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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Baltimore & Eastern Shore Railroad.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.		Exp.† A. M.	Exp.‡ P. M.	Mix.‡ P. M.
Baltimore, Lv		7 00	4 55	
Annapolis		7 55	5 50	
Bay Ridge	Arrive	8 10	6 10	
	Leave	8 15	6 15	
Claiborne	Arrive	9 40	7 40	
	Leave	9 45	7 45	
McDaniel				2 30
Harper		*9 56	*7 56	2 36
St. Michaels		9 55	7 55	2 43
Riverside				2 55
Royal Oak		*10 02	*8 02	3 02
Kirkham		*10 05	*8 05	3 12
Bloomfield		*10 10	*8 10	3 22
Easton		10 15	8 15	3 32
Turner				4 00
Bethlehem		*10 29	*8 29	4 10
Preston		*10 35	8 35	4 20
Dwiggins		*10 40	*8 40	4 27
Hurlocks		10 48	8 48	4 55
Ennals				5 06
Rhodesdale		*10 56	*8 56	5 13
Vienna		11 00	9 00	5 22
Barren Creek S.		11 18	9 18	5 40
Hebron		*11 26	*9 26	5 50
Rock-a-Walking				6 30
Salisbury		11 40	9 40	7 20
Walsons				7 43
Parsonburg		*11 54		7 58
Pittsville		*12 01		8 07
New Hope				8 27
Whaleyville		*12 13		8 34
St. Martin's				8 50
Berlin		12 27	10 27	9 05
Ocean City, Ar.		12 40	10 40	9 30
		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.		Exp.‡ A. M.	Exp.‡ P. M.	Mix.‡ A. M.
Ocean City, Lv		6 45	4 40	5 35
Berlin		6 58	4 53	6 00
St. Martin's				6 13
Whaleyville			*5 06	6 30
New Hope				6 36
Pittsville			*5 18	6 57
Parsonburg			*5 25	7 13
Walsons				7 22
Salisbury		7 45	5 30	8 15
Rock-a-Walking				8 34
Hebron		*7 57	*5 51	8 43
Barren Creek S.		8 07	6 00	9 05
Vienna		8 16	6 11	9 22
Rhodesdale		*8 29	*8 21	9 50
Ennals				9 57
Hurlocks		8 37	6 32	10 10
Douglass		*8 45	*6 40	10 27
Preston		8 50	6 45	10 35
Bethlehem		*8 56	*6 51	10 44
Turner				10 52
Easton		9 10	7 05	11 25
Bloomfield		*9 15	*7 10	11 38
Kirkham		*9 20	*7 15	11 48
Royal Oak		*9 23	*7 18	11 57
Riverside				12 07
St. Michaels		9 30	7 25	12 16
Harper		*9 35	*7 30	12 26
McDaniel				12 33
Claiborne	Arrive	9 40	7 35	12 40
	Leave	9 50	7 45	
Bay Ridge	Arrive	11 10	9 10	
	Leave	11 15	9 15	
Annapolis		11 30	9 30	
Baltimore, Ar.		12 25	10 20	
		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

† Leave Daily except Sunday. ‡ Leave Daily. * Stop on signal to receive and discharge passengers for Baltimore, Ocean City, Easton and Salisbury. Stations at which time is not given trains do not stop.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.
Commencing Monday, July 13th, 1891, trains run as follows:

GOING SOUTH. 291 Mail	281 Pass	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH. 290 Mail	276 Pass
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
6 30	2 30	Baltimore	11 10	9 25
7 27	3 01	Philadelphia	10 22	7 35
9 42	5 03	Clayton	8 36	3 47
9 54	5 12	Kenton	8 31	3 47
10 00	5 22	Hartley	8 16	3 35
10 07	5 34	Slaughters	8 08	3 32
10 15	5 51	Marydel	8 01	3 23
10 23	6 08	Henderson	7 54	3 13
10 30	6 17	Goldsborough	7 48	3 05
10 40	6 35	Greensborough	7 38	2 44
10 50	6 51	Ridgely	7 29	2 29
11 00	7 10	Queen Anne	7 19	2 12
11 10	7 31	Cordova	7 11	2 00
11 17	7 45	Chapel	7 04	1 50
11 22	7 57	Easton	6 58	1 42
11 28	8 08	Trappe	6 52	1 33
11 35	8 22	Oxford	6 45	1 23
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

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TALBOT R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 23—Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays in Masonic Temple. H. Priest, S. E. Tripp; Sec'y, R. T. Martin.

MILLER LODGE, NO. 18, I. O. O. F.—Meets Tuesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. Noble Grand, W. H. Wingate; Sec'y, G. E. Nicols.

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TRED AVON LODGE, NO. 158, K. of H.—Meets Thursday nights in Knights of Honor Hall (above J. T. Kathell's shoe store. Dictator, Dr. Lewis Buffett; Reporter, Wm. J. Benny.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, NO. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets Wednesday nights in Masonic Temple. M. W., O. E. Nicols; Recorder, John T. Kathell.

GUARDIAN COUNCIL, NO. 510, R. A.—Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Masonic Temple. Regent, W. A. Pratt; Sec'y, S. E. Whitman.

GRIFFIN COUNCIL, NO. 513, A. L. of H.—Meets alternate Tuesday nights in Masonic Temple. Comm., I. N. Elston; Sec'y, T. C. Nicols.

HICKS POST, NO. 24, G. A. R.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Comm., T. H. Coburn; Adj't., J. H. White.

MATAPEAKE TRIBE, NO. 76, IMP'D O. R. M.—Meets Thursday nights in Red Men's Hall, Sachem, S. H. Willey; C. of R., C. E. Morris.

STAR OF THE EAST LODGE, NO. 108, K. of P.—Meets Tuesday nights in Pythian Castle. C. C., S. Harry Shanahan; K. of R. & S., Wm. J. Benny.

TALBOT LODGE, NO. 28, G. of T.—Meets [illegible]

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TRINITY CATHEDRAL.

The Sermon Delivered at Its Opening Service July 9th, 1891.

BY REV. GEORGE W. LAY.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATTHEW, v:14-16.

These words from the Sermon on the Mount bring before us one of the many instructive analogies that we find so often used in the Inspired Word, whereby the deepest and most mysterious truths of the spiritual world are presented to our minds by comparison with the more familiar, though no less wonderful, mysteries of the natural world. Christ's gospel and redeeming power, whether coming direct from Him or reflected through His ministers and people, is spoken of as a divine light. Surely the comparison is one grand and inspiring enough in itself to raise us up to a worthy understanding of the power and goodness of God in the work of His church.

When we stand night after night and gaze upon the silent wonders of the sky; when we note the varying phases of the moon, the wandering paths of the planets and the changeless order of the constellations; when we see the countless number of the stars in depths ever receding and eluding the most powerful instruments of man's contrivance; when we think that the light from some of these furthest stars which we appear to see now was emitted by them long before Christ came on earth, while the stars themselves may, for all we know, have been blotted out of the universe hundreds of years ago; when we consider that our little world is but a speck revolving around the sun; that the whole solar system, sun and earth and planets, is doubtless revolving about some greater sun, and that about another and so on to an infinite complexity utterly beyond human ken,—then must we turn in reverent wonder and adoration to the thought of Him "who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto: whom no man hath seen nor can see," who is Himself *the* Light and the source and creator of all things.

St. John tells us "God is light," and our Lord says of Himself, "I am the light of the world"; how then can He in our text say of His people, "Ye are the light of the world"?

We find the key to the difficulty suggested before the gospel times in the words of the prophet Malachi, who wrote that "the Sun of righteousness" should arise. For, as in that portion of the universe to which we belong, the sun is indeed the source of all light, while planet and satellite shine only by reflected and borrowed light; so Christ is the Sun to His people.

"He came as the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world", and therefore every true servant of His must himself become a centre of light to all about him.

There are then two opposite and corresponding truths: "Christ is the Light of the world"; "Ye are the light of the world". Let us follow out the analogy and study the lessons that it teaches.

If we should shut our eyes to everything but the one fact that the sun is the source of light, we would expect to see only those objects which received its direct rays; everything in shadow would therefore be in darkness, and the sun itself would be invisible save to those who dared to look directly at it.

So it is with those who, looking upon God as the source of all light and goodness, deny to mankind any real and free share in the illumination of the world. To such minds goodness begins and ends with God. Man is totally and absolutely depraved, with neither the power nor the will to do right. The world is the embodiment of evil, always wrapped in the darkness of wickedness, unless by a direct and absolute act of the Almighty some blinding ray of light is miraculously thrown for a time upon some chosen spot.

On the other hand we are apt to speak of some things as though they themselves shone by their own light. While we know of course that the real source of light is the sun, we almost forget it as we wonder at the glittering splendor of the dancing waters or the sparkling jewels of the morning's dew. And the corresponding mistake in spiritual matters is one which we are very likely to make.

When we see good and holy men, we sometimes lose sight of the fact that all of this is a reflection of the divine goodness; that their virtues have not proceeded spontaneously and independently from their own human nature, but has resulted from a long and faithful effort to be near to God, who thus shines gloriously in and through them.

And again, when we see a man who is not himself a true and humble follower of God, but who nevertheless possesses a certain goodness, and displays many admirable qualities, how often do we ascribe all such excellencies to the man alone and deny any influence whatever to the divine grace.

And yet such a man owes his very standard of right and wrong to the christian law; he implies some faith in God by every effort he makes to keep His commandments; and, living as he does in a christian land, surrounded by christian example and influence, reading a literature that is saturated with christian teaching, even though he may neglect or deny the importance of Christ's church and sacraments, he at the same time shows by the ideal which he places before himself of the perfect man that an enlivening ray of light has come from God even into his heart.

Our text says, "Let *your* light so shine" * * "that they may glorify your *Father*". The light is ours and yet it is God's. It comes from Him but it shines through us. To understand the whole truth we must recognize both the divine and human agency.

When we open a window to the bright light of heaven, it does not simply come *straight* in. It comes in like a flood—it fills the whole house, it penetrates every corner and pierces thro' every crevice. And why is this? It is because all objects possess the power in different ways and varying degrees of reflecting the rays of light, and thus becoming themselves centres of illumination.

The *manner* differs because one object will reflect only the blue rays and another the red, although the light of the sun is pure and white; and the *degree* of power to reflect the light will vary, because dark walls for example absorb most of the light and assist but little in illumination, while white walls generously reflect back again all the light that strikes them.

In the same way each member of Christ's church becomes a centre of illumination, because he must reflect more or less perfectly the light of the gospel teaching that has been shed upon him.

We must, however, expect to see the perfect and pure light of God's goodness and truth changed and affected by the individuality of the human reflection. We must not be surprised if some appear to show only a few feeble rays of the heavenly illumination, while of others it may be said as it was of John the Baptist, "He was a burning and a shining light."

Thus it is then that Christ says to His people, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." He has put us in a conspicuous position before the world. He has chosen to build up His kingdom by human agencies. He knows that men are judging the truth of the gospel by the light that shines out from the lives of those who are guided by it. He has ordained that His church shall be a missionary body going into *all* the world and preaching the gospel to *every* creature, and therefore He lays upon each of us as a solemn duty the command, "Let your light shine."

It is said no more than this, we might well feel discouraged. If the light was wholly ours it would be only darkness. But no, the light is not of human origin but from above. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." 2 Cor. iv, 6.

And, therefore, while He commands us to let our light shine, He says: "Let it so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

There is, then, to the humble mind an element of encouragement in this command. For in all our work it is *for* Him and *because* of Him that we do it. If we do it well we glorify not ourselves, but Him who is the Source and Spring from whom we receive our power. At its best our work will be imperfect. But the more brightly we make our light to shine, the more will it be like the light of God. The less it has in it of what is human, the more will it be divine; and, just as the surface of the most perfect mirror is itself invisible while it reflects unchanged and undimmed every ray of light, so we will do our part best in so reflecting the light of God that men, forgetting us, will see, not the earthly instrument, but the Heavenly Light itself, not the weak and erring man who uses in fear and humility the powers that God has given him, but God who has blessed human efforts with a power all His Own.

From these considerations we can see how it is the duty of every true christian to magnify his work because he thereby glorifies not himself but God. If we have this light we must use it and not waste it. We must not put our candle under a bushel, but on a candlestick that it may give light to all that are in the house.

It is perfectly conceivable for men to be content to absorb God's light without thought of others, and to keep His ministry and sacraments under a bushel for their own private use and not for the enlightenment of all.

But we are assembled here to-day to emphasize a far different idea. We have come together to mark the completion of a step in the road marked out by you and others twenty-three years ago, when, out of the rural counties separated from the rest of the state by a great natural boundary, you decided to erect a new diocese and determined further to emphasize the "See principle," by choosing a permanent central point for your Bishop's chair, which point gave a name to the Diocese of Easton.

If your motives had been purely selfish, you would have found it possible to provide for the mere routine episcopal ministrations without the expense entailed by the erection of another diocese. It was new growth and strength that you desired, a spreading out into every deserted corner and a renewing of what was weak; and this you well saw could best be realized by establishing in your midst a centre of spiritual light and activity.

I do not mean to assert that this feeling was universal. There is no doubt in all kinds of work a selfish and narrow provincialism that inevitably blinds many good souls to all things outside of the limited sphere of their own individual activities, and that create an all-absorbing enthusiasm for a single member of the body at the expense of loyalty and care for the guiding head and the energizing heart. Individualism and a well meant but misguided zeal for details is the curse and weakness, in matters secular or religious, of any definite and far-reaching policy for the good of the whole. We find it everywhere, and we must not be surprised or discouraged if it shows itself in diocesan administration. But what I mean to assert is that the Diocese of Easton can have no apology to offer for its existence if it is only an uncemented congeries of parishes; and that one can formulate no logical explanation of the action of those who erected these counties into a diocese unless we believe that they really meant to create a living thing, with head and heart and vital breath, and not simply to create an ecclesiastical name for the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

In the Bishop's address to your convention in 1878 I find these words that may serve to revive our memories and quicken our sense of duty:

"If the Diocese shall ever have, as I devoutly trust it may have, if not now, at least in the days of some one who shall come not long after me, a real cathedral. I hope that the first memorial set up therein shall be in memory of John Crosdale, as the Father of the Diocese. For if our separate Diocesan organization has served to arrest a tendency to decay, if in the future it *shall* serve to invigorate and to foster spirituality, it should be remembered that when the division of the old Diocese seemed chimerical, it was the reverence entertained for Crosdale which secured for it any consideration at all, it was the weight of his influence which carried it through in spite of much opposition. * * * John Crosdale loved the Diocese and believed in the Diocese and worked for the Diocese. There was no congregationalism about him; no parochial isolation; no severance of *his* work from the work we are doing in *common*. The Diocese of Easton was the thing dearest to his heart. Some there are who are like minded; but too many, alas! deem the Parishes the units, and the Diocese only a strand to hold them in mechanical attachment. I had hoped that Dr. Crosdale would live long enough to inspire in others his Diocesan enthusiasm, to persuade others that the Diocese is the living and complete organism, and that upon its inherent vitality must depend the thrift and growth of its several members."

But, Fathers and Brethren, may we not believe that the light of an earthly life is not quenched by death; and that, as this Diocese ultimately became a fact, so the doubtful allegiance of some has been awakened into life, so that this Cathedral which we are come today to devote to the service of Almighty God stands as an enduring testimony to your loyalty to your Diocese, a fit candlestick for the lamp of Divine light and power committed to your Bishop and Chief Pastor.

From the earliest times the life and activity of the Church has centred about the Apostolic office. The Bishop's chair, in Latin *sedes*, his seat or see, became a synonym for his episcopal authority and office, and then for the city or diocese in which his seat was placed. Around it were gathered his college of presbyters, who were sent from this centre of Church activity to the *pagani* or pagans, which only meant originally those who lived outside of the cities. As he was the chief pastor, so was his church the chief or mother-church, and, as we have seen that his episcopal chair was placed there, we obtain from the Greek word for seat another term. The Cathedral church was the church that contained the Bishop's cathedra or throne.

The essential idea of a cathedral, therefore, is that it is the Bishop's church, the point about which diocesan institutions are to crystallize and from which plans and means and plans for new work are to proceed. A cathedral is not necessarily a large church. The noble buildings of the old world with their princely endowments would be useless, incongruous and impossible in the smaller Dioceses of this western land. The problem before you is one far different from that which presents itself to those who are planning to erect a worthy temple for the metropolitan see of New York. It is in the main not a matter of fancy or æsthetics, but of historical authority, of logical propriety and of practical necessity.

The unwisdom of colonial times deprived us of the ministrations of a resident episcopate; but, as the Church has awakened from the moribund condition that was thus occasioned, she has ever more and more learned to do Apostolic work in the Apostolic way.

The See Principle, which is the Cathedral Principle, is now firmly established. Wherever diocesan work has been started you will generally see that this principle has been adopted. A writer in the *Church Review* in 1874 after enumerating the thirteen dioceses which at that time had some sort of Cathedral organizations, says of their Bishops that they are men who have "grappled with the problems of an American irreligion in a thoroughly direct, practical and intensely earnest spirit; and yet almost the first thing that some of them have done has been to set about building a cathedral."

It was, you will remember, two years later than this, in 1876, that the organization of Trinity cathedral was effected.

The Cathedral system has spread since then to such an extent that today out of sixty-three dioceses and missionary jurisdictions nearly forty have some kind of Cathedral organization or at least a church or chapel of which the Bishop is the rector and spiritual head. Not only do we know that this system has the sanction of history and of Catholic usage, we can also see now that it commends itself to the practical common-sense of our American people without regard to any difference of doctrinal or ritual opinion.

But though you may have seen many follow the example which you may be said to have helped to set, you must remember that your position is unique and the problem before you one in which you are pioneers.

According to the last statistics this Diocese reports more communicants than ten other Dioceses; the number of your clergy was not excelled by eleven Dioceses, and in both particulars you exceeded the eleven Missionary Jurisdictions.

Arkansas, Maine, New Hampshire, Oregon and West Virginia, although each of them covers a whole State, are inferior to you in the number of communicants and of parochial clergy. The State of Maryland with the District of Columbia yields to only two States in the high proportion of our communicants to population.

But in this Diocese alone, I believe, do we find no natural centre of human activity ready in the very course of things to be a fortress in the Church's warfare. You must create your centre of spiritual strength. It is for you to solve the problem of a rural Diocese without a single large city. What *each of many* parishes in some dioceses can easily do alone, no single parish in this diocese can by any possibility accomplish. Here, then, especially we meet that unselfish and far-reaching desire for building up the Church that will prompt all to join hands in establishing a strong diocesan administration and vigorous diocesan institutions.

In the particular work in which some of you are engaged as a congregation, you are accomplishing no unimportant part. This is the Church of the Diocese. To you many eyes will look. "A city set on an hill cannot be hid." "Let your light so shine before men that they may glorify your Father in Heaven."

Your generous hearts and loving hands have raised these walls to the glory of God and in memory of one who, like David, was not allowed to build that upon which his heart was set. Your work is not yet ended. Be like Solomon in wise administration as well as in the erection of the material fabric. Make this a church for all, high and low, rich and poor, for whom Christ bled and died. Seek not to win the *praise* of men but the *souls* of men. Let your prayers and hymns and anthems, your flowers and sacred adornments be for the glory of God and not for the delight of men. And remember that the less you think of self and work for your glory, the more brightly will you reflect the pure beams of the heavenly light which God will shed upon you.

But, let me be bold to say it,—If the work of this Cathedral is a local one *only* it is little less than a failure. Its name and design breathe no such narrow idea. It is the candlestick upon which is to be raised aloft the light of God's truth that it may shine upon *all* that are in this *diocese*.

It stands as the centre and promise of future strength and activity. It means that all will hold up the hands of your Bishop, that here as God all over this diocese gives you the power, you will unite to establish those institutions that alone make a strong diocese possible; that you will ever keep before you the hope of diocesan schools adapted to the needs of your children and loyally supported by all, and that you will some time enable your Bishop to keep here under his guidance and direction two or three of the younger clergy whom he may send to visit neglected spots, to save vacant parishes from the great evil of a long waiting without services before a new rector is obtained, or who might for a week or two relieve some faithful and over-worked priest, ready to drop dead in the harness, but whose life is of priceless value to the Church.

But it is not for me to suggest methods. When you are gathered here about your Bishop's chair for mutual sympathy, guidance and instruction, you will gather strength from each other. Loving appreciation will open your eyes to many needs; and a ready will, burning zeal and a resolute faith will soon find the method and the means for attaining the desired end.

May the great Light of the World so enlighten our minds and kindle our zeal that we may faithfully and effectually shed abroad the bright light of His Gospel to the glory of His holy Name and the building up of His Church, so that when all earthly light has faded from the eyes, we and all those who have departed this life in His faith and fear may be numbered with those who see His face, who "need no candle, neither the light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."

Unexplained.

In Captain King's "Trial of a Staff Officer" an amusing story is told of General Upton, who was at one time commandant of cadets at West Point. The commandant's tent was a great place for fighting battles over again.

One day six or eight of us were gathered there, and the floor was held by one of those blatant gentlemen who, having graduated before the civil war, and having had just as good a chance as the gallant band of ambitious young lieutenants who rose to be generals, had preferred the safety, ease and slow promotion of mustering and disbursing duty, and whose only brevet was for the service of the "recruitment of the armies of the United States."

For some reason or other such men have often been prone to disparage the services of successful men, and to attribute the promotion over their heads of such soldiers as Upton and Custer to political influence. So Major —— was on this day holding forth about luck in the line, ending with this startling statement:

"Well, now, Upton's another instance. Of course, I don't mean to say but what you fought all right, old fellow, when you got a chance, but you won't deny that there were fellows who went through the whole war with the regulars, stuck to their regiments or batteries, got wounded time and again, and only got a brevet; but here you are a lieutenant colonel, and never got a scratch!"

Considering the fact that Upton had been wounded in three different engagements, he might have been excused for making a pointed reply, but he only smiled quietly, as he sat writing at his desk, and said:

"Well, there are lots of men who think just as you do, I've no doubt."

Different Kinds of Gold.

"Most people suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained. The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the California, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is 1,000 fine. Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from the quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

"Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the fifty dollar pieces that used to be common in California. Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons: First, because the loss of abrasion was so great, and, secondly, because the interior would be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."—New York Tribune.

—The phonograph has been applied to the telephone, so that any conversation coming over the wires during the day may be readily reproduced.

NATURE.

Fair is the world; 'tis sweet to be alive,
To breathe and think, endure and toil and strive;
Yes, even of tears and grief to bear the cross,
And all the years of waiting, pain or loss,
With the sweet recompense nature gives
Him who hears her voice, and with her lives.

To lend the ear and lend the eye to all
Her varied gifts and rich, or great or small,
That through the years in more or less degree
To each life falleth, is to hold the key
To untold treasures, where the soul may glean
Healing of heart ache and a peace serene!
—Lisa A. Fletcher in Good Housekeeping.

A TIN CUP VERDICT.

The sun was low toward the western peaks when Old Jones and his nephew halted their teams for the night. Old Jones and his relative were freighters, and the crack of their long, shot filled mule whips and the creak of their heavy wagons had been heard in half of the camps of Colorado.

The four wagons tonight were swung into the segment of a circle, and the mules were hobbled and cast loose from the straps in which, through the day, they pulled. At this relief these grateful slaves stood about and attested their joy in the loud cries peculiar to their kind, but which are so unfortunate in their lack of harmony. To stop this racket the nephew went about giving them their reaper feed. This he placed in morrels, or nose bags, which he hung to their hungry heads. Old Jones built a fire and began the compilation of an intricate but savory dish known to those happy ones who have the recipe as "freighter's stew."

Supper over, the two freighters sat about in the lurking shadows made by the fire's blink and glimmer, smoking their pipes. All at once there was a commotion in the band of mules. Those patient folk who had scrambled and pulled all day over a rough mountain trail with wagons loaded on the principle of 1,200 pounds to a mule, and who now in the proprieties of mule life should be at peace and rest with the world, were charging about and snorting in a very alarming way.

"Injuns!" said Old Jones, shoving back into the gloom. "Injuns, for a thousand dollars! There ain't no animal on earth, bar Injuns, ever makes mules take on that a-way."

The nephew thought so too. Old Jones and the nephew did not fear an attack. There were no Indians about that were not described as friendly.

But what they did fear was that the mules might be stampeded. Stampeding stock is a great aboriginal industry. The Indian will stampede your cattle or mules and then claim one dollar a head for finding them for you. Thus do these wise sons of nature fill their coffers and exact a revenue from those who cross their lands.

Jones' nephew took a Winchester from the wagon and began to work his cautious, silent way toward the mules. Those last were still snorting and shying as if prey to wild alarm. The nephew's intention in the gloom Old Jones placed his hand over his pipe-bowl so its fiery eye could not be seen and peered after him into the gloom.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" It was the Winchester speaking it told the Indian policy of the border—and a very sufficient good policy it is too. Old Jones, at the sound, heaved a sigh, but never moved. After a little the nephew came in to the fire. He seemed alert, hopeful and unrelenting as to the Winchester Indian policy.

"Did you stretch one?" said Old Jones.

"I think most likely I did," said the nephew in a sangnine way. "We can tell in the mornin', shore."

The mules were now quiet. Firearms had no terrors for them. They could stand the odor of gunpowder, but of Indians—bah! No mule of taste could stand it for a second. After another half hour Old Jones and his nephew kicked out the embers of their fire and went to sleep.

Old Jones and his nephew had visitors in the morning. The whole Ute tribe and their agent came down to the freighters' camp. The members of the Jones family at once seized their Winchesters and alacriously prepared for war. The Utes ran about, jumping and yelling and demanding vengeance. Old Jones and his nephew stood silent and grim behind their wagon and showed their iron teeth. The agent insisted on peace. "Would the Jones who had killed the Ute the night before give himself up? He would be guaranteed from harm, but the Utes insisted on his arrest. They—the Indians—would attack the wagons if the criminals did not surrender." So spoke the agent—a nervous little incompetent, as many an Indian agent is.

"Give up nothin'," said Old Jones derisively. "You tell them Utes if they want anything 'round here to waltz in and get it."

The Utes howled and danced still harder and higher at this, and the agent talked more earnestly than ever. He threatened the Joneses with the power of the government. This was too much. They would fight the whole Ute tribe, but they were afraid of Uncle Sam. After a brief parley the nephew stepped out and gave himself