

A Good Horse Story.

"Of course horses cannot talk, but they understand each other just the same," remarked Peter Noell, one of the oldest and best known drivers on the Spring Grove line of cars.

"For a long time I have been driving a sturdy, solid old bay. There is nothing fast about him, but when it comes to pulling he can discount any other horse owned by the company. He knows, too, when he is hitched up with a balky mate, and it is from his actions on occasions of that kind that I am convinced that horses understand each other. When he is in harness with a balky partner he will stand perfectly still and let the other do all the prancing and kicking.

"When it quiets down a bit he will rub its neck and put his nose up to its ear, as if endeavoring to whisper to it. When it becomes quiet the old fellow will make a move as if to start. If the other takes the cue, well and good; but if there is but one bit of rearing or jumping he will settle back in his place and repeat the neck rubbing and supposed whispering operations. The second one is generally successful, and with a slight neigh, as if his efforts had proved successful, the old fellow starts the car all by himself. I tell you he can cure more balky horses of their bad habits and in quicker time than all the trainers in Cincinnati put together."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Bare Arm of God."

TEXT: "*The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.*"—Isaiah lii., 10.

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech. "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you fill find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we ordinarily think of Him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of His robe rolled back to His shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm."

Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than He has ever flung, more light than He has ever distributed, more blue than with which He has overarched the sky, more green than that with which He has emeralded the grass, more crimson than that with which He has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence, from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked; hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fireflies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare His arm; He did not even put forth His robed arm; He did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which He struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers, and warmth and light! Out of a word building a fire-place for all the Nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yes, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace, made out of the one word—Light. The sun 886,000 miles in diameter. I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if He had put forth His robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know, that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with His fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so—"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers."

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manufactured. That is the allusion of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broach going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it, and it became a possession of the throne, and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom? What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I do not know. Astronomy was born in China 2800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and He would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached or Copernicus or Galileo or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever saw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax or the clay or the dough to particular shapes, so He modeled the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons and appointed for all worlds their orbits and detailed their color—the white to Sirius, the ruddy to Aldebaran, the yellow to Pollux, the blue to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromeda," and the nebula in the sword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmatics are of no use in the calculation! But He counted them as He made them, and He made them with His fingers! Reservation of power. Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now, I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God accomplished so much with His fingers, what can He do when He puts out all His strength and when He unlimbers all the batteries of His omnipotence? The Bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text, of the bare arm of God.

My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered fore arm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the shipyards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on, the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spike is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships.

Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisaical bowers, has been sixty centuries grounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the drydock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which, seem to require the bare right arm of omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmans or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters. At the World's Fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world.

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaires, who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the gospel among the downtrodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble households, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he would write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the Nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read to-day by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place seventy-two wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets toothold. It has marched across countries and now proposes to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our Nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Bilsses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowens, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed His is prophet." Let the Christian printing press at Beyrout and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is some supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of Nations!

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeisance and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson River, an Ohio, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this Nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the Gulf this mightier flood of sickness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptcy and woe empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All Nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil, the hasheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guayo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, the all drinks of America, are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power, unless re-enforced from the heavens, can never extirpate the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of $900,000,000 which rum put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowhood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum hath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grogshops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be quenched!

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out to-day is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the King's park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when He will rise from His throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant Nations, and flashing His omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of His right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare His arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does His best; when the last reserve force of omnipotence takes the field; when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? Two hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannons on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Marry. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French Emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills."

Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all Heaven will open batteries on our side, and the Captain of the hosts of righteousness will ride forth, followers will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done. "Hallelujah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang. Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Abrabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarleted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land or Beulah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

DEATH SIGNS.

Some Tests for Proving That Life Has Gone Out of the Body.

It has always been the aim of medical science to prove with absolute certainty the existence of death, and now that cremation is gaining large numbers of advocates medical researches and experiments in that direction are more important than ever.

The Lancet published recently an account of experiments made by Edward Haward, who in some cases applied not less than ten different tests. Among these eight denoted that death had actually set in, while two spoke against the supposition that life was extinct.

Among the positive evidences adduced by the tests applied by Haward were total absence of heart throbs, total absence of respiration, uniformity of temperature of the body and the surrounding atmosphere, non-contraction of the muscles and the muscle groups under the electric current, appearance of brown spots after subcutaneous injection of ammonia, rigidity, etc. The negative results obtained by Haward were the fluid condition of the blood upon opening an artery, but as in abnormal cases the blood does not congeal after death sets in, this test cannot be regarded as a reliable one. Of greater importance was the absence of another sign to which many attach much significance, which is that when the fingers of a corpse are held against an intense stream of light and one looks through the space between two fingers pressed together a red line will be noticed in life, which is not the case in death. In the case described by Haward, however, this line was still visible, although death was incontestable, decomposition having begun. In another case this line was absent while the lady was yet alive. Haward's experiments demonstrated that the condition of the blood and the absence of the red line are not always reliable death signs. While congealed blood always denotes the existence of death, fluid blood does not always indicate that life is not yet extinct.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Obstinacy of Human Nature.

It was a hot day—a regular record breaker—when ice was worth its weight in gold and palmleaf fans were at a premium, says the New York Herald.

As the mercury in the thermometer reached its highest notch, and weary men looked about to see if a straw thunder shower was bound their way, a portly individual entered the hallway of one of the great twelve-story office buildings.

He was stout and hot, his collar wilted, his face crimson, and as he fanned himself with his hat looked angry enough to storm a beehive. He glanced at the directory in the hallway and muttered "Eleventh floor."

As he turned away a large sign met his eye: "Take the elevator in the rear of the hall."

He gazed at it a moment as a bull regards a red parasol. His eye flashed and his hue deepened. Then he spoke:

"Take the elevator, eh? Who said so? Who owns me? Some people think they can boss the world. Don't have to take the elevator if I don't want to. Guess I can walk."

And he did. He turned about and climbed eleven flights of steep stairs out of sheer obstinacy, simply because an easier way was suggested to him.

Sixty per cent. of the Hungarians more than half of the Italians, thirty-five per cent. of the Austrians and Bohemians, twenty per cent. of the British, eighteen per cent. of the Germans, forty per cent. of the Irish and ten per cent. of the Scandinavians who came to the United States between 1880 and 1890 returned to their native lands in the decade.

Opinions seem to be the order of the day. There is such a thing as striking so hard as to break both the anvil and the hammer.

Tried for His Life;

—OR—

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SCAFFOLD.

By MAJOR JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

The courts of that day at the county seats were conducted with a grandeur and a stateliness that made a popular spectacle of the administration of justice. His lordship, the Judge, was brought to town by the Sheriff in his chariot, with outriders and trumpeters. The court was opened with great form and loud proclamation; the judges and the lawyers wore wigs and robes; tipstaves stood all about to preserve silence. With such show and flourish was that drama in real life, the trial of Ralph Courtenay, entered upon.

The accused man sat between his counsel and his wife. Both the Captain and Blanche were pale but collected, and seemed unconscious of the vulgar curiosity of the crowd that gazed upon them as upon a show. The court-room was thronged until either egress or ingress was next to impossible. The windows were sometimes darkened by the faces of those who, unable to gain admission, climbed up and peered in.

The accused was formally arraigned for the murder of Robert Barnwell on the night of September third, and asked to plead. He answered, "Not guilty."

After the usual delay in examining and challenging jurors, twelve men were accepted and sworn and took their places in the box. Mr. Attorney General then rose to present the people's case to the jury.

He was both able and zealous, and in a long speech he set forth a startling array of facts which he said he would plainly prove, which together, he said, "showed the most deliberate, the most extraordinary, and the cruelest murder ever committed in Essex."

"The prisoner at the bar," he went on, "is a young man of good family and position in his Majesty's most honorable military service; and these things add the enormity of his crime. It will be vain that you punish the low and the vicious, if such offenders as Captain Courtenay are allowed to escape. And it is proper that you should be warned at the outset, gentlemen of the jury, against a false sympathy for him on account of the deluded young woman who sits by his side, who abandoned one of the finest homes in the country to link her fortunes with this man after his arrest. I understand she has become his wife. God help her!—but you and I have nothing to do with sympathy. We must do our duty, plainly and sternly.

"It will be shown to you that some months ago the prisoner and his victim, Robert Barnwell, were rival suitors for the hand of this girl. The prisoner succeeded in winning her affections. Some trifling collisions between these men at that time will be shown. There were high words passed between them, but no blows; yet this is significant in the light of the dreadful occurrences of the night of September 3, for it will thus appear that the prisoner, though successful in love over his rival, cherished a bitter hatred against him.

"On the night of the fourth the prisoner and the girl were to be married at Peacebroke Villa. The prisoner had obtained a week's leave of absence from Ipswich, where he was stationed, and on the morning of the second he left that place on horseback. He arrived at Colchester in the middle of the day; the distance is but seventeen miles; and there he remained over night.

"We shall show you what his object was in making this stop on his journey. He had learned that his former rival, reduced in fortune—indeed, in the saddest straits of poverty—was staying at Colchester. The prisoner went about the town inquiring for him. God only knows what his object was! I will not suggest that, if he had found him there, murder would have been done upon that day; but I do say that the prisoner's long wait in Colchester, and his anxiety to find Barnwell, seem now decidedly suspicious.

"He did not succeed in finding his victim. Robert Barnwell left the town before daylight the next morning, going afoot toward London; the prisoner did not trace his departure till some hours later. Barnwell was a fast walker, the prisoner made in a leisurely way; and it was not until thirty miles had been passed, and night was at hand, that the horseman overtook the pedestrian. The point where this occurred is near the coast, in sight of that well-known hostelry, the Red Lion Inn.

"The man who happened to see the overtaking and passing upon the road will tell you that the prisoner did not stop, but kept right on. Yet that he recognized Barnwell, there can be no doubt—the later events of the night show it.

"Barnwell turned from the road, and entered the inn for lodging and refreshment. He went into the little parlor of the inn, and there, by himself, was partaking of the lunch which he had ordered, when the first of the series of events occurred that show the deliberate and bloody purpose of the prisoner.

"This was the coming of Ralph Courtenay himself to the Red Lion.

"Just pause a moment here, gentlemen, and ask yourselves why should he stop in his journey, when he had notified his betrothed that he would be with her at night? Why should he turn back and stop at this inn?

"I think I shall satisfy you that it was because he had recognized Barnwell as he passed him; and as he rode on, his heart urged him to return and seek a quarrel with him.

"But he had a pretext for going back. His horse had fallen lame, and he would bluster and threaten the hostler, and would get the better of the gentlemen,