

B. F. SOHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

TWO OUEER OLD HERMITS.

they Are Brothers and They Live is Illinois,

Anderson County, Illinois, enjoys the

proud distinction of being the home of

two of the queerest old hermits liv-

ing. They are William and George

Coombs, brothers, aged respectively

62 and 84 years. They live in a rude

hut, which was built by their father

about seventy-five years ago. Until

three years ago the roof of clapboards

was secured simply by long poles

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY. APRIL 10, 1895.

-we liked to be together. I was fond of you, and you-by Heavens! if 1 had ever thought -ever imagined -- But vou cannot mean it ----

"I do mean it." "You cared for mo." his voice fait

"I was no 'mere child' " "But you could not have known-it

have telt ----

CHAFTER XVI -Continued.

then on the other-for it must not be supposed she had no feeling for het ha e it now-fast; never, never to part one and only grandson, nor that she could contemplate the probable family broil to follow without genuine dis-tress and vexation, so that she and in a lifetime is enough. Oh, you had broil to follow without genuine dis-Geraldine hat natirally agreed to say in a interime is enough. On, you had it that once"-here her voice was almost ost in convulsive sols-"that night, but to leave till the morrow all future considerations. Little did either think that the day's work was not over

"You are alone?" said Bellenden,

Gone upstairs. We-we have not returned long, and she she did not expect anyone." Here the speaker's eye tell on the wet handkerchief, and he stooped to pick it up and hid it ip her hand.

'And you-you did not expect me either"" inquired he, his voice sinking at once, as he took a chair near

No answer: a slight retrograde move ment on her part. "Did you think I could wait another

day," proceeded the speaker, in the tingly, when all was said and donewhere you had been, nor with whom, nor whether - whether you had e.er missed me, nor looked for me?"

facing him. "Wait? Oh. yes: very well, I should think-very well, ina hard little laugh, reminding firm on the instant of the mocking fient who the instant of the mocking field who the instant of the instant o gibed and taunted him that offshi morning in Bond street. "Oh, Sir Frederick, I think you could ha e You are a patient man. waited.

'Angry, by Jove! The best sign in scheme as her own? Could it have the world?" cried Bellenden, exulting been hersweet face, so many a time and to himself.) Aloud: Are you "twit-ting me with my stupidity in not find-ing rosebud, which had now been over-

that there might be no alteration in the usual routine) it was not to be thought of. The earth had shaken under her feet. She had do ibted everyone, disone that cruel summer day. A little wisdom, and a little common sense, even a few hours' repose and time to

"I did care." "You? A mere child?"

been yet at its hight, and had come in is not possible you could have known smiling, happy, confident-far, fac too confident, to her mind-and he had what love meant. You could never even a worse time of it than Cecil Ray-"Not have felt? Not known? Oh So now, what was to be done Imagine granny's consternation when

how little, how little, can you know?" cried she, weeping alresh. "Not have known. when you yourself had taught me' Not have felt-oh, I think I shall gone off to bed, worn and weary with sympathizing first on the one side a d get it back? Only them. How did I never feel again - can never feel again lect and utter indifference. But I

> with it more. No! not now-not again' -as he on e more endeavored to speak most lost in convulsive sobs-"that once.' she whispered, "but-but-a second-time-never!" and with a sud For Inchmarew in July? In July, when grim St. Swithin holds his cheer den rush, she flew past and vanished from his sight, leaving him dumb, less rule in the west country, when

motionless, and alone. CHAPTER XVII CONCLUSION-GRANNY TO THE FRON'S

young vegetables are over, and the fruit is barely ripe? When no one-Haa she then all this time been but actually no one - not the veriest waif or stray is yet to be found along the revenging hersel?? Bellenden asked himself the humiliating question a thousand times. coast of Argyll:

smarting with shame, disappointment, and, worse still, disenchantment, tearful over the sub ect, and flushed her crettiest pink demonstrating and protesting. She had little anticipated

Had the girl to whom he had given such a high place in his imagination as well as in his heart, been playing towards him a part so unworthy? Had she, whom he had all unwittingly stoned against fast had hear months. sinned against - for it had been unwit significant tone. "not knowing had this bright, beautiful creature, with her noble bearing, and her proud s orn of all that was false and mean,

was not of sufficient importance Oh, yes," said Geraldine, suddenly stopped on his account so far beneath herself? stooped on his account to a vengeance break up their whole tenor of life for the time being. She had taken the house for another month, and no one He could hardly believe it. Had an angel descended to soil its wings he deed. Why not?" she continued, with a hard little laugh, reminding him on ness, purity, and truth more cruelly was expecting them back at Inchmarew. The rooms would not be ready, the repairs not finished, the

tongue as a woman, and sore from his

as many as he could in return.

painters and paperers not off the premises. Nothing would be prepared, and it did seem a pity to let such a-she did not exactly say "a triffe," but 104 have been she who had poured forth can wait much longer than that for tidings of your friends, we all know." such derisive taunts, and announced such a petty, base, and degrading

spread by the angry glow, and whose features had been, alas! distorted with a fury which he had been the of his family-Geraldine might trust her for that. Of course if Geraldine wished it, she would forbid her grand-son the house - although that did seem unnecessary, since it was not likely that he would really care to come about, in spite of his bravado in begfrom a fair dream and face a hash ging that no difference might be made. reality. His idol had been shattered, That had been Cecil allover. His first thought had been to evade the comments of the world. But even if he did wish to carry this too far, he should not be allowed to disturb his cousin's peace by doing so.

BEV. DR. TALMAGE. hear them pronounce his name without a shiver. As for quietly going on her way, having daily inter ourse with the re-lations in Grosvenor Square, meeting THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUS DAY SERMOL. Cecil going in and out he had begged

Subject: "Tongues of Fire."

TEXT: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost."

trusted everyone, almost hated every Acts xix., 2.

think the matter over, might have put

a new face upon past and future; but

Bellenden had been too precipitate: he

had appeared when the storm had

the crisp freshness of the summer is

past, and the mellow warmth of au

tumn is not yet begun? When the

Poor Mrs. Campbell grew almost

such extreme measures. She i ad thought the Raymond affair might be

patched up without any great diffi-culty. It might, it probably would, have its disagreeable side: it might

produce awkward monents and un-

comfortable restraint; bu: surely it

The word ghost, which means a soul, or spirit, has been degraded in common par-lance. We talk of ghosts as baneful and frightful and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a Ghost who is omninguate and diving and executions. and the second s

the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Societh ministre came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation he said, "II you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous. No other profess sion makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular preacher prepares one or two speeches for a politi-ral campaign it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year, he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver the next morning, the headstrong girl, neither calmer nor wiser than on the night before, announced her next decision, which was that back the two must his -and that without a moment's breathing space-to the wilds of Inch-

It was the first week in July, and some of the pleasantest part of London young pastor has two semions to deliver every Sabbath before the same audience, be-sides all his other work, and the most of season was yet to come; there were the garden parties, the suburban fetes, the river excursions, the little frolics hither and thither for which no time little frolics ministers never recover from the awful ner-vous strain of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers and withhold your criticisms. My aged Scotch friend responded to my could be found earlier - must all these be sacrificed? And for what?

first call and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember noth-ing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday he ever preached. On the following Saturday he was called to his beavenly reward. But I remember just how he appeared as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience, and with earnestness and pathos and electric force asked them, in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present dis course is to open a door, to unveil a Person-age, to introduce a? force not sufficiently re-

ognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces Him-Genesis 1.2. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the '-that is, as an albatross or eagle waters spreads her wings over her young and warms them into life and teaches them to fly, so the Eternal Spirit spread His great, broad, radiant wings over this earth in its callow and unife ged state and warmed it into life and fluttered over it and set it winging its way through immensity. It is the tip top of all beautiful and sublime suggestiveness. Cat you not almost see the outspread wings over the nest of young worlds? "The Spi God moved upon the face of the waters Another appearance of the Holy Ghost wa at Jerusalem during a great feast. Strangers speaking seventeen different languages were present from many parts of the world. in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone or hurricane. It made the trees bend and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked

she did not exactly say "a triffe," but the tone in which she said "a thing as this" implied it—"it did seem a pity to let such a thing as this put out, so many people, and disarrange so much." Of course, granny vowed an1 pro-tested, of course her darling should not be tormented by Cecil, nor by any of his families. There was the sound of a rushim; Construction of the sound of the house, and there are so many people, and disarrange so much." Mane of fire tipped each forehead, and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fir a panie took place, until Peter explained that the beliliance and anointing and baptisma power of the Holy Ghost. That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preach-ing. There was the sound of a rushim; drawing heavenward that we could not have shall feel a drawing heavenward that we could not have

notices the difference and begins to ask "What has come over that man? Whom has he been with? What has so affected him What has ransacked his entire nature What has ransacked his entire nature What has ransacked his entire nature two pictures of Paul-one on the road to Damascus to kill the disciples of Christ, the to there on the road to Ostia to die for Christ, Come nearer home and look at the man who found his chief delight in a low class of diale and then stambling down the front steps after midnight and staggering homeward, and that same man, one week afterward, with his same man, one week afterward, with his family on the way to a prayer meeting What has done it? It must be God. It mustbi-the Holy Ghost. That power shook hearts, convicting some, aving some, sanctifying some. The difference in evangelical usefulness in stating to the wounds, lantern for dark has tome the wounds, lantern for dark to most has been a semifalture. They have no roach, rescue from maligning pursuers, hit from the marbie slab of tombistones. Life to most has been a semifalture. They have no roached that which they started for. Friend to most has been a semifalture. They have no roached that which they started for. Friend to most has been a semifalture. They have no roached that which they started for. Friend to most has been a semifalture. They have no roached that which they started for. Friend has any such thing for me, with-pat three differenced in that I had ever heard has there was any such thing for me, with-pat thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon mein

to most has been a semifallure. They have not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business stand loses old custom and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes prearious when one most needs strong muscle and steady nerve and clear brain. Out of this audience of thousands and thou-sands, if I should ask all those whis have been unhurt in the struggle of life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hands, not one would move. Oh, how much we need the Holy Ghosi as comforter! He resites the sweet gospel promises to the hardly bestead. He assures of mercy mingled with the severities

assures of mercy mingled with the severities. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of 1 heaven where tear is never wept and burden is never carried and injustice i How many mach a black trumpeter wook His place in Whitefield's audience proposing the trumpet at a certain point in the

ly comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You ind yourself saying to youragif: "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough, She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am giad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet us, and it will be only a lit-tle while anyhow, and God makes no mis-takes." Or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I are aver want over the wires. "Believe on takes." Or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, had, as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally furn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our world-ly resources leads us to hay up treasures in heaven." Or you soliloquize, saying "It was hard to give up thed age as ever went over the wires, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be aved." What power was being felt? It was the What power was being fell? It was the loly Ghost. And what more appropriate? For the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flice along the wires is a tongue of fire. And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires of lines or influence stretching to every heart in all the mation there are ly resources leads us to inv up treasures in is a tongue of fire. And that reminds me of heaven." Or you soilloquize, sayings "ilt was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and, oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow! But then what an escape he has made from the terminations and surveys which come to beyond and across continents and under the terminations and surveys which come to be seen to account the terminations and surveys which come to be seen tob seen to be seen to be

beyond and across continents and under the seas, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this gospel for many years through the printing press. So a islograph operator sits or stands at a given

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

> Teasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young-Funny Selections Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

From a Westerner. "What is that noise?" asked the stranger, who had gotten up early so laid across and tied. Now the boards

are nailed on. The window at the side as to see all the sights. of the door was formerly filled with "That's the boom of the sunrise gun "You don't say so! Well, that may glass, but of late years it has been closed with a tightly nailed piece of do very well for booming the sunrise. sheet fron. When this hut was built but unless you put in a few cornets and a trombone it wouldn't go six Indians and all sorts of wild animals

roamed the then limitless forest, and inches toward booming Western real estate.-Washington Star.



Miss Jingle-Back so soon? I though ou were to take a lesson in memory raining.

Mr. Jangle-I did intend to, but the professor had forgotten the appoint nent

As Fast as Possible. Triver-How fast can your horse gol

Driver-Well, you see my horse is like ne of these blooming dudes that is teeming civilization. pending his father's money. He only

Inquirer. Indicated. Mrs. Toots-Where have you been? Toots-To the (hic), my dear, club,

rom your club-footed gait .- New York World. Doing Splendidly. "How is young Blaggles doing in usiness?" asked her father.

"Have they

"Splendidly," was the confident re ply. "He says that he considers him self very lucky at the store."

d bla salar

Their Own Medicine.

Very Likely.

He Gracefully Resigned.

Velly Bad Luckee.

Would Feel Homelike.

All Due to the Diet

ma."-London Talk.

HOME OF THE HERMITS COOMBS.

the lonely ploneer was frequently roused from his fitful slumbers by the fierce war-whoop of the savage or the wild shrick of the deadly panther. Now the vast forests are but a memory and well-tilled farms occupy the spot that once were the Indians' hunting grounds.

William and George Coombs were born in Kentucky and came to Clark County when the latter was a small boy. Rumor has it that in h's early manhood William was filted by a cruel maiden, and he then and there abjured the sex forever. His faithful brother George, whom he to this day terms "the baby," became his companion, and the two have ever since lived their life alone, solitary in the midst of

Their hut is in the center of a 400oes as fast as he can.-Philadelphia acre tract of land, which they own and rent out on shares. They will never sell their grain unless they get the price they think they should have or they have to have money to pay their Mrs. Toots-I might have known that taxes. They never keep any money by them. The produce they raise on the five-acre tract surrounding the hut and the eggs from their poultry supply them with the necessaries of life, all of which they purchase of a huckster, never going to any town unless peremptorily summoned. The only visit they have ever paid Marshall in many years was when they were summoned on a trial a few years ago. The old men yet preserve all their faculties. Sight and hearing are good. In their earlier days both were mighty hunters. and thousands of wild turkeys as well as numbers of deer and bear fell to their rifles. Both still pride themselves on their marksmanship, old as they are, and not without reason, for their Dimpleton-Oh, no. He said I would aim is still deadly .-- Utica Globe. have gotten it any way.-Exchange. A Funeral Dance.

New out, I shall de it these waves contrace to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear uny more.'" Now, my hearers, let 500 of us, whether slerical or lay workers, get such a divine risitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next contrary strikes I entury strikes 1. How many marked instances of Holy

and burden is never carried and injustice is never suffered. Comfort for all the young people who are mailreated at home, or re-ceive insufficient income, or are robbed of their schooling, or kept back from positions they earned by the putting forward of other less worthy. Comfort for all these men and women midway in the path of life, worn out with what they have already gone through and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmitie and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones and the scheme is 'ablished with their own grit. The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, general iy comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourgif: "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my do she had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet pe and it will be only a line.

how dearly I paid for it. Where were you? Where could you have been? 1 give you my word that I hunted up and down, in and out. all over the place for hours and hours, and all in vain. I laid on his shoulder, and a rougn voice

only gave up when nearly every one in his ear had bidden him awake had left the place. "I did not mean that." almost whis

pered Geraldine, for now she was the second dependence of the second de forth with sudden passion. "What right have you to say them? How do you work. He had contrived, goodness dare to presume that it's anything to knows how! to draw his cousin apart, me whether you seek me or not? You -you — I never told you to look for second day of the testival; and he had

me; I never gave you leave. You then first pleaded his own cause, and must not -you shall not do it. Under pleaded, as we know, in vain; and sub-Under pleaded, as we know, in vain: and substand, sir, that I will not have any sequently, and doubtless with more more of this. 1 forbid it-I-Iore of this. I forbid it -I - 1 - ... acrimony than might otherwise have been vented, turned his attention tosaid he, very gently, taking her hand wards blasting the hopes of his pre-

sumably more successful rival. "Do you forbid my asking for He had meant to order his plan of this hand, and offering in exchange only my poor heart, which is already action on this wise. It was to have yours? I sought you, dear, because I been thus: Clear the course of Bel-loved you. I think you know I love lenden, then walk the course, Rayyou, and I think I know that youmond But lovers seldom keep to their pro-

'That I love you?" cried Geraldine, wildly: "is it that which you would You know that? You would tell sav? me that? But you -you are mistaken. Sir Frederick Bellenden. I am not quite the child, the fool I once was. I had done himself none the less damage -1-- Oh, how can you-how can in that he had sought to involve Be -?" and, unable to articulate youmore, she could only wrench from his

the hand he still held, and let loose the brianning floods which would no is, as every one knows, a certain flerce consolation in hitting back, even

"Who has done this?" he cried though each blow recoils on the head of the striker; and Geraldine's suitor,

"This is not your own doing. This is not yourself speaking " proceeded Bellenden, in much activation and the character, he had not to be a man smooth-tongued whisperer has beenhe should have done. He had been as unable to bridle his "Never mind that-never mind that.

He did but tell me true, if it has been have chosen to take it for own wounds, had recklessly delivered so: you

You would not play me false?" 'How am I playing you false?"

"Look back upon the past few accordingly-we are sorry to say it-eeks," he said. "What am I to it had been to this that the defeated veeks, think? Have you not given me reason Could 1 thing otherto suppose — Could 1 think other-wise than that you saw, understood, and returned my feelings for you? Had you meant to reject me-Geraldine, you cannot, you cannot mean it." he continued, with increased emotion. "You cannot have been trifling with me-" but the word awoke a fata) scho in her heart.

she cried, scornfully, Triffing?" "and why not 'triffing,' if it suited me to trifle? Why should I not have my turn? You thought little enough once speak.

of trifling with me." "I? With you?" "You thought I was but a little girl, no nearer, and dearer title. A certain s child to be taken up, and petted, and petted, and played with, and dropped. You thought you might say what you chose, do what you chose, kiss me if had tried on with Geraldine before. you chose," and she struck her face All had known this, and had noticed you chose," and she struck her face upon the spot his lips had burned, "and then and then no more. I was to forget all as you did. I was to think nothing of it, to laugh at it, to know that others jested about it; I was only a child, you know. What have only a child, you know. What have you to say now, if I have, as you call gallantry-he had got no further. So far he had teen heard out, since, in her bewilderment and consterna 'trifled' with you?'

He was silent-too much amaged for tion, she had no words wherewith to worde.

stop him: but all at once she had real-"Good Heavens! Why, Geraldine," he exclaimed at length after a mute pause during which each had involunized that her childhood's romantic dream which had cost her so dear, but which she had deemed all her own, tarily drawn back a pace, and stood quickly breathing in each other's had been, and still was, the sport and faces. "Why, Geraldine, what strange scoff of others. delusion is this? I—" he passed his Cecil had exaggerated, perhaps na

and the second s

1.0.5

Cecil had exaggerated, perhaps na urality, in saying that "all" had hand over his brow, "I cannot yet un-turality, in saying that "alf" had destinad Of course. I ought to have known and noticed, but he had cerderstand. Of course, I ought to have written, to have — Pshaw! that is tainly, in furtherance of his end, be not what you can so deeply have rehappy in the hint; it had been caught sented: there must be more. Is it pos-sible, then, that I-that you-that any- which it had fallen, and had been conthing ever passed between you and me strued into something yet further in the old days which could have been from the truth than was actually the taken in so ill a part that it must needs She had been gossiped about, giggled rise as a barrier between us for everover, smirked at-oh! how terrible. Never, never could she hold up her

more? "What did pass between us? Stop what did pass between us? Stop Never, never could she hold up her himself away. head again among those who had made himself away. her their jest; never again could she | To morrow's advertising may be a meet Bellenden in their presence, nor day too late.

and the second of the second

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A Deadly Enemy.

Even common house flies have a deadly enemy-a parasite that fastens upon their bodies. Their favorite location is around the wings and the shoulders. These tiny creatures grow rapidly, and soon become so full of blood as to be perceptible to the naked eye. They soon exhaust the source of supply and leave the wretched victim little more than a shell, when it crawls away to die. Any one may discover grams on such occasions, and Cecil at the critical moment had come to grief. this condition of affairs by observing that flies become dull and semi-stupid. They seem to fly heavily, and soon alight and begin brushing and scraping

their bodies with their wings and feet. lenden in his ruin. It must be supposed that finally this had been apparent to him. But there But to no purpose are all their efforts; for the leech never lets go. These parasites are very much worse in some easons than in others. Occasionally there is a summer when they are very few, and one may look a long time without finding any. At other times, in certain localities, they almost sweep the flies out of existence. Such a condition is thought to be fraught with danger to the human family.

Be On Your Guard.

One of the most perilous experiences Nothing he knew would heart the of a young convert is in dealing with proud-spirited girl more than any re-verting to the old childish folly, and the suggestion that he is not converted. To make the suggestion is one of the favorite modes of attack used by candidate had turned at once. A very indifferent tale it had been the adversary. If he can succeed in getting a young Christian to listen to to hearken to. He had been watching it, and to go into an analysis of the his cousin, he had a lowed, and had case, he is very sure of cooling that week that he was reading the Bible through been very much afraid, very apprehen been very init in airaid, very apprenen-sive and anxio s on her account. He had hoped against hope that he had been mistaken. Not less on her account than on his own on his own he would now say nothing - that was past - and, therefore, and only since it converts zeal, if not of bringing his Christian life to an end. Be on your guard against his whisperings. Instead of looking at yourselves, look at Jesus. Meet the approaches of Satan as Luther did. When the devil said was past, was he now free to raise to him: "You are no Christian," he note of warning;) but, on her account, he thought he really oight now to replied: "Well, that's none of your usiness."-Michigan Advocate. He must speak as a relation

as a trother, since she would allow him IT was anything but Palm Sunday to the little boy whose mother, for the first time, substituted a slipper for her own soft and tender palm.

Food for Thought.

We are shaped by our yesterdays. Practical wisdom avoids big words, He who feasts every day, feasts no ay.

No man is a hero to his mother-in law. Courtship is a sonnet, marriage an

The perfect man is never the periect artist.

lil-balanced praise is worse than lence. Every heart has its own definition of love.

Advice should be well shaken before taken. Fanaticism, the false fire of an over-

heated mind. The meanest man will sometimes give

sound of a rushin mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky, yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, backs horse from their functions, and the broke loose from their fastenings, and th whole assembly feit that the sound was supernatural and pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite and almighty and glorious person-age is the Holy Ghost! He brooded this are the dews of the night dashed with sun-rise. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no; they are the Com-forter, who is the Holy Ghost.
Notice also the Holy Ghost as the preach er's reinforcement. You and I have known preachers encyclopedic in knowledge, brill-iant as an iceberg when the sun smites it.
and with Chesterfieldian address and rhetorical hand uplifted with diamond big encouch to dazel an assembly and so surplanet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world He will brood it the second time into life. Perilous attempt would be a comparison between the three-persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which at-

but there is some consideration which at-taches itself to the third person of the Trin-ity, the Holy Ghost that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin aga the Holy Ghost, which shall never be given either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity you never hear the words Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as Biblical interpreter, as a hu-man constructor, as a solace for the broken hearted, as a preacher's re-enforcement. The Bible is a mass of contradictions, a affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says of itself that the Scripture is not for "private interpretation," but "holy mou of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—that is, not private interpretation, but Holy Ghost interpretation. Pile on your study table all the commentaries of the Bible -Matthew Henry and Scott and Adam Clarke and Albert Barnes and Bash and Alexander, and all the archesdogies, and all the Bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the international series of Sunday-school lessons. And if that is all you will not understand the deeper and grander mean-ings of the Bible so well as that Christian understand the deeper and grander mean-ings of the Bible so well as that Christian mountaineer who, Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cat-tle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well worn Bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book. No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up The Novoe Vremva of St.

No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up The Nove Vremya of St. Petersburg, all printed in Russian, and say, "There is no sense in this newspaper, for J cannot understand one line of all its col-umns," than for any man to take up the Bible, and without getting Holy Ghost il-humination as to its meaning say. "This humination as to its meaning say: "This Book insults my common sense. I cannot understand it. Away with the incongruity!" No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, can explain the Scriptures. Fully realize that, and you will be as entru-sinstic a lover of the old book as my vener-able friend who told me in Philadelphia iast the fifty-ninth time, and it became more at-tractive and thrilling every time he wont through it. In the saddlebags that hang across my horse's back as I rode from Jeruacross my horse's back as I rode from Jeru-salem down to the Dead Sea and up to Da-mascens I had all the books about Palestine that I could carry, but many a man on his knees, in the privacy of his room, has had flashed upon him more vivid appreciation of the word of God than many a man who has visited all the scenes of Christ's birth, and Paul's eloquence, and Peter's imprisonment, and Joshua's prowess, and Elijah's ascen-sion. I do not depreciate any of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a di-rect communication from the throne of God

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drawing heavenward that we could not hav otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say, do not ery. God pity pe ple in trouble who have the parched and the dry eyelid and cannot shed a tear. That makes maniacs. To God's people tears are the dews of the night dashed with sun-

Death of a Dwarf Who Lived Twenty-two

enough to dazle an assembly and so sur-charged with vocabulary that when they left this life it might be said of each of them as De Quincey said of another that in the act of dying he committed a robbery, absconding with a valuable polyglot dictionary, yet ne awakening or converting or sanctifying re-sult, while some plain man, with humbles phraseology, has seen audiences whelmed with religious influence. It was the Holy Ghost. What a useful thing it would be it every minister would give the history of hi sermonal Years ago at an outdoor meeting in the State of New York I preached to many thousands. There had been much to many thousands. There had been much prayer on the grounds for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost at that service, and the awakening power exceeded anything I ever witnessed since I began to preach, with per-haps the exception of two or three occasions. Clergymen and Christian workers by the score and hundreds expressed themselves as having been blessed during the service. That afternoon I took the train for an out-door meeting in the State of Ohio, where 1

door meeting in the State of Ohio, where 1 was to preach on the night of the next day. As the sermon had proved so useful the day before and the theme was fresh in my mind. to Be One of the Largest Fruit Orchards

Some will say, The more favorable than in in the first case were more favorable than in the last." No, they were more favorable in the last. The difference was in the power of the last. The difference was in the power o the Holy Ghost-mightily present at the first service, not seemingly present at all at the second. I call upon the ministers of Amerisecond. I can upon the ministers of Ameri-ca to give the history of sermons, for I be-lieve it will illustrate as nothing else can the truth of that Scripture, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." On the Sabbath of the dedication of one of

churches in Brooklyn, at the morn service, 328 souls stood up to profess Christ. They were the converts in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where we had been worshiping. The reception of so many mem-bers-and many of them baptized by immer-sion-had made it an arduous service, which continued from half past ten in the n ntil half past two in the afternoon. From that service we went home exhausted, be cause there is nothing so exhausting as deep

is messages in all direct "N-no. But they threatened to disand you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand. God help me now to touch the right key and send the right message charge him and didn't do it."-Wash ngton Star. A Question of Time. long the right wires to the right places, Who shall we first call up? To whom shall I Dimpleton-I was playing poker with

who shall we have easily in the shall is to shall it is and the message? I guess I will sond the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here go s the Christiy message, "Come unto Me, all yo who are weary, and I will give you rest." my father-in-law last night and I won ull he had. Dashaway-Was he mad?

ONLY TWO FEET TALL.

Barblow-I see that the hotel pro-Years and Never Walked or Talked.

Charles E. Mintram, a dwarf, whose sings rietors of the city have given up their xistence has created widespread att died a few days ago at the home of dea of having a reunion and banquet Beeblay-Why? Tather, E. Mintram, at Pine Bush, Orange County, N. Y., of pneumonia. He was in his twenty-second year and was only twenty-lour inches tail. He was born in Worten-dyke, N. J., and was one of nine children. Barblow-Not one of the hotels could get up a banquet to suit them .- South oston News. the first year he was as bright and thriving as the others, and increased a little in weight and stature, but he never walked or talked, and grew to manhood with the same baby Mrs. Houser-Have you any idea what the papers mean when they say face that he had twenty years ago and the same helpless body. The boy had been ex-amined by many physicians during his life, but none of them could give any satisfactory a man is dabbling in stocks? Houser-Er-that he has gone into pool, most likely .- Buffalo Courler. xplanation of the case. As a child he was s bright mentally as any other child until levelopment ceased, and he became an ordi-nary baby all the rest of his life. He was assionately fond of music and understood Farmer-If you want work I'll giv you a job. Wiggley Waggles-Well, I'd like Il that was said to him, and was healthy un il his last sickness take advantage o' yer offer, boss, but I

see a man comin' up the road that MONSTER GRAPE FRUIT FARM. looks as if he had a family to support.

an' as I'm a bachelor I will resign in in California. his favor .- Tid-Bits.

One of the largest enterprises in the plant ng of fruit orchards now in progress in Cali iornia has just been begun within three miles of Pomona by Henry M. Loud, a millionaire of Detroit, Mich., who owns 600 acres of fine Chinese General-Are there plenty of guns and ammunition for to-morrow's battle? ruit land in the valley. Mr. Loud is the first nan to undertake the production of grape ruit on a large scale on this coast. He has pontracted for 3000 trees of this variety of fruit, all that can be had in that part of the Aid-Yesee; but dishpan crackee so not makes muck noise. General-My, my! Then we'd better State for immediate planting, put the success of the experiment will be watched with in-terest by fruit growers and followers in all retreat .- New York Weekly.

"And now," said the Fiji chief to the good prices in the Eastern markets, and has been one of Florida's most profitable crops, but the recent cold weather along the Atlan-Boston missionary, "have you anything to request before we proceed with the tie coast killed every grape fruit tree in that ceremony?" "Only this," replied the missionary "please put a few beans in the pot with

Japan's National Exhibition. The fourth Industrial Exhibition of Japan will be held this year at Kioto. It opened on April 1 and will continne until July 31. on April 1 and will continue until July 30, This is the Japanese National exhibition, also being held in commemoration of the 1000th anniversary of the founding of Kioto is the old capital of Japan. Kioto is now known as the Western capital, though in reality no longer a seat of government, and is the most fascinating city of the emoty is the most fascinating city of the empire, remples abound in and about Kioto and it is the home of the finest products of Janan

self.-Boston Transcript.

On one occasion, near Rice, Dakota, I witnessed an Indian funeral dance. The brave, a man of influence in the tribe, and who carried on his left hand the scar of a fearful wound, said to have been received at Fort Phil Kearney, was laid out stiff and stark in the tepec in which he died. The women, just as Christian women do, washed the corpse, and then dressed him in all his ornaments. A red blanket was wrapped about him, and a bow and quiverful of arrows were added to the equipment of death. Then the body was carried on his favorite pony, led by a woman, to the place of rest. On four poles with crotches, freshly driven into the ground. a platform of sticks was laid at a height of about ten feet. On this platform the body reposed, as if the warrior was asleep in his blanket, with his bow and quiver beside him. Then the living braves circled about the scaffold with a slow, sorrowful motion, uttering a song or plaint. They made three or four rounds; then, silently mounting their ponies, they returned to camp, leaving their dead comrade to the company of the birds of heaven. In the dry air of Dakota the body becomes rapidly desiccated, and one can be in the neighborhood of scores of these burial scaffolds without noticing anything offensive. It is also a singular fact that the carrion birds seldom look for food among the bodies thus exposed. The motive for disposing of remains in this way probably is to save them from the wolves, which would scratch up a grave. Bodles are some times high up in the branches of trees,

and it used to be no unusual thing in the river bottoms of the Missouri to come across a departed warrior thus disposed of.

Reassuring.

Nervous people who are haunted by the fear of appendicitis every time they eat grapes or berries, trouble themselves unnecessarily, according to a prominent physician. The general impression that this singular ailment is caused by the presence of a seed or stone in the appendix is erroneous. A small bit of digested matter gets into the little sac, if the neck if it is open far enough to receive it. It may remain there for years and cause no trouble, and then again it may bring on appendicitis almost immediately. Where the patient is in good health, in four cases out of five the operation for removing the appendix is successful. Many people who have heard about appendicitis have given up the luxury of mall fruit in fear of it, and some of the extremely sensitive ones have even been constantly worried lest some seed that they had swallowed in the past might give them, this disease-which is among the rarest diseases any way. It is time to explode the seed story: if has caused too much discomfort al-

ready. Also Familiar. "Do you remember those lines of

Longfellow's about the village smithy ?" sked the quotatious boarder.

"Smithy? Smithy?" responded the Cheerful Idiot, with a puzzled air as sumed for the occasion. "Can't say that I do. Are you sure it is not the brownie you have reference to?"-Cincinnati Tribuna.

parts of the country. Grape fruit has come to be in demand at

emotion. A messenger was sent out to obtain a preacher for that night, but the search was unsuccessful, as all the ministers wors engaged for some other place. With no preparation at all for