"You are not going alone?"

the pale of a whirlwind, away flew Miss Geraldine Campbell of Inc.

ength and breadth of Argyll.

the deserted drawing room.

marew, the greatest heiress in the

Mrs. Cam bell stood still for a mo-

"She is only fifteen," she murmured,

iteen and there are yet three full ears before she need be presented to

the world. But what if she goes on as she is doing now? No, she will not,

she must not. No, we shall see a

change ere then. She will tone down.

it off well, still her figure is that of a child—a fine, growing child. She will

large - but waists are large at her age. I wonder if I am partial, but it seems

o me the child needs nothing that

make herself such a guy-but, how-ever, I suppose she will meet nobody,

from themselves s surely I may be

rusted with my grandchild. Char

otte was jealous, and always was; and

Maria would like to have had poor

Diarmid's daughter to bring up her

self. And really, considering that

was both at le and wil ing to undertake

the charge, she need not have wished

to see me laid on the shelf quite so

And the old lady drew herself up

and bridled, although she was alone

She was not really old, being only a little over 60, and was still handsome

cheerful, humorous, overflowing with

energy and with an acklowledged zest

for neighborly intercourse, pleasant

ner parties. Above all, however, did she affect the London season on the

lowery, showery May days, when the

luster is yet upon it; when the a aleas

and hyacints in the parks are still more

brilliant than the many-tinted throngs

around them; when the shop windows

are gayest and the roar of wheels is

alleys in the background put out rieir

world admired, honored and perchance

envied, which made her every now

and then discontented with the hum.

ole pleasures and modest aspirations of

For Jerry hated the very idea of London. She had never been there-

vowed she never would go there.

What did she want with a dirty,

smoky old town, with nothing but rows of houses, shricking underground

trains, rattling omnibuses, and every

kind of horror? Oh, she knew -she had heard about

could remember how, as a child, she

had been used to see the men-servante

and maid-servants in high glee when

the time came for going into Edinbur for the winter, and how she had been

by them instructed that it was very sil

ly and naughty for her not to be glad, too. when she ought to be thankful and

proud that her pa-a had a fine house

n Moray Place to take her to, instead

having, as many papas had, to stop

all the year round in the nasty, cold wet Highlands, where there was no

one to be seen, and not a shop nor a kirk to be reached, once the weather

turned bad.
That was what the stupid maids had

said, when all they wanted was to get to Edinburg to see their stupid sweet-

She knew better. It had been noth

ing but "yo: must do this," and "you must not do that," from the moment

she had arrived at Moray Flace. She

had not been allowed to stir outside

the doors, be the day ever so fine, un-

til Katie had been free to attend her; she had not been allowed to give her

lessons; no dairy, no poultry-yard to

her darling.

hearts.

scenes, summer galas, and winter din

and no one could have the benefit.

soon.

ften, grow less wild and careless, im-

in a tone little resembling that in

which the "great girl of fifteen" had been exhorted to better ways. "Only

ment ere she turned and re-entered

Editor and Proprietor.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA.. WEDNESDAY. NOVEMBER 28, 1894.

NO. 50.



JEERY. *But, then, your old endear ng ways, What study e'er could catch them? Your pretty gestures, endless plays, What canvas e'er could n atch them? Your lively leap of merriment, Your murmur of petition, Your serious silence or come Your laugh of recognition. ous silence of content,

Here were a puzzling toil indeed
For art's most fine creations,
Graw on, sweet buby; we will need
To note your transformations.
Escenter, when revolving years
Have made you tall, and twenty,
And brought you blended hopes and fears, nd brought you blended hopes and And sights, and slaves, in plenty."

CHAPTER L. THE HEIRESS AT FIFTEEN.

"No, really, Jerry, I cannot have it. No. my dear child, you really are-this really is more than I can put up with. I have overlooked a great deal, for, of course, this is an out of-the-way place, and dress is not of much consequence here; but you seem to have no conscience in the matter. And really, tor a great girl of fitteen to be going about such a figure - why, who, seeing you to-day, would ever dream of taking you for a young gentlewoman? They would take you or a fisherman's daugtter-nay, or the fisherman himself. I should not be in the least surprised if anybody meeting you going about as you are now were to take you for one of the fishermen of the village!"

The suggestion was, sooth to say, not Jerry"-a fond granddame's abbreviation for the more elegant "Geraldine"-had, for convenience sake, inserted her brisk, healthy young person into an ancient yellow ollskin fishing coat, which completely covered round her ears, was lost beneath the shade of one of those scafaring glated caps known as "sou'we ters," whose long fan wo ld obviously ward off the severest wetting.

werest wetting.
With bare hands plunged deeply in rooms, and spends her life in the fresh quee for none but these would have pleased his present customer |- the daughter of an ancient house and sole heiress o a large estate, presented an appearance which, it must frankly be confessed, was liable to confuse the mind of any ordinary beholder. "It really is too much, quite too

murmured Geraldine's grand- and the ervants must be accustome mother, in the piteous ac ents of weak di-approval, common to those who have long since found their tyrants. I really ought not to allow it; I kn w I ought not. Jerry's eyes twinkled.

"Whoever sees you." began the old lady again but time was passing, and It was necessary this should be put a

Who is there to see me?" cried the defaulter merrily. "I say who?' and Echo answers 'who?' Now, my dear granny, you had best say 'who,' yourself, and let me o I, there's a dear. "How can you tell whom you may

"But I never do meet any one." "That's not to say you never may. And for you, a young lady, my granddaughter, to be marching all over the

"Oh, dear, I never thought of march Not but what I could march finely in this nice, comfortable coat, shaking herself anew into it. "ou there's th's difficulty, that there's no road where I am go ng, and one can hardly march through peal-bog and birchen-wood. Oh, we are only going to fish the burn, and I never meant to be seen at all, not even by you, granny. I had been going to slip out by the side door, and scuttle along by the garden wall, only that I had left my rod and line in the window here. and you were such a tiresome, mischie ous old granny, that you popped was a shabby thing to do, dear, it was indeed " and the sou wester wagged turning to take her part in it, which, from side to side research to the source of from side to side reproachfully.

"You madcapthing!" "Oh, madcap thing," quoth Jerry. philosophically. "you often call me that, you know. And if these clother keep me from getting wet -"Clothes! my dear child, call things

by their right names. This sailcloth and oil skin -Well, this sailcloth and oilskin. It it keeps me from getting a cold and

sore throat -"Oh, if you must go out in the rain,

it is certainly better not to run the risk of getting a cold and sore throat. But it is really high time for you to give up this sort of th ng, Jerry. A young lady like you --- " it all. It was all very fine for granny to smile. She always knew that "grown-ups" liked towns, and she

Ought to be sitting perked up on the great drawing-room sofa, winding skeins of worsted, or scribbling over var's of music paper," cried with indignant contempt. "No, thank you, dear, not as long as I can help it. And I do not believe you will ever turn me into a young lady of that sort even if I should live to be a hundred, or a thousand," added she, still more ener-getically. "As if I could sit down and getically. "As if I could sit down and vawn beside the tre in that great hot lrawing room this glorious afternoon, when the waterfalls are crashing over the rocks, and the big trout below will be all on the alert, and it is but throwing a line to have them bouncing after Oh. I couldn't do it, I really could not do it, if I tried ever so. And what's more, you would be sorry for me it I did, Madam Granny; and ther know how it would be, you would re lent just too late, and never, never never forg ve yourself for the crueits of it. So there kiss and be friends and don't keep me one other single second, there's a dear, good, kind

granny.' "You will not go lar, dear child "lar? ot 1. I have no need to go r. Cannot you lear them? Why, dog a run without putting on hat gloves, and even boots. There had been no rushing round stables, and kennels, and gardens in the dusk after the fal's have been roaring ever since noon, with the spate from the hills in the night; but it was no use fis ring till they had gone down a little: they will ust in trim now-at least the pool

"Those deep pools"

"Il take care - I will indeed, dear,"
touched by the sigh which, who le it betokened the close of the contest, also a pealed to the generosity of the con ueror. "You don't know how t mamma wishes to see you in the draw-

ing room: she has ladies with her." And, of course, nothing had been worse

Now at Inchmarew there was always something to do or to see-new pup-pies, or chickens, or something. And there was the shore; and on the shore there was always something. And

there was her pony.
But Geraldine was not prone to dwell men the pony, for in her heart of hearts the young horsewoman was aware that if the truth was out, her "Founded goes with me, of course."
"Weil, Donald is something," conceded her a randmother ruefully. She could not say "somebody," for she could her diy recognize a person in the could her diy recognize to the right or the left as the country of the right or the left as the turning to the right or the left as the who was Geraldine's self-constituted at-tendant out of doors; but she could al-would ill bear comparison with the

bang went the huge oak door, as with the joyous whoop of a school-boy, and the pace of a whirlwind, away flew Bit by bit granny had yielded on almost every contested point, until at last it had come about that even the spoilt child herself was fain to be genrous, and at times ashamed. Geraldine had a finer nature than had ever yet been manifested.

One circumstance, it must be added. had strengthened the young girl's cause when pleading to be allowed to remain in her Highland fastness undisturbed and unmolested, and this was the assurance privately received by Mrs. Cambell that a few years' retire-ment would enable the horses to take her place in the world more fittingly when the time came for doing so, than if the money were to be frittered away in town houses, expensive journeys, and the like, beforehand.

prove in shape. At present she is all arms and legs, and though she carries Now, of all things, as we have said, he fond grandmother desired so see her darling a great lady, and a great lady fulfilling all the duties and oblibe tall presently, every few months there is a difference. Her waist is too gations of her high estate. That Ger-aldine should be good as well as great she sincerely wished and devoutly prayed; but she desired both.

It was, to her mind, fitting and seem-ly that a Campbell of Inchmarew time will not bestow upon her. Such complexion-such a color! Fairness it-self, without a trace of freekle or sunevery feminine garment underneat i. self, without a trace of freekle or sun-and the collar of which, standing up burn, though she runs in and out hatless half the time. But this moist climate is certainly a charming cosa Highland chief, with her head full climate is certainly a charming cos-metic; and Geraldine is right, little as she thinks or cares a out it, when she eschews the house, and the warm greater Highlander of the two.

with bare hands plunged deeply in capacious pockets, and a pair o the stoutest boots which the village bootmaker a man accustomed to make for shape and carriage, not one of her shape and carriage, not one of her states. cousins, with all their gymnasiums and riding masters, can show such a straight back and open chest, and gends, customs, and traditions of the house. She had felt herself lairly walk with such an elastic step. as my Geraldine. After ner own fashion, my child is grace itself; and if only she

would not overdo it, and would not ing, roving chieftainhood ought to to her ways by this time—and she is a dear child, and would obey me if I serihave possessed and never had pos-sessed, came surging up to light through the blue veins of a fair girl, ously desired her to do anything, so why should I thwart her in a tiffe? After all, I need not mind what her aunts say. My own daughters! I brought them up without any help and was not to be repressed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

III-Advised. In dealing with royalty it is neces ary to have "a pretty reason" ready for any awkward situation; for kings and queens can never be made re-

sponsible for failure. When Victoria was a very young overeign, she sat down, one day, to play chess with the Queen of Heigium. she had never played before, and Lord Melbourne with Lord Palmerston stood behind her chair and ad-

vised her. Later, Lord John Hobbouse took their place, and became somewhat confused by the difficulties of the situation. A good deal of misunderstanding was occasioned by the fact of having queens on the board and

two queens at the table. Moreover, Victoria was constantly asking, "What must I do?" so that the adviser felt incapable of making a well-considered decision.

oudest, and even the dinglest, dustlest He lost the game, but next night the Queen, undiscouraged, played ittle flower-pots and make a feint of enjoying life. It was the thought of all again. When Sir John entered the room, she ran up to him, laugh ng, and exclaiming:

"I've won! How did 1 happen to ionly found vest in remonstrances such ose vesterday?" as those with which our chapter opens; This was a poser. Could the it was the determination that in ductime the heiress should be by all the courtier reply, "Because your Majesty

had not learned the game?" By no means.

with the demand. Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou bast; there is a hand above will help thee on.

Many men's thoughts are not acorns, but merely pebbles. Just the moment a man thinks he is strictly in it, :ome one "s ights" him

You will miss it if you undertake to neasure a mau's religion by the length There is a divinity within us who breathes that divine fire by which we

are animated. To-morrows may be long coming, but keep coming. Time is a mill, to-morrows are but the dust of ts grindings.

Nobody knows what love 1', and some people wreck their lives trying to find Be your character what it will, it

will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word. Life, I repeat, is energy of love divine or human, exercised in pain, in strife and tribulation. Men are generally more careful of the

breed of their horses and dogs than of their children. Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

selves of a single fault.

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

DAY SERMON.

SUBJECT: "Home Again."

Text "Dring biblion the fatted calf and In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year cur table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated leading to the peace of the strength of the peace of the peace of the strength of th

who was Geraidine's self-constituted attendant out of doors; but she could allow that the presence of a carlike creature, with eyes to dart, and long supple arms to catch, and a high yelling voice to shout, was at best better than absolute 10 itude. "Lonald is something," she said, "why is he not here" "

"He is here. He has been waiting for me down at the white bringe 10 or ages and ages. He must think 1 am never coming. Oh, Donald and i will be all right, never you tear, and we shall bring you in such a basket of beauties—and see, thera a has stopped, and there is the blue sky overhea!— and look, look, such a glorious stream of light has broken outover the water! Of light has broken outover the water. Of light has broken outover the water, of light has broken outover the water. Of light has broken outover the water, of light has broken outover the water. Of light has broken outover the water, of ligh table, and says grace, and thanks Go I that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! One brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great alo about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good. Nothing is good enough." There sits the Nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift, Music, He was dead, and he is alive again! He was lost, and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God.

to God First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestered is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who, in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigatity, and I came to say so."

You have seen perhaps a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of that restand and how great was the gies of the released and is alive again? At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of this one flute as compared with all the or-

joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen perhaps a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had parloned him and how great was the gies of that res-cued man! But it is a very tame thing that cuest man! But it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's ever-lasting life—the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the pli-grim put his fingers in his ears and ran, cry-ing, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car acquired the Gaelle tongue, and knew nothing and cared less about the legends, customs, and traditions of the house. She had felt herself lairly checkmated, and it had cost her many a pang.

And now, behold! just when it was not wanted, and could well have been discensed with, all the wild blood that these two very tame specimens of ranting, roving chieftainhood ought to the control of the fatted eaff. It is jubilee, You know of the fatted eaff. It is jubilee, You know the fatted eaff. driver, after having had to struggle to supof the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. If is compared in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water— to the morning, roseate, fire worked, moun-tain transflured morning. I wish I could tain transicured morning. I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land, and cry:

"Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty, Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!" gladness of the Christian service!"
You have seen sometimes a man to a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience.
He rose in the presence of two churches—
the church on earth and the church in the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said, "Now, this is my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushonly last night the love of Jesus came rush-

only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: "Stop, Lord; it is enough! Stop Lord—enough!" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion! Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are induiging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world—into the raptures of the gospel. The world—enough satisfy you, you have found world cannot satisfy you; you have foun t out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle, Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world. Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry IL consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man

had such bad advisers!"

ALTHOUGH England's farme s make a specialty of choice mutton sheen and Australia also supplies the London market with frozen meat, yet the prices for good mutton keep pace with the demand.

the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "Go1 Save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "Go1 Save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Chris-tian soldier, lying there a-dying under the

starlight, began to sing : There is a land of pure delight. And when we came to the next line there were scores of voices united:

Where saints immortal reign. The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded until it was said that there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they cam s to the

There everissing spring abides And never withering flowers. Death, like a narrow stream, divides That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and is a great religion to die by. one heart throb between you and that relig-ion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some

and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know it—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went borth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel awept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamoned hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that cri-

of State should gather in angry contest, an I worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she aross all stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in svery history. If some of you would rise from the hed of letharsy and come out of from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of

But I notice that when the proligal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet bim with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate prolamed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. Gol is your father.

father's love and a father's joy. Gol is your father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, asthough He were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the ery of His subjects. A man told me heaw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two eastern lands a king rilling a ont, and two men were in an alterention, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ab, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a father-kind, loving, forgiving-and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure." He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the col-or, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surround-ings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, His Joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an hack there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wifer than all witth, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirls, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

that one flute as compared with all the or-chestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in ag-gravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train—its arrival, the step-ping out of the passengers, and then the de-

watching the departure.

At night there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. Go I has been watching and waiting for some of you, been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, waiting, waiting, watching, and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will, you will you will, you will, you will you

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of re-ligion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardsnips of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil hat it emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When, hough it were my own emancipation. When in our Communion service, such throngs in our Communion service, such throngs or young and old stood up at the altars and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth."

Have not ministers a right to relocate

Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodical comes nome? They bleat the trumpet, and ought they not to be gla-of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to re-joice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they

"All things are now ready." Ought they not rejoice when the profigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toll is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the duliness of the sermon, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fir-in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American elergymen—never ac cepting their hospitality because they can-not afford it—but I have seen them strucgie on with salaries of \$500 and \$600 a year, the average less than that, their struggle wei depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your inst remittance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes

children wore their summer clothes."

And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable, some of them week after week entertaining agens who have maps to sell and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyances, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is hear life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's bouse.

We are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest, but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men

pared with the satisfaction of seeing me enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God! I have son twenty of them. Thank God, thank God! I notice also when the proligal comes nack all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on a promontory, and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lift-boats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are toosed on the ocean of their sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

When prodigals come home, just hear
those Christians sing! It is not a duil tune
you hear at such times. Just hear those
Christians pray! It is not asierrolyped supplication we have heard over and over for
twenty years, but a putting of the case in the
hands of God with an importunate pleading,
Men never pray at great length unless they
have nothing to say, and their hearts are
hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible

that were answered were short prayer.
"God be mereiful to me, a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight."
"Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a normal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how filumined they are. And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled in prison in time of persecution, and one or

saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation. He saw it in a win-low. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison, house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it, and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God to-day, I think some of you would find nearly a your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which com munon—lathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord!
Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard! One on earth, one in heaven.

Once more I remark that when the procligal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep jestival. I am yeary certain of it. If

igni gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a te legraphic chart, you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Noty all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulate, and news files from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God.

and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God.

And if these souls to-day should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say, "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my daughter," "That's my triend," "That's the one I used to pray for, "That's, the one for when I want so many "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelulah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ. Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Luculius sat Clero, the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip, the conqueror. At the Gredan banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned profilour Father's table sit all the returned prodi-gals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of the earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of Gol's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the arms is from the books of 10,000 seas. in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sucragleaming chalies drink to the return of a thousand products. Since, since, since, "Worthy is the Lamb that was shall to re-ceive bleesing and siches and beaut and glory and power, world without en Il"

TH: TWO BOYS.

Things Were Evidently Not "Evened Un-Between Them.

A lady accompanied by her son, a ad of about 12 years, was riding in a street car up-town the other day. The young gentleman had on what was evidently his first suit of 'grown-up' clothes. His shirt, collar, tie, and scarf pin were immaculate. His suit was evidently made by a good tailor, and his fault ess kid gloves were of the latest shade. He was well pleased with himself and his

mamma was well i 'cased with him. At Forty-second treet a newsboy came on the cars carrying his evening papers. He was rather more wretched ooking than the average newsboy. His attire consisted solely of a very ragged shirt and an equally ragged pair of trousers, which were held on by a strip of dirty cotton cloth which served for a suspender. He was hat less and shoeless. The most remark able thing about this newsboy was that his face and hands were clean. The boy in the good clothes bought : paper. He immediately began to read it as the men do while he abently held out his gloved hand for

he change. While the newsboy counted the pennies into the paim of the new kid glove he looked his customer over, not contemptuously, as one might imagine, but rather wistfully. Then he walked slowly out of the car, look ing back over his shoulder at the well-dressed boy.

A change of horses was being made, and the newsboy stopped outside, of his window with his papers under his rms and his hands in his pockets, still looking at the boy in the derby hat The wistful expression deepened and grew. One could read upon his face what he was thinking, and a gentleman who had watched the little incident still with a sigh as the car started out:

"Things don't seemed to be well evened up in this world," and everybody seemed to understand er cept the boy, who was still looking at his paper, and his mother, who was fendly gazing. - New York

"No. it cannot be," said the Bos ton girl coldly to the cager suitor who had pleaded passionately for her effection. "There is no common bond of interest between us " "Yeu not without hope, "hat we are both Mue stockings "-Exchange.

Science will probably find a way to atilize in our homes the central heat of he earth.

Peanut oil is a valuable ingredient of oap. Some people aim so high that their

arrows cut nothing but the air. We ought to think like great minds and speak like the common people. It is but a poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk. The world is all up hill when we would do; all down hill when we suffer.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance

-t is infirmity of will.

woodsman's Death. Destruction is the consequence, nev-There died a few days ago in the er the object, of a great mind. Most men, until by losing rendered sager, will back their opinions by s

IIS ARMED CAP-A-PIE

WHAT THE UP-TO-DATE FOOT BALL PLAYER HAS TO WEAR.

ears, Nose, Eyes, Limbs and Trunk Mus Be Protected with Rubber, Silk, Cotton and Steel-Player Looks Like a Burlesque Kuight in Armor.

Ingenious Inventions. When several years ago the acounts of Rugby football matches becolleges began to earn a

umns alongside of railists of the country made athletic young men who ADY TO KICK down, was the best reseived of many suggestions. A lay perts visited his well and p onounced fgure on exhibition in the window of a Chicago sporting and attietic finest quality. Evans, utilizing his goods establishment has, according to mistaken by many people for a caricature. In fact the formidable-look.

dealers

ing dummy disp'avs nothing that is not in the regular stock of n this line of goods. The most striking feature of the sulpment is the "head gear," or "head harness. It the result of an evolution. First, plece, which gives the intensely ex-

cited player some-

thing to clinch his teeth on, and there-AN EAR MEFF by prevent the breaking of the same by some sudden shock, was invented. Then the nose-mask was designed by some one to protect a nasal bone already fractured from further injury. Now it is to come into general use as a prevent ve of fi st injury. Then came the padded guards for the ears, which seemed to suller a good deal in

protectors made of canvas and whalevas knickerbockers (now adopted by baseball tossers) and PROBOSCIS PRO-abdomen an ingen-

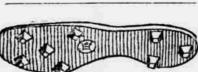
TECTOR fous arrangement of wire, cotton and chamols skin was more than four miles from the spot pro uced to fill a long-felt want, and where he met his fate be ause "Dad a ready cale was found for elastic caps and supporters for shoulders, elbows, forearms, kneecaps, ankles and wrists. An aspiring athlete c'ad in all of these extraneous adjuncts to the football player's outfit would be

safe from injury by anything short of a railroad collision. The nose masks have been worr more numerously each season. The elaborate headgear will be gratly in evidence during this season. It is made of light watch-spring steel, leather

straps with lamb's wool AN ABDOMINAL SHIELD facings and vulcanized rubber. In general appearance it resembles the broken neck. A wide band of leather. with the lambskin next to the flesh passes across the forehead to the rear f the head. A center strap, simiwide padded straps, which encompass the ears in horseshoe shape and extend well forward to the cheeks.

The rubber nose mask, a stiff affair xtanding over the mouth and to the chin line, is attached to the forehead

A SHIN SAVER. might easily be mistaken for a crew of submarine divers or for a band of gnomes escaped from | not a fool. Christmas pantomime. The eyes



THE FOOT-BALL SHOR

wool gog rles, and a mere patch of the cheeks is presented to view. Yet it is questionable whether this harness in its very construction is not after all a temptation for a good, safe forget," said the Yale football man, | grasp by an adversary, with the subsequent churning of the head of the wearer until the surrounding turf will look as if pigs had been rooting there for potatoes. The gearing looks odd just now, but se did base-ball catchers' masks and body-shields when first introduced. The ploneers were unmercifully guyed. To-day a ca tious club manager will not pemit his players to dispense with the parroyed safeguards. On the football field the headgearing will only be worn by the "tacklers" and "rush

"DAD'S STRUCK ILE."

ars." for obvious reasons.

Famous Expression Recalled by a Back

back woods of Venango County a man through whom something over thirty years ago a catch phrase was added to the vocabulary of the day. which became the text for humorists,

His name was Leander Jenkins He lived near Franklin, Pa., in the early years of the oll excitement, and was a sort of man of all work. A blacksmith named Evans lived on French Creek, and he had a plump and rosy daughter named Susie. Jenkins fell in love with Susie and she with him and they became engaged to be

At that time large oil wells were

married.

being struck on Oil Creek, some miles at ove Franklin, and everybody's head was full of the matter. There was a well of water in Blacksmith Evans' yard, and one day, during the early oil excitement, the water in it was found to be strongly impregnated ween the teams of rival American with petroleum. The blacksmith at once made up his mind that there place in the news col- was off on his property and concluded to drill a well. An engine to do the roal wrecks and boiler drilling was out of the question, an i explosions the cartoon- he attach d h s drill to the end of a spring pole and started in ts "kick" merry with the mechan- the well down. Evans worked at his ical appliances designed well only when he was not busy in his to protect from sudden shop. If the e was a mule to be and violent death the | shod, he dropped his drill and earne t his 25 cents a shoe by shoeing the sought fame on the grid- mule. In that way he worked at his iron. A reproduction of well for several months, until at the a knight of old, clad in depth of seventy-three feet he struck steel and with visor oil. The oil wasn't at all like the oil they were finding on Oil Creek. Exits product lubricating oil of the spring pole as a pumping engine, newspaper of that city, ben kicked twenty barrels of oil a day from his well, and it sold at \$30 a barrel. The demand for it was so great that the supply could not keep up with it. Then Evans deepened his well a little, and it responded with a vield of 200 barrels a day. An offer of \$500,000 in cash for one-ha f interest in the well was made to him, but he refused it. On the Saturday of one week, by hard work, he made 85 in his blacksmith shop. Two weeks later Evans' income was \$6,000 a day. It was en the second day after the blacksmith's well began to yield its twenty barrels that Leander Jenkins went to make his weekly call on Susie. He was elated, but Susie m & him coldly.

"Lee," said she, "you'll have to git I don't want you.

"How so, Suste?" said Leander. "'Cause dad's struck fle." And "Lee" had to "get." Fuses pat remark soon spread all through the region and all over the country. and it was the popular phrase long the rushes. But previous to this shin after the early oil excitement had died away. Evans made an immen of bone had been added fortune out of his well, but lost it to the quilted can- nearly all, like hosts of others, in subsequent speculations in oil. Susion was only 16, and her father sent he away to be educated. She returned the tightly laced home in three years, a beautiful and canvas jacket. For accomplished girl, and is now the the protection of the wife of a rich ranchman in New Mexico. And Leander Jenkins died the other day, a backwoods teamster, not had struck ile."

Anecdotes of Bismarck. Bismarck was a student at Gottinger in 1832 and 1833, where his skill in fence won for him the surname "Achilles the invulnerable." In three terms he fought twenty duels and :eceived only a single wound, of which the scar on his lower law near the Ho is still perceptible; but as this was caused by his adversary's blade flying from the hilt, it was contrary to the code, so that his reputation for invui nerability remained technically unimpaired. Indeed, the university authorities forbade him to fight certain projected duels, on pain of expulsion; and a month later he was sentenced to three days' incarceration for a like offense. His first due! was with an Englishman, who had spoken harness worn several years ago by a in derision of the many petty states lime museum freak—the man with a of Germany. With an American student he made a bet that Germany would be politically united in twenty years. The wager was twenty-five bottles of champagne, to be drunk in arly constructed, passes tack of the the country of the winner. After head. From the encircling band are the lapse of this score of years, in 1853, Bismarck was preparing to cross the sea in order to pay the bet. when he learned that the American had died, and adds: "The name he bore did not presage a long life-

strap and the cheek pieces. Four little slots in its widest part permit breathing. The whole harness is held securely in place by elastic bands under the chin and at the back of the head and neck by elastic bands and buckles.

A team equipped with these unbeautiful arrangements might easily be mismeans feed them-and her defense shows that though a fanatic she was

"The cows," she said, drawing a peer so emply through the lamb's nice metaphysical distinction that would have done honor to a casuist --"the cows canna milk themsels, so to milk them is a clear work o' necessity an' mercy; but let them oot to the fields an' they'll feed themsels, I'll -arrant."

> Some Mistake. Patient-1 want to thank you for that last prescription you gave me, It was wonderful. It cured me in

two days. Doctor (suspiciously)-Whe e did you get it filled?-New York World. A Summary.

five in Mars?" said the philosophical g rl. "They're out of sight," replied the slangful and confident young man. - Washington Star.

"I wonder what kind of people

No Danger. Doctor-In order to effect a cure you will have to undergo a surgical operation. Patient-Is it really dangerous? Doctor-No danger; you will recover, without a doubt. Patient-But I have understood in an operation of that character only one recovers in every 10,000. Doctor-I know, but 9,999 have already died:

you are the 10,000th one, you will surely re over. -Truth. Acting on Her Bellef.

"Do you believe in the emancipa tion of woman?" demanded a Boston dame of a western woman. "Yes, indeed," rep ied the latter. "I've been divorced five times already .-Judge.