

"You are a philosopher."

"No, I'm not. That's too big a world for me. I just do; and, when I do it, what's the use of thinking about it? It's better to do something else."

"I suppose you'd rather live than die?"

"Yes, so long as I'm alive."

"And when you are dead?"

"Then, I'd rather be dead."

"Nothing troubles you?"

"Only myself, when I make a blunders. And then I swear and get over it, and go to work."

"Do you expect to meet your children hereafter?"

"I don't know anything about that, either. If I ever see them again, I shall be glad. If I don't, I can stand it as well as I do now."

"Then, you simply believe in doing your next duty?"

"I don't know anything about duty. I do what I think best, and that is generally what I want to do."

"When you take care of some poor, sick devil, don't you expect to be rewarded for it?"

"Of course not. I don't want anything, except to have him get well. I've talked too much already. I'm sleepy. Good-night."

"Good-night."

In a moment almost, both were sound asleep.

Golden Throne was ready to welcome them.

"Tell the news," said Gribbins.

"You shall have it," said Charlie; "but haven't you any news?"

"Yes: here's a couple of letters for you."

Charlie tore them open. One was in a delicate, woman's hand: the other was evidently from Jimmy.

"A letter from Jimmy? Yes, and this one—let me see—hurrah! it tells all about little Pete. Come, let's eat and drink and read the news. I know it's something good."

CHAPTER XVI.

They all gathered around while Charlie read the news. He read first about little Pete. The letter was from a Miss Blanche Kennedy, who, it appeared, was a cousin to little Pete."

Little Pete," she wrote, "came to us after many struggles. We did not know he was living. He has had a strange history. He told us all about his wonderful escape at Golden Throne and what you did for him. He desires me to express his gratitude. We purpose to give him every advantage. He studies hard, and seems quite happy. He wishes me to ask you to call, when you come to the city. You will find him at our residence. No 101 Fountain Street, San Francisco."

"I wish I'd a known it," said Charlie, "when I was there. I would like to see him. I'm glad he's so fortunate: he deserves it, I

guess. Now for Jimmy. He gives us a dose, about a dozen pages. He must have had some adventures since he left us. Prepare to listen. Here goes:—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From McMinnville.

Editor Torch of Reason:

This forenoon I attended our Secular Sunday school and had a very interesting time. Miss Mabel Hopkins presided. This afternoon I listened to a discourse delivered by our G. A. R. department chaplain. In the course of his remarks he said that he believed the war of the rebellion was a righteous judgment from God on our nation to punish them for their wickedness. He said that God required a sacrifice for the nation's sins. He said he could not tell why God should cause so much suffering of the innocent. I could have told him that it is and always has been characteristic of his Bible God. Nothing but the blood of the sound, unblemished and best of the flocks, and finally the blood of his own innocent son was necessary to appease his wrath. What he sees to arouse his anger so much is more than I can tell, unless I take his word for it (so called), which says he is a God of vengeance, visiting the sins of the parents on the children to the third and fourth generation. For my part I cannot see how any one can worship that kind of a God. I am sure I cannot. The gospel peddlers tell me I will be damned if I do not, and I tell them I will be damned if I can.

I have read every issue of the Torch of Reason so far and I intend to read every one as long as I live if the Torch lasts that long. I think it improves with every issue. I think it is just splendid and it is the best reading matter I get. I take several papers, but the Torch is read first.

Nettie Olds-Haight lectures at our Science hall this evening and it is near time for her to begin, so I must close and go and hear her. Yours for the truth,

C. R. COOK.

McMinnville, April 25.

Sunny Words From the South.

Editor Torch of Reason:

Your circular and a copy of the paper came to hand yesterday, and to help the cause along I will subscribe for the paper. I am sorry that I can't do anything further at present. I only wish I could. I am over 70; have to work every day the same as I did forty years ago, only I have to do about twice the amount I did then for a day's work. But I suppose I ought to be thankful for being allowed to work for a railroad corporation at my age. I could not do so for most of them.

I sincerely hope you will be suc-

cessful in your effort in establishing the University. With kindest wishes, yours fraternally,

J. A. CALDER.

Jackson, Tenn., April 22.

Really Charitable Suggestion.

Here is a proposition which will interest Portland ministers. Since the state legislature has utterly failed to make the usual concessions to charity, Multnomah county officials will probably be glad to receive suggestions of economy as to how to pull through the next two years. The proposition is made to the ministers of Grants Pass by a caustic individual who signs himself Stephen Jewell. Here it is:

"In view of the extreme poverty and distress among the people, I suggest that we donate our preaching during the present year. The annual expense of all the churches in Grants Pass is about \$10,000. This would buy about that many sacks of flour, and send joy and comfort to many families. If this proposition is not acceptable, I will agree to do all the preaching that the people of Grants Pass need and charge nothing for it. I will pledge myself to preach the gospel of Christ just as we find it in the New Testament. Two sermons each Sunday, one to sinners and one to Christians, would be enough. As to church work, the people can attend to that without a preacher. If there is one Saviour we should be one people."—Evening Telegram.

Bad Intentions.

It is in the power of the abusive to charge men with intentions which they have never entertained—with motives which their hearts abhor. The innocent conduct of individuals may be easily misinterpreted; and such misinterpretation will be readily adopted by the prejudiced and unreflecting, who are ever willing to suit things to their own malignant purposes. It is wiser then, for us who declare the truth of everlasting Nature, by prudent, good, and regular conduct, to acquire such a character as will explain to the impartial observer the purity of the motives by which we are actuated, in cases in which our views are ungenerously or maliciously misrepresented. We sacrifice our personal interests, and resign what others prize as advantages—for the sake of virtue, of reason and of truth; and we enjoy a felicity unknown to the ignorant and the superstitious. — Horace Seaver.

Neither rich furniture, nor abundance of gold, nor a descent from an illustrious family, nor greatness of authority, nor eloquence and all the charms of speaking, can produce so great a serenity of life as a mind free from guilt, kept untainted, not only from actions, but purposes, that are wicked.—Plutarch.

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