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AN AVERAGE MAN.

a realistic story
Without any gush or glory,
With no sent imental limetichs
And no firework display.
Both a peer old ignoramus
And who couldn't ignite the river,
And who worked out by the day.

A rery common feller
Was this Ebenezer Weller,
With the usual share of virtues
And with vices two or three;
He'd no fatal gift of beauty,
But an average sense of outy,
Neither very good nor evil—
Just about like you and me.

And he wel an average woman,
Very nice and wry human,
Just about like Epenezer,
Neither very good nor bad;
Oft in harmony they'd warble,
Often they would scold and squabble
But they loved each other dearly,
And they couldn't continue mad,

Never had enough on Monday To supply the Louise till Sunday, Never made enough in April To support themselves in May: If they worked hard in November, They must work hard in December

And the coarse bread of to-morro Was the hard work of to-day. they worked on, grew gray and grayer, let they never made him mayor.

And she plucked no social honors,

And his wages still were small;
then the lead of years grew weighty
and they died when they were eighty.

And they put them in the graveyard,

And they left them there. That's all.

A realistic story,
Without any gush or glory,
Yet this fellow Ebenezer
Represents the human clan;
His the average share of pleasure,
His the average lack of leisure,
His the average joy and sorrow
Of the common average man,

MATER PURISSIMA BELLS

Captain Simon Matthewsdid some times quote the Bible, but always in a slighting, colloquial phrase and merely to suit his private purposes, no! For instance, "that there apple business" was thrown at Josefa, his

granddaughter, as an unanswerable reason why she should not be given the liberty of his orchard. To irrigate, to spray, to annoint, to Jumigate his few trees was the anxious delight of his life. He accounted for his enthusiasm over some fine persimmons in words that might tasily have had a human application.

he'd say, "pickin' its way along from Josefa, too, or "Chepa," as she was sicknamed, had been "picking her

way along" under his eyes. She had pretty, caressing tricks, would lay her soft, round cheek down upon her grandfather's arm. But children do not choose convenient times. Old Matthews' attention was absorbed by a thousand trifles. If he was busy, the arm Chepa pressed remained as irresponsive as a bone under its flapping gingham sleeve.

Chepa had a feeling that her grand. father locked her out of his heart with the same key clicking sharply in the padlock of his orchard gate. Indoors there was always her Aunt

Porfirlo, a representative of the Mexican element of Pueblo Viejo, where Matthews had been settled these thirty years.

The senora secretly called the Cap tain "that robber." Had he not been ready to snap up a bit of property whenever her improvident countrymen were forced to sell?

With a man's dullness the Captain had never discovered this domestic enemy, or how Chepa's life was em-

bittered by her. She hated Chepa as the heiress of

nalf the Pueblo. When Chepa's last and dearest playmate, Pablo McNamara, left the dead town to seek a livelihood elseas she was, a vague terror always ac-

companied her speculations upon such At 16 she had touches of beauty about her fit to dream upon; a rich sculpture of the lips, a dewy fire deep in her dark eyes, a glint of ravishing color where her somber hair ridged

itself to the sun. But she pondered too deeply about There was much in her lonely habits to draw her to forsaken places. Such a place was one of the many ruins in Pueblo Viejo. "Merčedes' house" it was called, after a bride killed there by the falling of a tile through a weak place in the

The dwelling, with all it contained, had been superstitiously abandoned. Such rooms as were open had been robbed by Indians, but the death chamber at one end of the row, hermetically sealed by the weight of the sinking roof, remained untouched. A footpath leading from the placita

to the little Catholic Chapel on the outskirts of the town would have been shortened by going past Merzedes' house, but curved off widely in-

A thicket of castor-bean and wild tobacco grew rankly around it. Chepa could be sure of solitude there. One afternoon she fled to Mercedes' house in bitter revolt. Skegave vent to her feelings with childish abandon by tearing at the braids of her hair, into which black strings had been tightly woven-a hideous Mexican

fashion. She flung the string on the floor. Her two braids divided into six deeply waving strands; she attacked each strand, whipping it about. Her thoughts went even faster than her

"My grandfather will do what he

pleases with his own," she declared, addressing her aunt. Luise Porfirio. in imagination. "You cannot stop

Per loose locks spread gradually into a rich mass. She flung them around until her head swam and an electric life awoke in each airy filament.

The sunshine pouring down through the broken roof of the room where she sat took this magnificent mist of hair to itself, setting it affre.

Chepa was diverted from one cause of anger to another. 'Is this Indian hair?" she asked, in

a transport of scorn and delight. For the Senora Porfirio had not kept from her the ugly old rumor that he; granufather's first wife, her veritable grandmother had been, not a Mexican woman, but an Indian

Little birds, accustomed to make free with Mercedes' house, could not wait for the disappearance of that glorified

appartition. Sitting silent on a rubbish-heap fallen in from the roof. Chepa felt a

bird drop lightly down beside her.

With a hop the bird took the edge of a tile-shard nearer to that mysterious summons. He twisted his head with insatiable curiosity.

As the hissing whistle went on inquisitive twitterings fell from ragged fringes of thatch overhead, excited shadows winked across the sunshine; bird after bird slipped down the golden chute and alighted.

In the midst of this growing flock Chapa was cautiously gathering up the hem of her gown so as to make a leep bag.

Whistle, whistle. A knot of snake grass, stirred by Heavenknows what, for nothing else was stirring, rustled with sound of life trailing by; but the sale, dawdled uneasily back and took fright. Whistle, whistle. A wild tobacco tree, whose top, dripping slenderly over the wall, dipped deep into the sunstream, sprang up suddenly, riding some flaw, and sprinkled Chepa and her enhanced observers with sundrops. Whistle, whistle. Swiftly Chepa's free hand darted out to catch a bird, and returning, whisk it into her improv-

sed bag. The other birds flew wildly away, but Chepa knew how to lure them back until her game pouch was as full as she cared to have it.

What did she mean to do? With out doubt the Cahuilla girl had kept her captives for the spit. Chepa stood up, gathering the kirt of her gown closer and closer.

she talked to her prisoners aloud: "You will never, never fly again: An ever-recurring "no" from the Spanish tongue was shaded to infinite meanings on Chepa's lips; was defer-

intial, gracious, wistful, from mood o mood "Only your feathers will fly when I pick them. One by one they will ly away to the top of the trees;

away high up to the sun." The imprisoned birds chirped fransically. Chepa was thrilled by the "I've watched that there fruit," teel of their tiny feet kicking and

eratching. "But you will be dead, dead, dead." With this dire repetition she gave the tumbling, palpitating mass an ecstatic squeeze-and let her gown

The birds rolled downward as one, out only far enough to catch then wings, and whirr! They were slanting madly up the sunbeam-up, up, is if not to stop short of the sky. Chepa's very heart rose with them. she stretched up her arms as if to thare in their glorious liberation.

Her rebellious mood had given way to an ecstasy of hope. corporation of medical specialists were bargaining for a thousand acres of her grandfather's land. They were to build a sanitarium for con-

sumptives, to plant gardens and orhards in which patients might work out their own cure. The Captain thought it a magnsfient scheme. He had gone into it neart and soul, raising his price enthusiastically from day to day. He talked to Chepa incessantly, with fashes of youth in his weak, old eyes,

of what he would do with changing, apart. ret always fabulous sums of money. The birds were gone. Chepa sat lown once more on the rubbish heap in the midst of her red-gold bush of

A dream of the future glittered from home; but, profoundly ignorant and spun like the sunshine, adorably which men were coming to buy with

> ner grandfather's land. Out of this dream of the future, advancing to meet the self she was to be, came her lost playmate, Pable McNamara.

He turned adoring eyes upon her. "You are beautiful," he seemed to

ay, "and I love you." A sound not human broke upon her ears with startling nearness. Just one thrilling note, and at an ominous interval another. The bells of the Mater Purissima

and begun to toll. Ineffably clear and right at hand and yet those tones had a singular sound of remoteness. No material interposition produced this effect. It was a spiritual quality, an aloofness, in touch with the dead pueblo, with

its summer-burned hills and the seeping away of life. Those vibrations as they widened out toward infinity took Chepa's soul with them. Her dream of the future passed into them as a breath passes into a wide-winged wind and is She rose quickly and went to look brough the great blossom brushes of

the castor-bean with an instinctive effort to lay hold upon some object that would bring back the present to per senses, bring back her hopes for he future.

Beyond the thicket, across a sunbaked open space, stood the little | trandmother an Indian?" As through a mist she saw chapel. its side door standing open, its dark nterior showing as a niche of shadow. Rude figures which the sunshine ould not enliver were crowding out of this shadow. One of them bore tiny box decorated with gay tatters

of cloth and paper. "It is only an Indian baby," Chepa aid, in a daze. Behind the chapel rose up austere-

rolled languidly against the blue of the deep sky. Seen through these posts as in

frame, immeasurably perpectives of some one to give him a drink. He wild land merged in the sapphire uplift of False Bay. Upon this vacant water the after

goon was passing in flights of gorden arrows.

priest who, only, had the right to terior. A priest praying alone before Would those bells never cease! The ring them was tying back their concrated tongues.

But whenever Chepa awoke that aight their vibrations seemed to be still widening outward from her brain. Chepa's heart was full of delirious expectations. The hours that separated her from a new life of travel and luxury, such as her grandfather trembling outward from her soul to had garrulously pictured, were on their way. At noon sharp, that very day, the great land deal was to be

consummated. At 10 o'clock, giving up an attempt to spend the morning, as usual in his

She welcomed her visitor with a himself with distinct reference to his of life. half hiss, half whistle, a charm she dignity as a man of means. Chep orchard, the Captain had dressed Pueblo Viejo inte galvanic semblance

The tails of his gingham shirt, His hair, ordinarily left to draggle in gray wisps over his shoulders, was drawn up and spread painstakingly thin to conceal an extensive baldness. A strong musty odor exaled from a A strong musty odor exaled from a "inveigled away" from him by priests branc new silk handkerchief knotted who wanted his land. about his throat.

Chepa, on tiptoe with exultation, announced to him constantly how many more teams and horses were nitching in the placita.

He remarked with an air of pride: search it.
"They've heered of this big buy! A heap ill over the country." The Senor Porfirio, who had taket. the Captain's side against Luise Por-

firio and other mossback opponents of Captain's. "You might spring an advance of

the last minute. 'They would not | Her arms hung rigidly down in front let their scheme fall through for five of her; the hands, locked together. housand." "Think ye? Think ye?" demanded the Captain, grouping and regroup-

rarying shades of cupidity. With the suddenness that surprises us in things long waited for, the great interview was actually taking place. Chepa had fled to an adjoining coom to listen. Her head and heart

throbbed together with joy-then terror. Was that her grandfather's voice

reaking out furiously? "Who's made ye a better offer? Porfirlo? He hasn't an acre in his own right. Forty dollars an acre? Take him up, then, and when your improvements are in see if there ain't brain." a right o' dower or trust deed, some -n Mexican trickery, trumped up to drag ye into litigation?"

If Senor Porfirio had spoiled Cap cain Matthews' sale the Captain looked to a prompt return of the attention.

Those eminent specialists went elsewhere, leaving Pueblo Viejo to its old

After such a terrible disappoint ment Chepa found the deadly monotony of things indoors unendurable. A golden perch swimming in circles bounded by a glass bottle startled so perately to her grandfather.

She found him talking aloud to him. Eph was crying. himself as he stooped over a pepper-She laid her cheek, pale with

thoughts, upon the arm he needed to have free. "What's the matter of ye anyhow?" ne shouted.

She had startled him when he was deeply pre-occupied. "Let go, there? Eh, eh?" Chepa had said something in a low

cone which he could not hear. He jerked his face up at her and instantly, in the intensity of a peevish inquiry, drew his toothless lips

What has an old man of 80 to de with storms of feeling? In the Captain's agitation he pulled off a green pepper and stood up fum-

bling at it and blinking his weak old eves at Chepa. "What's on ye, Chepa?" She tried to speak, but could only

draw her breath hard. The Captain's discomfort pushed him to seek relief in a general accusa-"Weemen are al'ays hankerin fer

omethin'." "Grandfather," said Chepa with deep, still gaze upon him, and a childish quiver of her lip, "could not a girl not good, no?"

How had the Captain's life pre pared him to answer such a query? "Who's been a-talkin' to ye?" "Nobody-sure, no. I think of it myself." "I've got along all my life-and 1

ain't goin' to begin givin' in to such notions. You're your grandmother all over." With the green pepper still in his nand he had disemboweled it and ate

the carcass with a furious churning of the jaws. His eyes were redder than usual from the burning. "But when she got one o' her spells hankerin' on I jest upped and off fer a week's huntin'. When I got

back she was pertty generally ready to take things as they come.' "Grandfather," said Chepa, looking t him as never before, with eyes that summoned him before the judgment-

bar of a soul, "I have often though" to myself I would ask you, Is that story true that I hear? Was my Her lip quivered, not childiship aow, as she waited. "Is it true, grandfather?" He answered sharply, "You're a

'ool!" and turned his back on her. As Chepa was going vaguely out of the garden she saw Pablo McNamara whirling away from the town in a jaunty dog-cart. Dead grasses flickered ghost-like in the placita. The sunshine absorbed

ly the bare posts and cross-beams there by dark walls lay dimly as in an where the bells hung, or, as now, eclipse. At a curbless well, covered by a lid let into the street like a trap-door, a superannuated horse was walting for

> blew his nostrils at Chepa and pawed at the wooden lid. She drew water and gave him drink. The chapel door was standing open apon the eternal shadow of its in-

> the altar did not look up while Chepa stood about. Behind the chapel those bells seemed to be forever waiting for youth to be dead and borne to its burial. A second time that strange seizure! Staring up soberly at the bells Chepa found the present with its despair possess that vacant landscape, the world, eternity itself, in ripples of

polemn sound. A strange event had quickened

DR. Chepa Matthews' sudden disappear

ance was associated with Pablo Mewont to flow free, were tucked in. Namara's equally sudden departure His hair, ordinarily left to draggle in from that section of the country. But Capt. Matthews charged furiously upon all gossips with another theory. His "little Chepy" had been

An Indian boy stoning birds near Mercedes' house heard a strange outward adorning of plaiting the hair and the wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."—I Peter iii., 3, 4.

A heap of stones and tiles rudely simulating a flight of steps led from the earthen floor up to the roof of Mercedes' death chamber.

Looking through the ruinous hatch into the cell-like gloom below a sight o chill the blood was seen. Rooted amid dust and cobwebs, her wild hair in a sunless mist, stood Ive thousand on them," he advised at what had been Chepa Matthews.

made one fist. At odd moments, far apart, moved ov some blind mechanism, her arms ing his wrinkles to the expression of lifted toward her breast, the fist smote there, and a voice, not hers, but hollow and vibrant, answered the stroke as a bell its clapper. One lamentable great tone, and at ominous

> "Oh-h! Oh-h! Oh-h!" Then marble silence again. De out Catholics saw how this affliction had come about. Had not that robber of a captain ust "floated a claim" over the land

intervals another and another:

on which the chapel stood? To punish this heretic, those blessed cells had "gone to Chepa Matthews" Solemn groups stand for hours at

to hear and shudder at those lamentable great tones. "Oh-h! Oh-h! Oh-h!" Thus ringing her own knell dies Thepa Matthews, aged 16. No other knell is rung for her The prestly guardian of the bells

safe distances from Mercedes' house

tongues.

will not until their austere sweet

Ephraim's Sin. Uncle Silas was a very honest and pious old colored man who preached stupidly at nothing. The round on Sundays, and had a great influence wooden clock on a bare wooden shelf for good upon the others in the setwooden clock on a bare wooden shelf for good upon the others in the setwas perpetually rolling over on its tlement. During one of his revival head and ticking placidly upside seasons, among a dozen or so at the down. When Chepa was half mad mourners' bench, was a black boy with drawing threads from endless called Eph, about 20 years old, and strips of perfilada, her aunt's favorite | for a long time unregenerate. Uncle species of Spanish lace, she ran des Silas was greatly rejoiced to see him come forward, and at once went to

> "Hain't no use in my comin' up, he sobbed. ob grace." "No, you ain't, brudder," protested Uncle Silas. "You am de kio" what

de Lawd wants to save . All you got to do is to gib up sin." "I'se dun done dat. Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph, "but dev ain't no salvation fer me. "Yes dey is, too, honey. Devain't

no sin so black dat hit ain't washed white as snow." "I done stole fo' chickens las week." confessed the penitent. "Dat's all fuggib. Enh'm." "An' two de week befo',

Silas. "Dat's fuggib, too, Eph'm." "An' two de week befor' dat, Une

"Dat's all right, too, Eph'm. "But dem two was you'n, Uncle Silas. Dem fat pullets you low'd so much sto' by, Uncle Silas."

"Wha' dat?" exclaimed Uncle Silas suddenly. "Dem las' two wuz yo' pullets Uncle Silas," sobbed Eph.

Uncle Silas became solemn and stern.

"I recon, Eph'm," he said, slowly,
"You' case needs advisement wid
pra'r. I ain' sho dat we wanter be
clutterin' up de Kingdom of Hebben
wid chicken thieves, an' you better
stay right on de mo'ners' bench till
de meetin' am done, an' we kin like me be a religious, a nun? Is it pra'r. I ain' sho dat we wanter be de meetin' am done, an' we kin dezamine yo' state ob sin for per ticklers."-Free Press.

Capt. Cable's Crew of Slaves.

The death of Capt. George W. Cable, one of the earliest of Missouri River steamboatmen, cuts the list of old-timers notably. He was 84 years old when he died. He had been master, mate, engineer, owner, and pilot. He was 23 when he began his areer. In five years he was a monetary condition in this country. It will career. In five years he was a me ticensed engineer. Three years later he was commissioned as a pilot from New Orleans to the Rocky Mountains can pay for.

There are clerks in stores and banks on There are clerks in stores and banks on the country of the country Paul. As those were the days of magnificent salaries in the steamboating busitess, Capt. Cable made a great deal of money by carefully invest-It was not long until he became a steamboat owner in his own name. Of the famous boats of the forties and fifties that he owned the Edward ing the liberal pay that he received. Walsh, George Collier, Mary Mc-Donald, and Luther Kennett were the largest and fastest. Later he the largest and fastest. Later he will be found out that the under-taker is cheated out of his legitimate ex-penses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that was master and part owner of the

slaves, the property of the boat man- who gave out the contracts paid more than agement. When Capt. Cable was e5000 for his daughter's wedding dress, most prosperous he used to while most prosperous he used to while most are on Broadway. It is estimated that away the evenings on the hurricane deck, throwing handfuls of silver half-dollars into the air, letting them faldin the forecastle, where he could watch the crew scramble for them. Misfortune overtook him with the comings of the railroads. His boats

The sooner a man become s convince of the things he can't do the quicker he will succeed in life.

Measured by our time standard there are forty years of constant daylight, followed by forty years of un broken night, around the poles of Uranus. And the sun rises in the wes

and sets in the cast there. If thou thy part do well, the prize is sure; all shall inheret bliss who to the end endure.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Tragedy of Dress." Text: "Whose adorning let it not be that

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunboams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or alwed even the smote of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turrested and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple or-chards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclu-

earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress, and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white. I say those less critics in the world are fashion critics. and the population of that country, by a captured law, will wear white. I say these things as a background to my sermon to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish or east fron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this world, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The Old and New Testament of her Bible are the fashion plates. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds and souls of 10,000 victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshipers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the hord of heaven and earth, and it is of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is of the Lord of heaven and earth, and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry When I come to count the victims of fashion, I find as many shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already east glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of generous dis-tribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other Men are as much the idolators of fashior as women, but they sear-fidee on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars and cubrooms and yachting parties and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke \$100. 000,000 worth of tobacco every year. That

is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,900. but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rar agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him \$300 or \$400. He are up his whole fortune and had only a guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock and had it dressed in the very best syle, are it, gave two hours for direction, then walked out on Westminster bridge and throw his into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale. But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women some of them wear boots so tight they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that

I am importial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surro-gate's office, shall "shore and share alike." As God may help me, I shall show you what are the des roving and deathful influences of inordinate fashion.

The first baseful influence I notice is in the penitentiary and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stock, and the life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew the United States secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent? But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will de in order to keep up great home style and ex-pensive wardrobe when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wits' end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our politicians may theor

be of uo use, and things will be no better until we can learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as snowy as other folks' wardrobes, are dving of muffi and diamonds and shawls and high bats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die bewas master and part owner of the John Aull, probably the fastest boat that ever cut the muddy waters of the Missouri River.

The crew of the Aull were negro slaves, the property of the boat man-

there are 10,000 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array

\$4000 a year.
What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal? That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses shipwrecked or and other property were swept away, leaving him in his old age poor in money and health, with only a memory of the brighter days to cheer him.

The scoper a man become sconvinced to human is thrown on his gallantry and on his pride of family, and without translating his pride of family, and without translating his pride of family, and without translating his elings into plain language he goes into expenmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine the children to be taken care of by those wiwere called poor relations, O's, for some new

bakespeare to arise and write the tragedy human clothes! Will you forgive me if I say in terses shape possible that some of the men have to forge and to perjure and to swindle to pay for shelr wives' dresses. I will say it whether you forgive me or not

Again, inordinate fashion is the foe of an Christian almsglving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often so much in personal display that they often Robber's Hand.

Robber's Hand.

'There is quite a difference bey have found in the early days of tween staging in the early days of word. his Palnis Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hile the cent he puts into the poorbox. A Christian woman at the story of the Hottentots, crying copyrus tears into a \$15 handkerchief and then giving a two cent piece to the collection, thrusting it under bills so people will not know but it was a \$10 goldplece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion; two cents for food. God gives us ninety centsout of every deliar, the other ten cents by command of this Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal

His Bible belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to His tithing system inid down in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in riving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We

want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God. Now, I would a great deal rather steal tea ments from you than from God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get the gin worldly accumulation faster is besause they do not observe this divine rule. God says, "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will ake the whole dollar, and I will give it to he man or woman who is honest with Me."
The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christan church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their table, and wonen so much on their dress, they have got the autumnal forests. I come to the conclusion that, if nature does ever join the church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long when it might go in so quickly?

One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the prodigal came home, his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a heard Paul. He does not interest the converted to the sermon, "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to these grand and glorium a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a heard Paul. He does not find the sermon. It was the only time in my life when I had nothing to say.

diamond of the first water—I mean the grass, with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard. Paul, the bachelor apostle, not affilieted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair when he said in his epistle, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her."

There will be a fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of coat fashion that guestion. It was the only time in my life when I had nothing to say.

Acain, inor-kina's fashion is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races—to see who will contact it makes in church when some woman with extraordinary display of fashion comes in! "What a perfect fright!" says 50). For the most merel-

skirr, long enoug to drag up the church aisle, the husann's story, office, shop, fac-tory, fortune and the almiration of haif the people in the building! Men and women me late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymnbook, ail absorbed at the same time in

personal array, to sing :

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wing. Thy better portion trace. Rise from transitory things. Toward heaven, thy native place. I adopt the Epistopullan prayer and say, Good Lord, deliver us " Insatiate fashion also belittles the intelleet. Our minds are enlarged or they dwin-die just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fash-ion! I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be

powerful enough to make the man's cuarus-ter visible? They all land in bilocy. I have seen men at the summer watering places, through fashion, the mere wreek what they once were. Sallow of che-Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Sho ing no animation save in rushing agrees room to pick up a lady's fan. Simperm along the corridors the same compliment they simpered twenty years ago. A New York lawyer at United States Hotel, Saratoga, within our hearing, rushed neroes a room to say to a sensible woman, "You at a sweet as peaches." The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the wilder observed the law. militer phase of this evil. It shows a great multitude out of heaven. The first peak of thunder that shook Smail declared. Thou shalt have no other God before Me." an you will have to choose between the go of fashion and the Christian Got. I are a great many seats in heaven, and are all easy sents, but not one sent for t devotes of fashion. Heaven is for most an quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their boiles. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than in dry goods religion Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions." Give up this idolary of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do stanting beside the Countess o Huntington, whose joy it was to buil-chapels for the poor, or with that Christian woman of Boston who fel 1500 chiliren o the street at Fancuil Hall on New Year day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them, or those Dorcases of moler society who have consecrated their needle-

to the Lord, and who will get eternal rewar for every stitch they take?

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion! The rivairies and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wreter siness. You will always find some one wit and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and we fr. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's teet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time. I have seen men and women of fash-ion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wastel life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind and soul had been exhausted in the worship of fashion, and they could not appreciate the gospel. When I knelt by their bedshle, they were mumbling out their regrats and saying. "O God!" O God!" Their garments hung up in the could be seen that the service of the dilemma you must strike a mean; but always a God" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my mem-ory serves me, they diel without hope and

went into eternity unprepared.

The most ghastly deathbeds on earth are
the one where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after hav ing sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to an

well as for what repeatences we have exer-cised with our souls.

On that day I see coming in Beau Brum-mel of the last century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak, and without his cane, like which all England got a cane, without his snuffeex. like which all England got a snuffeex—he, the fop of the ages, particular about everything but his morals, and Aaron Burr without the letters that down to old age he showed in pride to prove his early wicked gallantries, and Ab-salom without his hair, and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles, and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street, when that was the center of fashion, without her frip-

palatial pacchanalians, and Handah, who palatial basechanalisms, and Handah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple, and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue, and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world, and many of you, the wives and mothers and sisters and daugiters of the present Christian church, who, through great tribulation, are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the rowal family of heaven when He said. up the royal family of heaven when He said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is My brother, My sister, My mother."

The augmest cur will fawn at feet of a begger if he has a bone to throw him.

tween staging in the early days of the State and now," said William Miller, the owner of the stage line running from Cazadero to Ukiah. "When I came here from Boston in 1854, I drifted about a bit, and finally went into the service of Charles McLaughlin, the man who man named Herbert William Hart is was afterward killed by Jerome the high priest and moving spirit of Cox. He was the owner of the longest this crusade, and although 55 years stage line in California at that time. of age, he is said to be a most con-

It ran with relays from San Jose to Los Angeles. "I remember once, in a tonely oast range canyon, through which gained hold to the belief that the the road wound, we had a little ex- nervousness, lack of reserve force, perience that was thrilling for the and general want of robustness moment, It was about 10 o'clock and among moderns, especially the classes a moonlight night. I was just put. living in cities and engaged in sedenting the horses through. The stage tary occupations, are due almost enwas full of passengers, and t ere was tirely to lack of proper nourishment. a heavy treasure box.

"Ju t as I got around a bend in the roal I saw a figure of a man on depression and excitement superinhorseback standing by the side of the duced by want of wholesome and diroad. He yelled to stop, and I saw a gestible food. cun barrel gleam in the moonlight. that might be called breakneck, and particular quarrel. It is the bread 1 ust made up my mind to tak; the that a majority of the civilized prowas drawn taut, and I knew it had caught, so held fast. I was nearly pulled out of my seat, but the gun was dragged from the robber's hand and fell to the ground, at the same time it was discharged by the slock. It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whiplash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll bet he was surprised."-San Francisco Call.

Lighting from Storage. Lighting cars electrically by store batteries has now been practiced the Chesapeake and Ohio road for me months and at present eight aches, eight combination, eight exaratus. A comparative statement the cost of working and maintennce, including interest charges of these thirty-three cas, twenty-one ars lighted by Pintsch gas and 137 ars lighted with ke osene oil has rently been tent to the General Man- most industrious and fertile brained er of the road. The report states of all poets and writers, was wont to and the cost of the electric lighting take his own selected grain to Lucy's about 13 per cent. less than that mill and have it made into meal from of lighting by Pintsch gas and 70 which no element was eliminated, er cent. more than with kerosene d in oblong boxes weighing comng enough to light an ordinary each from New York to Cincinnati and return, although most of the cars tact with civilization. carry six boxes. In the run between these cities the apparatus requires no erties of wheat elimated in modern attention whatever, the trainmen bread making, and they are all viturning the light on and off as re- tally necessary to the human constwer engine running steadily ten up of lead plates laid horizontally." the positive and negative plater being separated by a special packing. The negative plates wear out very lowly, say in eight or nine years, but the life of the positive plates is only about eighteen months. Although the plates are kept in rubber ce is and are handled carefully at

farring of street railway cars. Mahan on Battle Ships. Capt. Mahan was asked some questions the other day by an Englishman about the battle ship of the futire, and this was his answer: "Military superiority in warfare depends upon heavy blows struck at the enemy's organized fighting force. Such blows must be struck by massed. forces, the units of which should be individually powerful for offense and defense, because so only can they be brought under the unity of command essential to success. The same aggregate of force in two or three difdence, and with invender kid gloves that ferent vessels will rarely be equal to make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing that concentrated in one, because of ferent vessels will rarely be equal to the difficulty of insuring mutual support. This means heavy vessels or battle ships. Of course, like all other statements, this means limitationed not only by construction con-

the harging stations, the constant

jarring of the cars is found to hasten

their destruction, just as does the

battle ship.

Condiments. necessary but injurious. Why, they ask, should one take a piece of cheese -the "higher" the better, of course -after a full mea', or why is it that we flavor our viands with sauce this or sauce that? Science has an answer ready: Because the condiments, pickles and cheese are all so many substances which tends to flavor a flow of the digestive secretions. They stimulate digestion, in other words, because they cause an increased a cretion of the saliva and of gastric juice wherewith our foods are part indigested. Again, they are agreeable to the palate, and the menperies of vesture.

And in great haggariness they shall go away into eternal expatriation, while among the queens of heavenly society will be found to assimilation of food is of no mean value in determining that good tricity was an intangible something of which no one could really state the digestion should "wait on appetite."

> -The first known European library originated in the present to the family of Regulus by the Reman Senate of all the books seized at the capture of Carthago.

nic. as a man can drink himself.

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NO. 36

A GOOD BREAD CRUSADE !

An Englishman Will Try to Accomplish s

Much Needed Reform Of all the crusades recently started for the reform, improvement, or propagotion of this, that, or the other, the very latest is one looking to the betterment of physical mankind through the correction of dietetic errors of various sorts into which civilized people have fallen. An Englishvincing example of the excellence of his ideas as applied. Mr. Hart and such followers as he has already Even the present labor and business

troubles, they aver, are due to mental

With the meat we eat and the vez-The horses were going at a speed etables even, the crusaders have no ance of getting through. 1 saw ple of to-day put into their stomachs the gan raised to the tellow's shoul- which Mr. Hart and his disciples der as we approached. I had my severely condemn as being innutritions whip in my hand, and with a lous, provocative of fermentation and desperation born of peril of the mo- consequent dyspepsia and other disent I made a vicious swipe at him. orders, and altogether harmful in "I don't know how it occurred, but various ways. Our bread, made of orders, and altogether harmful in the lash wound itself around the bolted and rebolted wheat flour, say gun, and as we dashed by the whip they, contains little else but starch. and starch does not supply nearly all the requirements of the human system. Wheat, as taken from straw. contains a number of elements eliminated in the modern milling processes which are absolutely necessary to the restoration of tissue and the formation of blood and bone. Consequently bread should be made from

whole wheat flour-i. e. Four manufactured by the simple process of crushing the wheat grains. It was upon such flour, says Mr. Hart, that the apostles built up the constitutions which enabled them to perform their great work of evangelization-a work requiring wounderful physical energy and endurance as well as great ess, five dining and four postal cars wheat four, they say, that the e provided with the necessary ap- Greeks became the most learned, the most artistic, and the handsomest people the world has known, and upon it the Romans nourished the warriors and statesmen which made their capital the mistress of the whole known world. Shakspeare, The storage batteries are rigines, whose splendid health and and the American and African sinewy frames have caused the white ete about 600 pounds, forty boxes | man envy, never ate breadstuff of any other kind than that containing the

whole grain until brought into con-Lime, iron, and silex are the propuired. The cells are charged at tution. When Mr. Hart and his folovington, Ky, where there are two lowers have succeeded in bringing the ynamos driven by a seventy horse- world to a realization of this fact, and consequent rational milling and manours a day. The battery is built ufacture of breadstuffs, it is safe to say that the general health will be vastly improved even if all men do not become marvels of strength and intellect, all women paragons of beauty and grace, and all doctors and dentists unnecessary and superfluou-

adjuncts of society.

Misprogunciation of Words. Many mispronunciations may be accounted for on the ground of laziness inherent in man. It is a great deal easier to pronounce vewel sounds than the consonant sounds; and, by the way, it is a curious fact that man is a consonantsounding animal; animals use vowels: it is the province of man to shape these vowels into words with the use of consonants. Hence, Homer defines man as "speech-dividing." It is a great deal easier to say sah, mistah, and wah, than to say sir, mister, and war. It is easier to say mornin', evenin', than morning, evening. But on the other hand, there are cases when the destrover of English seems to take considerable trouble to accomplish his purpose. Is is easier to say borrer than borrow, or garding sass than garden sauce? It is easler to say 'oss than horse; but why go to the gratuitous labor of prefixing an h in a great many cases where it does tion. The size of vessels is condi. not belong? Almost anybody could say asparagus, but it seems to require some little etymological erudition to say sparrow-grass. A country friend of the writer invariably called succoressity of dividing your force into tash succothash, being apparently several vessels, because a ship once under the impression that it is an inbuilt cannot be divided. Between genious compound of the vegetable the two horns of the dilemma you and the animal, coming under the must strike a mean; but always a general name of hash. Another acquaintance, who speaks very deliberately, and with an e xasperating. "Iknow-I-am right" expression of coun-To those who preach simplicity of tenance, laboriously adds a "g" to all liet, condiments seem not only un- words ending with "n"-as capting, Bosting, and so on. His mispro nunciation seems to proceed from a desire to be unusually exact and finished in speech, and it would require some

Stealing Electricity.

courage to call him to account for

The progress of science has called a new crime into existence. A case recently came before a certain lawcourt in which a man, with some knowledge of electricity, caused the meter which registered the amount which he used for illuminating purposes to record less than he had consumed. The lawyer who defended exact nature, and that at law it was actually unknown, his client could not be convicted of stealing it. But the lawyer met his match on the other side in one who showed that gas was also unknown at common law, but was recognized as a thing that ONLY two people attend a real pic- could be stolen. In the sequel the indge took advantage of a certain statute which makes fraud committed No woman can lace herself so tight | with a view to theft, a felony, and the man who stole the electricity is therefore likely to meet with the reward of his misdeed.