MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUL DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Autumn Thoughts."

Texr. "The stork in the heaven knoweth their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord, "-Jeremiah viii., 7. When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it affoat, He fashions it into a fish, When He would have it glide the air. He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of lour birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly me in Holland and Germany and build set over the doorway; the sweet its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtiedove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a darf shot out of the bow of heaven, falling,

would see a convention of birds, horsy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, a convention of birds all talking at once of music. After a while Mozart came and the proposed in two seconds: 10 up the wast eternity in two seconds: 11 up the wast eternity in two seconds: 12 up the wast eternity in two secon a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions or the sub-ject of migration, some proposing to go tobut all unanimous in the fact that they must sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the

ere is not a belted kingfisher, or a ebaffinch, or a fire crosted wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring nen see your wings of

I propose so far as God may help me in this sermon carrying out the blea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and pit mage reffled and yet they so singing all the way. ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwint-ling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I bepitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antloch" or "Mount Pis-

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of issac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose ally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose
there is such a thing as having our hearts so
attuned by divine grace that even the rough
collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe
that the power of Christian song has yet
been fullytried. I believe that if you could
roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through
the street it would put an end to any panic.
Understant that the discorpic and the sorrows. and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born halleluinhs. Some one asked Baydn, the celebrated musician, why he al-ways composed such cheer ul music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. when I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our home and sayour, and heaven for our non-sangels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are of the way to a summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep straining.

keep singing (Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. Ye are traveling home to God

In the way your fathers trod. They are happy now, and we soon their happyness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a tri

I go further and remark that the order of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they table within reach of the gun, but the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midneaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mite of reaching us. Oh, for some of the mith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant 1 So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that type of piety in the churc men actually earleature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in easies. But my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall be deride the fact there any such beights? A man was beight the really such a steamer shout the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not great. We shall have after is not great. We shall have after whose a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have cased to laugh at saything as impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Lasimer and Edward Payson. I Paul and Lasimer and Edward Payson. I Paul and Lasimer and Edward Payson. I Selieve there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the inture ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane.

Then I tell you that the stork and crane.

Then I tell you that the stork and crane.

Then I tell you that the stork and crane.

top of the Alps of Christian attainment.
Then I tell you that the stork and erane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free figing. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the every one of 110,000 volumes.

grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought te

ave quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shees, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen wars some Oh for a blocker. ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the les

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,

go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and

and the stork, flying away, flying away from

Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great ban i of heavenly musicfans! Strew the continents with music, and, whether from Caylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or the accounting transgressions of this accounting transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying. "I have loved thee with an everlast-ing love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane start on its migration it calls all those of its kin to come too. The tree tops are full of chirs and whistle and carol, and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as The bird does not start oftaione. Rightees all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your iriends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like

until you find the right place for shopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

I go jurther and remark that the birds of 1300 shots were fired for every man

men actually earleature the idea that there learn such thing as a higher life. Moles iron-ripped piles used by the R m s in

And Thine to us so great? chestnut, the crane, with voice like the claim of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, salling—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have here in this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eve-sight to look go. And if you come out this morning with Again, I remark that the birds of the air

with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday beaven, but the prophes looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an anxile, a welier splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the tirds are in eagacity about their safety than men are about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the beaven knoweth his appointed times, and the beaven the beaven knoweth his appointed times, and the way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the beaven. They are of them to stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about th

of music. After awaite Mozart came and began to piay, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not set reconcard in this world, we will never not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane

the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinehing frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. Those are your would be not be not be not been and the not you are not happy. There are yours within

weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move?" You say, "I don't want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kies which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. While I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God.

You would have noticed that when the

than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for shopping.

The Saviour calls. Ye wanterers, come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power.
Oh, grieve Him not away,
"T's mercy's hour.

A German military writer has figured out that in the Franco-Prussian war

Malaria is said to be caused by a vegetable micro-organism inhabiting the

Has a little painin'-But we worry through; Mostly, when it's rainin'. Sun's a-shinin', too! (Rain's a blessin' flowin'

From the thoughtful skies : Keeps the crops a-growin'-Makes the roses rise!)

Live your life, an' labor, An' you'll find each day, Heaven your nearest neighbor-Love your peace an' pay! -Atlanta Constitution

A SONG OF LIFE

Life is full o' beauty-

Lots o' love an' bliss,

Linder mixed with duty-

Sweeter, too, for this!

A HALT AT DAWN.

BY PLORENCE HULL. ARGARET DAN

VERS stepped aboard the southern bound sleeper an Chicago one stormy March evening, and as she walked composedly to her berth in the middle of the car, the eyes of every person present were riveted upon She wore a closely fitting gar-

ment of Russian sable, which envelsped her completely, and a large beaver hat with drooping plumes, and from the single fine diamond at her outskirts of Frithville-there are throat to the tips of her dainty Suede boots she looked the model of a fashionable beauty. She was the only woman on the car, and before she had fairly settled herself comfortably, all the men had mentally pronounced their opinion of her looks and style, and hazarded a conjecture as to her age. Her attendant, a florid man of middle age, received the slight degree of attention justified by his seeming only an adjunct of the moment. As he left her, he put into her hands a bunch of costly roses, which she received with a smile and laid upon the opposite seat

the instant he was gone. Of the score of passengers, two or three knew her by sight, for she was, in a way, a public character, but as it happened, none were really acquainted with her, and before long even those most deeply interested in her appearance yielded to the apathy peculiar to sleeping cars, and subsided into their wear out the evening until bed time.

Margaret amused herself in watch

drudgery of the class room had passed, looking. Clean white

was her boast that she was never lone-

By nine o'clock Margaret, enveloped to first." in a down wrapper of dark red, lay courting sleep in her section, Over him more," said Margaret faintly. her was spread the fur ulster, none too warm above the blankets, even for know what nerves were," said Margawhile the girl went to make the inevitmake the inevitmodel of the inevit-

that from some inexplicable cause I am hervous." "Richard Allen!" She started as if the words had been spoken in her ear. Swiftly memory flew back ten years, and she saw herself standing headed at the gate of her father's house in the Highlands of the Hudson where her childlover, then a poor, obscure young lieutenant in the army. With an indifference scarce tinged with pity, since it hardly occurred to her in the army army in the since it hardly occurred to her in the army in the since it hardly occurred to her in the si hood had been passed; and beside ence scarce tinged with pity, since it hardly occurred to her in those days

The great open Franklin stove shone that men could really feel, she had met his pleading affection with an enthusiastic outburst of her ambition to lead the artist's life, to spend her energies in self-development, and show what a woman wholly devoted to an intellectual and artistic career might become. They had sung in the choir together, had mingled their voices in moments when, inspired by devotional ecstasy, it seemed that the two spirits united into one, in that mysterious fellowship which belongs alike to religion and to love. And yet she had no feeling for him above regard; no feeling for any one, for anything but art.

"You must not think I am deficient in womanly sensibility," she had said to him, with one of those soft glances of the meaning and effect of which she was entirely careless and unconscious. But some women must remain spinsters, you know, and I think I am

meant to be one of the sisterhood."

You do not know yourself. The by will come when ambition will seem nothing to you; when the homely things, the real things, will take on heir true value to your eyes, and a 'career' will seem a mere artificiality hat has nothing to do with what is

est and sweetest in life." The words had passed her by as an alle phrase, evoked from disappointment. And she and Richard Allen had sarted, he going to his post on the line a Arizone, and she to Italy to study. and yet nothing passes from us crrely. Here, without warning, with-D before her eyes, and she saw again (t, said, "Let me see what I can do to

across the way looming up in the moon-light, the hills in the distance, the strong, proudly-carried figure at her And then scene after scene came tap before her, always with the two ligures present: the manly, devoted lover, the self-absorbed girl.

A jar, a shock, a sudden stop, as i the train had run against a wall of rock, and Margaret started up and drew the curtain aside instinctively. A fall through space-what was it, oh, where was she. Had the train fallen down un embankment?

After a minute she reslized that she had been thrown from her berth acros the car, that other persons lay about, some groaning, some hastily picking themselves up. She shut her eyes: there was a sharp pain in her left arm and a weight upon her side. A falling lamp had struck her, and from some cause she could not rise, There was a terrible confusion, much talking, and hall a dozen people bending over her pity-ingly and asking her questions. "What has happened? Is anybody killed?" she asked.

Several persons answered at one They had run into a freight. The engineer on their own train was killed: ne one else. Many were hurt. Could

she bear to be moved? "I must," she returned, setting her lips, for agonizing pains began to shoot through her foot, and the

thought of being touched was suffer-"Fortunately we are just on the houses near." It was the conductor who spoke now, and he at once took charge. She was lifted carefully. wrapped in blankets and carried out. Their car had sustained less damage than any other, being in the rear, and there was no difficulty in getting out.
"If she could stand it to be taken

over yonder," said some one, pointing to a house some distance away, "she'd be more comfortable, I reckon. "Where are we?" asked Margaret bravely suppressing her pain. "Somewhere in southern Indianaa little town called Frithville," a man

answered her. "If she could stand it to be take over to the doctor's house"-said the persistent first speaker.
"I can stand it," she interposed

They improvised a sort of rough lit-

'take me there quickly.

ter of mattresses, and carried her across a field in the open country. newspapers or their rugs, preparing to The dawn was just breaking, and the pale moon was slowly fading out of view before the great coming light. ting the flying snow and in reverie. The air was clear, cold, crisp; and the endured that long day, Margaret's toward an unusually rapid de e opbook about her, she yielded to the heavy storm during the night, it had the far more exhausting. Ambition, till and weighs 330 jounds. His prevailing somnambulistic influence cleased completely, and the first ray of fride, and love of the world fought head measures in circumference 27 just enough to dream without sleeping. sunlight glittered upon banks of frozer hard against a tender, newly-born im- inches. Hands and feet are enor-At twenty-eight she was her own snow. The house before which the mistress, earning an independent in-come through the use of her beautiful wooden structure, which seemed voice. The teaching days and the at first sight peculiarly barrer curtains and as a concert singer she was favora- hung in straight, scant folds at middle of the room, and in the easiest bly known in more than one Western city the windows. The door had beer chair in the house, piled with all the noted for its critical taste. After a drab in color, but the paint had beer available cushions, the doctor placed successful winter in Milwaukee and so assiduously scrubbed that one

more, which promised more mat on which lay a large black cat than anything in which she had yet with bristling white whiskers. window with a proud smile on her lips, objections to admitting them, how tween them, there lay years of care some tantalizing thoughts should in ever, and Margaret was carefully detrude themselves, and the mind so enpocited upon a couch in the sitting felt a yearning to bridge the chasm, to trude themselves, and the mind so en-tirely self-poised should feel, for the room to wait the coming of the doctor, first time in years, the weakening in- who, the maid said, had just left the fluence of some emotional fancies. It house to go to the scene of the wreck.

"We'll send him back to you, ly, never sad, that her whole heart was ma'am, right off," one of the men asin her work.

ma'am, right off," one of the men asine still?" And thought the man: "Is she tired of the world, and could she learn to love me now?"

"Not if others are suffering and need The ungenial-looking Swede proved herself to be not deficient in skill, even though sympathy was in a measher warm blood. The thermometer outside would have registered zero, and whiffs of icy air found their way every now and then into the car. Everything was quiet save her thoughts which began to utter themselves with loud, importunate voices, as if answering some call without, independent of her control. "I have happily been and the standard of the doctor stood in his bars which such that they let the doctor stood in his bars are were thoughts was cut from the swollen ankle, which such the solder's bed room, and looked in his glass. For five minutes he studied himself, and then he turned away, resolved to let no new hope spring up in his heart. But Margaret slept to dream of him, woke through the night then Margaret was left to herself to be not deficient in skill, even though sympathy was in a measure lacking. She made her guest as could. The shoe was cut from the swollen ankle, which hours later the doctor stood in his bars lours later the doctor stood in his bars are promounced to be only bruses which was cut from the swollen ankle, which hours later the doctor stood in his bars are little soldier's bed room, and looked in his glass. For five minutes he studied himself, and then he turned away, resolved to let no new hope spring up in his glass. For five minutes he studied himself, and then he turned away, resolved to let no new hope spring up in his bars are promounced to be only bruses which was barted to be only bruses which was lours later the doctor stood in his bars lours later the doctor stood in his bars lours later the doctor stood in his bars lours later the doctor specific to be only bruses as a little soldier's bed room, and looked in his bars lours later the doctor should himself, and then he turned away, resolved to let no new hope spring up in his bars little soldier's bed room, and looked in h her control. "I have happily been And then Margaret was left to herself wood her in the old days, when he able to say all my life that I don't while the girl went to make the inevitwhile the girl went to make the inevit- wooed her in the confidence of his

> After awhile her eyes began to wander idly around the room. It seemed half parlor, half study. Folding doors divided it from the office at the back. There was a book-case, well between the windows, half covered fluttering smile. brightly, and the hearth was scrupulously clean. Upon the mantel were a bronze clock and a pair of fine vases, dainty in tone and finish; they were the sole womanly touches about the place. Noting these details half induferently, she lay back again and

losed her eyes. When she opened them again, they happened to glance directly over a corner of the room which had before been dim, but was now illuminated by singular-looking little instrument, shaped like a dagger, of Moorish device, the handle inlaid with gold, left rough and unpolished. When Margar 1 saw this small object, she gave a little cry and tried to rise, but finding that impossible, she dropped back upon her pillows as if she had been shot, her eves fixed upon the little instrument with a look of recognition that was half pleasure, half alarm. What strange trick was fate about to play

There was a noise; the front door opened and some one came along the finall with a firm, measured step. fargaret's heart, that well-regulated a rgan, beat to suffocation. She hardly held her close for a minute, and then, lared listen or look. She threw her leaving her, began to walk up and down arms up over her forehead, nearly concoaling her face. Some one cutere "It may be impossible," murmured out, is she?" "Yes. But she isn't entirely used in the adulteration of the out as much as I am."—Detroit Fire woolen goods to which it adds strength, is true," than of yore, yet with a cheery ring in is true,"

her? How could this thing be poss.

brek chimney of the school-house help you, madam." A chair was drawn You are young, beautiful, brilliantup to the side of the couch, a gentle with success at your feet, and I-" hand took her own. Her pulse was beating furiously; the hand was held rather long, as if something perplexed him. She felt searching eyes bent upon her face and suddenly threw lown her arms. The doctor drew sack, his face paling, and the two ooked at each other for a minute in illence. She spoke first, putting out her hand timidly.

"Richard, don't you remember me?" "Remember you? As if I were likely ever to forget you.

She softly touched his empty sleeve, pinned over his breast, two tears standing in her eyes.
"At Black Gulch," he said. "I have

got over minding it. Don't grieve." "You left the army?" "Yes, four years ago. My health gave way. I studied medicine in Indianapolis, was invited here by an old friend to become his assistant, and

"You never-never-" "Yes; I married." The words were an unexpected stab. Margaret gasped, amazed that she should care. Her face suddenly be-

came suffused with color, and she turned it away.
"She only lived a year---Margaret,"

said the doctor, bending down to study the fair, flushed face, suddenly painsmitten. "My arm!" said Margaret faintly, drawing his attention to the lesser

He was the doctor again at once, and, for the next half hour all professional gravity, and as impersonal as the sphinx; yet the woman felt through tion, the thrill of his firm, warm rather than years, his face lined, his hair grown gray; with nothing young about him but his eyes, which sparkled with a cheer and brightness no grief could dim, for they mirrowed a mind above all personal consideration, con-

ests belonging to humanity.

mise, which it seemed that a single reath of reason ought to chill to eath. The coals burned red in the open Virchow, who has closely examined

Margaret, taking his position opposite Chicago she was now on her way to now took its presence on trust. There her. The solemn Swedish girl brought fulfil an engagement in Balti- was a brass knocker and a rush door in supper, which was well cooked and served with a scrupulous cleanliness that almost atoned for the absence of engaged. She was in the heydey of The door was opened by a severe the powers, admired, in radiant health, seedish girl, whose sturched cap and conscious of her beauty and talent, and a ron suggested careful housekeeping, faction, but his manner, although genentirely satisfied with life. What did as her suspicious countenance sug. ial, was ceremonious. Margaret felt It mean that, as she looked from the gested inhospitality. She made no that, in the few feet intervening be-

> raw nearer to him, even though she herself had to take the hard steps to ward understanding. Thought the woman : "Does he love me still?" And thought the man : "Is

> But they spoke of music; of cam; life on the western frontier; of what

There was no hotel in the village, and the few scattered houses were prowded with the wounded passengers, lying over till well enough to proceed with their journey. Margaret was not sorry that there was no other place for her than the refuge she had been walls; a few easy-chairs covered with laken to. "I am thinking that I am walls; a few easy-chairs covered with singularly fortunate in being in the raw silk of a dull hue, much doctor's house, where I get special attention," she said to him, with a little

ments, with the unconfessed design o extracting some unguarded word that might indicate a change in her old convictions. Carrying on together these two processes—determination to refrain and resolution to pursue, which often accompanies some course of action embraced in accordance with a patural, unworldly judgment, he managed to betray to the eager girl all he wished to conceal and she wished to know. She had telegraphed to Balti-more that she would be there in ter been dim, but was now illuminated by a shaft of sunlight. A carved bracket thung there, and on the shelf lay a live leveling live in the shelf lay a live leveling live in the shelf lay a live layer. persisted in helping her from her

"But I can walk alone now," she ob "We must be careful. Not until tomorrow." She protested with great tightly against each of e. The meg-earnestness. "True-I have but one netizing part is, of c.u.s. all bunearnestness. "True-I have but one netizing part is, of cours all bun-erm," he said, with the first accent of combe. Now invite some one in the bitterness she had heard from him. crowd to seize your arms by the Her lips parted to give utterance to a

-ean you care?" She dropped her head on his shou! der, but said nothing. The doctor have the advantage. leaving her, began to walk up and dowr the room.

"It is impossible!"

world has to offer me is nothing be-"Beside my love?" he bent on one knee beside her chair and put her hand to his lips. "I want to share your life," she said,

ort is cruel in me to ask it. dear

She put up her hand imploringly.

It was caught and held. "And I am

poor, obscure and-old," he finished

e eyes upon her face.

and a new expression grew upon her face, a high, devoted look which was half heroic, all womanly. "I want to learn something of the great things, the true things." "You have had greater things than

I can give you. Think of all you are She made a gesture of renunciation.

"It does not seem much to leave-for shortly afterward he died. That is "Ah, my darling, I am afraid you

will regret it. The work-a-day world will be a trial to you. And mine is a veritable work-a-day world." He kept his eves on her face , half dreading to see her shrink away. But what woman is not won by an appearance of self-renunciation? Richard could not have let her go now; at the last instant he would have snatched her to his breast, had she drawn away. But the misgiving that rushed over him so fiercely was a real one, a sensible one; he felt it profoundly, and tried to read in her eyes a shadow of this coming regret. But her eyes were clear, loving, radiant. She pressed herself against his breast, and gave him the great gift of her life and her every nerve, like the musical vibra- future. Would the shadow ever come? The moon looked softly in, an hour fingers, the scrutiny of his eyes. He later, and finding the lovers in that was changed, worn through suffering delicious dream which once in a lifetime comes to most men and women. drew over face a gray cloud-veil and left them to dream on. - Romance.

BERLIN'S YOUTHFUL GIANT.

cerned with those large, loving inter- so Is 14 Years OII, 6 Feet Tall, an We'ghs 330 Pounds. The doctor came and went quietly, A boy of gl, antic proportions, such her eyes following him. When he in- as has never before been equaled by tercepted the look she blushed like a similar objects of curiosity, is being school-girl. Too busy all that day to exhibited in Berlin, says a writer in give her more than necessary attention, he yet lost nothing that passed, name is Carl Ulirich, and he was and she had a sense which was oddly born in September, 1880. His father pleasant that he understood somethin; is a man of small stature, and his of what was passing in her mind. It mother and their seven other offspring was terible, too. There were moment, show no unusual proportions. Up to when she wished herself miles away. his third year Charles grew normally: Besides all the physical pain which from that time on he to ka spurt the endured that long day, Margaret's toward an unusually rapid de e'opusly developed, the middle finger of each hand being in diameter the size of a silver dollar. Professor



all the bodily organs perform their functions normally, and that in all probability the giant youngster will surpass all giant men when he reaches his majority. Carl was a bright and active pupil at school, and converses intelligently with his audience, although he has been in the museum but a very short time.

Ho'd the Tips Together and They Canno Bend your arms in such a way that with half-folded hands the two



per tips close together and press them looked at him, with eyes so eloquent it will be impossible to do, and your little audi non will be in them apart. This it will be impossible to do, and your little audi non will be in them apart. wrists and pull them apart. without, "Margaret, do you care? Dear, I the magneti ing of your arms which have always loved you, I love you now ho'ds them to ether, while it is nothing more than the natural fact wars old. But they receive no attenthat in the po it on of the arms you

"Hello, old feliow. Your wife is

manufacture of certain very stylish EXPRAURDINARY COTTON. "merino" goods of real sanitary qualities, since there is no poison from the PERU GROWS IT IN A VARIETY OF use of aniline dyes, and the colors being natural never fade. -- New Yer-NATURAL COLORS.

he Remarkable Fleecy Staple of the "I have come to you, Richard. It Piura-It is Watered Only Once reems strange to me. I cannot explain in Seven Years-Tree Cotton. it, but it seems as if everything the

THE discovery of new and natural sources of wealth in Peru is an unending wonder. From the day in 1531 when Pizarro entered the Bay of Paits, that delightful land has presented the world an illuminated procession of revelations

rule, which devised the economy of ir- he c uld scarcel see daylight. There igation and impressed the discoverers was blood on his face and shirt front, with a sense of the wealth and beauty and of cours there was a natural of the land now become a bald, gray curiosity among the men lounging there a brilliant spot of verdure in the

whereby some 1600 acres are made on the road as we was omin' it." available for cultivation, all of which wear, and then the land rests to finish quiet for three or four days. he cycle of seven years and another the bed of the stream has been dry for | ind you'd better tu n out." months and has been occupied by truck

gardens. Then the people become thirsty for Oillier. the river. Every traveler from up the valley is questioned as to where the river was when he passed. If he report that it is coming a crowd of eager listeners and questioners surround him as if he brought important news from some fereign loan commission; and naturally enough, for the condition of the river, whether it contains much or little water, is the prophecy of a year's crop. At last, generally about the middle of February, one hears that the river is twenty leagues away and is coming; a few days later it is only ten leagues distant, and as it passes the upper haciendas the Indians turn out and welcome it with drum and fife and

Sometimes there comes a disappoint-sinks away in the sands and they say, and will be with us to-day." Then him now. The red h aded man in-every horse and saddle is brought out vited me to come down and light on the messanger of glad tidings, of been gone about ten minutes when health and riches to the said land, In all the year there is not in the north of Pera a feast to equal this.) Feer No fatigue is felt by the multitudes who travel through the heavy sands; did you say anythin' when you come some on foot, some on donkeys-poor brutes, most patient of all created

beings-earrying two or three grown thake of the head. men and women with a small family of half-grown children; others again are mounted on mules and then the elite on horses. All are gizd! When you meet the river it is a little trickling me if you'd bin stru k by lightnin'.' streamlet ranning here and there in "Yum" search of the lowes, places; it stops to fill the wells in its road that were excavated last season, and then runs forward in the same little rill. A short is for everybody a sesson of real joy,

and with many a carnival of frolic. The spectacle of its approach witnessed from the Bridge of Piura is a wonderful sight. You see the pioneers of the marching host come slowly around a hend of the river at the unper edge of the town, followed shortly by the surging army of thousands of people; you hear the music of the band, the murmur of five thousan! voices and the din of rockets which throw a smoking line along the air.

The river has come! It has reached the bridge in the early evening and the band plays while the people dance on and under the bridge all night long, or as long as the increasing flood permits. If 5900 tur 1 out to escort the river to Piurs, it is met by more than 12,900 at Catacaos, an Indian pueblo six miles lower down

the stream. The cotton produced in the valley of the Piura shows varying shades from so finely graded that one can scarcely tell where one color ends and the other begins. At the present time the cultivable area is so small that the demands of the market cannot be met. By the system proposed it is hoped to get more than a million acres of the "Well," she said half-indignantly, fertile territory under the care of ir rigation, when not only cotton, bu you." sugar, coffee, cocoa, indigo, ali the "I don't want you to encourage me vegetables and fruits of the tropics car only to turn me down," he said. be grown as they were centuries ago, hedging a bit. "In other words, I The appearance of a Peruvian cotton field may well astonish an America planter, for in the five years of it growth the plant often reaches a eight of twenty feet, and in the weeks of ripening has all the beauty

of an immense sunlit snowdrift. The "Peruvian tree cotton." which a good deal has been written, is really only an accident. The "trees" are from seed deposited in some wet place during an exceptionally high plump on his manly bosom. flood and left without attention during succeeding years. But where the supply of water permits the crop is remarked each seven years, the second, third and fourth being the finest crops of each planting. There are low spots where veritable cotton orchards ire found of which the trees are forty on, save when an entraordinary flood or rains may happen to give them a spasmodic vigor for a year or two. As the American sea island cotton enters largely into the manufacture

the other day was a man of sixty and a young man of about twenty-threefather and son. The vehicle had no sooner come to a halt than both extending along three and a half centuries of its modern history.

Some to a half team both turies of its modern history. seen that the young man's nose was Green fields covered the coast plains | about twice its normal size, and h : meler the benign influence of the Inca eyes were blackened and puffed until

Advertiser,

THE MAN WITH A CALF.

He Was Redheaded and Vigorously De

On top of a load of hay which

came into the Western bay market

sterile waste, but showing here and around to knew what had happened. "No, William didn't run agin a midst of the general aridity.

The lands of the Piura lie four to said the father, as ne wet his handbridge or have a tree fall on him,' five degrees south of the equator, and kerchief at the drinking trough and once in seven years are visited by floods wiped away the blood. "The fact s that wet a narrow belt along the banks, | that he met with a disappointment

"Whit sort of a disappointment ' is now appropriated to cotton. This queried a policeman who intended to one wetting gives five crops, two per recommend raw beef and perfect succession of five crops. The waters when we left home. We had come

"Wall, you see, William was drivin' of the Pinra continue to flow until along about three miles when we some time in October, when the people needs a red-headed man leadin' a who live in the valley begin to sink calt. A relier with a calt order turn wells in the sands of the river bottom out and give the road to a load of for their daily supply. The disap hay, but this one wouldn't. He jiss pearance of the river is so gradual it is turned out half way and stood still not possible to designate the day when and yelled that he'd be du ned if he it takes place. Not so, however, its moved another inch. Then I says to arrival, in February or March, when bill, says I. Bill, he's a jeppery cuss,

"1 es: you ought to have turned out for a red-headed man," said the

"I says that to Bill, but Bill he says to me, says he, 'I'll be hanged it I do I he don't turn out I'll git down and make him wish he'd never een tora into this sinful wold." Then he hollers at the man and warns him of what s to come, but the redheaded man don't skeer worth a cent. He ties the calf and spits on his hands a discreams for both of us to come down to once,? says the Detroit

· You gave him half the road?"

asked the other " our. I wanted to but Rill be eavs to me, says he Dad, you hold the lines and I'll git down and gin that cuss one bat on the nose and put him to sleep fur two hours.' i dian't want lift to do it, but he was ment; for when it seems a sure thing sot, and down he went. He off with and the people of the city of Piura in his hat and gin a yell and bore down

And put him to sleep "Noap He never closed an eye to "The river has gone back." This, sleep When bill lighted on him however, will last but a few days. suthin happened to bill. He stopped Again it comes and we hear in Piurs all of a sudden and laid down, and that "The river is but a league away when he got up again he was as you see and the people leave the city to meet aim, but I didn't accept. He had

Bill woke up " "What did Hill say " asked the "Nawthin, that I heared. Bill.

"Num." replied bill with a solemn "And you d dn't say a ythin' fur

the next two mile, did you." "Num" "And then all you said was to ask

"That's all, as fur as I can remember," continued the father, 'and now if you'll sorter look out for my hay. I'll lead I ill to a doctor, and see dista we farther up you will find a re- whether he's mortally injured or only speciable stream, where the boys and crippled ut life ome on 1 ill. dogs ran into it and lie down an! You hain't bin sayin' a word since revel, and in a little time can swim. It | you was struck, and all you've got to do now is to step high and lean or

| dadd .'s arm."

He was in love with the girl and wanted to marry her, but he was cautious and didn't believe in the pollcy of putting all his fortunes to the touch, and then getting knocked

In other words, he didn't want to ask for what he wanted unless he saw some sign of its being in the shor, says the Detroit Free liress. It's a wise thing to do, too, as some men have found out after they have asked. "I'd like to know just what you

think of ne," he said tentatively. "Why?" she inquired with a rip pling tittle laugh. O"Because it would help me in my business."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "That's all right," he hastened to assure her. "I mean business." "Really?" she twittered. "Indeed I do."

"What is your business?" "To marry you if I can." She was sitting in the window and ne stood about four feet from her. the got up and looke I him square in the face w th a flash in her eye.

"what do you expect me to do to help

w nt you to mee, a e half way." "Would that be of any assistance?" she asked wearily.
"I'd ask you on the spot," he responded with a great confidence. "Well," she said, measuring the distance between them with her eye. "I am to baif-way girl, I'd have you know, sir." and as his heart hope went down with a dull thud she

cleared the intervening space and lift Timely Advice.

An Rem coming from Seventh Day Adventist sources says, . Pay your debts and prepare for the tooting of Gabriel's horn," and this moves the East Oregonian to remark that: "It seems to us that if that horn is going to toot it would be effort and time wasted to pay one's debts. However, the advice, 'Pay your debts,' ?s timely, whether the born toots or not; particula ly if it does not toot" -Tacoma Union.

silk, so the cotton of Peru is almost -The crows of Carlon are protected by the people h cau e they purify the ing. The colored cottons permit the atmosphere y a tin : as scavengers,