18

that we have not been murdered in our beds. There was a house broken into at Forest Hill last week. Shall I go down and shut it?"

"I dare not go down alone, dear, but if you will come with me. Put on your slip- No, no," she continued, laughing as she pers and dressing gown. We do not need a saw a look of dismay on his face. "I shall candle. Now, Bertha, we will go down together.

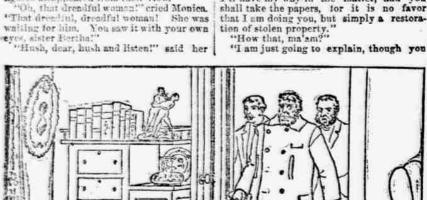
Two little white patches moved vaguely through the darkness, the stairs creaked, the door whined, and they were at the front room window, Monica closed it gently

down, and fastened the snib. "What a benutiful moon!" said she, look-"What a benuitini moon! said she, look-ing out. "We can see as clearly as if it were day. How penceful and ouiet the three houses are over yorder. It seems quite rad to see that "To Let' card upon ing out, number one. I wonder how number two will like their going. For my part I could better spare that dreadful woman at number three with her short skirts. But, oh, Bertha, look! look!! look!!! Her voice had fallen suddenly to a quivering whipser, and she was pointing to the Westmacouts' house. Her sister gave a gnsp of horror, and stood with a clutch at Monica's arm, staring in | same."

the same direction. There was a light in the front room, a slight wavering light such as would be given by a small candle or taper. The blind was down, but the light shone dimly through. Outside in the garden, with his figure outlined against the luminous square, there stood a man, his back to the road, his two hands upon the window ledge, and his body rather bent as though he were trying to peep in past the blind. So absolutely still and motionless was he that in spite of the moon they might well have overlooked him were it not for that tell-tale light behind.

"Good heaven!" gasped Bertha, "it is a But her sister set her mouth grimly and shock her head. "We shall see," sh whispered. "Jit may be something worse." she

Swiftly and furtively the man stood sud-dealy erect, and began to push the window slowly up. Then he put one knee upon the sach, glanced round to see that all was safe, and climbed over into the room. As he did so he had to push the blind aside. Then the two speciators saw where the light came Mrs. Westmucott was standing, as rigid as a statue, in the center of the room, with a lighted taper in her right hand. an instant they caught a glimpse of her stern free and her white collar. Then the blind fell back into position, and the two figures disappeared from their view.



5 5-

"I wish to make a last few remarks to you. private. not dream of dying for at least another 30 years. A woman should be ashamed to die

before she is 70. I wish, Clara, that you would ask your father to step up. And you, Ida, just pass me my cigarettes, and open me a bottle of stout." "Now then," she continued, as the doctor joined the party. "I don't quite know what

I ought to say to you, Admiral. You want some very plain speaking to." "Pon my word, ma'am, I don't know what you are talking about." "The idea of you, at your age, talking of

peace with Mrs. Denver. I am sure if I going to sea, and leaving that dear patient little wife of yours at home, who has seen were she, it would be a long time before I were she, it would be a long time before 1 should torgive you. As for me, I am going to America when Charles goes. You'll take me so far, won't you Ida? There is a college being built in Denver which is to equip the woman of the future for the struggle of life, and especially for her battle against man. Some months ago the committee offered me a responsible situation upon the staff, and I have decided now to accept it, for Charles' nothing of you all your life. It's all very well for you. You have the life, and the change, and the excitement, but you don't think of her eating her heart out in a dreary London lodging. You men are all the

"Well, ma'am, since you know so much you probably know also that I have sold my pension. How am I to live if I do not my pension.

Mrs. Westmacott produced a large regis-tered envelope from beneath the sheets and tossed it over to the old seaman. "That excuse won't do. There are your

pension papers. Just see if they are right. He broke the seal, and out tumbled the very papers which he had made over to McAdam two days before.

"But what am I do to with these now?" he cried in bewilderment. "You will put them in a safe place, or get a friend do so, and if you do vo

duty, you will go to your wife and beg her pardon for having even for an instant for having even for an instant thought of leaving her." The Admiral passed his hand over his rugged forehead. "This is very good of you, ma'am." said he, "very good and kind, and I know that you are a staunch friend, but for all that these papers mean money, and though we may have been in broken water of late, we are not guite in

me to England. You will write to me sometimes, my friends, and you will address your letters to Prof. Westmacott, Emancipation College, Denver. From there I shall watch how the glorious struggle goes in conservative old England, and if I am needed you will find me here again fighting

needed you will find me here again lighting in the forefront of the fray. Goodby-but not to you, girls. I have still a word I wish to say to you." "Give me your hand, Ida, and yours, Clara," said she when they were alone. "Oh, you naughty little pusses, arcn't you ashamed to look me in the face? Did you think did new newly, think that I was so think-did you really think that I was so very blind and could not see your little plot? You did it very well, I must say that, and really I think that I like you bet-

ter as you are. But you had all your pains for nothing, you little conspirators, for I give you my word that I had quite made up my mind not to have him.'

[THE END.]

"Now run away, Admiral, and make your

have decided now to accept it, for Charles

marriage removes the last tie which binds

such straits as to have to signal to our friends. When we do, ma'am, there's no one we would look to sooner than to you." "Don't be ridicalous!" said the widow. "You know nothing whatever about it, and vet you stand there laving down the law. I'll have my way in the matter, and you

"I am just going to explain, though you

WILDER. JOKES FROM

THE

little family matters should be adjusted in How Horace Greeley Turned Down a

Man Who Came to Bother Him. "My dear ma'am," said the Admiral, "if it is indeed this man's money that has bought back my pension then I can have no scruples about taking it. You have brought sunshine upon us, ma'am, when the clouds were at their darkest, for here is my boy who injust more prime in the money WHEN WIDOWERS MARRY WIDOWS.

A Sure Recipe for Getting Women to Sit Down at the Theater.

who insists upon returning the money which I got. He can keep it now to pay bis debta. For what you have done, I can THE KIND MAN AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

WAITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

He who has provoked the shaft of wit, Cannot complain that he smarts of it. Or, in other words, if I turn the draught

Greeley used to hold his head down over his desk, and was very impatient of being disturbed while he was writing. One day a man came in and said: "Mr. Greeley, The veteran editor paid no attention, and the man concluded to go on with his message. "Mr. Greeley," he said, "we want your subscription of \$500 in furtherance of

a plan to prevent men from going to the place of eternal torment." Without looking up, Mr. Greeley replied: "Won't give a cent toward it; there ain't

enough people there now." Taiking of eternal torment reminds me of several anecdotes I, lately heard about. certain complications of married life! One

gentleman, whose mother-in-law was in the habit of visiting him very often, was discovered by her one day in a very blue frame of mind. The mother-in-law said, "What's

PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, DECEMBER

Getting Women to Sit Down.

Do you want to know how to make ladies sit down in front of you at a theater or other public performance at an important part of the proceedings? All you have to do is to say, "Will the beautiful lady standing in front please sit down?" Generally

the matter, John?"

"Why not?"

never visit us again."

about 28 will sit down right away. Sometimes my audiences out West are surprised at the small size of the lecturer, and sometimes I must confess that the les turer is surprised at the small size of the audience. In those cases I am always glad I heard the other day of an entertainer who had but one man in the audience. He went on with his lecture, without noticing, ap parently, the small size of his audience Finally he took out his watch and said. "I shall conclude in a few minutes," where-upon the audience said, "I don't care how soon you're through, for I'm the cabman who brought you here."

Their Three Sets of Children. It is a hard thing nowadays for widows and widowers to marry. Complications of ten arise. Suppose that both have children by their former marriage and then more children come. A state of things is very apt to supervene like what I heard the other day of a widow and widower who had married again and are living very happily together, but their children not infrequently

cause trouble. They have altogether about ten. One day the wife called the husband to the door and said: "Charlie, come here,

quick." "What is it?" he said, excitedly. "There's she said. "There's "Just look here," she said. "There's your children and my children fighting with

A remark once made by a woman in reference to a man who had married twice was

last at the most but three seasons, during Where Least which time frequent renewal of consumed I find, generally, that the masses of the

service. He had recently died and gone to the pearly gates, where he met St. Peter, who, as is customary, asked him his profession on earth. He said that he was a newspaper editor. 'Big circulation, I suppose, of course,' said St. Peter. "No," said the editor, "in fact our circu-lation was one of the smallest in the MEANING OF THE ANGELS' SONG. country.

27. 1891.

The Christian Religion Is Not a Religion of

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

There Was Darkness Everywhere.

"Pick out your harp," was the saint's comment. A Few Little Ones for a Cent,

What's the difference between a dude and pin? One has a big head and gets stuck on himself and the other doesn't. I think it was an old bachelor who said, "Nature shudders when she sees a woman attempt to throw a stone. But when she attempts to split wood, nature covers her

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of head and retires to a dark and mouldy cave great joy!" in dispair." Here's the latest about ex-Speaker Reed. on yon, don't complain of the heat. Mr. Depew told a good story the other day of the late Horace Greeley. Mr. quietly; I don't want to have the horse see Here is a good toast for New Year's, which was first proposed the other day by Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld, at a dinner of the Lambs' Club: "Here's to the dear old days

and the dear new days, and the dear old boys who make the dear new days as good as the dear old days." Merrily yours. MARSHALL P. WILDER. midnight.

THEFT OF HAVES' MESSAGE

The Story of a Combination of Three News-

papers and a Printer. The last message of 'President Hayes was purchased from the thief by a combination consisting of the New York Times, Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette and the Chicago Times. On the afternoon of the Saturday came thronging out behind him, in bright before the Monday on which the message was to be placed in the hands of Congress He said: "I was just thinking you will the correspondent of the New York Times was sitting in his office on the Row reading hymn of heaven, "and on earth peace." the evening paper. A young man, but slightly known as a newspaper correspond-ent, walked in and asked in a jocular way what was the latest intelligence about the

"Nothing that I know of," was the reply. "Do you care to buy it?" asked the "I shouldn't mind," said the Times man,

imagining that the visitor was joking. To his surprise the young man drew out from "I pocket a package which proved on inspician to be the much-desired docu-"How much do you want for this?" was

asked "Her much will you give?" said the

"I'll -i ze \$1,000 for it."

The young man said he thought he could get more than that, and, after a brief haggle, \$1,500 was agreed upon as the price. It was understood that the money should be hood of the Bethlehem pastures, the men who saw it were afraid. paid only on condition that the message reached no other hands. No time was lost "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy," sang the herald angel in the glory of the Christmas sky, and the men hid their faces. That heaven should be in communicating with the correspondents of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette and Chicago Times, and the representatives of the three papers hired a room in the Ebbitt House, procuring telegraph instruments and operators to send the dispatches from thence. This was done with the utmost ecrecy, not a word being breathed to anyabout them, and they were sore afraid." body, for fear least some untoward accident should spoil the biggest scoop that was ever

made from Washington So far as this end of the business was con cerned, things went admirably. During all that evening the telegraph instruments were busily ticking in the room at the Ebbitt House, and the message was sent fly-ing simultaneously to three cities. None bring you. of the other correspondents here had any notion of what was going on, but in New Isn't it a dark world-outside the church? York word got out in some way that the message was coming over the wires. No one could tell what paper was getting it, but the rumor set the correspondents there on the alert. The men who represented the Chicago papers in the metropolis wired

with the relation of the correspondents there is no screnity, no peace. Take away the thought of God, banish the life the chicago papers in the metropolis wired the chicago papers in the metropolis wired the happening of just what did occur, the vew York *Times* was held back from the ressess for 45 minutes after the usual time. to the home offices a warning. To prevent the happening of just what did occur, the New York Times was held back from the

JOY. ing gladness into the hearts of other people. We have gone about with burdens of bun-dles. We have had pleasant secrets and THE SEASON OF Christmas Is the Day of All Days for the World to Be Glad.

dies. We have had pleasant secrets and lots of glad surprises. We have laid awake thinking of new ways to multiply happiness for little children. Our honses are bright to-day, and God's house is gar-nished with green leaves and fair colors. We are going about wishing each other all the joys and gladness of a merry Christmas.

A Short Millennium Began To-Day. It is a week or two of the millennium. It

 The Christian Religion Is Not a Religion of Long Faces.
 is a brief excursion into heaven. Bit we are living just now in a way which we ought to be living all the year round. This is real Christianity—all this unselfahness, all these happy faces. For what does it all

mean? What are we glad for? "Good tidings of great joy I bring you," cries the Christmas angel. What are they? Why, that unto us is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. That is the secret of it. That is the heart of Christmas. Back of all

Out of the midnight sky came the words good happiness which shines out of our eyes to-day lies this as the real reason for it: we of that wonderful message. Below, in the fields of Bethlehem, listened the wondering have a Savior: There has come One into this world to shepherds. It had been night about them. Darkness had closed in upon them. Up save us from our doubt and ignorance of God. Is God our Father or is He not? The above, a few faint stars had shed a ray or answer to that question changes the whole significance of human life. Even if we say two of dim light, not bright enough to see by. Beside their feet, shone the flickering we cannot answer it, our very evasion an glimmer of their lanterns, enough to mark wers it. If we do not know it is as had as out the rocks and grass of the hill pasture, f we uttered a denial. But we do know. and the sheep which they were set to watch. We are not left to guess at truth. We are not left to the dim stars or the flicker of the But all around them, like a wall, was the uncertain lanterns. God Himself has spoken blackness of the darkness of the Syrian to us in the words of Jesus Christ. God made man is the ground of certainty in re-ligion. Christ is the guarantee of the And then the light came. There was a Christian faith, and the authority on whom we rest the Christian creed. We know in sudden break in the black clouds. Out shone a great gleam of the radiance of

whom we believe; and, knowing Him, we know that what He savs is the very truth heaven. The whole expanse above their heads was flooded with celestial glory. And of God. God is our Father. The world inout of the central shining of it came an visible is close about us. Heaven shines angel, bearing this message; and a whole above us. Life everlasting lies before us. We are saved from the darkness and despair choir, and crowd, and multitude of angels

of doubt.

A Balm for Every Sorrow

array, with the voice of singing, chanting praises and alleleuias, and thanksgivings. And He who came on Christmas Day has "Glory to God," ran the refrain of the saved us from the depths of hopeless sorrow. Those whom we love go on before us somewhere. And we want to know where. The great world lay in darkness. It was And we look into the grave and find no answer, except an answer which we cannot bear to think of. And we look up into the sky, and the sky is as silent as the ground. And nature about us has no voice of consolation; goes night and winter, not only overhead and underfoot, but in men's hearts. People looked out, and looked in, and saw blackness everywhere. A great sadness and despair seemed to have laid hold upon the on cheeringly, unconcerned, unheeding, ut-terly careless of us, there is no gleam of pair seemed to have faid hold upon the race. The old religions were dead, or dy-ing. Men were asking about God, and getting no answers, or lies for answers. There was no guide. There was no clear vision. Here and there, some sage or prophet, like the dim Bethlehem stars, had a bit of light from heaven to offer for the distribution of the distribution of the distribution. abiding comfort anywhere. All the world is in the night; and all the consolations of our friends are as unavailing, as the stars are unavailing to warm our hands at. And then Christ comes to comfort us. "Come unto Me," He says, "all ye that are weary directing of men's feet. And the flickering lanterns of conscience and philosophy and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give showed a step or two of the immediate way unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, pointed out some of the nearest duties. But neither let it be afraid." And we look up, the world was in the night. And when the light began to shine there in the neighborand Christ is close beside us, and the cloud has cleared away. He has borne our griefs

and carried our corrows; and we put our hands into His hand, where the scars of the nails are, and we let Him lead us; even through the valley of the shadow of death, MWS fearing no evil.

The Example of His Life.

open, that a messenger from God should really speak to the inhabitants of earth, And He, of whom the Christmas angels sang, is also our Savior from our sins. By His death He saved us: that is true-but by seemed too good for anybody to believe. "The angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round His life, also. For what is it that we need that we may be saved from sin-from our ins, not from the penalty of them at the end, but from going on any longer in them-Away with fear! Away with the black night what do we need to help us to amend our lives? We need a lesson in the sinfulness Hail to the sun, and the dawn, and the new era, and smiles and singing, and glad hearts! The old is passed away; behold all things are new! "Good tidings of great joy" I of sin, that we may realize what sin actually is; and that, Christ gave us every day He ived, from the humilitation of his birth to the shame of His death, in His blessed That is the characteristic Christian mesteaching. We need an assurance of the love of God; and every word that Christ sage. That is what the Christian Church is set in the midst of this dark world to say. spoke was in some way a revelation of that blessed divine love- and every deed that He Where men and women tremble in the midst of their pleasures and look ahead with fear in their hearts, and nothing satisdid, too. Day by day, He went about among us, manifesting God, making God clear and plain to us, and making us sure of God's fatherly love. That helps us out of sin more than anything else-that knowlof sin more than anything else—that knowl-edge and certainty of God's love, and the realization which goes with it that every evil thing we do is done against the heart of God. And, then, we need, too, a lesson

A TRAGEDY IN THE PARLOR.

That Is, the Girl Judged There Would Be One From Her Lover's Manner.

"Laura," said George, with an eager, restless yearning in his gaze, "may I ask a favor of you, dear?' They had sat in the darkened parlor for

nours, in the eloquent communion of soul with soul that needs no articulate sound to give it language, says the Chicago Tribune. But something impelled George to speak.

The longing that surged up from his very heart must find expression in words. Therefore he had spoken. "What is it, George" she whispered.

"It may involve some sacrifice on your part, darling. But believe me, Laura, it is for the best?

"What is it, George?" she repeated, in a voice that trembled as if with a vague foreboding of coming disaster. "Yoo will believe me, dearest," he said, with an agitation becoming every moment more uncontrollable, "when I say that I am

driven to ask it by circumstances over which I have no control, that I have pondered long over it, and am not acting from hasty impulse'

"Yes! yes!" the beautiful young girl exclaimed, with quivering lips. "What is it you ask, George? What is it?" "Darling," he said, and the wild, implor-ing look in his face thrilled her to the in-most depths of her being, "I wish you

would sit on the other knee awhile. This one is getting horribly tired!"

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER OF POETEY.

Like the Star of Empire, It Is Surely Making Its Way Westward.

From all appearances one might argue that the center of poetry, if we have any, was now, like the center of population, far beyond the Alleghenies, says William Dean Howells in Harper's Magazine. With this active Western competition, literature, like agriculture, may become an effete industry at the East, and we may yet hear of the abandoned studies of New Enland, as we hear of the abandoned farms. The poets of the older sections in another generation may leave their baunts in charge of the State, and we shall perhaps have the Com-monwealth of Massachusetts advertising them by counties and townships, with full description of each and the price annexed. It has not quite come to this yet; but the Western pressure is very great, and unless something is done to bring up the worn out fields of thought at the East by the lavish use of fertilizers, or a new system of cultivation, the future is sure to be anxiously awaited there. Perhaps the application of electricity, or the use of hot water pipes, as in the new horticulture in France, may be found beneficial. But, after all, the West-

Portraits for Christmas Presents,

This month, a handsome 8x10 frame with every doz. cabinet photos. Also genuine trayons at special low prices. LIES' STUDIO, 10 and 12 Sixth at

ern product will have its own flavor.

a

This young lady examines the young scholar.

"Johnnie, where is Carlsbad?" "Part of it in every drugstore in the United States."

"How do you make that out?" "The Carisbad Sprudel Salts are

The Cost Found to Be Much Less Than by the Ordinary Stoves. company writes to THE DISPATCH to correct what he considers an error made in these columns as to the cost of heating cars our children.' by electricity. As a matter of fact, he writes, the first cost of a serviceable car

"He didn't deserve to lose his first wife," stove varies between \$18 and \$25 and it will

"Because you never go away." DRINK ON A FULL STOMACH. That Explains Why Englishmen Thrive on Liquor While Americans Don't. Ever since I have been in this country. says S. A. Carleton, of Liverpool, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat I have heard it said that men cannot drink nearly so much

with impunity as they can in England, the reason given being the difference in the climate. For my part, and I consider myself to be something of an expert, I do not believe that the climate has very much to do with it. The real reason is to be found in the difference in the drinking habits incident to excuse the smallness of the house. in the difference in the drinking habits of Englishmen and Americans. At home very tew men drink much before dinner,

still fewer take anything before noon, and the early morning nip is almost unknown. We drink very heavily, but most of our drinking is done on a full stomach and in the evening when we have nothing to do. Here, on the contrary, I find that hun-

Here, on the contrary, I find that hun-dreds of men take five or six drinks during the day, who seldom touch liquor after din-ner. When the stomach is full liquor has a far less deleterious effect than when it is empty, but I have often heard Americans decline a drink because they have just had e a drink because they have just had their lunch. Such a reason would never be given in England, but the contrary will often be heard. It is drinking on an empty ach and not the climate that uses up bibulous Americans.

REATING CARS BY ELECTRICITY.

The President of an electric car heating

For a long time all was silent within the ouse. The light still stood motionless, as wishing to keep it from the police. Who do you think it was who struck me last though Mrs. Westmacott remained rigidly. in the one position, while from time to time a shadow passed in front of it to show night, Admiral? "Some villain, ma'am. I don't know his

STRUCK DOWN BY HER OWN BROTHER.

more charitable companion. They pushed might take a lady's word for it without ask-

their own window up once more, and ing nny questions. Now, what I am going watched from belind the curtains. to say is just between you four, and must

that her midnight visitor was pacing up and as if in speed or estrenty. Then suddenly there was a dull sound, a cry, the noise of a fall, the taper was extinguished as a fall, the taper was extinguished as a fall.

dark figure fied in the moonlight, rushed across the moden and vanished amid the would not care to talk of nor you to listen shrahs at the further side.

stand that they had looked on while a tragedy had been enacted. "Help?" they tried, and "Help?" in their they eried, and "Help!" in their high, thin voices, timidly at first, but gathering volume as they went on until the Wilderness their shricks. Lights shone in

all the windows opposite, chains rattled. bars were unshot, doors opened and out rushed iriends to the rescue. Harold, with and for me. He knew Jeremish and he disa stick; the Admiral, with his sword, his gray head and have feet protruding from him all that he meant him to have he her end of a long brown ulster! finally, Doctor Walker, with a poker, all ran to the help of the Westmacotts. Their door had hold it in trust for my brother, and to use been already opened, and they crowded it in his behalf when he should have tumultuously into the front room. Charles Westmacott, white to his lips,

Charles Westmacott, white to his hips, was kneeling on the floor, supporting his auat's head on his knee. She hay out-ately his words were overheard by the nurse, and she repeated them alterward to nurse, and she repeated them alterward to hand, no mark or wound upon her-pale, placid and senseless. 'Thank God you are come, doctor," said

Charles, looking up. "Do tell me how she is and what I should do." Walker kneeled beside her and

presed his left hand over her head, while he grauped her pulse with his right. "She has had a terrible blow," said he.

"It must have been with some blunt weapon. Here is the place, behind the ear. But she is a woman of extraordinary physi-cal powers. Her pulse is full and slow. There is no stertor. It is my belief that she is merely stunned, and that she is in no danger at all." "Thank God for that!"

"We must get her to bed. We shall carry her upstairs, and then I shall send my girls in to her. But who has done this?" Some robber," said Charles, "You see

that the window is open. She must have heard him and dome down, for she was always perfectly fearless. I wish to goodness she had called me."

"But she was dressed."

metimes she sits up very late." "I did sit up very late," said a voice. She had opened her eyes, and was blinking at them in the lamplight. "A villain came in through the window and struck me with a life-preserver. You can tell the police so when they come. Also that it was a little Now, Charles, give me your arm fat man. and I shall go upstairs."

But her spirit was greater than her strength, for, as she staggered to her feet, her head swam round, and she would have fallen again had her nephew not thrown his arms round her. They carried her upstsirs among them and laid her upon the bed, where the doctor watched beside her, while Charles went off to the police station, and the Denvers mounted guard over the frightened maids.

CHAPTER XI.

Day had broken before the several denizens of the Wilderness had all returned to their homes, the police finished their inquiries and all come back to its normal quiet. Mrs. Westmacott had been left sleeping peacefully with a small chloral draught to steady her nerves and a handkerchief soaked in arnica bound round her head. It was with some surprise, therefore, that the Admiral received a note from her about 10 o'clock, asking him to be good enough to step in to her. He hurried in, fearing that she might have taken some turn for the

name,"

C

about him, for he has done much which I

to. He was always a villain, smooth-spoke back to the childhood which I spent with my brother. He is my only living relative, for my other brother, Charles' father, was

killed in the Indian mutiny. "Our father was rich, and when he died he made a good provision both for Jereminh trusted him, however, so instead of giving handed me over a part of it, telling me,

with what was almost his dying breath, to hold it in trust for my brother, and to use squandered or lost all that he had. This held some money in trust for him. I sup-pose tobacco will not harm my head, doctor? flesh

Thank you, then I shall trouble you for the matches, Ida." She lit a cigarette and leaned back upon the pillow, with the blue wreaths curling from her lins,

"I cannot tell you how often he has attempted to get that money from me. He has bullied, cajoled, threatened, coaxed, done all that a man could do. I still held it with the presentiment that a need for it would come. When I heard of this villainous business, his flight, and his leaving his partner to face the storm, above all, that my old friend had been driven to surrender his income in order to make up for my brother's

defalentions, I felt that now, indeed, I had a need for it. I sent in Charles yesterday to Mr. McAdam, and his client, upon hearing the facts of the case, very graciously consented to give back the papers, and to take the money which he had advanced. Not a word of thanks to me, Admiral. I tell you that it was very cheap benevolence for it was all done with his own money, and

how could I use it better? "I thought that I should probably hear from him soon, and I did. Last evening I was handed in a note of the usual winning, cringing tone. He had come back from abroad at the risk of his life and liberty,

just in order that he might say goodby to the only sister he ever had, and to entrent my forgiveness for any pain which he had caused me. He would never trouble me again and he begged only that I would hand over to him the sum which I held in trust for him. That, with what he had already, would be enough to start him as an honest man in the new world, when he would ever remember and pray for the dear sister who had been his savior. That was the style of the letter, and it ended by imploring me to leave the window latch open, and to be in the front room at 3 in the morning, when

ie would come to' receive my last kiss and to bid me farewell. "Bad as he was I could not, when he trusted me, betray him. I said nothing, but I was there at the hour. He entered through the window, and implored me to give him the money. He was terribly changed; gaunt, wolfish, and spoke like a madman. I told him that I had spent the money. He mashed his teeth at me, and swore it was his money. I told him that I had spent it on him. He asked me how. I said in trying to make him an honest man, and in repairing the results of his villainy

stick, I think-he struck me with it, and I remember nothing more." worse, but he was reassured to find her sit-ting up in her bed, with Clara and Ida Walker in attendance upon her. She had removed the bandkerchief and had put on a

parts is necessary. On the other hand, the greatest initial cost of equipment of electric heaters for cars is \$40 and, without repair, will ont-live the car in which it is placed. Regarding operating expenses, frequent and careful calculation has verified the results of experimental tests, giving the operating cost of stoves at from 12 to 15



THERE IS A REWEDV

for Coughs and Colds, Which, Though Al Else Falls, It Never Falls,

THE WISE GIVE HEED TO COUNSEL

CATLETTSEURG, KY. Dr. S. B. Hartman-In the early part of last winter I contracted a severe cold, attended with a bad cough; then, being exposed during the late flood, added to my disability. I have taken your Pe-ru-na with best results. My cough has entirely left, soreness is gone, and am increasing in T. J. EWING.

LIVERPOOL, O. Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O.-Sirs: I used several bottles of Pe-ru-na; it cured my cough. My threat and lungs were choked up with phlegm and I had suffered greatly. MARGARET WAGNER. SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX., Feb. 18, 1891. I hereby certify that I was cured of a very severe cough by one bottle of Pe-ru-na, after having used two prescriptions from remedy to no advantage. E. R. MCKINNEY. my family physician and one other cough

To stop a cough in any other way than to check the secretions is as foolish as it is harmful. The true cough medicine is the one that cures the congested membranes, and thus stops the discharges, when the cough ceases of its own accord. Anything that will prevent the formation of the irrithat will prevent the formation of the irri-tating secretions will permanently cure a cough, but any cough medicine that simply quiets the cough will not only fail to be of any lasting benefit, but do great harm by julling the sensitiveness of the nerves that ought to be constantly on the guard. It is

to be regretted that most cough medicines have the latter effect. The operation of a cough medicine that simply stops the cough without removing the cause is much quicker, sometimes the first dose stopping it entirely. Hence the temporary popularity of such harmful medicines

The cough medicine that has been found always reliable to remove the cause, and thus stop the cough, is Pe-ru-na. It contains no opium or narcotic of any kind, and is a sure cure for all kinds of cough. Pe-ru-na operates directly to heal the con gested or inflamed nucous membranes of the air passages and lungs. Pe-ru-na does not work against nature's efforts, but assists nature. A wineglassful of Pe-ru-na in hot

water before going to bed will never fail to break up a cold. A tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime will cure a win-ter cough permanently and quickly. Two ounces of rock candy added to one bottle of Pe-ru-na and taken as above is the best treatment in existence for a common cough, the cough of consumption and chronic bronchitis, secording to the testimony of thousands of patients scattered all over the length and breadth of the United States. Multitudes have relied on Pe-ru-na so long to cure coughs and all cases of colds, influenza, hay fever, bronchitis, catarrh and consumption, with such good results, that they have discarded all other treatment. He shrieked out a curse, and pulling some-thing out of the breast of his cont-a loaded For treatise on catarrh, coughs, colds, consumption, and all climatic diseases of

cople, wherever you find them, are anxious to be kind to little folks. I saw an incident of it last summer just before a great match game of ball at which about 10,000 people were present. Crane, the great pitcher and athlete, before the game commenced, was pitching the ball to the little " hardly six years old, who accompanied the team. The crowd looked on and every time the little fellow made a good hit they applauded him and cheered him just as

though he had been a professional. It was a small thing, but it showed the kindness of heart on the part of the people and I have

noticed it in many other instances. Even "toughs" are kind-hearted when you strike them right. A certain doctor, living in East Fifty-third street, was called to see a patient late at night. At a lone-some spot he was "held up" by two men who demanded his watch and money. "Boys," he said, "put down your pistols. I have only a watch and a two-dollar bill in my pocket. Let me reason with you. I have been called out from a warm bed, to the bedside of a poor girl. Look in my bag and see my doctor's implements. They will show you that what I say is true. go to the corner and treat with the \$2 if you will let me keep my watch and go to the sick girl afterward."

the sick girl alterward." "No," said one of them. "You go to the girl and make your call and we will take the treat afterward." The doctor went on, and returned as he agreed, treated the men and saved his watch. This is a true story.

Some People Want the Earth.

On the other hand, man is very much like an animal with a mania for getting up societies and electing himself president, and if the presidency is not to be had, contents himself with the position of treasurer. This occured among some friends of mine the other day, which shows their remarkable gifts at a bargain. One was trying to sell the other a horse, and was describing nis excellent qualities. He said: "He is 17 hands high; he has got diamond eyes-"

"Are his shoes gold, too?" broke in the other. Some people want the earth.

The Ever Warring Classes.

Here is a farmer's complaint about some of his city boarders last summer: "There are some things I don't like about city folks. Some of them are so stuck up you can't reach them with a haystack pole and others are so blamed friendly they forget to pay their board."

Yes, this is the same farmer who went into a city hotel the other day and on be-ing handed the menu was not at all surprised or disconcert, as he turned around to the waiter and said: "Bring me everything; I'm from the country.

Overwhelmed Him With Kindness.

A superintendent of a Sunday school introduced to his class a gentleman who called up a boy and said, "My boy, have you a

pocketbook?" "No," said the boy.

"Well, I'm sorry, for if you had, I was

going to give you 25 cents to put into it." Next Sunday the same man visited the school and the boy was ready for him. He called the boy up, and asked him if he had

a pocketbook. "Yes, sir." said the boy. "I am glad of it," said the man, "for I was going to give you 25 cents to buy one." That shows how easy it is to get out of difficult situations.

An Editor's Reception Up Above. I have often heard it said that truth is not always the most profitable when followed strictly. It is sometimes hinted that newspaper men are given to act on this principle. But here is a case where the editor of a newspaper found it of special.

As quickly as it was issued, however, it | end of all life, is just to keep from thinkwas seized, and the entire message of the President, covering more than a page and a half, was telegraphed to the Chicago Tribune, the Inter-Ocean and other dailies in the same city. It is not surprising that the Chicago Times, finding its hoped-for "scoop" gobbled by its rivals, should have declined to pay its own share, \$500, of the sum due as purchase money for the message. There was never much evidence against the printer, and, although he was discharged at the time, he was subsequently reinstated.

PUBLIC MEN AND THE PRESS.

Statesmen of England Do Not Get Befor the Public So Easily as Americans.

While traveling through the United States, says Sir Edwin Arnold in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I have found it impossible to avoid an almost mental comparison between the leading newspapers of your principal cities and those of London and the largest English towns. It is amusing to ap English editor to see how much more readily a public man gets his views before the public here than in England. In the latter country interviewing, as understood here, is very little practiced, and indeed the law of libel is so compiled that it would be scarcely safe to give free utterance to public expressions there as it is done here. The result is that when a member of Parliament wishes to set himself right before the public, he either goes down to his constituency and delivers an address or writes a letter to one of the leading

papers. The former plan is the more popular and

the British practice of giving a public din-ner, or banquet, on the smallest possible pretext, provides innumerable opportunithe other hand, a public England had a great advantage over a Senator or Congressman in this country, owing to the very complete manner in which Parliamentary debates are reported. In the United States the Congressional Record seems to be relied upon for full reports of pro-ceedings, while in England the London dailies print several columns every morning when Parliament is in session, and report all speeches of any importance in full. So closely is this rule adhered to that the complexion of a great London daily is very different during the session from what during the autumn and winter.

ISINGLASS OF RUSSIA.

It Is the Best in the World and Is Made o the Air-Bladders of Fish.

t. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of 25 feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing that it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no ival.

A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and

similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residunm, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of a dark color, often almost brown.

He Knows Botter

Harper's Young People. Mrs. Stimple-That poor little messenger boy has caught a bad cold. Mr. Stimple-Don't you believe any such thing, my dear. These messenger couldn't catch a slow feyer unless it Were tied fast.

ing. Don't think; divert your mind with work or with amusement; don't look up or ahead. For if you do, you will see the night about you, you will discover that it is winter and black midnight. But here is he Church of Christ bringing glad tidings of great joy to all these men and women un-der this black sky, making the whole world bright and new and wonderful and worth while and glad.

Message of the Christian Church.

A Message of Great Gladness,

No wonder we are glad on Christmas! No wonder we keep the feast with music The Church takes a word out of the angel's Christmas sermon, and makes it a de-scription of all the teaching which she comes to teach. We preach the "gospel." and rejoicing! Unto us is born a Savior. Set that first in all the gladness of this Our message to men is the message of the "gospel." "Go ye into all the world and

gospel. "gospel." "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is our marching order. And "gospel" means "good tidings." The message of the Chris-tian Church is to tell the best piece of good happiness come in between you and this pre-eminent beatitude. This is a religious season. Emphasize the spiritual side of it. Do not let the little children hear so much news which anybody ever heard; and to change night into day the whole world about Santa Claus that they will forget about the Christ; nor be so occupied with over, and to bring into everybody's heart the great joy which is in our own hearts. their gifts that they will take no thought of that great inestimable gift which Godgave us on this day. Sing the Christmas carols, tell the Christmas story; make the Christmas season Christian

the great joy which is in our own hearts. There is no place in our religion for long faces and melancholy voices, no room in it for despondency and discouragement. The emphatic word in it, from the beginning, is this word "joy." "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." Be glad; lift up your heads, lift up your hearts; sing alleleuias; be merry and joyful. "The ran-somed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." That old prophecy finds fulfill-ment in the heart of every Christian. They used to be able to recognize Christians in the early centuries by the screnity of their faces. And you can do that still; you can tell which are the best Christians by noting their unceasing happiness.

The Secret of the Bellever.

Why, whoever knows that God is his loving Father, and that the Lord Christ is his sure deliverer, and that the grave is but an open gate into a celestial country, and a heavenly company, and a life eternal-how can he help but be glad all the day long! Sorrow comes, pain gets entrance into life, disappointments beset us, there is tribulation, as was promised; but in the heart of the true disciple of the Lord Jesus, the sun shines on torever. We have a secret which helps us to face trouble, and to banish fear, and to be serene amidst perplexities, and to be at peace. It is the secret which the angel told the shepherds on the night before Christmas out of the Syrian sky. It is the open secre', in which our longing is that every weary and troubled spirit may have a share; the open secret of this great good tidings, which transmutes even the iron and steel of sorrow into the gold of joy.

Christ came amidst the singing of angelie carols, and the chanting of celestial anthems. And His coming seemed to awaken a whole springtime of new music. There was the song which Zacharias sang "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His per There was the song which the Virgin Mother sang: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoieed in God my Savior." There was the song which old Simeon sang: "Lord, now lettest Thou thy ervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

A Great Feast of Gladness,

And here is the song of the angels, sounding in the night over the hills of Bethle-hem. The old psalmists have been silent and dead for centuries. The hymnbooks of Israel are all finished and bound up. The Israel are all inneared and bound up. The vears have come and gone, and the poets have been as missed out of the life of Israel as the absent prophets. And now, of a sudden, the old men begin to sing songs, and the maidens utter poetry. For Christ is come. And everybody who knows that is glad, and singing seems the fittest kind of means.

the maidens utter poetry. For Christ is come. And everybody who knows that is glad, and singing seems the fittest kind of speech. This is the feast of gladness. The old songs have their sweet echoes in our Christ-mas anthems. All our hearts are lifted up. We are so glad that we have been at pains, for months past, to contribute ways of bring

in the right way to do God's will. want to know how to please God. We The Lesson of a Complete Life.

imported from there, and are the solid evaporations of the Sprudel And He who was born upon Christmas Day, began our life at the very beginning Spring." of it, that He might be an example to us all: that every single one of us, even the young-est, might be able to ask in every crisis of

"What have they done for you that you know so much about them?" of temptation, in every moment of conflict and distress, What would Christ do if He "Why, they have cured papa of his dyspepsia, and in the place of a stood here where I stand? and might get an answer out of that blessed life. cross father, they have given me a kind and loving parent.'

Dyspepsia will spoil the most angelic temperament. Too mnch Christmas season. Make it a Christian Christmas. Do not let any other kind of bile inactivity of the liver will start it. Try the Carlsbad Sprudel Salts. A standard, a never-failing remedy. The genuine have the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on every bottle.

> It is an old-fashion notion that medicine has to taste bad to do any good.

liver oil with its fish-fat taste

lost-nothing is lost but the

A PORTFOLIO OF SUEDR Scott's Emulsion is cod-

Beautiful Bit of Household Ornament That Costs Very Little.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The portfolio shown in the illustration is

taste. made of fine gray suede, and is as lovely a bit of color and as useful a possession as any This is more than a matwoman would wish. It is decorated with pansy blossoms embroidered in their own ter of comfort. Agreeable wonderful shades of purple and heliotrope, taste is always a help to diand is supplied with a band of lavender ribbon, with the aid of which it is opened and gestion. A sickening taste closed. To make the folio first cut a piece of suede 32 inches long by 13 inches wide. Then at each end mark off a space of 514 is always a hindrance. inches and over the surface included be-There is only harm in taking

GEORGE HODGES.



tween the two lines, embroider the seat-tered pansies; there will then be left a plain space at each end with which to make the pockets. Cut the slits through which the ribbon is to pass, and carefully press the embroidered flowers when the practical work of making can be begun. Cut fine white crinoline the exact size of the sucle, and basic the two nearly together. Line the succe with dark gray velvet for a space of five inches each side of the central line so hat the velvet shall cover ten inches in all. Line the two end pieces, each of which should measure 111/2 inches, with gray India

silk in such a manner as to leave the ends seamed. Hem the edges of the silk nearly to the velvet, and the folio will be ready to

PIK-RON is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. Glass painted with it looks like colored glass. A 10c. bottle of Pin-Ron will decorate a market basket full of glassware. All retailers sell it.

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