

The Daily Examiner.

TERMS:—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

This is true Liberty, when Free-Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

VOL. 18--NO. 64.

The Daily Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.
New Moon 3rd day, 11h. 25m. p. m.
First Quarter 11th day, 10h. 33m. p. m.
Full Moon 18th day, 2h. 25m. p. m.
Last Quarter 25th day, 0h. 58m. p. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	ris	sets	water	len
1 Monday	7 28	4 59	5 36	9 27
2 Tuesday	27 5	1 6	11 10	4 34
3 Wednesday	26 3	6 50	10 5	37
4 Thursday	24 4	7 23	11 11	40
5 Friday	23 6	7 53	11 44	43
6 Saturday	21 7	8 21	morn	46
7 Sunday	19 8	8 48	0 15	49
8 Monday	18 9	9 15	0 48	51
9 Tuesday	17 11	9 40	1 23	54
10 Wednesday	16 13	10 11	2 1	57
11 Thursday	14 14	10 45	2 46	10 1
12 Friday	12 16	11 22	3 45	4
13 Saturday	11 18	12 7	5 3	7
14 Sunday	9 19	0 59	6 33	10
15 Monday	8 21	2 0	7 49	13
16 Tuesday	7 23	3 9	8 50	16
17 Wednesday	5 24	4 33	9 43	19
18 Thursday	3 26	5 40	10 30	23
19 Friday	1 27	6 57	11 12	26
20 Saturday	6 59	8 12	11 46	29
21 Sunday	5 30	9 24	12 33	32
22 Monday	56 31	10 29	1 13	35
23 Tuesday	55 33	11 41	1 56	38
24 Wednesday	52 34	morn	2 48	42
25 Thursday	51 36	0 44	3 44	45
26 Friday	49 37	1 43	4 52	48
27 Saturday	47 38	2 37	6 11	51
28 Sunday	6 45	46 3 26	7 19	10 55

WARBURTON & SMALLWOOD,

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership, under the style and firm of Warburton and Smallwood,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
Notaries Public, &c.

Office—Cameron Block, Queen Square.

A. E. WARBURTON, B.A., B.C.L.; C. E. SMALLWOOD.

The firm are Agents for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which does the largest business of any Life Insurance Company in the world.
Dec. 3—law wky 3 mo

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Eggs and Produce a Specialty.

July 15—dly wky

—FOR—

BOSTON,

Fall and Winter Arrangement

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday and Thursday, at 8.00 a. m. Fare from Charlottetown to Boston, \$6.50, 2nd class; \$0.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to G. A. SHARP, P. E. I. Ry., P. E. I. Steam Nav. Co., or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 2, 1885—eod wky

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

None Other Genuine.

Oct. 29,

NOW THEN FOR D. A. BRUCE'S

—OFFER OF—
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

WE have on hand one case Cloths, one case Gents' Furnishings, sent by mistake, and sold to us at a big advantage rather than return them. We are manufacturing these cloths into

SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

charging only FIVE PER CENT. OVER COST! and from \$4.50 to \$6 for making and trimming Overcoats; from \$5 to \$7 for making and trimming Suits with Good Trimmings and

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

CLOTH, by the yard or piece, Very Cheap. We have on hand a few Suits and Overcoats, made to order, not called for

SELLING AT COST.

This ought to convince you that there is money lost if you don't purchase from us, instead of buying imported clothing. ALL OUR CLOTHING IS MADE ON THE PREMISES. No \$3 Overcoats.

The Custom Tailoring,

under the management of MR. JAMES McLEOD, leads all others for A1 work. Prices in this department will be found lower than ever. Our past record is sufficient guarantee to secure your future confidence.

A large portion of our Neckwear has been manufactured to our special order, from patterns that will be found the very thing you want.

D. A. BRUCE,

72 QUEEN STREET.
Ch'town, Dec. 3, 1885.—eod wky 2mo

Better Value Than Ever!

TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE.

OUR new samples of BOOTS and SHOES for spring will soon be out, and we will have the pleasure of calling on our customers in a short time.

We hope to receive your liberal patronage as heretofore.

DORSEY, GOFF & CO.

Ch'town, Jan. 26, 1885.

Printing and Book-Binding.

Printing.

Book-Binding.

We are better than ever prepared to turn out every description of

Book, Mercantile

—AND—

Fancy Printing,

as Specimens of our work shows, at the Provincial Exhibition and executed since, for several of the leading business men of the city, will abundantly testify.

Our Styles are Original and Tasty. Call and see our Specimens.

Blank Book Manufacturing, and Paper Ruling a Specialty.

Banks, Merchants and others, can get Better Work, for the same money at our Establishment, than at any other house in the Trade.

JOHN COOMBS,

18 Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I

Dec. 26—2aw w2m.

EVERYONE CAN

call and examine the largest stock of Household Furniture, &c., &c., ever shown in Charlottetown, and also discover that they can

SAVE MONEY

and get Good, Reliable Home-made Goods of undisputed value, fine finish and good honest workmanship

BY BUYING

Staple Furniture, Bedding, Mattresses, Fancy Goods (for Xmas), Picture Frames and Moulding, Mantle-mirrors and Mirror-plates, Bagatelle Boards, Handsome Oil Paintings, Framed Chromos, and One Thousand and One other articles,

FROM

THE P. E. ISLAND FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,
MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Ch'town, Dec. 3, '85—eod wky

TABERNACLE SERMON.

"The Marriage Ring."

DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE ON "HUSBAND AND WIFE IN HARMONY AND OUT OF TUNE."

Last Sunday, fully six thousand persons were present inside the Tabernacle, and as many vainly attempted to enter the building, representing the usual attendance when the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is at home. The musical exercises were exceedingly interesting, and included a performance on the organ of Thiele's Concert-Satz No. 1, in C minor, by Professor Henry Eysa Browne. The congregation sang the hymn beginning:—
"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king!"

Dr. Talmage founded his remarks on the subject:—"Husband and Wife in Harmony and Out of Tune," Amos, ch. 3, v. 3: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" He said:—

No, Amos, they cannot. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life, under such circumstances, will be the sounding of perpetual warwhoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will to-day speak of the mutual duties of husband and wife, preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life over-arches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel-piece. I, therefore, talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in part, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience; another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quail in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society, this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do.

The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again, brothers, sisters, husband, and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther, and mid-air iron beaks plunge till with clotted wing and eyesless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddickel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day, and influences are abroad trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sand's! Alas for the mingling of the nightshades with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adlers spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assert what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of

houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in it a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have Jesus in your new home, if it be a new home; and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God, end with Heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take a Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along well? I have watched such cases, and come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, after a while came devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials, and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasant until the very last. Why? They started right.

My advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the virtue of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companions, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily treated by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Comper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forgive;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps to forgive."

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at opera or theatre, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment. In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she has neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands, it seemed as if she would wring her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face

of the child, the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beak. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have your husband say, "You know nothing about troubles, you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business," so far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business"; and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banners, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day, and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train: Satan is the stoker, and Death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love pre-destine it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation, when the career you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. But this is happiness. Float it on the smacking viands, sound it in the music, whirl it in the dance, cast it on the show of sculpture, sound it up the brilliant stairway, flash it to chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the parlor floors a throne to happiness! Let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne, and then let happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and all chivalries lifted,

of the child, the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beak. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

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