Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLIX. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1895. NO. 35.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"It is curious," said Mrs. L'Estrange as if to herself. "I never thought Clifford Marsden would tie himself to any woman unless for a large money bribe. He knows exactly how you are situated, and I think the better of him! He must love you very much!"

"He says he does, I believe he does!" said Nora, sitting down on her footstool again and clasping her hands round her knee in a thoughtful pose. "In fact, I am half frightened at the idea of his caring so much about me, though this is weak and silly. I never thought the squire could be so intensely in earnest about anything. I feel somehow to blame, for, Helen, I am not one bit in love with him. I told him so, and he said he knew it."

"My dear child, you do not know whether you are or not! Clifford Marsden is a man who might teach any woman to love him; and why should he not win you? He shows that he is sincerely, disinterestedly attached to you. I must say I am entirely on his side."

"Are you?" said Nora, dreamily. "I suppose so." She sighed.

"It is a marriage that would have given your father the keenest pleasure." Nora was silent. "Did you, then, reject him?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange.

"He would not accept rejection," said Nora, with a grave smile. "He said I must hear him; that I must marry him; he seemed rather angry and excited, but we parted good friends. I promised to think of all he had said, and to speak to you, who would be his friend he was sure. I am astonished he should care for me so much! He has seen such quantities of charming, beautiful people—but he does! Oh! Helen. He is wonderfully fond of me! I could hear it in his voice. I am very ungrateful, I wish he was not. I am afraid even if I were to marry him he would be disappointed to find I could not love him enough. It is—I mean it must be—so wretched, not to receive as much as one gives."

"My dear, you cannot fail to love him heartily! You are perfectly heart whole, and yours is a kindly nature, not likely to harden itself against the tenderness of a true lover."

"No; perhaps not. I wish I did love him. How happy and light-hearted I should be! Now I am uncertain and miserable. I am so impatient, Helen! I can not rest if I am unhappy. I must get light and freedom, or I should beat myself to pieces against my prison bars! You are over so much braver and nobler."

"You have never come in contact with a real necessity, Nora. You can not conceive how inexorably submission is forced upon one sometimes."

There was a short pause.

"I should be glad, I confess," resumed Mrs. L'Estrange, "to see you well and happily married. You would, I am sure, be always a kind sister to my poor little Ben; as to myself, it is not impossible that I may——" she stopped.

"Certainly not; why should you not?" put in Nora, eagerly. "You are young and fair enough to marry some good, delightful person!"

"My dear Nora!" interrupting in her turn. "What can have suggested so absurd an idea? I was about to touch on a very different topic, but I will not now. Tell me, did Mr. Marsden say he would come again?"

"Yes—no. I am not sure what he said. But I think he will most probably."

"Well; we can say no more at present. I will go and change my dress. I trust you will be wise, and not reject such an offer for a whim."

"I only want to do what is right," cried Nora, standing up, and letting her clasped hands fall to the length of her arms. "I do wish I loved Clifford, as he deserves me to love him; but—it is very odd—I don't think I like him as well as I did yesterday. I used to be quite glad to see him—and now I rather dread his coming."

"That is natural enough, Nora. There will be a little awkwardness in meeting him at first. I do not quite understand your indifference to so very attractive a man as Clifford Marsden! Tell me—you know I would not intrude on your confidence; I only ask because you are dear to me as my own sister—have you any preference for some one else to steel your heart?"

"Why! who has ever made love to me?" cried Nora, indignantly, coloring crimson as she spoke; "and am I the sort of girl to bestow my heart or fancy when neither are sought?"

"Pardon me," said Mrs. L'Estrange, smiling, "the heart, even in the strongest minded young ladies, is strangely illogical and unaccountable."

"Well, I really am not very silly. Now I have kept you too long, perhaps your dress is damp, and you know you must not be imprudent."

"I know it, but I have been under cover all day."

She took up her cloak and was leaving the room, when Nora exclaimed:

"How selfish I am! I quite forgot to tell you I had a few lines from Lady Dorrington. She says Mrs. Ruthven is seriously ill, with fever, nervous fever and they are quite uneasy about her."

"Indeed! I am sorry, very sorry. I never liked Mrs. Ruthven as well as you do, but I think she looked dreadfully worried of late."

"Did you, do you think she was very much taken with the squire?"

"Oh, I don't imagine she cares seriously for any one, she likes the most distinguished man present," returned Mrs L'Estrange.

"I should be so sorry to interfere with her. It must be dreadful to be cut out if you are really fond of any one."

"Do not distress yourself on that score; I fancy Mr. Marsden's flirtation with Mrs. Ruthven was of the very lightest order. Did you answer Lady Dorrington's letter?"

"Yes, at once, and begged her to let us know how the patient was going on."

Mrs. L'Estrange was fascinated by the idea of Nora's marriage with Marsden. She had always liked him, and living out of the world, had never heard the various reports respecting his wild extravagance, his generally reckless life. Even if she had, she would, like a simple, good woman, have fully believed in the power of a pure attachment to elevate and reform the most determined rake. Besides, though truly and warmly attached to her stepdaughter, she was keenly alive to the fact that her own precious child was utterly dependent on her half-sister. She never doubted that Nora, if left to herself, would be both just and generous, but if Nora married before attaining her majority, Beatrice would be really dependent on some mere stranger, and men are so strange and hard about money matters. Then a husband's power and influence are so great; the poor lonely widow, though she blushed for herself, earnestly hoped Nora would not marry until she was 21. If Nora married Marsden, she felt sure he would be kind and generous. He was peculiarly sympathetic. It was this that gave him more than half his attraction. He always conveyed the idea that he was really glad to help any one. His detestation of everything unpleasant or painful gave him an air of kindness that imposed even on himself.

Yes, if Nora would consent, Ben's future was secure, and why should she not? A better, or indeed a happier, marriage could not be found. Why Nora was not already in love with her suitor, Mrs. L'Estrange could not understand, and set it down to one of the inscrutable mysteries of a young undeveloped nature.

Nora, too, was thoughtful, and the evening passed almost in silence; occasionally each spoke a few words, and then fell into a fit of musing. The spell, however, was broken by the entrance of the servant with a note for Mrs. L'Estrange.

"The messenger waits, 'm."

"I will ring in a minute or two," said Mrs. L'Estrange, opening the envelope.

"It is from Mr. Marsden, Nora," she exclaimed. "He wants to see me alone to-morrow morning."

"Indeed!"

"I suppose"—smiling—"he wants to secure your vote and interest."

"They are his already." A pause. "What shall I say, Nora?"

"Whatever you choose."

"Then I shall see him."

She rose, went to the writing table, and penned a few lines, and sent them to Marsden's messenger.

"I imagine that Mr. Marsden will not be easily turned from his purpose. And I hope, Nora, you will not too thoughtlessly refuse so sincere and disinterested a lover."

"Oh! I know all that can be urged in his favor," said Nora, rather impatiently; "and he is very nice—only—I think I should like to be Nora L'Estrange for some time longer. I have seen so little. How could I manage a great establishment like Evesleigh House? I am half afraid of that awful housekeeper. And the squire himself likes everything to be so perfect—so elegant—he might regret his own haste in wanting to marry such a half-fledged creature as I am."

"Nora, dear Nora! this humility is a new development!"

"I know what I am fit for, and I am not humble, but I do not want to attempt what is likely to be too much for me. There, don't let us talk about Clifford any more—at least till you have seen him to-morrow."

"Promise me not to refuse him without due reflection."

"No. I am too undecided to do that. But it rather awful to think that, having once said 'yes,' one cannot unsay it."

Mrs. L'Estrange need scarcely have recommended Nora to reflect on Marsden's offer. She was haunted by the recollection of his words, his voice, his eyes. It is true that he kept himself well in hand, and kept back many a passionate expression that rushed to his lips. Nevertheless, he had impressed Nora very deeply with the conviction that she was very essential to him. It rather weighed her down with a vague sense of alarm. What was she to do with this tremendous gift of love?—so strong that his voice trembled in spite of his efforts to be steady, when he described it, and his heart throbbed fast and hard when he pressed her hand for a moment against it. Ought she condemn one who was so tenderly attached to her to suffer the pangs of disappointment and rejection, because she had a morbid fancy for another who did not care for her? And with the thought came a suggestion that sent thrills of pain quivering through her veins. Had the same words and tones and looks been Winton's how differently she would have responded! Perhaps, by cultivating gratitude to Marsden, and giving herself up to his efforts to please and win her, she would succeed in loving him; and then she would make him happy and be happy herself. What a solution of all difficulties that would be! Perhaps it would be the right thing to do. How hard it was to know what was right. Finally, the tears welled up, as she thought with regretful compassion of the strong emotion Marsden had displayed—surely such affection constituted a claim upon any kindly heart. Yet she ardently wished he had not taken such a fancy to her. So, after struggling with contradictory thoughts for half the night, she fell asleep toward morning, with a half-uttered prayer to be directed aright upon her lips.

Mrs. L'Estrange received Marsden cordially and cheerfully. She did not doubt for a moment that Nora, having recovered her first startled surprise at his unexpected proposal, would marry him willingly, as it was natural she should; and she was anxious he should see how very heartily she was on his side.

"I feel sure I have a friend in you," were almost his first words, after he had shaken hands with her warmly, "we were always allies since your first appearance at Brookdale."

"Yes, Mr. Marsden, you were always welcome to my husband and to me."

"Nora has told you of the start I gave her," interrupted Marsden, who was absorbed in his own projects. "I feel I have been too abrupt. In short, having been pretty far gone about her nearly ever since we met last spring, I fancied she must see it, and to be candid, her blindness suggests that she may be preoccupied by some luckier fellow than myself. Am I right?"

"You ought to ask her, Mr. Marsden."

"And seem a conceited jackanapes by implying that only a previous attachment would have prevented her falling in love with me?"

Mrs. L'Estrange smiled.

"I do not think Nora is disposed to fall in love very readily. Then there was no one for her to fall in love with."

"Some women might fancy Winton."

"I do not think Nora did. Indeed, they never seemed to take much to each other, especially of late."

"Well, Mrs. L'Estrange, you will back me up? I may depend on you?"

"You may. How did you and Nora part?"

"Oh, she was anxious to get rid of me; I could see that, but I told her I would not take her first 'No,' nor her second either! Mrs. L'Estrange, I am determined that Nora shall be my wife."

"Not against her will?"

"No; that would be too ungallant," returning to his usual light tone; "but with her will."

"Take my advice; wait a few days before repeating your offer. Let me tell her you will give her time to think, and, meanwhile, that she must let you come as a friend and kinsman."

"Very well. I shall be guided by you, but I can't stand this uncertainty long. Why does she not like me? for she loesn't."

"It is impossible to say; she is not a commonplace girl."

"Thank you for the implied compliment."

"You have caught me up too soon. Will you write what I have suggested, or shall I speak to Nora?"

"I will write," he said, and speedily traced a few lines. "There," he continued, handing the note to Mrs. L'Estrange, "I am very grateful for your help, and believe me, if I become your step-son-in-law, I will care for your interests and those of my little friend, Bea, as if they were my own."

"You are very good," said Mrs. L'Estrange, softly.

"Now," continued Marsden, "what shall we do? It is an awful time in London; I almost wish I had not come up. There is shooting, or hunting, or something to be done in the country. Have you been to Windsor? It is a tolerably fine day. Let us go down and lunch there, and walk about after. Just settle it with Nora."

"Very well," said Mrs. L'Estrange, and left the room.

She was some little time absent, during which Marsden walked to and fro, picked up and put down books and papers which lay about, and occasionally looked at the clock. He was impatient, but not uneasy; he did not doubt his ultimate success, and was not altogether displeased with Nora's hesitation. It was the sense of difficulty which was her crowning charm.

He had seen many lovelier and more fascinating women; but none had ever charmed and vanquished him as this unworldly, natural young cousin.

What fair round arms she had! What a sweet mouth, half sad, half haughty! Would she ever press it fondly to his? What would he not dare, what villainy would he not commit, to secure her for himself away from every one? And would the day ever come when she would be to him as other women, graceful and pleasant enough, but nothing remarkable? Well, not for a long time. There would be a spell of heaven first. Here he threw himself into an armchair and took up a book of photographs; it opened at the portrait of Mrs. Ruthvan. Was that an evil omen? He hated her; yet, when they had met early that year in Paris, before he had seen Nora, he was rather taken with her. Her veiled admiration for himself flattered and amused him. He even thought of appropriating her wealth in exchange for his name. Now? Pah, how he wished she would die and take herself out of his world, where she was not wanted! The telegram that morning was about as bad as it could be; perhaps luck would still be on his side, for he had a vague, uncomfortable impression that Mrs. Ruthven would work him evil.

Here Mrs. L'Estrange returned and handed a little twisted note, which he eagerly opened and read: "You are very kind and considerate; I accept your suggestion." This was simply signed "Nora."

"I think you ought to be content," said Mrs. L'Estrange, smiling.

"I am—and our expedition to-day?"

"We will be ready to accompany you in an hour. Nora made no objection."

The meeting, under such trying circumstances, was less awkward than Nora expected. She could not help admiring Marsden's tact and cool self-possession. If anything, he was more attentive to Mrs. L'Estrange than to herself. The weather was fine, the conversation light and animated. Marsden spoke of Mrs. Ruthven with much good feeling, and the day was far more agreeable than Nora anticipated, nor did Marsden leave them without making some plans for the morrow which would bring them together.

(To be continued.)

As to Hypnotism.

No less a personage than Dr. Parkhurst has taken the trouble to point out anew that nobody ever heard of anybody's being hypnotized to make him do something good. Hypnotism, the doctor thinks from the evidence, is always exerted to promote evil and for that reason he is inclined to condemn it.

The fact commented on by the doctor has often been spoken of, but it really constitutes no fault of hypnotism. It is simply the fault of human nature. Man gravitates toward the bad. When hypnotism is exerted in the same direction with this natural gravitation it is effective. When it is exerted in the opposite direction it is simply trying to pull the load uphill and it fails. There are no doubt plenty of persons, especially ladies, who go about weaving subtle hypnotic charms around men for the noble purpose of leading them aright, just as the bad people whom we hear of through the police reports go about hypnotizing for ill. But the good hypnotists work at a tremendous disadvantage. It is upgrade for them and downgrade for the bad hypnotists. As between a Svengalic friend trying to hypnotize a man to stay out and play poker and a wife trying to hypnotize him to come home the odds are with the friend.

Perhaps hypnotism will develop to a point where it can overcome this natural disadvantage. Or perhaps mankind will get over the brow of the hill so that the way to good will be a down grade.—Chicago News.

—The remedial effects of laughter are really wonderful. Cases have been known where a hearty laugh has banished disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature.

—The production of aluminum has increased from 150 pounds in 1884 to 339,629 pounds last year. During this time the price has dropped from $9 a pound to about seventy cents.

—Carpets were introduced into England during the reign of Mary, in 1553. They were then considered effeminate.

—It is reported that at some of the markets in Minnesota wheat five and six years old has been brought in by the farmers, the owners saying they would hold all intermediate crops.

—It is said that in Lima, Peru it is the custom to keep animals on the roofs of the houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof, and never descends until it comes down as beef.

—Seven-year-old Sadie Campbell, of Port Jervis N. Y., took her pole and went fishing the other day. She got lost and walked some fifteen miles, but she brought home nine big trout.

—The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates which show that the practice is very ancient.

—When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about 70 degrees.

LET US ALL LAUGH

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Nowise Daunted.

Terseleigh—There goes a woman with a past.

Verseleigh (interested)—Is that so? What is she doing now?

Terseleigh—Looking for a future.—New York World.

A Religious Broker.

Jinks—Smithson strikes me as being a sort of religious broker, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether he's a bull or a bear.

Filkins—Why not?

Jinks—Because he's long on countenance and short on works.—Harlem Life.

It Remained.

Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.

"If only," he whispered, "thy cheek would remain there forever."

Little thought he what was to be.

Little thought he until he got home and tried to remove her cheek from his dress coat with ammonia and alcohol.—Detroit Tribune.

Chilly.

"I suppose you are awfully cool when in action, Major?"

"Cool, my dear lady—shivering."—The Sketch.

Points of View.

"No one but a wife knows how many hours women spend waiting on men."

"True, and no one but a husband or a lover or a father or a brother or a son knows how many hours men waste waiting for women."—New York Recorder.

He Was.

Jones—Are you serious in your attentions to Miss Hulks?

Bones—Well, I guess so! Her father told me out of $40,000 on one Wall street deal last month, and I'll get that back if I have to marry the whole family for it.—New York World.

Emancipated.

Mrs. Ricketts—What do you think of Mrs. Dickey?

Mrs. Snooper—She is one of the manliest little women I know.—Judge.

Done by a Blind Painter.

"A most wonderful bit of work. Those things were painted by a blind painter."

"What were?"

"Those blinds."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Taken Down.

Society Actress—In what direction do you think my art lies?

Critic—It lies in every direction.

Actress—Indeed!

Critic—Yes, particularly when it tells you that you can act.—New York World.

Not in It.

"Talk about daylight robbery being the height of imposition," said the man as he shook his fist at the gas meter, "it is not in it with gaslight robbery, no."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gripman Gave the Shock.

Tommy Intown (showing Broadway to his uncle)—These are cable cars. They don't go by electricity.

Uncle Hayseed—Don't they? You can't fool me. I was on one of them this morning and I felt the shock every time the car stopped or started.—New York World.

How He Is Believed.

Blizney—How did you get that black eye?

Niznog—I ran against a door.

Blizney—Too bad, old man; but I hope you gave the other fellow as good as he sent.—Roxbury Gazette.

Congratulations.

Friend from the Next Street (to happy father)—Hallos, Jills; let me congratulate you. I hear that you have a new boy at your house.

Happy Father—By George! can you hear him all that distance?—Tit Bits.

Up-to-Date Birds.

First Farmer—Why do so many swallows sit on the telegraph wire now?

Second Farmer—Oh, in this damp weather they all suffer from rheumatism, and they try the electricity cure.—Humoristische Blaetter.

Reason Enough.

Irate Passenger—Conductor, why is it that the accommodations on this train are so inferior?

Cool Conductor—Because this is an accommodation train.—New York World.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

A cable road under the Clyde at Glasgow has just been finished and will be opened to traffic shortly. It is 16 feet indiameter and 700 feet long. It has been five years building.

It appears from an article by one who has made a close investigation of the matter, that there are now only 200 wild buffaloes alive in the United States—150 in the Yellowstone Park, twenty in Colorado and thirty in Texas.

A phaeton, driven by electricity, with a seat for two passengers, is now to be seen in the streets of Paris. The steering axle is in front, and beneath the driver's foot is a pedal that controls a "circuit breaker" and a brake.

A merchant in Birmingham, Ala., a few days ago hired a trolley car, covered it with bunting and big advertisements of his business, put a fife and drum corps inside and sent it bowling over all the trolley routes in the city.

A Maryland man who brought suit for $5,000 for breach of promise has been informed by the Judge that a woman who has promised to marry may change her mind and marry somebody else without being liable to legal damages.

Wishbone parties are the latest thing in England. A card with a wishbone painted in the center and a quotation written beneath is torn in halves and a piece given to a lady and gentleman, respectively. Partners are secured by matching the pieces.

In many of the lakes of Manitoba there is a creature that seems to be half fish and half lizard. The reptile is spotted and much resembles a small trout in general appearance. It does not move on the bottom, but when not advancing remains suspended in the water like a fish.

The bottom of the Atlantic forms a sort of terrace along the continent, sloping gradually for several miles, then suddenly descending to a far greater depth. In general about 100 miles from the shore there is a depth of 100 fathoms, but in ten miles the depth exceeds 1,000 fathoms.

Pueblo is now the headquarters of all the Western divisions of the Santa Fe Railway system, as well as of the 1,100 miles of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. From Pueblo go out the train orders and traffic directions over five of the largest railroad systems in the United States.

A greyhound, frightened by the whistle of a locomotive, jumped off the platform of Newton St. Cyres, on the North Devon line, in England, and ran to the next station, Crediton, keeping the whole distance right in front of the train. The distance—two and one-half miles—was covered in five minutes, start and stop included.

At the Bordeaux exhibition the special feature will be a bottle 115 feet high, divided into stories, in the lowest of which there will be a restaurant. A winding staircase will lead up the neck to a kiosque, taking the place of the cork, where there will be a room for thirty-five persons at a time to sit and look over the exhibition grounds and the city.

Twenty towns in Minnesota have adopted ordinances providing for the old European custom of curfew. People under 16 years of age found on the street after the ringing of the curfew are liable to arrest. The first offense is punishable with a fine, the second with imprisonment and the third with both fine and imprisonment.

Lieut. Col. Kosterlitzky, chief of the Bavispe section of Mexican grenadiers, believes the Apache Kid is in the Sierra Madre, together with other renegades, including Elias and some squaws. They are not bothering anyone in Sonora at present, as the Kid does not want to be hunted out of Mexico, as he fears to return to the United States, where a large reward is offered for him dead or alive.

A universal cipher code for use in cable messages has just been completed by experts at Berne, Switzerland, who have labored nearly five years on the compilation. The work was authorized by the Paris convention of telegraphers in 1890. The new code comprises 250,000 words distinctly different from each other and none containing more than ten letters. It will be adopted by all European countries as soon as arrangements are completed for its use and in a few years will probably become the cable language of the entire world.

Preparations are making at Long Cove, Me., for one of the biggest quarry blasts ever made in this country. The object of attack is a miniature mountain of granite, seventy-five feet in perpendicular height. In the face of this ledge, at the foot, a tunnel is being driven, which, when completed, will be T shaped, the main stem fifty-five feet long, with two cross arms some thirty feet in length each. Eight tons or more of powder is to be put in these side tunnels, the main tunnel cemented up and the big charge touched off. It is expected the explosion will make a rock pile of the mountain.

Don't Lasso Dogs There.

Down in Oklahoma they have many queer ways and queer things. The way they dispose of outlawed dogs, says the Kansas City Star, would cause a citizen who is used to the comparatively peaceful ways of the dog catcher and his wire noose and profanity a shock. They have neither wagon nor noose in Oklahoma cities, but they have few stray curs which have forfeited their right to live because they have no master.

Not long ago a Kansas City man stood on one of the principal streets of a bustling town, looking up and down, and figuring on the tablet of his mind a future great city, when up the street he heard the report of a gun and saw a crowd of people run in every direction.

"Ah!" he thought, "a tragedy. What luck." For your ordinary peaceful citizen likes nothing better than a ritaulus of a shock of that kind when in a country with a reputation for desperate deeds and men. Standing in the street was a small man holding a smoking shotgun, and writhing upon the ground was a big yellow dog. Another shot and the dog was dead. Then the crowd swarmed in and the man with the gun wormed his way out, followed by a crowd of adoring small boys. It was the city dog catcher. No noose and long torture for dogs in that town. The city executioner just loads up his gun and goes out and cancels a dog or two, and then collects a salary from the town.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Rented from Chilean Government at $1,000 a Year, Partly Paid in Fish.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years—is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, says the Melbourne Argus, and there now stands a little village of small huts scattered round a long, one-storied building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about $1,000 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys, like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs which completely overrun the island, depending for existence mainly upon seals. They are descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilean government thought that a good way to get rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbling away.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez Island. The round trip is made in six days, and three of these may be spent on the island in fishing and visiting those lonely but beautiful spots which nearly two hundred years ago were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

Didn't Understand Banking.

Not many days ago a stout, motherly old woman presented herself at one of the teller's windows in the First National Bank, and, making a confidant of the dapper young man behind the wire screen, said:

"Me bye, Jamesey, is in trouble and I want to sind him some money."

The sympathetic teller expressed deep interest in the afflicted parent's woes and kindly asked what sort of trouble "Jamesey" had got himself into.

"Wid dhe coppers, ov coorse," the mother answered, unhesitatingly. "They have him in the calaboose, so they do."

"And where—in what city—is he?" asked the teller.

"In Ny Yorick."

"Well, then, I think the best thing to do is to get a New York draft," said the teller.

Instantly the good old woman's manner changed. She stepped backward a pace, placed her hands on her hips and looked defiance at the teller as she blurted out:

"Young man, don't git gay wid me. I'm not here fur foolin' and I've got no time to go to Ny Yorick!"

She was pacified by dint of much persuasion, and induced to purchase a New York draft in Chicago, and it is to be presumed that "Jamesey" has got out of "throuble."

Martyrs to Progress.

The east end of Glasgow has been greatly agitated about a question of fashion in female attire. Hitherto it has been invariably regarded as the correct thing for the young ladies employed at the mills to wear shawls over their heads, but lately the population has been startled by the appearance of a few of the workers in hats. The daring innovation excited the utmost indignation, and one night last week the wearers of the hats had to be rescued by the police from the polite attentions of a crowd of about 2,000 of their companions.—London Truth.

A Double Life.

He—Did you know that Jimkins had been living a double life for the past six months?

She—No! The horrid wretch!"

He—Yes; he gave up single life when he got married.—Detroit Free Press.

Arithmetic and Dress.

Teacher—If your mother had twenty-five yards of stuff, and made a dress containing eighteen yards, how much would she have left?

Little Girl—Mamma can't make her own dress. She has tried often, and they are always either too——

Teacher—Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dress maker send back?

Little Girl—Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any.

Teacher (impatiently)—Suppose she sent it to an honest one?

Little Girl—Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste, so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em.

A word once sent forth from the lips cannot be brought back with a chariot and six horses.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Man Overboard."

TEXT: "So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him: 'What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.'"—Jonah i., 6.

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think if you hurry you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before.

"Oh, yes," he says. "This is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But after awhile crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "abeam's end" there is a fear she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles and of so much of the cargo as they can get at. The captain at last confesses there is but little hope and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen Him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Captain Moody, commanding the Cuba of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves the vessel had sprung aleak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him. The captain lays hold of him and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up and go to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they throw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over the guards and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any one who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire
One hundred dollars for wine suppers.
One hundred dollars for cigars.
One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless.
Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man tired of the faith of his father who resolves to launch out into what is called freethinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for $12, Renan's "Life of Christ" for $1.50, Andrew Jackson Davis's works for $20. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs and to see spiritualism at the table rapping. Talks glibly of David, the psalmist, as an old libertine, of Paul as a wild enthusiast and of Christ as a decent kind of a man, a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now" or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet and finds himself that night chilly; the next morning has a hot mouth and is headachy; sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day; bathes his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs or sent to the neighbors to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no. He does not believe in ministers. You say, "Read the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and sitting by his bedside writes a document that begins: "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament." It is certain where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be," or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep waters, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash. He goes to the bottom. He paid $5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition.

Every farthing you spend in sin satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent. or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter, but Jonah, notwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh, how could he sleep? What if the ship struck a rock? What if it sprang aleak? What if the clumsy oriental craft should capsize? What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down, you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by and whirlpools and hot breathed Levanters. Yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up, but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck, the gong of warning sounds through the cabin, the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices. Yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775 the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the porthole a man at a stand, as though keeping a logbook. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the logbook, frozen to death. The logbook was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel craft to-day I descry voyagers for eternity. I cry: "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh, that my Lord Jesus would come aboard and lay hold of the wheel and steer the craft down into the warm gulf stream of His mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again, notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea, but here it is done. So now men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home impressed, but, crossing his barnyard, an ox come up and licks his hand, and he says: "There it is now. 'The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark: "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house. Why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest ways and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the last day, and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis, "John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God!"

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea captain: "What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon Him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon your father's God. When your father was in trouble, whom did he fly to? You heard him in his old days tell about some terrible exposure in a snowstorm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight marauders, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God. In the old religious books lying around the house, here are passages marked with a lead pencil—passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless and a blasphemer—and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshiped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I