A Deal in Wild Lands

OR, THE

Fight for the Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"What is the man driving at?" demanded Baker.

"Why, he has learned from Jerry Skidder or otherwise that the title to the Musselshell bonanza is in Miss Tower and myself, as you have long been aware, and he is determined to force us to a transaction of some sort that will leave him and his prospective father-in-law in possession. Ten to one he will not scruple at any cost to get us out of his path."

"You have your deeds with you?"

"Yes, and fortunately Gaddler's attention has not been directed to them."

"That's good," commented Baker "If we can only get clear of this place between now and morning, we'll place them on record during the next for y-eight hours, and thus put a barrier in the way of this murderous plotter. Where is Jerry and Daisy all this time?"

"They've gone home to protect themselves from Hiram Skidder, who, with his son and daughter, came West on the very train taken by his brother. They're having a high old squabble over the 'wild lands' which have slipped through their fingers, but just which one of them is the most dangerous for us it would be hard to determine. Hiram has gone to the mine, or in that direction, but I think Jerry and his m n will keep him at a distance. If we can get out of here, we may yet become masters of the situation. You must have made friends with some one in the house, Charley?"

"Yes—with that woman you see hovering about—Mrs. Cotter, who has been Gaddler's housekeeper ever since he took possession of these premises. She will befriend us in every way she can."

"Well, how are we to get out of this box?" asked Perry, looking around intently. "Can you suggest anything?"

"Yes. First of all, patience. No doubt supper will be sent up to us, and after that we may look for a visit from Gaddler. If he shows up here without an escort, we must have some very serious dealings with him."

"And if he remains away?" suggested Mrs. Rankle.

"In that case," replied Baker, "Mrs. Cotter may be able to give us a hint for our guidance. At the worst, let us be hopeful and patient."

The silence that succeeded was broken by Baker, who said to Perry:

"You are armed, of course?"

"Yes," replied Wynans, "for the reason that I have offered no resistance."

"You've had no chance, I suppose?"

"Not the least. Gaddler has had six or eight men on guard over us ever since we reached Custer, so that we could do no less than conform to his orders. Have you a revolver?"

"Yes, but no ammunition."

"I can supply you, if your caliber is the same as mine."

The question was soon decided favorably, and then Baker remarked:

"That's a point gained. If we don't get clear of these ruffians before daylight I shall be greatly mistaken."

The idea of escape gathered new strength in the hearts of the prisoners every moment, as they continued their confidences and consultations, and in the course of a few minutes had become their one hope and thought.

They did not neglect, however, to do ample justice to a solid repast that was placed before them, in due course, by a couple of Gaddler's men.

The only drawback to the feast was the forced eclipse of Charley Baker, who was obliged to beat a retreat to a closet, and to remain there until the withdrawal of the enemy, but he found that his friends had quietly put aside ample supplies for him.

The shades of night succeeded to twilight, but lights were duly furnished the prisoners at the suggestion of Mrs. Cotter, who found occasion to pass a few moments with them and give them some information.

"Mr. Gaddler is very much elated with his success in capturing you," she reported, "and is treating all of his men so liberally that they are in a fair way to become as drunk as fiddlers. He himself is drinking like a fish with one or two of his favorites, but he can stand up under a cargo that would swamp an ordinary man—excuse the simile, my late husband was a shipmaster—and it would be rash to count upon his taking aboard more than he can carry."

She listened a moment to the voices of the guards on the staircase, and resumed:

"We must not think of going until quite late, when these men will be helpless or asleep, but in the meantime there is a great deal to do, and you can depend upon me to do it."

A few questions were asked and answered, making plain the situation, and Mrs. Cotter vanished.

The wait that succeeded, as might have been expected, proved a very long one.

The prisoners had even begun to have some apprehensions for the success of their plans, when they heard the heavy and uncertain footsteps of Gaddler approaching their door.

He was in a condition which the widow of the shipmaster would have doubtless described as "three sheets in the wind."

"What! still up?" he cried, with maudlin gravity, staring from one to another, as he entered and closed the door, placing his back against it.

"As you see," replied Perry, pushing a chair toward the villain. "We are waiting patiently to have a few words with you."

The visitor sank into the proffered chair, his glances continuing to wander around him.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"This young gentleman will tell you," was Perry's answer.

At that moment Gaddler felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against his forehead.

Half turning, he saw Baker.

"What! you alive and here?" gasped the ruffian, quaking with terror.

"As you see," was the answer. "No noise, now—not the least movement! You are our prisoner, and Mr. Wynans will bind you!"

The measure was soon taken.

"We'll even gag you, if you are uncivil," added Baker. "In fact, we'll do so without waiting for you to be troublesome."

The action was suited to the word, and the arch-schemer was at the mercy of his enemies.

At just this moment there came a quiet knock at the door, which Perry hastened to draw ajar, covering the aperture with his body, and looking out.

"It's only me," announced Mrs. Cotter, slipping into the room and closing the door. "Ah, Mr. Gaddler has taken passage? Good!"

"Then the way of escape is open?" queried Perry excitedly in a whisper.

"Yes, sir, at least as much so as it can be with such a dangerous crew around us," replied the housekeeper. "The worst of the men have turned in with their boots on, and are in such a drunken stupor that they'd only sleep all the harder if it were to come on to blow great guns. But two or three are scudding about, more or less out of their reckoning, and I prop se to avoid them as I would a lee shore in a gale of wind. Fortunately we've only to slip our cable and run!"

All was bustle in a moment.

"I've stowed away provisions for at least three days under the stern seat of the carriage," pursued Mrs. Cotter, "and have put three breech-loaders in the hold of the craft for use in case of need. If one of you will now come with me and help me hitch up the horses——"

"Let me be that one," interrupted Baker, moving toward the door with the housekeeper. "Lock yourselves in a moment Mrs. Cotter and I will soon have the carriage in waiting."

The couple vanished with this remark, and Perry closed the door as Baker had suggested.

"Oh, I hope they will not fail," exclaimed Mrs. Rankle, retreating a few steps before the furious gaze Gaddler turned upon her. "Was ever a human being in a more ticklish situation?"

At this moment a furious scuffle resounded on the staircase, accompanied by a suppressed shriek from Mrs. Cotter and followed by a heavy fall, and then all was still.

"What's that?" ejaculated Perry, drawing the door open cautiously again "What has happened?"

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The anxiety of Perry and his friends was soon relieved by a glimpse of Mrs. Cotter, who came hurriedly up the stairs.

She was pale as a ghost, but outwardly calm.

"One of the men on guard recognized Mr. Baker," she reported, as she reached the door, "but he met the crisis in the right way, knocking the fellow down and choking him into silence and submission."

"Where is he now?" asked Perry.

"Mr. Baker has shouldered him and carried him to the stable. Don't be anxious. We shall be back in a few minutes."

And with this she again vanisheed.

The event proved that Mrs. Cotter's performance was as good as her promise, the carriage, with Baker on the box, soon appearing at the front door.

"Of course Gaddler goes with us," remarked Perry. "It will be quite a feather in our caps to lodge him in prison."

We need not pause upon the transfer to the carriage, which was accomplished with due secrecy and dispatch, but not without some attention from Gaddler's hirelings, who were readily silenced and dismissed by Mrs. Cotter, the darkness of the night being too intense for them to form any clear idea of what was transpiring.

Perry took his place beside Baker, the ladies having possession of the body of the vehicle.

As to Gaddler, he had been strapped upon the baggage rack at the rear of the carriage with as little ceremony as if he had been a case of boots.

The start was taken quietly enough, so as to avoid arousing the suspicion of such of the followers of Gaddler as were conscious of it, but at the end of a few minutes, when the carriage had reached the level of the plains, Baker ventured upon an easy jog wherever the configuration of the country permitted.

"Of course we are going straight to the mines," was all Perry deemed it necessary to say to the ladies. "If we don't give the Skidders a wholesome surprise in the course of the morning, I will be greatly mistaken."

Once relieved of all fear of pursuit, Baker drew up with due caution, handing the reins to Perry and leaping lightly to the ground.

"Of course you are not entitled to a bed of roses, Mr. Gaddler," he remarked, as he stepped up to the prisoner and proceeded to remove the gag from his mouth. "But we have no wish to be unnecessarily severe—to the contrary. If you will be reasonable, therefore, we will allow you the use of your tongue."

"Curse you! I only wish I had you where you have me!" returned the prisoner. "To think of your turning up so unexpectedly at my secret retreat, when I supposed you to be dead! And that Mrs. Cotter——"

Baker interrupted this tirade by an emphatic gesture.

"Another word," he said, sternly, "and I will close your mouth again, and leave it closed until we reach the mines!"

The prisoner comprehended, relapsing into a sullen silence.

What a ride was that which succeeded, with its frequent routes and snail's pace, and with the dull, drear canopy of an almost starless night over the travelers!

With the great plains, too, as variegated with wood, rock and water, thus spreading out in such immensities around them.

There was no sign of a dwelling, or even of the presence of a human being other than their own party, in all that solitude.

No fence, no regular road, nothing to indicate any other occupancy than that of the thousands of cattle which traverse these plains occasionally, feeding as they go.

It was a new experience for all, that memorable ride, even for Baker and Mrs. Cotter.

Bound to a rack, as it were, jostled and pitched, it was such a ride for Sam Gaddler as he had never imagined—painful, humiliating, and seemingly eternal.

Baker did all he could with his limited knowledge of the country, as thus trammeled by the darkness, to keep the carriage in the right direction, but frequent changes and rectifications of their course were necessary, and it was only because the parties possessed good compasses that they did not miss their way altogether.

At last, with the first gleams of the new day, the travelers halted at a brook to water their horses and take their bearings anew, as well as to make a hurried breakfast.

They were about to resume progress when an ominous galloping began to resound in the tops of the fringe of trees beside them.

As they listened, this galloping grew louder, indicating the approach of the unseen riders.

"Our flight has been discovered, it seems," exclaimed Perry. "The enemy is coming!"

The announcement was like a new lease of life to Sam Gaddler, who uttered an awful yell, with a view to telling his followers where he was and revealing his situation.

"This way, all!" he shouted, with the fury of a demon. "Save me!"

Perry's hand flew to his revolver, and his eyes blazed with fury, as he realized what his prisoner was doing, but he did not shoot him, as had been his first impulse. Instead, he gave him a blow on the head that left him temporarily senseless.

"And now to get out of this!" he exclaimed, springing to his former seat on the box. "Let them go, Charley, for what they are worth! It's do, or die!"

In another moment the carriage had pulled up the bank, gaining the level of the prairie, and thus emerging into full view of the pursuers, who greeted it with yells of the wildest rejoicing.

"There are about a dozen of them," muttered Baker, plying his whip. "At their head is that chap who recognized me as I descended the stairs with Mrs. Cotter."

"They're well mounted, of course," returned Perry, regarding the approaching horsemen with a critical eye. "But they'll not find us so easy a prey as they imagine."

No one could hope, of course, that the carriage could distance the fleet-footed horses of the pursuers, but the prairie presented a well-defined descent as far as the eye could reach, and Perry knew that the chase would not end with the first mile or the second. He felt, too, that he could sell his life dearly with the aid of the three rifles which lay in the carriage behind him.

"Pass them up here, please," he said, with a gesture to Mrs. Cotter, while Baker gave all his attention to getting the carriage under full headway, "and have no fear. The form of Gaddler is between us and his people, and they'll take good care not to send too many bullets in this direction until they are near us."

At what a wild gallop the horses were now going, with the favor of their down grade, can be imagined.

"Of course we are handicapped," growled Baker, after another glance at the pursuers, "but their horses are no fresher than ours."

The situation was now as clearly defined as anything could be, the carriage flying with all the speed of which the five horses attached to it were capable, even under the spur of their wild excitement, and the pursuers rending the air with their cries as they came on like a thundering tempest.

"They're gaining," at length announced Elfie, when there could be no longer any doubt of the fact, "but not very rapidly."

Nodding assent, Perry looked to his rifle, while Baker plied his whip with renewed vigor, at the same time encouraging his horses with his voice in such a way as to bring out their best gait.

Onward! Onward!

A mile had already been traversed at this break-neck speed and the main group of the pursuers had gained scarcely ten rods upon the fugitives, although, like Perry and Baker they were getting all they could out of their horses.

But there were two of them who had taken the advance considerably of their fellows—the tall, formidable ruffian with whom Baker had dealt so promptly and a wiry little half-breed.

Nearer and nearer came the couple, as the wild flight was continued, and at length they proceeded to get their rifles in readiness for action.

"They mean mischief," recognized Perry, facing around on his seat, which was of course elevated above the body of the vehicle. "It will be luck, however, rather than skill if any harm is done on either side until they are nearer or our pace is moderated."

A shot came from the half-breed at this moment, whistling near the fugitives, but its only effect was to quicken the speed of the horses.

"I'll give them a response," cried Perry.

The report of his rifle succeeded and a cry of joy escaped him. Fortune had favored him, and the tall, formidable pursuer in the lead, who was evidently the head of the whole gang, had tumbled from his saddle.

"Good!" muttered Baker. "We have made a beginning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digging Out the Egyptian Sphinx.

A correspondent, who assisted in excavating this greatest of all ancient works of man, says:

"The Sphinx of Ghizeh, at two steps from the Pyramids, is, in my opinion, the most astonishing work of the hand of man which past ages have bequeathed to us. It is an immense bed of carved rock, about seventy metres in length. The height of the monstrous edifice, if it were cleared, would exceed that of the highest houses. No fashioned monument, either in the rest of Egypt or in the rest of the world, can be compared to this strange idol, the vestige of a stage of humanity which battles all our ideas.

"The impression which such a spectacle must have produced on imaginative races, and who were dominated by the senses, may be understood from that experienced by the Egyptians of the present day when standing before that enormous head, merging from the sand, and casting across the desert its sad look. The Arab, at this flees terrified, either throwing a stone or firing a gun at the strange being. The temple opposite the Sphinx, if it is a temple, has also a character of its own. This fantastic construction resembles less the other temples of Egypt than the Parthenon resembles Notre Dame. That all this ensemble, which is unique in the world, must be of the remotest antiquity is indisputable, since the statues found there are those of King Chepren, thus taking us back to ages which, everywhere but in Egypt, would be called fabulous."

Japanese Epidemics.

Japan had a plethora of epidemics during 1890. Influenza reached her shores in February. Cholera followed with over 31,000 deaths. Dysentery affected 38,878 persons, with 7,262 deaths, a ratio of 18.94 per cent. Typhoid fever occurred 22,684 times, with 5,369 deaths, 23.56 per cent.

A TYPE OF DIVINE LOVE

KINDNESS OF THE BARBARIANS TO PAUL.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Variety of Lessons from the Record in Acts—They Were Barbarians Only in That They Could Not Speak Greek.

"Kindness."

Dr. Talmage's sermon was on "Kindness," from the text, Acts xxviii, 2, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

My text puts us on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial center, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about 100 square miles. It is in the Mediterranean Sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mount Etna, 130 miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck.

The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east northeast and the vessel drifting probably a mile and a half an hour ere she struck at what is now called St. Paul's Bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there. When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated with the salt water and hungry from long abstinence from food and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates.

Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the bare-footed, bare-headed apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had gone ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat nor shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers, found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them.

And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time—his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they staid on the island, watching for a ship and putting the hospitality of the islanders to a severe test. But they endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure Heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a difinition of kindness. It is sunshine of the soul; it is affection perennial, it is a crowning grace, it is the combination of all graces; it is compassion; it is the perfection of gentlemanliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or Heaven hands stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

There is a kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God, you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogence or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever.

Kindness wishes everybody well—every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's associations, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration.

Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel, or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition, its perfume will whelm everything.

But if you are waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed or discomfited or in some way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it for five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me, I have felt: "I will pay him in his own corn. I will show him up. The ingrate! The traitor! The liar! The villain!"

But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not abstraction. As I have tried a little of the retaliation, so I have tried a little of the forgiving.

I do not want to leave this world-until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded; but there are a few malignants whom I am yet persuing and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefitted them or blessed them. Let us pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotten up for occasions, but perennial.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet any one do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery!

There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now, there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta with the words: "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves without having thrust on us 276 ragamuffins."

Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Oh, say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christian thing! Say the kind thing! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimists and you say, "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It is going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a waterproof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance.

On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of waterproof show it is an honest utterance. On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant, and you say, "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen."

On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill; and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the Southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm and our business is as dull as it ever was."

You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off the track like that. There are two sides to this story, and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him."

My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proved, find out the extenuating circumstances if there are any.

And then commit to memory so that you can quote for yourself and quote for others that exquisite thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians about charity that suffers long and is kind and hopeth all things and endureth all things. By pen, by voice, in public and in private, say all the good about people you can think of, and if there be nothing good, then tighten the chain of muscle on the back end of your tongue and keep the ivory bars of teeth on the lower jaw and the ivory bars of teeth on the upper jaw locked, and the gate of your lips tightly closed and your tongue shut up.

Furthermore, there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm.

This is what our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before which having some lawyers in the carriage on the way to court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after awhile cried to his horses, "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back and put on solid ground that most uninteresting quadruped.

That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, (and loveller man never exchanged earth for Heaven,) when at Washington. A senator's wife, who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him, "Mr. Stephens, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying."

That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appomatox he said to Gen. Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or a mule take it along with him."

That is the spirit which last night ten thousand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call. Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding and all-pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution, why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say:

"What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he had so much sickness in his family, he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions and making out a brief for the boy.

"Down at the bank I heard yesterday a note was due, and the young merchant could not meet it, and an old merchant went in and got for him three months' extension, which for the young merchant is the difference between bankruptcy and success in business. And in our street is an artist who had a fine picture of the 'Rapids of Niagara,' and he could not sell it, and his family were suffering, and they were themselves in the rapids; and a lady heard of it and said, 'I do not need the picture but for the encouragement of art and helping you out of your distress I will take it,' and on the drawing room wall are the 'Rapids of Niagara.'

"Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner?

"And they tell me that the older and more skillful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now, here is a readable account of that tragedy. Hand it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.' And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days.

"What is the matter? It seems to me our old word is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse of it ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from Heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to the crippled, and the blind, and the cataleptic, and the leprous, and the dropsical, and the demoniacal characterized him all the way, and on the cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of Him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies.

All the stories of the John Howards, and the Florence Nightingales, and the Grace Darlings, and the Ida Lewises pale before the transcendent example of Him Whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that Heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our perdoms.

And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text, "He showed us no little kindness."

But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of Heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of Heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all. Not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!