WOMAN WITH THREE ROSES

A German-American Romance. Written for This Paper.

BY E. D. BEACH.

CHAPTER VIII.

After the ball there is need of a supper. Herr Wachsmuth was strenuous on that point. His niece had possessed him absolutely for several hours at a time which it had been his habit for years to devote scrupulously to himself. She had hauled him in person and mauled him in feeling, and had taken him from a place and condition of delight to a place and condition of appalling discomfort. The usually amiable and agreeable wine merchant had grumbled at a midnight ride in a cab in a February fog, had grumbled at being dressed up as a fine—a man of his years and plain nineteenth century tastes and habits—in a calico gown with a hood and a cord around his waist. If he should chance to be revealed to an acquaintance he was sure he would perish with shame. The air of the Opera House was intolerable, heavy with nephitic vapors, stale with the products of combustion, human and tobacco; abominable with the fumes of beer and spirits and wine—purveyor of artfully modified alcohol though he was, there was a degree and kind of humanly assisted fume at which he drew the line of his approbation. The crash of the band fairly rattled his brain, the haze and the shuffling and shifting multitude gave him vertigo; it was not as Tartarus; he hated the sight of a certain kind of tipsy women who are bound to be called out in appreciable numbers by any great public rout—and so on, with a persistence and acerbity which four hours earlier in the day would have been no more discoverable in this patient and amiable citizen than in the lambs of the Thuringen, or the uncomplaining saints and angels on cathedral towers.

To supper Minna had to go. If the worst the wine merchant had suffered, his tribulations had not interfered with the production of a fine appetite. When Minna came back to him in the box where he sat, after her departure in quest of Herr Marterstieg and the woman with the three roses, and after her humiliating discovery of that gay and singular and highly painful incident that followed it, she had regained her outward composure; but she was, as anybody with the least insight of the emotions of woman may suspect, utterly without appetite. She pleaded and protested against supper; she had headache, she was highly nervous, she needed rest, she was overpowered with sleep; but her uncle was obdurate. He had needed rest, he had been overpowered with sleep, and she had not rejected his condition in the least; now he was hungry, and to supper Mistress Minna would have to go. They got into another cab, and were driven over to a restaurant on the East side—an eaceful, delightful place, kept by an artist from the German side of the Alps, and held open to-night on account of the great ball—and here the wine merchant breathed a sigh of relief as he stretched his legs under the white cloth and took the generous speisekarte in hand.

Minna would eat nothing. Herr Wachsmuth was in a mood for cold roast goose and champagne. Rhine wine, he said, was the proper drink for the reasonable hours of the day, and for a man in normal condition, but in the loss of sleep, and as a spur to rouse one out of a despondent condition, there was nothing like the sparkling vintage of the people who were whipped at Sedan. Perhaps it was the last virtue attributed by Herr Wachsmuth to the opera bouffe king of wines which appealed to Minna; at any rate, she accepted a glass of the foaming beverage from her uncle, drank it eagerly, and felt a great deal better for it.

After a period of devotion to the goose and the champagne, Herr Wachsmuth made what he called a digestive pause. Leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped loosely above the swell of his waistcoat, he beamed upon his niece with much amiability, and presently addressed her.

"Minna," he said, "Heinrich is a boy with a number of good points."

"Yes," Minna assented languidly; she had a vague feeling that if the whole truth were told it would have to be added that her cousin possessed a number of bad points also, and still another number of points whose recommendations were only moderate, but she did not feel called upon to grieve her uncle by any such gratuitous suggestion. She sipped at her champagne, and waited with moderate interest for him to continue.

"I had hoped," said Herr Wachsmuth, adjusting his spectacles, and speaking with much deliberation, as though aware that time should be given to the choosing of language in the expression of some thoughts, "that you and Heinrich should be married to each other."

The wine merchant paused here for a reply; but, receiving none, continued.

"It does not seem to me now that you two are likely to be married. You do not appear to care for him, and as for Heinrich, I saw him last night at the ball——"

"You saw Heinrich at the ball?" Minna exclaimed, in some surprise.

"Yes;" returned Herr Wachsmuth; "he was walking with a girl with very pretty white shoulders and a red dress and a crown, and he acted as if he could eat her up."

"But, uncle, how did you know Heinrich?" cried Minna.

"By his size and by his slippers. He was dressed as a brigand, but I suppose no shoes went with the suit, for he wore the green slippers with red and yellow roses which he won at Otto Kleinsedel's raffle last Christmas." Herr Wachsmuth shifted his spectacles again and resumed: "When I was in the office to-day, just after lunch, Alex Marterstieg——"

"Do not speak of him, Uncle Friedrich!" cried Minna. "I cannot bear Herr Marterstieg."

The wine merchant's eyes opened behind his spectacles until they were perfectly round.

"Not speak of Alex? Not bear Alex?" he feebly ejaculated.

"No!" cried Minna. "I never wish to hear his name again. I will have Heinrich, if he wants me, but as for Herr Marterstieg, I—I—I despise him."

Poor Minna! The end of her speech died away foolishly in a choking sob, and her eyes flushed with tears. At this moment a couple entered the room. One was a lady, richly dressed in black, heavily veiled, wearing three red roses on her bosom; the other was Herr Marterstieg. They seated themselves at a table next to the wine merchant and his niece. Minna's back was turned to them, and Herr Wachsmuth was astonished and disturbed by the girl's outbreak that for a moment he did not notice the newcomers. For a moment, too, Marterstieg was oblivious of the presence of Minna and her uncle; he was busying himself with the disposal of his companion's wraps and was ascribing, and not yet glanced about him. In another moment, however, he and the wine merchant looked up and saw each other. Herr Wachsmuth's eyes were still rounded to their full extent, and filled with sympathetic pain. Marterstieg saw that Minna held her head down, as though mourning public scandal, and had her handkerchief in her hand. He crossed over to her at once, and stood in some perplexity beside her chair.

"Alex," blurted out Herr Wachsmuth, "what is the matter between you and Minna?"

"I trust nothing," returned Marterstieg, bending upon Minna a look full of most tender solicitude.

But Minna had started instantly into self-possession on hearing the exclamation of her uncle, and she said in a low but distinctly audible voice, evidently, "I beg you to leave us, Herr Marterstieg; and I have no wish ever to see you again."

"Do you wish me to leave you if I have done you no wrong?"

"You have done me a wrong."

"May I present to you a friend?"

"Herr Marterstieg——"

"You will not be so unreasonable as to condemn a man unheard. You will permit me to tell a brief story before you make your judgment final." Marterstieg glanced at his companion; still veiled, she sat, slowly fanning herself; he seated himself beside her, and with Minna and her uncle, and told his story.

"In Gottingen I had a most intimate friend, a Russian named Garcinski. He was 19 when he came to the university, slender and girlish in figure, but of strong mind and indomitable spirit. Several of his fellow students undertook to guy him; he challenged one after another, and punished them all with such severity that he was never guyed afterward. He was the best swordsman I ever saw. In the three years of our companionship in Gottingen he fought seventy duels with the schlager, and never received a scratch. I take it as saying that the stripling had a wrist of iron and feared no man. One feature of his physical make-up was in singular contrast to all the rest. He had a dark beard of strong fiber and thick and rapid growth. He shaved twice a day, and his chin bore always the blue-black color which marks the shaven faces of heavily bearded men. He fretted a great deal about his strong beard. For three years there was nothing in Garzinski different from what I have outlined. He left Gottingen a year before I did. I was grieved to part with him. He was a fine young man, a rare scholar, a fascinating companion, a true friend. I next saw Garzinski on the Trave, the ship which brought us both to America. A woman—the woman you see sitting at that table—introduced herself to me as my old friend, my amiable companion, the stripling with the wrist of iron who feared no man. You smile? No, you wonder; so did I. He would give me but one point of information regarding himself; he was a Russian spy. I have met him twice since our arrival, once at the Amberg Theater, once to-night at the Arion. Why he has a woman's clothes I do not know. He may be wise; he may be mad. The fact is amazing—out of gear with the reason of our surroundings—a violence to the order and the common sense of the nineteenth century outside of Russia. Louis."

The latter word so softly pronounced as to be audible only to the wine merchant and his niece and to the person to whom it was addressed—the woman with the three roses. She folded her fan and, rising, approached Marterstieg and stood beside him.

"Permit me," said Marterstieg, "to present to you my friends, the Herr Wachsmuth, the Fraulien Wachsmuth, his niece."

The woman with the three roses seated herself, and for five minutes conversed vivaciously and brilliantly with the wine merchant and his niece; then excused herself and rose to go. Her voice was low and gentle; so far as that went, it might have been the voice of a man or woman, but in parting she accepted a glass of champagne, and raising her veil slightly to drink it—perhaps the revelation was purposed—exposed for a moment a heavily bearded, newly razored, blue-black chin.

CHAPTER IX.

For some time after the departure of Garzinski the wine merchant and his niece and Marterstieg sat in silent meditation. They were aroused from it by the entrance of an interesting pair of revelers—none other than Heinrich and the pretty chambermaid. If Louisa had suffered when she beheld Heinrich precariously supporting his cousin in front of the box occupied by the woman with the three roses, she had now apparently forgotten her sorrow. She looked very peaceful, very smiling, very happy as she came into the restaurant leaning on Heinrich's arm. Her crown was off, and a waterproof concealed her white shoulders and her brilliant hosiery, and still she was so pretty that everybody turned and looked at her. But her eyes were only for Heinrich. Why she liked Heinrich nobody may know absolutely unless she chooses to tell. Possibly it was owing to the whole-souled way in which he dropped the large silver dollar into her apron after helping her to pick up the towels; possibly to the rather unexciting fact that they were about of a height. As they came in they were so absorbed in each other that they did not notice Heinrich's father and cousin and Herr Marterstieg. Louisa would have noticed Herr Wachsmuth and his cousin only casually anyway, for she was not acquainted with them; but Marterstieg was known to her, and she might have noticed him if his fascinating Heinrich had absorbed her attention less. As for Heinrich himself, he noticed his relations and Herr Marterstieg after awhile.

As he and Louisa seated themselves at the table it seemed to the wine merchant and those with him that Heinrich was a trifle flushed and bold, as though Bacchus had entered into a competition with Louisa for his possession and had been beaten somewhat narrowly. Heinrich swept all the spoons and knives and forks within his reach together into a pile and shielded them with his arms, as though he feared that some of them would stray if not properly herded; then waved the bill of fare conspicuously and said "Waiter!" in one syllable; then discovered his father and those with him, rising, Heinrich was over to his relations. He rested his fingertips upon their table and smiled amiably though somewhat vacuously. He was still dressed as a brigand, and still wore the green slippers with red and yellow roses won at Herr Otto Kleinsedel's raffle. Presently the smile on Heinrich's face gave way to an expression of the most profound and impressive gravity. When this had endured for a moment, he spoke:

"Father," he said, "the lady over at that table—the beautiful lady—the unexceptionable lady—the very nice lady is Louisa."

Herr Wachsmuth did not appear to be very much enlightened.

"Louisa," continued Heinrich, "is the girl that I said Alex Marterstieg kissed; but he did not. Alex never kis ed her. I kissed Louisa myself. Louisa is a very nice girl; a very, very beautiful girl. Father," Heinrich went on, with a solemnity which promised at any moment to merge into tears, "Louisa comes from Stettin. Her family knew our family very well. She is a Niemeyer, father. You know them. Nobody has whispered a word against the Niemeyers. Louisa is the best of them all; she is the most perfect of the Niemeyers. Father, I am going to marry Louisa."

Herr Wachsmuth was a man whose good sense served him at one time as well as another and whose democracy was broad and honest. Heinrich, he said, "if you are in the same mind in the morning come and tell me about it."

Heinrich was of the same mind in the morning; and the following month of June beheld two weddings in the worthy wine merchant's family.

[THE END.]

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SHE WAS FROM VASSAR.

And She Was Airing Her Knowledge in a Marketing Excursion.

She was a Vassar graduate and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life.

Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher; but that good man was used to all sorts of people and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said, with a business air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm." He set down "pulverized sug.," "condensed milk."

"Any thing more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt, be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated fish."

"Yes'm." He wrote glibly, "Desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? Here's some nice norseradish, just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wabble to her flexible voice, "it would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down on a kit of mackerel and fanned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake.—Detroit Free Press.

Condensed Milk.

Switzerland exports annually condensed milk valued at over $2,500,000.

THIS country is likely to have no aid from England in clearing the ocean of derelict vessels which are now so great a danger to commerce. The secretary of the British Admiralty responded to a call for co-operation with our Government that it could not give any aid. This unwillingness to help in what it did not originate has always been characteristic of John Bull. It has, however, given the greater honor to this country in doing the work alone. It was the United States which first proclaimed the doctrine of neutral rights and the freedom of the high seas. So, too, with the general postal union, which now includes nearly the whole civilized world. Uncle Sam can afford to take the lead in clearing the high seas of derelicts. When the job is once done the owners of English merchant ships will compel England to do its part in keeping the seas clear of the avoidable dangers which now threaten life and property.

LITTLE Lady Alexandria Duff, first grand-daughter of the Prince of Wales, has overcome the dislike to the bagpipes which she so strongly manifested as a small baby. On previous occasions when she was in Scotland she screamed lustily whenever the "skirl" of the national musical instruments has fallen upon her ears. This year, in the role of an elder sister, she evidently feels that she must display dignity, and she has been present on several public occasions with her parents when the bagpipes have been unsparingly used, and has borne the ordeal unflinchingly.

WILL anybody dare to wish Mrs Perugini many happy returns?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CHRIST THE CONQUEROR," HIS SUBJECT SUNDAY.

The Untried Soldier Went Forth to Do Battle Against Sin with the World Arrayed Against Him—How the Victor Treated the Conquered.

At the Tabernacle.

From the startling figure of the text chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage in his sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday, the preacher brought out the radical truths of the Christian religion. It was sacramental day in the Tabernacle. The subject of the sermon was "Christ the Conqueror," the text being Isaiah lxiii, 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

Edom and Bozrah having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible, they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and a sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men lead the canon, and the train starts amid a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in Heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have forseen the siege that would be laid to Him, and the maltreatment He would suffer, and the burdens He would have to carry, and the battles He would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in Heaven who would have insisted on coming along with Him. But, no, they only accompanied Him to the gate, their last shout heard clear down to the earth, the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna.

The Untried Soldier.

You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets untangled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. He was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give Him a warm hearted greeting there was a gentle mother who folded Him in her arms, and a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between corners and cantons. Princes in Heaven stepped on the stage of this world, it was amid angelic shouts in the galleries and amid the kindest maternal ministrations.

But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the sanhedrin. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Cesarean castles. The vagabonds in the street joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and in long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly arrived one from Heaven. Jesus now seeing the battle gathering lifted His own standard. But who gathered about it?

How feeble the recruits! A few shoremen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to His standard. What chance was there for Him? Nazareth against Him. Bethlehem against Him. Capernaum against Him. Jerusalem against Him. Galilee against Him. The courts against Him. The army against Him. The throne against Him. The world against Him. All hell against Him.

I wonder they asked Him to surrender. But He could not surrender; He could not apologize; He could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and He must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch Him. They saw in what house He went and what He ate and who with; watched what He drank and how much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not but that behind Him there might be a re-enforcement that was not seen.

But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five thousand million of human beings to be accounted for was Friday. The hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was a slight hillock northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and Heaven, represented by a solitary inhabitant on the other.

An Uneven Battle.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or chariot came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up, and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an unenven battle! Two worlds armed on one side, an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusalem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army of all the world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up the hill. The horses prance and rear amid the excitement of the impulse, the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on.

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint he looks! There the blood starts, and there and there and there. If he is to have reinforcements, let him call them up now. No, he must do this work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feeble. Feel under the arm; the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounced Him dead he rallied, and from his wounds he unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and hurled the satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love—infinite love, all conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of earth and hell! The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make a line that he may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and on all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the war-rider's stead and the tramping of a great multitude, for He has many friends now. The hero of earth and Heaven advances. Cheer! cheer! Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

All we have todo is to accept that fact in our heart of hearts, and we are free for this world and free for the world to come. But lest we might not accept Christ comes through here today, "traveling in the greatness of his strength," not to tell you that He is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come home from the wars they carry on their flag the names of the battlefields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkerman and Balaklava; the Frenchman, Jena and Eylau; the Prussian, Vera and Sedan. And Christ has on the banner He carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battlefields He won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement, by the doorbell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our strength.

Come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle passes on His flag. Ye who are poor, read on this ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted, read here of the ruffians who chased Him from His native town. Ye that, lastly, Mighty to soothe your troubles, mighty to balk your calamities, mighty to tread down your foes, "traveling in the greatness of His strength." Though His horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the forlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes, He comes up now, not exhausted from the battle, but fresh as when He went into it—coming up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of His strength."

How Jesus Treats His Captives.

You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars, what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots, and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were garlands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Benevento, Rimini, and Rome still tell their admiration for these heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the carnage, white enough to celebrate the victory, fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged their victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ our Lord takes those who once were captives and invites them into His chariot to ride, while He puts around them the arm of His strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust him? Oh, do you not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your fears giving up as you hear the tramp of a thousand triumphous promises led on by the conqueror from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling, in the greatness of his strength?"

The Death of Sin.

On that Friday which the Episcopal Church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the lances struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf, as a reaper gathers the grain, and he stalked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down through the ages, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." On that day your sin and mine perished, if we willonly believe it.

There may be some one here who may say: "I don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked, that they were saturated, that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote to you two passages of Scripture: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was His own. Not only enough to redden His garments and to redden His horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood of His brow, the blood on His feet, the blood on His side! It seems if an artery must have been cut.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Blood for Blood.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a weariness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them.

Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous.

There is an invisible line running from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and influences for life to come and fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

About thirty-three years ago there went forth from our homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud. They slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had wounds all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in caboose, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies.

No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Even there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes, but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular wagons taking the dying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying of symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look miserable."

But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back exhausted, and in a few days and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet He has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humiliation and suffering goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit and hurl him back on his haunches and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out, lest ye fall under the flying hoofs of this horse; lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What meant the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation, the blood of the lamb, the blood of the heifer, the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood of this conquerer who comes up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength."

I catch a handful of the red torrent that rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audience, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice! Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way! We fall into line! Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "traveling in the greatness of Thy strength."

But after awhile the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with Him. I hope you will be there and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, a great multitude that no man can number"—all Heaven can tell without asking right away which one is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of His face, but because, while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—His robes shall be dyed, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this: "Unto Him who hath washed us in His blood!"

FOR a break in the skin, wherever found, there is no remedy like benzoin. It is not only a rare healer but an antiseptic as well. For general use have one ounce of the compound tincture of benzoin mixed with four ounces of glycerine. It may be applied several times a day.

THE really efficient laborer will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task, surrounded by a wide halo of ease and comfort.

THERE is no sweeter repose than that which is brought with labor.