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THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Healing Touch."

Terr, " Who furched Me?"-Mark v., 31.

owl of excited people elbowing way and that and Christ it is that He could not. At the an interesting exp woman of twelve years us say it was Veronica.

t her name was, but this al employed many of and re I the compress and had Al incked and cut and her was a plague. Be-hold Christ on the only day of His early brates her doctor shills dy, and she had paid in spiratus until her d as her body, are you doing in that works of the many trials, O woman of the heart-brack, why do you not touch Him? d as her body.

" gohomennd tobed and "Oh," says some one, "Christ doesn't care some of the other way. "Oh," says some one, "Christ doesn't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to over-pain and sobbing until throw, and there are so many worse cases of pain and solbling until throw, and there are so many worse cases of rouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and thas! Why do you y? Have you no consid-towan? But just at that and his invalid comes but she is behind Him, does not take her in, thabout His kindness to the torned Him neout." If He was facing to the north, He turned to the south; if He was facing to the east, He turned to the west. What the turned Him about." If He was facing to the east, He turned to the south if the was had no the turned Him about. The hide son His charlot through the east, He turned to the south if the was had no that bout his kindness to the east, He turned to the south if the was had no turned Him about. The hide son His charlot through the eternities. He marknes on, intaking steplars as though they were the cruckling alders on a brook's bank, and tosilly usttouch Him once it will not touch Him r that might be irruckling alders on a brook's bank, and toss-

not touch Him on the sen too familiar. I think, touch Him on top of it, or on the bot-top of it, or on the botnot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffer-ing turned clear about. Oh, what comfort there is in alls subject on the border, threads of the er : there can be no ok He will burt me, I inbout Him. Besides that, Twelve years of This is my last

thrilled back into her 1 shrunken veins, and nd panting lungs, and health, beautiful health. health, God given and complete 12 years' march of pain and tering over suspension bridge of DADY OD nd through tunnel of bone instantly

intres somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue transe of His garment had shot She did not touch the garment just where diameter, and which is the only one

ALMAGE.DIVINE'S SUN.
MOX.alling Touch."Alter exponsive maturesalling Touch."Alter exponsive maturesAlter exponsive matures.alling Touch."Alter exponsive matures.Alter exponsive matures.alling Touch."Alter exponsive matures.Alter exponsive matures.</tr

acting in this time wher or surgeon stands to: while conceal them. They think it is unmanly so she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is she has applied. I am afraid of a man who does not know how is that deep lake of tears opened by the two works of the evangelist : "Jesus wept!" Be-hold Christ on the only day of His early trumph marching on Jerusalem, the glitter-ing domes obliterated by the blinding rain of live sympathy. So that if this morning Supervise and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of volces responding: "I! I! I!"

The Magnetic Water of Pueblo.

A feature of remarkable interest at Pueblo, Colorado, is that of the peculiar magnetic mineral water found there. This has coverted the whole town to a belief in its wonderful efficacy and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the State. Everybody seems to be drinking it, and bathing in it for a week or two with the water at a temperature of about 105 degrees Fahrenheit is considered a panaces for the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism and derange- day before we left Cairo. He might ment of the kidneys and liver, also dyspepsis and various other troubles, including nervous complaints. This water seems to be generally distributed

beneath the city of Pueblo at a depth of from 1200 to 1700 feet, and has been for people who are called nervous ! Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use reached by seven or eight wells scat-it in the or linary parlance. After 12 years tered over an area of several miles, is out. This is my last it in the orthnary parados. After is years tered over an area of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she which were all sunk in search for petroleum and coal, and in no case has a deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exbausted, and in the Bible is well which has been sunk to a proper the blue france of the in so many words she "had suffered many destributed and the suffered many destributed and suffered many destributed and suffered many destributed and the suffered many destributed and the suffered many destributed and s things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grow worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia, and about the awful ap-water below that it equals a pressure She knew stone. So strong is the force upon the prehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave linch, and rises when confined by an to the garment of Christ, but a trembling upright pipe to a height of 120 feet, fore-arm, and an ancertain motion of the missed the mark toward which she aimed, which is four or five inches in

which has been properly cased, is mated at 3000 barrels per diem. The water is considered most agr able for drinking, and contains an appreciable proportion of iron, lithia and sodas. The particular feature, however, is its strong magnetic character, as it impregnates knife-blades and steel substances held beneath its flow for a few minutes so strongly that they become magnets by which tacks, ing of suffering. Now, I have a new prescription to give you. needles and other small iron and steel objects are readily lifted. This imparting of magnetism by water is, I believe, disputed and scouted by scientists whose theories are quite clear, but the fact novertheless exists, and incontestably, that the water does, with celerity, highly magnetize steel substances held beneath its flow. It may not perhaps do this by the accepted axis as of science, but that it has a way of doing it is highly satisfactory to the boys as well as the adults of Pueblo. This magnetic quality is accounted the prime factor in rheumatic cases, and it would be difficult to find in the whole of Pueblo any one who knows anything about the water who is not a convert to fts supposed almost miraculous qualities. In fact a continuous pilgrimage from the and so mines and different parts of the State to the water for drinking and bathing the sea, and the wilderness tramp, and the is going on, and it is generally bethe sea, and the outrage must have persecution, and the outrage must have broken His percomenystem, a fact proved by the statement that He lived so short a time on the cross. That is a linzering death or-dinarily, and many a softerer on the cross has writhed in pain 24 hours, 48 hours. Christ lieved that no case exists so obstinate that it will not be relieved by bathing and drinking freely of the water .-Boston Transcript.

FARLY IN THE SPRING. BT ROBART LOUIS STEVENSON

Light foot and tight foot And green grass spread; Easily in the morning— But hope is on ahead.

Stout foot and proud foot And gray dust spread; Early in the evening, And hope hes dead. Long life and short life-The last word sild-Early in the evening, There lies the bed.

Briel day and bright day And subset red,

And subset red, Early in the evening The stars are overhead.

desert's ghostly breast, our camp fires burned low upon the sands and won-drons ho ts of stars marched across the skies. On one side rose a crumbling pyramid, on the other were the still tents, their striped folds tinged red from the dying embers. The camels, heaped in ungainly rest, had groaned themselves to sleep. The horses were motionless. Silence had fallen upon the explorers' camp. I had cast myse f down upon a pile

of saddle cloths and rugs to look awhile with the sunds.

Some one moved beside me. It was white turban was on his head, his dark face was carnest and anxions, his eyes, tierce and black, glared from under heavy brows.

"You do not believe in Xartella?" he

I had been told that Xartella was a

speak my skepticism. "I confess-to me there seems insufficient evidence ----

An adventure with a maniac, I

felt across the gray wide Cumbering the way were so many dark red hght fell across the gray wide plain, and it was gray no more. In lines of scarlet and in lakes of golden mist the air slept, shining. Hill tops burned crimson, for palms purpled slow in death of day. "Then, 1 saw, moving, far off on the red hght sands, a white-robed form. Hastily I | and scattered about the floor. Their | his." raised my glass. Toiling among the purpling vistas was Vor's weary the match expired.

"Alter some time I accustomed my-self to the darkness and saw great cases "He stool again like a fire-red star upon the summit of the pyramid. His dazzling majesty as he stood in the sun made me forget Vor's wandering "The feet of each one were bathed in the daughter. Like a swarm the Arabs crimson liquid. The entire scheme crawled up the steps of rock. Among was incomprehsible to me, who them was I, who looked up at the ra-diant prize, then back at the demoniae hoping to find some unravelment of faces as one python head after another the mystery, and so doing found the peered above the terrace, each coun- most monstrous iniquity of all. It peered above the terrace, each coun- most monstrous miquity of all. tenance stamped with the same feroci- seemed a living mummy; it moved its ous determination. Was not Xartelia eyes and head but did not speak. A sfraid as he looked down from his sur- tattered cloak covered with ancientest rounded standing place? How could symbolic designs was heavily crumhe escape? They were not here to be pled upon the withered body. I lifted foiled. They were closing the ring a portion of the weight from the feeble around him; more than two thirds of frame. So doing, I struck down into

the distance to the summit was passed. dust a crown agleam with precious They were all well armed. jewels. "Once more that fell gaze scathed me. I was dizzy; moved heavily, as voice. Some powerful influence seemed

one in a dream. I saw others clasp to coerce me. I moved toward him. their eyes. Some leaned against the rock to rest. A stagnation seemed to fall upon them. They moved not for-ward. Then I heard a defiant shout, a derisive laugh came down to us. Some "He paused beside Artossa and

few lifted their heads to look. There looked at her with deep solemnity upon was a blaze of red light, as if the his face. He seemed to note her torn gorgeous sun had shattered into frag- veil, her tattered dress, her blistered feet. He lifted his hand and slowly

"No man stood upon the summit of ne pyramid. "Xartella was gons. moved it beckoning. A bavy of beau-tiful slave girls came from an adjoin-ing apartment. I noticed how singu-"At once rose the stricken ones; the lar was their step, their feet clicked

blinded began to see; the trembling like machines as they surrounded Ar-began to grow ferocious. I found my-tossa. Then Vor's daughter rose to welf still weak and cl may. I leaned upon my spear-this very broken spear. The shaft was pressed into the first bewildered look of her face. She crevice between the rocks. As I clasped her white hands to her brow looked - bewildered - at the place and seemed confounded. where the flames had flashed, suddenly "Xartelia watched, sile

where the fismes had flashed, suddenly "Xartella watch-d, silently. After a turned the stone upon which I stood time she turned as if to fly. Then, like and I fell into depth and darkness. As , a congealing, returned the somnambu-I scrambled to my feet the heavy stone | listic state and with the same clicking swung into its place, shutting out the step as the slave she departed into last ray of evening light. I knew that another chamber.

I was a prisoner within the mighty "Xartella, then, came into the Hall walls. Alone, forgoiten, with only a of Mummies where I was hidden broken spear in my hand. Already among the jars. There was now no we ry-already thirsty. Something call upon me, and I could think and act independently. I watched as the "At first I gave myself up to frantic mysterious man searched about among

desperation. After awhile I regained sufficient self control to consiler, re-membering that delirium was destruc-liquid from the feet of a beautiful Carefully I examined the walls youth, shook him, and lifted him up. until I found one narrow passage. A stored great vacant eyes and stared, sightlessly, at the dark hope that there was some onter door. burning eyes of Xartella. Then he For some time I proceeded so steadily followed him through clouds of dust. and evenly that I felt encouraged. Click, click, sounded his step as he Then something crashed in the black- crossed the great rooms, drew aside a "Come!" interrupted the stranger, ness, covering me with dust. Instinct- portiere and dropped like a limp doll ively I turned back. A great stone upon an inanimate collection of the must be a willing sacrifice. Whether it same sort of humanity. Revealed to Ustening for her are

until the parting kiss of the sun. The | el the air and cloudel at every step. | Not such as she. Cruel to steal my "I whispered to Artossa that We power, to let me almost perish, yet not

"I left this thing which I had evoked from mummy life. This creature of the shades. It was no forgotten fate. It was a woman who would restore herself to a majesty which would be most terrible to Artossa. "But where had the living gone

The beautiful resurrected, and the baleful restored became so unendurable to me, that, during the prolonged absence of Xartella and Artossa, I hid myself in the recess of the fountain. There I counted the slanting beams of fourteen sunsets before I heard weird amid sim idered. Artossa clung to my music and the sound of Xartella's arm. A great rock fell from the center voice. Then I forgot my loneliness, forgot Aphlah and myself in the glory of the picture presented in the old stone halls.

"Artossa was enthroned beside Xartella. Rest had restored her resplendent beauty. Her hair was coiled and diademed. A gossamer robe of gold and rose was bound about with bands of gems. Her feet were cased in broidered shoes.

"Before the thrones whirled all the host of beautiful youths and maidens. Waving salutations with their white or tawny arms. Tossing their long, loose hair and moving, in a mechanical ac-

cord, with discordant music, twanged from stringed instruments struck by hands of dark-skinned musicians. It was bewildering. Majesty, splendor, beauty contered upon the throne. Gor-geous hues burnished, motion glinted the foreground of the scene. Even the jarring music, here, was not unpleasant.

"A great Sarcophagus, of transparent substance, stood, conspicuously, close by the thrones. The lid was raised. From time to time Artossa glanced toward it, almost with dread. But her white hand lay in the clasp of

seemed to control her. "Then I heard Xartella explain, in ness of expression which transformed

to a translation the real horror of the substance like it. desired sacrifice. "Artossa must consent to enclose herself in the mysterious casket. Death was sure in the thousaudth of an instant. Resurrection, Xartella insisted,

was, by his art, just as certain. She would be able to procure, through her intercession, souls for all his restored multitudes. When she returned more glorious than other earth creatures she should reign with him for centuries. neath a pyramid already crumbling,

nameal forgattir

Artossa, will you go?

"You will return."

would seek an egress from the pyramid. Even then the great walls began to shudder as if shaken by earthquake. Light, as if of sun, filted all the space. We two shrank away from something, vast and blinding, which neared Xar-teila. He rose and stood appalled. A voice like the serene music of a singing ocean nitered these words:-

"Call me not back, Hear ye that thunder gong Of the stamp-ding throng In miracles of white In glory swept plong? It is vibratiant chord Of that transcendent song Which carthe can never sing ' "Ouly a man art thou, Xartella,

Thou hest no power in heaven. Another cycle I have finished in the great wheel of the worlds. I shall no more return.

"The all was dark. Again the pyrof the pyramid and as it dropped it buried Xartella and the sarcophagus. The stars of heaven shone down on us. We saw two great spirits sail grandly away into the distant blue."

The speaker ceased. "Is that all?" "My story is ended."

"But, Artossa?"

"She followed Aphlah's call and died three days after I had restored her to her father's house."

Than the old man pressed the spear into the seam of the stones. I was not surprised to see the rock turn and reveal a pit. But in the gray dawn, I saw the flash of steel. Before my eyes the stranger fell, a corpse, into the black. I roused the camp. Now listen, this is the strangest of it all. We found that corridor. We found the great stone surroun led with bleached bones and mummied forms. We found dozens of great jars with a dry, red powder in One of the men stepped upon them. white ball which burst and enveloped him in an impenetrable white light, in which he was invisible for half a min-

ute. Another found a number of great fan-like structures of glass, in colors red, yellow and blue. These, when that one dark and strong. The touch flashed open in the sun, gave the effect of a great dazzling star.

I found only this. I suppose it to be soft voice, with an oriental figurative- a piece of the broken sarcophagus. In all the earth 1 have found no other

OLD ST. DAVID'S.

A Church with an Interesting History and

In 1685 there came from Radnorshire. Wales, a company of people who settled in Pennsylvania at a spot they called Radnor Valley. Here in a sheltered dale they erected what is Not in that dark, contracted realm, be- now one of the oldest churches in this country, a building whose aged but in such visioned land as, I was cer- walls are covered with a luxuriant tain, was not builded above the seas of growth of ivy, and which is surroundearth and only had foundation in the ed by venerable oaks of two centuimaginings of this balf god. And this ries' growth. Tradition says the first church on this site was built of logs,

"Listening for her answer Xartella but the present stone edifice dates from May 15, 1715 No news were :

the pyramid.

at the glory of the stars, to glance, with an eerie chill, at the darkening form of the old stone pile, to meditate upon the mystery which seamed to live

that old stranger who had joined us the have been the spirit of the desert, he seemed in such accord with time and place. His tall form was wrapped with a cloak of white wool, a great

questioned.

deathless creature, more than man, who had been seen, for centuries, in the vicinity of this pyramid. While I had not the slightest faith in these legends, noting the remonstrative expression in the aged face 1 hesitated to

"I will prove that Xartella has existed.

hought, as I walked beside htm.

Scethner's Magazine

XARTELLA

-BY-

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CHAPTER I.

THE DECERT. The sapphire night slept on the

Florence Carpenter Dieudonne.

the touch, and told of the restoration, and is asking about her convalescence. But when Joans said: "Doughter, thy faith had made the whole, Go in pence." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our house-the use in the state of the gospel. On the second s a doctor Christial in overy one of our house-holds may He be the family physician. Notice that there is no addition of help to

Notias that there is no addition of help to others without suttrantion of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was headed Jesus fall that virtue of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt alterward that strength had gone of strength? Have not subtraction at the fall afterward that strength had gone at strength and proper midland. But I want you to bring your preached a sermon, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt alterward that strength had gone of strength? The server preached at the server instrated then felt alterward that strength had gone felt afterward that strength had gone

then feit afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated "Inrist? Are you curlous to know how that garments of Christ would have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Curat was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from eity to city by garments as in case of epi-demide, and so I suppose that Christ al suppose that Christ al suppose that Christ al suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it purnesated all His robe down to the last thered on the border of the bine fringe. But a addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which this 12 years' invalid would not have been in-stantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self sacrifice. A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a min who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or eity erangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of hist a myther who robs herself of sleep in behalf of siek cradle, a wife who bears up dheer-tild under domestic misfortune that she may of a sick oradle, a wife who bears up sheer-fully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her hushand in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and many years dovoted to rearing her family for God and uselulness and heaven, and has nothing to show for it but premaining gray. nothing to show for it but premature gray deep wrinkles, is hairs and a profusion of ike Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the through a garment she has made for the bome, that strength may have gone out through the soek you knit for the burefoot deutitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every So a crippled child sat every n her father's front step so that in the touch. Ob. 1 am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us! The knuckles, and the limbs, and the joints, all failing apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisset survery would stand appalled before that louthsome pa-tient. What did Christ do? He did not surwhen the kind Christian teacher passed by to sheb the sing Christian told of her dress and the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gong thrilling through the life of those who stay; but mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of healteh to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of Him. Notice also in thi subject a Christs sensi-tive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale co much we hardly appreciate His accessibility—God in magnifule rather ich of which thrills us through

a God in minutiae, God in the infinite for than God in the infinite infinite was cataract or opatimization. He did not put the may text we have a God arrested by a the men into a dark room for three or form His accessibility-God in magnitude rather than God in minutize, God in the infinite a the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. Hetouched them, and they saw every, thing. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate, and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear, and he heard : touched his tongue, and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate—a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He When in the sham trial of suffering touch. Christ they struck Him on the cheek we can how that check tingled with pain. m under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can re-alize how He must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and But here there is a sick and herveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched Me?"
We talk about sensitive people, but Christ Was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability reakers all the reakers of the smallest finger of human disability reakers all the reakers of the smallest finger of human disability reakers all the reakers of the smallest finger of the smallestrest smallest finger of the smallest finger of the smallest fin out of your grief and vexation you purple hand on Christ, it awakens all human remi-niscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we perse-cuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? lisability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and teet violations is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a processappled Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron cased Christ, but an exquisitely constive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the d heart and hand and feet vibrate. I rayer we make the connecting line Him and ourselves complete. Mark bet will you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come Kate had not toughed Him When to your

The Best Dishes for Dyspeptics.

Violent cases of dyspepsia are often cured by refraining from liquids entirely. Never drink at meals, and if thirsty between times sip a little hot water slowly. Little by little, as the person grows better, he or she can take coffee, even tes, at their meals. Where chronic dyspepsia exists, geuerally the person must be guided, by her arms around her deex and keesed her The woman said, "Oh, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me. If breaks my heart. Nobody has kissed me what is found by experience to agree. Simplicity in cooking and a plain diet is necessary. Pastry, fried articles, meats cooked a second time, and nearly all sweets are to be avoided. The following are some of the foods easy of digestion.

Mutton, sweetbreads, chicken, partridges, beef tes, mutton broth, Ob, 1 am so glad that when we touch Christ milk, fish, oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, asparagus, French beans, baked apples, oranges, strawberries bled. I could utter no word. Then the and peaches -St. Louis Star-Sayinga.

FCCD FOR 1 HOUGHT.

Either I will bnd a way, or I will nake one.

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity lever will. Few things are more bitter than to

el bitter.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

When faith is lost, and honor dies, the man is dead. Sleep is the honey in the comb of

healthful labor. Thurder is the base drum in the mu-

sic of the elements. Avarice is always poor, but poor by

its own fault. If you do not pay down there comes

day when you must pay up. Never was a voice of conscience silenced without retribution. Most lives which turn out a failure

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do it from lack of moral courage. Te was hereft. St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning wen St. Yoo of Kermartin select on his doorstep To possess the gift of helplessness is St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on shint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody ask him why that eccentricity. He replied : "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how to be mortgaged to all humanity. Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust. .The devil is afraid of the man always has sunshine in his heart.

N 20

as all.

"Twelve years have passed since the events which I shall relate," continued

CHAPTER IL

VOR'S DAUGHTER.

"Refreshed by the water I was rest-

best course, when close beside me

passed the white-robed form of Vor's

daughter. A slow moving vision of

golden light seemed she in that black

realm. Blonde and with wealth of vel-

with no trace of expression in her fixed

her?

tion.

my companion as we noisclessly crossed the sands. "I wish to find a certain broken spear handle.'

point and part of the handle of a spear.

With assumed diligence 1 searched weight above. I crawled like a suake. until I did find the spear. When it I lifted my head a little. The rocks had held the withered feet was very was withdrawn from the sands, in the were not there! I arose. starlight we could see that the two parts, one of which he carried, united perfectly. there was space in which to die.

"It is the very spear. My spear!" he id excitedly. "Now let me tell you said excitedly. ling stones, and as the stars paled for dawn. I Leard this story: "Xartella! Xartella!"

from the foot of this pyramid it was The waste of sand was blinding as it billowed into distance, broken only by those fragments of dead empires which marked their own graves.

"In unbalief I had come, with the others, to search for the lost daughter ing, absorbed in speculation as to my days. of one Vor, who was considered to be the wealthiest merchant in Cairo. The maiden had been for months infatuated, or hypnotized, by Xartella and had been wa ched constantly, to prevent her flying across the desert to his guards. Immense rewards were offerwere perfect, marvelous her beauty, but pale as one dead. She was staring, d and, I thought I might find the foclish lady. So, it chanced, there we all stood, in the blistering noon, when n an instant's time all doubt vanished. For there stood Xartells, at the foot of the pyramid.

"No wonder that they called him a that mass of stone towering above him of sand. could dwarf him into human insignifleance. Kobed in fabrie wrought over like another sun. Beneath his antique crown was a face grand, dark, strong. It might have borrowed its repose from the Sphinx, its glory from an eternity, its cruelty from a demon.

"When the gaze of those wondrous deep eves struck mine I could not move, I felt myself grow chill. 1 tried to call out, as did all the others, 'Xartells!' but my lips were cold and trem- and mosiacs of shining and oriental mystery looked away. I breathed again, moved and called 'Xartella!' forward to capture him.

"Capture Xartella!-Capture the stones of the pyramid! Capture the lights; one corner was shrouded in deep unknown fatnrity in hope to return loneliness of the desert! The Arabs shade. were right. He was more than human. hieroglyphic-marked gate which was He might be a thousand years old. hung between huge orange-colored When he looked with those terrible dosts covered with mystic characters in artossa. Forsaken! Forgotten! I am Queen, and once again I will put eyes across that plain, of which the black. very legends had been stolen, by time, "When Arfossa, Vor's daughter, into what a lendors of memory dal the reached the central hall she dropped

rains lead torr, what was that shelped rains lead torr, what was that shelped glory of which he was left the only existing miracle? There was stern, suprementaiest, on his face. There was nysterious menance in his taper the mesmeric state. I brought water, the state brought water, the mesmeric state. I brought water, the state brought water, the mesmeric state. I brought water, the state brought water, the brought water, the mesmeric state. I brought water, the brough bronze hand uplifted to the sun. There was a cloud of white-a dazzle ed lips she did not drink. in our event Xartella stood not I could not rouse her I sought refuge ored rivers red with brothers' blood, at the foot of the pyramid. No in the shadows beyond the orange It is an awful power, my own and en in the shadows beyond the orange one was there. The brilliance had

vanished. No more should I see that glerious face; it was cone. "A yell of rage rose from the company, together men rashed to the spot where he had stood, they searched in most was afraid to move lest I restore

the sands for the print of his foot. They hammered the moveless blocks of stone and pried great slabs of rock selected some other hiding place; no ing sloft the crown or place it on her from the du t, as if they thought the rest was here for a confused brain. head. But it was too heavy. She of stone and pried great slabs of rock mighty man had digged himself a grave. Incantations and prayers with beast-like howls of rage; we had all seen him and he had escaped

"Thro: wh the weary day we searched

were a door or merely an accidental me by the lifting of the curtain were falling of rock I could not tell. 1 hundreds like him tossed into a pile of cried out in horror, then rashed on moveless loveliness, as were the mumblin lly-madly. No return now. The mies heaped in still hileonsness. cerridor was my fate. "It occurred to my mind that

"It occurred to my mind that these "I seemed to see the sunny courts of perfect men and women were resur-Cairo, 1 was tortured with thirst ; I rected mummies, restored only to phys-Very mad but, likely, harmless, I could hear those fountains plashing un-thought. With him I climbed up the der the trees. The corridor was

rocks until he paused and began to search among the rubbish. der the trees. The trees, for the t close it was. The current of air had considered on this idea the more ceryoung eyes may be able to find the ceased since the stone fell. It i lifted my tain I grew that it must be so. I dehead it struck the rock. I thought termined to try an experiment. That that soon I should be crushed by the elvish creature with the live head!

Love may even forget." "I remembered that the jar which ". Fond heart, there are not mo There was small. In such a multitude of mumments in eternity to make true love plenty of room. I reached my arms mies discrimination was impossible about and touched no walls; and in the Xartella must have forgotten this one forget!" mues discrimination was impossible. appeared before us and uttered these darkness danced and laughed because I would restore it. I changed the small ords 1 wondered had she not changed jar for one such as had restored the "Then it seemed there was a tinge of wonth. I filled this jar to the brim into an angel. Her majesty and beauty of Xartella," We say upon the crumb- light, but I scarce dared trust my eyes, with the crimson liquid. In these paled those others as the sun pales the moon and all the stars. She might It became brighter and I was obliged preparations I found again the crown, have been moulded from moonlight to believe. It was light. Soon 1 found which I laid carefully upon the stone and robed in woven dew drops so mar-"When first 1 heard that cry rise from the foot of this pyramid it was white noon. The air shimmered like a white noon. The air shimmered like a a fountain of cold, clear water nestled shalf I was sure those dreadful eves velous was her humanity, so unreal her shimmering garments. approach her. A look of rapture trans leaved foliage trees which was outside the gate. Here I regaled myself with a

figured his stern face. "Aphlah, my wife----delicious fruit, such as I had never "His words were interrupted, this woman of glory lifted to her bronze tasted, composed myself to rest and fell into a deep slumber. I have al-ways thought I must have slept for gold hair that same crown which I had

> CHAPTER III. APHLAH.

"My first waking thought was of the low hair, she resembled not the dark room and my experiment. The home. At last she had escaped her women of Egypt. Her face and form Orange Gate was locked, but I climbed shall fall before it." upon the stone partition wall and grew cold to behold some moving object. It was in shades and far but it was where blue eyes. A hand in hue and texture | 1 had left that mummy which lived. dust it fell upon my hand. The maidlike the waxen leaf of a lily, clutched I crept, noiselessly, around to where the remnant of a silver-cloth veil; the the wall was above and besile it.

shoes were lost from her blistered feet, the cry of a young girl's terror, flew. "A woman was there. She had risen her robe was dust-covered and torn on and twined the dust-filled tatters of god. A man so majestic that not even the hem; it had trailed across wastes the hieroglyphed robe about her. Her sand. "This patrician lady made no pause; words were maledictions, her breath seemed made of sobs. She held, ciutched ficance. Kobed in fabric wrought over did not even taste the water. I re-with gems, from head to foot he blazed membered the many times that we had As she peered through a little wicket de not wish to cross the chill river, death. O, to float once more in glary of sunlight on the Nile!' She fell At

""She has come across hot sands at brilliance lined all the upper walls. his call. Into this dark haven at his Open doors, portals and arches un-draped gave vistas of antique magnifi-throned by his side. Even while the with the rest. With others hastened cence. Into this luxury intraded glamour of her crown is new this onea? strange, crude relics of antiquity. maiden lays it down. All this! and, Some of the apartments blazed with for him, consents to venture into an

> Into its obscurity opened a again, to him, with souls for all these restored of earth. "'I am Xartella's Queen Not thou, am Queen, and once again I will put

on this crown. "She rose to her feet; in the sword of blue light I saw her ghastly, impish face distort with rage. She lifted silver, into the fatal casket. With heavy jer the lid flashed down.

"'It is a crown,' she cried, 'for this "'Come back! I never meant to le the mesmeric state. I brought water, thing men have died. Have stain and when I placed the cup ather parch their best loved. Have whitened hills you really perish. There is no light left in my earth. I do not know that I can bring you back I only waited; with rifts of human bones. Have col-Finding O, Aphlah, I never meant that you It is an awful power, my own anci en Such mystery was about me crown forged in the fires built by should die or really be forgotten." "A fearful sight it was to see the primeval rice. All newer crownlets that I was scarcely sure I still retained my reason. I wondered if I really ex- shail fall down before it. I know the powerful Xartella striving vainly to the bills were in condition, except perienced what I thought 1 did, or if I glorions life which the erimson fluid had gone mad in that corridor. 1 al- can bring back to me. Xartella!" To see the glinting of the crown "Even in that mummy shape was through the transparant sides. To some horrible consciousness. "It would have been better had I she lifted both her leathern arms, raissome hint of grandeur, as in that blue note the still face in the majesty of mystery, as the proprietor never death. Xartella crashed article after article into shatters trying to break that seemingly fragile lid. She

clasped it to her breast and bowed her A deep red hue steeped the gloom, through which slanted shafts of blue bald head upon its gems. light looking like swords dipped in "'Xartella has forgotten Aphlah.

blood. Odd roundish bottles, or huge jars were on all sides. A crimson liquid woman of modern earth to bargain was in them. Peculiar spiced dust fill-with Archangels. I should be sent.

Like dolls they began to drop in their first provided, but everyone was at places. "'You see,' he said, 'they have no

"'I may not find the weary way."

"It was Aphlah! and as she suddenly

"Xartella sprang from the throne to

"'Love will lead you back."

liberty to carry his own chair or Afterwards the custom arose stopl. souls but mine. For their new life, of selling for spaces on which purchasers might erect pews to suit their "'I will go,' replied Artossa, 'but

individual fancy. There is a decided flavor of primihow can I go willingly and leave you?' tive times in the tradition that in this building the Colonists assembled to take measures for resisting an an-" 'In that other sphere may be no tiginated attack by the Indians under love. In the place whence I sm to pro-Pontiac. Revolutionary memories cure all these souls love may be dead.



OLD ST. DAVID'S CHURCH

also cluster around it. Like the lifted from the dust. And, as she great majority of the Church of Enraised it, in dust fell down the antique, gland clergy of that period the rector, in conformity with the liturgy, brilliant crown which graced Xartella's continued to read the prayers for the "Xartella, this is my crown. For

King and royal family, which caused this crown man has destroyed the one so much disatisfaction that he was best loved. But, 'ts an ancient ring of power. B holl how newer diadems and infirmities." At this same time and infirmities." At this same time the lead in the window sashes was "I had drawn close to the throne converted into bullets and the comand as Artossa's crown crumbled into minion service, given by good Queen Anne, was carried off. The sons of en, forgotten, at this suprememoment, Anne, was carried off. The sons of by her captor, turned to me and with therety had little respect for anything belonging to the Church of England. from the splendid throne to my arms, Sixteen unknown dead from the bat-"I do not wish to die,' she sobbed, the of Brandywine are said to have Sixteen unknown dead from the bat-I do not dare to bring those souls, is been buried near the gallery steps, wish to return to my father's palace. If and the superstitious inhabitants used to tell doleful steries of ghostly visitors in tattered regimentals seen wandering nightly in the ancient my feet, weeping, trightened, implor-ing my aid, and I comforted her with mains of Gen. Anthony Wayne, over common words of earthly encouragewhich was erected the handsome

monument dedicated July 4, 1809. Propositions have been made in resent years to reconstruct and modernize this ancient building, but happily a sentiment has prevailed against any change. The quaint features of the venerable pile command the reverence and respect of a large element of the parishioners. No church in America possesses a more unique history. Established during the reign of William III., it is closely connected with many stirwill seek some friendly archangel and ring events in this country's history, may return with the souls to light your and it is one of the few structures and it is one of the few structures we nossess which have stood unscathed

by the ravages of time and the hand of the iconoclast.

Mate Their Net Out of Back Bills While runninging through a lot e soxes the other afternoon, the employes of Witner's drug store in Pottstown came upon a nest of mice which proved to be a valuable find. The nest, which was heatly arranged. contained, among other things one \$10 bill, two fives and five ones. All tear away the lid from the sarcophagus. One five, which had the corner eaten off. How the mice came in possession of their hidden treasure is a missed any money. - Philadelphia Record.

"I have called too late. I have Edith Perry Estes, who has a bright story of a little Irish emigrant in the May Wide Awake, is a Boston newswaited my repentant words until she "Then he cast himselt down beside the casket and hid his face. Around him lay the still dancers, "Around tion." May Wide Awake, is a Boston news-paper woman and a member of the New England Woman's Press Associa-tion.

ment which seemed strangely out of "Aphlah moved near the shrcophagus. "'Xartella, upon what shore dwells man when he has died to higher life?" "Let others ask the question, Apulah. Not such as then: "Not yet a soul for all these dear "There is but one dear, on earth. Let these dead rest. Go not across the boundary.' "'I will be your ambassadress, I

haughty head.

empire of the dead." "Xartella moved to prevent her but

he seemed chained. The thing which I had thought a fate forgotten now proved itself the more powerful of the two. Aphlah dropped, like a cloud of

leaving me. I rose to follow her. "We soon came into a large hall of sied, the ages of this weary old earth barbarie magnificence. Singular tiles have produced it.

escaped discovery on the desert, in full of fiend. Beware! For the glance of sunlight, while hundreds searched for those eyes, thy life. For Xartella's But as I thought she was fast smile, thy all Eternity. 'Willingly a place

halted at the wells. I wondered had in the wall, I judged she could see she endured to pass them all as she passed this fountain. How had she "Thou infatuate dupe. Thou foll