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THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

SUBJECT : "The Quick Feet."

Text: "When Herod's birthday was kept, the descriptor of Herodina denced before them and pleased Herod,"-Matthew xiv., 6. It is the anniversary of Hero't's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading thereto are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread with all the luxuries that royal curveyors can gather. The guest, white robed and anointed and perfumed, come in and sit at the table. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Reparter is indulged. Toasts are drunk. The brain is beforged. The wit rolls on the purpose and thankers. The brain is belogged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light, Pour out more wine. Music. Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dancel Bring in Salome, the beautiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer, The lords are enchanted.

Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations! These men never saw such "poetry of motion." Their soul whirls in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and every-thing but the fascinations of Salome. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirls on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. Af-ter awhile he sits in enchanted silence look-ing at the flashing, leaping, bounding becu-ty, and as the dance coses and the tinkling ymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shock the palace begin to abate the enchanted monarch swears to the princely performer, "Whatsoever the princely performer, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the gos-pel of the name of John the Baptist, and he pel of the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother Salome takes

a vantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate." Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords! The execution-ers are returning from their awful erran i. Onen the door! They enter, and they pre-sent the platter to Salome. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleedin; head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony.

This woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awfulbur-den without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room after an entershout with laughter and think it agood joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister

the gospel. You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowled out all in-telligent conversation. You will also admix that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the ex-srcise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to un ierstand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman, who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours and the guests seeme i exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why

don't you allow your servants to do this for You are also willing to admit, whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement that I am speaking of, and wantever be your idea of the old ashioned square dance, and o many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural tem-perament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horthe position taken by all those who are hor-rifled at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decired—questions of decency and morals— by the position of the feet, while, on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, tem-poral and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life—"issipations which have already despoiled thousands of young men and young women of all that is no de-in character and useful in life.

men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

Dancing is the grace-ful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measure of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor an Pollux taught the art to the Lacedesnonians. But whoever started it all clime-have adopted it. In ancient times the bad, the fearly care the military had the fescal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bac-chandian dance, and que as and local swayed to and too in the gardens, and the rough backwoolsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the and foot, whether cultured or un-cultured. Passing down the street w-unconsciously keep step to the sount of the brees band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rise-upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forces have their scalp dances, their green corr dances, their war dances. In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely deprayed that the church anthematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed them-The old Christian lathers expressed themseives most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostum says: "The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly; not to leap impudently, like camels." One of the dogma's of the ancient church reads: "A dance is the devi's possession, and he that entereth into a dance enterath into his possession. As many paces as a man makes and ancient service and ancient services and ancient services." in dancing, so many passes do s he make to heil," Essewhere the old dogmas declare: this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music is his beliows, and the flidders are the ministers of the levil. For, as when hogs are strayed, if the ogsherd call one, all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing a the dance, or to play on some musical instruments, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and univer-

es) denunciation of the exercise came from the iget that it was utterly and completely Social dissipation is the abettor of pride. It is the instigator of jealousy. It is the sac-rifician altar of health. It is the defiler of the soul. It is the avenue of lust, and it is the curse of every town on both sides of the sea. Social dissipation! It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side and that is. side and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man do wrong, he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne, which Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman, I appeal

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nerwhile they will be they will be they will

How many people have stepped from the ballroom into the graveyard? Consumptions and swift neuralglas are closs on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social

life diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breath of the sepulcher floats up through the perfume, and the froth of Death's lips bubbles up in the champagns. I am told that in some of the cities there are parents who have actually given up house-keeping and gone to boarding that they may keeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their backs upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Aunihilated—worse than annihilated, for there are some things worse than annihilated. for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation. and after awhile the son was tossed out into society a nonentity, and after awhile the daughter eloped with a French danging mas daughter sloped with a French danish the ster, and after awhile the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hile the wrinkles, but falls in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle—an old fift, a poor, miserable butterfly without any wings. miserable butterny without any wings.

If there is anything on earth beautiful to
me, it is an aged woman, her white looks
flowing back over the wrinkled brow—locks
not white with frost, as the posts_say, but
white with the blossoms of the tree of life. in her voice the tenderness of gracion memories, her face a benediction. As grand mother passes through the room the gran l

mother passes through the room the grani-shildren pull at her dress, and she almost falls in her weakness, but she has nothing but candy or cake or a kind word for the little darlings. When she gets out of the wagon in front of the house, the whol-family rush out and cry, "Grandma's some!" And when she goes away from us actor to return, there is a smallow on the lable, and a shadow on the heart,.

There is no more touching scene on earth than when grandmother sleeps the last slumber and the little child is lifted up to the casket to give the last kiss, and she says, "Goodby, grandma!" Oh, there is beauty in old age. God says so. "The hoary heat is a crown of giory." Why should people decline to get old? The best things, the greatest things, I know of are aged—old mountains, old seas, old stars and old eterni-ty. But if there is anything distressful it is to see an old woman ashamed of the fact that she is old. What with all the artificial appliances she is too much for my gravity. I laugh even in church when I see her com-I laugh even in church when I see her coming. The worst looking bird on earth is a peaceck when it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my old mother's gray hair for 50,000 such caricatures of humanity. And if the life of a worldling, if the life of a disciple given to the world, is sad the close of such a life is simply a tragedy. Let me tell you that the dissipations of social life are despoiling the usefulness of a vast multipude of people. What do those people care floout the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony when they have for consideration the more important question about the size of a glove

important question about the size of a glove or the fie of a cravate? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the bospita? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the baunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture. Sybaris was a great city, and it once sen out 300 horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who had taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their iront feet seemed to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy,
"You give me the mastership of the army,
and I will destroy their troops when those
horsemen come from Sybaris."

So they gave the old ministrel the management, and he taught all the other rainstrels

a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle, when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their fore feet, and in dis-grace and rout the enemy fied. Ah, my friends, I have seen it again and again—the friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life! Frivolity has lost the battle for 10,000 folk. Oh, what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, the discussion of featurable infinitesimals. this discussion of fasaionable infinitesimals this group, looking astance at the glass, wondering with an infinity of earnestness how that last germium leaf does look, this shriveling of man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Span-ish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffle, this pitch-ing off of an immortal nature over the rocks when God created it for great and everlast-

ing uplifting!
With many life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentiemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks or clowns, and at the close or mountebanks or clowns, and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerale ball of life goes on they trip merrily over the floor, genumed hand is stretched to the genumed hand, and gleaming brow ben is to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Finsh and rustle and laughter of immeasurable mercuraking!

echo. Music stidened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening olor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemetries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as thou on quaked by sullen thunder. Sigh enught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty—a suroud! Lights lower. Over the slippery beards in dance of death glides lealousies, envies, revanges, lust, despuir and death. Stenen the lamp wicks almost extinguished. Torn garments will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Volces hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

Oh, how many of you have floated far away.

hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.
Oh, how many of you have floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned, for I remember that there were two vessels on the sea in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted, "Hard a-larocard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-larbourd!" and they turned just enough to clance by and passed in safety to "Hard a-larbourd!" and they turned just enough to glance by and passed in safety to their hardors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation, and you are driving on an coming toward feature collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for "why will ye die, O hous of Isrue!"

News in Brief.

- The sen e of touch is duliest on the - Fanning to Ils were invented in

-la Japanese saws the tecth point to vard the ha nite. - Nusic I vierston will cause high

xplesives to go off. -Ti e ment or snim ds which peen bled to death keeps the best, everage of two earthquake shocks

- Wasps rank next to the higher class s of ants in point of insect int lli-The highest prak of the Rocky Moun

为是 活力。 持续在研究的产品中电影的新教育

The Trees It Comes from and How It Is Manufactured.

Many of the seeds of the camphor tree have been sent to the Depart. ment of State from Japan in the hope of affording to the United States a chance to add this valuable substance to its vegetable products. The tree is a species of laurel, and it grows in extensive forests in the mountainous regions of the south of Japan far from the sea. Large groves are owned by the Japanese Government, the wood being very desirable for shipbuilding. Many of the trees attain an enormous size, often measuring twelve feet in diameter and sometimes attaining twenty feet. The seeds or berries grow in clusters, resembling black currants in size and appearance. The fine grain of the wood renders it particularly valuable for cabinet work.

The camphor is a resinous gum. To get it the tree is necessarily destroyed, but by a stringent law of the land, another is planted in its stead. The simple method of manufacture employed by the natives is as follows: The tree is felled to the earth and cut into chips. A big metal pot is partly filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Then a wooden tub s fitted to the top of the pot and the chips of camphor wood are placed in this. The bottom of the tub is perforated, so as to permit the steam to pass up among the chips.

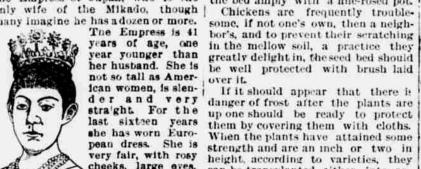
A steam-tight cover is fitted on the tub, from this tub a bamboo pipe leads to another tub, through which the inclosed steam, the generated camphor, and oil flow. The second tub is connected in like manner with the third. The third tub is divided, into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a layer of straw, which catches and holds the camphor in crystals. The Camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs of 133 pounds each, and is ready for market.

After each boiling the water runs off through a faucet, leaving the oil, which is utilized by the natives for Huminating and other purposes. Adulteration of camphor gum is practiced mostly by adding water just as far as the buyer will tolerate it. Sowetimes the purchaser will find that twenty pounds of water have run out of a tub in twelve hours. The unadulterated article, known as "old" dry," can sometimes be bought, but not often. In a letter on the subject newly received by the Department of State, Consul Smithers writes from Osaka, Japan, that it would be very desirable to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the campher-producing air. After sowing coch rem is a good to the seed bed is a good the seed so of the seed bed is a good the seed so of the seed bed is a good the seed so of the seed bed is a good the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, then in the drill with fine sand, the proprietor himself stood in the smell the fragrance of a rose! Simble to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the campher-producing air. After sowing coch rem it is a good the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, then in the drill with fine sand, the proprietor himself stood in the smell the fragrance of a rose! Simble to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the campher-producing air. After sowing coch rem it is a good the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, the smell the fragrance of a rose! Simble to send a competent agent from the drill with fine sand. The test soon came. Driving by the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, the smell the fragrance of a rose! Simble to send a competent agent from the drill with fine sand. The test soon came. Driving by the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, the smell the fragrance of a rose! Simble to send a competent agent from the cover the seeds after sowing the shop of a wayside blacksmith shop, the shop of a wayside blacksmit should visit the camphor-producing districts and study the processes of ng ton Star.

EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

An Interesting Little Personage the Only Wife o' the Mikado.

only wife of the Mikado, though many imagine he has a dozen or more.



cheeks, large eyes, fine scholar of both polite literature But after awbile the languor of death and music, and plays the piano well. comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Her poems have been set to music Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral and used as imperial songs. She is echo. Music saidened into a wail. Lights

transferred to a clerk in his office to attend to, writes Edward W. Bok in an article showing "How a Girl May Ladies' Home Journal. Here a contact with water, its tendency is to Help HerFather Financially" in the daughter could be of invaluable assistance. A man's household bills swell quickly, rendering an orifice or are often to him a matter of annoyance in their necessary auditing, and it would be a relief to the mother, as well as to the father, to know that slowly, but when compressed it is althe accounting was in the hands of a specific gravity is very low, a cubic daughter who would bring a personal interest to the work. The lawyer, also, has at times certain briefs and but 7.5 pounds, while a briquette of affilavits which cannot always be a cubic foot weighs a little more than written at the office, and he, too, eight pounds. When packed in comwould be glad to have his daughter's partments, it is preserved from direct assistance. In fact, every man has contact with the metal of the ship by certain things in life which he would a thick coating of paint-applied to gladly turn into the hands of a the latter-as if dampened from leaks daughter if he felt that it would or otherwise the portion in contact please her to be able to relieve him. with the metal will deteriorate. Few daughters either realize this or even imagine it. I have often felt that if girls could enter more jrto the lives of their fathers, and take from them some of the little bur- colds and serious incidental ailments dens, they would be the cetter for it. Not only would such help be a relief shoes have been saturated with water to the father, but it would be an ed. the attempt to dry them by exposing -There is c n ta it v in all Japan an ucative training for the girl which them before a stove or fire is obviously would stand her in good stead in her damaging to the leather, while it doe later years. Helping her father to not insure the expulsion of moisture remember his daily engagements, see. from the inside. For accomplishing ing that his accounts are properly this a new invention has been brought balanced, following his personal mat- out, consisting of a hollow stoneware ters—all these enter into the life of last, which can be filled with hot

CAMPHOR CULTURE IN JAPAN, LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD

Over a Yard in Diameter and Holds Lots of flow Governor Seward Verified Doubls of The wonderful flower shown in the singular vegetables are provided with envelop the flower previous to open-

LARGEST PLOWER IN THE WORLD

A swelling beneath the bark of some huge, surface appearing root of a large tree announces the coming of a flower. Soon the bark splits, and the bud, resembling the head of a young cabbage, bursts, showing five great lobes, which open and roll back lightly on the edges. Then a circular ring appears, surrounding a deep cup, in the center of which is the ovary. Below the edges is a kind of gallery, wherein are numerous stamens in which is located the pollen. The remarkable feature of the flower s its colossal size, the largest species being thirty-nine inches in diameter.

The central cup holds six quarts of flower is over fifteen pounds. Bowing Flower Seeds. when the flower bed is made the fine need the lightest covering possible. If the soil of the seed bed is was to win, and vice versa. air. After sowing each row it should "My friend, my veracity has been

the seeds and prevents it from drying ac said in awe-struck tones:
out quickly when exposed to sun and "He's all right, Bill! I know him! out quickly when exposed to sun and An interesting little personage is wind. After sowing the seeds water lie's Thurlow Weed, by goshl" The Empress is 41 bor's, and to prevent their scratching Mail. year younger than greatly delight in, the seed bed should

> der and very danger of frost after the plants are lost, to unemployed London laborers. straight For the up one should be ready to protect The men and women who seek its last sixteen years them by covering them with cloths. street-stand to buy a basin of soup or she has worn Euro- When the plants have attained some a roll of pudding are as unfortunate of the chemist there is in waiting a pean dress. She is strength and are an inch or two in as cold and hunger can make them, very fair, with rosy height, according to varieties, they but they are never uncivil, and alcan be transplanted either into an- ways grateful. room and growing them on to a larger they can be set where they are to remain to bloom.

> > Cellulose for Ship Armor. Not only in our own country, but in France, Germany, Russia, and others nations, the use of cellulose for ship armor has been introduced, and, as an illustration of its effectiveness, one of the Danish warships was equipped recently with a belt of the material and a shot fired at it tore a hole away through the whole vessel, the action of water on the cellulose, however, closing the hole up very soon, letting in but a few gallons of water. In ordinary manufacture for realizing this result the article is the ground fiber of the cocoanut which has been treated for the removal of the glutinous associations. It has the appearance of a brownish meal, as tight as need be in a short time. In an uncompressed state it burns foot of the ordinary article weighing

Drving Damp Shoes. One of the most fertile resources is the wearing of damp shoes. When a girl when she becomes a wife. And water like a bottle and which is made If she begins with her father's inter- in a variety of shapes and sizes to corests she will have a better idea of respond to the inside of ordinar -The first book to have it leaves the things which constitute a man's shoes. The hole at the top of the land the man's shoes. The hole at the top of the land the man's shoes. ters should come much closer to their been poured in. The last is kept fathers than they do. And it must position until the inside of the shoe be remembered that they are not thoroughly dry, and the hot water co -The rost of Niagara has been phon- aloof because of any unwillingness on be renewed if necessary. -Chicago

HE LOST THE BET.

site Own Veracity. The other afternoon when the cut is that of the raffesia arnoldi, a shadows were growing longer in the plant discovered by Dr. Arnold in streets and the day was taking on a the Island of Sumatra some eighty tomber hue, a group of politicians sat years ago. The various species now in the City Hall regaling each other known are all parasitic, not, how with ye stories of ye olden time. ever, to the branches of other plants, Among those reeled off was the folbut to the roots. Entirely destitute lowing regarding an experience of leaves and green in color, these lowing regarding an experience of william H. Seward, who was then scales or bracts, which conceal and Governor of the Empire State. It seems that while traveling around through the rural districts and making sure that his political fences had no very bad breaks in them he came one evening to the humble abode of a farmer. It was too far from the own where he was stopping to go back that night, and so he asked permission to stop there. This was ing of an old-fashioned country supper the old farmer invited his unknown guest to take a ride across the country with him, he having an er-

> stories. The old farmer's native shrewdness caused him to wonder why the stranger should show him so much attention, and at last he blurted out: "Say, be you a book agent?"

> "Not that I know of," was the Governor's smiling rejoinder. "Perhaps you're a lightning-rod "No, sir: you are wrong again."

"Then you're a sewing-machine nan."

"No. sir." "Well then, by gosh, you must be

politician. Mr. Seward at once acknowledged the soft impeachment and then informed the inquisitive old fellow that liquid, and the total weight of the he was the Governor of the State of could hold in no longer, and he quietly informed Mr. Seward that he thought he was a liar. Mr. Seward, soil should be dry, so that it will however, insisted on the truth of his crumble as turned from the spade. In story, and the dispute finally resulted this condition it can be raked very in a wager of \$20. The money was fine, as it should be to receive the placed in an old lantern that was little seeds. A quarter of an inch carried in the wagon to be used in may be named as about the proper sase of emergency, and it was agreed depth for sowing most seeds, but that the first person they met should some, such as petunia, amaranthus, lecide as to the ownership of the nicotiana, and others that are very money. Should be fail to recognize fine need the lightest covering ross. Mr. Seward as Governor the former

brings the soil in close contact with istly. Then turning to the farmer ducing the sense of smell.

the Empress of Japan, who is the the bed amply with a fine-rosed pot. The farmer took the \$20 and Mr. Chickens are frequently trouble. Seward was poorer by that amount cacy of the mechanism itself. some, if not one's own, then a neigh. than when he started out.-Chicago

At the Donna.

winter, hot nourishing food, at half One lady who serves at the Donna

counter gives, in Longman's Maga-

of true gratitude on the part of a man who, almost penniless, yet wished to make some return for the kindness of those who had enriched him by sympathetic speech and act: "One cold, windy day, I saw among the men a poor fellow whose miserade appearance made him noticeable vea among so many sad-looking huffled up to the counter, laid down half-penny and asked for a slice of judden' showed that he was utterly out of heart. I gave him what he isked for, and an extra slice as well,

saying: 'I'm sure you could eat this, "He looked up thoroughly surprised. fancy it must have been a long ime since any one had spoken a kind word to him. Then, with mumbled thanks, he went away to eat his dinriend hastily approaching. He just planced at me, and hurriedly laid a pair of boot-lacings on the counter at ny side

"I am by no means a sentimental person, but I really think 1-must keep those shoe-lacings always, as eived."

the effect upon animals. As the Farmer's Home Weekly puts it, "have low fences if you want to teach the stock to jump; weak fences you want to make them breachy." It very noticeable how quickly an animal that has once found a weak place in a fence, and, by rubbing or otherwise, broken it down so as to ender the task of getting out easy, will again seek that spot and try by some means to effect a breach; a few successful attempts in that line will greatly embolden to more exertion, and unless fences are strong and resist all efforts, an animal will soon become uncontrolable in that direction. The same rules applies to umping: if escape from one enclosure is effected by a small jump, a and soon there can hardly be any restraint. These are important reasons why every farmer should have ecure fences, and should never tempt in unruly animal to lead others into the bad practice of being unruly or breachy, which is one of the most serious of farm annoyances.

A HUMLING EPISODE.

ft Is not Always Wise to Calculate of "Speaking of hunting." said a pun ter, "reminds me of a little fun al

had some four or five years ago. "Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting that season, I can tell you.

"One day the landlord announce that a nephew of his, a young mar just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a landy on the shoot. "Well, pretty soon the young fel

low arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys sheerfully granted, and after partak- said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot "He was one of your swell hunters all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of thos

rand to do in a neighboring village. patent-reversible fore and aft caps With all the suavity for which Mr. and a pair of eye-glasses astride hi Seward was justly famed, he accepted He showed us his gun, a nose. the invitation and as they drove double-barreled pistol grip thing, and along in the gathering twilight he blowed a pile on its fine qualities and entertained the old farmer with all manner of campaign experiences and of the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England ye know.

"Would be go after ducks with u In the morning? 'O, yaas, he fanncied he would, though it wouldn't be muc sport; he was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so beastly slow.

"Well, we fixed up things among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchord them out in a bayou a short distance from shore, then turned in for the

night "Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuses about not being quite ready. but told him that if he would go over to vonder bayou he might get a shot New York. This quieted the old before breakfast. He put off with fellow for a while, but at last he much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another report. Exploding with laughter at the success of our scheme we hastened to the spot.

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?" "No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvass-backs as you ever

The Sense of Smen.

be pressed down or firmed, which juestioned by the gentleman with ination can scarcely grasp. It has manufacture, packing, etc. - Wash- may be done by laying a piece of lath me and I should be pleased to have been shown that the minute cells at over the row and pressing it well aim convinced as to who I am. Will the ends of the olfactory nerves in down, or by means of a small solid rou be kind enough to tell him?" the nose bear the most deficate little block of wood the soil can be patted The man of brawn and muscle hairs, and it is believed that these or gently beaten; this operation peered at Mr. Seward long and earn- hairs are the active agents in pro-

> Yet when we come to inquire into the manner of operation of these cel's and hairs we find that it is even more wonderful than the deli-

It has been suggested that at least one special cell and the nerve fibre connecting it with the brain may be affected by each different smell pro-The "Donna," called familiarly by ducing substance. But, as Professor her husband. She is be well protected with brush laid its patrons the "Sisters' pudden Rutherford remarked at the meeting over it. of the British Association last Au- you?" gust, "It would be a somewhat seripus stretch of imagination to suppose stance yet to emerge from the retort | his arm tightly round Milly's waist. special nerve terminal in the nose."

He thinks it is more resonable to suppose that all the hairs of the olfactory cells are affected by every size preparatory to a final removal, or tine, the following touching instance the different qualities of smell result smell-producing substance, and that from difference in the frequency and form of the vibrations transmitted

rose, something in the violet and the an injured tone. lilac, something in every substance, which produces a smell either agreeable or offensive, that is able to so creatures. The way in which he affect the hairs and cells of the olfactory machinev of the nose as to set their connecting nerves in vibration, for every different substance!

We are reminded that the differ. ences of both sounds and colors also result from variations in the rate of vibration, although sounds are produced by that mysterious medium called the luminiferous ether. If smetls also result from varying vibrations, what a surprising glimpse of ner. Presently, while still busy cut the inner unity of nature that fact ting up pudding, I saw my poor gives us!—Youth's companion. gives us!-Youth's companion.

First Practical Use of the Guillotine. Dr. Guillotlne, when a member of the French constituent assembly in "That's for you, lady,' he said, 1789, proposed that all executions and walked off without another word. should be by machine. That system, he said, would be swifter and more painless than the old system of decapitation by means of the sword or the most touching gift I ever re- ax. He was proceeding to describe a contrivance of his own when he was

interrupted by shouts of laughter. In less than two years, however, his These are a necessity, not only for ideas were adopted and incorporated in the penal code. Dr. Antoine Louis, Secretary to the Academy of he protection of crops, but to avoid Surgeons, was requested to prepare a memorandum on the subject of dedecapitation and in his report he recommended the adoption of an instrument almost identical in design to that suggested by Dr. Guillotine. His report was accepted, and the contract for constructing one of these machines for each of the French departments was given to a German named Schmidt. It was tested repeatedly upon dead bodies in a hospital and was found to work satisfactorily. On the 25th of April, 1792, it was used upon a criminal for the first time, Pelletier, a notorious highwayman, being the victim. At first the machine was known as the "Louisette" or "La Petite Louison," greater one will be made next time, but it was not long before Guillotine was given the unenviable honor of having his name applied to it. The old story that he suffered death by means of the instrument he himself invented has been shown to be false. He survived the Revolution and died

a natural death in 1814.

LAST NIGHT.

O comrades, let the song go round And laughter be our guest, Of all the blessings life has found A woman's love is best. I drink not ; when the cup is crowned I wish you all that's bright: My vintage lies In beauty's eyes,

The jasmine perfumes rose and strayed Like elfh waifs unseen ; The summer moonbeams stole and played Her lattice bars between ; She shyly stood, all white arrayed.

With youth and grace bedight;

I kissed my love last night.

She was so fair, Row could I dare-I kissed my love last night. A sudden glory filled the earth It had not known before: A happy gleam too sweet for mirth

The quivering moonbeams were, To think that I of little worth Had won the pear! of light -No song or speech My bliss can reach-I kissed my love last night.

I sought my lonely couch to drawn . Sweet wiftures thronged my brain Blue eyes and lily buds a-gleam, An ! roses wet with rain, With morning's opalescent beam The glamorie took flight. Yet waking brought

I kissed my love last night, Hoon, lau ch down your silver rays, Sattle up, O dimpling Sen, O Fountain, toss your tinkling sprays, O Stars rejoice with me! V. th twinkling shoon ye tricksy Fays Come guide my song aright,

A dearer thought-

And tip with dew Each measure true-I k'ssal my love last night, -S muel M. Peek, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

ET ROMAN L. ZUROP. H. mamma! mamma



on! look at it, papa; Patterson squeezed we, John?" John's arm tightly

ooked eagerly into the sky. Old man Patterson, who stood near the young people, also had his face turned upward; but there was no inter gazing for a few minutes, he re-

marked:

env harm! There was no response to this remark, save a loud sigh from Mrs. Patterson, who turned round abruptly and

terson soon followed her. and gazing at the heavens. They had were happy in the consciousness of

"I don't believe a word of it-do you?" asked Milly some minutes aftervards.

"What?" says about this-er-comet-that's going to break no the earth and kill all the people on it and annihilate everything. I don't believe it---do

ally. "I think Marten is a slick fraud, ting chilled to the bones; their teeth that for each new smell of a sub- | that's what he is!" he added, holding began to chatter, and still no signal "It's awful!" said Milly concernedly. "He's been coming here every day for the last couple of weeks talking about old man Patterson began to move his that comet, and he's dinned into papa head. Gradually he raised it and and mamma's heads that the whole looked round. Everything was still,

we nigh the day of judgment!" "Rubbish!" commented John. through those cells to the brain.

According to this view there is something in musk, something in the John did not reply for a second or grouned aloud.

two. He seemed to be thinking. "'Pears to me," he said, after a wife's head rising, and suddenly her while, "that your father ought to terrified face looked at him. The next know by this time what kind of a moment he saw in her eye a glance of customer he's got to deal with. Has recognition. So they were both alive! Marten paid him back the fifty dollars e borrowed last Christmas?"

them round completely to his side. It's perfectly awful how he's talked them into things about this comet. They've been glum and mopin', and packin' away things; and mother's been buryin' a lot of silver in the

"What!" interrupted John. "The the yard." old folks haven't been hidin' things in the ground and let Marten know of

"Yes. He's shown them the very place where he says the comet won't light, they all burst out laughing, they strike, and mother's put a lot of silver felt so foolish; and the more they spoons in it."

"The fox! He's been stealin' them!" exclaimed John. fresh clay in which two sticks were and amid those peals the old man would firmly stuck and which she began to pasp out: "And I thought I's the only

probe gently.
"Thank goodness, it's not touched!" she said with a sigh of relief, evidently buried it. The old man discovered satisfied with her examination. "You sverything he had sequestered but a nearly took my breath away with bundle and a couple of gold rings; an fright, John. Mamma would go crazy old brooch, twenty-six dollars in if she were so fooled."

"I tell you what I'll do, Milly," he note for fifty dollars were missing. So said. "You keep a sharp watch on was the schoolmaster himself. On the this place, and if Marten turns up to- following day John came in and aumorrow keep him till I get through nounced that the schoolmaster had work. I'll come over here, and we'll skipped—"Hung on to the tail of the whether we can't fix him some romet, they say!"—New York

In truth it was terrible as Milly ex-pressed it, if half the things were gong to happen which Marten predicted. The whole village of Stockborough was erribly excited over the event. Everysody recollected that wars, pestience, famine, and other cals ollowed the previous appearance of a comet like this—with dmost the identical tail. Schoolmaster Marten talked about such uncanny

somic law," and so on. On the day on which Milly and John had conspired to rout him, Marten was at the Patterson farm holding forth as usual. He had brought a newspaper with him, and read out from it impressively the announcement that on the coming Thursday, precisely at 5:34 p. m., there would be an entire eclipse of the sun, and the inference he left to be gathered from it was that the general break-up

was to begin at that very second. The old people sat listening and blinking solemnly. Milly was somewhat swed herself, and she was mighty glad when John came into the room looking

ready for action.

John contented himself at first b. simply denying the arguments. But Marten's superior loquaciousness was rapidly getting the best of him and he was gradually drawn into the meshes of reason. That was all the schoolmaster wanted. He could reason a bull into a frog any day, if the animal only followed the process of logical deductions; so by and by John found himself listening with his hands folded, his reason silenced, and more than half convinced of the probability of the whole

"And ye say it'll all take place on Thursday at 5:34 p. m.?" asked the old man. Marten had not said it, but he answered: "Precisely. The unerring calcula-

tion of science." "Maybe it'll only strike one corner of the earth and leave out Stockborough and the farm?" he asked timidly

"That is difficult to say," replied Marten, thoughtfully. "Our whole planet is sure to sustain a terrible shock, and it will be felt all the world over. There is a chance-a small chance—that we might escape with our lives here; but everything else is doomed."

That night John and Milly were locked in a long embrace before they took leave of each other. They were both heavily oppressed, and though John entertained a sneaking scepticism of the whole thing, he really believed that before the end of the week the earth might be a broken waste, with Come out quick; it's nobody and nothing alive on it. "You will come over on Thursday,

isn't it beautifui?" John, won't you?" asked Milly in a nud in the exuberance trembling voice. "We can die toof excitement Milly gether, if we can't live together, can't "I'll be here, Milly, by 4 o'clock,

while she leaned and God may prove him yet a liar-against him and you see if He don't!" said John as he went off.

About a quarter past five on the foilowing Thursday they all left the old dication of glee in his voice when, af Patterson farmhouse. They were going to give up their souls to heaven, "And to think that them things, It was preternaturally quiet all around and they walked on in solemn silence with such beautiful tails, could do us them. The gloaming was rapidly fall, ing, and it seemed to the old folks at if it were the precursor of eternal darks

The group halted near a cluster of walked into the house, where Mr. Pat- trees. Marten held out his watch there was ten minutes more left them Milly and John were still standing The old people stood there glum and motionless. John and Milly had locked not said a word to each other; they hands and looked pale. Marten told them to lie down flat on their stomachand hide their faces in the ground till the thing was over.

Tremblingly, fearfully, they obeyed and lay flat on the ground, dreading to stir, awaiting the sounds of the aw-"Oh, what Schoolmaster Marten ful crash. Marten retired to another spot, whence he said he would signal them to rise if they were destined to survive.

Ten minutes passed; a quarter of at, hour followed, and still they lay there. "Bosh!" remarked John emphatic- It was growing darker; they were getfrom the schoolmaster, no sound of the crashing doom. Half an hour world is comin' to an end, and that we deathly still. It was dark, but he could see the farmhouse clearly. Then he suddenly thought that he alone had "And he's been talking at me, too, survived the general destruction-he "Wish I had died with 'em!" he

But he looked round and saw his "Milly! Milly!" called the old man

timidly. "No, not he."
"Why don't you tell your father not ply.
"Are ye living?" he asked again.
"Are ye living?" "Yes, father?" came a trembling re-"I am, father. Is John alive?"
"Yes, Milly," came the emphatic re-

ply from John, who sat up on the ground. They were all sitting up now. "The farmhouse is there, too," said Mrs. Patterson in a wondering voice,

"and I hear the short-horn blowing ir "Guess we'd better get up," remarked the old man, rising and assisting his wife.

Inside the house, when they got a laughed the more foolish they felt. Milly laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks, and John, in trying Millie sprang to her feet and ran to restrain her, felt his sides fair, into the garden, John following her. one. The old couple rocked them-She stopped near a slight mound of selves in their chairs with laughter,

> one alive-ho-ho-ho!" They found the silver where they money, and the schoolmaster's own comet, they say!"-New York Storiettes.

Bronson-Your calling ne an ass. ir doesn't make me one. Craik-Of course not. It merely indicates the accuracy of my observation. -Truth.

A Pretty Compliment. She-What colored eyes do you adm're-brown or blue? He-I can't see well enough in this light.-Buf. things as the "stellary grater," the