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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1895.

Captain Shirley is in the house; a "Captain Shirley has not returned, madame. Mr. Marsden had just asked to see you, but Miss L'Estrange was going out and he went out with her."

"Mr. Marsden asked for me?"

ack directly."

Shirley.

"Yes, madame; he said he would l

"Take away those things, then,"

turned her mistress in a sharp voice. "And I will dress; I shall go down to din-

ner. It does me no good to be shut up

Half an hour after the lamps in the

in black silk and jet, wrapped in a soft Indian mantle of blue and gold, beneath

which she shivered occasionally, was sit

ing by the fire. She had scarce taken her

place when Virginie ushered in Captain

"Excuse my dusty boots," he said coming quickly to her. "Hearing you wished

to see me I came at once. I am glad to

see you are looking better than I ex-

pected."
"Yes; I am nearly myself," she re-turned, smiling graciously, and motioning him to sit down. "When do you return

"And I, in the afternoon. Shall I see

"If you need my services, yes; but

see my sister, who has been seriously ill.

l ought to have gone before."
"To Ostend?" repeated Mrs. Ruthven

"Yes, you can," she interruptd abrupt y. "Do you remember a wonderful de

rey to obtain evidence against her hus

and in that famous case?"
"I do, at least I recollect hearing

"If you will get me this man's address

"I have not the faintest idea where t

"Lady Dartrey's solicitors would tel

you. He is a private detective, you know, and I do not want any creature

"I will, if you are so anxious for I

"Until all chance of discovery

passed by? No. Captain Shirley, I have

"I shall be quite content with his

"You will hear what the police de

"I shall follow my own line. No mat-

tective Marsden has sent for has to

ter! But hush, I will speak to you later.

"I have sent for one of the best deter

tives in their employment to Scotland Yard," said Marsden to Mrs. Ruthven,

after they had exchanged a few words

"And I must beg you not to leave until

you have given him your own version o

the story and show him the position in which the thief surprised you. The tent

remains as it is until he comes! we wil

keep his coming dark, as the thief, o

thieves, will be less on their guard, it

they think the local Dogberries only are

"But, Mr. Marsden, I really do

tent again! You do not know-

think I could bear to enter that horrible

"I can well imagine your condition of

mind. Yet, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, you

must not shrink from anything which may tend to discover the scoundrel who

not only robbed you, but endangered you

life. Let me entreat you to stay a couple

of days longer. I expect the detective officer to-night. I ought to tell you, that

in the road outside the Oldbridge gate-you know it?"-to Lady Dorrington-

there was a slight mark, as if a two

wheeled conveyance had turned sharply

round; but on such a night when vehicles

of all kinds were coming and going, it

proves nothing."
"You really must not go, Mrs. Ruth-

ven!" said Lady Dorrington, impres-

"I will not oppose you, then," said th

fair widow, "though I begin to fear it is but lost labor, the search for my jewels."

"No. no. I do not give up hope yet," cried Shirley. "Detectives do wonderfu

away and dress. You will join us at din uer, will you not, Mrs. Ruthven?"

"Thank you, I will."
Lady Dorrington and Shirley went of

to their respective rooms, and Marsden pushing a low ottoman close to Mrs

Ruthven, sat down, almost at her feet. "You are a shade less pallid than you

me see if your pulse is steadier," and he proceeded deliberately to manipulate her

wrist. "I cannot say how awfully cut up I am about this frightful business! It

I were a millionaire, and could replace the gems you have lost!"

"Even if you were, you could not," in terrupted Mrs. Ruthven, leaving her hand

"I know," said Marsden-"Poor Char

"Charlie!" she repeated, in a peculiar

"At any rate you will not leave until

can accompany you," he continued. "
must stay and see this detective myself."

t was too dark to let her go alone."
There was a pause, then Mrs. Ruthven

saked, dreamily, as if speaking out of her

"What did the jeweler in Paris sa

"I don't remember," said Marsden

When? When you were last in Paris?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the clasp of the necklace did not seem secure, and

gave it to the jeweler that Count Henri

e Meudon recommended? Or, was i

"Before, I think. I should not have forgotten, had I heard, though my mind

vas full of different matter." An ex-

Mrs. Ruthven looked down with

"Well, believe this agent, or jewel merchant, offered something like 1,500,-

hat man who was collecting rubles for

"There are associations-" she

were," he said, taking her hand.

naused.

thoughts:

"There goes the gong. I must run

The door opened to admit Lady Dorring

Shirley rose as he spoke, and rest-

had intended running over to Ostend t

to town?"
"By an early train to-morrow."

"But if I can be of any use-

you on my arrival?"

for me, Shirley."

you, Mrs. Ruthven.

wait until-

concerned."

doir were lighted, and Mrs. Ruthven

CHAPTER V .- (Continued.) "I am glad I am not your maid, to have the care of such precious gems,"

said Nora smiling.
"My dear Miss L'Estrange! What an idea! When you marry and have jewels of your own, you will know how to take care of them. Bring tea, Virginie; bring

And Mrs. Ruthven applied herself to and Mrs. Ruthven applied aersen to put the papers and letters lying on the table together with considerable method. "What a charming view!" said Nora, strolling to the window. "Do you know I never was in these rooms before. They were Mrs. Marsden's, and used not to be opened, at least, when I was here as

Mrs. Ruthven looked down thoughtfully. "These rooms are over the library, are they not?" she asked, "on the same side as the conservatory? I would rather look out in any other direction. I shall not soon get over the impression of last

night's terror.' Here Virginie brought in the tea, and Mrs. Ruthven, settling herself in a large arm chair, asked Nora to pour it out. "None of them will tell me any particulars about how I was found, or what happened," resumed Mrs. Ruthven. "I fancy that gruff old doctor ordered me to as if to herself. be kept from speaking of it. But you will not be so unkind! Besides, I am not to be kept from thinking of my misad-venture by his dictum. Tell me, dear tective who was employed by Lady Dart-

Miss L'Estrange, were you there when Mr. Marsden first found me?" "Yes! I was in the breakfast-room when he was trying to break away from him." an old gentleman who would keep talking ed his arm on the mantel piece, his face to him, and I heard him say he wanted to take you an ice."

"And then?" "Oh! then Mr. Winton proposed we I should be glad." should go and look at the tent; but when we came to the conservatory, the door and him." was shut and locked. Mr. Marsden was looking angry and bewildered. Then he suddenly remembered the way by the corridor, and we saw him go past and return imediately to call for help. So Helen, Mrs. L'Estrange and I went in. She raised your arm, you were lying like a dead creature, and began to fan you." "And who lifted me from the divan?"

looking hard at Nora. "No one; at least, not while I was

"Not Mr. Marsden?" "Oh, no! He looked so white, so dread fully distressed. He stood behind Helen, kept begging her to see if you were Then the doctor came and sent every one away except the Squire and

Lady Dorrington."
"Yes! Hers was the first face I recog nized, and then Lady Dorrington and the doctor helped me upstairs? It is strange, say?" I cannot quite account for it."

"For what, Mrs. Ruthven?" "Oh, nothing; only a curious impres-aion that some one had lifted me up-

some effect of returning consciousness, I suppose!"
She fell into a fit of musing. From this she roused to ask a good many questions about Winton and his old

friendship with Mrs. L'Estrange, giving Nora a sensation of being gently but thoroughly sifted. Moreover, one or two significant looks and words conveyed the alarming idea that the clear-sighted wid-ow suspected Winton of admiring Nora, or Nora of admiring Winton, which made that saucy young lady vexed and un-

"Well, I suppose I must let her go," said Mrs. Ruthven, as Nora rose to esso good of you to come and sit with me. In truth, I was glad to get rid even of dear Lady Dorrington, as no one would talk naturally, or let me speak of what is uppermost in my mind."

"I shall come and say good-by to you to morrow," returned Nora. "I carnestly hope you will soon shake off your nervousness, though you are wonderfully brave

Mrs. Ruthven went with her to the door, and then again sunk into the fau-teuil, where she remained for some time in deepest thought.
Nora L'Estrange attracted her curiosi

ty, her evident admiration and liking soothed the little lady's inordinate vanity, while it overpassed her comprehen-sion; she was too keen an observer to believe it was altogether put on, still she occasionally doubted her sincerity, so contrary was a woman's honest apprecia-tion of another woman, to all her pre-

vious experience. pleasant, varying voice and frank looks had a certain charm for her, even while she feared their effect on Marsden. They gave the hard, selfish, fiery, material creature glimpses of possi-ble sweetness that would never cloy, of restful affection free from all dross of passion or self-interest. But, perhaps, the strangest sensation excited by Nora, was resentful envy, not of the girl's fresh, youthful good looks, but of her free, untrammeled spirit; every word, every attitude, was unstudied, spontaneous; she wanted so little, her simple, poverty-stricken life, as Mrs. Ruthven considered it, seemed so joyous and satisfying, she appeared to have no craving for rank or riches or jewels. Life, pure, healthy existence, was enough; she had nothing to strive after, or scheme for, or want from others, at least, so she seemed-ay, seemed-but who could tell what lurked under the seeming? She must have her cravings, her hidden passions, which she dared not show the world. she? What difference was there between her human flesh and that of other women? No, she was as yet but half developed, and how often childish simplicity was but

the outer garb of cunning? There was something in Nora L'Estrange that puzzled and disturbed Mrs. Ruthven. If she could have found her guilty of any vicious folly, she might have liked her better than she ever liked anything except a lover. As it was, the balance trembled between lik-

ing and hatred. "She does not care for Marsden," thought Mrs. Ruthven, her supple form crouched together, her chin resting in one palm, her elbow on her knee, "she has pain, her elbow on her knee, she and some unacountable fancy for that cold, accornful, insolent Winton. But Marsden himself? I am not so sure about him. He has not often encountered indifference. It may be attractive. However, if she cares for Winton—ah! my difficulties are growing complicated. I must think. If the faint, vile suspicions that have come to me prove correct, how shall I act? Oh, I will punish, punish bitterly! But I will secure my object

Then she sprung up and rang for her

"Take away the tea things. Ask it

"That was a large sum! I suppose it TORTURED BY TURKS. is worth it?"
"I have always been told so. It is too nuch to lose!"

Innata Sentinel & and

"It certainly is! I must bestir myself A MISSIONARY DESCRIBES AR-and find some good investment for that MENIAN SUFFERINGS. noney of yours, which is lying fallow in he Three Per Cents." "I shall not invest in jewels, at all events! The sense of insecurity will nev-

er leave me." And she shivered.

"You ought never to be alone again," said Marsden, in a low voice. "Well, you will endure this ill-omened house till Monday, at least, then I will escort you to town. Is that understood?"

"So be it," she returned.
"And you will come down to dinner. These detectives do wonders, some-

"No doubt. But I see the difficulty of ecovering my rubles is enormous. Once out of their setting (and Mr. Winton says thieves always take them out), how can I swear to them? How can I identify

"Let us hope for the best. Now, I anve barely left myself ten minutes to dress. I shall find you in the drawingroom, shall I not?" He took and pressed her hand once

more before he went hastily away. Mrs. Ruthven looked after him anxious eyes, then she clasped her hands together and walked once to and fro. Finally she went down to her tollet table and touched her lower eyelids with Khol, delicately, artistically; took up a shell containing rose-colored powder; but laid it aside again, divided the thick, curly fringe on her forehead to show her fine eyebrows, and fastening a bouquet of deep red geraniums among the black lace of her corsage, wrapped her cloak closer round her, and descended to the draw-

ing-room. The well-known astute London detec ive, however, had no more success than the less experienced rural police. He made a careful search through the rooms, insisted on Mrs. Ruthven's reproducing her position in the tent and

he hinted darkly that he had an idea as to the guilty party.
"I don't say it's more than a suspi

don," he said to Mrs. Ruthven and Marsden; "but it seems to me it's not impor sible that some trained hand might hav got in among the confectioner's men, and watched his opportunity. You see, if he had the pluck to go straight back to his post, with the jewels in his pocket, and just kept at his work, he'd be as safe as a church. There is no tracing the cloak and hat to any one. I have spoken with the men who were here, and they seem all right; but two have gone away. I'll find out all about them when I go back to town. If one or other is a stranger

to know that I am employing one on my own account. You must undertake this nken on a job, I'll have to track him." "It seems impossible that any man would have the daring to do such a deed But I must warn you that he will be a costly machine, and, unfortunately, you and then return to his duties in the sup-per-room!" cried Mrs. Ruthven. have not the faintest clew to guide him "You can have no notion, ma'am, what

high-class swell mobsman would dare and do. It's possible the jewels have publication. Here are some extracts gone that way. We must hunt up the thief in London, and especially in the big Dutch towns. There are a lot of Jew "The government had suspected that too much common sense. Find me this man, or I shall do it myself." clausetonemerchantschrond as give a long price for such gems and no questions asked. Of course, if they had a clear idea the goods were stolen, they would give notice fast enough, but they would not be too keen to act even on a hrewd suspicion."

"You will give notice to all the prin sipal jewelers at home and abroad, and the troops kept out of sight. The vilin the colonies, in case the lost gems are largers, put to the fight, and thinking offered for sale?" cried Marsden.

"Yes, of course; but there comes in the lifficulty of identification. Any way, I'll do my best for my own character's sake, and the lady's sake; but we'll say nothing of the handsome reward you men-tioned, sir; that is against my principles; but if, when I have done my 'dooty' you like to make me a compliment, that's another pair of shoes."

"You may trust me," said Marsden.
"And me, too," added Mrs. Ruthven. with a sweet smile, whereupon, after enjoining the strictest secrecy on his hearer regarding his suggestions as to the possi ble thief, the highly intelligent officer de parted.

(To be continued.)

How Turks Pray for the Infidela The following is an exact translation from the Arabic of the official prayer of Islam, which is used throughout Turkey and daily repeated in the Calro "Azhar" University by 10,000 Mohamnedan students from all lands:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satax the accursed. In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Mercifull O Lord of all Creatures! O Allah! De-termination was the object of the gov stroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies and the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children or phans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip, and give them, and their families, and their house holds, and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all

Creatures!" In all the other religions of even th semi-civilized nations of the globe there can be no prayer found to parallel this cruel appeal of Islam to the spirit of inhumanity. Bulgaria, Da-mascus, Lebanon and Armenia may or may not be hotbeds of anti-Turkish intrigue; with such a national prayer Turkey stands self-condemned before the world.—Philadelphia Record.

If we keep our conscience all right, we are a match for anything on earth, and equal to anything in heaven. People seldom criticise a man's bac

handwriting when it comes to them at the bottom of a good-sized check. If all men were absolutely equal

"Very well," and she tried to withdraw her hand; Marsden kissed it and let it go. "Did you see Miss L'Estrange safely home?" she asked. "Nora? No. Fortunately Winten hypocrisy would be crushed out and superseded by candor. Know what thou canst best work and work at it like a Hercules. That tured by the Kurds, who tied him turned up, and I gave her over to him; will be thy better plan.

One man growls about the hard times, and another works to make times better. That is about the way it goes Young man, don't work for nothing; a Russian prince was willing to give for you can't make money, nor even any reputation by it.

> Nothing shall be too hard which God hath procised, and ye by faith and prayer are fit to receive.

because we cannot answer all questions about them. There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also which several bayonets were planted

ender and compassionate. Great mischiefs happen more often and let fall upon them. from folly, meanness and vanity than | "The men of one village, when feeling from the greater sins of avarice and pok the women and children, some

wful Atrocities Committed by Kurd and Soldiers of the Sultan-Priests Massacred-Children Are Cut in Two had sought refuge. The Kurds were and Their Jawe Torn Apart.

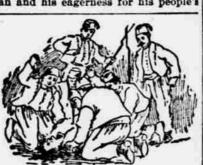
MENIAN SUFFERINGS.

A Tale of Horror. There does not seem to be much doub! that the sufferings endured by the You must not allow yourself to despair! wretched Armenians are something more dreadful than can be conceived



MURDERED IN THEIR BEDS. Unprotected and left to the mercy of a pitiless enemy to their physical tor tures is added the hopelessness of despair; the government allows their foes to work their cruel will on women and :hildren as well as men.

A returned American missionary Frederick Davis Greene, has written a book that has just been published by on travelin' that way forever; it was the Philo-Armenian Association and the stop at the ind that inconvanienced scattered broadcast over this country, me." This seems to have been the exin which a terrible picture is given of perience of many who have been prestinately the Turkish Government up they were conscious of no pain, no terloth it is to acknowledge its own wrong. was transpiring. Mr. Whymper, who doing, k is only necessary to consider has perhaps had more bad falls than minutely describing the circumstances that it has had a book printed in New any living man, says that he once fell of the robbery, and inquired the length of time Marsden was absent. Finally In this Armenian affairs are barely and rebounded from rock to rock in In this Armenian affairs are barely the Alps, and felt absolutely no pain, touched on and the kindness of the Sul-



TABBING AN ARMENIAN CHIEF TO PIECES welfare is treated of in glowing colors. Many of the atrocities described in Mr. Greene's book are too horrible for

"The government had suspected that should kill and promising the Kurds all

he spotl. "At first the Kurds were set on and they had on'y the Kurds to deal with, repulsed them on several occasions Some of the troops assumed Kurdish dress and helped them in the fight with more success. Small companies of troops entered several villages, saying they had come to protect them as loyal subjects, and were quartered among



DROPPING A PRIEST ON BAYONETS. the houses. In the night they arose

and slew the sleeping villagers, man voman, and child. "By this time those in the other v ages were beginning to feel that exernment, and desperately determined o sell their lives as dearly as possible "No distinctions were made between persons or villages as to whether they were loval and had paid their taxes of not. The orders were to make a clean sweep. A priest and some leading men from one village went out to meet as fficer, taking in their hands their tax eccipts, declaring their loyalty and begging for mercy; but the village wa surrounded and all human beings pu

to the bayonet. A large and strong



A TURKISH SOLDIER'S PASTIME. threw him on the ground and, squatting round him, stabbed him to pieces.

Others were seized and hacked to death quickly cleaned with little trouble. Add eral leading men were captured and stand in this until the dirt is removed. promised release if they would tel Then lift out and dry thoroughly with where others had fied, but after telling a woolen cloth, and set it in a warm We must not let go manifest truths all but the priest were killed. A chair place until every particle of dampness was put around the priest's neck and is removed. Now set it on the stand, oil pulled from opposite sides till he was every part, adjust the belt and the several times choked and revived, after upright and he was raised in the air

500 in number, and placed them in sort of grotto in a ravine. After sev eral days the soldiers found them and outchered those who had not died of

hunger. "Children were frequently held up b the hair and cut in two or had their jaws torn apart. The last stand tool place on Mount Andoke, south of Moosh, where some thousand persons sent in relays to attack them, and after the besieged had been without food for several days and their ammunition was exhausted the troops succeeded in

?at, describing has sensation in falling from a scaffold. "Begorra, I'd of gone Armenian sufferings. To show how ob cipitated from a height; while falling holds its own side of the case and how ror, though perfectly aware of what though he heard himself strike. The tan and his eagerness for his people's mind acts so rapidly that the experience of a fall of a few moments will sometimes take an hour to describe afterward. As in drowning, the whole previous life seems to flash with dreamlike rapidity through the mind, and this gives place by delightful stages to dreamless unconsciousness. Among

> tents will then have to be thrown away, but the cheese cloth can be washed and used till it breaks in holes

washed and used till it breaks in holes

How Do the Turkeys Know.

Says an old Pennsylvania farmer: ", always know when there is to be a windstorm by watching the turkeys and chickens go to roost each night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on their poles with their heads alternating each way; that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on. But when there is going to be a high wind they always roost with their heads toward the direction from which it is coming. There are reasons for these different ways of roosting. I take it. When there is no wind to guard against they can see other danger more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise they face it because they can hold their positions better. But the part I can't understand," he concluded, "is how the critters know is a seen the raft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down the concluded, "is how the critters know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it."

the seas the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen wortals lack all intimation of it."

Lost.

What remarkable places some fearome souls choose for the hiding of
their money! A New York woman concealed a thousand dollars' worth of
diamonds in one of her old shoes lately
for fear the burglars would get them.
Her hired girl took the shoe to the cobbler's to get it mended, and now that
lady mourns her diamonds. A Michibler's to get it mended, and now that lady mourns her diamonds. A Michigan woman who had no faith in banks recently hid her money (one thousand dollars), in her house, whether under the carpet, or in a cracked teapot, or in an old tomato can, under the kitchen sink is not stated. At any rate, masked men got in, bound and gagged her and took all her money, leaving her must write to the wayward boy as soon as must write to the wayward boy as soon as must write to the wayward boy as soon as

down a tree to get at a coon. Then he found the hole he was watching was made, not by the coon, but by a can non ball, fired during the civil war.

Boiled Sewing Machine.

This does not make a very palatable.

But also extend the hand of invitation to some to a religious meeting.

It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in aliag. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon;" or, "Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life long with their tians are going their life long with life lon

This does not make a very palatable dish, but it gives very satisfactory results. A sewing machine that seems to get out of order without cause is probably dirty, and will fail to give satis-"At Galogozan many young men were faction until thoroughly cleaned. If tied hand and foot, laid in a row, cov the works are set carefully into a boilered with brushwood and burned alive. er of boiling hot soap suds they may be a teaspoonful of ammonia to a pail of "At another village a priest and sev the suds, and let the machine works clocks that have seemed to outlive their usefulness may be treated in this manner, and a thorough boiling will often cleanse the works and give them a new lease of usefulness.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject : " Wing and Hand,"

several days and their ammunition was exhausted the troops succeeded in reaching the summit without any loss. Ind let scarcely a man escape.

"Now all turned their attention to those who had been driven into the Talvoveeg district. Three or four thousand of the besieged were left in this small plain. When they saw themselves thickly surrounded on all sides by Turks and Kurds, they raised their hands to heaven with an agonizing moan for deliverance. They were thinned out by rifle shots and the remainder were slaughtered with bayonets and swords till a veritable river of blood flowed from the heaps of the slain. Forty villages were totally destroyed, and it is probable that 16,000 at least were killed. The lowest estimate is 10,000, and many put it much higher."

Painless Falls.

"It wasn't the fall I moinded," sait. 7at, describing has sensation in falling and speed and pleand of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm: with power of making itself more light or more heavy, of expansion and considered and and ceylon I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memor randum. This chapter is all aflutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, mighty, all knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim he made them part iton or part ox or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended buriesque of the cherubim whose majesty and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardonding grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical and all the suppositions human represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever feated in earthly atmosphere.

Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mou.tain eagle aiming for the noon-day sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempestation or all the propositions are the cherubim whose TEXT: "The likeness of the hands of the hands of the hands of the hands under their wings."—Ezekiel x., 21.

some respects more wondrous than the human arm: with power of making itself more
light or more heavy, of expansion and contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysms;
the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he to ils up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes
puts the highest crags far beneath claw and
beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble
suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the
radiance of that, the Bible again and agair
vets forth.

ts forth. My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings—human hands, hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole ser-mons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together—that which soars and that which practically works, that which ascends the heavens and that which reaches forth to earth, the joining of the terrestrial and the celestrial, the hand and the wing.

We see this union in the construction of

the ancient Norsemen, an old warrior, who had had the misfortune not to fall in battle, usually threw himself from the top of a cliff to gain admittance to Valhalla. The pleasant experiences of those who had fallen and escaped alive may have had something to do with the practice and belief.

An Old Roman Bath.

celestrial, the hand and the wing.

We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over! Over what battlefields for righteousness, what coronations, what dominions of gladness, what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover! But in every book of the Bible you just at certainly see the human hand that wrote it, Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the berdsman, show-An Old Roman Bath.

The following is called a "mock milk path," and wouldn't be a bad thing to try if it was not named at all: Make up a dozen cheese cloth bags about a foot square. Fill them with oatmeal and pure white castile soap shaved fine about the soap shav the Talvoveeg villages were harboring agitators, and had sent orders to certain Kurdish chiefs to attack the district, assuming the responsibility for all they should kill and promising the Kurds all like as a perfume. Have about twelve gallons of water for your bath and make it pretty warm. Use the bag for a wash rag, and you will come out of Bible is so human, so full of heartbeats, so each bath feeling as though you had the skin of a baby. Of course, one bag will only do for one bath, and the contake hold of it, each writer in his own style —Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal blooded; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the abstemious and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to

and took all her money, leaving her more dead than alive. It would have been more satisfactory to lose the money in a broken bank than to lose it in that violent way.

Made by a Cannon Ball.

A man near Doniphan, Mo., chopped

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The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right, but also extend the hand of invitation to

hand in a sling. They have been burt by inquierence for wrong ideas of what is best,
or it is injured of conventionalties, and they
never put forth that hand to lift or help of
rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer
has wings, but there is no hand under the
wings. From the very structure of the hand
we might make up our mind as to some of
the things it was made for—to hold fast, to
lift, to push, to pull, to help and to rescue.
And endowed with two hands, we might take
the broad bint that for others as well as for And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridge water Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left \$40,000 for escarge or "The Power Wisdom and Goodney." says on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davis Gilbert, the President of the Society, ose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subect of his great book, "The Hand: Its Me-thanism and Vital Eudowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and fore-trm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the four-tien bones of the fingers and thumb, and

composed of a labyrinth of muscle and nerve and artery and flesh, which no one but Al-mighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to

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mighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to as from under the wings of the cherubini. "The likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the hands of a man was until the likeness of the kends of the k

the sight of dropsy or epilepsy or paralysis or hunger or dementia, but He stretches out His sympathetic hand toward it. So very very human. Omnipotent and majestle and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness, "The hands of a man under the wings." There is a kind of religion in our day that we tast substant There are man day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delecta-tion over their saved state going about from prayer meeting to prayer meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis or stitch in the side or sudden attack of grip. Their religion is all wing and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach our arthward. arthward.

While Thomas Chaimers occupied the chair of moral philosophy in St, Andrew's University he had at the same time a Sabbath school class of poor boys down in the slum of Edinburgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada he saw a poor Indiar squaw carrying a crushing load, and he tool the rigging, helping to take in another reef before the Caribbean whirlwind.

A friend was teiling me of an exquisite thing about Seattle, then of Washington Territory, now of Washington State.

Many years ago, before Mr. Gladsum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after Scattle was destroyed by fire. I saw it while the meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relie raised for Johnstown be used for the relief of their own city, and the cry was No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown, and by acclamation the money was so sent. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that. Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian railed for seattle. mighty hand of Christian relief for people housands of miles away.
Why, there are 100,000 men and women whose one business is to help others. Help-ing hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands,

ing hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, sure emancipating hands, saving hands. Sure enough, those people had wings of faith and wings of prayer and wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was much sense in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they all kneel down in the boat to pray, and the robust man took hold of the oar and began to pull, saying, Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold the other oar, and let the weak one who can-not pull give himself up to prayer." Pray by all means, but at the same time pull with all your might for the world's ressue. with all your might for the world's resoue. An arctic traveler Bunting beaver while the ice was breaking up, and supposing that there was no human being within 100 miles, heard the ice crackle, and lol a lost man, insane with hunger and cold, was wading in the ice water. The explorer took the man into his cance and made for land, and the reople gathered on the shore. All the islanders had been looking for the lost man, and finding him, according to prestrangement. unding him, according to prearrangement all the bells rang and all the guns freel. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and hilltops of heaven if you car etch home a wanderer!

In our time it is the hab't to denounce the sities and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and to etch home a wanderer!

saythat the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the embowered and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mis former and of refreshed; the howery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life and bread for the life to come all the pillows of that institution under the blessing of Him who had not where to inv His head; the free schools. where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; the Orphan House, father and mother to all the Orphan House, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midhight missions, which pour midnoon upon the darkened; the Prison Reform Associadon; the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the sheltering arms; the aid societies; the industrial schools; the Sailor's Snug Harbor; the foundling asylums; the free dispensaries; where greatest securities will feels the rules. where greatest scientific skill feels, the pulof wan pauper; the ambulance, the startlin stroke of its bell clearing the way to th place of casualty, and good souls nother who came to the Howard Mission mother who came to the Howard Mission, with its crowd of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such a one she found and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mightythings which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the least bleet in the street of the serious streets. for the unfortunate and the lost. Do no say that Christianity in our cities is all show and talk and genuflexion and sarred noise You have been so long looking at the hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches and fro merciful inst tutions, the Christlike hand, the cherubic hand, "the hand under the wing."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When he wing ascended the hand ascended; and or every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it will not tome. That was a wise thing Fenelou wrote. ome. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote o his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, lood fellow, that you are pleased with one if my letters which has been shown to you.

fou are right in saying and helieving that I
sk little of men in general. I try to do
much for them and to expect nothing in remurn. I find a decided advantage in these
erms. On these terms I defy them to diserns. On these terms I defy them to dis-appoint me." But, my hearers, the day someth when your work, which perhaps no see has noticed or rewarded or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was un-ler the wing of the sherubim I want you to

cauze that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right tway. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter

ing a full grown man who had never seen a sunsteady of his own father or mother. Christ welstens the dust from His own tongue and sires the dust from His own tongue and sires the dust into an eye saive, and with His own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly created optic nerve and, the instantaneous noon drove out the long light.

When He sees the crief of Mary and Martia He sits down and cries with them. Some tay it is the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it seems, because of its far reaching sympathics, about the largest—"Jesus wept!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of dropsy or epilepsy or paralysis. know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand, the trium-phant hand, of Him who wipeth away all lears from all faces. That will be the palace of the King of which the poet sang in som what Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl that we're livin' in the noo, in sunny is the lan we aften traivel thro', But in valu we look for something to which oor hearts can cling.
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o'

the King. No see oor frien's await us ower yonder ra His gate. Then let us a' be ready, for, ye ken, it's gettin late. Let oor lamps be brightly burnin; let's raise oor voice and sing.

soon we'll meet, to part mae mair, 1' the pal-

An Astonished Stranger. The admittance of a person who is not a member, to the floor of the English House of Commons during a the burden on his own shoulders. That was session is an unpardonable offence in Christlike. That was "a hand under the a sergeant at arms, and generally session is an unpardonable offence in christike. That was "a hand under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and ir helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of this city, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where the smilight has never visited, and amid the riedge, belging to take in another.

onle of Scattle had raised a generous stone was so well known as he is now that eminent statesman was speak ing one day on a not very interesting whole city was living in tents. In a public sub ect. The late Sir Walter Bartoney telot was in his usual place at the

end of a bench, when a gentleman, leaning across the passage, inquired: "Sir, will, you permit me to ask you who is the elderly person now addressing the House?

Sir Walter gazed at the man with horror and amazement, and said with scant courtesy, "What do you say?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but 1 do not know the old gentleman."

At this the Sussex blood of the Barttelots was roused. "Sir, are you a member of this House?" "Oh no sir" "Then what on earth are you doing

"Well, I was under the gallery and could not hear very well, so I stepped

over." Sir Walter Barttelot's face assumed an expression of judicial severity, but he mixed kindness with judgment. He said to the wretched man, "Don't move; listen attentively to what 1 am

going to say. "You have incured fearful penalties by doing as you have done, and if the Speaker had happened to receive a number of petitions while you were here, you would have to pay 500 pounds for every time he said. Is it your pleasure that this petition do lie on the table?"

The stranger turned vala "Now," said Sir Walter, "attend to me. Get up quietly the moment I have done speaking to you; walk behind me, and go out at the little door that you see not far from my left shoulder; go down to the division lobby to the door of the House, and don't stop for a moment till you get to your abode, and never, under any circumstances, divulge the horrible offense which you have committed." The man feebly thanked him, with tremulous knees rose to his feet, and vanished. Having given the stranger ample time to escape. Sir Walter related the incident to his friends with much humor and relish.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad com-

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others. No abilities, however splendid, can command success without labor and

persevering application. Sorrow is a kind of rust of soul which every new idea contributes in

its passage to scour away. We o'ten say things because we can say them well, rather than because they are sound or reasonable. Better one bite at forty of truth's

bitter rind than the hot wine that gushed from the vintage at twenty. It is best to endure what you can-not mend. He is a bad soldier who

follows his captain complaining. More helpful than all wisdom or one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us,

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied. It goes against an old man's grain to

find his son sowing wild oats, drinking rye and getting corned. The wheel of fortune turns round in-

cessantly, and who can say to himself 'I shall to-day be uppermost." Prejudice is never easy unless it can pass itself off for reason.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.