been going on for about two years a

singular state of affairs began gradually

to come into being. The fame of her

school had gone out over all the sur-

rounding country. She had exactly

those accomplishments and exactly that turn of mind calculated to win

for her the respect and admiration of

was that they respected, trusted and almost worshipped her. By degrees

she acquired almost unlimited influ-

ence over the men for over 100 miles

around. They would come to her to

settle all disputes, and would always

respect her decision. If any given

ion such feeling was useless, as every

other man felt honor bound to help

enforce it. If a question arose as to

the ownership of stock the parties would bring the cattle or horses in-

volved up to the Peak. Each claimant

would state his side of the case and

call on anyone else he might choose to

substantiate it. Then came the de-

cision from which there was no ap-

peal. If a man was suspected of steal-

ing stock or of committing murder the

process was the same. A case could

be disposed of completely in thirty

minutes. On one occasion a mere boy

was brought up under accusation of

murder. The case was clear aginst him.

"Well, he ought to die, but he's

nothing but a kid. Give him a pony

and let him go, but hang him if you

find him within forty miles of this

and the verdict ran as follows:

man felt inclined to resist her decis-

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

Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1896.

NO. 21.



sald Mrs. Ruthven with a soft smile, and

Evesleigh you will probably meet a very charming girl—a cousin of the Marsdens;

little judgment in making a book-"

"There is no question of weakness," she

"Believe or not, as you choose,

my mind, and tell you."

and an revoir.'

murmured:

my king!"

me at 7:30 today, I shall have made up

think over the question of investments!

Love himself must have blindfolded you

"As you like," returned Mrs. Ruthver

coldly and carelessly, "so good morning,

grace of a tigress. Darting to her writ-

ing table she seized the photograph of

Clifford Marsoen, and stood for a moment

intensely still, gazing at it. Then she

laughed aloud. "Only a matter of calculation," she repeated. "Oh! my prince!

"Purely a matter of calculation," and

Kissing the picture passionately, she

never stand it."

CHAPTER IL-(Continued.) "It does not strike me that Miss L'Es trange is a mere ingenue. However, a her fortune is insignificant it does not mat ter," and the fair widow stifled a yawn "When do you propose going to Eves "The day after to-morrow—and you?"

"I am invited for the 20th, and I propose to arrive that afternoon. The ball is fixed, I believe, for Wednesday." "Is there any one-any men, I meanyou would like Clifford to ask? I car send the invitations before I leave this afternoon.

"You are really too kind. I should no dream of exacting-"Oh! there is no obligation," interrupted Lady Dorrington. "We want a number "Fifteen ber of dancing men, and you know some." "The only person I can think of is Cap tain Shirley.

"Very well; what is his address, and "Mr. Marsden knows him already. He returned scornfully. "Our relations, if was in my husband's regiment. He is a any ever exist between us, will be purely good dancer and a presentable person. He has left the army, I believe, and his address is 'The Doric Club.'"

Shirley looked down to be a continuous smile, and Mrs.

Shirley looked down with a slight ineredulous smile, and Mrs. Ruthven watch-"Very well. Now tell me what you did ed him with a glance of fierce, intense and whom you saw at Cowes? How do you like English life so far, and have any added, with insolent indifference: of our brilliant youths impressed your "I much prefer believing," returnet Shirley. "Now, what are you going to do widowed heart?"

Mrs. Ruthven laughed low and softly. "Life in England is very livable so far during the rest of your exile here? Will as I have seen it. With a few ingredients you come down to Oxford with me tot would be delightful, and these-" "Captain Shirley!" said a waiter, throw

ing open the door. "There is an end of our gossip, my dear," said Lady Dorrington, "and cannot wait." Mrs. Ruthven did not leave her sent.

She held out a slim hand, which was somewhat darker in tint than her face Three and a half per cent! The God of and throat, and received the newcomer's profoundly respectful greeting with , before you submitted to such robbery." "Lady Dorrington, let me present Cap 'ain Shirley to you."

"Me have just been speaking of you Captain Shirley," said her ladyship, bland ly. "My brother, Clifford Marsden, is ly. "My brother, Clifford Marsden, is Ruthven sprang up with the quick feline gathering his forces for a ball on the 23d and if you are disengaged and inclined to a few days at Evesleigh, we-I speak as temporary mistress of the house -shall be delighted to see you. There is good shooting, some pleasant people, and Mrs. Ruthven."

"Such attractions are not to be resisted I gladly accept," returned Shirley, with

"You must take the Oldbridge and An chester line," added Lady Dorrington. "We will send carringes to meet the six o'clock train on the 21st. Now I mus tun away, dear Mrs. Ruthven." The ladies kissed and parted, Shirley

escorting Lady Dorrington to her car When he returned Mrs. Ruthven had re sumed her seat on the sofa, and did not

speak for a moment. He stood looking at her in silence also. Captain Shirley was below middle

height, well but slightly made, with a dark, keen face, the features small and well cut, piercing black eyes, the expression of which was in general carefully guarded. He were a small thick mustache, the rest of his face was clean shave en, the blue-black of a naturally strong beard showing clearly through the skin. From head to heel he was perfectly, freshly dressed, and had an air of extreme pentness.

"Well," said Mrs. Ruthven at last, rais ing her eyes slowly to his, "you see I look after your interests! I have managed this very pleasant invitation for you, and I imagine we shall meet a very good set at Mr. Marsden's." "You are extremely good to me in at minor matters," said Shirley, drawing .

chair near her sofa. "With which you must be satisfied," she said calmly, adding after an instant's pause, "and thankful."

"I am thankful! I am very thankful for the little note in which you warned me you would be in town for two or three days, and would talk over the suggestion I made, instead of refusing it at once."

"To appoint you my trustee in the place of my father's old ally, the late Mr. Bur ges? No, my dear friend! Not at pres "But you do not entirely reject me

You must feel sure no one could be so devoted to your interests as I am."

"I am quite sure no interest would come before mine, save one, and that is your Shirley showed all his white teeth in pleasant smile. "You are very keen, but you do me injustice," he said, "and believe me, your interests need looking after; I have been making quiet inquiries in va-

trustee, Clifford Marsden, has been in a very shaky condition for some time, but has lately been evidently flush of casheach which I suspect is yours."
"Oh! nonsense," carclessly; "Marsder may be a spendthrift, which after all is only suspected, but he is a man of un-

"I don't believe in unblemished honor. observed Shirley calmly.

"Probably not," she returned. "I am in no hurry, and I should like to consult Mr. Marsden as to a second trustee. It suits me to stand well and on confidential terms with my late husband's relatives." "No doubt; and," with a keen glance "should this especial relative become his

successor, a delay in naming the second trustee might save trouble in case a new settlement is required." "Precisely," said Mrs. Ruthven, with much composure. "I should certainly accept Clifford Marsden, were he to ask me. The position as his wife would suit me exactly. But I do not think he will; un-

less, indeed, he wants my money very much. He is not a bit in love with me nor I with him; but it might do. Indeed, I am now old enough to feel that | marraige is too important a matter to be confused with love! I was accustomed to this view of the subject in my school days but stupidly allowed a whim to blind me when I married poor Captain Ruthven who was really very nice." "Well, I wish all success to your pla

tonic scheme! But at the same time, I should advise you to take every possible pecaution as respects the trusteeship. I have generally observed that honor is proportion to the degree of temptation to which it is exposed. You must remember that, save myself, you have few old

him as being as old as my father. I was accustomed to see them together when I was a child. He must have been quite a

No, not quite. He is only a year young r than I am," returned Winton, gazing camily with a softened expression at he deft fingers and pretty pose.
"Is it possible?" cried Nora in frank, incomplimentary surprise.
"I suppose, then, you consider me a sort of grandfather?" he said with a grim

"No, indeed!" lifting her eyes with sweet look of apology to his, "only you are so much graver, and—and—more dig-nified, that——" she paused. "A gracious translation of the

terms which suggested themselves, I suspect," said Winton, laughing good-humor "Then I have been broiling fo edly. seductive upturning of her eyes, "so I years under an Indian sun, in an up-will try and do you a good turn. At Evesleigh you will probably meet a very charming girl—a cousin of the Marsdens; of ruffians, extracting taxes and hunting she has a small property (I will inquire into its value), and if worth the trouble big game. You cannot wonder that I am a little rusty and unfitted to amble in a you might win and marry her. I will give you all the help I can."
"You are very good. As an abstrac"
"That is, I do not absolutely smash th

"You are very good. As an abstractidea, I am not a believer in marriage, but china toys every time I walk across the I am open to conviction. Since I left the room! Do you know, I was half afraid service to live on my private fortune, I I should find you tyrannized over my old have not done so badly; what with a lit- friend, Helen Landell, but I do not be tle luck on the Stock Exchange, and a lieve you do, though I imagine there is a tash of the tyrant in you."
"But why?" asked Nora, turning her

"Take care, all gambling is risky; but as you do dabble in such matters, I wish carnest eyes full on him. "What have I you would give me an idea how I can get done—"her sentence was never finished more than three and a half per cent.—that for the door was dashed suddenly open. is all I receive for forty or fifty thousand Bea, followed by her mother, ran into the room, and the pleasant tete-a-tete was "Fifteen hundred a year! Can your

highly honorable trustee do no better for "Oh, Nora, poor Waldman was nearly you than that? You must have a weak killed!" cried Bea. "He could hardly get spot in your heart for him, or you would away fast enough from the wagonette, i was driving so fast to meet the train." Mrs. L'Estrange was greeting Winter while she spoke.

"Yes," she said, "the Evesleigh guesta are gathering fast. Mrs. Ruthven arriv-ed yesterday, and Lord Alfred Harcourt, Captain Shirley and some other people urrive to-day." "Shirley!" repeated Winton. "Is h ming?"

'Do you know him?" asked Nora. "Not personally; but I have heard some curious reports about him. He was in Ruthven's regiment, and there was story about his having done something morrow? It is one of the places you queer about a check or a bill; but he paieught to be able to talk about." up, I believe, and then retired. I neve up, I believe, and then retired. I never "If you will come back and dine with met him."

"If you will come back and dine with met him."

"I suppose gossip is as ill-natured in "I suppose gossip is as ill-natured in

India as elsewhere," said Mrs. L'Es-"To hear is to obey. I shall be here trange. punctually; and in the meantime I will "Rather more so," returned Winton. "Why, Nora, here are Lady Dorring ton and Mr. Marsden, and another lady and gentleman," cried Beatrice; "they are

soming from the bridge."

exclaimed Nora; "they are bringing Mrs. Ruthven and Lord Dorrington; I will go and meet them;" and sh went into the hall. "Well, dear, I have brought Mrs. Ruthven to see you," cried Lady Dorrington,

ven," said Nora, with gracious self-pos-tession, feeling on her own ground. "You are very good," murmured the ady, who was most elaborately got up in a country costume, fit for a society play at the Comedie Francaise, and was feel ing dreadfully tired even after so short walk in her "Louis Quinze" shoes.
"Ah, how are you, my pretty maid?" asked Lord Dorrington-a jovial, red-fac-ed country gentleman. "How do you threw it from her on the table, and crouching again on the sofa, sat with clasped hands gazing at some imaginary

ed country gentleman. "How do you like living in the wilds after your foreign training?" "Exceedingly well; pray come in and sh lown;" and she ushered them into the pleasant drawing room, which had called forth Winton's eulogy.

(To be continued.)

His Own Bouquet.

In a provincial town in France-in

which country it is an almost invaria-

ble rule for managers to engage artistes

on the condition that they are approved

by the public-a young actress, who had

met with several stormy receptions, the

real reason for which was that, being

attached to a young comedian of the

troupe, she would not accept any bou-

uets or billets-doux from her admirers,

on trial.

tinct voice:

was about to make her last appearance

When the evening arrived, and she

appeared upon the stage, she was re-

ceived with hissings and hootings, and

beans, and the like. The climax was

reached when there fell at her feet a

bouquet of hay and thistles, the noise

The poor girl nearly fainted, and the

oung comedian above mentioned, who

was playing in the piece, supported her,

and having led her to a couch, coolly

picked up the bouquet. In an instant

actor approached his companion, who

was crying bitterly, and dropping be-

"Allow me to beg you acceptance o

this present, madame. The donor must

Instantaneously the current of pub-

ic favor turned, and thunders of ap-

dian's presence of mind had saved his

Of the 353 towns and cities in Massa

It is a great deal easier for some

people to pray for the preacher than y

-A tor of cottonseed meal, when fed

o cattle, just about replaces the fertility

-It is said that subcutaneous injec-

tions of salt have been found useful in

the treatment of some forms of in-

-The researches of two French

hysicians-Verneuil and Roux-in-

-Sea water contains silver in con-

siderable quantities. It is deposited

on the copper sheathing of ships in

amounts sufficient to make its reduc-

-Southern Pacific officials have in

terested themselves in using oil for

fuel. A locomotive has been fitted ur

with an oil burning device, which will

-A "chaser" that is shot from

rocket, and shoots around the heavens

-Sir Samuel Flower discovered by

investigation in India that the finest

The French engineer Issartier be-lieves that a tunnel could be built up to the top of Mt. Blanc Switzerland,

for fully ten minutes, has been invented

by a man in Victoria, Australia.

and most delicate shaped noses to Brahmins of the highest caste.

cline them to regard pork as a frequent

cause of cancer.

tion profitable.

be thoroughly tested.

which is sold in 5000 quarts of milk.

s to do their part toward his support.

plause were heard. The young come

A Good Showing.

chusetts 321 contain free libraries.

certainly have deprived himself of his

fore her on one knee, said, in a dis-

one could have heard a pin drop. The

ncreasing every moment.

reakfast this morning."

the theater was "alive" with apples,

All Blankshire rejoiced that Evesleigh Manor was once more opened to the county, and to the severely clerical society

picture as if lost in a dream.

of Oldbridge. Enlivened by the gossip to which this unexpected event gave rise, time flew quickly, and the fingers of the local dressmakers worked nimbly, while almost every train which stopped at Oldbridge

for the manor house.

Mrs. L'Estrange and her stepdaughter took a natural and lively interest in the preparations. Marsden himself was frequently at the cottage, always in the most charming spirits, and boyishly full of anticipated success.

It was the day but one before the ball

Nora was sitting near one of the draw ing room windows which was open, while a bright wood fire crackled on the hearth It was a soft, gray day, as if nature was and the woods gave out a faint autumnal fragrance.

Nora sung softly in snatches as she plice her needle diligently, braiding a winter frock for Beatrice.

May I come in through the window? asked Winton, so suddenly from the ve randa that Nora started and blushed viv

door as a punishment for frightening me!" she said laughing, as she rose and gave him her hand. "But you shall be ab-solved, for I see you bring me 'Cornhill." "Lie there and wait, good dog," cried Winton, when he had whistled his attendant pointer to heel, and the animal, of the

beautiful red-brown Irish breed, obeyed watch dog," said Nora. "You know this place is rather solitary at night. The squire has promised me one of Queenie's

pupples as soon as it is old enough to leave ts mother." "If it is worthy of its race, you wil have a treasure. The Evesleigh mastiffs

are famous." Winton had entered while they spoke and instinctively walked to the fireplace where he stood surveying the room and its

"What a pleasant room this is," he said abruptly, after a few moments' silence "I never see anything like it elsewhere, It is pretty, yet not too fine for use, and supremely home-like. You cannot fancy what a charm there is about everything me-like to an outsider like myself Brookdale and its owners will be my most lasting memories of the old country

"I am very glad you appreciate it, and giad, too, that you have come back in such in such a good humor. Had you good sport at Moatlands?" 'I was rather bored. And how is Mrs L'Estrange?" Very well. She has gone down to the

village with Bea. I stayed at home bocause I rather expect my godmother, Lady Dorrington." "Oh, she is your godmother, is she?" said Winton, settling himself in a corner of the sofa near his companion, who resumed her needlwork. "When did she

"On Saturday. She came earlier than was expected, so the squire was out rid-ing with me. I do not think she was pleased."

"Indeed! Are you fond of riding?" "Yes, but I should have enjoyed it more but for the want of practice all the time we were in Germany. The squire says I don't sit badly, and that he will make a good horsewoman of me before the au-

"Ha! Is he going to stay here, then?"

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

CHE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUE-DAY SERMON.

Sublect: "After the Battle."

Texr: "And ir came to pass on the mo. row, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three son tallen in Mount Gilboa."—I Samuel xxxi., 8 Some of you were at South Mountain or Shiloh or Ball's Bluff or Gettysborg or Northern or Southern side, and I ask you? I there is any sadder sight than a buttieffend after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening a shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick ut

there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches, and the memorandum books and the letters, and the dagnerrostypes, and the hats, and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followen going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleor marched up toward Moscow, as when Vor Moitke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastiy with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers can as on to the field, and they lifted the latchet of the heimet from under the chin of the dead, they pieked up the swords and bent them on

the heimet from under the clim of the dead, they picked up the swords and bent them or their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Phillistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcaiss and jeered at the fallen slain and whistled through the mouth of his heimet. Before night those comportants had taken everything, valuable cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field. "And it came to pass on the

from the field. "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Phillistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over, and every day, and that when men have fallen satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to from pitying them or helping them, go to work remorselessly to take what little there is left, thus stripping the slain. There are tens of thousands of young mea

There are tens of thousands of young measurery year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts ad grand expectations. The country lads it down in the village grocery, with their et on the iron rod around the redhot stove, in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and inceed, but the most of them prophest failure, for it is very hard to think that those whom we knew in boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

those whom we knew in boyhood will evel make any great success in the world.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself the is a little excited and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends in some places where he ought not. Soot there come up new companion. there come up new companions and acquaint ances from the barrooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months or fee is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harples of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give on the field. His garments gradually out. He has pawned his watch. His b too poor to stay in the city, and he is to poor to pay his way home to the country Down, down! Why do the low fellows o the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to

the city now silek to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life Oh, no. I will tell you why they stay. They are Philistines stripping the siain.

Do not look where I point, but youde stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness, but evil habit knocked at his from door, knocked at his from door, knocked at his hand. door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the plane? Sold to pay the rent. Where is the hatrack? Sold to meet sold to get bread. Where are the carpets!
Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe!
Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters!
Working their fingers off in trying to keep Working their fingers off in trying to keet the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable; the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors and the constables and the sheriffs go there. They are, some on their own account and some on account of the law stripping the siain.

sherills go there. They are, some on their own account and some on account of the law stripping the siath.

An ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his law moments: "This is the end. I am dyling-dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." When were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him, laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence and plunging him into sin? They have left. Whyl dis money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone—everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. There is another way, however, of doing the same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have here as a first respective to the same were there are the same work.

his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the completent grace of God, that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go and tell how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the Celestial City. Now is the time to go to that man and convulsion?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." A vulture few through the saw through the saw is the time to go and tell devouring despair." A vulture few through the saw is the time to go and tell devouring despair." A vulture few through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the naw was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the sialn."

A vulture few through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the naw was, "That is the vulture?" and the naw was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the sialn."

A vulture few through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the naw was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the sialn."

A vulture few through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the bad angel, City. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how prefligate Newton came, through conversion, so be a world renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time totell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pullution or lost

through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of mora' have risen to positive dominion of moral powers.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. fou say to him, "Loan you money? No You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. Yod are debauched! Get out of my sight, now! Down! You will have to stay down!" And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slatn.

The point I want to make is this: Sin is hard, cruel and merciless. Instead of helping a man up it helps him down, and when, like Saul and his comrades, you lie on the field, it will come and steal your sword and helmet and shield, leaving you to the jacks!

But the world and satan do not do their work with the outcast and abondoned. A respectable impenitent man comes to die. He is flat on his back. He could not get up He is flat on his back. He could not get up if the house was on fire. Advoitest medical skill and gentic nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inapt, disagreeable and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven and missed? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobrious words and thoughts and actions? Jon't remember them, eh? I'll make you re-nember them." And then he takes all the just and empties it on that deathbed, as the nailbags are emptied on the postomee floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from

them.

Then the man says to satan: "You have tectived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me and hedge me up and submerge me in everything evil." "Ha, ha!" says satan. "I was only tooks you. It is might for me to see you."

er. I have been for thirty years plotting to

fer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now: it will be worse for you after awhile. It pleases me. Lie shill, sir. Don't dinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

You are hastening on toward the consummation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and think, but it is only for a moment, and then you will tramp on, and at the close of this service you will go out, and the question will be, "How did you like the sermon?" And one man will say, "I didn't like it at all," but neither of the answers will touch the tremendous fact that if impenitent you are going at thirty knots an hour toward shipwreck. Yea, you are in a battle where you will fall, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate and the agentary will take your body the messen-

you will fail, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate and the cometery will take your body the messengers of darkness will take your soul and some and go about you, stripping the slain.

Many are erring out. "I admit I am slain; I admit it." On what battlefield, my brothers? By what weapon? "Poluted Imagination," says one man; "Intoxicating liquor," says another man; "My own hard heart," says another man. Do you realize this? Then I come to tell you that the omnipotent Christ is ready to walk across this battlefield and revive and resuscitate and resurrect your dead soul. Let Him take your hand and rub away the numbness, your head and behe off the acting, your heart and top its wild throb. He brought Lazarus to and bathe off the acting, your heart and top its wild throb. He brought Lazarus to ife, He brought Jairus's daughter to life, He brought the young man of Nain to life, and

brought the young man of Nain to life, and these are three proofs anyhow that He can bring you to life.

When the Philistines came down on the Beld, they stepped between the corpses, and two over the dead, and they toog twny everything that was valuable. And so twas with the people that followed after the trimies at Chancellorsville and at Pittsburg Landing and at Stone River and at Atlanta, stripping the slain, but the Northern and tripping the slain. irmies at Chancellorsville and at Pittsburg Landing and at Stone River and at Atlanta, stripping the slain, but the Northern and louthern women—God bless them!—came on he field with basins and pads and towels and lint and cordials and Christian ensouragement, and the poor fellows that lay here lifted up their arms and said, "Oh, now good that does feel since you dressed it!" And others looked up and said, "Oh, how you make me think of my mother!" And others said, "Tell the folks at home I died thinking about them." And another looked up and said, "Miss, won't you sing ne a verse of, 'Home, Sweet Home,' before I die?" And then the tattoo was sounded, and the hafs were off, and the service was read, "I am the resurrection and the life." And in honor of the departed the muskets were coaded and the command given, "Present—fre!" And there was a shingle set up at the head of the grave, with the epitaph of "Lieutenant — in the Pourteenth Massashusetts regulars," or "Captain — in the Fifteenth regiment of South Carolina voluncers." And so now, across this great field of moral and spiritual battle, the angels of look one walking among the slain, and there was voices of comfort and voices of loops and voices of resurrection and voices of leaven.

one night I saw a tragedy on the corner of Broadway and Houston street. A young nan, evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, his hat lifted high ion he had better take, his hat lifted high snough so that you could see he had an intelligent forehead, stout cheet; he had a sebust development. Splendid young man. Unitured young man, Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of Broadway and Houston street. will take you home; I will spread my wings over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protecion; I will bless every cup you drink out of, svery couch you rest on, every doorway you anter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian rehand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony, it was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a scraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are-from chalices of bewitching arrowsal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian The paths I tread are through meadows, daisled and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight up-

ward and away until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he besitated no longer, but started on a path-way which is beautiful at the opening, but plasted at last. The bad angel, lending the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky core lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal there was a grinding pflocks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackeloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopoless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bal angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side the road there was a lion. and the man asked the bad angel, that lion?" and the answer was, "T lion of all devouring despatr."

man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street; I d sorner of Broadway and Houston street; I irusted it all, and why have you thus described me?" Then the last describing fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you be desirated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here. Come, let us fill these two shallees of fire and drink together to darkness and wos and death. Hail, hail!" Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, con-lending for your destiny, as above the Apen-aines earle and condor fight mid-sky. This our may decide your destiny.

-l'abies do not hear well because the bones of the car are too soft to convey the sensation of sound. -An electric furnace for heating tron strips used in making horseshoe nails

has been recently installed in Mon-

treal, Canada. Five feet of strip are roarious approval of the act of disci heated every minute. -Cases of infection have frequently traced to cats that have been illowed to spend hours in a sick room and then go to another house where they have been petted. -Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad pas

messages average 1.8 per head; in the United States slightly under one a head, while in Russia they average only .04

senger trains are lighted solely

SHUFFLE-SHOON AND AMBER LOCKS.

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks Bit together, building blocks; Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray-Amber-Locks a little child, But together at that play Age and youth are reconciled, And with sympathetic glee Build their castles fair to see!

"When I grow to be a man"-

So the wee one's prattle ran-"I shall build a castle-so, With a gateway broad and grand Here a pretty vine shall grow, There a soldier guard shall stand; And the tower shall be so high

Folks will wonder by and by !" Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes I know, Thus I builded long ago! Here a gate and there a wall. Here a window, there a door Here a steeple, wondrous tall,

Riseth ever more and more ;

But the years have leveled low

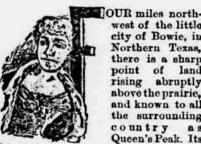
What I builded long ago " So they gossip at their play Heedless of the fleeting day. One speaks of that Long Ago Where his dead hopes buried lies One with chubby cheeks aglow, Prattleth of the By-and-By.

By-and-By and Long-Ago Long-Ago and Dr-and-By -Ab, what years at ween them lie? Yet, oh grandsire, gaunt and grav. By what grace art thou beguiled

Side byside twin eastles grow-

That thou sharest in the play Of that little lisping child? Children both, they build their blocks-Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks. -Eugene Field in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Heroine of Queen's Peak.



of danger.

School opened with four pupils, all

within two miles of the place. Soon,

however, it began to increase as the

fact of its existence began to be noised

abroad through the country. Grown

boys and who had lived on the frontier

to redeem their lost time. They came

when there was little to do on farm or

the attendance would run as high as

haired little Indian-Irish woman was

mistress for all that. On one occa-

sion a big six-footer refused to obey

ing to the flour sack in which she kept

a collection of her miscellaneous be-

longings, she gathered up a handful of

black pepper. She had probably pre-pared this for just such emergencies,

and before her recalcitrant pupil knew

what was coming she threw the pepper

square into his eyes. The bully sprang

to his feet with a roar of pain, while

the rest of the school shouted up-

pline. Then a dozen of the devotees of learning grabbed and carried him

bodily to the foot of the Peak. He

was then informed that if he ever en-

tered the schoolroom again or in any

be a feast for buzzards and coyotes.

For a while Ellen Quinn was troubled

by occasional travelers who, in passing through the country, would use her schoolhouses as a lodging place for the night. One night, just as such a party were pushing in the door, a roat

like that of a cannon started them, and

on investigation it was found that a

rusty old musket had discharged about

a double handful of alugs into the roof

way molested the teacher there would

west of the little place by to-morrow morning." The boy left. city of Bowie, in Meantime a natural metamorphosis Northern Texas, took place in the name of the place there is a sharp where she lived. From Quinn's Peak point of land it was changed to Queen's Peake, the rising abruptly schoolma'am being by that time uniabove the prairie. versally known as the queen. and known to all Her death, however, was as it should the surrounding have been, the climax and crowning point of her life. It was all that was necessary to make her subjects worship

country Queen's Peak. Its history is closely associated with that her, not almost, but altogether. of a woman who is declared by the St.

During the fall of 1869 the Co-Louis Globe-Democrat to have come manches began once more to make pretty near to being queen in reality raids through this portion of Texas. as well as in name.
It was in 1866 that Ellen Quinn The Comanches have been called the Ishmaelities of the West, their hand went from Western North Carolina being against every man's hand and judged from her name, she had Irish blood in her veins, but it was mixed to this part of Texas. As would be as much influence over the Indians as rived from the Cherokees that still in- ods of open Indian hostility this inhabit a reserve among the Carolina fluence stood her in good stead. The Mountains. Just under what circum- Indians seemed to consider that her stances she left her native State no Indian blood made her one of themone seems to remember, but soon after she announced her intention to ward and forward to and from their ward and forward to and from their surrounding country. It seemed the camps unmolested. Though a Cheroif the school would likely benefit the open a school for the benefit of the "country," literally so called, as there time her influence was successful in guage of the Comanches. For a long were very few inhabitants to get the good of it. What few men there Peak from any disturbance, but on one were, however, got together and put up a house for her. It was the first schoolhouse ever put up in Montague County, and was made of rough logs cut from the timber surrounding which locality it had been reported were, however, got together and put logs cut from the timber surrounding that a large band of hostiles were adthe base of what is now known as Queen's Peak. It was situated about half way up on the southern side in order to protect it from the cold northern winds of winter. There was a several reasons why this site was were several reasons why this site was as fast as they could travel. He

chosen. Wood was near at hand for building the house and supplying the fires in winter, which items were very them.

"No," she answered sadly; "it's no important ones to the Texans of those use this time. Their blood's up bedays. Water could be obtained from use this time. a spring close at hand, and this also and they won't be pacified. You ride was not to be slighted. Moreover, like the wind and get all the women The chalk, which is very porous, is the Peak, though only a hundred or so feet above the surrounding prairie. I'll hold the Indians long enough for was the highest point for miles that." around, and from its summit a watch Even as she was speaking the Indians could be kept for the approach of Indians or other hostile characters. From it signals could be given in case

came in sight over a rise in the prairie. They would willingly have passed her by without molestation, but she was determined they should not. Taking of whom came from the only house deliberate aim at long range she fired and one Indian tumbled from his horse. Then she sprang upon the topmost stone of the Peak and, standing at full height, sent out a ringing yell and demen who had come to Texas when risively waved her gue. The boy waited to see no more, but keeping the without educational advantages would wooded base of the Peak between himcome to school to Miss Quinn in order self and his pursuers, he dashed off, as he had been told. from anywhere within 100 or 200 miles. No one will ever kill. There was few months consecutively, at times a natural barricade of stones on top of the property was little to do on farm or the Peak, and keeping behind it she

ranch, but they put in good work had the advantage over her foes in the when they did come. For some months open prairie. The Indians seem finally to have taken positions inside the timthe attendance would run as high as thirty and then again it would drop down to three or four. Tuition was dually to have drawn their lines nearer down to three or four. Tuition was dually to have drawn their lines nearer uniformly \$3 per month. It must have been an interesting sight to see the sble to tell whether it was defended little room crowded with big, bearded by one person slone or by more. cowboys poring over their books.

They probably had spurs jingling at their heels and big six-shooters dangling from their belts, but the black line from their belts, but the black of the containing th effect. Certain it is that she was game to the last. Finally, the last cruel rush was made, and the brave teacher sion a big six-footer refused to obey some command she had given him. Go-ing to the flour sack in which she kent her subjects.

All this took time, and time was valuable just then. There were not more than three or four families then living within several miles of the Peak, and the boy messenger had ample time to notify them and get them hidden in the timbered bank of the creek. It must have been after the nightfall when the summit of the Peak was finally stormed, and about 10 o'clock a force of men came galloping in from Clear Creek, having heard of the threatened attack. The Indians still remaining left under the cover of light. Next morning the settlers visited the Peak. There, behind a big bowlder, on the very summit they found Ellen Quinn, the prairie queen, stiff and cold in death. Her body had been pierced by half a dozen bullets and her scalp had been taken. Rifle and six-shooter were both missing. Around the barricade, down in the timber at its base, and out in the open prairie, they counted the bodies of eleven Comanches. That told the story.

No death in the whole of this part

with force enough to have killed a From that time on no nocturnal in-

by the door, and as windows had not | liberately chose to die that the lives of yet come into fashion in that part of some fifteen or twenty defenseless women and children might be saved. Texas the house was free from intru-It was decided to bury her and raise a monument to her on the Peak's The teacher always had a loaded rifle mound, on which she labored in the itting in the corner of the schoolroom school room and on which she died. during school hours, and had it strung Everyone for miles around attended behind her saddle as she rode. She the funeral. There was no minister to was a fearless rider and an unerring preach, but it was a solemn affair notwithstanding. The body was buried After the school at the Peak had on the very summit and above it the

day. A new set of people have filled up the surrounding country. About all they know about the matter is that these stones mark the grave of an Inthe men of the frontier. The result dian named Queen, who was killed or the summit and after whom the Peal was named.

men piled up a vast heap of rough

stones. These may be seen there to

## Bismarck at Home.

After coffee and cigars had been passed, Bismarck's long pipe, with its china bowl decorated with the family coat of arms, was brought to him and lighted. A small table at his side held a tray with long queer matches, s small rod, and other pipe appur-tenances, all of which were from time to time used. Never had I seen the process of smoking require to be helped along so often; for, during animated conversation, the pipe was forgotten and allowed to go out. In this need, as in every other, I was impressed with the alertness of the attendants. Proud were they of their master, and tenderly watchful of his wishes and physical infirmities.

And here another picture. Bis marck lying back in the large chair, puffing at his long pipe-that historic pipe, in the cloud-smoke of which the Germany of to-day first took shape-his face animated, strong and ever-changing, the two dogs now stretched in front at full length, with their big heads crossed over their master's feet. "This one was a gift to me from the young Emperor," said Bismarck, pointing to the larger of the two.

Talk turned upon the affectionate pess and faithfulness of dogs, and some one asked how the unmerited expression, "gone to the dogs," had ever originated. Bismarck said: "The meaning of that saying has become entirely perverted. In older times, when a pack of hounds was a necessity, not a luxury, on every country estate, horses and cattle, when they had outlived their usefulness, were slaughtered and given to the dogs for food. This is what was originally meant by 'gone to the dogs.

Conversation next turned upor America and Bismarck ask about his old friend Carl Schurz. 1845." he said. "I anticipated quite as little as did Schurz what the future had in store for me. My highest ambition was to become a good farmer, and to be able, eventually, to purchase the lands adjoining our estate. Occasionally I cast a hungry eye upon the office of Justice of the Peace, but the only chance I had to obtain it was ent off"-with a smile at the Princess-"by my not succeeding in marrying the girl who could have helped me attain it." "So much the better for me," was

the Princess's laughing rejoinder. And the better for us all, thought I for what a wholesome and blessed example of happy marriage has this historic home presented to the world during the last half century !-Century.

## An Imitation Marble. One of the most recent novelties in

artificial stone is the manufacture of marble from chalk, whereby effects are produced which are hardly distinguishable from those of the natural material. placed in a bath of some mineral oxide, which percolates through it and gives it color. It is the same process that nature employs, to which the various colorations of marbles are due. The slab of chalk is then placed in a bath of liquid silicate, which permeates it in all its parts and coments its partieles together. The result is a stone having the hardness, temperature and the "ring" of real marble. It is capa-

Many artificial marbles are now being manufactured, and find a ready sale, owing to the high cost of quarrying and working the natural material. However, there is no danger that they will ever drive the real stuff out of the market. They are of no use for statuary or for certain other purposes. The chalk process will not rield slabs more than six inches thick, -Washington Star

## To See the Great Llama. Prince Galitzin, of Russia, is a fel-

low of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg and one of the most famous travelers of the world. He will start soon with an expedition to penetrate the plateau of Thibet with the intention of entering the sacred city of Lassa and interviewing the grand Llama. It is said that no European has ever faced the grand Llama, and the success of Prince Galitzin in his undertaking would be open to grave doubt were it not for his record in the way of wonderful journeys. It is over a year since his appearance at the head of a small Cossack caravan in the passes of the Pamir table land on the extreme northern frontier of India startled the English Government. Ho has demonstrated by a journey of over 1200 miles from the terminus of trans-Caspian railway, at Samarcand, that the Indian frontier was accessible to Russian attack through the Pamir table land, hitherto considered inaccessible. Retracing his steps with his caravan he passed through the Quenlun Mountains, crossed Eastern Turkistan into Siberia, until he struck the caravan route leading to Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, in Southern Sibera. He then pursued his way east to Vladivostok, thence through Japan and to Vancouver and the United States. If Prince Galitzin succeeds in entering Lassa and getting out alive his next journey will be from the eastern terminus of the trans-Siberian railway, along its proposed route to Bering Sea. Then, crossing into Alaska, he will try to pass through British Codozen men had they been in the way.

From that time on no nocturnal intrader ever entered that schoolhouse by merely doing nothing, but she de-