MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1893.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject;-"A Bold Challenge," Trury " Who is he that condemneth? It to

es that died, yet, rather that is risen again, a is even at the right hand of God, who a march intercension for us."-Romans This is the fast sermon I shall ever

paren," said Christmas Evans on the 13th June, 1838. Three days afterward he extreet. I do not know what his text was, out I know that no man could choose a beter theme—though he knew it was the last time he should ever preach—than the subject small in this text.

and in this text. ill esclesiastical and civil authority. eletian slew uncounted thousands ander his administration, and the world has been full of persecution, but all the perse-mors of the world could not affright Paul. Was it because he was physically strong? Oh, no. I suppose he was very much weak-ned by exposure and maltreatment. Was answho was incking in sensitiveness? Some of his communications mest into tears. What was it lifted Pan

to this triumphant mood? The thought of Saviour dead, a Saviour risen, a Saviour d, a Saviour Intercedies. All the world has sang the praise of Prin-One child having died of a con-case, she was in the room where mother was dying, and the court physician and to her, "You must not breathe the breath or you yourself will die." But child mourning because of the joint of her brother, the mother stooped down and in sympathy kissed the little one, eman't the disease and perished. All the world same the neroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess After, but I have to tell you that when our sites was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of His secressing love and perished that we might

"It is Christ that died. tell me how tender hearted Paul could find anything to rejoice at in the hor-ride death scene of Calvary? We weep at funerals; we are sympathetic when we see a stranger die; when a murderer steps upon e scaffold we pray for his departing spirit, and how sould Paul—the great hearted Paul—and anything to be pleased with at the tuneral of a God? Besides that Christ had niv recently died, and the serrow was fresh in the memory of the world, and how in the tresh memory of a Saviour's death could Paul

It was because Paul saw in that death his own deliverance and the deliverance of a race from still worse disaster. He saw the gap into which the race must plunge, and he saw the bleeding hands of Christ close it. The glittering steel on the top of the execution-ers spear in his sight kindled into a torch to light men heavenward. The persecutors saw over the cross five words written in Hebrew. Greek and Latin, but Paul saw over the cross of Christ only one word—"expiation!" He beard in the dying groan of Christ his own roan of eternal torture taken by another, 'aul said to himself, "I'ad it not been that brist volunteered in my behalf, those would ave been my mauled hands and feet, my

ave been my munied hands and feet, my maked side, my crimson femples."

Men of great physical endurance have sometimes carried very heavy burdens—300 pounds, 400 pounds—and they have still aid. "My strength is not yet tested. Put on more weight." But after awhile they were compelled to cry our; "Stop! I can carry no more." But the burden of Christ and Christians. First, there was His own was illimitable. First, there was His own burden of hunger and thirst and bereave-ment and a thousand outrages that have -n heaped upon Him, and on top of tha

"Stop!" you ery "It is enough, Christ can bear no more." And Cirist says, "Roll on more burdens; roll on Me the sins of this entire nation, and after that roll on Me the sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll o sins of the inhabited earth, and then roll on Me the sins of the 4000 years past, so far as those sins have been forgiven." And the angels of God, seeing the awail pressure, ery "Stop! He can bear no more." And the blood rushing to the nestril and lip seems to cry out "Enough! He can endure no more." But Christ says: "Boll on a greater burden, roll on the sins of the next 1200 years, roll on Me the sins of the succeeding access roll on Me the sins of the succeeding access roll on Me the argonies of heil, ages on ges, roll on Me the agonies of heil, ages o

ages, roll on Me the agonies of holl, ages on ages, the furnaces and the prison houses and the tortures." That is what the Bible means when it says, "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows."

"Now," says Paul, "I am free. That suf-fering purchased my deliverance. God never collects a debt twice. I have a receipt in full. If God is satisfied with me, then what full. If God is satisfied with me, then what do all the threats of earth and hell amount to? Bring on all your winesses, says Paul. "Show all your force. Do your worst against my soul, I defy you. I dare you I challenge you. Who is he that condenseth? It is Christ that diest." Oh, what a strong argument that puts in the hand of every Christian man! Some day all the past sins of his life come down on him in a liery trees and they yound away at the guise of sins of his life come down on their in a long troop, and they pound away at the guis of his soul, and they say: "We have come for four arrest. Any one of as could overcome you. We are 10,000 strong. Surrender." And you open the door, and single han led and alone you contend against that troop. You fling this divine weapon into their minst.

You sentter those sine as quick as you ca

You sentter those sins as quick as you cat think if
"It is Christ that died." Why, then, brin, up to us the sins of our past life? What hav we to do with those obsolets things? Yo know how hard it is for a wrecker to brin, up anything that is lost near the shore of the sea, but suppess something be lost half way between Liverpeol and New York. It can not be found; it cannot be fetched up "Now," says God, "your sins have been cas into the depths of the sea," Mid-Atlantic All the machinery ever fashioned in foundries of darkness and launched from the doors of efernal death, working for 10,000 years, cannot bring up one of our sins for given at I forgetten and sunken into the ven at I forgotten and sunken into the pths of the sea. When a sin is pardone depths of the sea. When a sin is pardoned it is gone, it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the books, it is gone out of the memory; it is gone out of existence. "Their sins and their iniquities will remember no more."

From other tragedles men have come away the contained and nervous and sleepless, but

exhausted and hervous and sceptes, has there is one tragedy that soothes and calms and saves. Calvary was the stage on which it was enacted, the curtain of the night fall-ing at midnoon was the drop scens, the thunder of falling rocks the orthestra, angels thunder of falling rocks the orchestra, angels in the galleries and devils in the pit the spectators, the tragedy a crucifizion. "It is Christ that died." On triumphent thought' If you go through the picture gallery of Versailles, you will find a great change there. I said to a friend who had been through those galleries, "Are they as they were before the French war?" and I we told there was a great change there, that a that multitude of pictures which represente. Napoleonic triumphs had been taken awai; onic triumphs had been taken away and in the frames were other pletures rep the whole world relight be a pleture galler representing the triumphant Jesus! Dow with the monarchy of transgression! U, with the monarchy of our King! Hall! Jesus

But I must give you the second cause Paul's exhibitation. If Christ had staid is that grave, we never would have getten ou of it. The grave would have been dark an dismal as the coneiorgerie during the reign of terror, where the earls came up only to take the victims out to the scaroid. I do not wonder that the ancients tried by en balamment of the body to resist the dissolution

The grave is the darkest, deepest, ghastli-est chasm that was ever opened if there be no light from the resurrection throne atream-ing into it, but Christ staid in the tomb all Friday night and all Saturday, all Saturday night and a part of Sunday morning. He staid so long in the tomb that He might first for us when we are there. He targing two for us when we go there. He tarried two whole nights in the grave, so that He saw whole nights in the grave, so that He saw how important it was to have plenty of light, and He has flooded it with His own that is very good and very true for those

It is early Sunday morning, and we start up to find the grave of Christ. We find the morning sun gidding the dew, and the shrubs are sweet as the foot crushes them. What a beautiful place to be buried in! Wonder they did not treat Christ as well when He was alive as they do now that He is dead, Give the military salute to the soldiers who stand guarding the dead. But hark to the crash—an earthquake! The soldiers fall back as though they were dead, and the stone at the door of Christ's tomb spins down the hill, flung by the arm of an angel. Come forth, O Jesus, from the darkness into the sunlight Come forth and breather the perfume of Joseph's garden.

Come forth and breathe the periume of Joseph's garden.
Christ comes forth radiant, and as He steps out of the excavation of the rock I look down into the excavation, and in the disnce I see others coming hand in hand and troop after troop, and I find it is a long pro-cession of the precious dead. Among them are our own loved ones—father, mother, brother, sister, companion, children, coming up out of the excavation of the rock until the last one has stepped out into the light, and I am bewildered, and I cannot under-stand the scene until I see Christ wave His hand ever the advancing procession from the rock and hear Him ery: "I am the resur-rection and the life. He who believeth in He, though he were dead, yet shall be live."
And then I notice that the long dirge of the world's wee suddenly stops at the archangelic shout of "Come forth!"

Oh, my friends, if Christ had not broken out of the grave you and I would never come out of it! It would have been another ease of Charlotte Corday attempting to slay a tyrant, herself slain. It would have been another case of John Brown attempting to free the slaves, himself hung. It would have been Death and Christ in a grapple and Death the victor. The black flag would have floated on all the graves and mausolemus of the dead, and hell would have conquered the forces of heaven and captured the ran-parts of God, and sutan would have come to coronation in the palaces of heaven, and it would have been devils on the throne and sons of God in the dungeon.

No! no! no! When that stone was rolle rom the door of Christ's grave, it was hurled with such a force that it crashed in all the rave doors of Christendom, and now th fomb is only a bower where God's children take a siesta, an afternoon map, to wake up in mighty invigoration. "Christ is risen." Hang that lamp among all the tombs of my dead. Hang it over my own resting place. Christ's suffering is ended, His work is done. The dark-set Friday afternoon of the world's history becomes the brightest Sunday morning of its resurrection joy. The Good Friday of bitter memories becomes the Easter of glorious transformation and resurrection.

Ye mourning saints, dry every teat For your departed Lord. Behold the place. He is not here. The tomb is all unbarred. The gates of death were closed in valu. The Lord is risen—its lives again.

i stive you the third cause of Paul's exhib . We honor the right hand more than we do the left. If in accident or battle we must lose one hand, let it be the left. The left hand being nearer the heart, we may not to much of the violent work of life with that and without physical danger, but he who has the right arm in full play has the mighti-est of all earthly weapons. In all ages and all languages the right hand is the symbol o' strength and power and honor. Hiram sat at the right hand of Solomon. Then we have the term, "Is he a right hand man." Lafayette was Washington's right hand man. Marshal Ney was Napoleon's right hand man, And now you have the meaning of Paul when he speaks of Carist who is at the right hand of God.

Toat means He is the first guest of heaven. He has a right to sit there. The hero of the Count His wounds, two in the feet, two in the hands, one in the side—five wounds. Oh, you have counted wrong. These are not half the wounds. Look at the severer wounds in the temples. Each thorn an exercipation.

If a hero comes back from battle, and he

takes off his hat or rolls up his sleeve and shows you the sear of a wound gotten at Ball's Buff or at South Mountain, you stand in admiration at his heroism and patriotism, out if Christ should make conspicuous th live wounds gotten on Calvary—that Water-loo of all the ages—He would display only a small part of His wounds. Wounded all over, let Him sit at the right hand of God. He has a right to at the right hand of God the Father and the unanimous suffrage of all heaven let Him sit there. In the grand re-view when the redeemed pass by in cohorts of splendor they will look at Him and shout 'Victory:'
The oldest inhabitant of heaven never saw

a grander day than the one when Christ took His place on the right hand of God. Hosan-With lips of clay I may not appropriat y utter it, but let the marryrs under the altar throw the cry to the elders before the throne and they can toes it to the choir on the sea of class until all heaven shall lift it—some on int of scepter, and some on string of harp, noise on the tip of the green branches.

Tosanna! bosanna!

A fourth cause of Paul's exhiliration

A fourth cause of Panis examination.
After a cierzyman had precached a sermon in regard to the glories of heaven and the spiendors of the scene an aged woman said, "If all that is to go on in heaven, I don't know what will become of my poor head." Oh, my friends, there will be so many things going on in heaven I have sometimes wondered if the Lord would not forget you and

Perhaps Paul said sometimes : "I wonder lod does not forget me down here in An-toch, and in the prison, and in the shipwreck. There are so many satiors, so man wreek. There are so many saliors, so many wayfarers, so many prisoners, so many heart-broken men," says Paul, "perhaps God may forget me. And then I am so vile a sinner. How I whipped those Christians! With what vengeance I mounted that cavalry horse and dashed up to Damaseus! Oh, it will take a mighty attorney to plead my cause and get me free." But just at that moment there was a number of paul's soul something mightier came in upon Paul's soul something mightler than the surges that dashed his ship into Melita, swifter than the horse he rode to Damascus. It was the swift and overwhelm-ing thought of Christ's intercession.

My friends, we must have an advocate. A say friends, we must than no lawyer at all. We must have one who is able successfully to present our cause before God. Where is He? Who is He? There is only one advocate in all the universe that can plead our cause in the last judgment, that can plead our cause before God in the great tribunal. Sometimes in earthly courts attorneys have specialties, and one man succeeds bethave specialties, and one man succeeds better in patent cases, another in insurance cases, another in criminal cases, another in land cases, another in will cases, and his success generally depends upon his sticking to that specialty. I have to tell you that Christ can do many things, but it seems to me that His specialty is to take the bad case of the sinner and plead it before God until He gets eternal acquittal. Oh, we must have Him for our advocate.

But what plea can He make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innocence

But what piea can He make? Sometimes an attorney in court will plead the innecence of the prisoner. That would be inappropriate for us. We are all guity! guilty! Unclean! unclean! Christ, our advocate, will not plead our innocence. Sometimes the attorney in court tries to prove an aibi. He says: "This prisoner was not at the scene. He was in some other place at the time." Such a plea will not do in our case. The Lori found us in all our sins and in the very place of our insquity. It is impossible to prove an aibit. Sometimes an attorney will plead the insanity of the prisoner and say he is irresponsible on of the prisoner and say he is irresponsible on that account. That plea will never do in our case. We stimed against light, against knowledge, against the dictates of our own base counts of bone.

what, then, shall the plea be?

The plea for our eternal deliverance will o Christ's own martyrdom. He will say: be Christ's own martyroom. He will say:
"Look at all these wounds. By all these
sufferings I demand the rescue of this man
from sin and death and hell. Constable,
knock off the shackles—let the prisoner go
free." "Who is he that condemneth! It is
Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen
again, who is even at the right hand of God,
who also maketh intercession for us." who also maketh intercession for us."

But why all this gladness on the faces of

But why all this gladness on the faces of these sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? I know what you are thinking of. A Saviour dead; a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding. "What," say you, "is all that for me?" All, all! Never let me hear you complaining about anything again. With your pardoned sin behind you, and a successful Christ pleading about anything again. above you, and a glorious heaven before you, how can you be despondent about any-

who are inside the kingdom, but how about Come into the kingdom, come out of the prison house into the glorious sunlight of God's mercy and pardon, and come now.

It was in the last day of the reign of terror—the year 1793. Hundred's and thousands had perished under the French guillotine. France groaned with the tyrannies of Bobespierre and the Jacobine Glub. The last group of sufferers had had their locks shorn by Monchotte the reign had been suffered to the first proposed to the prison between the prison being contents. Monchotte, the prison barier, so that the nec might be bare to the keen knife of the guill

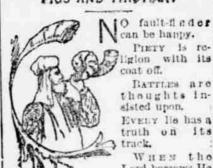
Sentinel Sentinel

The carts came up to the prison, the poor wrotenes were pinced in the carts and driven off toward the seaffold, but while they were going toward the seaffold there was an out-cry in the street, and then the shock of fire-arms, and then the cry "Robesplerre has failed! Down with the Jacobins! Let France be free!" But the armed soldiers rode in them these researces. upon these rescuers, so that the poor wretche in the carts were taken on to the scaffold and

But that very night these monsters of per-But that very night these monsters of per-secution were sensed, and Robespierre perished under the very guillotine that he had reared for others, all France clapping their hands with Joy as his head rolled into the executioner's basket. Then the axes of the excited populace were hear! pounding against the gates of the prison, and the poor prisoners walked out free. My friends, sin is the worst of all Robespierres, It is the tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison tyrant of tyrants. It has built a prison house for our soul. It plots our death. It has shorn us for the sacrifice; but, bles be God, this morning we hear the axes of God's gracious deliverance poun ling against the door of our prison.

Deliverance has come. Light breaks through all the wards of the prison. Revo-lution! Revolution! "Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound, that where-as sin reigned unto death even so grace may reign unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Glorioustrath! A Saviour deal a Saviour risen; a Saviour exalted; a Saviour interceding!

FIGS AND THISTLES!



can be happy. PIETY Is re-Bligion with its coat off. BATTLES are thoughts insisted upon. EVERY He has a truth on its

3 track. WHEN the Lord borrows He

pays good interest. Wm are not pleasing God when we are unhappy.

THE more God's truth is opposed the more it spreads. Whene the morals are wrong the eligion is not right.

Ir will not give us any favor with;

God to play at religion. No MAN can tell how much it would take to make him rich. The right kind of a smile never surts a prayer meeting.

THE Christian who winks at sir will soon be stone blind Ir you want the Lord to use you top wearing a long face.

Propen who are always giving ad ice saldem like to take it. Stoning the preacher will not nake hell any the less real.

Gop wants every man to live his ermon before he preaches it. Ir is not the biggest pipes in the rgan that are used the most.

You know the character of a man then you know what he loves, The only way to plow a straight urrow is, to stop looking back.

Where the glants are the biggest he grapes of Canaan are the sweetest. The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest. Gop can do great things with any man who will always do his prayerful

dest. To ronger God's goodness is as wicked as to break His commandments.

No man will ever lose his soul because God did not give him light enough. WHEREven the gospel is faithfully preached, somebody is going to be-

leve it. A HANDSOME Bible on the parlor table will not keep the devil out of haps fifteen years. the house. Tag Lord is never able to do much

own head. The troubles we talk about to one another grow. Those we talk about to God die.

without Christ. No MAN who faithfully follows

Christ will go to heaven alone. Others will follow him

Caught Two Whales and a Wife. One of the whalemen on the schooner La Ninfa has a litt'e roi mance. His name is Willman Stevens and he has been a safler on coasting girl, Marcia, seems to be all alone in the vessels for several years. Ten months ago he fell in love with a pretty and estimable young lady at Yaquina Bay. Stevens wanted to get married, but his funds were low, so it was arranged between the two lovers that William should go on a whaling cruise and on his return the nuptial knot should be tied.

William came down on the next steamer, but found that sallers who Kate." had never been on a whaling voyage were regarded as green hands; and green hand proved the mascot of the Colora le. trip, and he killed the only two They whales taken on the voyage. were big feliows and produced 3,500

Stevens has consequently come into fall to the lay of a whaleman. Tomorrow be leaves on the steamer Willamette Valley for Yaquina Bay to get married. -San Francisco Thronicle

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead.

Some people's eyes are a regular pair of stares. A doubt is the heaviest thing man ever tried to lift. Every man believes he carries the

heavy end of the log. What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. . here never was found any pretended conscientious zeal but it was attended

with a spirit of cruelty.

AN AUTUMN CAMEO.

Southward Birds are flying; Fummer's dead, Overhead The leaves are dving. Changed from living green to

Westward, Red lights glowing Through the trees; And the breeze. O'er spice fields blowing Brings a breath of tropics Over seas.

Russet red.

Northward, Cloud banks flying Cold and gray. All the day The winds are sighic a For the sunny southland Far away. Eastward,

Wings of merning

Freshness bear; And the nir. The valleys scorning. Brings from dewy hill-tops Odors rare. -Louis Phillips, in Harper's Bazar,

and troubled look. AT ALFORD'S CABIN

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

Alford's Cabin was the name of stage-coach eating station, half-way between two thriving Rocky Mountain mining towns. It was kept by Mrs. Nancy Alford, a small, cherry and exceedingly active woman who claimed for herself the distinction of having crossed the plains with an ox team in '59, and the further honor of having been the first white woman to enter Fairplay Gulch, in which her cabin stood.

Her husband's grave, over which the nows of three winters had drifted, was under a clump of stunted and gloomy pines up the rocky slope of the mount-

There were two little grassless and sunken graves beside that of Aunt Nancy's husband. In one of them her little g'rl of five years had been laid, and in the other her boy of six.

"I aint never been back to the State since I came out here, and I never expect to co now: all that I care for in this world is up there," Aunt Nancy would say, with a wave of her band toward the pines under which were the three graves. The cabin was a long and narrow onestory structure of three rooms. Its exterfor was dreary, and without the suggestion of the brightness and comfort within save from the turkey-red calico curtains with white lace boarders, and the flowering plants at the four front windows.

The immediate surroundings of the cabin were dreary and cheerless; nothing could be done to make them less so that rocky and barren region with its early and late snows.

But within, things were very different, "Aunt Nance Alford's cabin,"
"Aunt Nance's grub" and Aunt Nance herself, were topics on which the stage-drivers discoursed until Aunt Nance's fame had spread far and wide. She was a short, slender and wiry

little woman, about fifty years old. She always wore a plainly made starched calico grown, with a white apron tied around her waist, the strings in a neat bow in front. A snowy-white handkerchief was always pinned around her throat, and n

one ever saw her when her dark-brown hair, but little touched with gray, was not brushed to a satiny smoothness. One day in the early spring, Jack Hughes, one of the stage-drivers, brought Aunt Nance a letter from the nearest postoffice, eight miles distant. Letters

came rarely to Aunt Nance, and they always filled her with pleasurable excitement. This was in a large brown envelope,

and Aunt Nance drew out a photograph with the letter. She glanced at it eagerly, and saw the face of a young and delicate girl of per-

"Who in the land can she be?" said Aunt Nance. She unfolded the letter, glanced at the signature and read it with a preacher who is proud of his aloud, " Your affectionate niece, Marcia

Merrick.131 "I declare I'd most forgot I had such nother grow. Those we talk about a niece," said Aunt Nance. "But, of course, she's my sister Lucy's girl.

The most dangerous thing you can Lucy's name is Merrick. I aîn't heerd o is to decide to live another day from her for two years. It's time some

of 'em was writin'.' She sat down and read the letter slowly, her eyes filling with tears as she

read. She wiped them on a corner of her apron when she had finished the letter, and said to Kate Dooley, her "help "It's from my sister's girl. My sister is dead, and so is her husband. Their

world, and not very strong. She wants to come out and stay with me awhile, and try this mountain climate for her health. "Well, she can come: I'll make her more than welcome. It's many a year since I see any of my own folks, and t'ii do me good to see somebody right from New Hampshire, with the Doolittle

blood in her veins. I was a Doolittle, She read the letter again. It was wellwritten, and stated briefly in addition to that when old-timers were clamoring the news which Aunt Nance had already for a chance to ship a new man had communicated to Kate, that the writer very little show. However, Stevens was nearly sixteen years old, and that persevered, and persuaded Capt, she would have her own living to make, Worth to take bim on Whitelaw's for her parents had left her little more whaler, the schooner La Ninfa. The than enough money to take her to

It her aunt was willing to receive her, she would come with some friends who were going as far as Denver in a few weeks; and if the climate proved helpful, she would look around for some way funds, and more funds than usually of supporting herself as soon as she had grown a little stronger.

"We'll talk about her supporting herelf when there's occasion for her to do " said Aunt Nance, as she folded the etter and restored it to its envelope. Sue took up the photograps and poked at it long and lovingly. "She's a Doolittle, out and out," she

"She has the reg'lar Doolittle ose, and her grandfather's chin right ver agin. She's downright purty; she oks like her ma, and Lucy was the best wain' one of our family. But she idn't write a word about her brother wonder how that is? Lucy had two bildren." The next stage coach going toward

the cast from Aunt Nance's cabin carried a letter from Aunt Nance to her

Three weeks later the stage coach came whirling up to Aunt Nance's door, and Jack Hughes called out, when he saw Aunt Nance at the open door "Light load to-day, Aunt Nance.

Only one passenger, and I guess she's the one you're looking for."

A young girl, her plain black dress and hat covered with dust, stepped to the ground. Aunt Nance embraced her

"You're sister Lucy's Marcia!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I know without asking. You're a reg'lar Doolittle, and you don't know how glad I am to see

"You don't reely look right strong," Aunt Nance said, while Marcia was esting the elaborate dinner prepared expreesly for her. "But, la! my dear, you'll look like another girl after a summer up here in the mountain air. I've got a nice, gentle saddle horse that you can ride 'round the canons on, and I'll take you over to the hot springs for a month, later in the summer. Oh, you'll have roses enough in your cheeks, and be so plump you won't know yourself in three months!"

Then she suddenly asked in a softer tone, "Where is your brother David, Marcin?" Marcia's smile gave place to a pained

"I don't know, aunt," she said. "Don't know? Why, how is that?" "It is more than a year since we have heard saything from David," said Marcia. Then she added, "That is one

reason why I wanted to come West, Aunt Nancy, besides what the doctor told me about my health. I think David is out here. I did not write anything about it, for I thought I would rather tell you all about it myself. I thought you might understand the story better, and feel more kindly towards him if I told it to you."

Lit was a brief and sorrowful little story of a boy's waywardness that she told, not an uncommon story of a naturally well-disposed boy being led into wrongdoing by evil companions, and finally running away after bringing disgrace upon his home.

"All we have known for nearly two years is that he is out in the West. We heard once of his being in this State. If I could only flud him! I am sure he could yet be saved. He is so young, not yet twenty."

"I'll help you find him," said Aunt Nance, earnestly. "We'll begin at once. I know all about the stagedrivers about here, and people in nearly all the mountain towns. If he's any-where in this part of the State, we'll find him, dear! Merrick ain't a common The mountain summer soon came on,

in all its soft and tender beauty. Marcis lived out of doors much of the time. She rode on horseback down into the grassy gulches, or far up to the mountain summits, where the snow lay in litpatches throughout all the summer days. Soon the color came to her theeks, her thin shape grew rounder and uiler.

The night of the nineteenth of August was one long remembered by the dwellers on that mountain side, and by those in the guich below. They referred to it long afterward as "the time of the big storm." "I never see such a storm as this in all

said Aunt Nance, as the night came on with a terrible roaring of the wind through the canons. Few travellers spont the night at her cabin, and there was no one there that

the years I've lived in the mountains,

night but Aunt Nauce, Marcia and Kate Dooley. At nine o'clock the wind abated its fury. At ten it had died away so that no sound was heard but the pouring of the rain. Marcia and Kate Dooley went to bed.

It was eleven o'clock when Aunt Nance, rising to go to bed, stopped suddenly, threw up her head and listened intently.

The rain was falling softly now, and high above its gentle sound she heard a voice shrick out as if in mortal terror. their jolly drivers to other parts of the Then she heard men's voices shouting wildly. "What in the name of wonder is go-

ng on up there on Taylor Mountain at this time of night?" she asked of herself, as she hurried to a door and looked out into the darkness. She heard the cries repeated, and they seemed nearer now. She had heard

cries at midnight before in that wild and lawless region, and she knew what too often they foretold. "Dear, dear!" she said, with more of irritation than of fear in her voice, "I wonder when this country's ever going to get so folks'll live as if they was civilized! There's mischief going on up there! I saw them Taylor Mountain

boys whispering together and looking

savage when they were down here to

that?" The rear door room had opened suddenly, and been closed in eager haste. Aunt Nance turned quickly. Before her, his back to the door, his hands spread out upon it as if he would hold kind as ingentity and good workmanit against all resistance, stood a batless ship can make it. and coatless young man, his clothes

slender form quivered with fear. "Oh, please come in and shut that door!" he cried, stretching out one hand imploringly. "They're after me-those men are! Can't you hide me? I haven't done what they say I have. Hide me! hide mel"

Aunt Nance slowly closed the door, but seemed to hesitate. "Ma'am," said the young man, "I've been wild for a long time, but I am in-nocent of this wrong, and if you'll help save me I'll live a right life from this moment. I'll go back home to-morrow -back to New Hampshire!" "New Hampshire?" Aunt Nance

caught eagerly at the words. She closed the door, walked across the room until she stood within a foot of the trembling fugitive, and looked up into his face, her own heart beating go on simultaneously, and although oc- through the woods and over the plains, wildly. "Are you from New Hampshire?" she asked, slowly.
"Yes, yes—oh, are they coming?"

"From what town?" she asked. eagerly. "The town of Rockingham." "Now tell me your name, quick!" "David-David Merrick!" She took his wet cheeks between her hands and drew his face down to hers, while she kissed him soothingly.
"I thought so—I thought so," sha said, with her arms around his neck.

said, with her arms around his neck.

"You've the Doolittle eyes, David, Don't be afraid."

The door of Marcia's room had opened suddenly, and she stood there with a shawl thrown lightly around her. The next instant she cried out:

"Oh, it's David-my brother David!" The tramp of feet was heard outside. The look of amazement on the boy's face gave place to one of terror, and Aunt Nance said, quickly: "Go in there with your sister, David!"

A moment later six or seven rough. noking men filed into the cable. Aunt them standing with her back to the door of the room David and his sister had entered. "He come in here, didn't he, Aunt

the crowd. "We seen him, and we

to stay in here!" "Do you know what him and another feller done?" "I neither know nor care," replied Aunt Nance, boldly, "but I know this-

you men aint his judges. Vengeance nothing else, or, if she pinned her lau Him!" She pointed upward as she spoke, and man is skilled in many things and exthen she added, "You can't lay your pert in at least one. hands on that boy to-night. He's in

to move me from this door. "You wouldn't, Joe Haskin, when you member how I walked three miles in o nurse you back to life and strength, reflections"-and so on,

when you was at death's door with pneu-

leg last fall, "You wouldn't lay hands on the vonian who closed your wife's eyes in death less than a year ago, Tom Leesom. Every man of you has set at my table agin and agin, with or without moneyt made no difference.

ope you've got outside, on the man who'd lay rough hands on Aunt Nance Alford. "No, you couldn't," said Joe Haskin. 'You're right-we'd make mince-meat of him! An' if you're goin' to stand 'fore

"Touch me? Why, I don't believe I,

hat door and-"I am," interrupted Aunt Nance, "and there aint no other way into the room," She waved her hand lightly toward the open door, "Good night!" she sitting by the camp-fires in the evening said.

They went out into the darkness. and he did not die

"Well," he said, "if things don't turn out queer sometimes! We got after the and beard were long and white with wrong fellow, sure enough, last night. You see, there's been a garg of cutthroats and hoss-thieves lurkin' about on ice everywhere.

Taylor Mountain. The boys got tired of "The winds went through the forest, flare, is turned low and shaded. This 'em, an' last night they took after s rearching every nook and tree for birds thoughtfulness pervades all the minor ouple of the speaks.

the truth when he said he didn't belong | vainly searching in the deep snow for ally ubiquitous, our lifeal Hostess alto 'em. He was wandering along on | i ces of wood to keep up the fire in his | most seems so by reason of the able his way to Eagle Cliff, and took refuge lolge. from the storm with some o' the gang.

"The guilty ones was caught this and, sitting down by the last few dying "The guilty ones was caught this morning down by the last few dying giving every one a good time," morning down in Deer Gulch, and they'd coals, he cried to Mannaboosho that he Three or four of these scattered about, the grace to say that the young fellow might not perish. And the wirds blew keeping the ball rolling, are of im with 'em didn't belong to their gang. If you've got him in your cabin git, you sort o' 'pologize to 'im for the little incovenience we put 'im to last night,an' say that we'll do anythin' we can for

m, now't he's out o' bad company." He was done with bad company from New Hampshire to keep it. Invading lines of railroad have driven

mountains, and there is now a little brown railroad station on the spot where the cabin of Aunt Nance stood. It is a dinner station, famous all along the line; and if you travel that way, you would be likely to be met at the door by a tidy and talkative old lady, who would be no other than Aunt Nunce herself, while David and Marcia Merrick, in homes of their own, may be found in

ARCTIC APPLIANCES.

INGENIOUS COOKING APPARATUS DEVISED

the prosperous little town but a few

miles distant .- Fouth's Companion.

FOR DE, NANSEN'S EXPEDITION. The remarkably comprehensive oil cooking range here illustrated is a dinner to-day. I've a notion to-who's prominent feature in Dr. Nansen's outfit for his polar voyages. When it is remembered that the range in question will be during that period practi cally the only means of cooking for the entire party, it is evident that the appliance should be as perfect of its

Solidly built in stout copper, with drenched and tattered, his face ashen asbestus linings where necessary, pale, his eyes wild and staring, while his | the range is so constructed as enable the processes of roast-

and the river called back, 'I am free: ome and drink! about under the leaves, and, breathing

14

DR. NANSEN'S COOKING RANGE. ing, baking, boiling and frying to capying considerably less than a and all the birds sang to her, and square yard of room will cook suffi- wherever she stepped, and nowhere c'ent substantial food for 25 persons. Dr. Nansen's party consists of himself and 12 men.

The heat necessary for the cooking is produced by a compact oil lamp so is produced by a compact oil lamp so the sun at London since 1140, except contrived as to be of an immense that of 1715, and Professor Holden su power and inserted in the range under such ingenious structural conditions that the fumes of the oil can under no circumstances touch the food which is

A WORD TOTHE BUSY WOMAN

Republican.

HER PACE MAY BECOME TOO RAPID FOR HER BEST GOOD AND DEVELOPEMENT.

In a paper on "Vocations," a woman suggestively says: "The fashionable sin of to-day among woman, whatever it may be, is not idleness. To a student from Norton or South Hadley, Wellesley or Smith, idleness is simply an impossibility. If years of thorough me thodical, intellectual training have not Nancy knew them every one. She met formed habits and tastes for work, they

have resulted in nothing.
"The lazy woman in a wrapper, yawning half a day over a novel, may "He come in here, didn't he, Aunt still exist in stories; out of them she is Nance?" said Joe Haskin, the leader of not often found. The reality and contrast is a trimly-drewed, quick-stepping want him. Now, didn't he come in little lady, calling early at the burch-here?" er's and grocer's considering the co-Aunt Nance replied fearlessly, "I don't omies of beefsteak and strawberries, tell lies, and I won't tell one now. He preparing the custard and salad dresdid come in here, Joe Haskin. He's in here now, and what's more, he's going and skillful by precent and example. and this only as a beginning to the busy day which she set for herself."

It is due to the woman of to-day that her all-round capability should be mantioned. There was a time when, if she were a good housekeeper, she was lon't belong to you - it belongs to rels to charitable work, her family was slighted. The end-of-the-century w >-

The writer of the paper goes on to his room behind me, and you are six or sound a note of warning against woman ight men to one woman, but there's not tecoming "busy, bustling, anxions one of you that'll lay your hands on me creatures, whose lives are marred if not wasted by a sort of overprojuctiveness. They, she says, 'shoull read the lesson of the lotus tree; they should even stand beside the peaceful-eyed cow and he worst snow-storm we had last winter mark how she chews the cud of gentle

In many ways the hint of reaction is obvious in the magnificent spurt woman "You wouldn't, Hi Sauders, when I has taken; she is willing to listen, in had you brought right here and took care the gospel of progress to which she of you myself when you had that broken | hearken; dligently, to an occasional sermon on the text, "Make haste dowly."

THE LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS.

"Some time ago," says the University Review, Congressman Belknap related, one night at the Washington myself, could keep you from using that Cosmos Club, the following legend of the trailing arbutus, which he hear 1 in the lodge of an aged Indian chief on the

> all wild-the wers, the arbutus-the plant that the most skillful florist cannot cause to grow in hot-house or garden. "There are two things the learned white man does not know-the Indian and the arbutus. From time to time,

animals and birds by the great Manna- Lieal Hostess to make her "evenings Before noon the next day Joe Haskin | toosho and his captains, the Manitous. ode up to Aunt Nance's cabin. She And this is the legend of the origin or Priss. - We judge, she has carefully creation of the arbutus: "Many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a comfort. Of a hot night her rooms are frozen stream in the forest. His locks

for all the world was winter-snow and to chill, chasing evil spirits o'er hill "It seems that this young fellow told | and vale; and the old man went about,

> "In despair, he returned to his lodge, aside the door of the lodge, and there mense advantage, as everybody knows, came in a most beautiful maiden. but only au Ideal Hostess would know

"Her cheeks were red, as if made of wild-roses; her eyes were large, and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night; like so many talented young Beigadiers her halr was long and black as the carrying out the wishes of the Conraven's feathers, and it touched the mander-in-Chief. ground as she walked; her hands were that day forth. The promise he had covered with willow buds; on her head the self-forgetfulness of this charming made in his terror he kept faithfully, al- | was a wreath of wild-flowers; her Commander. Her "evenings" are not though he did not have to go back to clothing was of sweet grasses and ferns; her moccasins were white lilles and,

when she breathed, the air of the lodge the lumbering old stage-coaches and became warm. "The old man said, 'My daughter, I the privates in an army feel that upon each individually devolves a degree of am giad to see you. My lodge is cold each individually devolves a degree of and cheerless; yet it will shield you responsibility for the success of the from the tempests of the night. But tell me who you are, that you dere to come to my lodge in such strange clothing. Come, sit here and tell me of this country and thy victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am a Maniton. I blow my breath, and th waters of the river stand still.' "The maiden answered, 'I breathe,

> plants.'
> "The old man said, '1 shake my locke, and snow covers all the ground. "", shake my curls,' rejoined the maiden, 'and warm rains fall from the clouds,

and the Cowers spring up on all the

" 'When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees. At my command, the anima's hide in their holes in the ground, and the wild fowl get out of he water and fly away, for I am as well as at other places conquered

everywhere. "And thus they talked, and the sir became warm in the lodge. The ell can's head dropped upon his breast, and he slept. Then the sun came back. and the blue bird came to the top of the lodge and called, 'Say-ee, I am thirsty!'
and the river called back 'I am free; Spanish provinces settled by the Visi-

"As the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small; streams of water rau out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves. "Then the maider, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious white flowers and hid them

upon them, said:

else, grows the arbutus.'

"I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who shoul pick thee shalt do so upon benged "Then the maiden moved away

wherever she stepped, and nowhere

there will not be another until after the opening of the twenty-first century. Russia contemplates building what will be the largest electric railway in the world; it will run from St. Peter - NO. 37.

THE IDEAL HOSTE IS. Some of us are fortunate enough to have met and been entertained by the 1 deal Hostess in her own house. of us would like to imitate her in cui own homes. Very few of us can do so

but in a sort of despairing admiration e would like to make a little study of er methods. Yes, methods; for as surely as graps do not grow upon therns, the brillian successes of our Ideal Hostess, are no the result of accident. An "evening at her house is full of charmone alone, or to some specially favored clique, but to all of her guests. Here are Greyhead and Goldilocks; the debutante, and the still young woman who has begun to fear that she is get ting passee; the litterateur, the busi he s man, and men of the learned pro fessions; the college under-graduate and the young man whose ambition never ran in that direction, and both single and married ladies of certain and uncertain ages and babits of thought. There are perhaps between for y and fifty persons in all, and one might expect to find some discontented

nes in the diversity. Not at all. Listen to them as they

leave the house! The youngster who has never had an "evening out" before, is ravished be-cause Mrs. Charming has invited him to come again. "How often do you think it would be proper for me to go next Winter?" he asks confidentially of the spinster aunt, whose escort his has been on this happy occasion. Yet has has not here met for the first time some "all enchanting for." It is the only charm of the whole which

has impressed him.

The spinster is also treading upon air. She has met two persons whom she has long desired to know. She has not merely seen them at a distance pains have been taken that she should have a few minutes converse with each. She, too, feels that she wishes it were 'proper" to go every evening next winter.

A man whose presence is much sought for at social entertainments of all sorts. and who is correspondingly difficult to secure for them, remarks to his wife as he mounts the stairs of the L. on his homeward way, "I haven't had such a delightful evening for years. If we're in the city next winter, do let us come as often as possible;" while the wife replies, just as they reach the platform, 'Oh, if everybody's evenings were like this one, how delightful society would

shore of Late Superior.

"Here, in this country, grows to perfection that dearest and sweetest of perfection that dearest and sweetest of as to look for the cause of all this as to look for the ca charm," says another, still under the influence of the spell. Perhaps so, but it helps the would

be blower of soap bubbles to know that a certain combination of soap, water and air is necessary before he can make his bubbles; so we shall try to find out what are the materials used by our so universally enjoyed. go to making physical comfort and di

as cool as they can be made, yet no age. He was heavily clad in fine furs, it is the upper sashes which are shove down, and not the lower which are up. arrangements Knowing that she cannot be person condintors whom her tack enlists to help her carry out her intentions of

> Perhaps the greatest secret of all is hers, but those of her guests, to such a degree that all feel under obligation to perform the duties of hosts to at their neighbors in the same way that

RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN LOUISIANA.

Judge E. T. Merrick, of New Or-

leans in a letter to Myra Bradwell, editor of the Chicago Legal Novos, in referring to the property rights of mar ried women in Louisiana, says: "The origin of the right is enrious to trace. The community of 'acquets and gain' did not exist in the Roman law, and not prevail generally France. It was introduced by the Franks, a German people who conquered certain French provinces, and who possessed Paris and established in there Manitou.'

"The maiden made answer, 'When I was called the 'Custom of Paris.' About the 5th century A. D. the Visigoths, another German race, extended their conquests with many leaves; the birds come back, and all who see me sing. Music is provinces, and established themselves there and finally became blended with the peorle of the country, speaking their language, after having established as a part of the laws of these provinces the ancient German institution acquet

> goths was carried into the laws promulgated by the Spanish rulers for the government of the Indias, the countrie liscovered by Columbus.
>
> Louisiana was first, as you know, settled by the French, and its laws

were French, until 1769, when it was taken possession of by the Spaniards, under O'Reily. The treaty of transfer had been signed in 1762. In 1769 the French laws were abro gated and the Spanish laws of the Inlians substituted and promugated The Spanish laws were the laws of the territory when Louisiana was acquired in 1803, and they are the basis of the Louisiana code, and our judges are bound to take judictal notice of them, while the French laws require to b proven. Hence Mrs. Merrick, your fast friend, becomes entitled to one half of all we have made during the marriage, by virtue of the settlement of some rude warlike Visigoths in Spain 1400 years ago, who had given equal rights to their wives, who worked in the fields and went to battle with them. It is but just to say that for many years the Louisings law las given the usufruct of all the communi

property to the surviving spouse, while he or she remains single. The preex !ing is for your consideration as a tuneburg to Archangel, a distance of 45 miles.

" ... Many Machilla

Selling.