## Democratic Watchman.

## Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 12, 1892

UNDER SEALED ORDERS. Out she swung from her moorings,

Out she swing from her moornes, And over the harbor bar As the moon was slowly rising She faded from sight afar, And we traced her gleaming canvas By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for, Nor whither her cruise would be; Her future course was shrouded In silence and mystery; She was sailing under "sealed orders," To be opened out at sea.

So souls, cut off from moorings, Go drijting into the night, Darkness before and around them, With scarce a glimmer of light; They are acting under "sealed orders," And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty Through good and evil report, They shall ride the storms out safely, Be the passage long or short; For the ship that carries God's orders Shall anchor at last in port.

## A TASTE OF THE WORLD

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD in Harpers Bazar.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Very likely Duncan McMurray accepted the blush for more than it was worth. But he knew instinctively that it meant she had been forbidden his acquaintance; and a certain defiance of Miss Featherstonhaugh and her sort would have possessed him, even if it had not seemed worth while to prosecute the matter for his own pleasure. In the time of a thought, he had turned and was walking quietly along beside Sally, as if their acquaintance had been one of years. Hestooped as he walked, and picked up a pebble from the sand. "Tossed by the waves," he said, "like many another poor plaything of circumstances. Ground smooth by them. I suppose it would have liked to be an ter, is the Duchesse des Bibelots-was invincible cliff, to throw back all assault. But then," as he passed the pretty water-washed thing to her, "it would never have been held in your hand.

She balanced it on her thumb, and 6.7 filliped it into an incoming wave. think it likes that best," she laughed. "There is an element of cruelty in all

women," said Mr. McMurray. "Because they throw pebbles into the surf?"

"Because they like to complete a ruin. Yes," he said, presently, as Sally made him no reply. "There is noth-ing a good woman feels more in the light of a duty than to put the finishing touch on-let us say, a damaged reputation. Miss Featherstonhaugh has been busy with mine, I see. Can you tell me why a good woman-I admit that your chaperon is a good woman, if she isn't beautiful; I have more chara prince; the education, the brilliancy, o ready to believe evil? It is a have—an impossible fancy, to the beauty, the physique, that princes have—an impossible fancy, to that if I were good I would ta helping hand to one as wick-to Ob"—at Sally's startled face ity than she has-can you tell me why a prince; the education, the brilliancy, she is so ready to believe evil? It is a the beauty, the physique, that princes, the could not understand it next day; fancy I have—an impossible fancy, to ought to have; he has the retinue, the it was certainly not a crime to loiter hold out a helping hand to one as wick-ed as I. Oh"-at Sally's startled face "More's the pity," said Miss Nancy. "Look at his yacht. !" -"I stand convicted; I make no pre-"It has gone away," Sally was on tensions. I suppose I am no better the point of saying before she rememthan the worst. But if I wished-if I bered herself. "Look at his houses! they are palwished- Oh, well, what use? Wishing, of all employments, is the worst, aces. Look at his income! He fits you know. As if it were not punishout an expedition for the magnetic pole; ment enough to suffer !" he cried, ve-hemently. "But I suppose you can't he sends a party to the heart of Africa

Day after day, year after year, there in the little village, buried in the hillsoh, the deadly commonplace of it all Dinner at twelve, and the sewing society and the prayer meeting for events ! Just now, too, when I have found out what life is, when I have begun to find out how the world is wide, wide, wide, when-Oh, no! no! no! no! What right had heard the dowagers telling of it, sea, the blue sky, the snowy sails, the has Del Griffiths to take it all for grant shed some aura around him, but she delicious salty odor of the air-all

And her cheeks were still flushed down to dinner. Sally was very still at dinner, with her burning color aud her eyes shining like stars, full of new thoughts and sensations and wonderments, and she kept by Miss Nancy's side in the parlor, where Mrs. Vandeventail was gosdrama, the poem, that she had imagsiping with a foreign woman about social affairs. you imagine that because we are a republic and practice self-government that we are necessarily vulgar or squal-

id? I sometimes think we have all the splendor of the old Venetian days. Our merchants are as princely; our life-that is our life, that of nous autres -is as magnificent." "As if," grunted Miss Nancy,

ted so ?"

wasn't a disgrace to be too rich !' "I really don't see why. Who is too rich? There are many just rich enough. At the Deschoses fete last winter, the ceiling of the supper-room was a canopy of roses; there was a fountain of sparkling wine; there were cups carved of solid amethyst and beryl, and others of gold were set thick and crusted with precious stones. All the glass was wonderful old Murano, all the china priceless old Sevres pate tendre. And the dress of Mrs. Descho-ses-Evangeline, you know, the daughof a white velvet brocaded with leaves of grass, and on the tip of every leaf, the whole gown over, sparkled a diamond; and a vail fastened by a spray of grass in diamonds and emeralds was of lace that cost a fortune, that had be-

You could not have phrased what I mean more precisely. Our lace did not belong to empresses but to our ancestresses. It has no purchasable val-

ue ; it is simply priceless." "But--"

"Oh, of course it is understood that you have money, that you know how to spend it, yet-"

"I must confess to you," said Mrs. Vandeventail, "that I cannot see the to think before she fell into a sleep of difference between our lives and objects, our young men. Why, there is Duncan able sense of guilt all at once possessed

I would ! The idea, the idea of it all ! what she called a great going over, styl- "Perhaps he isn't," thought Miss her ironing table, to the summer than that, and saw injustice and un-reason and tyranny, and felt full of re-the Daybreak music of Peer Gynt lift-for the yacht came into moorings a bellion. Miss Nancy might send her ed the sky and lightened the sea. And half-hour later than the tug. home if she would, she was going to do her duty by this poor fellow. Poss-ibly the fact of his princeliness, as she had beard the downers talling of the she wimning figures, the blue was not aware of it. The most that made it seem to her a dream of beauty, occurred to her about his fortune was and she felt as if she were young again; with the hour's excitement when Miss the happiness it might be to turn it to and later yet, when they went down to Nancy came in and fastened a big good uses, and he was possibly magni-bunch of damask-roses in the belt of fied by the largeness of his possibilities to much amazement that she found her white muslin gown before going of act and purpose. When she woke herself wondering if the tales told of ding its sweetness everywhere about

> aroused a vague romance and sense of ing as when it had this tang of the salt living in the midst of the unnamed sea foam in its bubble. It was sunset when they came on

"You have an entirely erroneous hills to be. And all the time Del's let-idea of our life," she was saying. "Do ter lay in the top of her trunk un-placid water, the slow floating into a you have eloped with the chaperon !" answered. Things at home were very double heaven of reflected color, all prosaic. And since there must be no made Miss Featherstonhaugh feel as dancing, she met Mr. McMurray in the | if she were under some enchantment, woods beyond the shore, and said her or in a dream-as presently indeed she childish say; and she sat with him in was—a deep, sweet, contented dream. recesses of the rocks, watching the surf The wind had freshened a little when recesses of the rocks, watching the surf roll in, silent themselves, now and then she woke, and the slight rolling of the his searching and pathetic glance upon yacht gave Miss Nancy so decided a her face, and once or twice in the star- qualm where she lay, with her muffler ight she had gone out with him in a fallen about her drooping head, that skiff, two of his sailors rowing, for all she closed her eyes again for a momthis time the Roc went and came in the ent. As the bow rose and fell in the offing, and the sea had murmured its increasing swell she felt a strange stillgreat music around them, swelling and ness about her, an ominous absence of falling beneath the vast curtain of the all voices, for the wash of the water stars, and they had come in over the an the soft singing of the cordage were weed strewn shingle, the white light of the only sounds she heard. It seemed its phosphorescence following their feet, to her as if she were alone upon the the salt breath clinging to their clothes; yacht. All at once she started to her and Miss Nancy's suspicions had been teet, took a dozen quick steps; her con-lulled by seeing her come up with Lil- jecture was quite correct; except for lulled by seeing her come up with Lil-ian and Mr. Balcomb, McMurray be- Mr. McMurray and the crew, she was taking himself to the yacht. One night, quite alone upon the yacht.

It was during that deep sea dream of indeed, when Miss Nancy had gone off early to bed with a cold and a hot-wa- her after dinner sleep that the tug, ter bag, Sally staid on the shore alone which had been directed to follow if with her friend till past midnight, and the light breeze changed or fell, came he came up with her, and held her slowly on their track; the yacht had hands in both his at parting, lingering, luffed up into the wind, and while her hesitating. "Oh !" he exclaimed, as he released them reluctantly, "you make me another man!" And then make me another man!" And then they found the doors were locked, and McMurray, going from one to another, she out there alone with him in the standing at the rail a moment to chaff is entirely exhausted. At the end of a Balcomb about his sea legs, came to night! They waited to hear the watchman's steps retreat, and Mr. McMur-Sally, and took her jacket, helping her ray broke a pane of glass, and opened with an unruly sleeve.

"Ah, there was one thing I wanted to show you," he said suddenly, and walked rapidly forward with Sally upthe window, and hurriedly helped her in; and she crept by Miss Nancy's room with her shoes in her hand, and opened her door, and shivering with on his arm.

"But is there time ?" she asked. fright as if in an ague, she did not stop "All the time in the world," he answered. "There is no hurry. The nervous exhaustion, such an unaccounttug is at my disposal, you know. What a pity it is we must go back at her, while she saw her mother's reprov-He has the manners, the breeding, of ing eyes, and felt as it Del Griffiths all!" he said, presently, stopping when a prince; the education, the brilliancy, could only look at her to despise her. they were at quite the last step. "The

"You had the disease of the great world," said Miss Nancy to her. "You have been inoculated with it; it has taken finely, and you have, I think, quite recovered.

And when she saw Sally that evening, leaning over the grassy bank with Del again, the young moon dropping down the cleft of the great purple hills before them, and the honey suckle shedin the morning, he was a figure in her Duncan McMurray were not, after all, them, all in the late summer quiet and thoughts, striving for better life. And the creations of those who could not soft dusk and serenity, "I declare," when she went to sleep at night, his understand the splendid profigacy of she said, "I'ye no right to as much dark sorrowful eyes, his tender glances, his lips trembling with unspoken words, champagne was never half so rafresh- with all which that other moment gave me too, when I took in the situation last night on the yacht, and looked Duncan McMurray over and said: 'I

ined the life outside her hamlet on the deck again; and as she sipped her cup am afraid you will be the laugh of the

## The Oak's Great Age.

Specimens of the Tree Known to Be 1,000 years Old.

The extreme limit of the age of the and living sepcimens are at least 1,000 years old. The tree thrive best in a deep, tenacious loam with rocks in it. It grows better on a comparatively poor sandy soil than on rich ground imperfect-ly drained. The, trunk, at first inclined to be irregular in shape, straightenes at maturity into a grand cylindrical shaft. The oak does not produce good seed

until it is more than six years old. The acorn is the fruit of the oak; seed germ is a very small object at the pointed end of the acorn, with the future root uppermost. The acorn drops and its contents doubtless undergo important molecular and chemical changes while it lies under its winter covering of leaves the acorn swells, the little root elongates turns downwards. The root penetrates the soil two or three inches before the stalk begins to show itself and grow up-wards. The "meat" of the acorn nourishes both root and stalk, and two years may pass before its store of food year the young oak has a root twelve to eighteen inches long, with numerous shorter rootlets, the stalk being from six to eight inches high. In this stage it differs from the sapling, and again the these transformations under the lens is a

fascinating occupation-If an oak could be suspended in the air with all its roots and rootlets perfect and unobscured, the sight would be considered wonderful. The activity of know, many unexpected difficulties in the roots represents a great deal of the way; Manchester is rather un-power. They bore into the soil and flat lucky in these matters, but it is to be ten themselves to penetrate a crack in a hoped that these have now been overcome.

boring their way into fresh territory

These absorb water charged with soluble

Brilliant Engineering.

Creation of a Great Lake to Supply Liverpool with Water.

For a small country we do a big thing now and then, even by the admission of our American cousins. The Fourth bridge was one; another is the creation of Lake Vyrnway, in Mid Wales, which was yesterday declared by the Duke of Connaught at Liverpool to be "open"

and fit to act as the source of the water supply of that city and the surrounding district. This means a great deal. It means that the corporation of Liverpool and their engineer have actually remade a great lake which existed as a lake in the glacial epoch, but which during the time cognizable by human record has been a marshy valley, through which a tributary of the Sev. ern slowly wound.

It means that a village, a church, a burial ground and a pleasant country house had to be removed bodily; that a vast dam, unequalled in the world, had to be built, and that the water had to be conveyed through pipes and storage tanks as far as Liverpool, across the Mersey and over seventy miles away. The work has taken eleven years to bring to completion, and has employed an army of workmen and an

engineer, whose name will always be associated with this great achievement, oak is not exactly known, but sound Mr. George F. Deacon. Everybody will join the Duke of Connaught in congratulating the engineer, the men, and the corporation on the conclusion of so great a work; and not the least element in the public satisfaction will be the thought that it has been done without hurting the susceptibilities of even the most ardent devotee of natural beauty. Ten years ago the Vyrnwy

Valley was a bare, marshy uninterestthe esting region, which had been a lake once, but the waters from which had flowed away. Now, though of course the engineers work looks raw and new, yet the good results can be seen again and there is a lake where one existed till the or snow. In the mild warmth of spring | barrier was for some reason worn away. An enormous improvement, indeed emerges from the end of the shell, and has been effected, as everybody will adno matter what the position of the acorn, mit when the masonry has toned down and the trees have grown. We are not without hopes that the same will one day be found to be the case with Thirlmere; but it was not to be expected that good Wordsworthians and lake-dwellers should believe that to be possible when first Manchester asked for leave to make works in that sacred region. We shall see ; and meanwhile it may be hoped that Manchester will lose no time in his friendly race with sapling differs from the tree. To watch Liverpool. The making of waterworks in a beautiful country, with all their accompaniments of unsightly mounds of earth and heaps of piping,

Protestant Unurches in Rio.

hemently. he buys up a town in the West, and change the course of the stars," he returns a river over it to give him a roadsumed, in his usual tone. "And a way he wants ; he has a Russian conman has to accept his doom." cession for a railway, and tunnels into What a sadness there was in his

dark glance ! What bitter pain in his a mine where the political convicts never see daylight, and runs them off in tone! At least she thought it was sadness and pain-she was not very familsafety. "All very fine, and very romantic, iar with the things. The tears started and rather impossible, and not at all to Sally Sylvester's innocent eyes. She true, I'll venture to say," said Miss moved in her impulsive way, holding Nancy.

out both hands. "Don't don't !" she said "There is "But for the rest," said their foreign friend, "I hear strange stories of the no such thing as doom. Oh, how sordarker side of his life. ry I am ! Why can't you- Can I-" "The fire fell on the five cities of the And she turned away, red to the nape plain for less reason than the life of of her loyely neck, and in a bewilder-ment of confusion, defiance, and regret. some of our jeunesse doree affords."

"No, no," he said. "I am not worth One day they they reform ; they tire of it. Don't give me another thought. It is too late in the day.' "You call it reform to tire of sin ?"

"It is never too late !" she said, not knowing in the least what he meant-Duncan McMurray's case." what she meant.

"At any rate." he said, "you have shown me that it is not too late to make and amaze, Sally rose and walked away, and crossed the sill of the low window friends ;" and gazing full in her eyes, into the moonlight. And there stood he grasped her hands and held them a Duncan McMurray. long moment, wrung them, and walked away to his boat, where the men were waiting to take him to the yacht.

And when later in the day she saw from her window the great sails of the you that the Prince of the Power of the Roc spread and fill and slowly swell Air is a better man than I? Very away into the east, a shadowy sadness likely he is." For all at once, as she filled her soul-a sadness to which stood there in the moonlight, whiterobed, spotless, the sense of her innotears are near, like that which comes with the sound of evening bells, or cence seemed to give him a blow. "I ought to have stayed away," he said. with the wandering scent of unseen flowers at night. "It is cruel, it is unreasonable," she said to herselt. "1 am his friend. I will help him.'

It never occurred to her to ask how Nancy even. I-" she, a child, a little country girl, unused to the ways of the world, was go ing to be of service to a man who, by his own confession to her, was not suitable for her companionship. But she spent the afternoon lying on the sands, and watching the sails far out against y the band was playing again, and the the sky take the light and turn to the shadow, and vanish below the horizon, gallery was full of people. It was no time for sentiment. Mr. McMurray thinking sad thoughts, or rather suffer made an impatient gesture, and then ing sad sensations, remembering the he laughed, and began to tell an amuspathos in these dark eyes, and recalling story about the resetting of Mrs. Vandeventail's tiara in London, which ing pictures of the melancholy Dane. And when she went up from her hidmade Lilian recall another, and Mr. den nook, and Miss Nancy put in her hands a letter from Del Griffiths, a Balcomb capped hers, and presently they had all four strolled along to a litstraightforward manly script, lwith its they had all four strolled along to a lit brief and fervent assurance of faithful the balcony screened from the Great affection, and with its hardly contained Walk, and there were a table and joy over the news that he had been chairs, and some glasses of apollinaris taken into the firm where he had been lemonade with straws were ordered, and if two of the glasses were not merely studying law, and nothing stood in the that feeble composition, Sally at least did not suspect it, and the quips and mot way now of his asking her to share his life, lingering a moment over the delight of the hearth that should show

later, "aren't you going rather too far | that-" with the little Sylvester ?"

"That depends on the distance," said Mr. McMurray, snapping the ashes off his cigar. "It seems to me," said Mr. Balcomb. "that she is an unsophisticated little

beauty. "That I grant you. Beats the professionals out of sight. There's a curve along the check- Well, you find it only in the period of Lysippus,' he said, sending out a ring of smoke.

"That line of the shoulders, too-the natural poise, the haughty spirit of it, take it with those 'eyes so blue and tender,' you don't often see it."

"You are talking of a slave in the market at Stamboul." "I never saw one half so fair there."

"And are all the purchasers as coldblooded as you?" The other laughed, replaced his ci-

gar, and said nothing. "Oh, young men will be young men. .McMurray, I think we both feel an nterest in this pretty country girl."

"Quite right, so far as you speak for me

"I should call anything reform in "We shall hardly see her again, however, after this month.' And with a sudden shame and anger "No?"

"Pshaw! Take something worthier of your steel," said Balcomb. "'Let the little thing alone. No? What

"'Well," he said, "you see I could then? "Look here, Balcomb, many a man fright and her excitement though she not stay away. How sweetly those old tabbies purr! Haye they convinced has made a fortune before this by minding his own business." And he threw away his cigar and sauntered in you see," she exclaimed. "They can

another direction. And meanwhile Mrs. Vandeventail was urging upon Miss Nancy the impropriety of making Sally refuse her invitation to the yaching party on the Roc; it would be so very marked. tossing gloves with Lilian and Laura and Johnny Dale, keeping the four Roc ; it would be so very marked. 'I never had a fair chance?" he cried,

hotly, in a moment more. "I was giv en my head when a boy. I never had Nancy. "But you will only injure the girl,' a woman about me like you, like Miss

said her friend. "You know what Dua-McMurray is. You will simply make "I am so grieved for you," said Sally, putting out her little hand. "I wish I could help you." "You can I' he cried. "You can !" But just then Mr. Balcomb came him determine to overcome you, and put the child in twice the peril. If you will take my advice, you will allow ering with shame and anger. Oh! her to go along with the rest as if it were only an ordinary affair." along with Lilian Vounah, and present-

"I wish he had been drowned before he ever came here !" exclaimed Miss mother, there were peace and inno-Nancy. "I can't accept his hospitality after all I have said of him. You will keep her under your eye every minute? No! I will go myself.

And the next morning, when the Roc spread her great white sails to the favoring summer wind, Miss Nancy sat, a very grim image, among the dowagers and the clusters of gay men and lovely women aboard, Mr. Mc-Murray having received her as if she were the queen of the occasion, placed her in a luxurious sea-chair, and sent a fur for her knees.

"It is truce, is it not, Miss Featherwere very bright and light; and when stonhaugh ?" he said, bringing her himtheir world the beauty of marriage. "Oh !" she cried to herself. "What made him write it? Why should I care? What do I care? I never said Miss Nancy next morning gave her

"Come, now, McMurray," said Mr. en to beckon us to the other side of the easiest points of entrance. When Balcomb to that gentleman a few days the world-you and me! Do you know the tips are destroyed by obstructions, cold, heat or other cause a new growth starts in varying directions. The first roots thickens and become leaders to

While he was speaking there was a pull, a pant, a churning of the water, support the tree, no longer feeding india receding sound, and Sally turned rectly, but serving as conduits for the with a startled look. moisture and nourishment gathered by

Surely the tug was dropping astern "Oh !" she cried. "It is going! It the other rootlets, which are constantly s leaving us on board !" "And why not ?" said Mr. McMur-

earth, salts, sulphates, nitrates, phos-phates of lime, magnesia and potash, etc, Was it passion? was it triumph? which pass through the larger roots, stem, was it the tenderness of a man who and branches to the leaves, the laboralaid his life at her feet? was it a gleam tory of new growth. An oak tree may of laughing evil in his face? She have 700,000 leaves, and from June to October evaporates 236 times its own neithe thought nor knew nor cared. Surprise and fright and horror swept weight of water. Taking account of the new wood grown, "we obtain some idea over her face in swift transformation, and made it never so beautiful. She of the enormous gain of matter and endropped his arm in an instant, bound- ergy from the outside universe which

ing away like a fawn, reached the goes on each summer. Oak timber is not the heaviest, toughgangway, and cried at the top of her voice: "Come back! Come back! est, or most! beautiful, but it combines more good qualities than any other kind. Its fruit is valuble food and its bark Come back !" And they heard hersome one did, Balcomb or the pilot; and the water began to churn again, pile submerged for 620 years in London and they had steamed alongside, and Bridge came up in sound condition, and before the steps could be lowered, Sal-London which date from the time of ly had sprung across.

"The wind is better than it was," William Rufus. To produce a good oak grove requires from 140 to 200 years. cried Mr. McMurray to the others. "I think it has changed a point or It seems a long time to an American, two, We will go about, aud get in be-fore you, after all." but forestry is a perpetnal branch of economies when once established.

They gave Sally a laughing greeting on the tug, and quivering with her Mr. Gladstone Greatly Improved. LONDON, Aug. 2-Mr. Gladstone's condition was so greatly improved this morning that he rose from his bed at 11 o'clock and joined his secretary in never get along without my great act his study. Acting under his physician's

on the flying trapeze. And Mr, Balcomb led her to a seat, advice, however he remained indoors and stood rather screening her while to-day. "I want it to be marked," said Miss balls in the air at once; and the twi-WASHINGTON, August 1 .- The publight teil, and the little tug forged ahead. lic debt statement issued this afternoon Sally leaned over the side, as if she shows that the interest and non-interest were watching the seething of the sea. bearing debt decreased \$838,855,50 She would have been glad just then to during the month of July. Cash in be one of those bubbles, and break and the treasury \$783,987,271,81. dissolve into thin air. She was with why had she ever left her little nest

among the hills? There was safety, From the Hazelton Plain Speaker. John Jarrett, consul to Birmingham, England, has resigned. Mr. Jarrett is there was rest, there was her dear needed in this country during the camcence, and there-there was Del, if he ever forgave her ! And the thought of paign so that he can get in his dirty work again, buying up labor leaders to Del's strong nature rose before her like a tower of strength, a bulwark between her and evil. What place had she in

this gay reckless world of pleasure? Pleasure ! And the snake's sting under its roses! What fool was she that thought she could show a voluptuary He-What? the beauty of holiness? All his profes She-Just my luck to be sent to a mansion on Opal avenue.-New York sions, his sight, his hopes, they had been a ruse, a traud, What misbe-Herald. havior had hers been that he could have dared such insult? How else

dice, billiousness, sick headache, consticould he suppose she was to be with. out formal betrothal and the bidding of pation. the banns before the bridal-as if she

It is a good thing to wear clothes that feel comfortable a well as look sty-

They are Few in Number and Have but a Sma Membership.

The Protestant churches of Rio are few in number and unpretending in appearance, writes Fannie B. Ward. The oldest is the English Episcopal, spoken of in a former letter, which uilt under the provisions of the treaty of 1810, which stipulated that it should have the exterior appearance of a private house and use no bells. The earliest attempt at mission work in this city was by the American Methodist Episcopal church in 1835, but it was abandoned seven years later. About twenty years ago the southern branch of the same denomination inaugurated another mission here, which has resulted in the organization of two prosperous societies for regular service in English and Portuguese, the building of a rather handsome church edifice, and the creation of a first-class school for girls, which occupies the site of a Jesuit Indian mission. Though small, the Methodist church is the best specimen of church architecture in Rio, with a seating capacity of useful in certain industries. An oak about four hundred. It was completed ing 1886. The American Baptist society also has a mission here, established there are specimens from the Tower of about eight years ago, but has not yet erected a church. The church of the American Presbyterian mission is a plain, substantial structure of roughlydressed granite, set well back from the street within its own ground, and partially concealed by the mission buildings. It has a seating capacity of six hundred. The services are conducted in Portuguese and its society is largely composed of natives. There is a German Evangelical church on the Rua dos Invalidos ("street of sick people"), very small and plain in appearance. The society was established here about sixty years ago. The oldest existing unission is that known as the "Igreja Evangelica Flum-inense," which was founded by a Scotch physician-Dr. R. R. Kalleyand is now composed almost exclusively of converted Portuguese and Brazilians. Their sanctuary on the Rua d'San Joaquine looks like anything but a church having been built according to the provisions of the treaty regulating Protestant worship, although finished as late as 1886. A school is maintained in connection and its work is said to be most excellent.-Chicago Tribuue.

Idols Not Less than 600 Years Old.

It is reported from Santa Fe, N. M. that in excavating some Aztec ruins, near Chaco canyon, Governor Prince has unearthed twenty stone idols of a different type from any before discover-They are circular in shape, forming She-I'm not afraid to die but what disks varying from six to fifteen inches in diameter, the upper half containing a deeply carved face and the lower half rudimentary arms in relief. The idols are believed to be at least 600 years old.

It Took Her Longer Than That.

Rowne de Bout-What did your wife - Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaunay when you got home last night, Cross ?"

Chris. Cross-First tell me how much ime you have to spare. Rowne de Bout-About ten minutes.

Chris, Cross-Then I can't tell you.d

help the Rebublican party." Unlucky. comes after makes me uervous.

The Public Debt Statement.

Ready For Service.