CHAPTER III.-Continued.

they paused after the first two or three

mening sharply to look at Nora, who was

standing nearly opposite, her arm through

her partner's, but her head half turned

and raised in a pretty attitude to speal

an indescribable expression of pleasure

and liking in her pose, which somewha

line; you and I are children of the sun

"I am afraid you are fatigued, you

tremble! Come, there is a charming re

treat at the end of the conservatory

where you can rest and be quiet; you look

pale. The waltz will not be over just yet and I can bring you an ice there." Draw

ing her hand through his arm, Marsder

Mrs. Ruthven was unusually disturb

ed. Her prominent thought was: "He has

made this opportunity to propose for me To-morrow 1 shall be the mistress of

Evesleigh Manor," so, leaning slightly

oward her host, as if needing his sup

dance finished, Nora, escorted by

port, she willingly accepted his guidance

her partner, an officer of the regiment

hounds, who had buttonholed him.

to something the man said.

nsked, as Marsden passed.

quickly into the next room. Winton looked after him,

la unaccountable "

to Mrs. Ruthven, who is feeling faint."

He offered her his arm, Nora and Lord

Alfred Harcourt following. As soon as

they entered the morning room they saw

into the conservatory.

Next to it stood Marsden, a look of puz

tled surprise on his face.
"The lock must have shut of itself,"

Captain Lethbridge was saying, as Mrs.

L'Estrange and Winton drew near. "I

"What is the matter?" asked the lat

"The door is mysteriously locked, though

I passed through it only now." said Mars

Marsden gave him an angry look.

"See if the key is in the door."

conservatory?" asked Winton.

gestions rapidly offered.

conservatory to the tent.

taw him just now."

"Is she dend? Oh, is she dend?" whis

and perhaps injured? Call Weldon.

Weldon, a short, stout, authoritative man.

"Peoh, pooh! don't look frightened," to

Nora, as he took Mrs. L'Estrange's place.

"That's right; all she wants is air," he

haid his hand on her side. "Heart beats:

it's just a swoon; keep fanning, please-

ran you get her clothes loosened?—all fasten at the back?—um-irrational! You

had better get out, gentlemen. Are you her maid?" to a smart little Freuchwom-

an, who came in followed by the butler

'Oh, mon Dieu! I never saw madam

"Then is she subject to these attacks?

"Try and loosen her dress. Here, give

"Yes, sare—a leetle—not often."

ream of guests thronging to the buffet,

led her out into the cool conservatory.

that cold, hard, gigantic Mr. Winton?"

"Why has she such a fancy fo

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watched so anxiously "Get some brand; -don't let any one come in here, ther are too many already."

"Let us go, then," whispered Mrs. L'Es trange to Nora, adding to Lady Dorring ton: "I shall be in the conservatory should you want me."
Another long shivering sigh broke from

"How pretty your cousin, Miss L'Es Mrs. Ruthven; she slowly opened her trange, looks to-night," said Mrs. Ruth eyes, which met those of Lady Dorring you, as soon as she took breath, whes on, who was bending over her. ven, as soon as she took breath, when For a minute or two she did not seem recognize any one, then an expression piteous alarm came into her face, as she "A fancy for Winton!" said Marsder feebly stretched out her arms and exclain

ed, in gasps: "Dear Mrs. Ruthven, you are perfectly safe; no harm shall come to you," said

to Winton, who stood behind. There was Marsden, coming forward. "There-there; don't agitate her. Yo drink this, my dear madame," cried the justified Mrs. Ruthven's remark. "Oh doctor, offering her some brandy and "You are all right now." no," continued Marsden, "she has better taste than to care for such a piece of petrifaction! Besides, he is an old flame "Oh! no, no," cried Mrs. Ruthven, rais ing herself with an effort and throwing of the step-mother's, and is, I fancy, pay herself into Lady Dorrington's arms

ing court in that quarter. No matter "that dreadful man will kill me." these refrigerated machines are not in our She burst into a violent fit of crying. "That's right," said the doctor, com though chance has made us English. Ar placently; "that will do her good." you rested? Let us have another turn."
When next they stopped Marsden ben "I wish we could get her to her own com," exclaimed Lady Dorrington. "Bu over her and said, with an air of tender what has become of her necklace-her

ewels? Did Mrs. L'Estrange take it of o relieve her?" "No, it was gone when we came in," returned Marsden. Hearing the words Mrs. Ruthven felt her neck and arms.

"They are all taken," she said. matter, he spared my life!" "Who spared your life, dear?" asket

"Now, don't ask any questions. Ge her to bed," urged the doctor. "Look here, Marsden," said Mark Win ton, who had been examining the floor and sides of the tent. "Here is a long rent in the hangings, and the canvas, putting his head through, "is cut away o

"Some one must have got through here. d at Oldbridge, mingled with the said Marsden, going over to examine the

and while talking together over their ices "Yes," faltered Mrs. Ruthven, who was and lemon squash with Mrs. L'Estrange | now fast recovering, though her voice was and Winton, she noticed Marsden break | broken by hysterical sobs. "He came and Winton, she noticed Marsden breaking away from a prosy master of for from that side. I was putting my hall hounds, who had buttonholed him. "I really cannot stay," he said, loudly turned and found a dreadful figure in and impatiently. "I want to take an ic cloak, a large hat and a mask close to me. Before I could draw a breath or He went on to the buffet, and spoke to scream, he seized me and smothered my face with semothing. I tried to push him away, for I falt I was losing my senses, as if I should die; then, I knew "No, I will take it myself," he replied no more till I saw dear Lady Dorrington Oh! I shall never feel safe again.'

"Is Mrs. Ruthven feeling unwell?" she "Great heavens! while we were hest tating about that locked door, the scoun He shook his head, with a smiling glane irel made his escape! Why, I could you ever forgive me for leaving you?" escaped, as if to intimate it was an excuse for leaving his guest, and went or

"Can you walk, or shall we carry you upstairs?" asked the doctor.
"I would rather walk," replied Mrs. "The rooms are not hot enough for fainting," he said. "You have not seen Ruthven, who was still shivering and the tent yet, Mrs. L'Estrange; come and trembling.

round her, Clifford," said his sister, Marsden went suickly to the cloak room and returned with a wrap. Mrs. Ruthven gave him a look of tender recognition, and a group of men around the door leading Lady Dorrington passing her arm round her, the doctor assisting at the other side she managed to reach her own room murmuring entreaties that she should no be left alone as she went.

CHAPTER IV.

During this disturbance, of which few were aware, Captain Shirley was neither in the dancing or the refreshment room: but soon after, strolling through the hall

he encountered Lord Dorrington.
"Well," said that genial peer, "I hope "It looks as if the fair widow did no want you back," cried Lord Alfred with Mrs. Ruthven is all right again." took it for granted that Shirley, her particular friend, knew of her indisposi-"Break it open."
"Cut out a pane," were some of the sug been anything more than an attack of he had wished to be, he was formed of faintness, due to heat and, possibly, tight-"Is there not some other way into the

"Has Mrs. Ruthven been ill?" exclaimed Shirley. "I was not aware. Where

"Yes, of course; through the east corri for," cried Marsden. He rushed away. "Oh, very likely in the ball room by In another moment they saw him pass this time. Lady Dorrington was sent for. the door and disappear, only to return and I was told to say nothing about it." "This is most extraordinary," said Shirexclaiming: "Where is Lady Dorrington ley, who was apparently much, even painfully, surprised. His small, black eyes glittered eagerly, and he pressed his white teeth on his lower lip. "I have been outside at the door smoking a cigarette; the Mrs. L'Estrange, come, for God's sakel The key is gone, and Mrs. Ruthven is lying insensible! Call her maid! Look for Lady Dorrington," he cried to the servants who were about. "Bring some water. Come, Mrs. L'Estrange," and in evident agitation he led the way, ook better than this evening." ook better than this evening."
"Here is Marsden," returned Lord Dor through a part of the house not thrown

open to the general company, through th rington. "He will tell us all about her. How is Mrs. Ruthven? Here is Captain Winton, Nora and one or two of the Shirley anxious for tidings."
"A little better, calmer, I hope," said others followed to see if they could be of

stretched on the divan, one arm hanging flown inertly, her dendly pallor contrast tor are with her," then, lowering his voice, he added, "It has been a fearful affair ing with her splendid dress and gay sur altogether. Come into the library. lon't want a row made about it now. pered Nora, in awe and terror,
"No, no," returned Mrs. L'Estrenge,
taking the hand which hung so helplessly As soon as they had closed the door of the library, where Winton awaited them, Marsden rapidly related the extraordi-nary robbery which had taken place, to he surprise and dismay of his listeners.

"she is not cold—she breathes—give me four fan—she must have air—do not tome too close—send for Dr. Weldon; I "By George!" cried Lord Dorrington never heard of such daring villainy "I will go for him," said Winton, "but What's to be done?" "Her jewels all gone!" cried Shirley look, Marsden, her jewels are gone."
"What can have happened?" cried Mars-Why, they must be worth sixty or sev nty thousand, at least. This is a deepien. "Has she been robbed? Good God' laid scheme; she has been dogged by son

Turning toward the door, he met Lady "But how did they know of her jewels?" Dorrington coming in, and with her the thief doctor of Oldbridge, one of the asked Winton. "She kad them looked at or valued for some reason when she was in Paris on her coms; too much dancing?" exclaimed Dr.

way home," said Shirley; "very foolish of her, but she told me so." "Ha! I thought you might give us some hint from your more intimate ac-quaintance with Mrs. Ruthven; any as-

listance you can give—"
"Is entirely at your service," returned Shirley, drawing a long breath. Here Dr. Weldon entered, and without speaking sat down to the writing table, in a low tone, described the position of the

opening cut in the side of the tent. carrying a caraffe of water and a gobiet "Will you dispatch one of your groom with this prescription to my assistant, looking up. "Mrs. Ruthven will hardly get any sleep without a composing

me the water! Stand back, Mr. Mars "I cannot leave till I see her revive,' cried Marsden. "There is something mysterious in this seizure. She may be hurt As her host, I feel responsible for her."

"His! she is coming to," said the doo

then we will examine the terrace and grounds."

"Where, I fear, we'll find but little," "Given a quarter of an hour's start, and it will be almost impossible to catch the ruffian," observed Shirley. "The only chance is that some accom

plice may split. A thundering big reward is the thing," said Lord Dorrington. "On such a night, with numbers of peo ple going about, any stranger would pass unnoticed," returned Shirley.

The entrance of the butler interrupted. The man and horse are ready, sir." "There is my note," said Dr. Weldon "Tell your messenger to keep ringing the aight bell till some one comes. He knows my house?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Then Marsden rose and gave full di-rections as to giving his missive into the hands of the inspector at Oldbridge. "Who are you sending?" "Tom Harris, sir, on Brown Robin."

"Good. Tell him to ride like the devil then bring me a lantern in the conserva tory. Quick. We will see if there are any tracks." "It is almost incredible that in such a place, with crowds of people at hand, such

an outrage could have been committed, said Shirley, who seemed dazed by his "It is done, however, and very effectu ally. I am utterly confounded! It seems

a sort of personal disgrace that such an outrage should have been perpetrated on guest at Evesleigh." Come on," said Winton impatiently. "Dorrington," said his host, pausing

"I wish you would take Lady Blankford in to supper and keep the people going. If the truth is known there will be such an infernal row. Every one will be panie-struck, and I want them to get their supper in peace. Tell the marchioness what you like. Say I am looking after Mrs. Ruthven. Tell-Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora not to talk about the theft." "Very well," said Lord Dorrington obediently, and hurried away to do his

brother-in-law bidding. Winton's cool head and practiced intelli gence made him the natural guide in such an investigation.

The gravel on the terrace without was hard and dry, and, save two faint, scarcely perceptible impressions which might be footprints, there was no sign that the robber had lain in wait there. Near the spot where Winton and his host stood was a short flight of steps

leading to the pleasure ground beneath, which here ended in a thick growth of evergreens, through which a walk led to a gate opening on the high road to Old-This gate was usually locked, but was a favorite means of egress to peestrians going to and from the town. "Let us have a look along here," said Winton. "Hold the lantern lower." Seeking carefully as they went, they

examined every inch of ground at either side of the path, and had proceeded about a hundred yards when Winton uttered an exclamation, and snatched the lanters "What's this?" he cried, stooping to

drag a dark bundle from under the low growing branches of some thick laurels. quickly unrolled a short, wide, foreign looking black cloak, from which fell a mask and a long knife, something like a bowle knife. "The scoundrel cast his skin here!" sale

Marsden, "making sure there would be no pursuit till the conservatory door was opened and his victim recovered. Good God! that poor woman had a narrow escape. If fright and chloroform together had not made her insensible, he would

"Professional thieves in Europe seldon shed blood, I believe," returned Winton. "Let us break a couple of branches to mark the spot where we made the find." (To be continued.)

"The Great Terror." During the long days of June and July there raged again a carnival of blood, known to history as the "Great Terror." In less than seven weeks upand of 1 200 victims were immolated The unbridled license of the guillotine broadened as it ran. First the aristocrats had fallen, then royalty, then their sympathizers, then the hated rich. then the merely well-to-do, and lastly anybody not cringing to existing power. The reaction against Robespierre was one of universal fear; but dictator as he had wished to be, he was formed of other stuff, for when the reckoning came his brutal violence was cowed. On July 27 (9 Thermidor) the convention turned on him in rebellion. Extreme radicals and moderate conservatives combined for the effort. Terrible scenes were enacted. The sections of Parls were divided, some for the convention, some for Robespierre. The artillerymen who were ordered by the latter to batter down the part of the Tulleries where his enemies were sitting, hesitated and disobeyed; at once all resistance to the decrees of the convention died out. The dictator would have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his design. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the convention was no longer trusted by the nation—the only organized power with popular support which was left was the army.—Century.

Carmonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical abilution. In infancy we may besprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersion, and yet mere come to moral purification. We may know thout reverence and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and geniles and sacraments when the presence of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's well have them.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them. Sither written or implied. Nothing against a rosary, if there have been his own executioner, but his faltering terrors stopped him midway in his design. He and his brother, with their friends, were seized, and beheaded on the morrow. With the downfall of Robespierre went the last vestige of social or political authority; for the con The reaction against Robespierre was the army .- Century.

A lazy man loses heart every time

that. Have you never despised a man for doing what you have done yourself. As men grow older, they care more

No Eli ever wasted any time looking for the left hind foot of a rabbit. We feed upon what we read, but digest only what we meditate upon.

or others than others care for them.

It is rarely necessary to say about others anything you could not say to "A word to the wise is sufficient." A word to the fool is more than he wante.

the driver of a milk wagon more than three months.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Cabject : "Conscience."

izzy -He took water and washed his final se ore the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. So ye to it."—Matthew xxvii., 24.

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosale and under ceiling dyed with all the splendors of color and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on His way to be condemned again Jesus of Nazareth is His name.

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated pavement is an unserupulous, compromising, timeserving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left is his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate,

his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate, Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and

pain, seinsaness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and hildnoon.

The bloated lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, His wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious prosecutions, and when satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming internalism of these old religious sanhedrists. Governor Pliate cross questions the prisoner and finds right away He is innocent and wants to let Him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the governor and whispers in his ears. The governor pruts his hand behind his ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the danger of executing Him and she arekens from the large transition.

has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing Him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the entire failure of the sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Filate resolved to dis charge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor of Rome, they will have him recalled, they will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the o Governor Pontius Pilate compr matter and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His bent and

to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, sur-

thing. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to giare upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonde, it comes—a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate put his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together and then lift them dripping for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility. You will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the

took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."

Behold in this that ceremony amounts to nothing if there are not init correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarters of the world water and in that commanded the world water and in that commanded cleanliness, and when the ancients did not take the hint He plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Handwashing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that is well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead allure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appro-

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appro-

the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash basin, the power of consolence. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

A man gets so that an alarm clock has no more effect on him than his conscience.

Bo few women are great geniuses because so many women are so nearly that.

guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest. And thus Brutus, amid his slumbering host Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the mid-

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand
will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me. I am in a fever of body and A great man may stand on the top of the ladder and be in a hole at the same time.

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

A woman never gets along with the driver of a milk wagon more than three months.

I am in a fever of body and and nave been for a long with me. I am in a fever of body and and nave been for a long with and nave been for a long with and the committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles IL of Spain could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. Catiline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say: "Away, away! Why do not look at me?" Richard III., having slain

his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. Dr. Webster, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jaller that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners or the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

with his crime, when there were no prisoners or the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small smount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody they have he was in earnest, and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and addle and bridle. That was conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, and a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the legs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old shurch where he had been converted and had sverything emptied into the street. That is heligion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washinston as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters and there are attorneys and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them, and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States ireasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be enough money to pay all the State debt and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the neart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof rate is converted, and the pigeonhole congaining the correspondence is converted, and as improvement is noticed even by the manary bird that sings in the parlor, and the pat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kentle to greet him. A man half converted or bel to greet him. A man half converted or juster converted, or a thousandth part con-certed is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conthe great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas, for this governor, Pontius Pilate! That night after the court had adjourned, and the sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying: "Out, out, crimson spot! Fellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkall to renove these dreadful stains? Is there no themstry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand?

this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing

good conscience. But is there no such thing as moral purifi matter and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. Bo the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts Himself from the secourging with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the thems for his greatest masterpiece.

But is there no such thing as moral purification? If a man is a sinner once, must be always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sin-with the hard all the words of your life have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right. Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin the life have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right, and all the actions of your life just right. Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know yourself. You have can have been just right, and all the words of your life have been just right, and all the words of your life have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a pharise. sarnest people, then nine-tenths of this and dence are saying within themselves: It there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash incre no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean? Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sernon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine inquities." And that is what, in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold, the laver of the gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient labernacle was made out of the women's mehallic looking glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal, but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair, called the brazer sea, and, ph, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers besides—five at the right and five at the left—and each laver had 300 gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with paim trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and ilons so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nestril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the work.

nestril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent layer of the
old dispensation is a feeble type of the more
florious layer of our dispensation—our sunit dispensation.

Here is the layer holding rivers of salvafon, having for its pedestal the Rock of
Ages, carved with the figures of the lion of
Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for
victory and wings suggestive of the soul's
flight toward God in prayer and the soul's
flight heavenward when we die. Come ye
suditory, and wash away all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however aggravated. Come to this fountain, open
for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest,
the worst. You need not carry your sins the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel layer. Why, that is an glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stant at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skillful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often. I often told you how beautiful they are, but you were blind, and you couldn't see."

Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you

that the half had not been told us, and you

that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you teil me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were colind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem they gave a shout that made the earth tremble and tradition, whether false or true, says that so great was the shout eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash there would be a song jubilant, and wide resoundwould be a song jubilant, and wide resound ing at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusa-lem taken, the hosannas of other worlds fly ing midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology. Against the dis appointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's rice and Pilate's cowardice and Pilate's sin

Take care of your ideas and your grammar is likely to take care of itself. tirumbling church members are like ean pigs-always equaling. The more worthless a man is the more readily a dog will take up with

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence As small letters burt the sight, so do nall matters him that is too much intent upon them.

Life is an earnest business, and no

man was ever made great or good by a diet of broad grins. No man ever worked honest with out giving some help to his race.

The women don't like to vote as much as they hate to tell their ages. The utmost reach of reason is to recognize what an infinity of things go

The world goes by, and fancies he is cold, Self-wrapt in coils of egotistic thought-Fettered with links of subtle cobweb And here," said Love, "I take my rest, And here I make my home."

By selfish meditation. Men have told Each other laughingly that once he sold His heart for love of knowledge—that he

A calm content (so oft and vainly sought) By breaking every dear affection's hold. they read him lightly; he has never known 'And O," cried Love, "for rest so sweet The loose emotions that can weep at will, The void that makes each passing wind its

Yet in his breast are caverns hard to fill-Not to be fathomed by the careless stone Of those that cast to show their petty

Who brand him with their foolish, worth less scorn : His careless seeming is a vesture worn To blde the troubled front of many cares:

Ceneath the cloak of callousness he bears A beating heart, with sorrow often torn, He has a burden heavy to be borne Of love and sympathy; his thoughts arpray'rs.

For that wast trouble which is life's below-Longing to teach the tearful to be glad, The helpless hopeful-wearying to know What food for famished spirits may be had What solace for the mass of human wos.

-Arthur C. Salmon, in Temple Bar. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man's a fool and Cupid can prove it. Galveston News.

Every dog has its time, especially Apropos of college colors, the favorte seems to be yeller. - Philadelphia

Football players might rightly be classed as chronic kickers. - Hartford Journal.

"This is a still hunt," said the man who was looking for moonshiners.-Union County Standard. It is a trying ordeal to be drawn on

a jury and quartered in a fourth-rate hotel.—Boston Transcript. Sewing schools are not a bad idea. Girls generally are not too much stuck

on the needle.-Philadelphia Times. A man is very much like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is completely strapped .-Biftings.

Jillson says that the man who is habitually non-committal has no business on a police court bench.-Buffalc Courier. He-"What do you think of crema-

ion? Do you believe in it?" She-"No; I think it is a burning shame." -Rochester Democrat. This question every man must face
As he looks his flannels through:
"Must I purchase a new stock,

There is a great deal of truth in the saying that politics makes strange bed-these fashionable long tailed coats?" fellows. Ballots of all parties lie to-Briggs (after a painful pause) — "Higgs. gether in the ballot box .- Harrisburg No marriage engagement should be

ardent lover gets tired of living up to of my counsel."-Fliegende Blatter his girl's ideal any longer than that -Atchison Globe. Mrs. Wickwire-"Just think-" Mr.

Wickwire-"Guess I'll have to. 1 never get a chance to do anything else when you have started in to talk."-Indianapolis Journal. Fin de Siecle Young Ladies: Fond

Mother-"My daughters have received a thoroughly practical education; each of them is capable of making work for ten servants."—Fliegende Blatter. The's delicate, she s tender, often times

frail physique, She is dove-like, she is gentle, she is mild an she is meek,
she is meek,
she is meek,
she is modest and retiring, but somehow she
finds her way
fhrough the crowd to reach the counter on
a bargain day.

—New York Press.

"Sakes alive," said grandma, "what will they think of next? Here's an advertisement in the paper 'Watches Reduced.' I ain't got any watches that's too big, but if they would reduce our big clock about one-half, I think I'd like it better."-Dansville mind that no man named Algernon (N. Y.) Breeze.

Van Wibbles? I saw him in the gym- great.—Atchison Globe. nasium just now going through the most horrible facial contortions."

"Oh, that's all right. Dickie is developing his facial muscles, so as to get a good grip on his monocle."—
Washington Star.

Washington Star.

Washington Star.

Willie boy

Int. Gladstone is said to be very fond of a chop. He splits a load of wood before breakfast and besides that takes another chop for .his luncheon every day.—Philadelphia Record.

'I want more preserves," our Willie boy

"See here," exclaimed the reheaded woman in wrath, "if you ain't out of this yard in ten minutes I de- I don't want 'enough' (with a seewl on his throat and open it." "There ain't a want too much, and I want it just now." bit o' use of that, mum," responded Dismal Dawson; "anybody that's as dry inside as I am ain't needin' no umbrella in him."—Indianapolis Jour-

> It has been long since any wollesews is that a few have got across the border. Word comes from Spencer Pond that one was shot near there the other day. A woman at a amp about twelve miles from Spencer having venicet of his visit, which was to make tured some distance from the camp an ascent of Mount Kenia, lying just was chased by a wolf clear up to her south of the equator, and 18,000 feet own door, and believes she heard two bigh, was successfully accomplished, or three more of the beasts rot far behind. On her arrival a man at the expedition was originally organ-camp snatched a gun, rushed out and ized by Lieutenant Villiers, of the shot the beast before he had time to British Life Guards, and left the coast retreat to the woods. - Lewiston Jour- | early in the present year. The lieu-

> The Tree as a Compass. The points of the compass can be cort of forty men. He managed to told from trees by the following simple get up the mountain to the height of observations: The side of the trees 17,000 feet, 8000 feet above where any on which the most of the moss is found of his predecessors had attained. He is the north. If the tree is exposed found himself in a region of perpetual to the sun the heaviest and longest lice, with the thermometer twentylimbs will be on the south side.

ftem for Mothers. Little children seem to have nania for putting beans, buttons, and increasing the income of the Transcript. family physician. If a mother will stow this chip away in memory's wood box, she will be saved all worry and expense. Get the little one to

One day Love built his nest High in a golden dome,

3 t Love, kissed by cold clouds of snow, De amed of the violets far below. Spangled Love's nest so grand, But lovelier downward streamed the Night On all the lowlier land.

In the blue violets at my feet !" and so it chanced that Love. For all high splendor given,

Where earth seemed far from heaven and still on earth he doth remain. Till Death shall kiss him back again ! -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

PITH AND POINT.

Close quarters-A miser's. Morocco bound-Spanish re-enforce

A two foot rule-"Keep off the rass."-Hallo.

We suppose the ship heaves out o -Siftings. George Gould favors an income tax. This proves that George is no Jay. -

Chicago Dispatch. Sometimes girls are kind to young nen to make other young men jealous -Atchison Globe. An embarrassment of riches-Not

knowing whether the girl loves you or your money.-Puck. Perspective does n't apply in poliics—the higher up a man gets,

rigger he gets. -Puck. The politician need not starve.
Though life's the worst of flits;
He's in the soup, he gets a roast,
And, sometimes, his desserts. Prosperity doesn't prove anything.

The biggest fiddle in the orchestra plays the fewest notes.-Elmira Ga The man who is good to his own bad habits may be styled as one who is generous to a fault.-New Orleans

"By George! I am in high feather, after all!" exclaimed the ostrich, as he scanned the market reports or lumage. -Truth.

"Bllood will tell," we find it writ With insistence faith-compelling. May be so; but often it Stutters awfully in the telling!

The only objection to the self made man is that in so many cases he has failed to put himself together so as to

tork noiselessly .- Truth. Uptown little girl's comment on hearing that a friend had two halfbrothers: "Why don't she stitch their ogether?"-Philadelphia Record. Higgs-"Why don't you buy one of

these fashionable long tailed coats?" am too short."-Chicago Tribune. Prisoner-"I beg you, judge, not o condemn me-not on my account, more than six months long; the most but so as not to injure the prospects

And now the city huntsman
Gors forth for deer and bear,
And comes back home within a week
With two peewees and a hare.

—Kansas City Journal.

Muggins-"Why was Addlepate ropped from the Amateur Dramatic Society?" Buggins-"He couldn't even make up his mind."-Chicago

Record. "Girls is queer things," wrote Tommy on "composition" day. "Why? Because a girl is not in it in society till she comes out."-Indianapolis ournal.

Son-"What is a deceiver?" Father (who is a little deaf)-"A man, my boy, who is appointed by the courts to hold out promises to the creditors."— Hardware. "Is Bilkins a man who remembers

his obligations?" "Oh, yes; he's always speaking about them and promsing to see you next week."-Detroit Tribune. Romantic mothers should bear in

ever became famous, and no woman "What is the matter with Dickie named Mayette or Pearl ever became Mr. Gladstone is said to be very

'I want more preserves," our Willie boy "You've had quite enough," his mother re

She -"Oh, the irony of life! The man who wrote 'Home Sweet Home' never had a home." He—"Yes. And the fellow who wrote 'The Man in the Moon' was not a lunatic!"--Kate

Field's Washington. Climbed an African Mountain,

The return of Dr. Gregory, of the pedition to join another, and the doctor pressed on alone, with a native esthree degrees below zero.-New Or

Applicant for Work-But the supation seems to be adangerous one. travel, etc., up their noses, which manager—Yes; but then in case you has the effect of frightening their senses flowers to your funeral.—Bostor News in Brief

Editor and Proprietor.

-We have 413 species of trees. -Japan has a 300-year-old bank.

-New York has 10,500 telephones. -Only one-half of children born each the age of seventeen years. -The growing of corn may be heard lirect by means of the microphone.

-A Stanish [Me.] man has nearly finished a robe made wholly of cat'r -It is estimated that gold in circula ion wears out on an average in 240

'ears. -The average wheat yield in Eng. and is said to be thirty six bushels to he acre.

- Coal tar is the latest Parisian remedy for all the ills. It is taken in be rough.

-On a summer day the average bealthy adult perspires about twenty night ounces.

-Germany reports 280 instances of nicide among school children during he last six years. -W. C. Eagan has given a collection

f 10,000 rare fossils to the Chicago cademy of Sciences. -Thomas A. Edison has again sesured control of the phonograph and

will further improve it -Pigs have a real affection for people they know, and in several recent cases lave acted as watchdogs.

-The oldest National flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219. -Among the eighty six plans sent

in for the new Egyptian Museum, at Cairo, are several from America. -Human Hair varies in thickness from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

—Friendly societies in England have agreed to pay indemuity to all members who may be injured at football. -The valuation of the labor of out hens in eggs and spring chickens is every year estimated at \$200,000,000. -Light and power are now transnitted from San Antonio to San Berpardino, Cal., a distance of thirty

-Lenenhock and Humbolt both say that a single pound of the finest spi-der webs would reach around the vorld. - Twenty seven knots per bour is the

orpedo boat destroyer Jonus, just au ched. -A number of physicians declared that nuclein, the recently discovered fund, will create a revolution in medi-

al science.

guaranteed speed of the new British

-The Siamese bave great horror of old numbers, and were never known to puth, 7, 9 or 11 windows in a house - An English inventor has devised an automatic air braze, in which the

o set the brakes. - Sea anemones have been known to ave for three or four years without any pourishment save what they ex--In parts of Maine the inhabitants

weight of the train supplies the power

ecure the crop of marsh grass by waiting until the marshes freeze over and cutting it on the ice. -The grand international wooden-

eg race at Nogent sur-Marne, in rance, was won by Monsieur Roulin. veteran of the Crimeau War. -Illinois produces \$270,000,000 farm roducts; \$145,000,00 gram; \$50,000,-

100 live stock; \$27,000,000 dairy, and \$26,000,000 hay and potatoes. - The City Architect of Boston adrises that his office should be abolished and its work done by public competition of architects.

Bible in the English language printed n America, was sold in Boston by uction a few days ago for \$300. -Vesuvius and Etna are never active

reatest quiescene with the other. -The Hungarian of three centuries sgo was entitled to wear one feather in as cap for every Turk he killed, hence he phrase in common use among us. -The diatoms, single celled plants of

it the same time. The period of greatest violence with one is that of

the seaweed family, are so small that 3000 of them laid end to end scarcely suffice to cover an inch cf space on -A cats head has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides inward considerable distance, an excellent

provision against concusion of the rain. -Frogs and toads are of mestimable benefit to farmers and gardeners; each creature is estimated to devour every

-The cravat was originally a large

shawl worn around the neck, not for show but for comfort, by a nation of Eastern Europe called the Cravates, r Croats. The greatest geysers in the world are in the Yellowstone park. The Ico-land geysers are trivial in comparison

with them, either in number or in dinensions. - The smallest known species of hog s the pigmy swine of Australia. They tre exactly like the larger brethren in very particular except size, being ict larger than a good-sized house

Tarring and feathering was once s egal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of he Crusades.

-Boo, the exclamation used to frighten children, is a corruption of Boh, the name of a frm 11 Gothic General. It has been use as a terror word for many centuries.

Gently Rebuked.

She-May I suggest an occasions change in your style of dancing? He-Certainly; what change do you She-You might step on my right foo now and then. My left has about all !

The man who paints his advertisements on fences, spoils the looks of Mrs. Jinks-You say your son is the fences, and obtains no other reengaged as a musician at the Standur sult.

pen its mouth, place your own over theater. What instrument does he play? Mrs. Jones—Well—er—he Be good to a man long enough, and the play is the play? The play is the play?

can stand .- Truth.