

# HOLLY HUES

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

Colossal Josh Dombey, the colored sexton, was tolling the Baptist church bell for the last time of 1890. Revival services were being held in the church. The echoes of the tolling went vibrating down the valley, telling the sinners that the time had come for them to wash and be born again, to renounce the thralldom of the flesh. The congregation was unusually large, for the fervency of exhortation and the vehemence of supplication had quickened the slumbering fires, and the hearts of the faithful and strengthened the feeble knees of many a halting zealot.

The organist was playing a dreamy voluntary, full of the tenderest chords, when the soprano sang "Songs Without Words." As his fingers stole softly over the keys he muttered to himself a stanza which fitted the air admirably and in which the line "When the bird sings in the extreme end of the seat" was incorporated. It was a quiet, restful scene, full of comfort for the body and soul.

Just as Josh came down on tip-toe from the bench, a young woman entered. She was elegantly dressed. Her form was wrapped in a sealskin cloak and diamonds sparkled in her ears. There was an air of refinement about her. The man who caused Josh to open the inner door with more than his customary politeness. With a gracious inclination of her head the woman entered and took a seat in the extreme end of the seat nearest the door upon the faded red cushion.

This was the first time that Dove Jones had been inside of a church for five years. There were no bushes or hollyhocks in her mother's garden when she went away. She had lost her roses with her self-respect and earned dark circles under her hazel eyes, a faded brow, and a disease which the doctors said was valvular disease of the heart. In moments of excitement she was seized with paroxysms which turned her face the color of ashes and made her feel as if steel fingers were squeezing her heart.

Now she was on her way home to her mother who lived in the village; to sit by the window where the honeysuckles bloomed in summer and the scent of sweet pea flowers wafted in the wind. And while many of the congregation yawned because they had heard the old story before, and the boys on the back seat ate peanuts and threw the shells on the floor to make a seat for Dove, in the position she had assumed when the song was sung, and made no sign that the story of the olive-branch had reached her ears.

When the organist closed the Good Book and resumed his seat, the organist played again. The fat grocer awoke with a start as his wife indicated with her elbow in his ribs that it was time for him to pass around the contribution box as he passed slowly down the middle aisle until he came to the seat where Dove was sitting. He touched her gently with the box to notify her of the organist's coming. While something toward the distressed heathen, but she did not respond. The boys across the aisle snickered at what they thought was an attempt to avoid paying rent.

The congregation then arose and sang a hymn to the effect that they were standing on a narrow neck of land 'twixt two seas, with no conception of the meaning of the words. The doxology and benediction followed. The organist then put on his organ. As the congregation filed slowly out, there were solicitous inquiries as to Martha Jones' rheumatism and Uncle John's lame shoulder. The consensus of opinion was that Sunday-school concert was heard, and the possibility of giving the pastor a donation was discussed. And when the last lingered and gone, Josh went around the church turning out the lights. He was tired and his head ached. He saw that he had come down the middle aisle he noticed that the woman in the sealskin cloak was still sitting in the back seat. Putting his great black hand tenderly on her shoulder, he said:

"The lady, ain't it time for you to go home? You'd do only one thing."

"Oh, Dick," the new soprano said to the tenor, as she dropped panting into a seat and unrolled her music, "I've got that sweet song you ever heard heard to sing to-night as a solo. The minister said he wanted something about a dove, for he intended to preach a sermon about that cooling bird, and I found the very thing in a Sunday-school book. You know Mr. Hopkins, who says the choir bills, but he not decided whether he will give me the position of solo soprano, but—thank you, Dick, they'll moisten my throat."

Dick had passed her a handful of marsh-mallows you'll see if I don't catch him to-night. The song is a little thing in four parts, nothing like the "Green Hill Far Away" or "With You and Me." It's a beautiful, melodious enough to appeal to his limited musical conceptions. I've been working hard on it all the week, real hard, two hours a day. I can almost feel tears on my cheek when I sing it, and you know that feeling always improves the timbre of your voice. What is that Havelis says about—

"The flow of her comment was cut short by the organist. With a little touch as if he were loath to let it go, the latter had finished the voluntary and the gentle prelude to the new soprano's song came from the keys. The congregation was on its feet and every boy looked expectantly toward the choir loft as the head of the new soprano rose gracefully above the red curtain. In a rich soprano melody broke out into the church freighted with the words:

"In the transient and the fading,  
Home lies the dove;  
To the way we tread, the fading,  
Home lies the dove;  
To the transient and the fading,  
Home lies the dove;  
To the transient and the fading,  
Home lies the dove."

"The dove," the organist said to the tenor, as she dropped panting into a seat and unrolled her music, "I've got that sweet song you ever heard heard to sing to-night as a solo. The minister said he wanted something about a dove, for he intended to preach a sermon about that cooling bird, and I found the very thing in a Sunday-school book. You know Mr. Hopkins, who says the choir bills, but he not decided whether he will give me the position of solo soprano, but—thank you, Dick, they'll moisten my throat."

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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BROOKLYN PREACHER ON THE BREAD QUESTION.

Some of Its Causes Which Lead to the Ever Present Distress Among the Working Classes—Alcohol and Impudence Are Potent Factors.

At the Tabernacle.

It seemed appropriate that Dr. Talmage should preach this sermon after his personal contribution of 3,000 pounds of meat to the food store of the poor who gathered shivering in the cold around the bakery and meat store of Brooklyn, where the food was distributed without tickets, and no commendation required, except the word "I am a man." He said: "I have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during His earthly stay. His crown and His grave were borrowed. Every big estate was from some one else's tree. Every drop of water He drank was from some one else's well. To pay His personal tax, which was very small, only 314 cents, he had to perform a miracle and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in His earthly experience, and when He comes to speak of the bread question, He speaks sympathetically, and what He said then is as true now—"I have the poor always with you."

For 6,000 years the bread question has been the active and absorbing theme of the human race. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the 7,000 hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people who starve to death. Believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great famines in England. Think of the 257,000 people who died of starvation in Europe before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devastation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by cholera, by typhoid fever, by changes in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my text is markedly and graphically true in this year.

The Tariff Bugbear.

The first reason we have always the poor with us is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariff controversy. It is a bugbear that has never ended. When I was 5 years of age, I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff, or no tariff at all. Then our great-grandfather, who was 90 years of age, it will probably be from over-excitation in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed, there will be three men standing on the pedestal of the tariff question, and the other two, a free trader man—each one red in the face from excited argument on the subject. Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the question of the tariff, the question of the civil service question. All questions of annexation may come to peaceful settlement by the annexation of islands two weeks' voyage away and a heat of the tongue conveyed through the sea made useful in warming our continent, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the queen of night, who is said to be dissolute and bring the moon down to earth. But the tariff question will never be settled. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quieted for more than three years. At the time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down. Our finances cannot get well checked up by our doctors. It is a tariff man, a doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful of mercury. But recovery is postponed, and the doctor sends for another doctor, and he says: "What this patient needs is blood; now roll up your sleeve!" and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homoeopathic doctor is called in, and the administrators say: "All the patient wants is rest."

Recovery still postponed, the family say that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is hot and cold water, and he must have them right away. Turn on the faucet and get ready the shower bath." Recovery still postponed, an electric doctor is called in, and he brings all the latest machinery and apparatus, and the patient, after a brave struggle for life, expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances. My position, I think, is that of Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Sherman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment will never be settled because of the fact that neither treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact—which I have never heard any one recognize but nevertheless the fact—that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariff controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty, and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. In the eternal goal on this subject, I would have you keep in mind the motto of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all

the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the tariff controversy—"I have the poor always with you."

Alcohol as a Source of Distress.

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what is the foundation of the first, they have not yet been laid. They say, "What an opportunity!" and they put down the hard cash for an ornate deed for ten lots under water. They hear of a new silver mine opened in Montana. They say, "What a chance!" and they take the little money they have in the savings bank and pay it out for as beautiful a certificate of mining stock as was ever printed, and the only thing they will get out of the investment is the aforesaid illuminated lithograph. They are always on the verge of millennialism and are sometimes worried as to whom they shall bestow their assets, because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, and a head full of the most senseless and silly. Whatever other cause of poverty may fall, the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever-increasing throng of paupers. On ye grogshops of Brooklyn and New York, what are the cities' mouths of hell, when will ye cease to cranch and devour? There is no danger of this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go bankrupt. Hardware stores fail. Bankers fail, butchers fail, bakers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor business never. It is the only secure business of the world. It is the only business that is not affected by the changes of the market. It is the only business that is not affected by the changes of the market. It is the only business that is not affected by the changes of the market.

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