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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY. JUNE 21, 1893

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday

Sermon.

subject: "Lesson Learned From the Story of Ehud."

z: "But when the children of Israel unto the Lord the Lord raised them up a ree, Elud, the son of Gera, a Benjamman left hynded."—Judges iii., 15. Ehul was a fuler in Israel. He was left and was a was twas peculiar about the be of Reclards, to which he belonged, to were in it 700 left banded men, and the desired were in it foo left banded men, and the desired were in the southeleft hand that the Bible says they all sing stones at a hair's breadth and

there was a king of the name o. to was an oppressor of Israel. He whom I first spoke, had a the man of whom I first spoke, had a commission to destroy that oppressor, me, pretending that he was going to star, an instel to see Eing Egion. He ald he was in the summer house, the to which the king retired when it was in the palace. This summer place surrounded by flowers and princing fountains and warbling

tered the summer house and sale fing Egion that he had a secret errand him. Immediately all the attendants a waved out of the royal presence. King receive the mess nded man, putahis left hand Egion falls. Ehud comes impet of recruit amid the braim, and a great host is nd Moab submits to the und Israel is free. So, O Lord, nemies perish! So, O Lord, let

this subject the power or There are some men who results at lon have as much it left hand as in their right is something in the writing in implies that Ehud had is right hand which com-ethe left. Oh, the power of Gentus is often self obseritself, not given to much tell, o its own aggrandizement, cotive in physical and on, has an earnestness for rance which achieve marvels for in of Christ. Though left handed

can strike down a sin as great n of wealth gathering about asures, snuffing at the cause lying in wickedness, roughly mrus off their doorstep, sending not to lick his sores, but to hound promises, catching all the pure birssing into the stagmant, ropy, I pool of their own selfishness I men, worse than useless an with large heart and little of his limited means made lov and started an influence the grave and will swing the throne of God, world

it is high time that you left handed have been longing for this gift and uence and the other man's wealth take your left hand out of your pock-to made all these railroads? Whoset these cities? Who started all these can't schools and saylums? Who den of no wonderful endowments of them acknowledging themselves and a, and at they were earnest, nd..., and at they were earnest,

not suppose that Ehud the first t a sling in his hand could throw half's breadth and not miss. I was practice that gave him the dexterity. Go forth to your Take another stone, put it carehis trowel upon the brick he est to put up a perfect wall, arpenter semis a plane over a bit through a beam he et to make perfect execution. thime a "Lalla Rookh" our first efforts at doing good ry largely successful. Under-

se is an art, a science, a

peration on the human eye. A or stood by and said: "How easily easy now, but I spoiled a hat-Be not surprised Left handed men to the gospol for a sling and faith for the smooth stone from sure aim, God direct the

vation. This Egion was what

position, he is not beyond to elimb up in social ar above, not knowing that

ne has a top like Mount the children of Shinar for tre-Oh, the struggle is flerce Nation against which men are runien are not safe from

ors up into publicity passes, and as he ders of the people hats and a wild hugga. man is caught between very same persons who "Down with the

van I the wine like the ging gardens floats in or tapestry and folded banand hearts stop beating. The blood on the floor than the wine on the table.

Eabylon, but his position o content with just such a dly attainments," but this dyon and me, "He was a that in the last day will be the

to die in that fine place. Amid all the is sound of a thousand leaves flutbranch ; in the cool breeze shroud, and when the wind is a dirace, it is easy to think at our

that death does sometimes come to the summer house.

He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of th' herd. Look at that little child cold and sick and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intexteated staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light' Before these utile feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth are all gone, his children dead. He longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes navae grow dim, and the hair whitens not through

grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the stress and somes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sunlight slifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind! Father and mother stand at the side of the

branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind! Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their gies. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush, now! The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the v=4. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here is a father in midlife. His coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there and sacrifices on the sitar morning and night. You look in that household and say. "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to recom-

sit with you no longer at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done o many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love for you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary Death in the summer house!

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes he does not stop to look at the architecture.

he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor entering does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall, or bending over your ow he does not stop to see whether ther is a color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead, No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red sea were very dangerous places, as they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of put-

are not dead. We are the dead—we who toll, we who weep, we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sor-row! This sound of breaking hearts that I bear all about me! This last look of faces

they toss with unimaginable splender. Well, seross this great ocean of human trouble Jesus waiks. On that in the prospheres eat track of His feet we might all follow and be diluminat!

saw in that same car three passengers of very different cirsumstances. The first was a manise. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate co from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the ears joited the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the

word with a father's kiss. defined culpriss. They they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a mariage banquet. Father's welcome! be a mariage banquet. Father's welcome! Father's bosom' Father's kies! Heaven

A art e is always poor, but poor by

Heaven !

If you do not pay down there comes day when you must pay up. Never was a voice of conscience

Countries are well cultivated, not as

One-half our forebodings of ill to our nois abors are but our wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other

A rore bud is Nature's thought, the ill bloom is its expression. There will be music in the heart al-

ways if you touch the right strings, To grow old, and yet be agreeable, ! great art.

mostairty, our when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that death does sometimes come to the summer house.

and walk solily where once they remped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Beath in the summer house. Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As ahe goes from nouse to nouse, to entideen and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelfur. Four children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some days she is yery quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have mother. She will sit with you no longer at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do

bid them think of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and glory of

ting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those strains? They call them the "Gate of Tears." Oh, I stand to-day at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond.

The sound that comes from that other

that will never brighten again! This last kiss of lips that never will speak again! This widowhood and orphanage! Oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone?

will the day of sorrowbe gone?

After the sharpest winter the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its paim there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter? If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the waters roll up

There was a gentleman in the rail car who train limited, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Hercompanion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white looks snowed down upon her as he sealed his week with a father's kins.

word with a father's siss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We wik soon be there. Some leave this life con-demned culprits. They refused a pardon, they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with

its own fault. denced without retribution.

they are fertile, but as they are free.

There is nothing more precious ton man than his will; there is nothing which he relirquishes with so much

A vain man lets us see all his weak points and hides his strong ones.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The morning brake. Light stood upon the ciouds

With a strange beauty. Earth received again
its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves.
And delicate blossoms, and the tinted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew.
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
its beauty to the breath of that sweet more.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light, and loveliness, and fragrant air were sad To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth Was souring odors from its spley pores, and the young birds were caroling as life Were a new thing to them; but oh! it came Upon her heart like discord, and she felt How ernelly it tries a broken heart, To see a mirth in anything it loves.

She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were Till the blood left them; and the wandering Of her transparent forehead were swelled out, As if her pride would burst them. Her dark

As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame,
ifor noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his soft, tender feet,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
juto his mother's face, until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was
swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up promity in his tiny wrath.
As if his light projections would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now Upon his staff so wearfly? His beard is low upon his breast, and his high brow, so written with the converse of his God, So written with the converse of his God, Beareth the swollen wein of agony. His lip is quivering, and his wonted step Of vigor is not there; and though the morn is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes its freshness as it were a pestilence. Onl man may bear with suffering; his heart is a strong thine, and godlike in the grasp Of pair that wrings mortality; but tear One chord affection clings to, part one tie That binds him to a woman's tender love, and his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread. But spoke no word, and trusted not himself To look upon her face, but laid his hand, In silect nicesurg, on the fair-haired boy, And left her to her lot of loneliness.

She went her way with a strong step and Her pressed lips arched, and her clear eye un-As it had been a diamond, and her form Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.

Her callit kept on in silence, though she

this hand till it was pained; for he had caught As I have said, her spirit, and the seed Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

But Hagar found o shelter in the wilderness, and on he kept her weary way, until the boy ung down his head, and open'd his parched For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid down beneath the sultry sky—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sere athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not

Why God denied him water in the wild. She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his nead
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away.
And sat to waich, where he could see her not.
I'll he should die; and, watching him, she
mourn'd:

mourn'd: God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
And have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And have I drunk the light of the blue eye!

And could I see you die? "I did not dream of this when thou went stray ing.
Like an unbound eazelle, among the flowers,
Or whiling the soft hours.
By the rich gush of water-sources playing.
Then shiking weary to thy sinling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh not and when I watched by thee the while And saw thy bright lips curling in thy dream, And thought of the dark stream in my own land of Egypt the far Nile, How pray'd I that my father's land might be An heritage for thee!

And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee! And thy waite, delicate limbs the earth will press; An oh' my last caress Must feel the cold, for a chill hand is on thee How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given, fo gush in that "sep wilderness, and bathed The forelead of her child until he laughed in his reviving happiness, and disped. He infant thought of gladness at the sight of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

UNDER SUSPICION.

Something very unusual to quiet delightful place, where each neighbor needn't be scared," he told her. was a friend, each friend a brother; i touch the gun, you can be sure it ! and what the village folk knew was will go off: but I'll not touch it in my

had been robbed. "A queer business," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, more of his daughter than of the and telling the circumstance for the fiftieth time to his near neighbor, Farmer Greene, who had dropped in to sympathize with his old friend: "nobody knew I had the money but my daughter Jennie and young Levoe, and I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money in a tin box, and put that among a lot of other boxes in the cupboard, waitin' until I could go to the bank with it, an' lo and behold! when I went to get it out yesterday, there wasn't a single sign of box or money. I can't understand

"Neither can I, neighbor," said into your house, an' mebbe ye've mistook him. He's a deal too fine about his cloths an' his hands, an' his hair, to be any too honest: but," cautioustalkin' too fast; but it's mighty curious and one don't know what to

think." "One might try to think nothin' that weren't charitable," said the miller, gravely, "an' I don't suspect the lad. It is more'n I'd like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Levoe didn't have nothin' to do me-an' I'd rather people wouldn't

kinder hint he had." "Taint in nature not to think it seein' he's a stranger, an' nobody knows what or who he is; an' he has fine ways with him an' talks like a schoolmaster," said Greene, stubbornly. "I don't like to see you took in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much dow was open, and through it came a glected faith has left the soul. The atraid you are by that millhand of

yourn. Then Greene held out his hand to the miller, who was deep in thought, bare feet were muddy, and altogether dom stays there long enough to wipe and bade him go d-day, and betook simself to his duties on the farm hard

But the farmer had left a seed of loubt behind him; and when has such pressed, as he aided the miller to his bed tired. a seed not found soil to nurture it, feet. until its fruit hung heavy on the | "1-I don't know," stammered giant tree which shadowed a friend- Jameson.

ship, or darkened for ever a soul im: ?

It was not without many a struggle against the suspicion that at last have been here again. Have they Harvey Jameson admitted it with a shot you, Harvey?" sigh.

neighbors were his friends, and I've been sleep-walking." honest, as he knew. In Talmley there was but one who

before to ask for employment. and hired Dick, taking him as a ways," as Greene said.

was not especially handsome, but he was cheerful, courteous, and Harvey," his wife was saying.

But he didn't hear her. Very educated-even Jennie, who had startled, but ravishly pretty. spent a year at boarding school, could be instructed by him.

not let on for awhile," thought the lieve I've just done that, an' I hain't miller; "but as Greene said, who else got a notion where I put the money." could have stolen the money?" He perceived no change in Dick.

no confusion, no sign of guilt; but greatly to the good man's consternation, he discovered something else. follow the tracks you have probably The young man was in love with left in the garden. Your feet are so pretty Jennie, and she was fully con- muddy, I'm sure you must have been scious of the fact.

There was a new difficulty, and one which the miller did not care to the door, and Dick was off to don his

three weeks after the robbery, when Glavin of the Hollow called and paid the rain, and his gravity departed him ten pounds which had been due again as, under the window of the

will walk off with this while you're asleep. "I'll take care of that." answered the miller, conscious that Dick could hear. I've got over thinkin' everybody I meet is honest. Good-day, sir. Much lin box.

obliged." Glavin departed, and the miller went into the house. Jennie was singing softly as she

sewed at a window; Mrs. Jameson was not in, having gone to visit a sick neighbor. Without a word the old man passed into his chamber, and there secreted the ten pounds, frowning as he did so. "I'll send that fellow packin' soon, whether I find him stealin' or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too

comfortable a feelin' to know you've

got to lock up every shilling you get,

He ate his supper that evening in silence; Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told about every ache and pain that get what love was to yourself once." racked the woman she had been to

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face and those cherry tones of his awhile." employee belonged to a knave and a

scoundrel. "An' Jennie and him seemed to understand one another far too well," other offer, and intend taking it. I he solfloquized; "I used to like the lad, but now I'd as lief see my girl care for old blind Jack the fiddler as this fine gentleman. As Greene says, he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've often heard the greater and fate led me hither. If I have the rascal, the more genteel, an' I

guess I'll load the rifle." He did load his rifle, and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he 'warn't going to lose any more money, but the first one that came for dishonest purposes would lose his

Mrs. Jameson was very pervous concerning the preximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it Talmley had happened, and Talmley farther away; declaring he might was decidedly uncomfortable about it | touch it in his sleep, 'an' make the Of course everybody knew, as thing go off," and probably kill her. everybody knew everything in that "I never move in my sleep, so you

this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson, | sleep; I sleep like an honest man, I do." So he went to bed, and thought money under the carpet. However, he did think of his money sometimes, and, in fact, his thoughts ran from

that to Jennie, as the thoughts of the money-lender ran from his ducats to his daughter. At last he slept, but not any too soundly; dreams visited him, and unpleasant ones they were. Vision after vision came and taded, and his potion. wife was alarmed beyond measure to see his unconscious hands go out

again and again, perilously near sometimes, to the loaded rifle. It was midnight before she slept at all, but then her sleep was profund. Greene, running a brawny hand over It was broken at last by the strangest his shock of untidy hair; "neither can and most thrilling of sounds, no less I. But I do think you've set too much startling than a heavy fall, and a store by that young man ye've took loud, harsh, reverberating report, as though a cannon had been fired at

her ear No woman is ever too frightened to scream, and Mrs. Jameson's shrieks ly, as he saw the flush that stole over were loud and shrill as she cowered Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm among the bedclothes; and a scrambling in the darkness and muttered words she could not understand did not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the hall without; a stout shoulder sent the door inward with a crash, and Dick Levoe, who had made this unceremonious entrance, stood there, with a light high above his head, his keen with the stealm'-no more'n you or eyes scanning the apartment swiftly. It took him a moment to comprehend, and then he laughed with immeasurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonder in his face, the old rifle, which he its efficacy. had struck as he fell, lying harmless beside him, and now unloaded; a winfine sheet of rain; the old man was soaking wet, and raindrops glistened on his hair and scanty garments; his he presented anything but an agreeable or presentable appearance. "What has happened?" asked Dick,

His wife hearing voices, cautiously peeped out from under the coverlet. "Robbers!" she cried shrilly, "They

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said Who had robbed him of his hard Harvey; "an' I don't think there's earnings, save some stranger? for his been any robbers 'round. Fact is,

"What:" "I've been walkin' in my sleep, sure had not been born there, and that one as you live," groaned the miller. "I'm I have been or what I've been doin'. Jameson wanted a hand in the mill I was dreamin' of that ten pouncs-He broke off, and hurried to the boarder. The young man had "fine spot in which he had hidden the money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers, willing to work, and yet, for all that, But he didn't hear her. Very his eyes, as if he would say—"Yes, I even in old age; for their possessions showed unmistakable signs of having blankly he turned to Dick, who had know it, I am in well deserved disare sterling and durable; their charm, had no occasion to perform any labor | now retreated to the threshold where at some time not far past. He was Jennie was standing, white and "Lad," the miller said, solemnly,

"I believe I've robbed myself. I've "Til just keep my eyes open, an' heard of such things, an' now I be-"ls it gone?" "Yes."

"Toen you had best put on dry clothes, sir, while I go out and try to there. I'll report in a few moments." A whispered sentence to Jennie at boots, and laugh at the remembrance

He was pondering on it one day, of the miller's plight. With a lantern he went out into miller's chamber, he discovered "I hear your house isn't a very se- deeply-indented footprints, which cure place for money," said Glavin, proved that Jameson had emerged

with a smile; "but I hope nobody like a schoolboy. The big, bare feet left plain traces in the soft soil of the garden. Dick followed them on, across the road, and found that they ceased at one corner "I don't calc'late on bein' of the mill. A loose board had been robbed twice by the same person; and freshly replaced. He drew it out, and there, in the aperture, found a small

> Taking it out, he hurried back, t find Jameson, his wife, and Jennie up and dressed, waiting for him. The miller took the box eagerly and opened it with scarcely steady hands. There were the ten pounds, and under them the money of which he had thought Dick had robbed him. "Lad," he said, turning to his employee, "I've been thinkin' ill of you

pardon. If I can ever do you a good turn call on me." "I take your, word sir," said Dick, cheerfully, going straight to Jennie, and not tell anybody where you put and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marrying Jennie some ay, when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not for-"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, with a tender glance towards his wife. "But a mill-hand gets poor

wages, an' you'll have to wait "As for that," said Dick. "I think you'll have to look up another millhand, Mr. Jameson, for I have anwasn't brought up to labor, and was at college when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands expected, nothing but my empty, untrained hands. I left the college, shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest girl in the world to love me. Now, a friend of my father's offers me the post of bookkeeper in his bank, at a salary on which Jennie and I can live, I know. I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll

forgive you for suspecting that I did if you'll give me Jennie." "What do you say, daughter?" asked roundness of character, is the prodigthe old man, wistfully. "I love him, father," she whis

"Then I'll only say, God bless you both!" said the miller.

The Emerald Vasc. In the cathedral at Genoa there is ar emerald vase which is said to have been one of the gifts of the Queen of

Sheba to Solomon. Its authentic history goes back 800 years. The tradition is that when King Solomon received it h filled it with an elixir which he alone knew how to distill, and of which a single drop would prolong human life to an

indefinite extent.

been opened.

A miserable criminal, dving of slow disease in prison, besought the king to give him a drop of this magic Solomon refused. "Why should 1

prolong so useless a life?" he said. "I will give it to those whose lives will bless their fellow-men." But when good men begged for it the king was in an ill humor, or too indolent to open the vase, or he promised and forgot. So the years passed until be grew old, and many of the friends whom he loved were

Then the king, to excuse himself, threw doubt upon the virtues of the At last he himself fell ill. Then his servants brought the vase that he

But it was empty. The elixir

dead; and still the vase had never

had evaporated to the last drop. Did not the raubi or priest who invented this story intend to convey in it a great truth? Have we not all within us a vessel more precious than any emerald, into which God has put a portion of the water of life? It is for our own

healing-for the healing of others.

We hide it, we do not use it-from

false shame, or idleness, or forgetful-

ness. Presently we begin to doubt When death approaches we turn to it in desperate haste. But the nevase is empty. - Youth's Companion

THE man who gets to the front sel-

It is cheaper to go with the giris

than with the boys, and a heap nicer.

his forehead, and look around. Tue man who has no business of as soon as his mirth could be sup- his own to attend to always gets to WOMEN AND TASTE.

An article by Junius Henri Brown in a late number of Worthington's Magazine, asks and answers the question, "Have Women Good Taste?" There is at once so much truth, and so much -well, hardly venom, but something skin to it—that the article might have been written by a woman! Men are usually kinder to our virtues and blinder to our faults. The argument was Dick Levoe, the stranger who all wet, so I must have gone out of be all the better for heeding its lessmental, and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service friendship valued. They are a social, between Albany and Buffalo. He better for heeding its lessmental, and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental, and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental, and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental, and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental and moral force, which they lighten a last stage service mental and moral force and moral force and moral force which they lighten and moral force which they are a social, which they are a social, which they are a social which they are a so sons, some of which we quote, wishing our purpose. But all the while we sowards redeeming the weaknesses and shall feel like a naughty little dog vaccrities of the mass of their sex. They which has had is silky ears cuffed and do not rely on their first youth for at been set in a corner, whence, under a tractiveness any more than they do on cover of meek contrition, he still looks garments, jewels, expensive novelties, out with a little sparkle of defiance in They are interesting in middle life,

> What should I wear? are the paramount queries that haunt and perplex her she would possess it in perfection. From early childhood to ripest age, comes me?" And the answer takes the first and last of all her concerns. great social centers. The best dressed women in the Old World are conceded In the minor cities, abroad and at home, dowdyism is the rule. than they show; but they lack independence to follow their own ideas. They looks of the men the marry,
>
> ETHEL C. GALE, are slavishly ruled by fashion, which they erect into a fetich, the earth over. And the fact that they will allow

counselor, director, inspirer. have always allowed it, and always will allow it, probably. The present generation has been called the generation of common sense as for the last few days, an' I ask your to fashions; and really it is, though still far from what it hould be. Look into any book of costumes of the past, and observe what monstrosities of attire it contains. They would appear incredible, if they were not authenticated. Such shoes, such arrangement of hair, such head-ge r, such fur-bewho donned them actually believed that they were beautified, when they were deformed, made hideous. What stounding taith in the power of cloth s! Nearly every woman is a zealot in this regard. She is raimentally superstitious to the core. The spirit of adornment is, in her eyes, infallible

fashion to rule them proves that they

What she wears demonstrates her fanaticism, the in anity of her creed. But we need not go back to the midile ages to reach this opinion. It is of any large city, in the public parks, at the theatre, the opera, the concert hall, wherever women congregate. They still dress, as a rule, without suitableness, or judgment, or individu-Whether blonde or brunett ality. siender or stout, tall or short, graceful or awkward, large-featured or small featured, they wear the same kind of garniture.

In our view much of this slavery to

ashion is owing to a lack of true self-

Brown says:

ous importance they set on their personal appearance, which is in itself an authoric fault. They do not seem to think what they might do with their mind or manners. They rarely ask themselves how their understanding is furnished; how they talk; what grace they exhibit; what ideas they awaken; what sympathy they evoke." Every word of this accusation is true, yet we think the reason is not as Mr. Brown thinks-because women set so over high a value on the body, as because they under estimate their own mental powers, and even in spite of appearance, think too little of their own personal attractions. Their desire to please is inordinate, and their confilence in their own powers of pleasing being moderate, they fly to fashion as to a power which shall make them, if not beantiful, at least no worse look-ing than other women. That many women whose taste is really shocked by the vacaries and monstrosities of the reigning mode continue to wear them we know. And we also know that they do so because they are afraid that by a lack of conformity to fashion's decrees they shall be "made con spicuous," which is literally the terror of their lives. To many women fash ionable dressing means only a sort of Fortunatus "invisible cap," enabling them to slip quietly through the world without attracting notice. Said one of our acquaintances only yesterday—"Of course I bate these horrible puff sleeves and the detestable wings surmounting them, but if I don't wear them, I shall be noticed. If I do, no one will see me." might save his own life. He opened | man is fashionable in dress from sheer timidity. It will take many lessons and many years to so cultivate courage in women that they shall become indifferent to sneers or flatteries. fact, though they are farther along the road leading to common sense, good

taste and self poise, the same may be said of a good many of their brothers. "All women happily," continues our censor, "are not of this order. There are those who have a great interest in higher things. They are fond of conversation, books, pictures, marbles, bronzes, music, science, travel, new discoveries. Nor do they despise dress—no woman can afford to—but they give it its proper place and just proportion. They are neatly, becom-ingly gowned; but they are not monomaniacal on the subject, rabid with curiosity to know what everybody wears, has worn, and will wear. They are not infatuated with anything that happens to be the prevalent mode. In deed, they refuse to adopt it, unless it harmonizes with their complexion, floure, style, unless, in short, it is in unison with themselves. The consequence is that they are a part of their

eave no sense of division. Persons do not express delight with, or make comments on their raiment, as they do with the devotees of fashion: and this is a compliment the judicious will appreciate. "They subordinate and control their raimen; bestow on it a flavor and

quality of their own, which shows that cabin marked the site of the future they are, in the best import, well Chicago. He was the proprietor of dressed. "Such women are admired and esteemed, their society sought, their | He organized a fast stage service mental, and moral force, which they exercise for good and growth. They the entire ar icle were not too long for are sensible and rational; they go far

grace, but you like me very much, and the charm of mental richness and coml am sure to be forgiven soon!"

the charm of mental richness and comservative settlers invested heavily in pleted character." "The first consideration, naturally These words of praise for the few real estate, and dreamed of making and imperatively, is in respect of serve to intensify the arraignment fabulous fortunes in a twelve-month. woman's attire, which, it must be allow- against us which on the whole is very Everybody had faith in him, and was ed, is often the greater, if not the bet- strong. We do not show good taste ter part of her. There is nothing to in many places where we should be ex- in everything, and his business operwhich the average woman pays so much pected to do so. If we have instincts attention, or devotes so much time. in the right direction we are far too

What shall I wear? What can I wear? apparently than any other in the lanmind, every hour of the day, and every few years ago, he took the ground that irreproachable in private life, he was day of the year. If taste could be ac- women were deficient in a sense of also the most remarkable criminal of quired by absorption in its mysteries, beauty, alleging in proof the fact that his time. manly comeliness did not seem to be widely appreciated by women. Among she revolves, mentally, "How shall I birds and beasts, male beauty seems to system of forgery. He paid for his be most agreeable?" "What best becesses of natural selection. If, among which were endorsed by business asthe form of personal adornment, ever human beings, the reverse is true, may sociates. Of each note he made from the first and last of all her concerns.
"Do women dress in good taste? Many, a few comparatively, do so dress; but not women generally, even at the great social centers. The best dressed women in the Old World are expected."

It not be rather because the "selection" ten to fifty copies, and his clerk, are expert penman, forged the indorsement. He opened an office in New York for negotiating this grouped women in the Old World are expected. ordinate place, and consequently good per, the volume of which ran up into to be the Parisions; in the New World, taste to be a quality lost to women the millions. the New Yorkers. And even these from lack of opportunity for its culti-

No strong point to his argument by ad- the supposed inderser and pronounced doubt, women often have better taste | verting to the fact that, most women spurious. appear to care little or nothing for the pricked. Rathbun was arrested,

are lacking in taste; taste being itsown As lineal descendants of the noble Queen Isabella to whom Columbus owed his chance to discover the new world, America is naturally interested in the groups whose presentments we show to our readers to-day, and one of reached millions, he had never whom the Nation has for several weeks owned more than fifty thousand dol-been "delighting to honor," by what lars at one time, nor had he ever put

tion of attentions." The Infanta Fulalia is thirteenth in tion after his downfail. direct descent from the Ferdinand and When the old man could be inisabella under whose rule-s rule duced to speak of the past, he had which on the whole proved rather bet- one thing to say: "It was greed that ter than the average—Spain became a made me a criminal. I was in hot united kingdom, in the latter fourth of haste to get rich, and could not wait. the fifteenth century. The genealogy You see, I am now a very old man! is too long for us to follow, but it em- How much time I would have had, if braces many marriages with Austrian, How much time I wo French and English princes and prin. I had only waited!" Spaniard. forced upon us, to-day, in the streets Americans from the womanly gracious- greed, that inspires fluancial crime. ness, as well as queenly dignity, and -Youth's companion. quick wit which she has continually manifested, while submitting to b bored by the round of wearisome social festivities with which our political

functionaries have seen fit to burden Princess is said to have been genuinely enthusiast of hygiene to a writer for to have remarked that the most beauti- a great many people say this and for fully poetic custom among any people a long time I could not understand it. respect on the part of women. Mr. Brown says: "The greatest drawis that of setting apart a day to decor- One day I dropped in upon one of my ate the graves and preserve the mem-ories of the dead who fought for their made up my mind that a little hot oack to their development, their country. With her own hands she laid water would be beneficial and ran a beautiful wreath upon the tomb of down to the kitchen to get it. While General Grant whose history she well pouring out a glass for her it occurred knows, and whom she had seen when a to me that it was a good opportunity

elling in Spain. The Infanta is married to her first d'Orleans, now travelling with her, and known as the Infante. This pair are now enjoying the adulation, the fetes, the show, which are the attendants of Let us hope the fates of this pair may prove more kindly.

The Queen Regent of Spain finds

her place no sinecure. Austrian by birth and therefore alien to Spain, she must have found it no easy task when after a few years of married happiness she was left to bear alone the burden of the government of a great country in the name of her son, the little King Alfonso. As the latter was not born until after the death of his father he was literally born a king, and we believe is the only instance in history. est pains that nothing that will give Poor child! He has a mother who it a disagreeable taste is ever allowed seems to be a really good woman and near it. When it is prepared it is as devoted to the best interests of the bright and clean as the purest spring kingdom as well as of her son. But to water. Ever since my little experibe born to the purple is to be born to ence at my friend's house I have had flattery and blindness. By all sorts no difficulty in accounting for the disof influences intentionally or otherwise, it seems that the plain, unvarnished truth is ever kept from the eyes of princes. That the majority of monarchs have been men whose characters in private life would have been accounted disgraceful is true but not wonderful. That any of them have sufficiently triumphed over the force of circumstances to become reasonably respectable citizens is truly a matter for marvel.

during the summer to see the boy sovereign and his sisters on the sands at St. Sebastian, for he is a regular romp, although his young Majesty has an opinion of his power, and orders his playmates about with pretty au-thority." We have italicised the phrase, wishing to call attention to the fact that the authority which is pretty in the child is apt to become tyranny in the man. If it does in the case of the child-king it will be quite safe to predict that his crown will fall law in this country for proprietors to from his brow. The spirit of Liberty instruct superintendents or foremen is abroad in the earth.

It is a common thing to hear people rave about the beauty of a sunset, but you may have noticed they never say anything about a sunrise. They never see them.

One sort of a fool is a man who beclothes, their clothes are a part of lieves that be can get a 10 cent cigar shops more to the climination of carethem; the two are so blended as to for five

NO. 27

A FAMOUS FORGER. He Lived to Regret His Greed for Sudden

Riches Benjamin Rathbun was a picturesque figure in the early history of Western New York, when Buffalo was a frontier town, and not even a

the famous Eagle Tavern, and was a most genial and successful Boniface. lightning line for six passengers only" was a marvel of enterprise for the time. Not content with moderate prosperity he embarked in a land speculation, which in magnitude and recklessness had never been ap-

proached in any American town. When he began to buy building lots and outlying farming lands, Buffalo went wild with excitement. His exservative settlers invested heavily in willing to enderse his notes. He was

ations rapidly rose to millions of dol-Poor or rich, plain or pretty, low or high, young or old, it matters little. He whole life is an agony of clothes.

The whole life is an agony of clothes.

The did not drink, or smoke, or gamble. He had neither vices nor more terrible import to most of us extravagant habits, and devoted himself assiduously to his business. In a book written by Henry Frick a While singularly modest and utterly

In order to obtain capital for his speculations he devised an ingenious

vation?

Mr. Brown might have added a very note was brought to the attention of The great bubble was tried, and sentenced to five years Imprisonment.

After his Waterloo, this Napoleon THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY, among forgers, meekly accepted his punishment as his just deserts. He served out his term in state prison, opened a small hotel in New York, tion. Although his operations had

has been characterized as "a persecu. away a dollar for himself. He died in poverty at the age of 82, a genera-

cesses, so that the present Infanta is The moral never grows stale. It by race only three-fourteenths of a applies as well to a French minister. This accounts for her like M. Baihaut, confessing his fair complexion, abundant light hair shame in the Panama trial, as to and blue eyes. She has made a de-cidedly pleasant impression upon sudden gain, an access of unreasoning

Making Hot Water Pleasant "There are many persons who insist that it is impossible for them to drink hot water and make all sorts of With at least one of our customs the disagreeable faces about it," said an charmed. With cordial feeling she is said the Brooklyn Citizen. "I have heard child, when the great soldier was trav- to indulge in a bit of it myself, so I poured a second glass and after it was cool enough I attempted to drink it. cousin the Prince Antonio de Bourbon I didn't wonder that she had said she couldn't drink hot water, for such a nauseous tasting mess I think I never tried to swallow; in fact I just royalty and are supposed to make its absolutely couldn't do it and had to possessors happy. But history is full give up. I hardly knew what to say of instanced where the feasted of today, are the persecuted of to-morrow, clared she couldn't take it to save her life. 1 could imagine nothing but dishwater in the taste of that liquid. Whether the maids were careless about their cooking utensils or what the difficulty was I couldn't tell. I have experienced the same annoyance in hotels and other places. The water has a greasy, stale, intolerable flavor, and even the smell of it might, I should think, make a well person sick. I have a special little kettle for my hot water and take the great-

> like of many persons for hot water." How to Prevent Accidents.

A large decrease in the number or accidents has resulted from a law in Germany relating to shops in which machines are used. Under this law the maining of a workman entails upon the proprietor the payment of doctor's bills, a life pension to the employe in case of permanent disabil-We read that "it is a pretty sight ity resulting from the accident, or, in case death results, a pension to the family of the deceased. The effect of the law has been the general discharge of careless help and the shielding of such parts of machines as are ordinarily dangerous when left exposed, and these measures are said to have produced a remarkable diminution of casualties in the use of machines. It would - wise, says an exchange, in the absence of such a that carelessness on the part of workmen as to their personal safety will be immediately punished by suspension or discharge. More accidents result from heedlessness and recklessness on the part of employes than from all other causes combined. It is brebably no mistake to attribute the de crease in accidents in German workless operatives than to the boxing in of the dangerous parts of machines.