stopped.

He knew what she liked, and she

"Yes. I think I know what. I say

some charming window gardening to day. The best I have seen yet.'
"Have you any boxes yourself?"
"At my rooms on yes. Both my rooms are full of the scent to-day. It

was delicious just now. 1 know yo would have liked it —." Then he

help it, she told herself afterwards.
"They are full of purple heliotrope,

he answered, and turned his face away

CHAPTER XIII,

stood him perfectly, nevertheless.

The poor woman had not a word

Of course, she too could have see

the better arrangement had one min

ate's time been given her to think

bout it: but how could she or how

could anyone have been expected to

take in all the bearings of the case in

the dinner imminent, and a husband

atom. She had only eyes for two things, Cocil's unhappy, and Ethel's discontented faces; and neither of them

ought to have cast a stone at her, she

was so truly penitent.

Now, Cecil would not have minded

one half as much had it not been for

den's part, visible after the meal Bellenden, usually somewhat gray

Bellenden, usually somewhat grave and distrait of late, had on the recen

occasion been almost merry after the ladies had gone upstairs, and had shone

forth as one of the talkers and enter tainers of the room. Lord Haymon

certain increase of spirits on Bellen

say for herself.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLIX

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA.. WEDNESDAY. MARCH 6, 1895.

NO. 12.

WE TWO.

Just we two, love, only we two, To drink the honey wine of life And never taste the rue. To find the sunshine ever fair, The sky a tender blue, And rich with joy the balmy air, And love forever true.

Just we two, love, only we two, To let the mad world swing along As it is wont to do. To see within each other's eyes The happy thoughts pursue, A perfect faith our paradise,

Each day of love renew.

Just we two, love, only we two, To make of life a summer bright, Where storms can never brew, My heart to be in all the years A shelter warm for you, And May sun's drink the April tears

While yet the skies are blue.

Just we two, love, only we two, Our world would still be true. For love would guard the holy spot, The oak and not the yew Protect the sweet forget-me-not, And love forever woo.

## MRS. BLACK'S PROPOSAL

"Oh, dear!" cried Mr. Contes, furtive ly mopping his forehead, "whatever can it mean?

He knitted his brow and gazed first at the ceiling, then at the floor, and finally took out of his pocket and read for the fifth time the following note: "Dear Mr. Coates-I am deeply sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me in asking me to be your wife, and hasten to say that to nobody could I so confidently give my hand and heart. I quite agree with you that we are both past the nonsensical age, and shall be happy to conform to your wishes as regards the absence of undue ceremony. If you are really bent on the twenty-eighth I will try to manage it. Yours affectionately,

"MATILDA BLACK, "Myrtle Cottage." Mr. Coates buried his face in hi

hands and subjected himself to a severe metal cross-examination. What did happen last night after that innocent little festival? I remember taking Mrs. Black home, but I'll swear I didn't speak ten words all the way. The weather, I know, we touched upon, and I think I made some slight allusion to the moon. Beyond that I'll take my oath nothing more passed-most certainly nothing of the alarming nature insinuated. Egad, though, I don't remember the parting at the gate! It is possible-but no! It

ts impossible-preposterous!" then he broke out again:

"Of course, I've nothing to say against the woman-as a woman-she's a nice, decent little body, and if I wanted a wife I'd as lief pitch on her as any one. But I don't want to marry. I've knocked along in single blessedness these forty years come Michaelmas, and have never felt the need of a wife. Moreover, Martha understands me like a book and I doubt if there's her equal in all Thornbury for cheese cakes and delicious muffins."

The mention of his handmaid seem ed to offer a suggestion to Mr. Coates and ringing the bell, he requested Martha to give him the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation.

Martha was a jewel of a cook and nice housekeeper. She had made it her special object in life to minister to Mr. Coates' comfort; it needed but half an eve to see that she had not been unsuc cessful. She had but one complaintthe smallness of the field she worked in In her own words, she wanted "a

larger spere to hoperate in." Martha had long desired to see Mr. Coates married; and although she knew her position too well to try to instruct her master, she had by various gentle hints conveyed to him her willnguess to be under the superintendence of another.

All these hints had proved unavailing, though as Mr. Coates called her to his study on this particular night, several of the aforesaid were presented to his feverish imagination in their true significance.

"Take a seat, Martha, please." Martha dumped herself into the near est chair, rubbing her floury hands the while, and Mr. Coates proceeded in as off-hand a manner as he could command:

"Let's see: what time did I come home last night?"

"Why, sir, I should say about ten o'clock-mebbe a quarter past." "Ah, to be sure; you see, my watch stopped last night, Martha, and I-erhave reasons for wishing to know the exact time."

"To be sure, sir." Mr. Coates nerved himself up for an other effort "By the way, Martha, you didn't no

dee anything extraordinary in my conduct last night, did you?" "Extraordinary in your conduct, sir! No, sir, that I didn't, and the chap as

means to insinuate ....." "Stay, Martha, I didn't say that any

one lad been insinuating. I merely wished to know from your lips that my conduct last night was just the same as on every other night. Can you assure a few minutes. me confidently that such was the case, Martha?"

"Excepting what? Speak out, Martha. Don't be afraid."

"Well, sir, you sang just a little bitnot bolsterous, sir, nor rowdy like; but just low and sweet, sir, as if you were straid of being overheard. In fact, sir, it was quite a treat to hear you." "I sang, Martha?" echoed Mr. Coates,

in genuine amazement, knowing full well that he had not done such a thing in twenty years. "Are you quite surof that, Martha?" "Perfectly, sir."

Mr. Coates thought long and deep for a moment, while his countenance be trayed his worst apprehensions. Perhaps you can tell me what I sang about, Martha-the words, I mean." "Why, no, sir, I can't say that I re member the words, but it went some

thing like-" 'Happy the woolng That's not long a-doing." "Wh-at!" gasped Mr. Coates. Martha slowly repeated the lises Mr. Coates groaned

You-you're quite sure of that, Martha?" he feebly asked.

you may go back to your duties. And, till late to-night, as I have important business to attend to." "But the muffins, sir; they'll be spoil-

ed," protested Martha. "Hang the muffins!" roared Mr. Coates. "I beg your pardon, Martha," he said, softening; "I mean save the muffins. I really am not myself this evening. I trust you will excuse any ng rudeness on my part."

"No offence, sir," replied the unperturbed Martha. "But you'll have a cup o' tea, sir, before you go?" "All right, Martha."

And Mr. Coates departed to his drest ing-room, where he made a hasty tollet descended for his tea, and two minute after was on his way to Mrs. Black's. Could Mr. Coates have but stepped back to his hearth and home, he would have been shocked at the antice of his ousemaid Martha, who, taking by the paws the sleeping Tang, danced him round the kitchen on his hind legs, worrying him with such queries as: "What d'you say to a new mistress, Tang? Eh? What? Can't you

seemed to understand there was something very interesting in the wind.

Cold, damp, and in anything but an amiable frame of mind, Mr. Coates found himself at the gate of Mrs. Black's cottage. Once within the gate, however, and walking up the path, he times he was on the point of retreating, arguing that the morning would do gether.' as well; but his sense of duty prevailed; and rehearsing for the last time the speech he had prepared on his journey. he walked up to the door and knocked. hoping that the lady might be out. His worst fears were realized.

"Enter," called a soft, musical voice from within. The next moment Mr. Coates found himself in the little kitchen and parlor combined, vaguely conscious of rows quiet reigned; it was impossible that of shining pans, a bright fire, and last, any one could be spying. Mr. Coates

"Good evening, Mr. Coates," said the nose! and, setting her free, scam-Mrs. Black, in accents of genuine pleas. pered down the garden path with all ure; "this is indeed a pleasant surprise. To what must I ascribe the honor of

this timely visit?" utmost he could do was to gaze about yourself, or give 'em to the first him in a dazed way as he stammered: about the note."

"Ah, to be sure-you got my note, tremendous hurry you are in!" hurry at all. I was only joking when I said there was-if indeed I ever did Coates was too happy to press the say there was. I can easily wait six question. months, or a year, or \_\_"

indifference was hardly compatible with an afflanced husband's passion.

The lady smiled sweetly. "I am afraid you say that entirely out of consideration for myself." she murmured. "But I won't be selfish; and, besides, I can manage very well. Miss Milnes tried me on this afternoon. and she has promised the dress faith-

fully by the 25th." Mr. Coates fairly gasped at the auda clous manner in which his objections wer : overruled.

"However," continued Mrs. Black, snavely, "business will wait, I think, Mr. Coates, and I'm sure you've had no tea. You'll have a cup of tea, of

course?" Tea with this little woman, in a lone bouse, and in a lone part! Mr. Coates shuddered at the thought. And, besides, would it not be a sort of tacit compliance? He would have protest ed, but his tongue again failed him Vacantly he allowed himself to be quartered in the old arm-chair, while Mrs Black, with a bewitching smile, in which a shade of triumph might have been detected, seated herself opposite

and poured the tea. And here another surprise awaited the already bewildered Mr. Coates. To his right he found a plate literally stacked with muffins, while at his left rose majestically a plate of-and his eyes sparkled—cheesecakes! How in the world did Mrs. Black know of his fondness for the particular dainties? He looked at his hostess for an explanation. That astute lady, anticipating his query, murmured something

about studying the wishes of those we love, and for the first time began to blush furiously. Mr. Coates wasted no further time, but fell to. "As good as Martha's, every bit." he

murmured, as the first cheesecake dis "So glad you like them."

More cakes disappeared. The guest waxed sociable. "Really, Mrs. Black," he exclaimed

"your cheesecakes excel Martha's."

Mrs. Black smiled modestly. She thought it quite superfluous to inform him that they were Martha's; that, in his lunch at noon downtown.—Atchisor fact, they had preceded his advent but Globe.

"All's fair in love and war," she ar gued; and gazed upon his features with scrutiny almost bordering on rude

It was now Mrs. Black's turn to an pear embarrassed, and she excused herself to clear away the tea-things. Mr. Coates' eyes wandered around the little parlor, and he was obliged to admit that he had never come across neater or cosler room. Everything was in perfect harmony, even to the diminu tive canary in a pink cage, hanging against the spotless curtains.

Once more his eyes fell upon Mrs Black. Singularly enough, now he came to think of it, he discovered many charming peculiarities, and divers ster ling qualities, all of which he had failed

to notice previously.

"Really," he mused, as he watche the play of her fingers among the cups and saucers, "she is a charming crea ture. I-well, I might do a great deal worse. And now I think of it, I've felt lately that single life is apt to be lonely. I shouldn't know what to do it my old Martha were taken, and she

Having bustled about as long as cor renient, Mrs. Black returned to the "Perfectly, sir." charge by asking Mr. Coates if he "That will do, Martha, thank you would like to see-er-the dress-or at least a picture of it. Mr. Coates, now

by the way, I shall not require my tea prepared for almost anything, readily acquiesced. Skipping upstairs she returned with

> ladies' fournal. "Of course," she explained, as she rapidly turned over the leaves, "it's not the usual thing to consult the-the bridegroom"-with a blush-"but we've grown so confidential that I feel I must confide in you. There!" she exclaimed, s she found the page, "that's the dress white, of course, and there'll be a wreath of orange blossoms passing around here, and another bunch at the throat. I hope you like it."

> Mr. Coates expressed his admiratio of the dress and his approbation of he hoice, though he could not for his life detect the difference between it and any of Martha's kitchen gowns. He was now so infatuated that he would probably have proceeded to express admiration for the lady of the house, had not the clock begun to strike 12.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed; "I really must be off, Mrs. Black. I had no idea how late it was. How the time has flown to be sure! You see," he continued, beamingly, "Martha will be wait-Although Tang could only bark, he ing up for me, and I must consider her feelings in my-my new-found happi-

Mrs. Black held out her hand and called up a becoming blush. "If you must go," she murmured.

Mr. Coates took her hand in his and held it a moment "I must thank you before I go," he found his anger suddenly transformed said earnestly, "for the pleasant eveninto a kind of nervous dread. Several ing I have spent in your company. I-I-hope we shall spend many more to-

> "I trust so, Mr. Coates." He still held her hand. "Good-night, Mrs. Black," he said softly.

"Good-night," she replied. Still he seemed dissatisfied. He glanced toward the street—all was dark and quiet. Mrs. Black was visibly embarrassed. He gave another glance around the parlor. There also perfect but not least, a trim figure meeting him hesitated no longer, but, yielding to his halt way, and drawing him toward the sudden impulse, he clasped the widow round the waist and kissed her-upon

the ardor of a schoolboy. "I've had tea, Martha," he shouted, few minutes later, as he bounged into Now was Mr. Coates' time to deliver the kitchen, having run all 'e way. his carefully prepared speech. But the "Don't want the cheesecakes eat 'em

"The note, Mrs. Black. I—I—called their way to Switzerland for the honcythen? But really, Mr. Coates, what a uge to ask for information regarding the manner of his proposal. At that mo-"I assure you, ma'am, there is no ment, however, a lovely bit of scenery claimed the bride's attention, and Mr.

Lastly Martha, aider and abettor of Ten years, Mr. Coates had almost the nefarious scheme, also shares the said in his eagerness. But he checked universal contentment, for she has at himself, reflecting that such heartless last acquired a considerably larger, and also steadily increasing, sphere in which to "hoperate."-Waverly Maga-

tine. Perpetual Ice in Virginia. at was not long ago reported that a natural icehouse on a grand scale bad ben Zscovered under singular circumstances on the north side of Stone Mountain, six miles from the mouth of Stony Creek, in Scott County, Virgiula. As the story goes, it appears that one of the old settlers first discovcred it about 1880, but owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought he refused to tell its whereabouts and would only take ice from it in case of sickness. He dled without revealing the secret to

even his own family, and but for a party of seng diggers entering the region it might have remained a secret for generations, as it is situated in an unfrequented part of the mountain. The ice was only protected from the rays of the sun by a thick growth of moss, resembling that seen dangling from the oaks of Louisiana and Texas. Its formation was after the fashion of a coal vein, being a few inches thick in some places, while several feet in others. The formation indicates that It had been spread over the surface in a liquid state and then congealed. By what process it freezes or was frozen is a matter of conjecture. Some think that it was formed in the winter and had been protected since by a dense growth of moss which covers it, while the more plausible theory is that beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory whose function is a formation of ether, and the process of freezing goes steadily on through the

heat as well as the cold. The bed covers one acre.-Brooklyn Eagle. There is a good deal of cheap wit about hugging girls in the waltz, but as a matter of fact, when a man hugs woman he does not do it in a crowd.

From an Old Cynic. The older a man is when he gets mar ried the sooner he commences taking

Only Fairly So. Hardluck-So you are prospering a last, eh? Sufficiently so to be able t keep servents?

Struckitt (on the lookout for the

fourth within a month)-Er-no; only

to hire them .- Buffalo Courier. She Learned Differentry. Vicar (severely, to his cook)-Mary, rou had a soldier to supper last night. Cook-Yes, sir; he's my brother.

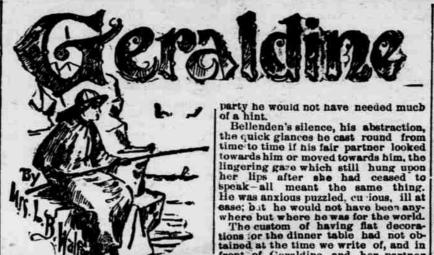
Vicar-But you told me you had no rother. Cook-So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we

Something Subtic. "I've been pondering over a very singular thing.

were all brothers and sisters.-London

"What is it?" "How putting a ring on a woman" hird finger should place you under that woman's thumb."—Life.

n be so unattractive that heaven alone tnows what a near view will be.



CHAPTER XII-Continued. Bellenden was now, she told herself ess than nothing to her. She cau meet him on the most perfectly easy and equal footing, and so far from be-ing dazzled by his perfections, and in before she could continue, and be-ginning to be a little desirons for one panting for his notice, she could now oolly rejoice in any opportunity which

offered for disconcerting and perplex-ing her childish hero. she had hardly hoped to have me. She had hardly hoped to have me upon her, especially when they left ith one at her aunt's. It had been a upon her, especially when they left Bellenden looking blank and perturbed, and astill greater one when he had walked and astill greater one when he had received her his arm. Oh, what that like — "Then she caught his eye and stopped to have a self-respected." She had hardly hoped to have me. with one at her aunt's. It had been a fered her his arm. Oh, what that Mer would once have meant!

as any woman there, and had ripoled sa any woman there, and had rippled forward across the room, and down the broad stair, ase, looking her prettiest, and smiling her gayest, and laughing within herself at the merry time she meant to have of it.

For she could see that he was grave and rather anxious. That meant that he would be sure to stumble on to dangero s ground presently, and then and then she would lead him gails. "I did feel vexed when I first like dals es, only I wanted to have had mignonette, and—and—"

"What what she liked, and she talking had been done by her. Bellenden had said nothing, but had stood by with a sort of a smile on his face, which it had not cheered poor Cecil's heart to see.

He had, indeed, left all the excuses and explanations to his fair companion; bit dals es, only I wanted to have had mignonette, and—and—"

"Yes. I think know what I saw could have done, that she was herself forward across the room, and down the broad stair ase, looking her prettiest, and smiling her gayest, and laughing within herself at the merry time she

dangero s ground presently, and then
and then she would lead him gaily
on, wily, witching Will-o'-the-wispthat she was!-until she had got him fast in to a quagmire, hopelessly fast and bound, when she would mock him to his face, leaving nothing but darkness

She could bide her time, she would ot hurry anybody. Very demurciy passed the first ourses.

Miss Campbell was engaged with her oup, her fish, the pretty flowers on the table, the heat of the evening, the forthcoming reception at the for eign embassy, the concert she had been to in the afternoon. Sir Frederick was quietly listening,

and when no essary responding. So far he had not afforded any sport Nor did he by any means seek to enross her, as she had somehow fancied ne would have done; on the contrary, he allowed long intervals to elapse without speaking at all, and when these were st ed upon and made use of by Geraldine's garrulous neighbor on the other side, she was provoked to LADY RAYMOND'S STAWBERRY TEA towards taking up the reins again.

But one thing he neglected utterly, and this, of which he nimself seemed

managed very badly.
Foor boy, he really had so absolutely unconscious, was taken no-tice by her at once - he entirely omit-ted the necessary civilties towards the lady on his other hand. If addressed the deserted Mr. Le Masserer would the rest. But to-night? To-n the deserted Mr. Le Masserer would there had been nothing to undo. by her, he would rouse himself with a have been equally, if not still better start, as though unaware of the pres-ence of any one so near, and when he had replied to her overture, he would he did not add that in this case he drop the subject. At length she gave over taking notice of him, and Geralwould have been satisfied on his own account, laying all the stress on his line marked this also. friend's having been separated fro his sister; but Lady Rayn ond under

"I wonder, I very much wonder what e is thinking about?" quote the little cat to herself at last. Now perhaps Bellenden Lardly knew

imself Almost from the first moment, from his first sight of her on her presenta-tion day he had been conscious of a new feeling about this lovely girl. There had been a burst of recollection, f tenderness, and of resolve. He would renew the old friendship

make up for the past, and make his signalling the one thing of importance to which all besides must give way?

Then he had been thrown back on She had not en oyed her own dinner the very threshold of the pretty castle in the air, and had found himself shut out from entering at every point. Had ill or well done, she had not cared an she been one whit less teautiful, less charming, less tantalizing, he would have turned his back and been off, shrugging his shoulders; but Geraldine had played, and was still playing her part too well. She was never quite cold enough to drive him from her. She never was gentler than when she was lovellest, and most sought after. And, at times, now and again it had so happened that when with velvet hand had delt the little stab, the wound which had been meant to rankle and fester presently, and had seen him turn from her to bite his lip, and flush with mingled shame and vexation, her heart had so smote her for the light. out, and set to work to undo what had

when with some intimate on whom

such revilings had been vented, "knew one child she is a woman now

who, if she be not utterly change i

would make any man, any home happy Pshaw: She is not for me. I should

have but a poor chance, even if

had told his wife afterwards that Si Frederick Bellenden had been a great access; Mr.Le Masserer had expresse his pleasure at meeting him: they mus been done so humbly and wistfully that have him again. Where had he dis for the moment he had almost been appeared to when the gentlemen came appeared to when the gentlemen camhappy enough to believe anything. to the drawing-room? He had disappeared, certainly, and oh, he had gone to the foreign re-ception, had he? With Cecil? For he was now in love with Geraldine, and knew it.
"It is because I know that she No; Cecil had gone with the Camp as good and true as she is beautiful he would sigh with regret all unavailbells - Fellenden by himself? But I ady Raymond did not know, and Cecil did not tell her, that the further ing. 'The woman whom I marry must be unspoiled by all the folly and heart-lessness of this miserable world of hadow on the young man's brow afte fashion. What is it to a man that his that evening was due to another caus wife knows how to dress, and dine, and parade herself from house to house, if she cares nothing for him, nor her home and children, and the things that side that of the disarranged dinner table, namely, to what had transpired during the small hours that followed

Bellenden had appeared at the em good women love? Who wants a fashion plate for his daily companion and the mother of his little ones? I am sick of seeing girl after girl brought simpering out, and instructed how to dance, and chatter, and show o'l her points, and trot out her accomplishments. One is available another and course he had felt a flash of conviction that by one at least of the party he had been another accomplishments. ments. One is exactly like another.

They all dote on country life, on gardening, and riding, and old women's cottages,—and the next moment it slips out that there in a dreadful fright lest papa should hurry them home be able under the circumstances—she had over the second fore the second for the second f fore the season is quite over, and that obstin tely held her ground. It was they thought it so cruel of him to stop too hot to go inside, she had alleged down in the shires so long at Faster and the crowd was too great and she and Whitsuntide. Not one but would was sure granny did better where she exchange a country home with glee for Homburg, or Monte Carlo, or Brighton, or Scarborough. But I Geraldine's eyes meanwhile, had been following Bellenden slowly makknew once a girl different to that, Bellenden would say, with animation

ing his way up the staircase. as though impatient of his tardy progress, yet she had not spoken his name, nor told her grandmother of his proximity.

He had come straight to them diectly it had been possible Still there has been nothing definite nothing tangible, nothing that a rival could take hold of. Mrs. Campbell had received Sir Frederick courte don't mean it. But the man who wins ly, but still with something of the stately dignity lately assumed in his

her — "and the speaker would here break off abruptly, and his auditor would know what to think with tolerpresence, and Geraldine had merely bonored him with a casual remark or two, such as might have been made to any one. There had been no chatter-He would tell the next person b met that Belienden was hit at last and that the poor fellow was very far gone, ing, no firting, no picking u) of threads dropped at the dinner-table. He would have told bimself he was a tion.

Had the speaker been present at Lady Raymond's Thursday dinnerfool for his uneasiness, had it not be

about a quarter of an hour, quietly as-suming his place as one of the party in a manner he had never done before, when some acquaintance of the Ray-monds had claimed Cecil's attention, and had for some minutes completely diverted it from his cousin. He had had to tell them how he came to be there, and how his "people" were not there, what they were about, where they were to be met, and where they were not to be met. He had had to put some questions on his own account. The new-comers were great folks whom he did not often chance to meet—people who seldom frequented fashionable resorts, but who would be noted wherever seen; the sort of acquaintances, in short, that young Raymond approved of, and with whom he would not for the world have cut short an interview.

For full five minutes he had been

thus completely engrossed, and when he had looked around at the expiry of front of Geraldine and her partner large flowering plants formed an ef-fectual screen from the eyes of those that periodf neither Bellenden nor his ousin had been anywhere to be seen "They have only gone to hear the band," Mrs. Campbell had said placid-ly. "I told them that I should remain "I like a lot of flowers," observed he once; "these are pretty, aren't they?"
"Very pretty. But," amended the
beauty, afraid that her voluble iriena

here, and that you wou'd take care o on the other side was about to strike How long the strains of the band had been heard thereafter he could not have told. It had seemed ages, and of those encounters of wits which had must really have been during a conalways a certain exhilarating effect siderable length of time, since directly Geraldine had reappeared, it had been ime to go. Geraldine had seemed hurried and

spologetic, and there had been a good deal said about the crowds, and the number of rooms, and the difficulty of making way through them; but all the talking had been done by her. Bellenden had said nothing, but had

which had said so plainly as words could have done, that she was herself his excuse, and one sufficient for him or for any man. No wonder the son spoke sharply and sulkily to the parent who had, as it were, opened the way to so much: for that Bellenden had, by some means or other, now contrived to break down the barrier which had existed for so long between him and his quondam "little friend," and which had, up to the present, seemed so im-

would have liked it —." Then he, 'oo, stopped, warned by her face.
 "Indeed! May I ask what the scent was?" said Geraldine lightly. "I don't like every scent, you know."
 "I know."
 "Then why should I have liked yours? What is it? What have you got in your boxes?" oregnable, was only too obvious.

Geraldine herself was bitterly indignant with herself during the summer morn which had set in ere the party quitted the festive halls, and which, gathering strength and giory, was blazing forth in its full tide of light and life as the weary girl sought in vain the slumber that had fied her pillow. She wondered what she had got in your boxes?"

"Am I to tell you truly?" said he in rather a low voice. Perhaps I had no right to say that? I meant no harm—"

"Then—tell me," and her voice was almost an echo of his. She could not been thinking of, dreaming of? She had gone on so well until now. Never un-til this evening had she really faltered; scarcely ever had she been tempted to falter. She had, indeed, been aware of being ever more constantly on the look-out for him—but what of that? He had had nothing from her but gay, Cecil told his mother that she had mo king words, and sharp, two-edged jests. Only once or twice, only when she had been really too unkind, too for complaint, for, as he did not is I to barefaced, had she wheeled about and murmured the gentle after-word and Lady Dawlish, Bellenden could still cost the soft glance which had undone have handed in his sister Ethel, while the rest. But to-night? To-night had tried to be sarcastic, flippant, and

unfeeling, and had failed, and had failed unterly. For the future she And there was yet something furher.

Bellenden had offered a box at the opera, and she had almost accepted it.

How should she now escape the consequences of such imprudence? The only thing will be to make granny refuse," she ruminated, tossing hither and thether on her fretful, feverish couch: "Granny must just say we have not an evening, or that the weather is too hot or theaters. I can show her that I do not care to go, and he buzz of a full drawing-room, with that will be enough to make her not care. Then I can tell Sir Frederick

what she says.' But when it came to telling Sir Frederick, the message, somehow, took another form. Granny was very much o liged, and would like immen ly to go, and either Tuesday or Wednesday would suit her, as they had no engagements for those even

Now, how was this? Let us hearken to the preceding dialogue, and judge to whom the apparent inconsistency is Granny-Well, my dear, Sir Frederick is very kind, and I dare say we

shall en oy it. Geraldine -It is the one opera that I have not seen, which I should really care to see. Granny - I am told it is very good. Geraldine - The Raymond girls say t is beautiful. Even Uncle Raymond

has been to it. Granny-Well, what might shall we Geraldine-Why, if you really think

of going —
Granny—My dear, I am ready to go or not, as you decide. I thought you would certainly wish to go — Geraldine - Ye - es. Granny—Do you not wish it? Ot course if you do not —
Geraldine—Oh, but I—I—I—I do. Granny (smiling)—Then let us say Tuesday or Wednesday, for we ought

to give him a choice of days, as he may not be able to get a box for the first. TO BE CONTINUED. THE better men and women know each other, the less they say about

THE only social occasion at which married men are allowed to assist, is a No man never achieved fame by depending on the labor of others.

Many a man is compelled to stand eat who never fought a prize All the world is barren to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. Gold is a base thing; it to often is the

No young man ought to forget that if he sows wild oats he will have to reap the crop himself. The man whose aim is only to make others laugh is one whom it won't do to truss; he is as uncertain as a monkey. It is a very poor family indeed that does not support at least one drone.

see that you have to steal, to get it,

and he to keep it.

tentions strut.

A man with a pint of importance or; dinarily has a quart on election day. -Electricity is now used to improve the complexion.

If mankind only took as much pride in doing their duty as horses do, how slick things would move along. Don't allow yourself to be hoodcoed into the belief that life is only a pre-

No man would listen to you talk if he

didn't know it was his turn next.

REV. DR. TALMAGR.

THE BEOOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Glorious Gospel."

TEXT: "According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."—I Timothy i., 11.

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeil, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what the gospel really is than they have of what the gospel really is than they have of what the as a former of the blood bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "the glorious gospel." The greatest novelty of our time is the gos-

spenier or what my text calls the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblares who have no more idea of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plaif matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith! Some of the theological sominaries have been hotbeds of infidelity because they bave tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspection, and the divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday-school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the four year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful He now is in heaven, and how dearly He loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto Me."

who said, "Suffer them to come unto Me."
What an awful work Paul made with the D.
D.'s, and the LL.D.'s, and the F. R. S.'s,
when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying, "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the

mighty."

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elaborate work on the philosophy of religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good night kiss he ascidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table and it falls. the biggest book from the table, and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ Him-self said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Ah, my friends, the Bible wants no apologeties. The throne of the last judgment wants no The throne of the last judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies," but no one knows what gospel light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noonday of pardon and peace. Scientists was a support of the property of t

effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means," by a collision of bodies, or by other means," but those only know what the gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying: "Thy sins are forgiven theef go in peace." The theological dude unrollid upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the book of Job a drama in which satan was the staractor, and that Renan was the server. was the staractor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of higher

riticism!
The night is dark, and the way is rough. and we have a lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that lantern to show ourselves and others the right way we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light—kerosene, lamp oil or can-dle—and while we discuss it we stand all around the lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one erning around Bartholdi's statue in New York Harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great lighthouse of be gospel—how many high soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all Nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy and to the crystalline wharves of the hearenly city, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might

have been flying seraphs.

Here also come, covering up the old gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crimes save the world, and from Portland, Ma., soross to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform by all means, but unless it be also gospel reform it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. We had a Democrtaic boss, and now it is to be a Republican boss, but the quarrel is, who shall be the Republican? Politics will save the cities the same day that satan evan-gelizes perdition.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God as

spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic Ocean when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Navesink. news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches, and over our dry goods counters, and in our factories, and over our threshing machines, and behind our plows, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawi in our votce, and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion was a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys," Christ began His sermon on the mount—blessed the poor; blessed the hungry; blessed the merciful; blessed the pure; blessed the persecuted; blessed the reviled; blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their coadjutors, and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their coadjutors, and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle aged as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged as they may

have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged as they may have the sympathy of Him of whom St. John wrote, "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying as they may have ministering spirits to escort them, and opening gates to receive them, and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them, and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

Oh, my text is right when it speaks of the glorious gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant Being that ever trod the earth or ascended the neavens, to you and me so come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cup bearers. The price paid for all of this on the cliff of imestone about as high as this house, about seven minutes walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rooks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no applogy for any one of the million aims of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to the allie of limitions and any. "There was

paid our indebtedness, and God never col-lects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in ex-tolling the matchless one of this gospel. christian posts have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel,
isnae Watts, how do you feel concerning
Him? And he writes, "I am not
ashamed to own my Lord." Newton,
what do you think of this gospel,
And he writes, "Amazing grace, how
sweet the sound!" Cowper, what
io you think of Him? And the answer comes,
"There is a fountain filled with blood."
Charles Wesley, what do you think of Him?
And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul."
Horatius Bonar, what do you think of Him?
And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus,"
Ray Palmer, what do you think of Him? And
he writes, "My faith looks up to Thee."
Fannie Crosby, what do you think of Him? And
she writes, "Elessed assurance, Jesus is
mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of Him? And the
answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel,
what do you think of Him? And the answer
is, "Flant of renown." David, what do you
think of Him? And the answer is, "My shepherd." St. John, what do you think of Him?
And the answer is, "Bright and morning

glorious gospel."

And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health. So Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and that persecution, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yat though it has a hitter draft. Under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and apiritual glorious gospel.

ministers to our restoration and aptritual health, "all things working tegether for God." Glorious gospell

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave, "They shall reign forever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you queens have easiles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned easile, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal easile at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king movel out of it never to return. But the easile still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and cayyad room after brazen doorway, and cayyad room. and carved room after carved roo and under embellished ceiling ter embellished ceiling, and throu salls precious stoned into wider halls precous stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in the arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear

natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light" and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster, and mother of pearl, and lacquer work.

Standing before it the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladfrom arch to roof, and then descends on lad-der of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineappla. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that; and, though an abandoned castle while Christ was here, achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "chief among ten thousand," gone up and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the King's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendcashe look on on the range general friend-immortals walk linked in eternal friend-ship, and the banqueting hall of that eastle has princes and princesses at the table, and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdon and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon that scene is never becomed, and there is the kiss of these reunited after long sepa-ration. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the

now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger car will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the chapting of that feelamation, and the boom of that hallelulah we ould be defeated.

Glorious gospoil You thought religion was a straitjacket; that it put you on the limits; that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no! It is to be eastellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the aposities, and Wyellf among the martyrs, and Bourdalous among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelook among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climac-terie, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrec-tion. Placed he His cledges were forced. tion. Blessed be His glorious name forever

Surging to Hisear be all the anthems! Facing Him be all the thrones! Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of His coronation. On a throne already, Methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the Nations of carth whom He had conquered by His grace will assemble again to crown film. Wale and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrise and sunsets of 1000 years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multiof an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place
surrounded by worshipers and subjects. They
shall come out of the farthest past led on by
the prophets; they shall come out of the
early gospel days led on by the apostles; they
shall come out of the centuries still ahead of
us led on by champions of the truth, heroes
and heroines yet to be born.

And then from that vastest audience ever
assembled in all the universe there will be ver

assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout: "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!" and the Father who long ago prom-ised this His only begotten Son, "I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy pos-session," shall set the crown upon the foresession," shall set the crown upon the fore-head yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying: "Hail, King of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to Thy dominions there shall

Big Lumber Combine.

The lumber manufacturers of the East and North and the forest owners of the same sections met in Boston, Mass., and organized the Northeastern Lumbermen's Association. Those present represented over \$75,000,000 invested in forest lands, saw-mills, woodworking manufactories and the manufacture

Which is the better man of the twone who never repents, or he who is going to repent to morrow of the sins e is committing to-day. If all things look blue to your eyes

onsult an optimist. No man who doubts the worthings of his principles can be brave in the r

defense. All advantages are attended with disadvantages. A universal compensation prevails in all conditions of being and xistence.

It is hard to believe that a sin will bite when it comes along with gold in its teeth. It must be mighty lonesome to be a

acawait for an ideal husband Nearly any man will sign any petition, or give a letter of recommendation to anybody.