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THE OLD SCRAP BOOK

When the days begin to darken, And the rolling stone has stopped When an actor's travel's over, And from the list he's dropped,

He seeks for consolation, And knows just where to look. For they treat him very kindly in The Old Scrap Book.

What memories it awakens, As he turns its pages o'er-He feels himself a boy again,

As in the days of yore. It brings to mind companions Firm friends both good and true; It speaks of him as handson

And he believes it, too. It brings him back to "Old Stock Days," When acting was an art, When every man was tested Of his worth to play a part. It tells him of the "hit" he made, One time as "Richelleu,"

And how he set 'em crazy One night in Kalamazoo. It speaks of him as "Romeo." And says he played the part As though each line to "Juliet" He meant with all his heart.

No truer words were ever penned The Old Scrap Book speaks true-He loved her—loved his "Juliet"— She loved him dearly, too.

He married her, now settled down, a cozy little home, He's happy and contented, And no more he'll have to roam. They call him of the "Old School,"

But if you care to look You'll find that he has "won his spurs" In The Old Scrap Book. -New York Clipper.



ELISSA opened the old book one day, and this was the paragraph that met and held her eves:

"The beauty, the refinement, the truth and the poetry of life all spring from one source-simplicity."

At first the passage was meaningless to her, but books came not often in the girl's way, so she read it over and over, until some of the words began to stand out with misty meaning. She knew in an unlearned way what beauty meant; of its deeper sense she had no concep-"purty" was enough for her. As for respot where Melissa, clad in a straight finement, poetry, simplicity, their white dress, with a bunch of violets ir hs were as dead letters, for poor Melissa, with her red hands and faded gown, had only a poor excuse for what we call education.
"Wish dad 'ud come!" she mused.

thoughtfully. "Like's not he's found some 'un to talk 'lth!"

As she gazed two figures separated themselves from the wooded field beyoud and approached the clearing where the Hadden home stood. Melissa watched them attentively, wondering audibly "who dad had in tow this

Even at this distance there came to her a sudden sense of the contrast between old man Hadden, slouching along with the typical gait of the backwoodsman, and the quick, firm tread of the stranger.

"Hello, Meliss!" hailed Hadden, as they entered the rude gate. "Here's a man wants sunner an' lodein'"

Melissa, with a little nod, entered the house, and they saw her no more until she placed the smoking meal on the table and called them to it. There was neither napery nor silver there; indeed, but the supper was palatable and very acceptable to the hungry and tired trav-

Melissa sat, silent and shy, pouring out the black coffee, and furtively watching the stranger while he ate: his refined manner struck her with peculiar force. Did he know about beauty, and refinement and simplicity? She rather opined that he did; once on looking up, she found him regarding her with a steady, curious gaze.

Thorne Halloway arose the next morning as the first streaks of dawn were straining the east. It gave promise of being a perfect day, and he congratulated himself on a long day's sketching.

But if the artist was abroad early that fateful morning, some one was up before him-some one in a faded print gown, poring over a battered book.

He lingered at the doorstep a moment with a word about the day; the girl attracted him by her innocent although uncultivated nature, even while her rough speech jarred upon bim. He watched her face as he talked, seeing the glint of the morning upon it, its

newly-risen brightness in her clear eye. Now, in that interval of ten little minutes an odd thing had happened; a slight thing it was, yet it changed the whole current of Melissa Hadden's life When she dropped her book on the step, and hastened within to prepare the breakfast, the volume had fallen face upward and open to the place where she had been reading.

Half quizzically Halloway picked it up and glanced at the paragraph marked, I must confess, by the constant friction of Melissa's fingers. He reed it over slowly:

"The beauty, the refinement, the truth

and the poetry of life all spring from one source-simplicity." A slow, eurlous smile crept around

his lips as he hurriedly penciled a word across the paragraph, and laid the book down again.

Thorne Halloway had found many a sweet flower growing amid a mass of ugly weeds, and they appealed to him in behalf of all that was modest and beautiful. Here was a soul-flower groping among the weeds of ignorance and vulgarity; he saw it in her face; he guessed it by the light in her eyes; did the darkness of that soul appeal to the light in his own?

Melissa Hadden was like hundreds of other girls who have had no educational advactages, neither better por

worse; simply an ordinary girl with a natural craving for better things. When she took up her book again, with a grim determination worthy of her cause, lo! one word written here by an invisible hand had solved the problemthat one word, so full of meaning even

age of journals and magazines found their way to the Hadden home, and tneir contents were literally devo by Melissa.

the old man.

What that miscellaneous bundle of ournals did for Melissa it would be hard for the cultured reader to under stand. They found her, as Thorne Haloway had, an ignorant girl; they left her with the seeds of a new understanding implanted in her nature.

She read of what women in the work are doing, what girls no older than herself had done for their own advance ment, and she longed to do likewiseonged so intensely, that one day she suddenly said to old man Hadden,

"School"-laconically.

"It's just four months till September four months means about sixteen weeks; there's Mrs. Telney down to the village'll give me six shillings a-weel to mind the children afternoons and evenin's; that's nearly five pounds; then I can do up my work here of mornin's, and pick strawberries for Mr. Morrow, who ships 'em to the city,

have to make up the rest." "I'll do it, Meliss. By Jove! yer grh dean through! Git ready, an' I'll see hat yer don't stick!"

pened that golden September, Melissa, clothed in a neat, new dress, a modest hat—a gift from the wealthy Mrs. Tel-

end of the term.

'amiliar eyes.

"Mr. Halloway!" cried a dozen girls each desirous of obtaining attention from the rising young artist.

But Halloway, with a courteous smil aere or a jest there, was making his

he said, hesitatingly.

held out her hand with unconscious trace. "I am Melissa," she said quietly.

"I have been out your way again, sketching. I saw your father, and he talked of you."

als persistent gaze.

laugh. "Because, if you are, I warn you-well, I owe you too much to-"What?" he said, eagerly. But with a saucy smile and nod sh

was gone, swallowed up in the crush. Somewhat disconcerted, Halloway zazed after her. Melissa had grown graceful and cul mred since he saw her last, and many

thoughts tangled themselves up in his Was this the thing that had beer othering him since that early morning

cutlery of any kind was at a premium, in spring, when he caught the light from Hadden clearing to "sketch?"

A flush crept over his face at a sud ien thought, and he turned on his heel and walked away.

A year later. It was the day of Me issa Hadden's graduation, and all na ture had put on royal robes apparently

As her eyes wandered over the sea or as once before, the face of Thorne Hal-

For a fleeting moment the brown and knew that he loved the girl.

Melissa, who had worn a faded prin Iress, and said "mornin" to him once on a time, but whose serious eyes me his own so sweetly and steadily to-day for on her brow was written the light of knowledge, and the grace of simplic ity and the beauty of truth. These things had crowned her with their changeless glory.

Beginning Early. He-Darling, I am getting into eco nomical habits. I saved my luncheou to-day.

on him at noon.-Exchange.

Look Ahead Don't growl because the sun is hid

Don't sigh and bawl, for you'll have all The sun you want next June! -Atlanta Constitution. Not Hampered by Facts.

tiful article on "How to Manage a Wife?" Editor-Young Jones.

Editor's Wife-Why, I didn't know he was married. Editor-He isn't.-Judge.

Too Young to Say at 89. Ethel-Grandma, how old do they go before they quit liking flattery? Grandma-I'm 89, my child, but you'L have to ask some one older than L-Philadelphia Inquirer.

to Melissa, was "knowledge." A few weeks later a generous pack

"That artist feller's bound ter pay als way in some fashun," commented

"Dad, I'm goin' ter school!"

"Wh-a-t?" "Wall," he said, meditatively, "wher'

fou get the money?" Melissa made a rapid calculation.

that'll be one pound; and I've about two pounds in my box. Dad, you'll

And so when B- Seminary, a real refined school for young women, re-

lowed and touch her once again at the

The exercises were over, and the oung ladles were receiving their friends when a strange occrrence happened to Melissa Hadden. As she chanced to look across the hall, she encountered the gaze of a pair of steady,

"It is Meliss-Miss Hadden, is it not?" And Melissa, with a little flush creep

ing up to the waves of her dark bair

Melissa grew a little confused under

"Are you studying me for a sub ect?" she said, with a sudden gay

a pair of flashing gray eyes, and whose solving had drawn him back to the

to do her honor.

A superb bouquet of flowers had been brought to her early in the day. In their midst nestled a card, with a few written lines upon them. A portion of these flowers she carried when she re-now hung upon her lips, thought what she thought, saw what she saw, fell

riendly faces they encountered again,

the gray orbs met, and in that instant the truth stood confessed. Halloway

She-Yes; father told me you called

And the weather's out of tune:

Editor's Wife-Who wrote this bean

CHAPTER XVII - Continued. For herself granny allowed - and the fectionate young heart went straight ent to her on the spot for the words sorry as she was, she would have

been still more sorry had Cecil's love u t ended differently. Here Ceraldine's lip began to quiver Up to this point her face had been set as in a vise. "I felt as if everyone were against me yesterday," she murmured, "even you, dear. You vou said so little, and and you seemed se grieved for him."

"I was grieved, and I am grieved but," said the old lady, almost flercely, 'I consider Cecil is a fool all the same He ought to have seen and known long ago - any man with an ounce of percep tion would—that you did not care a button for him. He might have seer that there was another—"
"What? You, too?" And with a great cry, out it all came, and every

thing was explained.
"It you had only said so before." An poor granny felt as if she could never forgive herself, and cried also, and wipe i her eyes to ring the bell, and give orders, and send messages and then sat down to her desk to write notes an I frame excuses without a sec-

ond's hesitation. "We can let it appear among our selves that it was this cousinly affair,' quotn she smartly, "and the world must think what it pleases. Nay, it ney, who admired her "grit"—and much pertubation of soul, embarked upon the sea of its life.

Let us skip over the months that fol ple always do retire early, from every-thing. It is not worth while to drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs." And so she gave it out generally.

"My granddaughter and I have had nough." she said. "I am getting to enough. be an old woman, and cannot stand as much as I once could"—("I cannot stand two rejected proposals in one day," she mentally specified — "and so we are off to rest and recruit. We may hope, if all is well, to stay longer another year."

By the end of the week overything

had been ad usted, the bills paid, the light surface of the rooms dismantled, tion; that a flower or a sunset was way slowly but unmistakably to the front front. Geraldine was out making a round of

off on the following day, when a visitor the loat which touched every evenwas announced to Mrs. Campbell, as to ling at their pier, and that had been whose coming nothing was said to anybeiv else at the time.

He had evidently known when to call, however, and had been expected, although there was with it all a certain apprehensiveness in his ring of the door beil, and stealthiness in his step upon the stair, which betokened a

upon enchanted ground. "We are quite a one," said his host es hustily. He murmured some inaudible reply. My granddaughter has gone out proceeded the speaker, "and will not return for an hour or two. She has a

n mber of things to do, and people to ee, as we leave town to-morrow. He bowed in silence.
"I think," continued the old lady, very kindly, "I think that we need not stand on any great ceremony with each other, Sir Frederick Bellenden. You would not have come here if you had not wished me to be plain spoken. Shall I, then, tell you at once all I know and what I think? Or will

-?" and she looked inquiringly. But it was certain he would not. He have made myself uneasy; that none ad been too much exasperated, hart, of them would ever have troubled me; had been too much exasperated, hort. and confounded at the first, too much cast down subsequently, to have railied without the aid now thrown out; and, as it was, he remained speechless. merely t rning on her a dumb, appealing eye, which seemed to implore

Ferish pride. Mrs. Campbell had meant to be proud enough and dignifled enough to have sustained the honor of all the generations defunct o her grandchild's ancestors; but what could the benevolent old creature do against a handsome gallant who had long ago subjugated herself as well as Geraldine after the proper, respect-able, grandmotherly fashion, and who

what she felt? Poor granny had never been so setup in her life. Bellenden had not at idea nor an opinion apart from hers and she was encouraged to tell what she had seen, whisper what she had suspected, and suggest what should next be done, with nothing but the most eager acquiescence on his part. Finally, she wound up with a proph scy that all would come right yet; and, thereupon, the despendent and de-jected figure who had crept so humbly and cautiously in, vanished into thir air, while in its place sat upright a broad form, with square shoulders, and courageous and undaunted air, pre-

pared for anything, and thirsting to display his valor.

But, mind, my dear Sir Frequerick, do, pray, mind this," urged his counsellor at parting, "do, pray, be careful.

Not a word, not a single word of this interview to Geraldine. I know my child. She is not and sensitive. She she the hasty blood of her race. Did she but once suspect you had beer with me, she would take fire at once, and who knows whether we should ever succeed in allaying it a second time? She must not know-must ne er know-at least, I mean until-untilyou choose your own time for telling

her, of course; but it must not be, mus' not be yet." "My dear Mrs. Campbell, you may trust me. And now," said Bellenden, with some emotion, "how shall I ever thank you for the service you have done me? Had it not been for you I, too, should have left—I was or the point of departure when I received, ever have learned the truth? I trem-ble to think of it. I should never, of myself, have spoken again. No man could, who had been told what 1 had.

"Nor man, either," said Bellenden, in spirits to laugh. "She has but to

granny to herself, tears and laughter struggling with each other in her bosom. "By to-morrow, my sweet Geraldine? Yes, indeed, I can well believe there will be another face by

long?" said the old lady, giving him her hand. only awaiting that morrow's dawn to "Within a few days, I trust."

"At Inchmarew."
Granny said that evening that she had really had a pleasant day, and was not in the least fatigued: nor would she go so early to bed, alleging that she liked the cool eventide to sit and think in; and, accordingly, she and her chair brought out and placed in the paleony, although the china pots and daisies were gone, and there she sat silent and smiling, a little to the wonder of some one else, who was in any-

thing but a smiling mood.

All through the preceding week the temperature in Geraldine's veins had been steadily going down: every morning she had arisen cooler and calmer, and more and more ready to be persuaded and reasoned with had there been anybody at hand to reason

But the prudent grandmother had seen all and held her tongue. She had forcast a swift repentance: but she had also prophesied a return of the tantrums were the repentan of forced on apace, and not allowed to work its own end; and, therefore, although it had been no easy thing to do, she i ad put a curb not only on her speech, lut on her actions, and, had word and act carried out the will of

er young tyrant. Perhaps Geraldine had almost hoped to be remonstrated with, and perhaps. had she been so, she might have given

way: but granny, with a chuckle, had gone on with her preparations.

The child needed a lesson: and to give her her head at this crisis, and let her hang berself on her own rope as it were, was incontestably the best thing to be done: and therefore, al-though the "poor dear" really sacrificed self, and could not but heave a sigh as she looked round upon the still at-tractive s ene, the busy parks and streets, and cards upon her plate and mantlepiece; while in the background she had but a ruefui vision of Inchnarew Castle, cold and solitary, and with the covers only just whipped off in the state-rooms-still she held ravely to the role she had laid down or herself; and the only thing she had dene was to drop Bellenden the furtive line which had arrested his departure. and brought him to her side at the

arst convenient opportunity.

Now she could afford to sit and smile on her balcony. Dear old soul! she found fault with nothing - not even with the rain on the Argylishire hill tops, although it fell in waterspouts on the first evening of

anough. On the other hand, poor little Geraldine was miserable down to the very tips of her fingers, and shivered and ectly penitent for bringing her grand-mother back in such an evil hour-she had almost said to such an evil place Inchmarew had never before seemed desolate and dreary. She could not have believed it had she been told, that she could ever have looked upon the loved home of her childhood with such an ungracious eye. The very servants saw that she was unre-

sponsive and out of spirits and fancied she had grown fine and scornful. "This miserable, miserable rain," she moaned, "how gloomy, how de plorable, it all looks! And yet I never found it gloomy and deplorable before. I laught at Aunt Charlotte when she warned me that it would be so. got to tell you, dear, how indignant Aunt Charlotte was with me for running away when I went to say my Good-bye to her. She said I need not and that at least the unfortunate affair might have been allowed to die out of itself. I got away as soon as I could, and left my love for Ethel and Alicia. They will not come here this autumn that is one thing. Oh, it is something to feel I have done with the Raymonds, and Aunt Maria, and all of them for the present; that I can breathe freely, and not be in agonies lest I should meet them at every arning of a street; but still-but

still-" and she drew a long, weary, espairing breath.; Now the curious tring was, that in exact proportion as the grandchild's spirits sank did those of the grand-

She prattled and gossiped, inquired about this and that, spread about the little novelties for the rooms which she had acquired in London; arranged a succession of autumn house-parties consisting of the different new ac quaintances with whom it was desirable to keep up friendly intercourse and who said they should presently b in the no-th, and altogether seeme to have no sympathy with, nor to make any allowance for Geraldine's

depression. "You seem very merry to-night grandmamma.") When the "poor dear" was entitled "grandmama" she knew what it meant.) You seemed are like those of to-day, with a pan, quite rejoiced to be here, in this dull are like those of to-day, with a pan, and a bar with graduated scale and a like those of to-day, with a pan, and a bar with graduated scale and a place, on this melancholy evening," and a bar with graduated scale and a pursued the speaker fretfully. 'I am sure I am very glad you like it. It is a good thing that any one can be mer—Until the time of Henry III, there ry," shuddering. "Even Eres!" and the cast a scornful glance at the blazing logs, thinking of the warmth and

"The fire is needed, certainly," ob erved granny, no whit almshed. "A fire always looks cheering, and my teeling is to have one whenever you can bear it."
"At least it seems to have made you cheerful; I cannot say that It has had

sunlight of the south.

the same effect on me," replied the despondent young lady. "I never felt less cheerful in my life." "You want a companion, my dear," slyly.
"Humph" "Miss Corunna would come, I dare

has some from China, Japan, Cuba and Alaska.

'Oh, pray do not ask her, granny, oray don't!' in creat alarm. "I feel as if I could not bear Miss Corunna, nor any one else just now. I fove Miss Corunna—but I don't want her, indeed I don't! I only want to be let alone. I shall be all right seen. But a present of foreigners. No dogs or Chinamen admitted. And how was I to suppose there could shall be all right soon. By to-morrow, be any explanation? Because, you see, I dare say. Dear." with a swift reshe was always so truthful—"

"She is the most truthful child in the world," cried granny, interrupting him: "but I think no woman living but would have excused her that one little lie."

"Nor man, either," said Bellenden, in spirite to laugh. "She has but to the world, "She has but to the world, whispered to laugh. "By to-morrow, indeed!" whispered tanks over one million five thousand acres.

—Uctober 28th, 1779, Monsieur Jacob took his seat as a member of the French Assembly, at the age of one hundred and twenty.

For she knew by this time that all was right, and that the magician who was to trans orm cloud and mist, de; jection and gloom into sunshine and gladness. was already at his post, and only awaiting that mercur's

begin his delightful task.

The next morning Geraldine was missing at noontide.
"Gone off to the burnside, ma'am, to 'missing at noontide.

"Gone off to the turnside, ma'am, to her old place beneath the waterfall where she used to fish," cheerfully explained the white-headed domestic, who read in this a return to a happier mood than had characterized the evening before. "She did not take her rod, nor yet ask for Donald; b. t she's there all the same, for Hector here saw her cross the road, and away up hrough the birken wood."

"I think," said the lady shortly after when repeating this to a third person who had walked up from the "Ferry Inn." where he had managed to endure the night, though it had not been an agreeable one. "I think, Sir Fred-

dure the night, though it had not been an agreeable one. "I think, Sir Fredwhere near that waterfall that we hear low," for they were standing outside the house as she spoke-"of course l an send some one to show you the way, but —" he was off almost ere he sould repudiate the idea.

Nothing could have been better Geraldine in her own enchanted nest of fern and heather, in the spot where-in he had first beheld her, the spot whereupon he had won his first triamohs. Could be have wished for etter omen now?

And there she was He did not call her, as he drew near She was standing on the self-same edge of slippery rock whereon he had startled her that afternoon three years ago, and standing so near the edge that he durst not risk startling her

He was almost afraid to move, or to reathe-and it seemed ages ere she urned, and slowly and sorrowfully as t seemed, moved with downcast eyes At length she was close by his side

on the confines of the long, rank, dripping grass, and then one word rang out bold and strong-"Geral-Geraldine did not scream, nor faint aor fall this time. She only stood quite still, while the color slowly left her cheek, her blue eyes dilated, and er lips fell apart.

the self-same spot before. in waterspouts on the first evening of their return to their Highland home.

Dismal as was the outlook from her bed-room window, where she stood awhile to gaze upon the dreary mist hanging overhead, and the Laden waste of waters beneath—she scarcely seemed to notice it. One previous inquiry had satisfied her; she had learned that the summer head was a was in the door was indeed to notice it. One previous inquiry had satisfied her; she had learned that the summer head was rounning.

But—the resemblance went no archer them into the ark, two and in order to get them into the ark, two and in order to get them into the ark, two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the Bible statement, which was a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the Bible statement, which was and two, according to the Bible statement, which was a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the Bible statement, which was a large door. We go in, not two and two, according to the door must have door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, according But-the resemblance went no don't weep so bitterly or, if you will, let me kiss away the tears. Geraldine, I love you, and I must love you whether you will or not be generous and forgive, and let us both be happy. Nay, don't hide your face but he found the way to it presently.

So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha, the Roman side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in! Oh, what a bread gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he assess 200 or 200 invitations carefully not. don't weep so bitterlyfound the way to it presently.

She could not struggle with him-

could not choose but hearken to him-

ing that Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Harry Drew have exerted themselves to the utmost to get the aged Premier to relinquish office, and that while at Biarritz their efforts were vigorously renewed. This fact gives added collor the announcement of the Pall Mall Gazette. Not that Mr. Gladstone is a man to be dictated to by his family, or even influenced, but feminine persistency can ever overcome a man of Mr. Gladstone's force of character. If these ladies were at liberty to express themselves, it would be in grateful terms to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette for his plucky pronouncement, which was likely to bring about the consummation they so devoutiy desired, and if there was a V. C. in journalism they would have to give it to him.—The Gentlewoman

-Until the time of Henry III, there was no such thing as protessional trainers of horses, and early Kings thought nothing of becoming their own jockeys. -Stanley found tobacco perfectly acclimated among the African tribes that had never seen a white man. The

use of the weed is universal in the dark continent. -Queen Victoria's will is engrossed on vellum, quarto size, and is bound as a volume and secured by a private lock.

hobby of collecting calendars, and he has some from China, Japan, Cuba and

-The Espinella farm in Texas con-

-A man in Thomaston, Me. has a

REV. DR. TALMAGR.

THE RECORLYS DIVINE'S SUE-DAY SERMON. Subject: "The Gospel Ship," Taxr: "Thou shalt come into the ark, thou an I thy sons and thy wife and thy sons wives with thee."—Genesis vi., 18. In this day of the steamships Lucania and

structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the Great Eastern of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open.

The ship is done. The door is open. The fizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of lightnings, that look down into the waters and throw a ghastliness on the we of the mountains. How strange it looks!

Now sufficiently the air seems! The big
drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in coavulsion.

Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house top and mountain top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For

sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces and lets the ocean slip its cable there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf, while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist, When on the 20th of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast you prophere. septemeer, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you proph-esy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower, and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get angley housed for eternity. The invitation er lips fell apart.

Who was this? Who spoke? What that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears, Who was this? Who spoke? What lid he there?
Was he—was she—were they both—where were they, and what did it all nean?
She swayed gently forwards, and once again found herself clasped in the same strong arms that had held her in the self-same spot before.

But the mass she—were they both—that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."
Well, how did Noah and his farily come to the ark? Did they climb in a the win-tow, or come down the roof? No: they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through the self-same spot before.

But the mass she—were they both—the win-town the ark."
Well, how did Noah and his farily come to the ark? Did they climb in a the win-town the ark."
Well, how did Noah and his farily come to the ark? Did they climb in a the win-town the ark."
Well, how did Noah and his farily come to the ark? Did they climb in a the win-town the roof? No: they went through the door. And just so, if we get in the same strong arms that had held her in the self-same spot before.

But the mass she—were they both—the ark? Did they climb in a the win-town the roof? No: they went through the door. And just so, if we get in the same strong arms that had held her in the self-same spot before.

But the mass she—were they both—the ark? Did they climb in a the win-town the roof? No: they went the ark? Did they climb in a the through the door. The entrance to the ark of God's mercy, it will be through the door. The entrance to the ark of the ark? Did they climb in a the through the door. The entrance to the ark of God's mercy, it will be through the door. The entrance to the ark of the ark? Did they climb in the ark? Did they climb in the through the door. The entrance to the ark of God's mercy, it will be through the door. The entrance to the ark? Did they climb in the ark? Did t were monster animals in the earlier age

issues 200 or 300 invitations, carefully put u and directed to the particular persons when he wishes to entertain. But God, our Father, makes a banquet and goes out to the front door of heaven and stretches out His hands And Bellenden knew his ground by this time, and was very sure that half measures would be productive of only half content.

Before he left that damp and de lightful (but sadly rheumatic) spot, he nad obtained all he wanted, the fair hand that lay in his had been promised him, the heart pressed to his own had been allowed to be his already. And he had obtained forgiveness for ill the past.

And the only word— about the only word— about the only word—that had been afropped out on the otherside, had found ven in a murmur so soft that is had teen almost inaudible. "Still, you know, I do think that you shouldn't—shouldn't—shouldn't—shouldn't—shouldn't—have quite—quite treated ne as if I had been a mere child."

"No. I shouldn't," acznowledged the happy lover, ready to a knowledge anything. "Shall I promise I shall never do so any more?"

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"No. I shouldn't," acznowledged the happy lover, ready to a knowledge anything. "Gladstone in Politics.

Who sitali say that the influence of A woman is not a factor in politics? I have the best possible reason for knowling that Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Harry lover, and then he sad he soul move the world. Calvary is the fulrum on which to would hold the child's not deven through the large door. The door of the swings out toward you. They make the best possible reason for knowling that Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Harry lover, and then he sad he sould move the world. Calvary is the fulrum on which to come the full the full this more than the full this man and stretches does of the world? The first two does And Bellenden knew his ground by this time, and was very sure that half measures would be productive of only half content.

Before he left that damp and delightful but sadly rheumatic spot, he nad obtained all he wanted, the fair hand that lay in his had been promised him, the heart pressed to his own had been allowed to be his already. And he had obtained forgiveness for carrying all around the globe and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum

move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever, and by that power all Nations shall yet be lifted.

Further, it is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted or rolled on kinges, but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes it hinges, but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; i swings in toward the raptures of heaven. swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones comes out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in

One army of the living God, At His command we bow.

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Swing in, O blessed door, until all the
sarth shall go in and live. Swing out until
all the heavens come forth to celebrate the

But, further, it is a door with fastening The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless these doors were fastened the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them, and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and firedeen to deen to deen storm to storm darkness to twister into a gariand of show and fire—
deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to
darkness—but once in the ark all is well.
"God shut him in." These comes upon the
good man a deluge of financial trouble. He
had his thousands to lend. Now he cannot
borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in
New York and had branch houses in Boston. Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore and aft and across the hurricane deck the waves struck across the hurricane deck the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him." Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted; the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen entities deep. But standing by the away. The mountains of joy are buried fitten cubits deep. But, standing by the empty crib and in the desolated nursery and in the deleful hall, once a-ring with merry poles, now silent forever, he cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in."

All the sins of a lifetime clamped for his mostly are the discountains. werthrow. The broken vows, the dis-annored Sabbaths, the outrageous profani-

ies, the misdemeanors of twenty years, seached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoom, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sin wall like lead into the deaths of the sea. The

rushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shu' lim in!"

The same door fastenings that kept Noah In keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had hard work to get bread for his amily; there he will heaver hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds and coffins and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, so choking cough, no consuming fever, no shattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulkarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulkarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulkarks or the sup of eelectial all the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the

ng hulk and broken heim and unfastened loor, but an ark fifty cubits wide and 300 subits long and a door so large that the ound earth, without grazing the post, night be bowled in.

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a lace in which to live and die and triumph, some into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut others out, and though, when the pittless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying: "Let me in! Let me in!" the door did not open. For 120 years they were invited. They expected to come in, but the antediluvians said: "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait antil we get a little older; we will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day,

heaven were filling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash an ocean dropped from the sky and another rolled up from beneath, and God rolled the earth and sky in'o one wave of universal destruction.

So men now put off going into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say: "You cannot expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just now. But before the storm comes I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me!" After awhile, one night about 12 o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding just as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls. Dead, and outside the ark! Or, riding in the park, a reckless vehicle crashes into him, and his horses becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa, whea!" and takes another twist in the reins and plants his feet against the dashboard and pulls back. But no use. It is not so much down the avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up. It fled behind a swifter courser into the great future. Dead, and outside the ark! Or some night he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases until he shrieks out with ture. Dead, and outside the grk! Or some night he wakes up with a distress that monight he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases until he shricks out with pain. The doctors come in, and they give iwenty dops, but no relief; forty drops, fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. No time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The swifting and patient God that addresses you, saying, faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops.

faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul files. Dead, and outside the ark!

I have no doubt that derision kept many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in and said: "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Aha, going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark!" Under this artillery of scorn the man's good resoution perished. ution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the

a dose of rhubarb and calomei. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The cross was lifted not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." As the sun draws up the drops of the morning dew so the sun of righteousness exhales the tears of

repentence.
Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain nattering on the if, when he heard tha rain nattaring on the roof of the afk, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some if you are on the ship "outward bound" for heaven. But your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave and the dark mouth of the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes, but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work, but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulcher gate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh, by the quiet bliss of your earthly home, by the babe's cradle, by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husthe ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your hisband with you—not by fretting about religion or dingdonging them about religion, but
by a consistent life and by a compelling prayer
that shall bring the throne of God down into

that shall bring the throne of God down into your room. Go home and take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years, and before yo-rise there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold, they pray!" wour head, angel crying to angel, "Benow, they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the deas children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute were have such must as there is in a found a pearl on which is the perfect outline of a man's hand. Seen soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or a child's "good night!" From our coarse, rough life the angels of God are often driven but feeling that angels are hovering around. They who die in infancy go straight into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh," you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education; I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know the same age.

iove of heaven prought an olive branch to that the storm is coming, and that out of the ark. The wrath of the billow only Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope, no heaven?

that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope, no heaven?

How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shep, Ham and Japheth—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject Him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of plous parents two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Which way will you take your children? Out into the deluge or into the ark? Have you ever made one carnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment when God asks, "Where is George or Henry or Frank or Mary or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I sommitted into your hands?"

A dying son said to his father, "Father, you give me an education and good manneriand everything that the world could do for

you give me an education and good manner, and everything that the world could do for me, but, father, you never told me how to ite, and now my soul is going out in the larkness."

Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Lite here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side of the grave as it is the mending leagues beyond. O eternity, ternity! Thy locks white with the ages, thy

sternity! Thy looks white with the ages, thy voice announcing stupendous destiny, thy wms reaching across all the past and all the hture! O eternity, eternity!

Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether mind, God wittrace what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give you up? While you have a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodyou have a single articulation of speech left, sease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at those some of the standing on the season at those some of the standing on the season at those some of the season of the season

igal. He may even now be standing on the oeacn at Hong Rong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to bear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too lata.

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth and makes heaven a whispering gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japheth? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel?

On one of the lake steamers there were a father and two daughters journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentlemen stepped up to the poor man to profler some form of relief and said, "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir," replied the man, "If there's a poorer man than me atroublin the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief! Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body, or the heart torn from the breast? A relief indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?" However many children we have, we have none to give up. Which of our families an we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the closst? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick sometime ago? On one of the lake steamers there were a it be that one that was sick sometime ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? " And there may the Lord shut us inl

ARTIFICIAL COTTON CLOTH

Cheap Substitute Made From Woo Pulp in Belgium. As if the unfortunate cotton planter had not enough to contend with in natural forces, the science of chemistry has been invoked to enter into competition against the great staple. United States Consul Morris great staple. United States Consul Morris at Ghent, Belgium, in a special report to the State Department, at Washington, describes a new process of making artificial cotton which has been remarkably successful, the product being much cheaper than the matural cotton and possessing, most of its qualities otton and possessing most of its qualities. The basis is wood pulp, which is changed The basis is wood pulp, which is changed into pure celulose and spun into thread and then woven into cloth. It resembles ordinary cotton, but is not as strong as the natural product. It weaves and works well, and can be dyed as well as cotton. By conting it with paraffine and passing it over glass a beautiful brilliancy may be given to it. Much greater strength can be imparted by parach.

TO CALL PAGES BY ELECTRICITY. Members of Congress Will Signal No Longer by Clapping Hands. There will be one noticeable change when the next Congress meets at Washington. Ever since Congress has been in existence the Ever since Congress has been in existence the members have called the pages by lightly clapping their handstogether. Electricity is now to be invoked in the accomplishment of this object. When the Fifty-fourth Congress meets, every member will find a button on his desk, which will require only a slight pressure to insure the coming of a page. An electric wire will be connected with a call board similar to those used in hotels.

AN ALUMINUM FIDDLE

board similar to those used in hotels.

est by introducing it.

Ysave Uses One at Cincinnati for the First Time in Public. At Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, Ysayo dayed an aluminum violin, the first time uch an instrument has been played in pub-ic. Aluminum is the only metal which vibrates without producing overtones. The discovery is one of Dr. Alfred Spranger, the scientist. Ysaye was shown the instrument, tried it at his hotel and created much inter-

Halibut fishing in British Columbia waters has closed for the season with a total catch of 900,000 pounds, the price realized being bout seven cents per fish.

Bloodhounds on the Police Force. Anderson, Ind., has bought two trained loodhounds to add to its police force,

News in Brief.

-The hydraulic elevator is slowly iving way before the electric elevator -- It is said that one company operatng several London cafes consumed last year 53,000 pounds of tea, 830,-000 pounds of beef and 328,000 pounds

of sugar. -Piscicultureis by no means a new

has found a pearl on which is the per-fect outline of a man's hand. Seen through a microscope even the veins appear. It is valued by experts at \$150. -Mrs Dold, of Sellersburg, Ind., magined she heard burglars in the louse, and was so frightened she died

the "Daikon," a huge radish. Itice would scarcely be termed a vegetable, as it takes the place of wheat flour with

-The favorite Japanese vegetable is

Very the age of forty hve is likely to out-