VOL. XLVIII

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY. JULY 18, 1894

NO. 31.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Royal Garden."

Texr. "I have come into My garden."-

on's Songv. 1. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Chardemanns a tied to the glory of his reion by decreeing that they be estab-lished all through the realm—lecreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, estab-lished gardens of bewitching beauty and lux urisnes, gathering into them Alpine, Pyren-ean ant French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shen-stone, the post. His writings have maid but intle impression on the world, but his rarden, "The Lessowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rastic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had reservoir and urn and fountain here had their erowainz. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Sheastone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £390 for it. He sold it for £17,000.

And yet I am to tell you of a richer gar len And yet I am to tell you of a richer gar len than any I have mentioned. It is the gar-den spoken of in my text, the garlen of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He hought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He small have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, rained his for-tune, and now, in the crimson flowers of these cardens, you can almost taink or ime gar-tens, you can almost think or im agine that you see the blood of that old min's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to fell you that Carist's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beau-tiful garden of the church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Teil me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye exwomen who saw him hang! Tell me, ye ex-centioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou san that dilst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ love! the church and gave Himsel! for m." If, then, the garlen of the church belones to Carist, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, oh blesse! Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these alsies an! plack what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thressi!

of sweetness for Thysoit, The church in my text is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thereach irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borlers or at the gate-way. The homelest taste will dictate something, if it is the old fashloned holly ook or dahlia or daffedil or corcopsis, but If there be larger means then you will find the Mexican eachs and dark veined arbu-tellon and idening acutes and clustering pleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered apon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the bright-rainer have of the search of the searc aning face of the invalid, and the sprig of germium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glace of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the rannendus, creeping sweetly along acald the thorus and briers of life, giving hiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of frontile has found; that they have covered it all over with flowering jeendar rauniar in and out and the crevans in Christ's gardens inflower, gauly in the son that hears to be comforted there they stand, hight blooming cerouses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be before compared to the Maxisan cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with most everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them not withstanding all their storons as Many a withstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man hashad yery hard ground to culture and it has only been through severs toll he has taken even the smallest crop of grace. In this garden of the church, walch Christ has planted. I also find the snowdrop, beau-tint, but cold looking, seemingly another phase of the water. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpas-

their indignation never bolls over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never ran up to C above the staff. In the music of their life they have no standard passages. Cirist plants I them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there. Snow-irops, always snow irops. But I have not told you of the most benutiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. It you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower may been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years nor he lore other petals come out."
But I bave to tell you of a plant that was
gathering up loom all eterative, ar I that 1903
years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. tis the passion flower of the cross! Prophets for told it. Bethlehem shepherds looked pon it in the bud, the rooks shook ringon flower-bloo I at the roots, blood on the graches, blood on all the leaves. Its performe is to ill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, O life. Its breath is heaven. Come, O

stought nurs as snowdrops and as cold. They

never shed any tears (they never get excited; they never say anything rasally, they never do naything precipitately. Their pulses never flatter, their neves never twitch;

south, and win is from the east, and win is from the wast, and hear to all the earth the sweet smelling siver of Christ, my Lord. fits worth, I all he nations know, Sure the wir de each would love Him ton. Again, the church may be appropriately are planted in the oreland, or they are set out on the sunny hillside, but the cholesst fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Curist has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity—but He inten is the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then sharms on the church. Relition is not a more flowering sentimentality. It is a practical lite giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "On!" says someboly, "I don't see what your saylums come from, and your hosaitals, and your institutions of merce? Carist planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave skird to Barteneus, He inid the conversions of every blint every prison reform association that his every conformed. The church of Caristis a glorious parton, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some words that ought to have been thrown over the fence, I know there are some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uproofed, but are you calcute. there are some wild grapes that ought to be up-noted, but are you going to destroy the waste garden because of a little gaarled fruit? You will find worm esten leaves in Fontainbleau and inserts that sting in the fairy groves of the Campos Elysees. You do not tear down or destroy the whole gar-den because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and

useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm sing-ing and church going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consis-tent and consecrated on "exchange" as it There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany.

There not only alt fat the feet of Christ, but

women in the church who ought not to be there, but let us be just as frank and nimit

the fact that there are hundreds and thou-sands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and woman, holy, blessel,

they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken hus-band, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Latiband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Hugh Lutimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as the sale of the s though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven watching the oursmen dip their paddes in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fraits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in

this garden and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem a good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow upon it, but no sooner had that tree been planted than it builted and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' ariations on that form of "scarfing," and blossomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Esheel, which two men carried in Eden killed the race this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

Ariations on that form of "scarling."

The style took on various shapes, composed of silks, satins and lawns, black satins predominating. This was scarcely noticed by men of ashion, though the crack haberdashers in Eden killed the race this one cluster of mercy shall restore.

mercy shall restore.

Again, the church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper ag without planty of water. I have seen a of the style of 1830—but they would oughly trrigated. No garden could prosper
ag without plenty of water. I have seen a
garden in the milst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around were dearth
and barrenness, but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the
mountains, and through those aqueducts the
water came streaming down and tossing up
into beautiful fountains until every root and
leaf and flower was saturated. That is like
the church. The church is a garden in the
milst of a great desert of sin and suffering.
It is well friighted, for "our eyes are unto
the hills, from whence cometh our help."
From the mountains of Go l'astrength there
flow down rivers of giadness. There is
a river the stream whereof shall make
glad the city of our God. Preaching the
gespel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible
is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper
are aqueducts. Water to shake the thirst,
water to restore the faint, water to wash the
unclean, water tossea high up in the light of
the sum of righteousness, showing us the
rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there
ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You
know the beauty of Versailles and Charsworth depends very much upon the great
wurphly of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
worth depends very much upon the great
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
water to restore the faint water to water
supply of water. I eams to the latter places
water to restore the faint water to water
the streng know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted, but by an inducement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it ing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in glessome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the churchof God. Everything comes from above—pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through His heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten paim trees.

"Elims," with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.

Hark! I hear the latch at the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ, "I am come into My garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus; we have been waiting for Thee. Walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers. Look at the fruit. Pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and tauches him and is affected. Polka dots, hair-line sup; "Almost home, father; not many more noises for thee. I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee. Take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve the soul. up to that old man and touches him and has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done"-the hardest prayer a man

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the king's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden—the King's garden, I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly In religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garlen of this world's deligit. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theo lore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us haugh now when we read his poems, but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking class, and he saw himself and said. "There, that is true. I look up just as I am — lone up in boly, mind and purse." So it was with Shemstone, of whose garden I told at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souts, come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little hearisense! Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it 5, 10, 20, 30 years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? Oh, man, what gradge hast thou against thy

Oo, man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to some giving, healthclui fruit—not posies, but apples. "On!" says somebody, "I don't see what your gry len of the church has yielded." Where did your asyluns come from, and your hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them: He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave shift to Buttanua, He hild the cornersions of every blink asylun that he cornersions of Guilles, He hild the cornersions of Guilles, He hild the cornersions of Guilles, He hild the cornersions of every lumits asylun that has ever been boult. When Christ said to the siek mun, Take up thy need and walk" He hild the cornersions of corner hospital the world has ever been. When Christ said, "I was in prison, and your marks and the one boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone as hore into Gol's mercy, and yet you are ellinging to the week of sint Others have accepted the par.lon of Christ, but you have accepted the par-lon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this morning make a rush for your immortal reseas, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earthing with the cry: "Save me next! Save colors and patterns as the silk goods. me next !"

> called victims of "the English disease.

four are males and forty-six are fe sho likes a bit of spice in his apmales. -The onspring of a single fly in one

Bayreuth, in Bayaria.

-Over ninety-three million pound

STYLES IN NECKWEAR HE SMALL, NARROW CRAVAT IS

MUCH WORN. ery Swagger Designs Run Out of Style by Cheap Dandles-Lawns and Washable Silks-A Cenerous Expanse of Shirt From

Is the Correct Thing.

String Ties and Colored "Aprens." The distinction between "popular" ni "fashionable," as applied to men's neckwear, was never before so sharp of the twice-around cravat, as the modified stock-tie shown in cut No. 1 carry the bell-crown hat and long-





y percale shirt, with white collar, satisfied myself upon this point than stripes and solid colors are correct in ed by a large boar, with mammoth

shall not smite these by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve these from all evil; He will preserve they soul. Gourage, O troubled spirit." Then I see Lesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I sasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and, lot He is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into My garden to gather lilles, and I mean to take these up to a high terrace, and to rethe garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air. They shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His fare and said, "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy



Ma 3 is made in the lightest of surah and twill silks, bunches up artistically in pongee and China weaves, and looks provokingly cool in lawns and other midsummer fabrics. A popular form in the negligee bow class of neck wear is infinitely cooler. Turned-down starched collars will be generally worn this summer, so that the shield bows will be found useful. The shield bow is not an article of fashion, yet is extremely convenient. The four-in-hand of the graduated school will continue all summer as the long scarf for stylish semi-dress.

A clever conceit is illustrated in cut ; erate size, and is made up in light, washable fabrics. Lawn ties in every shape, from the modest bow to the generous De Joinville, will flourish in



NO 4.

NO 5

In fact, every style that is a success in silk is made over into the wash -In Damaseus, dranken men are 5 shows a made-up lawn scarf in dead fabrics by the manufacturer. Cut No. white, with small rings of black. The Of every 100 cases of cataract, fifty effect is very fetching, and just pro-

parel. summer, if none are destroyed, may number 2,800,600. Scarfs which cover the entire bosom are entirely out of favor. The shirt-Scarfs which cover the entire bosom front is now very much in evidence, -The first paper ever made in the so that the long, slender Teck scarf ward he again set her free, when sho world was made by wasps. They used delineated in cut No. 6 will be worn flew about restlessly from spot to spot, it for building nests. t for building nests.

by the neatest of swells. No. 7 is a as if in seaach of the missing body.

Several large finds of the old silver string tie that has had considerable For the four next days she left her soins have been recently made near vogue, and will continue a favorite food untouched, and on the fifth day smoog those who have mastered the she died, 'a striking example,' as the



loned by the wearer into a bow, the ends having a strait-plaited effect. Nos. 8 and 9 are pronounced cool and comfortable scarfs by knowing ones, and are adapted to be worn with either standing or turn-over collars. The best effects are obtained wher made of moires, black satin, silk, etc No. 10 shows the long, narrow Teck, a scarf that is in keeping with pre vailing tendencies. Its proportion should be so balanced that the long lean aspect is effectively carried out TREED BY HOGS.

Form Hand's Experience in the Care

"In my early youth," said a Rich mond man the other day, "I hire out to a farmer in the mountains of Western North Carolina. The farm raised little but scrub corn and razor backed hogs. The latter were turned out in the woods and ran at large all seasons, eating mast, becoming as wild as could be found in Africa. It the spring it was the custom to hunt these hogs up and brand the pige similar to the rounding up of cattle on the Western plains. This was sometimes a dangerous occupation especially so when the winter had been a hard one. One day I started out after the hogs, and after severa' hours' work failed to find any them. Finally, I saw a drove that had taken refuge in a rock house, the term used in that country to designate the space beneath overhange



THEY SURROUNDED THE TREE ing rocks, and descending the mounare especially the tain, I reached a space near enough mode for morning to them to recognize them as the wear when the fan- ones I was seeking. I had no sconer they left. But they did not leave; furlated squeals, and by morning I was completely exhausted from the cramped p sition I had occupied so my position, and in doing so fell from the tree, alighting upon two of the hogs. As I jumped to my feet, posed myself to sleep.

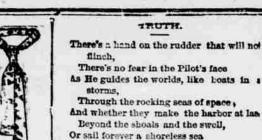
the animals made a rush to the place I presume that I must have frebegan to tear them to shreds, losing sight of me altogether in their wrangle over the remains of their comrades. I started on a run for the house, and, bringing assistance, we

o drive them." The "Authority" Ruled Out. Mr. Dan Wilson, an American lawrer, was once prosecuting a case before a Missouri justice of the peace, when the opposing counsel cited "Greenleaf on Ev.dence" so decide ily against him that a bold effort had to be made. Wilson asked him for the book, opened it, rose, and, with a look of solemn surprise, said he was amazed that so good a lawyer should bring such a book as that into court. "Why." said he, "the author himself never thought of its being used for an authority in any case. Just hear what he says in the preface, 'Doubtless a happier selection of these principles might be made, and the work might have been much better executed by another hand. For, now it is finished, I find it but an approximatien towards what was originally desired. But, in the hope that it may No. 4. It ties into a knot of mod- still be found not useless as the germ of a better treatise, it is submitted to the candor of a liberal profession.' Now," continued Wilson, "an author who admits that his work is as bad be brought into court to govern the opinions of a gentleman who has sat perfectly satisfied. He ruled the authority" out as of no account whatever, and gave his judgment for Wilson and his client

killed every hog, it being impossible

A Bird Romance.

Here is a touching story (if true) of conjugal affection among birds, taken from the Pester Lloyd: "A few day ago a fancier found the dead body of male pigeon lying on the floor of the pigeon-house. The female bird, 'das Weibchen,' was sorrowing at the side of the corpse. He threw the dead bird into the yard, and the female immediately flew after it, and took her stand at its side. He moved the body several times, out of curiosity, and each time se found the 'widow' flew to the spot nd kept close to her dead mate. last he shut up the female, and buried the little corpse. Half an hour aftermong those who have mastered the writer says, 'of a wife's love among thack of adjusting it. It is fash writer says, 'of a wife's love among mimals."



I know that all is well .-

Told all these things to me.

From the solemn soul of the sea ;-

And the soul of man is a sunward bird

With wines that are made for flight.

Whose lauves are the spreading sky

With the eye behind the eye.

For its chainless soul is free;

Told all these things to me.

And into the willing eye,

ing earth.

school.

dreams

And never a bird in a wire-bound car-

For truth surges into the open heart

And drops from the bending sky;

But lives in the open air and light

For all men in their need!

Knows not of the salted sea,

Told all these things to me.

To plerce to the fount of the shining day

And float through the depths of night .

And I rend these things in that Bible of God

And the legible face of the dark green sea,

For truth is not closed in the lids of a baok,

And streams from the breath of the steam

Tis not shut in a book, in a church, or

Nor cramped in the chains of a creed,

But the fish that swims in a goldfish vase

From the hills that shoulder the sky,

This Voice goes wandering by;

With an ear attuned to hear,

Told all these things to me.

Whenever the Voice comes near.

Will the Voice or the Vision fice;

and never a bird in a wire-bound cage

Through the topicss heights of a man's own

And who roams the cart's with an open

Will eateh some broken cord of the sound

But not past the prison of custom or cree

-Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A CONFLICT IN A TUNNEL

And never a bird in a wire-bound cage

the wood.

NO. 9. NO. 10. NO. 8.

lina Mountains.



BY HERFERT RUSSELL. minus of one of heavily, striking his head against the

go to sleep as soon as the train should in that almost helpless posture. have started. I had but small diffi- instead he gasped out, "Will ye culty in finding what I sought, and a hange clothes now?" and whilst i little well-timed liberality to the guard waited for my answer I got my fist from secured me what I then considered the and struck him upwards under the chin, additional privilege of being locked in. | thocking his teeth together with a click It was about 6 o'clock on a late No. ike the snap of a rifle trigger and vember evening when we started; quite nearly dislocating his neck; and ther dark, with a frostiness in the air that I gave a heave up which threw him of speedily clouded the windows of the me, and a moment later we were both carriage with heary moisture. The lamp in the roof of the compartment burnt with a small, clear flame. I exchanged my hat of latest metropolitan build for a warm fur cap, raised my feet on to the cushions of the opposite seat, and in this posture drew a stout traveling blanket about me, and com-

I had fallen to and, finding the hod-les of the two hogs I had struck, they the train seemed to grow faint and distant, like the subdued sound of sur! heard afar. But my nap was of short duration, and I was soon wide awake again, gazing out through a little space which I rubbed clear upon the frosted sindow pane.

something stirring under the seat in the far corner of the carriage. the train. But, continuing to watch it where my body might in undiscovered with a dull kind of curiosity, I was extended to perceive a man's no tales, and he wasn't going to lose pair of fierce-looking eyes glared at me sat motionless with surprise, a man go. Glad of a moment's respite, I re-terambled out, and getting upon his leased my hold of the fellow, though ket stood surveying me.

terambled out, and getting upon his a coarse, ugly face, immensly square part. After a little, finding that he shoulders and close-cropped hair. He did not renew the attack, I spoke and shoulders and close-cropped hair. He wore a loose, clumsily-fitting suit of sked what he was doing, at the same some gray material that looked sus-piciously like a prison dress. He was him. I received no answer, neither did jacket was torn and his face a good deal body. At that moment the train emscarred. I gazed at this uncouth ap- erged from the tunnel, and the gloom paration in silence for a little while in which the carriage had been with an expression, I do not doubt, of plunged by the extinction of the lamp paration in silence for a little while considerable dismay; then I instinctively looked around me for some means of communication with the lo have revealed the figure of the man guard. The fellow understood my as this certainly never expected it to gesture, and his eye swiftly darted I had a box of matches in my pocket, around the carriage with an insolent | and with a trembling hand I pulled it leer of satisfaction as he perceived that | ut and struck a light. The place was on the bench, as your Honor has, for the compartment was not furnished impty. With a long sigh of relief and bankfulness, I sank exhausted into a with the usual appliance for signaling. self. Yer surely don't want to hincontelaying the train!"

"Who are you and what do you want?" said I, slowly clearing my limbs of the folds of the rug which epveloped me.

"Who am I, an' what do I want?" to repeated. "That's axking, sir, ain't it? However, I ain't a-going to tell you who I am, an' as for what I want, you'll be finding that out before very long."

His manner and the looks of the man made me feel uneasy. Judging from nis appearance 1 gu more than my match in point of trength, and I was quite unarmed.

He turned and let down the frame o the window against which he stood then thrusting his arm out tried the handle, but found the door was locked He uttered an inarticulate curse be twist ais teeth and pulled up the window with venemence.

"Let's try the door at your end, guv'nor," said he, coming along the nompartment. I hastily rose as he approached and backed away a step or two while he lowered the window and

maned out to turn the handle. The SPRINKLES OF SPICE. door proved to be unlocked. People to whom I have told this story assure me that it ought not to have been un locked, as the off doors of a train are always locked. I believe this is so, but the fact remains. He drew in his head again with the exclamation of satisfac

gassage of the train prevented it from swinging open.
"Now, mister," said he, gruffly And I learn these things from the heart of measuring me from head to foot with his little deep-set eyes as he spoke, For never a bird in a wire-bound cage 'you've got to change clothes with me,

tion, leaving the door unfastened, though the rush of wind created by the

d'ye see? I must have them togs of "You will do nothing of the kind," something in the new office boy that answered, resolutely, though with my heart starting to beet a trifle quicker. sem—Oh, I don't know. The new "Come, now," said he, "don't make

no fusa. Ye'd best chop quietly." At that instant the locomotive gave a long screaming whistle, and the train plunged with a roar into a tunnel. "Look here, now," exclaimed the fellow, putting on a most menscing air, and leaning toward me with his to see there? Mike-Faith, I'm anxfists clenched, "if you don't do what I jous to see myself there before night. want then out you go through that -Philadelphia Reco.d.

Without answering I again sat down in the middle seat of the carriage. On this the man stood looking at me for a moment as though undecided how to act. Then, perceiving my silk hat resting on the rack overhead, he took it down and put it on. This impudent act of the dirty villain so incensed me that, scarcely thinking what I was about, I jumped up and snatched it off his head. In a second he whipped round and struck me a blow full in the chest with his heavy fist; I grappled Tis the Voice that comes from the gilded with him, and then began a fierce and

desperate conflict.
As soon as I closed with the ruffian the police. felt that his whole effort was to get me close to the door and thrust me through it. He was an immensely strong fel-low, but as clumsy as a bear. I, on the other hand, was light and nimble, with some small knowledge of boxing. For all that I felt myself greatly out-matched in that hand to hand fight. No sooner had I grappled with the vil-ain than he gave me a blow in the face savage enough to have broken my nose had he delivered with as much judgnent as he did violence. But I had Burglar-O, shut up! taken him by the throat with both hands, and I continued clutching his windpipe with the tenacity of a bull errier. We twisted and wriggled and numped from side to side of the conined space, and all the while I felt him HAD taken my irawing me in the direction of the first-class ticket at open door. At last I twined my foot the London teribout his leg and threw him; he fell

the great northern sushioned seat, and down I came with railways, and, hav- him, still clinging to his iron hard, ing a long night nuscular throat, upon which my grip journey to make, seemed to make scarcely any impres-I looked about for sion. We rolled about for awile, each partment, intend. when with his superior strength he got ing to swathe my- ibove me and knelt upon my chest, I self in rugs and thought he would murder me as I lay

spon our feet again and pounding sway as before. I was beginning to feel that I could not continue the struggle much longer and that, exhausted as I was, he would be able to drag me to the door and pitch me through it on to the line My opponent breathed hard and fast, but showed no signs of giving in. Or sudden the train gave a violent folt, that flung us both against the bulkhead of the compartment; the flame of the lamp leapt up, then flickered a moment and went out. We continued fighting

in a darkness as deep as that of the grave. Now that we were both completely in the dark, I felt myself more On a sudden my eye was taken by My sole dread was that I should find myself tumbling backwards through the open door. He had hissed out, thought at first it might be a shadow, amid horrid blasphemies, his intention caused to move by the oscillation of leaving me dead in that tunnel, head thrust out of the obscurity; a the liberty he had that night regained. But all at once I felt him relax his grip for a moment, and then, whilst I still of my body, and he called to me to let cet stood surveying me. standing on my guard meanwhile,
He was a burly-looking fellow, with wary of some desperate trick upon his without a cap, and I noticed that his my hands come in contact with his gave place to a kind of faintness siftng in through the windows, sufficient and he been still in the compartment.

"All right, guv'ner," said he in a coarse voice. "No need to trouble yer up at its first stopping place.

Belf. Yer surely don't want to hipconvenience the rest of the passengers by town. I sought out the guard and told him what had occurred. He at once dispatched a porter for the sta-tion-master, and when that official arrived the two of them heard my story, and then searched the compartment thoroughly. But not a trace of the villian did they discover. My own opinion is that, taking advantage of the blackness, he had gone out upon the footboard, there to wait until the train should slacken speed sufficiently to enable him to jump off with safety and make good his escape. Be this as experience lingers as a sort of nightnare of my railway traveling; and food to lodge, ferment and destroy the whenever I now get into a compartment by myself I take very good care o first of all peer under the seats and of communicating with the guard .-

In 1881 the Panama canal was be-

New York Advertiser.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, an-Others Somewhat Juley-They Will Ald Digestion if Perused After Mcals.

Jobson-I ve been in old Closefist's office ten years and I never knew

Accounted For.

him to take a fancy to anyone until yesterday. Then he said there was office-boy has probably swalle well; t.me. - Exchange. Mike's Desire.

Mike (on the road)-How fur is it to Chistnut Hill, sir? Native-About five miles Whom do you want

A Cinch.



of here immediately, or I shall call





Burglar - Us fellers struck luck

ed.-Truth.

The Novellst's Reason "I notice," said the editor to the pair of village lovers approach and novelist, "that in every chapter you also looked in, attracted probably by refer to the hero as having 'an elastic a display of cheap rings on a tray in Why do you do this?" "Who the same window, -er- you see, he's one of these cautious men who never goes out doors without wearing overshoes."--Wash. the name of their most famous local

ngton Star.

His Line of Business. "Why don't I go to work, mum," said the tramp, rejeating Mrs. Cran-berry's question. "I'd only te too happy if I could get something to do in my own line of business." "What might that be?" asked the sympatheti: woman. "Colorin"

schaums, mum. "-Judge.

The Corpus DelictL "Jobson made a bet with one or the foot-ball players whose name he "Did the fellow setdidn't know." tle after the game?" "No. He was one that got killed." "Jobson identify his man?" "Yes-by looking at the survivors."-Judge.

Guarding Against Intrusion Dashaway-Where did you get that necktie, old man? Cleverton-My best girl made it to wear at the seaside when I spend my vacation with her. Dashaway-I see. She wants to be alone with you.-Clothier and



t. Miss Sharpe. You might do worse you know. I ought to tell you that I bave the refusal of two or three postoffice at Big Union; the bunk girls. Miss Sharpe-What a capital, president, the editor, the fruit grower way of putting it! I suppose you and the visitor from Denver interested mean you've asked 'em, and they've in Big Union property. They had disall said "No."-Tudga.

Dentist's Hint.

One of the best dentists in this city advises all his patients to use what is called "dental floss," and which is simply a heavy waxed silk thread, regularly every evening to remove particles of food from between the teeth. He favors the use of the tooth brush. but says if he were to be deprived of either his "floss" or his tooth brush he would sacrifice the latter. The lodgment of particles of food between the teeth is generally the cause of decay it may, I never heard more of the and cavities, and where the "floss" is matter, although the memory of that | used regularly every evening before retiring there is little opportunity for lissues.

A young lady whose chief charm in society is the whiteness of her teeth make sure that there exists the means told me in great confidence that the use of "dental floss" was the secret of the beauty of her teeth, and she added that it cut down her dentist's bills

A Haunted Room

An instance of the sort of thing which often earns for a house the reputation of being haunted is given by the author of "Tenants of an Old Farm." The mistress of the house in question, only a temporary resident who has lately arrived there. Editors-Some of Them Very Dry and asks an old colored servant to take a bundle to a certain room for her. Her request is politely but decidedly

> On being questioned as to his of jection to the room, he says: "How d're s'pose dem tracks got up on dat ceiling? No dorg nur man eter walked ober de roof in dat away, head down'ad. No, no' dar's been bad business dar, yo' may depen'! No mortals nebber made dem tracks! An' ole Dan doan' wan' ter git his head in under 'em!"

> The ceiling of this room has beet preserved precisely in the state in which it was built a century ago. It is made of plain, unpainted boards, which are really the floor of the loft

> As one enters the room and glancer up he sees a number of dog-tracks upon the ceiling. There they are their strong leather-brown color showing distinctly even against the agebrowned boards. In one corner of the ceiling are the indistinct outlines of a pair of a human feet. Some one seemes to have scrubbed them until they are recognized with difficulty, but human footprints they certainly

> The origin of these "tracks" has been for many years a fruitful subject for gossip, but there is not much mys. ery about them, according to the 'amily tradition.

> The board-yard at which the lum per was bought was also the tan-yard. and the feet that had passed through the liquid tan had walked across and left their print upon the boards which good friend Townes loaded up for his new house. No one thought it worth while to plane them off, and so they were nailed down, tracks and all!

Many a tidy housekeeper tried her hands and temper at the tasked scrubbing off the marks; but at last they came to be valued for their odity. Nevertheless, in some minds the mysterious dog-tracks awakened nearly as much consternation as did the 'handwriting on the wall," at Bel-

shazzar's feast. Poor old "Dan" was one of the victims to this foolish superstition, and he persistently refused to believe so simple an explanation as the true one. He preferred to call the room 'ha'nted.'

Not Known at Home.

Two ladies staying in the beautiful lake region of England, near the home of Wordsworth and amid the when these folding beds were invent- scenes made famous in his po ms. stood before a village shop looking at a portrait of the venerable poet displayed within. As they gazed

> One of the ladies, seized by a humorous impulse to discover whether celebrity had any meaning to the cars of a couple of apparently typical natives, suddenly turned to the other and inquired, with an air of innocent curiosity, pointing to the portrait:

"Who was this Wordsworth, any-Her companion replied in the same spirit, "I'm not sure, but I think he was the man who introduced the breed of black-faced sheep we saw in

the mountains yesterday!" The village couple, who must have overheard this dialogue, did not betray by the least shadow of expression that they found in it anything peculiar; but as one of the ladies declared afterward, the trouble with such incidents is that you never can

tell quite what they mean. Perhaps those simple villagers were having their inward laugh at the ignorant Americans all the time, and were only too polite to let their amusement find outward expression. Perhaps, on the other hand, they had never heard of Wordsworth before he was brought to their attention as an introducer of black-faced mountain

"There was a joke in the affair somewhere," sighed the narrator, pensively, "but I wish I could be sure just where!"

A less dubious case of greatness un appreciated at home occurred recently in Amesbury to a traveler who wished to see the house where Whittier lived. He asked the first person be met where to find it, and received courteous and minute directions, which he was about to follow; but in thanking his kind informant he chanced to speak of the poet Whit-

"The poet Whittier!" exclaimed the obliging native. "I'm sure I don't know where he lived: I thought of course you wanted Whittier, the 'hoe man."-Youth's companion.

They were standing in front of the cussed the outlook for the new year and viewed it in all its aspects. They had guessed on the peach crop, the rate of money, and the number of new subscribers. Then they fell short of a rubiect.

And still the mail tarried. A short man with a gold watch chain, an air of prosperity, and a small eigar, approached, stepping briskly along up the street. "Here's Jennings," remarked the

editor. "Who's Jennings?" asked the visitor from Denver.

"Jennings, Leonard P. Jennings," replied the bank president, "is one of the most influential men in the Vallev. sir. His guarantee alone will sell a quarter section. He owns about twelve hundred acres of Big Union land, and is a firm believer in the future of our city." The visitor seemed impressed. Mr. Jennings approached. "Well, Jennings," cried the fruit grower, "I hear you've bought that eighty of Snider's. What are you go ing to do with it, sell or improve?"

"Do with it!" responded Mr. Jer. ninety-five per cent. This secret is too good to keep, so I give it to the public.—New York Mail and Express

| Do with the public with the pu