Editor and Proprietor.

he covered the distance between the

hut and the spot where he had left

Polly with unusual speed.
"I knew he was there," he said, but

his eyes were popping out of his head

with astonishment. "He is there sound

sleep on the ground by the chimney.

guess he climbed up when he heard

the soldiers coming, and so they missed him. Anyhow he's there, and

"Why didn't you go in and catch him like you said?" asked Polly wick-

edly. "Well, I thought 'twould be kinder

mean when popper's so set on catching him himself, and now I must go back

to the post for him, so he'll have the

chance. You must stay here, Polly,

and watch and see that Big Brown

"Me?" cried Polly. "Stay yourself

and I'll go for popper; I'm afraid." Billy despised his sister's sex, but at

that moment he thought after all it

might be rather comfortable sometimes

to be a girl and own to one's real feel-

ing.
"You ought to stay, for you're a boy," Polly went on, "I'm only a girl, a little girl."

"That's the very reason, don't you

see?" said Billy eagerly. "There's no

knowing what he might do to me, but

he wouldn't hurt a girl; a little girl."

Polly was doubtful of such gal-antry. She looked down at a big

black and blue bruise on her bare

brown leg, and reflected that being a

rather not risk it with Big Brown.

He tucked her behind some bushes

with the assurance that if Big Brown

came out he would never see her, and

calling the dog set out as fast as he could; with his steady trot King Cole

kept a got I way in advance. He made

insisted that she should stay.

we've found him."

don't slip out."

lantry.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1895.

NO. 19.



terrace.

oming up beside her.

ery happy there."

pleasure grounds, and through a gate which admitted them to a wide, park-like

stretch of pasture, bordered at one side

by a strip of woodland into which the path

led. Soon the ground began to slope

steeply down to a shallow valley, at the

chafing and murmuring among big, black,

wet stones, and leaping gayly over ar

yards above, where they struck upon the

they came in sight of a low, irregular

ouse, or rather cottage, on the opposite

the sight of your abode reminds me I have not asked for Mrs. L'Estrange."

olensed to see you."

"And I shall be only too glad to trouble

ou with my presence; but not this morn-

In short, I ought not to have

ing. I have a pile of letters to answer,

and an appalling amount of arrangements

"You are a voluntary truant," she re

urned, pausing on the bridge.
"That I neknowledge. Now I have
seen you to the edge of your own territory,

He bowed, and raising his soft folt has

cottage. Clifford Marsden, the squire of Eves

had succeeded his father while still

nce elapsed had been diligently occupied

He had lived with boundless extrava

ance and self-indulgence. He had done

verything, seen everything, exhausted

everything possible for a gentleman whose

haracter was still fair, whose popularity

tnew that his lands were heavily mort-

aged; but society, as yet, only admired

is magnificence, without doubting hi

Evesleigh had seen little of its maste

ty. Marsden hunted and shot in due sea

His near neighbor and relative was

Colonel L'Estrange of Brookdale, the cot-

The beauty of the site had probably aduced the builder of Evesleigh House

place that edifice on the verge of the

estate, for the stream above mentione

and residence of Brookdale had been pur-

hased by the squire's great-grandfather.

who settled it on his only daughter. This

lady had married a penniless soldier o

good family. Colonel L'Estrange was her

He had married in India, and soon after

his return home, his delicate wife died somewhat suddenly, leaving him a baby

irl of about five years old. The colone

a grave, taciturn man, old for his years and unsociable in habits, lived on in hi

humble home, finding consolation in sport

and looked up to the young Squire of

evesleigh as a mighty hunter, an unerring

When Leonora, or Nora L'Estrange

who was a pet and plaything with he cousin, had reached her tenth year, he

ather suddenly discovered she was to

old to be left entirely with her nurse. O

boarding school he would not hear, and

n short, the only solution to the difficulty

which found favor in his eyes, was imme

diate marriage with a pretty, pale, timid girl, the orphan daughter of a former

riend, whom he found in a dependent p

sition, as companion to a rich old maider

ady, in the neighboring cathedral town

The new Mrs. L'Estrange was barely

welve years older than her step-daughter,

and the Oldbridge gossips prophesied that the young lady would be too much for he:

But, by some mysterious influence of

sympathy or mutual comprehension, they lrew to each other. Indeed, the old nurse

did not hesitate to say that her young lady

was regularly bewitched, and, for her part, was free to confess that it seemed

porrid unnatural for a child to be so take

en up with her step-mother. However, Colonel L'Estrange having

een ordered to some German bath for

cure of rheumatism, brought on by stand

ing knee-deep in the river, fishing, re

moved his family, now increased by an

to himself, let Brookdale for severa

He was already half forgotten when

the local papers announced his death at

His widow continued to reside abroad

till the term for which Brookdale had been

let expired, and had only returned, with

her own and her step-daughter, in the

preceding spring.

The ladies of Brookdale had finished

of Oldbridge.

f late years, but in his boyish days, and

r some time after attaining his major-

was undiminished. Bankers and city me

with a silver spoon in his mouth."

w him in creating fresh ones.

olvency.

on at Evesleigh.

age just described.

to make

bottom of which ran a small rapid river,

of his brows.

CHAPTER I. A glowing September morning wa pouring its golden light through the oper window of a morning room or study, it the eastern wing of a picturesque olt house standing half way up a hillside it one of the Midland shires. A background of beech trees framed in its mellow red brick walls, and before it lay a wide, un dulating plain, many colored, and bound ed by distant dim blue hills.

A pleasanter room could scarce b found, though the furniture was old-fash loned, the curtains and carpet faded. The bay window opened on a terrace, below which were pleasure grounds, and in it recess stood a table, spread with dainty china and delicate silver-the remains of the breakfast-and a vase of hot-house flowers, from a conservatory into which a glass door admitted.

The sole occupant was a gentleman, slight, elegant looking man of thirty or upward, with silky, wavy dark hair and small mustache, and an unmistakable ai

of distinction. A pile of letters lay beside him, whill he had pushed away his plate to make room for a book, which he was studying apparently with deep interest.

Presently he raised his eyes-"eyes o most unholy blue"-and looked upon the goodly landscape which lay before him But his vision was evidently directed to some far distant object, and after a mo ment's thought, he took up a pencil and began to scribble calculations on the back

"Yes," he murmured, "if it can be car ried out, I shall be a free man." Ther opening the letter on which he had beet scrawling, he turned over a page or twe covered with small, firm writing, and read

"I shall do nothing about a second trus tee until after your festivities," ran the paragraph he had selected, "Besides every one is away at this season. Need I say I have perfect confidence in you?"

He folded it up and put it under as clustic band, which held some other letters together, and tearing the envelope into minute fragments, threw them into the waste-paper basket beside him.

As he did so, a soft indistinct soun from an adjoining room-the door inte which stood open-caught his ear. He paused and listened. The faint rustling drew nearer, and a pleasant voice began thought in song. The listener seemed to recognize the music or the voice. His face brightened; he half rose from his sent, but resumed it, as if he wished to hear more. The next moment a lads walked through the doorway and stopped

opposite to him.

A young lady, tall and slight, though cound and graceful; she was simply dressed in a maize-colored print and a pretty musiin and lace apron tied with brown ribbons, a sash of the same marked her shapely waist, and tan gauntlets hid her hands, one of which held a large garden hat adorned with a couple of pale-pink chrysanthenums. The face it had shaded was fair and fresh, and lighted by a conple of large dark-gray eyes eyes, lashes eyebrows, all dark, compared to the lightbrown hair that curled in a small fringe over her brow, and was gathered neatly back into a large knot.

She gazed for an instant in frank amaze ment at the gentleman, who rose to greet her—then a quick, bright smile curved her red-lipped, kindly mouth, and made little coquettish interrogative dimple is one check, as she cried:

"Why, how-when did you come, squire' We all fancied you were in Scotland." advancing toward her with an outstretch ed hand, in which she placed hers. "And what are you doing, I should like to know, invading my premises in this burglarious

"You know very well I always come to the library for any books I may want, and by your leave,' too. You're such an ab sentee you ought not to be surprised in thieves did break through and steal." "No, I am not in the least surprised," with emphasis.

"Well, I was, a little, when I found the fibrary window open," resumed the young lady, "but I thought Mrs. Storer was having a thorough cleaning, so walked in, and, imagining she was in the room

"Unearthed the master! I shall accep your coming as a good omen." His handsome, though somewhat worn, face was

aglow with pleasure as he spoke, but her eyes were attracted to the pile of letters and the open book, and she did not notice "I arrived quite unexpectedly last night

to the great disgust of my few faithful re-tainers," he went on. "Do you know, I have been planning great things?-things that will rejoice you, ma belle Leonore." she exclaimed, with a pretty impatient nod. "It always reminds me of that horrid raven tapping at the chamber door

What are your great things?" "Dorrington and Isabel are coming t stay with me, and the Harveys, Algy Balfour, Mrs. Ruthven and a lot more, and

I am going to give a big ball to the nobility, gentry, and even the cads, of the surrounding country."
"No, really?" with evident delight, "you

are quite charming for thinking of such "I am glad your estimate of me coin cides with that of society in general."

"How awfully conceited you are, squire, out I am glad Lady Dorrington is coming, and I shall be delighted to dance at your Now I must go. How late you The breakfast things still on the table?" and glancing at the book as she walked to the window, "What are your studies? Chemistry? Who are you going to poison? I did not think you were scientific."

"Nor am I; I am only a student of human nature. But don't you want a book? Let us find one, and I will carry it home for you."

"You are too obliging. I want a volwith Mr. Winton about a passage in the 'Rape of the Lock,' and I want to prove myself right."

"Ah!" a long-drawn "ah." "Is he here) Well, find your book, and I will escort you back."

He gathered up his papers, thrust them into a bureau, which he locked, and rang for his valet.

their midday meal, which was luncheon to their neighbors and dinner to themselves. teaching a depressed looking Dachshund, targe somber apartment pervaded with a Little Beatrice, Nora's half-sister, was faint delightful odor of Russia leather, with out-turned toes, to beg, when a neat parlor maid opened the door and said: \_

Dresden.

in the drawing room." Mrs. L'Estrange rose from her seat a if to join him, but Nora cried:
"We had better ask him in here. He

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Winton is

has been shooting, I suppose, and you may be sure he is hungry."
"I will go and fetch him!" exclaime Bea, jumping up and letting the biscuit with which she had been bribing the Dachs fall on the carpet as she rushed away. She was a delicate little creature

at the wide landscape visible from the "All this seems tame enough after continental scenery," said the squire, joining "It has a great charm for me. There is sense of life, and freedom, and cheerful-

ness in English landscape that you scarce ly ever find elsewhere." She descended the steps to the graveled path beneath as she spoke, her companion following, and "You have preserved a large amount of patriotism in spite of your long sojourn "I have; yet I love Germany, too. I was

"We will forgive you," returned Mrs.
L'Estrange, with a friendly smile, "and I dare say, if you have not already lunched, you begin to feel the need of something to eat."

"Thanks, no, I had some sandwiches and caverns in the moon, but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shighing streams. "Were you ever unhappy?" he asked, with a slightly contemptuous uplifting

"Well, no, I do not think I ever was. 1 "Thanks, no, I had some sandwiches ar. have been very, very sorry for the trouble hour ago.' of my friends, but not on my own ac-So talking, they walked across the

suggested Nora, insinuatingly.
"Are not to be despised," replied Win-

hall, for my doll's hat?" asked Bea.
"I dare say your mamma will give them to you; I brought the birds for her. Wera you in Oldbridge, too, Miss L'Estrange?" he continued, looking up quickly, as she offered him the biscuits.
"No I have something to handle, I must have something to handle, If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be have on orbitary or to walk to air or abrupt rocky barrier, some few hundred

stream. A narrow, ivy-grown bridge spanned the fall, turning toward which morning, dreaming over the letters I was

"How thoroughly English this looks," said the squire. "It is Arcadian; but you will be awfully bored after awhile, and Ruthven and her jewels." "Who is going to give a ball?" in a surorised tone. "She is quite well, and will be very

I will say good-by. If I come and beg a cup of coffee about eight or nine this evening, I suppose I shall not be barred out?"
"If the door is locked we will let you Furks. But even had our men been the burnished pinnacle. As a corperfect cooks, they would have had but ing army marching on to take a city with easy grace, stood looking after her as she walked away with a smooth, light step down the path which led toward the the proportion of one to five men. Now, good look before they pitch their tents for eigh, was one of the fortunate individuals metimes described as having been "born salt meat for live men, as more water regiment of God to rein in their thoughts is required to extract the brine from and hait, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good, long look at the gates of the great city. "On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the schoolboy; the savings of his minority enabled him to start clear of all incumented nothing then, nor does it now orances when he came of age, and the n our regimental systems sixteen or seventeen years which had

Most of the kettles had been dropped t the Alma, or in the subsequent narch, and the soldiers were reduced or all cooking purposes to the mess tin which each man carried on his back. These were inadequate. The lid, perhaps, was most prized, for when the body is wet and cold there is a craving for a hot drink, and it took less time and fuel to roast the green coffee berries in the lid than to boil the salt meat in the lid than to boil the sait ment in the body of the tin. It had not occurred to any one in the department then responsible for our commissariat that to make a mug of coffee out of green berries, roasting and grinding apparatus was essential, and till January and of gladness to come. There is no wood are strong or heaven to be a great many fine gateways, but Christ sets His hand to the work and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inspiration. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come. There is no wood are strong or heaven in the complex of th apparatus was essential, and till Janlary, when some roasted coffee was to base and from side to side it is all of per landed, our men might be daily seen pounding, with stones or round shot, the berries in a fragment of exploded shell.—Sir Evelyn Wood, in the Fortughtly Review.

Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian gulf, and another piece from the Persian gulf, and another piece from the island of Margarette, but one solid pearl picked up from the beash of everiasting light by heavenly hands and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of anyels. The clories of algebra vasa and with small population, but John saw it, and the pound in the pound i nightly Review.

Brains Versus Capital.

There still lives in Philadelphia, at the age of 70 years, Frank O. Deschamps, the inventor of artificial legs. It was over fifty years ago when Mr. Deschamps, then an apprentice, was asked by his master to see what he two days young Deschamps had finishwith every movement of the natural polished this. Against this gateway, on the patented, and it yields him a fortune. Deschamps was paid 50 cents for his Oh, the gate, the gate! It strikes an in nvention.

Better one bite at forty of Truth's bitter rind than the hot wine that gushed from the vintage at twenty .-Lowell

There is not a wide a margin between aving a mean thing and doing a mean hing.

Look out for retributive injus-

Modesty, 13 proportioned to the occasions of life, and strong st in youth when passions is so to. Praise undeserved is satire in dis-

There are always some weak minded people to applaud any man who knows

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children. It is rarely necessary to say about

others anything you could not say to them. other daughter, beyond the reach of Old-"A word to the wise is sufficient." bridge gossip, and, for reasons best known word to the fool is more than he

Individuals may form committees but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.

Passion in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for awhile runs against the stream. Something more than nnite power

s needed to prepare mankind for an infinite condition A man will follow a word with

blow, while a woman will follow blow with a great many words. A great man may stand on the top of the ladder and be in a hole at the same time.

KEV. DR TALMAGE

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES BUS-DAY SKRMOM.

Subject: "The Gates of Heaven."

Text: "On the east three gates: on the of seven or eight, with big, dark eyes, north three gates; on the south three gates; and fair hair, an idle, clever, willful mone on the west three gates."—Revelation xxi., 13. and fair hair, an idle, clever, willful monkey, with whom her mother strove in
vain to be strict, and who imposed a
good deal on her step-sister.

"Bea is quite excited," said Miss L'Es
trange, laughing, and before the mother
could reply the child returned, leading by
the hand a tall, large-framed man of perhaps six and thirty or more, tanned by exposure to the sun and wind a deeper red
brown than was becoming, with thick,
brown than was becoming, with thick,
clear sandy hair and light gray, stern

brown than was becoming, with thick, short sandy hair, and light, gray, stern eyes. He wore a shooting jacket and knickerbockers.

"I feel I am an intruder," he said, shaking hands with Mrs. L'Estrange and ther with Nora. "I did not intend to be so early. I heard you were in town this morning, and calculated on clearing your morning, and calculated on clearing your now speaking no weather-beaten merchant. morning, and calculated on clearing your luncheon hour, but the birds are very wild, or I was less keen than usual, and the ground quicker." is accurate. But from the city of warm and now speaking no weather-beaten merchants men or frigates with scarred buikhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from

"Thanks, no, I had some sandwiches ar, hour ago."

"Still, a biscuit and a glass of sherry, suggested Nora, insinuatingly.

"Are not to be despised," replied Winton, drawing a chair to the table, while one fair hostess poured out his wine and another brought the biscuit tin.

"May I have some of the pretty brown feathers from those birds you left in the ball, for my doll's hat?" asked Rea

"No. I have spent an idle, unprofitable, norning, dreaming over the letters I was bretending to write."

"Deaming! I thought you were far to:
"Dreaming! I thought you were far to:
"Dreaming! I thought you were far to:
"Dreaming! I thought you were far to:
"I answer, Did not Adam practical to dream. What were you dreaming about?"

"The coming ball; the glories of Mrs Ruthven and her jewels."

enjoyments, but I answer, Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of E.len? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you

not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the wholerace room, even though there be ma

ittle opportunity of exercising their skill. Camp kettles were issued at Kalamita Bay when the troops landed, in in their war chargers and halt to take a the kettle would cook fresh but not salt meat for five men, as more water the night, so now, coming as we do on this mountain top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts

> In the first place, I want to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very not to have an orna-mental gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonary, the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary, the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird haunted, until the hand of architectura

south three gates, and on the west thre

angels. The glories of alabaster vase and angels. The glories of alabastar vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gas light. But, oh! the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday.

day. Julius Casar pald 125,000 crowns for one could do for a foppish Frenchman who had lost a leg. At that time only cleopatra and Philip II, dazzled the world's wooden pegs were known, and the vision with precious stones. But gather all Frenchman was disatisfied with this these together and lift them and add to then by no means elegant substitute. In two days young Deschamps had finished a complete model of an artificial leg. almighty hand hewel this, swung this finite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of the gate and we are and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. Oh, gate of light, gate of pearl, gate of heaven, for ou weary souls at last swing open!

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong And streets of shining gold? Oh, heaven is not a dull place! Heave is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and

they were twelve pearls."

In the second place I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are upt to have one expension. sive gateway, and the others are ordinary, but look around at these entrances to heaver and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ton, eleven, twelve. Heat

it, all the earth and all the heavens! Twelv rates: I admit this is rather hard on sharp seelar I aimit this is rather hard on sharp scearrianisms! If a Presbyterian is bigoted, he brings his Westminster assembly catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he saysto the world, "You go through there of stay out." If a member of the Reformed Church is bigoted, he makes a gate out of the Heidelberg catechism, and he says, "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted, he plants two posts, and he says, "Now, you crowd in between those two posts, or stay out." Or navhous an Eniscopea. says. "Now, you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopa-lian may say: "Hereis a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate Go through it or stay out," or a Baptist may say: "Here is s water gate. You go through that, or you must stay out," and so in all our churches

then use the prayer book." Here is a mad who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow. I say, sway with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are tweive gates and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is that a great many of the shurches in this day are being doctrined to to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbont with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the ofling, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreek, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things and intendel us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but

tended us to know some things and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner; Christ, a Saviour. Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in war grinnof Christian hypothes.

right hand in warm grip of Christian brothe A man comes down to a river in time of A man comes down to a river in time of treshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death and find it swift down to the river of death and find it swin and raging we will have to put off all our sectarianism and lay down all our eumbroug creed and empty handed put out for the other shore. "What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no. You might as well decide that all peeple shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind

reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your tempera-ment, your surroundings will decide whether you go to this or that church and alopt this or that church polity. One church will best get one man to heaven and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus

Well, now I see all the redeemed of earth well, now I see all the redeemed of earth coming up toward heaven. Do you think they will all get in? Yes. Gate the first, the Moravians come up; they believe! In the Lord Jesus; they pass through. Gate the accord, the Quakers come up; they have received the inward light; they have trusted in the Lord; they pass through. Gate the third, the Lutherans come up; they had the third, the Lutherans come up; they had the same grace that made Luther what he was, and they pass through. Gate the fourth, the Baptists pass through. Gate the fifth, the Free Will Faptists pass through. Gate the sixth, the Reformed Church passes through. can beind a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be whole race room, even though there he may be sixth, the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the eighth, the Garmat Reformed Church passes through. Gate the seventh, the Church passes through. Gate the seventh, the Sabht, the ninth, the Methodists pass through. Gate the eighth, the Reformed Church passes through. Gate the eighth is inthe filed or meant to the pass through gate the eighth the treat pass through. Gate the eighth is inthe filed or meant the minth, the Methodists pass through. Gate t

they mingle before the throne.

Looking up at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, you cannot tell which gate they came in. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one glassy sea, one doxology, one triumph, one heaven! "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Crammer, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Crammer, how did you get in?" "I came through the ciphth gate." "Admirate." came through the eighth gate. Adoniean Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail the martyr, how did you get through?" "!

the martyr, how did you get through?" "! came through the twelfth gate." Glory to Tod, twelve extes, but one heaven!

In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement. On the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates. What does that mean? Why, it means all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the norththree gates. That mean mercy for Lapland and Siberia and Norwa; and Sweden. On the south three gate and Sweden. On the south three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan and Algiers and Ethlopia. On the east three gates. That means salvation for China and Japan and Borneo. On the west three gates! That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference bow dark skinned or how palt faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bannas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman campania, from for royal fumilies. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that way, and whichever way he measured it it was 1500 miles, so that Babylon, and Tyre and Nineveh and St. Peters burg and Canton and Pekin and Paris and London and New York and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present added together would not equal the

ensus of that great metropolis.

Walking along a street, you can, by the contour of the dress or of the fare, guess where a man comes from. You say: "Teat is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather is the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes ge homesick. Some of the tenderest and moshomesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss, coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing amid the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest field he left new that he luxuriant harvest field he left now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived among the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner

While I speak an evertasting throng While I speak an everlasting throng he pouring through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong, "What," you say "do you introduce all the heathen integlory?" Itell you the fact is that a majority of the people of those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight interverlasting life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundre, and sixty generations have been born sine. the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be 15,000,000 children in glory. If at a concert 2000 children sing, your soul is traptured within you. Oh, the transport when 15,000,000 little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chant drowning out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf and Leipsic. Pour in through the brokes cetter.

lwelve gates.

Oh, ye redeemed, banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp! Crowd all the twelve gates Boom yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded un that the trumpet of invitation be sounded un-til all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda and colporteurs sound it across the western prairies. Shout it to the Laplan-der on his swift sled. Hallo it to the Bedouin views. C. small souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I shoose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer book." I say, "My brother,

But I notice when John saw these gate, they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home, the children of God will have come home, Every crown taken. Every harp struck, Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heavon being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Russia in, and the sec-ond gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egyptin, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut, France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in and the seventh gate shut. Nonin, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate

shut. Hindustan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All these gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. It is done! It thunders! The twelfth gate shut.

Once more I want to show you the gate seepers. There is one angel at each one of those gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace or eastle or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night America go in with all the islands of the sea

ace or eastic or lortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night
and by day, and if there were no defenses beforeheaven, and the doors set wide open with
no one to guard them, all the vicious of
earth would go up after awhile, and all the
bhandoned of hell would be up after awhile,
and heaven, instead of being a world of light
and joy and peace and blessedness, would be
a world of darkness and horror. So I am
glad to tell you that while these trades rates glad to teil you that, while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hil-debrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of those nefacious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves and tars and whoremongers and defrauders, and liars and whoremongers and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their Got. If a miser should get in there, he would pull up the golden paverant. If a house burner should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the seabeach. Only those who are also be washed. who are blood washed and prayer lipped will get through. Oh, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the

gatekeeper would, with one glance, with you forever.

There will be a password at the gate heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in; let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed co was very useful on earth. I endowed col-leges, I built churches and was famous for my charities, and having done so many won-derful things for the world. I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another great crowi-comes up, and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honorable on earth, and the world bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we co We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven." And a voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another crowd atvances and says, "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers, "I never knew

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anonery, "Amen, amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in, I was a wan ierer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place, not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saying rower in the blead of Lewe!" a saving power in the blood of Jesu the Lamb that was slain to receive blessi and riches and honor and glory and pow world without end!"

I stand here this hour to invite you in

any one of the twelve gates. Itell you now that unless your heart is changed by the grace of God you cannot get in. I do not eare where you come from, or who your ather was, or who your mother was what your brilliant surrounding you repent of your sin and take Christ for your divine Saviour you cannot get in. Are you willing, then, this moment, just where you are, to kneel down and cry to the Lord Almighty for His deliverance?

You want to get in, do you not? Oh, you have some good friends there. This last

year there was some one who went out from your home into that blassed place. They did not have any trouble getting through the gates, did they? No, they knew the blessel password, and, coming up, they said "Jesus!" and the cry was, "Lift up you heads, ye everlasting gates, and let ther come in." Oh, when heaven is all done and the troops of God shout the castle taken, how grand it will be if you and I are among them Blessed are all they who enter in through the

FATAL PLAGUE. It Carries Off 150 of 200 Stricken at

Causes Sudden Death. The following description of the plague is Floyd and Both Counties, Kentucky, which has carried off seventy-five per ceat. of its victims, is furnished by physicians sent to investigate the plague by the State Board of

The doctors say it is identical with the plague which swept Ireland in 1866. It is malignant, but not contagious, and is due to local conditions, though about the exact cause almost nothing is known. Its most ppalling feature is the rapidity of its action t longest course does not exceed three days and scores died in from two to eight hours. The symptoms are pain in the head, a high lever and a tendency to draw back the head and shoulders. Pains like the stinging of bees attack the ends of the toes and fingers, extending to the head. The eyes become fixed, crossed as death draws near, and the victim sinks into a stupor, which lasts longe than the more painful features of the horri

F. H. and C. W. Goodyear, of Buffalo, N. Y. ent, and the timber and hemlock bark another tract of 4000 acres. These tracts are estimated to contain 1,000,000,000 feet o standing timber. The price paid was \$150,000. The timeer lands of Potter County are now all practically in the hands of the Goo years, whose sawmills are at Austin

News in Brief.

-A Columbia County (Pennsylvania) farmer has succeeded in grafting chest nuts on scrub oak, and expects to feed - Mr. and Mrs. Hurst, of Cleveland

Oklahoma, have named a baby "Ollt;" short for "Oklahoma Territory" and "Indian Territory." -Between the year 1849, the date of the discovery of gold in California. and the year 1894, this country produced \$1,939,300,000 of gold.

-The only knowledge we have of th air currents from 100 miles above the earth's surface is what has been gained from watching luminous trains left by metors. -New Zealand has set apart two is

'You stay here and King Cole with ands for the preservation of its re-markable wild birds and other animals. you, 'cause you run if anything is there, he'll bark, and I'll go and take Thereon all hunting and trapping are look," said Billy. They were approaching the house from the rear. The building had no Of the 12,000 Canadian Indians on the Pacific coast, 8000 have been bap-tized or attend Christian worship. The windows, but one could easily look

Gospels have been printed for them in four languages, -The raspberry was introduced into gland from Virgin in 1696.

THE BROOM, flooked in the brook and saw a face Heigh-ho, but a child was I! There were rushes and willows in that place And they clutched at the brook as the broo

and the brook it ran its own sweet way, And as it ran I heard it say : "Hasten with me To the roistering sea That is wroth with the flame of the more ing sky!"

ran by :

look in the brook and see a face-Heigh-ho, but the years go by ! The rushes are dead in the old-time place. And the willows I knew when a child was I And the brook it seemeth to me to say, As ever it stealeth on its wayaly now and not in playe

"Oh, come with me To the slumbrous sea That is gray with the peace of the evening

Heigh-ho, but the years go by-I would to Gol that a child were ! -Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

"ME AN' MY DOG."

EY A. G. PLYMPTON.

ING COLE was little black dog that belonged to Private Peck of Co. E. There were two little girl had not saved her from very different Billy's rage, and she would much Still she always obeyed Billy, and he

opinions of King Cole at Fort St. Martin. One opinby the general public - that he was a mongrel pup of no intelligence, and the other was that of the Peck family, in particular, who maintained

straight for the fort with an air of purpose, and looking back at Billy now as stoutly that he was of a fine breed and then as if to say there was no time and of remarkable sagacity.
Billy Peck and Polly Peck told many When they reached the garrison, an odd tale in proof of this belief. although Billy searched in all his usual haunts, his father was nowhere Billy said that whenever he went swimming King Cole sat upon the bank of the creek (he was none too fond of the water himself) and at the to be found. There were plenty of other men about whom if he pleased end of half an hour, which was the Billy could have started off in pursuit, but he wished his father to have the length of time Billy was allowed to glory of capturing Big Brown. stay in the water, King Cole notified He was in great excitement, for ot bim in sharp peremptory barks that course the longer the delay the greater his time was up. If he paid no attention to this notice the dog would con-

own the hill. But the general pub-

lie said that it had never with its own

things, and that Billy and Polly Peck

were given to romancing, and reas-

serted their belief that King Cole was

a mongrel pup of no intelligence. Pri-

of a bullet would drive out an idea

after it had once got lodged in some

people's minds, and that is perfectly

Peck was an honest soldier, but he

which he bragged too much of himself

worthy of accomplishment; and if

body was sure to say, jestingly: "We

had better send for 'Me an' My Dog.' "

curred at the commissary department

upon the very night that Peck was on

guard there, jokes were passed freely

at his expense, everybody sarcastically

Peck felt very sore about it, for he

knew that the malicious intimated that

company by the name of Brown, who

was very small-for he had deserted

that same night. So far he had eluded

all pursuers, of whom poor Peck had

been the hottest. Peck could not give

up the hope of finally capturing him,

and said: "I ain't done with that

vilyun yet; only give me an' my dog

a chance at him an' you'll see." What

part the dog was to play was not

It was the second morning after the

robbery, and Billy and Polly Peck wandered for some distance outside

the fort, which was on our Mexican

frontier. It was a low-lying bushy country, uninhabited except for a few

"I ain't going home till I've looked

Big Brown is hiding in."
Billy pushed on. He was armed to

the teeth, as the saying is, with a broken sword, a jackknife and a piece

of rope. Of course you see that his

purpose was the capture of the thief.

The children went on very stealthily.

Billy's eagerness gave a zest to the

play, so that notwithstanding her

fatigue Polly followed him, holding

"See, see, here are his tracks," sud

denly whispered Billy, pointing to the

Polly remained calm, for she had

een so many of Big Brown's tracks

that day, but King Cole pricked up his

into it through the spaces between the

ogs of which it had been constructed.

Then, after a second's inspection,

Billy turned his face around; it was

several degrees paler than usual, and

back King Cole by the collar.

ears and Billy's eyes glistened.

trampled grass.

inquiring where "Me an' My Dog

could have been.

specified.

probably described.

hunted all around here."

When, therefore, the robbery oc-

the chance that Bill Brown might esquer his dislike of getting wet, and, At length, leaving the barracks plunging into the creek, bring the deinquent boy to land. Polly always Billy walked down by the guardhouse. There was no one about but the sentry capped this story with a marvelous ale of how once when she had been pacing up and down on the porch. At trundling the baby carriage on the one side of the guardhouse was a slight slope by the creek and stopped to watch the geese there, King Cole had pushed stones behind the wheels of looked in every direction for his the perambulator to prevent its rolling father. King Cole also looked, cock-

the distance, and then dropping them disconsolately when it proved to be eyes seen any of these wonderful some other than his master. At a military post the cannon is fired each morning and evening, and at no other time except on some rare special occasion. After gun fire each mornvate Peck said that no argument short ing the Ordnance Sergeant at Fort St. Martin reloaded the gun for evening

ing his ears at every moving figure in

use. King Cole, after a funny fashion of his own, went up and with his head on one side inspected it. Suddenly the garrison was electrified was guilty of telling long varus, in by the firing of the gun. Much startled, officers and men hurried to discover and King Cole that they had come to be called, appropriating one on his much-used phrases, "Me an' Me Dog." the cause of so unusual an event, and with the others came Private Peck. He was instantly seized upon by According to him a thing that could not be done by this firm was not Billy and put in possession of the facis. Taking one other man with him and Billy as scout, he was soon scurrythere was a difficult job on hand someing away across the chaparral, and in an incredibly short time Big Brown

> than ever of King Cole. "Oh, no, he hasn't any intelligence, he hasn't," he would say sarcastically. "My boy had looked all over the post, an' had jest given up the job of finding me when that dog up an' fired off the gun. Oh, no, he hasn't any intelligence.

After this event Peck was prouder

was locked up in the guardhouse.

the deed could not have been done But thoman who had been the sentry without his knowledge, and that he no at the guardhouse and who had witdoubt shared the booty with the thief. nessed the affair gave another version The thief was presumably one of the men called Big Brown—to distinguish of it. him from another man in the same

"Yes, sir," he laughingly explained "the lanyard that was coiled up on the beach had been blown down, an' that pup seein' the hand piece bobblin' about in the wind, grabbed it in his mouth an' started off with it ter play. So o' course it exploded the caps an' fired off the gun. 'Twould a been a mortal smart dog that would have knowed what it was a-going ter do. But them kids o' Peck's are cuts ones, and it's them that ought to have the credit of capturin' Big Brown."-St

Smallest Church in England.

The smallest church in England is said to be Lullington Church, about Mexicans, whose poor huts were fourteen miles from Eastbourne, lying scattered at wide intervals over the under the shadow of the South Down chaparral as this bushy land is called. hills. It is sixteen feet six inches from The children were now nearing one of east to west and sixteen feet from the jacals or huts, a dilapidated affair, north to south. The living is in the gift of the Crown, its value is about "Don't lets go any further, I'n \$300 per annum, the population is tired," said Polly. "The soldiers have under twenty, and a service is held in \$300 per annum, the population is the church once a fortnight. The vicar has other duties to perform in around that old jacal. You don't addition to the cure of souls of tiny know but what that's the very place Lullington. - New York World.

"So the engagement between Miss Chicago and her Detroit lover is off.' "Yes. She was too sensitive. A woman ran a baby cab over her foot, and when she told George about it he asked her if it upset the cab."-Do troit Free Press.

JUMPING BOARD. Mrs. Walderf-"In our hotels the ruests are well cared for. In every apper room there is a rope for escape n case of fire."

Count De Barbere - "Ah, that is ost amusing. If he wish he can use it also as a skipping rope."-Life.

A GOOD REASON. Featherstone-"Won't you play omething? Mr. Tutter says you play

cautifully." Miss Pinkerly-"If he likes to hear me play so much, why doesn't he call oftener?" Featherstone-"He says you always

insist upon talking."-Detroit Free