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CHAPTER X .- (Continued.)

"I have been thinking, my dear Mrs Ruthven." said Marsden, as he pulled it the ponles to make them walk quictly uf ne hill. "I have been thinkir that Dorrington would not make a bad trustee for you. He is really an excellent fellow, and not at all a bad man of business hough a bovine air hangs round him st II." am really in no hurry."

"But it is quite necessary that you should have another trustee. I begin to feel the responsibility rather too much for me. I should prefer a colleague, be cause-Oh, for several reasons. "Does he wish this matter to be settled

before he offers himself to me?" thought Mrs. Ruthven, looking into the dark-blue eyes admiringly fixed upon her; and smil-ing responsively, she said: "If you think pray ask Lord Dorrington.

"It would come better from yourself You know my brother-in-law is one of your many devoted admirers. He will be attered by the request."

"As I shall be if he accepts." Which of course he will. I often wish ed I were a better man of business, for your sake. I am, or have been, too great a lover of pleasure. I suppose I mus turn to gravity and ambition some day." "Were I a man, I should certainly be ambitious. I should not like to be second to any one."

What an awful vista of toil and trou ble you conjure up; still, you make me ashamed of myself. If I had some one near to inspire me, I might do something, I begin to think I have drifted about long enough."

"Is it coming?" thought Mrs. Ruthver for the twentieth time, as she twisted the tassel of her parasol round its handle ir painful anxiety. "Will you drive with me to-morrow?"

resumed Marsden earnestly. "I want you to trust yourself to me for a longer expedition than usual; to a charming village about ten or twelve miles off. Let us start early and have luncheon at a primitive little hostelry called 'the Three Pigcons." We'll let the ponies rest, and be back in time for afternoon tea."

To this arrangement Mrs. Ruthven agreed, and, after a pause, said sudden ly, as if speaking out of her thoughts: "Do you remember that evening, six years ago, when we were all in the veran-

and stormy, in spite of which they had been obliged to go through a long afternoon of shopping, chiefly com-missions for friends at Oldbridge, and

both were glad to rest. Mrs. L'Estrange had recovered fron the fit of depression which had exercised

Nora's imagination a week before, and It was some little time before the evin idings reached Mrs. L'Estrange and had, indeed, been more quietly cheerful than was her wont, since she had had a letter with a foreign stamp, which Nora shrewdly suspected was from Winton. She Nora, as their correspondence with Lady Dorrington was not too frequent, and she was too much taken up, and too angry was a little dreamy that evening, and with him, to continue her diurnal letters found it difficult to fix her mind on what to her brother. to her brother. Meanwhile Nora and her step-mothes ste was reading. "I suppose we shall went on the even tenor of their way.

CHAPTER XI.

have rain and fogs, now that the fine weather has broken up. I really think "He might not like the trouble, and I I should prefer country to town, in rain and storm," she said, laying down her book. "I feel quite tired out."

"Tes," returned Mrs. L'Estrange, when made what was considered a good marshe had counted some stitches, "but then there are fewer resources than in town. Mrs. L'Estrange always found it hard to and only there they have ever lived. Here one can turn into a picture gallery, say no, and, somewhat to Nora's indigna. The valley harmonized with me and and find summer or autumnal sunshine | tion, had consented; but went alone, as our resources. for a shilling; besides-" her step-daughter refused to accompany

"Mr. Marsden," announced the ex-butler, in his best style. "I thought you were at Chedworth!"

"Oh! I am so glad to see you!" were the exclamations which greeted him. by lawyers all day, and am come to lay cup of fresh, warm tea. my mangled remains at your feet." He Nora was sitting on a drew a chair to the cozy fireside as he spoke.

"And do you go back to-morrow?" asked Nora, who was roused and pleased by its cozy, a plateful of thin bread and buthis sudden appearance. "To-morrow? Nor to-morrow, nor to-

ter; but the house is crammed with bucolic chums of that excellent fellow Dorring-patience exactly, it was a sort of subdued ton, and, in short, here I am, and here I shall stay."

"Lady Dorrington will be very vexed I had a letter from her yesterday, saying how much better everything went since you had joined them." "I am glad she knew my value."

"And how is Mrs. Ruthven?" returned Nora. "Oh! quite well and blooming. She i

fast recovering her misfortunes." "Captain Shirley was here on Sunday." remarked Mrs. L'Estrange, "and was saying he had never seen her look so ill

and depressed since he had known her." last night.' "Shirley? How did that fellow come to call upon you?" asked Marsden. "I don't

marry him! I was so amazed!" "Well, Nora, I am surprised, too, though know why it is, but I can't stand Shir-ley," he added thoughtfully. "And Winnot so amazed as you are. I have seen that he was fond of you, but I did not

wheat fields

play.

evening.

drowned in pulling him out.

to-day.

excitement.

A CELEBRATED PLAY. gradually accumulating over the bright anticipations of a few months ago, a con-

What Joseph Jefferson Says of the Ori tinued state of agitation and disappo gin of Rip Van Winkle. ment had strained endurance beyond the "Art has always been my sweet tmost, and the passionate, self-willed woman gave way under it. A cold, caught during a long drive with Lord Dorrington eart," says Joseph Jefferson, "and I have loved her for herself alone. I the east wind, obliged Mrs. Ruthven had fancied our affection was mutual to keep her room. After a day or two of anxious attendance on the part of the so that when I failed as a star, which I certainly did, I thought she had filted ocal doctor, high fever set in, and it was evident that Mrs. Ruthven was dangerme. Not so. I wronged her. She only

reminded me that I had taken too great usly ill. A great physician and a couple of trained nurses were summoned from a liberty, and that if I expected to win to me both satisfactory and disappoint-London, all the pomp and circumstance her I must press my suit with more pa-ing. The final alterations and addi-of serious sickness were established in tience. Checked, but undaunted in the tions were made five years later by Lady Dorrington's pleasant house, and resolve, my mind dwelt upon my vis- Dion Boucleault." for the time sporting men and dancing ion, and I still indulged in day dreams vomen knew it no more.

of the future. "In casting about for a new character

my mind was ever dwelling upon reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears would mingle with each other

"During the summer of 1859 I arrangold Dutch farmhouse in Paradise val-Mrs. L'Estrange had gone to Norwood to luncheon with an old lady, a distant ley, at the foot of Pocono mountain, in Pennsylvania. Stray farms are scatcousin of her mother, who had only retered through the valley, and the few the Brandenburg Gate, the Prussian membered her existence after she had old Dutchmen and their families who ediles counted straight on to infinity, riage, and had more than once invited her. till the soil were born upon it; there

"On one of those long, rainy days, It was dusk when she returned, for her I had climbed to the loft of the barn, hostess had indulged herself in endless in and lying upon the hay was reading quiries and fault-finding respecting their mutual relations. Mrs. L'Estrange was that delightful book, 'The Life and Let-"Obliged to come up to town on busi-ness," was his vague explanation. "Ar-rived yesterday. Have been torn to pleces of her testy kinswoman while enjoying a interested in it, when to my surprise Nora was sitting on a footstool by the he had seen me at Laura Keene's theafirelight when her step-mother came in ter, and that I reminded him of my and the little tea table was drawn near father 'in look, gesture, size and make. the hearth, the teapot simmering under "I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and writter, temptingly delicate, beside it. "How late you are, Helen," cried Nora, ten of by such a man gave me a thrill morrow!" cried Marsden. "It is dull at starting up and coming over to assist in of pleasure I have never forgotten. 1 Chedworth, desperately dull. The hunt- taking off her cloak. "What has kept put down the book, and lay there think-

ing no great things, the shooting no bet- you so long?" Something in her tone ing how proud I was, and ought to be, a shaft 12,000 or 15,000 feet into the struck Mrs. L'Estrange; it was not im-What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on! "It was not the charms of my hostesa "And so I thought to myself, 'Wash or the delights of my visit, I assure you, ington Irving, the author of the Sketch

and she proceeded to describe the bitterness of her entertainer with much quiet Irollery, while Nora poured out the tea. Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle! "You don't want the lamp yet?" she There was, to me, magic in the sound asked, after laughing at her step-mother's account. "It is so nice to sit by the fire." "It is," said Mrs. L'Estrange, and there was a pause; then Nora said suddenly: can author, was surely just the theme "Helen, Clifford Marsden called here sulted to an American actor.

"Yes. He said something about coming "But, Helen! He-he-asked me

and ramily, would he at last almost ac | SUPPOSE WE SMILE cept the verdict and exclaim: "Then 1 am dead, and that is the fact? This was the strange and original attitude that attracted ma. I mas quite sure that the character was what I had been seeking, and I was equally satisfied that the play was not. The spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting. However, the play was acted with a result that was

House Number Centennial

Berlin is preparing to fete the hunfredth birthday of the house number. In the London and Paris of a century ago ciphered houses did not exist. The coat of arms, the house name, or the

iege?

nchings here now?

Herald.

neither beginning afresh with fresh The hard times have touched even Col. Mary Lease. The Wichita Beaco streets, nor numbering the houses by odds and evens. Vienna adopted the says she is keeping house while her set

latter reform in 1803, and Paris followed in 1805. The ciphered house that always render the country so dull, | came 100 years ago; the ciphered citizen is surely coming. Already a postal soclety is being formed in Vienna to suppress all names and addresses, and to deliver letters by a system of private marks and identity tickets. Our familtar addresses will look 100 years hence I came upon a passage which said that like the beginning of an algebraical problem, and our personality will be reduced-like the government majority -to a mere expression of naughts and vrosses .- Pall Mall Gazette.

Cuilize the Earth's Heat. ---One of the schemes for future engineers to work at will be the sinking of at the revelation of this compliment, earth for the purpose of utilizing the central heat of the globe. It is said that such a depth is by no means im

Book, in which is the quaint story of engineer. Water at a temperature of Rip Van Winkle.' Rip Van Winkle! 200 degrees centigrade, which can, it is of the name as I repeated it. Why, lngs, would not only heat houses and was not this the very character I want- public buildings, but furnish power ed? An American story, by an Ameri- that could be utilized for many purposes. Hot water already at hand i necessarily much cheaper than that

which must be taken when cold and "In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with brought up to the required temperature. the 'Sketch Book.' I had not read the Once the shaft is sunk, all cost in the story since I was a boy. I was disap- item of the hot water supply ceases. pointed with it; not as a story, of The pipes, if good, will last indefinitecourse, but the tale was purely a narra b, and, as nature's stokers never allow

REY. DR. TALMAGE. The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon,

Their New Fad TEXT: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"-Psalm xelv., 9. Mr. Tenderfoot-Do you have man

Quick Drop Dan-Wal, no. Since this Trilby craze, the bors hey taken ter makin' hoss thieves pose altogethe 'nd then makin' realistic symp

Tom-Why didn't you go back to co

Tom-How did that happen? Dick-I calculated that I could kice he ball clean over the goal and I didn't each it by twenty feet.-New Yor!

Is Mr. Lease Away on a Visit? vant is taking a rest.-Atchison Globe



possible, with the improved machiner and advanced methods of the coming said, be obtained from these deep bor-

"And you?" asked the angel. "Write me," said Abou Ben Bunco 'as one who loves his countrymen."-Indianapolis Journal.

f a job .- Punch.

Not at All the Same.

A country bridegroom, when the

Just His Size.

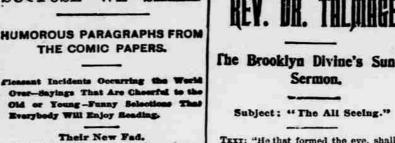
Parson-That hog is in good cond

Hodge Podge-Ah, if we were all as

it to die as he is, parson, you'd be out

Willing to Guide the Guy.

Mrs. Blues-Do you have to treat our cook as if she were a member of



Act see?"-Psaim relv., 9. The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence-"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care-"as the apple of the eye." The clouds-"the eyelids of the morning." Ir-reverence-"the eyel that mocketh at its father." Pride-"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention-"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection---"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness--"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Ol-ivetic sermon-"the light of the body is the eye," This morning's tex:: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the antomists and the physiolo-gists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the two great lights of the human face, but the two great lights of the human face. If the other is a stream of the two great without any appreciation of the two great mathematics.

without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most won sight that we ever see is not so won-

erful sight that we ever see is not so would erful as the instruments through which we It has been a strange thing to me for forty rears that some scientist with enough elo-uence and magnetism did not go through e country with illustrated lectures on can ras thirty feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of he human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall ay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary By aside all this about the pterygomaxillary dissures, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlances which you and I and everybody can under-itand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our ori-gin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table und from the classroom of the university and and from the classroom of the university and ake platform, and asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what

The Arel If I refer to the physiological facts sug-rested by the former part of my text it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theo-ogical lessons at the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, ince it excels all others in structure and in the state. nnce it excels all others in structure and in idaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, be-cause they have not much to do. There ire insects with 100 eyes, but the 100 eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer boys that two eyes under water and two eyes hove that water but the four insection are yond has two eyes under water and two eyes bove the water, but the four insectile are at equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have upreme equipment, while the blind flash in the Mammoth Gave of Kentucky have only in undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the unlight, might be developed into positive yysight. In the first chapter of Genesis we and that God, without any consultation, meated the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was bout to make man he called a convention of livinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the chievement. "Let us make man." Put a

own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that borch, when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness, and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Phil-listines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathles of Christ were stirred when He saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only saive He ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which He cured the eyes of a mau blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastro-phe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun he as oy its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose evesight periabed in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimens who never met a Christ or the man born b ind who is to die blind. Ask him

blind. Ask him. blind. Ask him. This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the spiendors, the glo-ries, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiol-ogical miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to ery out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his specknow as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spec-troscope? Shall Swammer ian not know as troscope? Shall Swammer Ian not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its mas-zer? "He that formed the eye, shall He not we?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous The received this question is tremendous, we stand at the center of a vast circumfer-ince of observation. No privacy. On us, syes of cherubim, eyes of scraphim, eyes of irchangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the habitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical in-druments strong enough to descry us. The world account the screar wild sky but the askey them, permaps they have optical in-struments strong enough to descry us. The noise cannot see the eagle mid sky, but the sagle mid sky can see the mole mid grass. We are able to see mountains and caveras of mother world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our itties, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our wed-lings, the black scarfs of our obsequites.

July processions, the winte robes of our wed-lings, the black searfs of our obsequies. It passes out from the guess into the posi-ive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as con-toy to this. Are they not all ministering pirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be helrs of salvation? But human in-spection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection are tame compared with the hought of divine inspection. "You con-rected me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my ather. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer. Thou, God, seest me," and I hat no peace inder the eye of God until I became a Chris-ian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are n every place." "His eyes were as a flame of iter." "I will guide these with Mine eye." D, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of yours a full of here an foll of pity is the dill Dh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of hower, so full of love, so full of indigan-ion, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it sutshines the day! How it glares upon the iffender! How it beams on the penitent joul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful! How much more conderful the great, searching, overwhelm-ng eve of God! All eteraity past and al ternity to come on that retina. The eyes with which we look into each ther's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on written twice on yoar face and twice on nine, unless through casualty one or both have been oblicanted. "He that formed the ye, shall He not see?" On, the eye of Golf i sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees mr perplexities to disentangle them, sees ur wants to sympathize with them. If we ight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If reask His grace, the eye of an everlasting Hend. You often find in a book or manu-erint a star calling your attention to a foot. powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the tchievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God ealled a salled a convention of divinity to create man think the two great questions in that con-erence were how to create a soul and how o make an encromiate window for that on Transe were how to create a soul and how o make an appropriate window for that em-peror to look out of. See how God honored the eye before He treated it. He cried, until chaos was irradi-ted with the utterance, "Let there be ight." In other words, before He intro-luced man into this temple of the world He illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been lestroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fail, and the sun is to pease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the hu-nan eyes are no more to be profited by their thining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be urned out. God. to educate and to bless ind to help the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a cript a star calling your attention to a foot-tote or explanation. That star the printer eript a star calling your attention to a foot-iote or explanation. That star the printer alls an asterisk. But all the stars of the fight are asterisks calling your attention to Bod—an all observing God. Our every herve a divine handwriting. Our every nusele a pulley divinely swing. Our every ione sculptured with divine suggestion. Our wery eye a reflection of the divine ere. God above us, and God beneath us, and God be-ore us, and God behind us, and God within ore us, and God behind us, and God within What a stupendous thing to live! What a What a stupendous thing to live! What a tupendous thing to die! No such thing as idden trangression. A dramatic advocate n olden times, at night in a courtroom, per-aaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and of the guilt of the witness f heaven two lamps-a gold lamp and a liver lamp-the one for the day and the ther for the night. To show how God ho Ther for the hight. To show how God hon-ors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones mak-ing the wall for each eye, the seven bones uriously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by to much as human hone is more ascend than who was trying to swear the poor man's life who was trying to swear the poor man's life iway-that advocate took up two bright amps and thrust them close up to the face of he witness and cried, "May it please the ourt and gentlemen of the jury, behold the nurderer!" and the man, practically under hat awful give, confessed that he was the siminal instead of the man arraigned at the sar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden in is under a beighter light then the o much as human bone is more sacred than lephantine tusk. See how God honored he eyes when He made a roof for them, so hat the sweat of toil should not smart them friminal instead of the man arraigned at the par. Oh, my friends, our most hidden in is under a brighter light than that. It is under the burning eye of God. He is not a blind giant stumbling through the reavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of His chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you moor? He sees it. Hare and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them. The eyebrows sot bending over the eye, but reaching to he right and to the left, so that the rain and he sweat should be compelled to drop upon he cheek, instead of falling into this divine-He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have the cheek, instead of falling into this divine-y protected human eyesight. See how God onored the eve in the fact presented by inatomists and physiologists that there are 300 contrivances in every eye. For window thutters, the eyelids opening and closing 13, 00 times a day. The eyelashes so con-structed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come m." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I san't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs." Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you use a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation, and does He not possess it Himsel? "He hat formed the eye, shall He not see?" But you say: "God is in one world and I the eye, according as the light is greater or But you say: "God is in one world and I im in another world. He seems so far off rom me I don't really think He sees what is rold to it multiplication of the see that is the eye, according as the light is greater or ess, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the day fime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eyes so marvelously con-Im in another world. He seems so far off 'rom me I don't reality think He sees what is roing on in my life." Can you see the sun 16,000,03 · miles away, and do you not think 'rod has as prolonged vision? But you say, 'There are phases of my life and there are 'solors-shades of color-in my annoyances ind my vexations that I don't think God can anderstand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life He has not gathered up in His own heart? Besides that I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep. A legend of St. Frotobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by mira-cleshe saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resur-rection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand but the human eye so marvelously con-structed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and an-other muscle to roll it to the right, and an-other muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gear-ing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the gathering the rays of light and provide nerve, visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampedok-pass-there is a light the senorism ing the visual impression on to the senorism and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye, washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A con-trivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, 55,000,000 miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest in-sect. The traveler among the Alps, with out what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff feit their way, and for the aged of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened" when eternal daybreak comes in! What a beauti-ful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cometery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, eighty-five years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840." sect. The traveler among the Alps, with oue clance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to blimb it. The eyes of Archibaid Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield en-thralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death Martin Luther turned his great eye on an as sassin who came to take his life, and the vil-lain fied. Under the glance of the human eyethetiger, with fivetimes a man's strength, snaris back into the African jungle. Bui those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian bj econem put out the eye of an servant, and Pat into circulation as much trath and as many kind words as possible. Women talk better than men because they have more practice.

ar 'nd feathers.-New York World. The Carriculum Now. Dick-Deficient in mathematics.

sign-board were the only indications

to guide our ancestors' wandering fee by day or dark. "Watchman, what of must often have been the cry of these bewildered minds. Berlin began to number houses in 1795. Starting from

da of my father's bungalow, and my hu band brought you in, and said, 'This will be a cousin of yours to-morrow?" "Yes, I do-well. What a lucky beggar

I thought poor Charlie!" "And do you remember my father show. ing my ruby and diamond necklace and earrings, and saying it would puzzle any jeweler in London or Paris to show the

like? "I do, indeed. They were superb." "He little thought," she said, with a hysterical laugh, "that I should bring them to Christian, law-abiding, well-ordered England, only to be robbed of them. Ah! Mr. Marsden, there is little to choose between the idolatrous East and the truthtelling, spiritually minded West."

"Too true! So I have always thought. But, dear Mrs. Ruthven, if you knew how painful the very mention of those unfortunate jewels is to me, I am sure yes would avoid the subject. If you had not and drove straight back to his hote put them on with the gracious intention of doing honor to my ball, they would be was any one at his club to play a game of now safely reposing in your jewel case."

"Perhans so, though I am inclined to vould have got at them anywhere." "He might. Now try and adopt my phi-

losophy, 'let the dead past bury its dead,' and enjoy the living present. I think we contrived to clear himself. He could shall have a fine day to-morrow, and, for | defy Mrs. Ruthven, her lynz-eyed solicit my part, I look forward to our little expedition with the keenest pleasure."

Mrs. Ruthven smiled graciously, and they talked and laughed gayly for the re so experienced a coquette. He was per mainder of their drive.

The morrow rose bright and clear, but the projected excursion never came off. pare her with the fresh, natural, girlish A telegram from his lawyer arrived in elegance of Nora L'Estrange. The arch, the forenoon for Marsden, and when he ought to have been entertaining Mra. Ruthven at a tete-a-tete luncheon he was steaming away to London.

Marsden's summons was peremptory. He could only send a message of fare-well to Mrs. Ruthven, who usually breakfasted in her own room, and assure his sister that he should return the first moment he could. With this glimmer of hope she was forced to be content.

"If he finds anything more interesting or amusing in or near London we shall see no more of him for many a day. 1 know what Clifford is," said Lady Dorrington to her husband. "I begin to sus beet he does not intend to marry Mrs. uthven, or matters would not drag as they do."

"Then he is a bit of a blackguard though he is your brother; every one believes he is paying his addresses to her; I do not see how they could think otherwise; and he is bound to give her her option; indeed

"Nonsense, Lord Dorrington; my broth er is no worse than other men; tried by your standard, there are few who, at one time or another, do not deserve the very coarse appellation you are pleased to con-fer on Clifford. Still, I wish he had more sense and taste; Mrs. Ruthven is a very charming woman in my opinion."

"And in mine, too; why, it is extraordianry luck to find money and fascination and together. The man who gets Mrs. Ruthven will be a lucky beggar-a deuced lucky beggar."

"Why, Dorrington! I believe you an inpuble of giving me a cup of 'cold polson,' and trying your own luck in that quarter," cried his wife, laughing. "However, all I care for is to see her safely married to my brother."

"Yes, it would be a capital thing for aim. I am not so sure how it would answer for her. Marsden would never be constant to any woman."

"You judge him severely; at any rate, Mrs. Ruthven is a woman of the world, and accustomed to men who are not saints; she has too much sense to be terociously fealous."

can be. I saw that long ago, and I am street as if he had nothing on earth to do. a tolerably shrewd observer."

than your neighbors, certainly; I shall town. However, you, no doubt, have in-write every day to Clifford till I make formation which may throw a totally dif

the state of the state of the sector of

write every day to Clifford till I make him return." "Well, you can try." The evening of the day on which Lord and Lady Dorrington held this conversa-tion Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora had set-tled themselves, one to her needlework, the other to s new book. The day had

"In Florence?" How did you answer him, dear?" "I scarcely know, except that I certain "Florence? He is not the sort of man. should imagine would like Florence." "I don't think he does," said Nora. "He ly did not say 'yes." went there to see some Indian friends so (To be continued.)

far on their way." "I did not think he would have been s ready to leave London just now," and he gave an expressive glance to Mrs. L'Estrange which she did not see, but Nora did.

Then he asked for Bea, and talked o the child in terms that delighted the The noise of the quacking and calling play out of any of the existing mamother.

Nora thought Marsden had never seet ed so nice and sympathetic. He was little lake in Kern County there are felt the relief his presence brought to the game, because of the proximity of the monotony of her thoughts most welcome. At length, with apologies for having kept them up so late, he bid them good night, was any one at his club to play a game of cards or billiards with him. His spirit's lord sat lightly on his throne. Marsden thing that so ingenious and daring a thief would have got at them anywhere." was little given to think, or trouble him-self about the future, but with all his of four Los Angeles sportsmen who siry carelessness the last year had been one of irritating anxiety, now he had

> ors, and her watchful led-captain Shirley. He owed her nothing. A little love making, more or less, did not count with fectly free to shake her off if he chose and he did choose. Good heavens! Com-

doubtedly glad to see him. How swee the candid welcome of her eyes, how un conscious her frank, graclous pleasure Yes, it would be his delightful lot to waken her from the slumber of childhood te the fullness of womanhood-the power of loving! Yet there was a certain strength themselves with a shot at the armies

and individuality about his young kinswoman that warned him she was no mere waxen doll, to be bent as he chose accord ing to his will. She had ideas of her own -tolerably clear and defined. This would but give piquancy and variety to their intercourse. Heavens! how lovely those eves of hers would be with the light o love beaming from their hazel depths

Then she would be content to wait, with him, till the Evesleigh estates were free from all incumbrances before they launch ed into the costly, heavy style of exist ence suited to his position. And before the fever of anticipation let him sleep, Marsden made more good resolutions that he had ever formed in his life before

Only give him this fair, fresh, delicate darling, and he would be a new man, with hopes and aspirations higher and better than had ever before dawned upon his mind.

. "I have done my best to carry out your directions," wrote Shirley to his suzerain Mrs. Ruthven, "and have even arrived at the distinction of being admitted to the drawing room of Miss L'Estrange at af-Francisco, Cal.

ternoon tea time. This enables me to as sure you that Marsden almost lives in what you term the 'shabby lodgings' of his relatives. I have not max him there certainly; but I can trace that be has pected this evening. Evesleigh, I find, too, is to be let for a term of years-

five, I think. Old Shepherd, of Calcutta -you remember the firm, desperately rich people-is looking for a country place, and exceptional t has been offered to his solicitor. It seems to me that this indicates intentions widely different from anything you anticipated, and points more to a marriage for

love than one for, let us say, money and where the Mexican dollar has long been "Don't be too sure; I fancy she is about love. I have met Marsden more than as far gone after your brother as a woman once lounging in Pall Mall and Regent the standard coin. which certainly does not look like the ur-"You dear old thing! you are not blinder gent business he asserted called him to

ive. The theme was interesting, but | the fire to go out, there would come in think he would marry without money. not dramatic. The character of Rip the train of this arrangement many sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?

-----Myriad Quacks. the story had already been acted, with-Near Santa Monica, California, not the story had already been acted, with-long ago, in a little bay about six out masked success. Nothing that I remembered gave me the slightest ensquare miles in area, there were fully couragement that I could get a good a quarter of a million of wild geese.

to one another was at times heard two terials. miles away. At San Pedro and at the "Still, I was so bent upon acting the part that I started for the city, and in quieter and graver than usual, and she said to be even greater numbers of the less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe estab lishment for old leather and mildewed cloth, and by personally superintending Large numbers of the geese are slatt annually during their migrations. It the making of wigs, each article of my is no trick for a boy sportsman to get costume was completed; and all this, too, before I had written a line of the fifty or sixty of the birds in a few hours, and hundreds of the older hunt play or studied a word of the part. "This is working in an opposite di ers in this region have often got over section from all conventional methods in the study and elaboration of dramat went out for a two days' hunt over in | le character, and certainly not follow the Orange County marshes last week, ing the course I would advise anyone came home with over nine hundred to pursue. I merely mention the out-of the way, upside-down manner of going dead scese for the city markets. Two Bakerfield men had a three days' hunt to work as an illustration of the impalately and came home with a farm tience and enthusiasm with which I wagon loaded down with geese and entered upon the task. I can only ducks. In all the little towns along the account for my getting the dress ready line of the Santa Fe railroad in this before I studied the part to the valu section there are a score or two of desire I had of witnessing myself in men and boys who regularly, spring the glass, decked out and equipped as

and fall, turn out for a day's shoot at the hero of the Catskills. wild geese and ducks, and the person "I got together the three old printed who does not show that he has tumbled versions of the drama and the story itover at least twenty-five birds is ao saif. The plays were all in two acts counted in poor luck, or a decided nov-I thought it would be an improvement ice in hunting. Many persons will ride in the drama to arrange it in three, to the outskirts of the town, and, standmaking the scene with the spectre ing in a buggy or wagon, will satisfy crew an act by itself. This would separate the poetical from the domestic

of flying birds at long range. Occaside of the story. sionally they will bring down a goose "But by far the most important alterwith such random shooting. All the ation was in the interview with the markets and the country grocery spirits. In the old versions they spoke stores now have wild geese and ducks and sang. I remembered that the efexhibited for sale at nominal prices. fect of this ghostly dialogue was dread-

fully human, so I arranged that ne ward for the arrest of the snuff throw The craving for Thespian distinctions voice but Rip's should be heard. This appears to have taken hold on Peter is the only act on the stage in which Jackson, the colored fighting man. He but one person speaks, while all the is very keen on playing Othello, and others merely gesticulate, and I was has not only learned the part perfectquite sure that the silence of the crew ly, but has memorized the whole of the would give a lonely and desolate character to the scene and add to its su--A Kansas City (Mo.) paper tells pernatural weirdness. It required some about a cathsh, taken in the Missouri thought to it upon just the best quespernatural weirdness. It required some

River, so large that the fisherman was tions that could be answered by a nod and shake of the head, and to arrange -Three per cent a month, comthat at times even Rip should propound

pounding monthly in advance, was a query to himself and answer it. "In the seclusion of the barn I studthe basis upon which a judgment on a promissory note, given originally for led and rehearsed the part, and by the \$310, was entered for \$1912 at San and of the summer I was prepared to transplant it from the rustic realms of an old farmhouse to a cosmonolitan an--George W. Cobb, chaptain of the Bethel Mission Chapel of St. Lduis, dience in the city of Washington, offers a lunch of sandwiches and coffee where I opened at Carus's Hall, under to all poor people who will attend an the management of John T. Raymond. always been there last night, and is ex- tour's religious service each Sunday I had, by repeated experiments, so saturated myself with the action of the - Dr. Schott believes that even in a play that a few days seemed to perfect violent storm waves fifty five feet high the rehearsals. I acted on these occa are rare, and even these forty feet are sions with all the point and feeling I could muster. This answered the

-The British are to coin a silver dol- double purpose of giving me freedom lar, for use in Hong Kong, the Straits and of observing the effect of what i Settlements and the far East generally, was doing on the actors. "There was in the subject and th part much scope for novel and fanci--It is said that in Lima. Peru it is ful treatment. If the sleep of twenty

The custom to keep animals on the roofs of the houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof, and $ne \forall 3r$ descends until it comes down as beef. -An important recent invention is once, not because it was an impossiwhat is known as the magazine loom, Hitherto one man has been required what condition a man's mind would be to operate six looms, but it is claimed if such an event could happen. Would that sixteen looms can be managed by he be thus changed? His identity be-one man by use of this invention. Ing denied, both by friends, strangers

Mrs. Greys-Goodness, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her .- Tib does not speak ten lines. What could advantages. When by sinking a shaft Sits. be done dramatically with so simple a in the earth we can secure a perpetual heating apparatus which we can regu-Deluded Man.

late by the turning of a key, one trial "Three or four bad dramatizations of of life will fade into nothingness.-Cur oride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," remarked to the officiating cler ent Literature. syman:

England Against France.

"Go on, measter-it don't matter; There is a good deal of cause for the can make her."-Tit Bits. prevailing opinion in France that England wants to see her defeated in Mad-Almost Unheard-Of Occurrence agascar. Of course, England wants to

Wife (at breakfast)-I didn't hear see her defeated. Not only from a poyou when you came in last night. litical standpoint, but because the or-Husband-I guess that's the reason ganization of the Malagasy army has ildn't hear you .- Cincinnati Enquirer been perfected by English army offi-

cers. Mal. Galbraith Graves, who is A Feast of Resson acting as advisory officer to the native Tommy-Pa, what is an intellectual general in charge of the troops at Masoiree?

Mr. Fig-It is generally one where the junga, has been for seven years in the Malagasy army. He has caused a refreshments do not cost much more school of instruction to be established than sixpence a head.-Tit-Bits.

in Madagascar, and the cadets turned out from the school will take part in the present difficulties with France. The French consider that they have an easy job ahead of them in taking the island away from its queen, with the unpronounceable name, but they should not be too sure. The native army, with its English officers and instructors, may make things lively for the invaders yet -Boston Traveler.

Set the Congregation Sneezing. Services had just begun in the Presbyterian Church at Vineland, N. J., last Sunday when several packages of snuff

35.

Fat Boy-Give me a bathing suit. were thrown in at the open windows. Bathing Master (aside)-Johnnie, run Pastor Thomas Schull proceeded with cross to the circus and borrow an elethe hymn, but was interrupted by genphant cover, quick! eral sneezing among the congregation. Pastor Schull looked at his flock in Daddy's Fishing Days Over. amazement and began the second verse.

"Is your daddy doin' much fiship hese days?" "No; he's paralyzed an' he can't lie "ke he used to."-Atlanta Constitution

> Behind in His Reading. Wool-I'm awfully behind in my eading.

Van Pelt-How's that? Wool-I got switched off on "Trilby"

and now I'm behind on at least nine or ten new lives of Napoleon .- New York World.

OFFICE

man who wanted to take his catch home, "that our fish arn't more like our Modern Way of Calling Home Cowe

office boys." "I don't guite see the connection," re plied his friend. "Then the longer you kept them the

tresher they'd get."-Washington Star

Would Be Convenient.

"What a great pity," said the sports-

An Expensive Prescription. Jimson-Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort and I want your ad-

Doctor-Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me .-New York Weekly.

as hig as life in the midst of the silver

It had been counted for one sliver dol.

work."-Indianapolis Journal

shortage in my accounts," said a well-Since the barbed wire fence is con known Indianapolis bank clerk the ing into general use for connecting other day. "At night I found my cash farm houses by telephone, we suggest \$19 short, and I could not locate it, try that the next thing could be a phone in as hard as I would. I stayed after the pasture, so that the modern dairybank hours and worked without suc- man can telephone the cows when to cess. Two o'clock in the morning some home !- Farm and Home.

found me at the desk pouring over the Parents Should Read This figures for the thousandth time. I had Poor parents who are raising their told the president of the trouble, and faughters :p to b. princesses are makwas worried to death. In my sleep I ing lots of trouble for the poor devile recalled handling a \$20 gold piece, and dreamed that I had put it in a stack of silver dollars. There was the gold coin

who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by exceeding you can be added a second to the servant of the servant what shall I pay ou in, money or in lands? Anything you as ald to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you is me. I am so sorry I put your eve out." But the servant refused to put any financial stimate on the value of the eye, and when have been married more than once. This little history always leaks out.— Aterbiase Globa lar. The temporary loss had cost me hours and hours of worry and hard Atabison Globa

limb it.

Life that ever needs forgiveness has for its first duty to forgive.

Cultivate forbearance until your mind yields a fine crop of it.

There is one person who is wiser than anybody, and that is everybody. Gennine sarcasm cuts without wound-

ing, but leaves an indellible scar. Next to vanity, finding fault with

thers is the most common impulse of the heart. Make vourself all honey and the flies

will eat you up. Samson brought down the house.

but nobody called for an encore.

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A 19-Dollar Dream. "I dreamed out the solution of a

The choir tried to take up the tune, but the organist had to stop to sneeze. Then the pastor was attacked with a fit of sneezing and the services were suspended. The doors were then thrown open and the services were resumed. Th trustees of the church offered a re-