ON THE WAY TO FREEDOM

LEVI COFFIN'S STATION ON FAMOUS "UNDERGROUND RAILROAD."

Wayne County Will Try to Preserve the Homestead—Harbored Many Refugees, Including "Eliza Harris."

The place of most historical importance, perhaps, in the county is the old homestead of Levi Coffin, in Fountain City. This old building with its surroundings is closely identified with many of the important events of the days when there were no railroads and when Richmond was but a village, and a strong feeling has developed that they should be preserved intact. The Wayne County Historical Society has about completed a plan whereby the premises may be purchased and paid for and the buildings preserved as long as possible. This society was permanently organized in 1882 and is composed of many of the most substantial citizens of the county. Its object is to collect and preserve information touching the history of the county and to secure "facts illustrative of the settlement of Wayne county, the habits, manners and mode of life of its inhabitants at various periods, and its advancement in population, wealth and culture, and to cultivate more intimate social relations among its inhabitants." The first president of the society was Joseph M. Bulla; vice president, William C. Starr; secretary, Joseph C. Ratliff, and treasurer, J. H. Moormann. The society is in a flourishing condition and there is a general interest in its affairs. When the society obtains possession of the house it will be used as a depository for old-time utensils and implements possessing a rare or curious local history. A room will be set apart for the safe keeping of documents and letters of a historical nature, and it is expected that many manuscripts and books will be brought to light and placed therein for preservation. Special effort will be made to procure a complete collection of the implements used in slavery times, which will illustrate the hardships and tortures inflicted upon the slaves.

A FAMOUS STATION.

This house was one of the most important stations on the underground railroad, of which peculiar institution Levi Coffin was the reputed president. Its history is of the most interesting character, and many of the events that occurred within its walls comprehended affairs of more than national scope. Indeed, the ultimate effect of some of the events upon affairs of government cannot be computed. The feeling engendered by the actions of anti-slavery people was so violent at times that neighborhoods were aroused, friends estranged and even religious denominations split into opposing factions. The head center of anti-slavery sentiment in Indiana was this town called Newport, since named Fountain City, and the rendezvous of its supporters was Levi Coffin's home. At this house were held meetings of the friends of slaves and the opponents of slavery, and here doctrines were enunciated which held that all men were free and equal and of right should be so, and further that it was no sin to violate the laws of the land when such laws interfered with the laws of God. Indignation at the wrongs of the slave was expressed in the quiet speech of the Quaker, but if the words lacked fiery utterance, they were none the less backed by determination and irresistible wills. It was in this house that the first opposition in Indiana to the use of the products of slavery took form and utterance and it was here that the doctrine of the Friends' Church regarding slavery was attacked by its own members so violently and forcefully that a division resulted and the friends of free labor were expelled. They immediately formed another organization, exactly like the parent church, except as to its declarations regarding free labor. This new organization assumed such importance that delegates from the main meeting in London journeyed all the day to Levi Coffin's home to effect a reconciliation. This journey was in vain, however, for these friends of human liberty adhered the more strongly to their belief when they saw the attempt to deprive even themselves of the right to think and act according to the dictates of their own conscience. After several years the two factions reunited, but not at the sacrifice of the doctrine which drove the one from the parent church.

ABOLITIONIST RESORT.

Many of the noted Abolitionists of the time came to this house to counsel with Mr. Coffin in regard to the great cause of anti-slavery. Frederick Douglass came here to offer his personal acknowledgment to Levi Coffin for the great work he was doing for his race and to cheer the hearts of the officers of the underground railroad with his matchless eloquence. Eliza Harris, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, was received here in a fainting condition, yet carrying her child in her arms, with which she had braved the drifting ice in the swollen Ohio river. She was kept here for several days until completely restored, when she was forwarded along the main line into Canada. She was afterwards joined by her husband in Canada, where they became well to do, and where Levi Coffin and his wife, Aunt Katy, visited them in their home.

The story of Eliza so impressed Levi Coffin that he wrote a detailed description of the event to Harriet Beecher Stowe, in which he gave a description of her escape and miraculous crossing of the river on the floating ice. He pointed out to Mrs. Stowe the divine preservation of the poor slave and her child through dangers and hardships, and begged her to use her tremendous power to assist the cause to which he himself had devoted his life. The response to Mr. Coffin's appeal was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In that book Levi Coffin and his wife were taken for the originals of "Simon" and "Rachel Halliday," the inimitable quaker couple. The story that Eliza related of her escape and experiences are but little changed in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the real circumstances being sufficiently dramatic and touching. When Eliza arrived at Mr. Coffin's home, she had no surname, as indeed was the case with most slaves. After hearing her story Aunt Katy gave her the name Eliza Harris and asked her to always retain it, which she promised to do. When her husband finally reached her in Canada he also took the name bestowed upon his wife and was known as George Harris ever afterward. It is not now known what Eliza's original name was, whether it was really Eliza or something else, but the fact that the full name given her by Aunt Katy was the same as that used in Uncle Tom's Cabin, serves to support Mr. Coffin's claim that the writer of the book had no knowledge of the circumstances other than the detailed account given her by Levi Coffin. Nearly every fugitive received in this house was given a full name by Aunt Katy. Sometimes she was at her wits' end to find suitable names and not give more than one person of the hundreds received, the same name. A record was kept of the names bestowed and some of the circumstances attending the escape of the individual. This record was a source of much pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, when in after years they visited at their homes in Canada the persons whom they had assisted on the road to freedom. Many persons yet living in Fountain City were able assistants of Levi Coffin in his work of caring for the sufferers who sought their aid. Rev. John Wright Johnson distinctly remembers Eliza Harris and heard her moving story from her own lips. He remembers that she was a handsome young woman of very prepossessing appearance and intelligent beyond most persons of her condition. She was possessed of a very religious sentiment and declared that she had no fear while crossing the ice, for she felt that God would preserve her. Rev. Johnson remembers many of the remarkable scenes that occurred in the streets of the little town when slave hunters arrived on the track of fugitives.

OUTWITTED SLAVE HUNTERS.

Many amusing incidents are related of the discomfiture of the baffled hunters. The quiet Quakers never failed to outwit the fiery and profane Southerners and never flinched from the grave dangers which threatened them again and again. These people were noncombatants, but they faced even greater dangers than many men who afterward went to the front to battle for the cause which these quiet, determined citizens had been fighting for for years.

It is a remarkable fact that not one of the fugitives whom Levi Coffin assisted to freedom was ever recaptured, which is an evidence of the thorough manner in which he performed his work. More than two thousand slaves were received in this house. At times as many as twenty were entertained at once. It is estimated that by this time the descendants of those persons assisted to freedom by Levi Coffin number not less than one hundred thousand. Truly the effect of Levi Coffin's work performed in this out-of-the-way village will not cease to be manifest until the sun and moon be darkened and the heavens rolled together like a scroll.

Levi Coffin was born in North Carolina in 1798. He removed to this county in 1826. He opened a dry goods store and afterwards added groceries and hardware and finally packed pork and manufactured linseed oil. He was energetic and a man of great influence in the State. During the first year of his residence in Indiana he became engaged in aiding fugitive slaves to escape from bondage. His house soon became known as the central station on all the system of the underground railroad. In all kinds of weather, at any time of day or night, whenever underground trains arrived, he received the passengers into his house. His wife, no less brave than himself, warmed and fed and concealed the fugitives, to be started northward as soon as they were refreshed and the way was safe. Sometimes the fugitives arrived worn out and sick and clothed in rags. Under such circumstances individuals were kept for months, until thoroughly recuperated, when they were provided with clothes and forwarded to Canada. Levi Coffin used his own means unsparingly in the work, and his wife always assisted his efforts. They never grew tired of this labor of love, and when in 1847 they removed to Cincinnati it was only to widen the field of their operations in behalf of the slave. They continued their work until the blacks were emancipated. During the years of their active labors in the cause more than 3,300 slaves were received in their home and assisted to reach a land where they would be free as soon as their feet touched its soil.

ABUNDANT HIDING PLACES.

Their old homestead in Fountain City remains very much as it was when occupied by themselves. It is a two-story brick, with a wide hall and substantial winding stairway. The rooms are finished in heavy oak and walnut and the doors are large and ponderous. In each room are old-fashioned presses, and likewise in every room there is a wide fireplace. There are little doors in odd corners and cubby holes in the ceilings, each of them just about large enough to admit a man. It is not known whether Levi Coffin had these odd nooks and crannies constructed especially with the view of affording concealment for fugitives, but they are excellent contrivances for such a purpose, and it was not a common form of architecture. In the rear of the main two-story part of the house an oblong addition extends a story and a half in height. At the side of the rooms in the second story of this addition there is an attic, roomy, dark and mysterious. It is entered through a low narrow door in which a man must stoop very low, but after he is within the attic he can stand upright. The roof slopes to the floor of the attic, and a narrow passage way extends round the rooms against which the attic is built. It was within this attic that the negroes were concealed, and when a bed was set against the low door its existence would not be suspected. There is a basement under this rear portion of the house and its builder wrought better than he knew if he did not intend its curious construction for the purpose to which it was so often applied. At the east end of the basement there is a very wide fireplace with a chimney large enough to afford concealment or egress for several persons. In the south wall of the basement is a small doorway opening into a narrow room, long, like a passageway. At one end of this narrow room, which has a dirt floor, was a spring, since dried up. It was from this room that an underground tunnel led to the rear of the premises, and by which escape was effected when the pursuit was hot or the place was under close surveillance. All of the mysterious little rooms entered by the narrow, low doors and cubby holes have dark, remote corners, into which the light even of bright noon does not clearly penetrate. Even at this day, when the stirring events that took place here are over, it does not require a vivid imagination to fancy seeing woolly heads clustering together in the attempt to hide and fearful eyes shining through the gloom. Every nook and corner about the house is suggestive of the purpose to which it was accommodated, and an influence born of the associations takes possession of the beholder.

A NORTHERN INSTITUTION.

The underground railroad is a Northern institution. It is not believed to have had any formal organization in the land south of the Ohio river, beyond a very general desire on the part of a class of people in the slave States to make money by any means whatsoever. It was not uncommon for slaves to be paid small sums of money for doing odd jobs or special service. This money was usually carefully concealed and kept until in some intsances as much as a hundred dollars had been saved. In the history of the world it has been the manacled hand that rescued the torch of liberty from total extinguishment and the breath of an oppressed people that kept alive the watch fires of freedom along the promontories of human progress. So these poor slaves conceived the thought of escape and furnished the means for their own liberation from bondage. They employed white men in the South to assist them to reach the Ohio river, beyond which lay their promised land. No matter how much money they had, these benevolent Southeners took it all, and the fugitive landed, if, indeed, he was able to escape detection so long, upon the northern bank of the river, penniless, hungry, almost without clothes and not daring to show himself in daylight, for the hills bordering the river were scoured constantly by slave hunters seeking runaways for the promised reward. The officers of the underground railroad in the North worked for the love of the cause alone. They never received any return for the trouble and danger incurred. They fed and clothed the runaways and forwarded them from station to station at their own expense. These officers never persuaded slaves to attempt an escape, but whenever one of them needed assistance it was always freely given, and not one, no matter what his condition, was ever refused. It is said that more fugitive slaves were received at Levi Coffin's house, in Fountain City, than at any other station on the whole system. The fame of Mr. Coffin's goodness and power to help the slave had penetrated to the cotton fields and rice swamps, and many a slave worked his way to his house without any assistance and without having shown himself to any white person on the way.

Levi Coffin devoted nearly forty years of his life to freeing persons from slavery. He incurred dangers, hardships and great expense, but he said that he felt well repaid when he visited the families of those he had helped and observed their happy and prosperous conditions.

THOMAS ALPHRAM.

Hagerstown, Ind.

SAVES HIS $2,000,000.

John Masury, of the Much Married Family, Wins Divorce Suit.

New York Press.

John M. Masury, who inherited about $2,000,000 of the $8,000,000 which his grandfather, John M. Masury, made in the manufacture of paint, never married the woman who sued him for divorce, it was shown in court yesterday. Hamilton Odell, the referee, reported to Justice Scott, in the Supreme Court, that Masury and Helen Feltham, the singer, were not married on Sept. 4, 1893, nor at any other time, and Justice Scott dismissed the action for divorce brought by her. She had been trying to establish her dower right in his fortune.

All the papers were sealed by order of the court, thus continuing the procedure in every step of this case since the action was brought, in the fall of 1896. Testimony was taken before a commission in Washington and sent here, and Justice Smyth ordered Hamilton Odell, on Dec. 13, 1896, to hear further testimony and file his report "as expeditiously as possible." J. Noble Hayes, of No. 120 Broadway, is Mr. Masury's attorney.

Wilson G. Reade, a Washington lawyer, testified that he had known the plaintiff when she was Helen Feltham. He first met Masury on Christmas day, 1895, at the house of Benjamin F. Platt, of Connecticut, enrolling clerk of the Senate, whose wife was a sister of Miss Feltham. Masury was introduced as the husband of Miss Feltham. He was asked to keep the affair secert, as Masury did not want his family to know he was married. Reade said Miss Feltham was about forty years old, and ten years Masury's senior. Masury told Reade of a trip on his yacht, which had been wrecked in the sound in 1893. Miss Feltham was on board at the time. Reade heard Masury address her as Mrs. Masury.

Benjamin F. Platt said that Masury was at his home in Woodmont, Conn. He had heard that Miss Feltham had been his housekeeper at Riverdale in 1894. She had been a singer in a church at Schenectady, and before that was with the Bostonians.

Mrs. Platt, the plaintiff's sister, testified that she introduced Masury to several persons as "Helen's husband," but that she did not know the time or place of their marriage, and never had seen a marriage certificate. She said she had a premonition that he sister's position was not secure, and advised Helen to have her marriage recorded.

Masury is known among his intimates as "Doc," and is a great yachtsman and sportsman. He belongs to the New York Yacht Club, the Atlantic Yacht Club and the New York Athletic Club. During the war with Spain he was on his yacht, the Brunhilde, with a party, and a Spanish gunboat held him up in Brazilian ports, threatening to capture the yacht as a prize on the high seas. Masury wrote to President McKinley about this, and receiving no reply threatened to forswear his allegiance to the United States.

John M. Masury, the elder, married one of the girls from his paint factory, who was twenty-five years his junior, and succeeded in keeping the marriage secret for ten years. She was Grace Hawkins, and her father, Daniel Hawkins, was an East river lighterman. She is living still, and is vice president of the paint corporation. The two grandsons, Frederick L. and John M., contested the will of the elder Masury, and John M. took $2,000,000 in settlement of his claim. Frederick L. Masury married Miss Olive Lake, who was the first wife of James J. Corbett, the pugilist.

COLLEGE-BRED GIRLS.

They Do Not Marry as Early as Those Who Have Fewer Advantages.

Philadelphia Special.

The charge made by the Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald in a speech delivered at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., that the methods of education followed in nearly all female colleges make pupils unwomanly and too erudite have aroused a storm of agitation at Bryn Mawr, Wellesley and other institutions included in Dr. Donald's arraignment. There may be some basis for this extraordinary criticism in the fact that the percentage of marriages of the student class falls far below that of the ordinary women, and this may open a wide field for thought among the educators of this country. It may be that a college education does not make a young woman self-centered and that the influence of marriage among the graduates is merely a coincidence; but the following statistics of the classes of '89 and '94 at Bryn Mawr would indicate that there may be more truth than poetry in Dr. Donald's severe accusation:

Class '89—Ten years out of school, averaging now 32-33 years of age; 26 members, 11 married; 2 studied three years post-graduate to take the degree of Ph. D. Neither of these has married.

Class '94—Five years out of school, averaging now 27-28 years of age; 29 in class, 3 have married; 3 studied one year extra to take degree of A. M. If I stayed three years to take Ph. D., thus shortening time for possible courtship.

Of 78 women who have held fellowships, 10 have married, or 13 per cent.; of 161 graduates 39 have married, or 24 per cent.; of 225 girls who did not stay to take their degrees 38 have married, or 17 per cent.; of 234 A. B.'s 32 have married, or 14 per cent.

Fewer girls marry after taking the A. B. degree than those who do not graduate. Whether or not the Bryn Mawr students are guiltless of Dr. Donald's charge of unwomanliness, one thing is certain, they are taught to keep a secret, for everything relating to Bryn Mawr is kept a profound secret.

When asked concerning Dr. Donald's remarks, Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr, declined to talk for publication, and said: "I have no answer or explanation to make."

Justice Strawbridge, president of the board of trustees, frigidly declined to discuss the matter. Each of the students approached made a heroic effort to be true to Bryn Mawr traditions, but their manner indicated silent indignation.

One of the young ladies, who declined to give her name, said: "It is true that the proportion of marrying college women is lower than will be found in the same number of society women. Taking all college women together, about one-third of them marry. Not that they are less attractive, or less desirable as wives, but they are busy, and the time and circumstances for courtship are lacking. Once married, however, many of them carry on their work as before. The General Association of College Alumnae was the first organization to take up problems of the home and of domestic service."

Another undergraduate said: "Graduates leave college at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, and are less likely to rush into marriage. They think longer and look at maternity more seriously. While I must admit that there is a great difference in the percentage of married women who graduate, compared to those who do not, I do not think that a girl's erudition scares a young man or creates a desire to remain single, but makes a woman more sensible and restrains her from rushing unheedingly into wedlock."

Metropolitan Courtesy.

New York Times.

"I was returning home with a small traveling bag in my hands," says the woman, "and as it chanced to be just at the rush hours and the cars crowded, of course I did not have a seat. But I was standing beside a gentlemanly young man who had a seat and who, I soon saw, was also possessed of a kind heart.

"'Can't I hold your bag for you?' he asked politely, raising his hat.

"I own I was a little surprised at first, but street-car etiquette is developing in so many directions just now that one must be prepared for anything. For a moment I hardly knew what to say, and then, as it occurred to me that this was probably the very latest development and it would not be well to check any one's courteous inclinations, I thanked the young man, handed him my bag, which he held and sat until I reached my destination, while I stood in front of him."

When I Have Time.

When I have time I'll pause and turn aside;
I'll take the narrow way; forsake the wide;
I'll shun the thoroughfares where traffic grinds
Forever and anon.
Where lucre's sheen the soul of mankind blinds,
But drives and shoves him on;
And guides his fingers to his neighbor's purse,
And sinks him to perdition's depths or worse—
I'll quit these scenes, some day—
When I have time.

When I have time, at home I'll spend it more;
I'll kiss the face that greets me at the door;
And by my tired wife I'll take my place,
Her burdens will I share.
I'll smooth her way; I'll banish from her face
The shad'wy clouds of care.
I'll hie me to the by-ways; the oppressed
I'll aid; I'll comfort the distressed.
These things I'll do, and more—
When I have time.

When I have time I'll make my peace with God;
I'll tread the paths that other saints have trod;
I'll take my dusty Bible from its shelf
And read it through and through.
I'll learn to love my neighbor as myself
(A precept learned by few).
And then, some day, I'll lay me down to rest,
Well satisfied that I have done my best—
Some day; not now; not yet;
When I have time.

—Lawrence Porcher Hext, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

AN APPEAL TO REASON, AND THE RESULTS THAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

Short Sermon by Rev. Samuel W. Reigart, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, Md.

"Come now and let us reason together," saith the Lord.—Isa. i, 18.

It is one of the marvels of unbelief that, while it professes the highest respect for that type of character which is the product of Christianity, it yet depreciates te judgment of those who put their trust in its author and regulate their lives by its precepts.

Christians may be a good enough sort of people, but they are very credulous, is the verdict of the world. They accept their creed merely on the authority of the religious teachers. They believe facts which are incapable of proof. They pursue a course which is irreconcilable with reason. Science has reason on its side. Philosophy is based upon reason. But religion is altogether a matter of faith; a matter in which the feelings are involved, but with which the intellect has nothing to do. Religion and reason have nothing in common.

This is the opinion of the world. But the world may possibly be mistaken in its judgment. Reason may after all have a place in this system of belief and course of conduct. If the author of the Bible be the same God who has endowed man with the faculty of reason there can be nothing in revelation contrary to the dictates of reason, or God would contradict Himself. And there is nothing contrary to the soundest reason in the teachings of "The Book," or the practice of believers in it.

Whatever demands religious teachers may make upon the belief of man, God makes no unreasonable demands upon His creatures. The Bible is an appeal to reason. The language of its divine author is, "Come now and let us reason together," and the appeals of God's messengers, prophets, apostles and preachers are addressed as much to the intellect as to the heart of man. Moses, Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel reasoned with the people to whom God sent them. Peter's great sermon to prove the resurrection of Christ was a logical argument.

SECRET OF PAUL'S POWER.

The power of Paul as a preacher was the irresistible logic with which he pressed upon the minds of his hearers the truths of Christianity. When the Roman governor cowered beneath the eloquence of the great apostle, it was as "he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come."

"Come now, and let us reason together." God makes the demand upon us. What is it to reason? It is to draw a justifiable inference, to take a well-known fact or facts, and deduce therefrom a principle, a theory, a duty. It is to climb to the knowledge of the unknown upon the stepping stones of the known.

The grandest achievements of art and science are due to the exercise of this faculty. Thus, from the circular shadow of the earth thrown on the surface of the moon during its eclipse (in connection with other facts), astronomers inferred that this planet is a sphere; and Columbus, reasoning from this fact, was led to believe that India could be reached by sailing to the west. Newton, observing the common fact that an apple loosened from the tree, falls to the ground, reasoned that an invisible force must draw the one body to the other, and so discovered the law of gravitation. James Watt, perceiving the lid of the tea kettle bobbing up and down as the water boiled, inferred that steam possessed an expansive power, and this led to the invention of the steam engine.

In like manner let reason exercise her office with regard to spiritual things, and what will be the result? Let us take admitted facts and see to what conclusion they lead us. Start with this well known fact: There is a right and a wrong in human conduct. Nobody can dispute this fact. Some things we do we know to be right, and some we know to be wrong. We make constant use of the word "ought"—and a most weighty word it is. What does it mean? It implies obligation. When you say, "I ought to do such and such a thing," you mean I am under obligation to do it. There is an authority compelling me to do it. If I fail to do it, I am false to some obligation; I violate some law.

AN UNREPEALABLE LAW.

What law? The law of the state? Not necessarily. There are thousands of things I ought to do about which the laws of the state say nothing. The laws of a people are not the highest standard of authority. Human laws vary. Human laws are imperfect. The laws of different States differ. A law is made one year and repealed the next. But the law of right and wrong is unchangeable, unrepealable. It is not human laws that mark the distinction between right and wrong. It is not human opinion, it is not the consent of mankind. Were you the only man on the face of the earth you would still have the consciousness of this difference between right and wrong, the conviction that there were some things you ought to do and some things you ought not to do. You would feel that you were under obligation, i. e., under law. Now law implies a lawgiver, the will of a superior. It implies a judge.

Taking, then, this simple fact of an unalterable eternal distinction between right and wrong, reason compels me to admit that there is a law not of man, and a lawgiver higher than man, to whom he is amenable for all his actions. It is only the man incapable of reasoning who denies or ignores this. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that keep His commandments."

Take another fact. Here is a book which purports to be the word of God, a revelation of His will, a compilation of His laws. We call it the Bible, i. e., the book—the book of books. It was penned by many men, living in different ages, in different countries, speaking in different tongues, but all professing to speak in the name of God, under the inspiration of God's spirit. This book is the basis of all religious teaching—in the home, in the schools, in the state. The laws of all civilized nations are based upon it. The wisest and best of men accept it as a divine revelation.

No one will question the scholarship or acuteness of mind of such men as Sir Isaac Newton, John Ruskin, Sir Humphrey Davy, Michael Faraday, Sir William Herschel, James Louis Agassiz, David Livingston, Charles A. Dana, Cyrus W. Field. These, and hundreds of others that might be named—not clergymen, but laymen; not theorists nor dreamers, but men in the front ranks of the scientists of the world—accept with reverence the teachings of the Bible as divine.

Unquestionably the foremost man in England, perhaps in the world, during the last half century, was Gladstone. In his book, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," he published to the world his judgment of the Bible. Bismarck was no fool. He ruled Germany with an iron hand, and raised it to the front rank among the great powers of the world. He was a firm believer in the divine authority of scripture. "I know not whence I should derive my sense of duty," is his language, "if not from God and His revealed word."

A SAFE GUIDE.

Yes, the best, the wisest, the ablest, the most useful, the most successful men of every civilized nation have been those who accepted this book as the word of God, and regulated their lives by its precepts. No one ever brought disaster upon himself by this course, while every reflecting person can recall scores of men and women who have made shipwreck of character and life by not giving heed to its teachings. What, then, does reason say should be our attitude with regard to this book?

Take a third fact, not the least important with which we have to do, the fact of death. There comes a time in the experience of every man when the hand loses its cunning, the tongue its speech, the brain its power to think—when the machinery of his wonderfully complicated frame runs down like a clock, and the life goes out. What then? Suppose, even, the question of the soul's immortality be unsettled, and that a cloud of uncertainty hangs over the eternal world. What then? If there be the slightest probability of a future life, would it not be the part of reason to act upon that probability? Nothing would be lost by so doing, even should the belief prove unfounded; and if the Christian should prove to be right and the sceptic wrong, how great the loss of those who have lived only for this world and ignored their heavenly birthright? Does not reason teach us that the noblest life is that which draws its motives from the unseen and eternal, and that the man who approaches death with the hope of the Christian is the man whose course is most to be approved? Let us listen to the voice of reason. Let us justly regard these facts.

One more thought. We have considered that there is an everlasting distinction between the right and the wrong; that there is a volume which multitudes accept as containing the standard of right and reflecting the will of the great Lawgiver, and that there is a crisis called death which we must all face. Now, lay alongside of these this other fact—which the masses of mankind will acknowledge as a fact—that those who believe in the Bible, and regulate their conduct by its teachings, conforming their lives to the perfect pattern given in the human life of God's own Son, are the best citizens, the best neighbors, the best men, the best women, the most faithful to every duty, the happiest, the most patient under the trials of life, and the most peaceful upon the bed of death, facing the last enemy without fear.

Place these facts together and draw your own conclusions. What does reason say? "Come now and let us reason together," saith the Lord.

GOWNS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

Significance of the Different Colors and Patterns.

New York Evening Post.

At commencements and other academic ceremonies the appearance of the officers of the different universities and colleges in their caps, gowns and hoods always attracts no little attention, and the masses of bright colors and rich materials to be found in their robes are a source of much interest to those persons not versed in college customs. While the senior in his cap and gown as he appears at class day on the platform or campus is doubtless a very imposing sort of personage to others than himself, yet as a mere spectacle he must yield to his professors and instructors, whose costumes seem to fairly run riot with colors. This effect, however, is not accomplished by mere chance or aesthetic fancy, but in conformity with a code which is almost as minute in its specifications as would be found in the regulations governing the uniforms of the army and navy.

The use of the cap and gown has increased so rapidly that a few years ago a commission representing a number of American colleges and universities was assembled to discuss the question of academic costume, and to make recommendations that would tend to secure a uniformity of practice. Previously there had been the widest diversity in the rules of the different colleges, and there could be found costumes consisting of a scarlet robe trimmed with purple velvet and surmounted with a gayly colored hood edged with ermine, as was once provided for in the regulations of Columbia University, to the more sombre gown of plain black silk, devoid of velvet or other ornamentation, and lacking also a hood. Now, however, the rules of the commission have found general acceptance, and it is possible to tell at a glance the degree, the faculty to which it pertains, and the university conferring it.

Starting with the gown we have to remember that the higher the degree the more impressive and stately this garment becomes. The undergraduate, should he wear a gown, has it made quite scanty of some black cloth with pointed sleeves, and wears with it the mortar-board or Oxford cap. After receiving his bachelor's degree the gown is made fuller and usually of a finer material, and on occasions of ceremony is worn with a hood, which will be described later. The sleeves are open and pointed, but there is no trimming or ornamentation on the gown. After the degree of master of arts, of science, or of any other academic department has been taken the gown is made of silk and the sleeves are long and closed. The doctor also wears a silk gown, but in his case the sleeves are made round and open, and he is entitled to have facings of black velvet down the front and bars of black velvet on the sleeves. The use of colored velvet for these facings and cross-bars instead of black is permitted, in which case the color of the velvet is governed by the trimming of the hood.

The doctor's gown shows greater fullness and is generally made of heavy silk. In some universities the members of the corporation or governing board are entitled to wear the doctor's gown during their term of office, as this costume signifies the highest rank in the matter of gowns.

While the resemblance of one form of gown to another is quite apparent, the same cannot be said of the hoods, as there are to be found differences in color and pattern quite as marked as in the case of the shoulder straps and other designating marks of a military officer. It was in this respect that the work of the commission was most important, as previously those universities using the hood had colors and designs of their own which differed widely in the different institutions. It was the wish of the delegates, among whom were representatives of Yale, Princeton and Columbia, to devise such a system as would make it possible to tell the degree of the wearer, together with his alma mater. The result was a simple set of rules which have been adopted at a number of American colleges.

First as to the length and style of the hood: For the bachelor's degree it is three feet in length, made of black cloth, lined with silk, and edged with a band of silk, satin or velvet. The master has a hood of silk, four feet in length, with a silk lining, but with a broader edging than the bachelor. This edging, by the way, forms the strap of the hood that goes around the neck and holds the hood in position. The doctor's hood is the same length as the master's, made of silk and velvet, but having in addition panels at the back which are lined with silk and edged with velvet. The most important thing, of course, is the color of the silk and velvet that form the lining and edging of these hoods. The university or college from which the degree is received is shown by the color of the lining; the color or colors belonging to the institution being selected. The faculty under which the degree has been taken is denoted by the color of the edging, and for this purpose the following colors are used: Arts and letters, white; science, yellow; philosophy, dark blue; medicine, green; theology, red; law, purple; fine arts, brown; music, pink. It will be readily seen from this the striking combinations of colors that can be evolved and the picturesqueness of a modern commencement procession appreciated.

In a few American universities and seminaries the English custom of wearing scarlet robes on ceremonial occasions has been followed by some of the professors, but the custom has never become general, and the possessors of such costumes have often attracted no little attention when visiting inland or distant colleges. In connection with the matter of scarlet robes, the story may be told of a centennial celebration at an Irish university which was largely attended by representatives from foreign institutions. The appearance of those wearing the scarlet robes and hoods was not particularly pleasing to the populace, but the representative of an American medical school, in whose costume green played an important part, appealed most strongly to the public fancy, and was followed from his hotel to the university by admiring small boys.

The cap worn with the American academic costume is the well-known mortar-board, and the only difference in the various degrees is that the doctor may have the tassel and button of gold thread. With the great diversity of colors thus here associated with our American colleges, one can appreciate how varied the hoods of any one faculty would appear with each professor wearing the colors of his own college, yet, at the same time the uniformity of practice makes it possible to tell the academic honors that each has received.

At Sea.

Worn voyagers, who watch for land
Across the endless wastes of sea,
Who gaze before and on each hand,
Why look yet not to what ye flee?

The stars by which the sailors steer
Not always rise before the prow;
Though forward naught but clouds appear,
Behind, they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again
To shores of childhood that we leave,
Are those old signs we followed vain?
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,
Oh, sail we to the east or west;
The port from which we first put forth
Is our heart's home, is our life's best.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

A Bluff All Around.

Detroit Free Press.

"It was done so nicely that I couldn't get mad," explained the drummer who was spending a few days home. "While I was out on my last trip I arrived one day at a town where some sort of a celebration was being held, and when I tried to get a room at the only hotel in the town the clerk said he was sorry, but every room in the house was engaged.

"Now, at one time I was a telegraph operator, and when I am waiting for trains I amuse myself by reading the messages going over the wires. It suddenly struck me that while at a railway station down the line I had read a message asking the clerk at the hotel where the celebration was being held to reserve a room. It was signed by a man by the name of Brown, and it occurred to me that it was a good chance to run a bluff.

"'Didn't you get my telegram?' said I. 'Brown is my name.'

"'Oh, beg pardon, Mr. Brown!' exclaimed the clerk, 'we have a room reserved for you all right.'

"Well, the joke was too good to keep, and when I ran across a couple of disconsolate drummers who had been unable to get rooms and were bewailing the fact that they would have to camp in the office chairs for the night I told them how I had succeeded in getting a room.

"There was a quiet little man sitting near, who took it all in, and when I arrived at the point where the laugh came in he said, with a smile, that he was sorry to disappoint me, but his name was Brown and he would trouble me for his room.

"I wilted right then and there and invited every one to have something at my expense, and the quiet little man had the nerve to include himself in the invitation.

"Well, along about midnight, when I was trying to get to sleep doubled up in an office chair, I heard some one quarreling with the night clerk.

"'I tell you my name is Brown!' roared the voice. 'I telegraphed you down the line to hold a room for me.'

"That put me wide awake at once and what I learned made me boil. That miserable little cuss whom I had given my room up to was not Brown at all. He had called my bluff by running a bigger one himself.

"And he had the gall the next morning to ask me how I had slept!"

The Dinner Hour in England.

Sir Walter Besant, in The Queen.

The history of the dinner hour, which would seem simple, is in reality complicated by the confusion between dinner and supper. For instance, in the sixteenth century, while 11 o'clock, or noon, was the dinner hour in London, in the country people generally dined at 10. At Cambridge the undergraduates got up at 4, were in chapel from 5 to 6, attended lectures or read till 10, and then took dinner in hall. Like the law students of the present day, they were divided into messes of four, their frugal dinner consisting of a penny worth of beef, the broth in which it was boiled, and some oatmeal. At 5 they had summer, which was exactly like their dinner. In London the supper hour was 6. There was, as yet, no breakfast; but for those who could not wait, a bever, or luncheon—a slight refreshment—was allowed. Presently we find the dinner hour advanced to noon; then there must be breakfast. Dinner creeps on—it is now held at 1; next at 2. In the last century it became common to dine at 3 and 4. Toward the close of the century fashionable people dined at 6. There was necessary not only a breakfast, but luncheon as well. Supper, however, did not disappear. If people dined at 6, they took something in the nature of supper to finish the day. Then breakfast, which at first consisted of a draught of small beer and a crust of bread, and in polite circles went on to tea, with bread and butter, began to be a solid meal. When I went to Cambridge, in the fifties, we dined at 4, and most men drank beer by way of supper. It was then thought in country towns a mark of aristocratic leisure to dine at 3 or 4. So that we get a sort of evolution. There msut be two solid meals in the day. Where shall we put them? At 10 and 5; at 11 and 6; at 4 in the afternoon and at 8 in the morning; at 8, or even later, in the evening, and at 1 in the day. Then there must be something for the weaker brethren. Where shall we put it? Early in the morning and at 1 in the afternoon. Then at noon and at bedtime. At present at breakfast and at afternoon tea—so that, whether in the fashion or out of it, the one demand that nature makes is for two solid meals a day, and this she always gets, whatever we call it.

SIGNATURES ON A WAGER.

How a Man Got Others to Petition to Have a Judge Hanged.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I've often heard of folks signing all manner of absurd papers without reading them," said a tenant in one of the large office blocks, "but I saw the thing demonstrated in a very startling fashion one day last week.

"A broker in an adjacent office got into an argument on the subject, and to settle a bet about it drew up a petition to Governor Foster. It started out with a long rigmarole of a preamble, the substance of which was that Judge —— (naming one of the most prominent and highly respected jurists in New Orleans) was a menace to the public on account of his phenomenal stupidity, and wound up by requesting the Governor to order him to be hanged immediately. The whole thing was clothed in such a mass of pompous and high-sounding words that it was difficult at first to catch its absurd purport, but, reduced to plain English, it was as I have stated.

"Armed with this interesting document the lawyer went the rounds of the block. 'Here's an invitation to Judge —— to deliver a lecture on Roman law,' he said to every man he met. 'I want you to sign it. Shall I read it to you?' 'Good heavens! No!' the other fellow would say as soon as he glanced at the mass of writing, and down would go his signature. Incredible as it may seem, he got forty-four signers in less than two hours and won his bet, which was based on forty.

"Out of the whole crowd he encountered only one man who insisted on reading the document before affixing his name. He happened to be a bitter political enemy of the judge's, and when he got through he smiled grimly. 'I'll sign that with pleasure,' he said, 'and I'm glad so many other citizens feel the same way.' But, leaving him out, there were forty-three intelligent men, lawyers, doctors, merchants, brokers, bankers, manufacturers and other representative citizens who had deliberately but unwittingly signed a petition to hang one of our judges. When some of them heard what they had done they were highly indignant, but it certainly taught them a valuable lesson. They couldn't be caught that way again."

Up to Date.

Chicago Post.

"Poor Emma," said Maybelle.

"What's the matter with Emma?" demanded Kathryn.

"She has such an unfortunate name. It has to be spelled in the same old way that has been familiar for generations."

"I guess you haven't had a letter from her recently. She signs her name E-m-m-a-h."

Our Midsummer Clearance Sale

Goes on with a rush. More big bargains for Monday. We will carry no goods over. This season's stock must go. Watch the cut prices . . . . . .

33⅓ PER CENT. DISCOUNT ON LA BELLE REFRIGERATORS TO CLOSE THEM OUT

The La Belle is positively the best on the market, made so as to consist of six distinct walls . . . . . .

No. 600, worth $5.50, 33 1-3 off... $3.67
No. 601, worth $8, 33 1-3 off..... $5.34
No. 602, worth $10.98, 33 1-3 off.. $7.32
No. 603, worth $12.98, 33 1-3 off.. $8.65
No. 604, worth $14.98, 33 1-3 off.. $9.99
No. 622, worth $16.98, 33 1-3 off..... $11.32

ICE BOXES

No. 617, worth $3.98, 33 1-3 off... $2.