Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLVIX MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895. NO. 5.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIECE OF WHITE HEATHER.

"For whom should I the garland make?
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake?"

But Jerry, as before, found nothing amiss.

She went to bed that night with the foolish whisper tingling in her ears and buzzing through her little head. She mentally resolved to see that piece of heliotrope—it was sure to be lying somewhere about Bellenden's room in the morning—and keep it to ever for his sake. She sat and gazed into the depths of the quaint old mirror, now at last appreciated, the while she twisted up the golden curls and hung them this way and that way about her fair forehead: by many a device she sought to catch glimpses here and there of nose and chin and mouth, wondering and seeking to divine of what account they were, those all unknown, unexplored possessions of hers in his eyes? Did he think her pretty? Would he have liked her to be prettier or taller? Would he have thought more of her had she been as tall as Ethel or Alicia? Would he have said those same pleasant things he was forever saying to her?

And the vain little heart counted over one by one her treasures as she yet longed for more, and the little white-robed figure grew cold and chilly as she sat there, a small spot in the great, dim bedroom, thinking and thinking, and never a bit the wiser of it.

She had softly got out of the bed and relit her candle after the maid had left, and it was long ere the faint light it shed was finally extinguished; but at length the show was over, and in she crept again beneath the silken coverlet, courting sleep, to find that he had taken to himself wings and fled, only to return by its aid and scatter her poor little hot, fever-ish pillow.

The following morning Cecil and his friend were to be off to the moor at break of or nearly at break of day, and Jerry had been told that her "good-night" to them might stand for her "good-morning" also, since they would be miles away among the heather, ere her eyes had unclosed next day.

But could she sleep? While all the air was going on, while dogs were barking and keepers shouting, and the breakfast bustling along the passages, the whole place was astir agog without and within. Was it likely?

It would be legend enough in her grandmother's mind that she had been aroused by all the noise and commotion, and that once thoroughly awakened, she could not help getting up and coming down to preside at the breakfast-table. Neither the granny nor Cecil could scold, once the thing were done—though the artful little minx had the wit to keep her own counsel beforehand—and accordingly, when daylight began to spread across the heavens, and long, long before she had been thinking about it, up she rose, stealthily bathed her burning cheeks, on tiptoe performed her hasty toilet, and hushed even her gentlest movements if a step went by, less per chance they should betray her. It would have been terrible to have been found out with her purpose unachieved.

The breakfast was to be on the table at seven o'clock, and by 6 Jerry was fully dressed and all impatience, so that a weary half hour had to be dragged through by her poor little fasting frame and tumultuous spirit first.

She sat down to wait by the open window.

It was a heavenly morning, warm even at that early hour, and breathlessly still. Not a ripple stirred the glassy waters of the loch beneath, nor moved the few white fleecy cloudlets which were scarcely visible, hung high in the blue expanse overhead.

The tide was at its lowest, and flocks of sea-birds crowded the sandy bays and reed-lands, wading, feeding, and chattering.

A herring "scow" was hanging out its brown sail to dry close to the shore, yet not so close but that its long, straight shadow lay upon the motionless water beneath. A wreath of blue smoke arising from the deck, was also mirrored in the water, showing that others were astir as well as the inmates of the castle hard by, and presently the little watcher from her turret could perceive the fishermen themselves upon the deck, busy in preparations for the day's work.

How she wished that she and Bellenden and Cecil had been going about in the little vessel, going to sail away and away on the blue water, when the incoming tide should raise breeze enough to waft her on her course, and when they could hang over the side, by-and-by, drawing in the shy cod, or the silvery whiting, or whatever came first. Cecil had promised that she should go with them the very first night he took his friend out, but it could not be that night, she knew, and now that the shooting had begun in real earnest—and there had been a great deal of talking about it the evening before, and arrangements for shooting this ground and that ground, which betoken every day being filled up, even though Capt. Bellenden had under pressure extended the proposed length of his stay from two to four or five days—now that all this was in store, who could say when a spare night would be found or the whiting bank?

The fine weather had evidently set in, when Cecil would certainly prefer shooting to sea-fishing, and shooting meant being out very late, and returning home very tired, and quite disinclined to stir a foot outside again. On a great deal of the Inchmarew moor lay a distance from the castle, and moreover, like most Aberdeenshire moors there was a considerable area to be traversed if anything like good sport were to be obtained. Young Raymond was often so weary at the close of the day as to be fit for nothing but his bed after supper. Supper would be somewhere between 8 and 10 o'clock, and was not called or thought of as a dinner, as at some places. Mrs. Campbell, if alone, would have had her dinner at its usual time, and Cecil would sup by himself when he came in, but if he had others with him, the old lady would join the party for the sake of sociability, and turn the whole into a merry meal, though she would not allow a succession of courses at that hour, and still adhered to the old-fashioned, homely name in word as well as in deed.

Now by half-past 9 o'clock Jerry ought to be safe and sound tucked up within her little bed: her hour for leaving the drawing-room was 9, and she was allowed half an hour for undressing—and never but on that one occasion of the billiard match had the evening summons been allowed to pass unheeded. Something in her grandmother's look had sent the little girl quietly off the night before. Jerry, we have said, was a child of quick perceptions, and without a word having been said, she understood perfectly that granny was not entirely pleased about something or other, and that it would be wiser not to risk any advances just then. Her conscience was just shaky enough to give rise to an unwonted timidity with both granny and Cecil, and she was inclined to be conciliatory and deferential, and everything that she could wish, in the hope of being kept in favor.

But oh! this supper. She had heard the order given, and the hour named, and ever since what tortures of anxiety had been hers! To say anything about the matter beforehand would be most certainly to spoil all, since on some points her grandmother could make a stand even against herself, and Jerry's bed-time had been one of those points on which the old lady had, with the single exceptions above narrated, been inexible. Jerry had weakly, as she now considered, given in about it at the first—the truth being that she had not cared about the matter, since evenings alone with granny had not been amusing enough to excite an effort, and neither had Cecil's friends, when they had been present, done much towards public environment. They had usually remained in the dining-room, or gone off to the smoking-room, even if they had returned tolerably early from the moor—and on other days she had not seen them at all. Then granny's visitors had been wont to sit solemnly round, and yawn, or play the piano, and talk in whispers. There had been no games, no fun, no anything. Even granny herself, who was a bit too old for these, had owned she got on better with young folks than with her own contemporaries.

It was not then to be supposed that they could be of any sort of value to the 14 or 15-year-old little girl, and she had never experienced either hopes or fears connected with them.

Captain Bellenden was, oh! how different. He had talked to her, told her stories, asked her all about herself and her likings and dislikings, and confided about himself and his likings and dislikings. She had got to know a great deal about him, and felt as if he had taken pains to know about her. They had had a long ramble during the previous afternoon, and she had shown him her gardens, her grounds, her stables, and kennels, her home farm and dairy, and several of her favorite haunts. He had seemed to care to see them all, and to hear about them all. He had seemed to like everything about Inchmarew, and presently he had produced a little sketch which he had taken of the castle turret from a point high up on the Kincraig moor, and which he had thought it would please its little mistress to possess. Her surprise and gratitude had touched him, and, in presenting it, he had allowed himself to say another of those pretty sayings which he would only have ventured on with such a child.

Here, we may just remark, for the enlightenment of our readers, that Bellenden was not a flirting man, and, curiously enough, had never been in love in his life. Perhaps the world had opened its arms too wide to him—it does sometimes.

But here was a pleasant little plaything, with whom he might be as pleasant as he chose in return, and he had had no fears, and meant no harm. He had, moreover, found Jerry's companionship so preferable to that of the Kincraig party, none of whom were of his set, or knew his haunts, or could talk his talk, that he had been ready to make still more of her than he might have done otherwise, and had, in consequence, wrought infinitely more damage.

She was now full of him, cared only for his notice, burned only to be in his presence.

Well, she had secured the breakfast time anyway and more, had secured it for herself. Granny absent, Bellenden would have no one to claim his attention but herself (for he did not greatly favor Cecil when others were by), besides which, Cecil would be sure to be pretty fully occupied with the business in hand, the calls on him made by one and another, the bustle of preparation, and the start. She knew how it would be with him. For once and again ere now she had got up to this early shooting breakfast, on the hot August days, when it was a novelty, and had let her loose to run about for a while before the sun was too high—and she meant to make the most of those occasions now, should a remark be passed on her appearing.

None was—of an adverse nature.

Bellenden indeed looked surprised, but it was mere genuine astonishment quite untinged with reproach.

"You are a good girl," he exclaimed heartily. "Are you always up with the lark like this? By Jove, you ought to be coming with us. How you would enjoy it! I wish we had thought of that before—but perhaps it is not too late now. What do you say? Will you come?"

"Oh-h-h" Jerry drew in a breath, and could say no more.

"I'll take care of you if your cousin sees no objection," proceeded he. "I dare say there is a hill pony somewhere that could be pressed into your service, and if you grew tired by the middle of the day, you could be sent home with a keeper. What do you think?"

"Think! Why, of course I could have a pony, and of course I could go, if only granny and Cecil will let me," almost sobbed Geraldine, trembling with excitement and anxiety. "Oh, if they only will! But I am afraid they never, never will. Granny has a perfect horror of 'shooting ladies,' as she calls them."

"But one day on the moor could hardly turn you into a 'shooting lady,' or else I don't think I should ask for it myself," quoth Bellenden. "I think your grandmamma might allow it just for once," and, as apart from his desire to please her, he experienced a feeling that her company would be an agreeable addition to that of the young Oxonian, he spoke with an earnestness which showed he meant to be taken at his word.

"What is it you are in doubt about, Bellenden?" said Cecil, entering at the moment; "anything I can get you?"

"Why, yes; get permission for this little lady to ride alongside of us on the moor. Don't you think she might? She would be in no one's way; and I dare say she is quite as good for a long day among the grouse as the best of us."

"Impossible!" said Cecil, with a look of amazement. "My grandmother would never hear of such a thing! Why, Jerry, surely you did not propose it? Was that why you got up?"

"No, indeed," cried Jerry, almost in tears; "indeed I never thought of it, Cecil. Really and truthfully I did not. I only got up to see you off. You know," she added, coloring and hesitating ever so little, "you know I do often see you off."

"Not very often. But—well?"

"And Capt. Bellenden thought that—that perhaps I might go too, if granny and you did not mind."

"My grandmother would most certainly object. She would never hear of it," said Cecil to him.

"But, really, would she not? Ladies do go out, you know; and—and——"

"Oh, yes; some ladies do, certainly. Not those of our family," said Cecil, with all the stiffness of the Raymonds dead and alive on the subject; "it is the last thing we should ever wish them to do."

"She is such a child," murmured Bellenden, apart to him, "and different from other children, too. She must have but few pleasures in this lonely place; why deny one on the mere score of propriety?"

"You own it would be improper?"

"Not at all, for a little girl like her. It would be different if she were a few years older. At present it could surely do no harm."

"Oh, no 'harm,' I dare say. However, it is not for me to say either 'yes,' or 'no.' I do not think my grandmother at all likely to consent; but, of course, Jerry can ask her——"

"And may I say you will take care of me?" Jerry was on the wing instantaneously.

"No—say I will," cried Bellenden, laughing. And somehow Cecil thought of the heliotrope as he looked at him, and from him to Geraldine.

It proved that he knew his grandmother best. She was shocked, almost incredulous, could hardly believe that a man who knew the world as Capt. Bellenden did, could have made such a proposition, and assured his messenger with many an ominous shake of the head, that it was no compliment to her at her age to be considered too young to be at all in the way by young men who wanted to smoke, and talk, and shoot. If Capt. Bellenden thought of her in that light, it meant that she was to be no restraint upon them, and that they might go on just as freely together as though she were not there; and how would she like that? She little knew how uncomfortable it would make her feel. Young women who respected themselves should always be a restraint after a fashion upon young men, and Jerry was really growing to be a young woman now, and ought to feel as one.

She took it very ill of Capt. Bellenden, the old lady further proceeded, to have mooted such an idea, an idea that but for him would never have entered Jerry's head—and, indeed, she had meant to tell Jerry to be a little more careful, and not to run out quite so fast with her tongue when Bellenden was by, in case he took it into his mind that she was wilder and more untamed than she really was; this suggestion of his showed that her caution would have been a wise one—and so on, until the poor little girl, ashamed, aggrieved and bitterly repentant, all at once broke out into an agony of sobs and tears, and rushed from the room, seeging only to be unseen and unspoken to any more.

Go down again? Not for worlds. Her own chamber, and behind a fast-locked door was the one place for her now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Middle-Aged Woman.

The fascinating middle-aged woman is not looking for flattery. Either she has had enough of it, or she knows that men bestow it easily on all women alike, and she avoids it as something ungenuine. This middle-aged woman's unselfishness is, indeed, "adorable," and the observing young woman's views is distorted when to her it appears "sad." The woman of mature years is good-natured because she dare not be otherwise. She has learned a lesson that all observing young women would do well to learn, namely, that a gentle nature and sweet disposition are not only among woman's most potent charms, but that they keep the possessor young and lovable long after the years count up to that time call middle age.

A Vulgar Fellow.

Cholly—I am going to cut that fellah Hardhead; he's to vulgah. He smokes a pipe. Miss Pinkie—I have heard that that is the height of style. It's English, you know! Cholly—Ya-as; but Hardhead says he doesn't smoke a pipe because it's English, but because it's cheap!—Puck.

Will the American Girl Skiiobn?

It will not be long in all probability before the American girl will go skiiobning. This has a portentious sound, but merely refers to the winter sport of Scandinavia. It consists in scudding over the snow and ice after being shod with the skee, a long wooden snowshoe. Austrian ladies of fashion are devoted to the new sport, and it will get to New York sooner or later.

A Wise Burglar.

Burglar—Your money or your life. Inventor—I have nothing in the world but my great invention which I just completed to-day. Take that. Burglar (retiring—I don't want it. I'm out for der dust—not trouble.—Puck.

Large Odds.

Mr. Wabash—Do you consider marriage a failure? Mrs. Lakefront—Not altogether. My experience has been about three bull's-eyes in five.—Town Topics.

SOME things are called sweet which cannot be tasted.

—In 1790 a handkerchief cost sixty six cents in Massachusetts, while a pair of stockings cost seventy-five cents, and potatoes were thirty cents a bushel.

—It is believed by microscopists that the highest powers of their instruments have not yet received the most minute forms of animal life.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Palaces in India."

TEXT: "Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."—Amos iii., 10.

In this day, when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the round the world series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its story of splendor and disaster and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after His time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles, with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archaeologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady in Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses were in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to conceal his face so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the King's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish.

"One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Dangers grew worse and worse until the scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage hallooing and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but made no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras Atheneum printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroic and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage sepoys, with their hoarse warery and swarming like wasps around the Wagentriebers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise—standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and a half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water there were 40,000 sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal General, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb—

"'John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857, aged thirty-five years.'"

With what guns and men General Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Mohammedanism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation.

This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink because of the carnage. Write them in letters of light for the illustrious deeds. Write them in letters of black for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy.

Lieutenant Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded as he falls hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack, when, with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession the deed was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained, of palaces and mosques and treasures were possible.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate, with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere gate and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall above torn by ten bombshells, and the wall on the right side defaced and scraped and plowed and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism and fever and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson and Home and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things unseen, is the palace of the moguls. It is an inclosure 1000 yards by 500. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly 400 feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic and walls once emeralded and sapphired and carbuncled and diamonded. I said to the guide, "Show us where once stood the peacock throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about $150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life size parrot cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on twelve columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing, among other things, the Kohinoor diamond, and the entire blaze of coronet cost $10,350,000. This nucleus of an almost supernaturally beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning;

If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

But the peacocks that stood beside the throne have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bathrooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the Persian couplet on the walls spake has had its flowers wither and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant desolation and standing amid the vanished glories of that throne-room that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

If there be a place where much you miss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself paradises are not built out of stone; are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; are not fashioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of natures uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here endeth the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never adult mat you have been in India, is the mosque called Jumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects, for St. Sophia was originally a Christian church and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered 1000 or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when 5000 may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and a half wide, and each worshiper has room of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required 5000 laborers for six years. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone! We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended and took another look at this wonder of the world.

As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj—namely, Austin de Bordeau—and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj—namely, Shah Jehan. As the grand mogul ordered the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet showers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed or Brahma or Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon and China and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums, and Christian schools, and Christian libraries, and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the third lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow, and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting, and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry, and now the light at the top of the car danced me with the idea of a burning city, and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery, and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate, and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on, and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the King of Delhi was hidden, and in my dreams I saw Lieutenant Renny of the artillery throwing shells which were handed to him, their fuses burning, and Campbell and Reid and Hope Grant covered with blood, and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops, and I saw dead regiment taken across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming by the immortal fourth column, and the rougher the Indian railway became and the darker the night grew the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting railcar, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again.

And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the rail train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress and controversy and jolting and wars of the world had ceased, and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jaipur, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum, but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than 1000 years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jaipur, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steeps to Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey and the voices of business and gayety that sounded amid these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering 500 acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchial abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city! While many of the peoples of earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean Sea for the entombment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum, but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant, its fauna so monstrous and savage, its ruins so suggestive, its idolatry so horrible, its degradation so sickening, its mineralogy so brilliant, its splendors so uplifting, its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Gain's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

ENVY is as deadly as the small pox.

A KICKING cow often gives good milk.

THERE is no more foolish foolishness than worry.

THE bread God gives is always fresh and sweet.

GOD can forgive sin, but He wonders at its stupidity.

IT doesn't make sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

EVERY lie is the assassin of somebody's happiness.

THE thing that really damns men is their love for sin.

THE right kind of faith prefers God's will to its own will.

THERE is no use in talking any higher than we live.

AN hour spent in bad company is a long step toward the pit.

YOU can disappoint the devil in one way by keeping out of debt.

TRUE faith never hesitates about stepping where God directs.

IF some of us would praise God more we would blame our neighbors less.

THE only thing about some churches that points to Heaven is the steeple.

LIVE at peace with all men, and you will have the devil's war all you life.

A HYPOCRITE only wears his mask while he thinks he is being watched.

IF there were no fools in the world the lawyers would all be out of work.

THE real duty is neglected when we step over one duty to perform another.

TO HAVE to hoe the same row over every day soon takes the poetry out of life.

TRYING to obtain happiness simply to have it, is nothing more than selfishness.

WHENEVER God enters upon a work of creation, the first thing He makes is light.

THE devil wins many a battle by getting God's troops to fire into each other.

HEAVEN is to be given to those who are trying to make a Heaven of this earth.

THE man who swears has something in his heart that the devil wants to stay there.

IF you say "Good morning" to the devil he will offer you his arm to take a walk.

DON'T think about the storm being black. Remember that God gave the rainbow.

AS LONG as we look at men to find out what God is doing, we shall be disappointed.

THE man who breaks the golden rule does not keep any of the commandments.

THE devil has both hands on the man who will not follow his honest convictions.

THERE is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.

THE poorest people in the world are those who are trying the hardest to keep all they get.

THE people who weigh the most in the church for God do not always sit in the "amen corner."

THE devil never gets a chance to rest in the neighborhood of the man whom God pronounces perfect.

THE devil lays down his gun whenever he hears a preacher begin to apologize for preaching the truth.

THE right kind of a prayer for the the conversion of sinners, does all it can to get to them with the gospel.

IF the devil can pursuade you to take one step, he will make it an unanswerable argument as to why you should take another.

FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC

IT IS THREE MILES FROM THE OCEAN'S SURFACE.

In Taking Soundings for the Hawaiian Cable's Bed the Scientists Made Interesting Discoveries.

PROFESSOR GEORGE DAVIDSON has completed a profile of the cable route between California and Hawaii, surveyed by the United States Fish Commission's steamer Albatross. The route that the officials at Washington who received the Albatross's reports have decided is most economical and available, starts from Salinas Landing, in Monterey Bay, where the deep Salinas Valley continues out into the ocean. This valley has a steep descent that will give the wire a resting place 335 fathoms (2100 feet) below the surface two miles and a half after leaving the landing place. After leaving Monterey Bay it takes 200 miles of west by south traveling to reach the floor of the Pacific, which averages about three miles from the surface.

Some of the mountains on the big plain will compel detours when it come to laying the cable, but not many of them. Mountains are not good for submarine cables. The rocks chafe and wear the coverings, and cliffs and precipices and valleys leave loose lengths exposed for denizens of the sea to bite through or play with. The biggest of these submarine mountains found by the Albatross is a little less than 600 miles from the coast. If it were set up on dry land it would put to blush the loftiest of the Sierra Nevadas, for it is over two and a half miles high, and yet its summit does not come nearer than half a mile of the surface of the water. There is another one two miles high within a day's run of Honolulu, but its summit is 8000 feet under water for all its mighty effort to reach the surface. At the southerly base of both these mountains the surveyors found deep beds of soft ooze just fitted for the resting place of a cable, and it is in this direction that the detours around the unfriendly peaks will be made.

While the Albatross was surveying the cable route the scientists of her crew went fishing. They fished in all kinds of ways, from scooping things on board from the surface to dragging them from the extreme depths with trawls, drags and dredges. They fished for everthing—mud, rocks, coral, fish, crustaceans, animalcule, worms, vegetable specimens, and, in short, everything that could possibly have habitat in the saline depths.

The catches showed that submarine cables have queer neighbors. Some of them are big and some of them are little; some are pretty and some are hideous; some are friendly and some are harmful and spiteful, but all are curious.

The apparatus used in sounding is not the least interesting part of a surveying ship's equipment, simple though it is. The commonest in use consists of an old cannon shot suspended on the eccentrieal bell crank principle. Through the shot passes a cylinder with a valve at the bottom to permit its receiving a portion of the deposit of the ocean's bed. When the weight is relieved the bell crank is tipped, the shot slips off, and all that the line has to haul up is the sounding cylinder with its accumulated treasure.

Incidental to the surveying and fish catching the Albatross scientists took the temperature of the sea depths. This was accomplished by thermometers which could be fixed to register the extremes of heat and cold they passed through. Half a mile below the surface the intense cold of the water never changes, winter or summer. No ray of sun ever penetrates such depths, and the temperature is but slightly above freezing point at any time. Strange to say, it does not change much with an increase in depth of two or three miles, and the ooze brought up from the bottom, 15,000 to 20,000 feet down, does not show over a dozen or twenty degrees more of cold than the water three or four thousand feet down.

There is no intermediate life to speak of, either. The abyssal animals, as the scientists call things that live on the bottom, seem unable to exist except under a pressure of from four or five thousand pounds to the square inch, and they have to go down from two and a half to three miles to get this. It is queer, that living in the dark, as they do, some of them have eyes and some have not. Those that are given optics also run to extremes; they either have tremendous protruding optics or such microscopical eyes as to force the keenest search to discover them. They are all carnivorous, each species feeding on the species next in size down to the animalcule, which have no evidence to give to their method of sustaining life. No vegetable life grows in these cold night-colored depths and the scientists have no hesitation in pronouncing anything that looks like a plant an animal, no matter how flowery it may seem.

Down near Honolulu, where the water shoals, the temperature increases at the bottom to seventy and eighty degress, and this is a problem the cable people must overcome. Such a heat is liable to interfere with the insulating properties of the ordinary deep sea cable wrapping, so that the last end of the cable will have to be constructed with a rubber instead of a gutta percha "filler." Stearine will also enter into its composition, this being designed to prevent galvanic action between the inner copper wires and the outside armor of iron.

Children who are puzzled to know what becomes of shooting stars could find an answer in the deep dredgings of the Pacific. Away down, 2000 and 3000 fathoms from the surface, the dredges find metallic and magnetic spherules, which scientists have determined to be of cosmic origin, the dust of falling stars and meteorites. A microscopic view of a bit of the blue, gray or green mud that the dredges bring up tells of the existence of millions of animals that have their home in some strata of the ocean; they die, sink to the bottom and their shells and bones form the tremendous deposits that the deep sea surveyors bring up samples of. From the character of the minute shells the scientists name the ooze globigerina, pteropod, diatom, radiolarian or some other hard title. It is these oozes that delight the cable layer. They form soft beds in which the heavy wire buries itself so deeply as to be beyond harm from monsters who haunt the bottom of the sea.—New York Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To suffocate a frog it is necessary only to prop its jaws so that it cannot shut.

It is said that the husks of Cape gooseberries, when dry, make excellent yeast.

The largest apes have only sixteen ounces of brain; the lowest men have thirty-nine.

The head of the rattlesnake has been know to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

Long forehead with spherical knobs in the upper part indicate genius, pertinacity without decision, coldness, varied by fits of impetuosity.

A larger proportion of children survive their first year of existence in Dublin, Ireland, than in any one of the twenty largest towns of England and Wales.

Taking the average dep