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 28, 1895. NO. 37.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Still the wealthy widow held on surprisingly, but after this second attack, recovery was very slow, and the doctors complained of want of vitality.

All this time, in gray foggy London Marsden's wooing prospered, and Nora grew quite accustomed to his daily presence.

He was himself cautious and self-restrained. He took care not again to startle her by such a passionate outburst as had disturbed her on the day she had accepted him. He watched with infinite care and tact his opportunity for winning a caress, and flattered himself he was daily advancing in her affection, and becoming more necessary, yet there came at intervals torturing spasms of doubt, when it was borne in upon him that he was only liked, endured and slightly feared; such moments made him savage, exacting, unreasonable. He strove hard to resist these moods, knowing well how much of what he had built up with infinite care they undid.

Through all, Nora was so sweet, so patient, so compliant, that he grew more passionately fond of her day by day, even while he longed for her to show him some caprices, some little tyrannies indicative of pleasure in her sense of power over him. She did not love him yet—not yet—but she would be true to him, and love him, and love would come.

On one point Nora was steady; she would not marry till she had attained her twenty-first year, and on this Marsden was obliged to give way. As their marriage was not to take place immediately, he was anxious it should not be talked about. There was no use in bringing a storm of congratulations and questions upon them before the time, but he promised to speak to Lady Dorrington on the subject as soon as he could intrude on her duties to her sick guest.

"You ought to tell her before anyone else, Clifford," urged Nora.

A fortnight had slipped away, and as yet no whisper of Marsden's engagement had got abroad.

There was no one in town, and Mrs and Miss L'Estrange were scarcely known in Marsden's world.

Mrs. L'Estrange was much and most agreeably occupied with her little daughter, and pleased with her surroundings, making quietly the meanwhile preparations for the anticipated event, and had little time to notice how pale and thin Nora had grown, that her face looked at eyes, that she started nervously if suddenly spoken to, and that her hands held nothing very steadily. All seemed to promise fair and well. In the midst of this contentment Winton arrived from Florence, graver and gaunter than ever.

It happened that the day he first called Marsden had received from his sister an earnest request to go to her at once, and he had started, intending to visit Eversleigh on his way back. Mrs. L'Estrange had been a little puzzled by Marsden's wish to let Eversleigh; she had no idea that retrenchment was so necessary to him. Still, neither she nor her step-daughter saw anything to object to in the proposition. Indeed, Nora thought she would prefer traveling with him to settling down in the country; she was moreover most anxious that he should clear his estate and retrieve his fortunes.

It seemed to her, she knew not why, fortunate that Clifford should have been called away as Mark Winton came. She longed to hear him talk with her stepmother, once—just once—in the old, quiet, sensible way, without interruption. When Marsden was present she was never quite at ease; she felt he was watching her that he was ever on the lookout for her notice or her avoidance. She dreaded slighting him, and feared the passionate delight which any little show of kindness on her part excited. To be still and tranquil for an evening or two was very charming; though she was distressed to find what pleasure it gave her to hear Winton's deep, somewhat harsh voice, to listen even to his most trifling remarks. When—when would he speak to Helen, and put another final barrier between them? The all-absorbing topic of her own engagement had prevented any animadversion on Winton's letter; moreover, as Helen did not make any remark respecting it, Nora did not like to broach the subject.

It was late, and Bea was beginning to say good-night—a process which usually lasted some time—when Winton appeared. He had only arrived that evening and apologized for intruding so late.

Beatrice, of course, greeted him rapturously, and her departure to the realms of sleep was postponed. When she had disappeared, and they were quiet, Winton looked round the room and said:

"It is almost like being at Brookdale, only I miss some of the furniture and ornaments."

"And the room is smaller," added Mrs L'Estrange.

"Have you been ill?" were his next words, addressed to Nora, with an earnest look.

"No! Why do you ask? Do I look ill?"

"I think you do. London does not agree with you."

"I have a slight cold, scarce worth mentioning," she returned.

Winton slowly withdrew his eyes from her; and, after looking down for a minute in silence, began to talk of Mrs. Ruthven and her illness, her relapse, and her final recovery. Then he spoke of going to see his uncle in Yorkshire; and they glided easily from one subject to another.

On rising to say good-night he asked Mrs. L'Estrange at what hour he should find her next day.

"I don't think I shall be in much before noon. I have a dreadful business before me in a visit to the dentist with poor little Bea, and we are to ransack Cremer's for some reward to encourage her drooping spirits! But, about four, you will find us at tea."

"Very well," he returned, and bid them good-night."

"I do not think you are looking so ill Nora," said Mrs. L'Estrange, when he had gone.

"Oh, no! It was only Mr. Winton's fancy. There is nothing really the matter with me."

As soon as Mrs. L'Estrange with Bea and her governess had departed, after an early luncheon, Nora took a book and a comfortable corner of the sofa, determined to think only of the story, which was interesting and well told. She felt unaccountably weary, and was not at all surprised that Winton should have thought her looking ill. What an ungrateful, unaccountable creature she was! How happy most girls would be, in her place! But she was going to read, and not think about herself. So, with an effort, she fixed her attention on the page before her. She had not read long, when the unexpected announcement of "Mr. Winton" made her heart stand still. Why—why had he come so early? She started up in haste, and went to meet him, reading in his observant eyes the same questioning expression which had struck her the evening before.

"I am afraid Helen will not be in just yet," said Nora, with a friendly smile.

"Yes, I know I am rather early, but if I don't interrupt you, I will wait," returned Winton, speaking more rapidly than usual. He drew a chair near her sofa, laying his hat on the floor, but still holding his stick, with which he seemed to trace the pattern of the carpet. "How is your cold—better?"

"Yes, thank you."

"When do you return to Brookdale?"

"Our plans are very uncertain," returned Nora, coloring, for she knew it was Marsden's wish they should remain in town and have a very quiet wedding.

How she wished some one would tell him she was engaged to Clifford! There was a pause while Nora sought in vain for something to say.

"Did Mrs. L'Estrange tell you I was inclined to go off straight to India with Colonel and Mrs. Romer?"

"Yes, she did."

"But I felt I could not go without trying my luck in London. May I tell you why?"

"He is going to confide in me," thought Nora.

"Certainly, Mr. Winton," she said very kindly. "Perhaps I have some idea why already."

Winton looked at her steadily, with surprise.

"You may have, though I doubt it.' Another pause, then with an evident effort Winton began, growing more composed and collected as he went on. "You may think me a presumptuous ass, but I will not lose the faintest chance for any false pride. Miss L'Estrange, though we have always been good friends, especially when I first knew you, I acknowledge you have never given me any hope that you would ever let me be more than a friend. And lately I have imagined, or rather felt, that you were changed in some way; perhaps that ought to have been enough to silence me, but, you see, when a man's future hangs on 'Yes' or 'No,' it is hard to be content with uncertainty, and there is a degree of sympathy between us on some subjects. In short, I cannot leave without asking if there is any hope for me, for," looking straight at her with solemnity, "I love you well."

"Me!" exclaimed Nora, who had listened in increasing amazement. "Are you sure you mean me?"

"Who else could I mean?"

"Mr. Winton," rising to her feet in the agony of that terrible moment, and white even to her lips, "I have promised to marry Clifford Marsden in February."

Winton also rose and stood before her, a grim, dark expression gathering in his face.

"I never anticipated this"—he broke off abruptly. "Then I have only to apologize, which I do most humbly, for having intruded myself and my feelings on you. I shall trouble you no more."

There was a moment's silence.

"I am grieved to grieve you," said Nora, in a voice so low and trembling that she scarce heard herself.

"I believe it, you have a kind, true heart. I was presumptuous in hoping to win it. God grant Marsden may make you happy! None can wish you all possible prosperity more warmly than I do. Pray forget that I have momentarily distressed you." He paused, and looked at her intently. "Nora, you are faint? You tremble, you can hardly stand."

He made a movement as if to catch and support her.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "You must go—you must leave me!"

"I must indeed," returned Winton. He took and gently kissed her hand, said softly, "I will never intrude on you again. Good-by, dear, good-by!" seized his hat, and was gone. Then Nora sunk upon the sofa and buried her face in her hands, her heart filled with the blackest despair. If he had come but three weeks, even a fortnight ago! What was to become of her? Was there no escape? Could she bring him no comfort? The pain in his voice still vibrated on her ear. Even if she could break with Clifford—he, too, loved her well, and she would not willingly hurt him; but oh! how her heart ached for Mark Winton! There was no music in his voice, but what a ring of truth and sincerity! His words were few and simple compared to Clifford's eloquence; but what earnestness they expressed! How did she come to believe so implicitly in Winton's attachment to Helen? Surely Clifford Marsden, who knew both before Helen was married, he ought to know the real facts.

Could Mark Winton have forsaken Helen for her? No; that was impossible! And various important trifles, indicative of his interest in herself from the very beginning of their acquaintance, recurred to her painfully excited memory. Why—why did she allow herself to be so easily misled? How did Clifford come to be so deceived? Did he indeed believe what he asserted? Was she not base, to suspect her affianced husband of trickery because she was miserable herself? And if, as she believed only yesterday, Helen was attached to Winton, the round of wretchedness would be complete! Why had she been so precipitate? Turn which way she would, she was hemmed in by the misery she had caused others. How was she to bear her life? She must let Winton believe in her indifference to him, her love for Marsden. After all, her duty and consideration ought to be for the man she had promised to marry, when she thought another was preferred by the man she loved! Where could she turn for counsel or comfort? None could give it to her. Her wisest, justest course, would be strictest silence as to Winton's amazing avowal. Then there would be no disturbance. Helen would remain on the same friendly terms with Winton, perhaps he might learn to love her. At any rate, she had always heard that men never suffered long from such disappointments.

It was all, all too cruel! To think that through a mistake so slight, so easy to have avoided, she had missed the road that led to happiness—happiness full, complete, soul-satisfying—and made him she loved so well suffer as bitterly as she did herself!

It was an hour of intense, blackest despair, a night of anguish to which there would be no succeeding dawn. To the sorrows, as to the joys of youth there are no to-morrows. In grief it indignantly rejects the idea of consolation, of being so heartless as to forget, while the suggestion of prudence in pleasure, lest dark days may come, is resisted with scornful certainty of permanent bliss. To Nora the only possible mood that could succeed her present suffering would be the numbness and indifference of mental death! In the bitterness of her remorse for her own hasty action, she wrung her hands, and the splendid engagement-ring, which Marsden had placed upon her hand in addition to the signet he still wished her to wear, fell to the ground unnoticed.

At length she tried to think what she had better do to hide herself from the kindly inquiring eyes of her step-mother. She could think of nothing more original than the inexhaustible excuse—headache; but it would not do to lie down in the safe solitude of her own room. No; she dared not so indulge herself. She would go out and shop. There was plenty to do in that way. She rang and called for the ever-ready Watson, and explained that she thought the air would do her good, and sallied forth, leaving a message for Mrs. L'Estrange to the effect that Winton had called and could not come to tea.

It was dusk when she returned, feeling utterly worn out.

"My dear Nora," cried her step-mother, "here is a letter from Mr. Marsden. I wonder what he would say if he know that you had let the beautiful ring he gave you drop, and had not taken the trouble to pick it up?"

"Did I?" with a bewildered look.

"Yes! Bea trod on it as she came in. It is fortunate she is so light."

"Ah! my fraulein, it is not a good omen!" cried the little German governess.

"Oh! we must not talk of omens! How did Bea behave at the dentist's Helen?"

"Like a little heroine," cried Mrs. L'Estrange, proudly, "and she has chosen a proportionate reward—a monstrous Noah's ark, with the most accurately correct animals ever made out of wood, and fur, and papier-mache. But, Nora, were you wise to go out?"

"Yes, quite. My head ached fearfully, now it is better."

"It may be; but you look wretched." I do not know what Mr. Marsden will say to me when he comes back. I wish you would read his letter. I am anxious to hear what Lady Dorrington says."

"Nothing very pleasant, I fear," said Nora, with a sigh.

"Why couldn't Mr. Winton come this afternoon?"

"Oh! he was obliged to go somewhere else. I imagine he is going away to see his uncle to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

CHAMPION SWEARER.

He Was Cured of the Habit by a Simple Stratagem.

Among the outre characters of Ayr more than 100 years ago there was none so remarkable as a little oldish man who was ordinarily called the "evil Almighty." He had acquired this terrific sobriquet from an inveterate habit of swearing, or rather from that phrase being his favorite oath. He was no ordinary swearer, no mincer of dreadful words, no clipper of the King's curses. Being a man of violent passions, he had a habit when provoked of shutting his eyes and launching headlong into a torrent of blasphemy, such as might, if properly divided, have set up a whole troop of modern swearers.

The custom of shutting his eyes seemed to be adopted by him as a sort of salve to his conscience. He seemed to think that provided he did not "sin with his eyes open" he did not sin at all; or it was perhaps nothing but a habit. Whatever might be the cause or purpose of the habit it was once made the means of playing off upon him a most admirable hoax. Being one evening in a tavern along with two neighboring country gentlemen he was, according to a concerted plan, played upon and irritated. Of course he soon shut his eyes, and commenced his usual tirade of execration and blasphemy. As soon as he was fairly afloat and his eyes were observed to be hard shut his companions put out the candles, so as to involve the room in utter darkness.

In the course of a quarter of an hour, which was the common duration of his paroxysms, he ceased to speak, and opened his eyes, when what was his amazement to find himself in the dark. "How now? Am I blind?" "Blind," exclaimed one of the company; "what should make you blind?" "Why, I can see nothing," answered the sinner. "That is your own fault," coolly observed his friend; "for my part I can see well enough," and he drank a toast as if nothing had happened. This convinced the blasphemer that he had lost his sight, and to add to his horror it struck him that Providence had inflicted the blow as a punishment for his intolerable wickedness. Under this impression he began to rave and cry, and he finally fell into praying, uttering such expressions as made his two companions ready to burst with retrained laughter.

When they thought they had punished him sufficiently, and began to fear lest his mind be affected if they continued the joke any longer, one of them went to the door and admitted the light. The old blasphemer was overwhelmed with shame at the exhibition he had been compelled to make, which had such an effect that from that time forward he entirely abandoned his abominable habit.—Kilmarnock Standard.

It is said that good musicians execute their music, while bad ones murder it.

—The summit of Mount Vesuvius can now be reached by a cable railway.

—Dr. Louis Pasteur has refused, on patriotic grounds, a German decoration tendered him in recognition of his discoveries in the line of curing hydrophobia by inoculation.

—The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator.

—The newest puncture-proof band for use on bicycles is made of strips of whalebone inserted between the air-tube and the outer cover.

—If the earth's surface were level the water of the ocean would cover it o a depth of 600 feet.

—Epidemics of typhoid fever have lately been traced in Calcutta and Bombay, Ind., to the use of watercress which grew in soil polluted by sewerage.

—The saying "Help me to salt, help me to sorrow," is common among the Highlanders, and the majority of them always decline the article with a wave of the hand.

—Through the largest telescopes about 50,000,000 stars are seen, and there is every reason to believe that millions more exist.

—The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's but over two thirds of the centenarians are women.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Comfort."

TEXT: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Revelation vii., 17.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on parsied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no death? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredient—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for 100,000,000 years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expensive, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it.

"If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!"

There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a [illegible] in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting there, he is frenzied with grief and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditor's, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 10 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hossack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelations? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in sent blank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. On the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said, "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. The tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

—A man in Sedalia, Mo., is called "the human incubator." He has made a wager to hatch a guinea egg by carrying it in his pocket.

—British bicycle makers find it difficult to get sufficient steel tubing, as the American makers early this season and got about all there was in sight.

—Zinc can now be refined by electrolysis.

—The oldest known plant used for food is asparagus.

—Paris has a fat men's club, membership in which is acquired by tipping the beam at 100 kilogrammes, or 220 pounds.

SORTIN' THE MAIL.

I've ben sortin' ther mail at Jonesville fer
goin' on fifteen year,
An' know er-bout what's comin' 'fore they
throws ther sak off here;
Hev seen ther same handwritin' on ther
letters, big an' small,
Till I kind uv feel familiar like an' friendly
with 'em all.
Lord bless ye, yes, it seems jest like
they's speakin' out ter me,
A-givin' up the kindest words 'at's not for
me ter see,
An' I get ter feeling' restless, it seems so
long ter wait
'Fore ther mail train comes er-whistlin
as ther clock is strikin' eight.

Then ther neighbors come a-hurrying' in,
for fear they may be late;
Most on 'em ain't spectin', but they like
ter stan' an' wait,
Jest ter see ther ones 'at's lucky get er
letter once't er week.
Maybe watch 'em tear it open an' then
bolder take a peek.
Widder Tomkins stan's er-lookin' till they
drop out one by one,
Like she has ter my bes' knowledge for
ther past five years an' gone;
When she says at last so wistful: "Is
ther anythin' frum Ned?"
Blest if I kin get er word out, so I on'y
shake my head.

Yer see her "Ned" was reckless like an'
run er-way ter sea,
Wus jest ther likeliest lad in town an'
han'some ez could be.
That's five years back, an' every night
ther widder without fail
Comes er long ez patient like, with every
evenin' mail.
"The Lord 'ill send it some time," was
what she often said,
But when she asks, night after night, I
on'y shake my head.
I somehow think like she does 'at her
letter's sure ter come,
But's ben so long time on ther way my
faith is dwindlin' some.

Polly Perkins "jest drops in" when at
ther rest her went,
Then blushes to herself an' me, pretending
in' she was sent
Ter buy some rashers uv bacon ir er half
er-dozen eggs,
If she ketches er glimpse uv er letter,
why then she fairly begs.
Her feller's in ther city, an' 's doin' first-
rate, they say,
So we're a-spectin' purty soon ter hev
him name ther day.
Jonesville's sort uv dull like, but yer hit
it on ther nail
If yer say it's mighty interestin' er sortin'
out ther mail.

—Chicago Record.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

MR. SHELDON was the principal merchant in the important manufacturing town of Tormont. He piqued himself on his wealth but he piqued himself more on the fact that he had made it all himself, and he piqued himself still more because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said one day to his favorite clerk. "Sharp, is the motto, if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat; that, of course, is both wrong and ungentlemanly." (Mr. Sheldon piqued himself, also, on being what he called "a gentleman," and above all little meannesses). "But always be wide awake, and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by the by, that you've seemed rather down-hearted lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair; but follow my advice. An opening will come at some time for something better than a clerkship, and though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told that he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon; "but it's not exactly that. I suppose I shall get along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know;" and he did, so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and——"

"In love?" exclaimed the rich merchant. "In love, and with only a clerk's salary to marry on. It will never do—never do, Harry. Marriage for one like you is fastening a heavy millstone round your neck, unless, indeed," and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him—"unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is a wealthy man. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "Gad! if I was her lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old curmudgeon in that way;" and he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he could achieve. "'Pon my soul, I would. I never, as I told you, let anybody take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. How I would like to see the stingy old bulks rave and stump about on his gouty toes—for he must be gouty—when he heard of your elopement."

And he laughed till his portly sides shook at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides," with a confidential wink, "I think I know your man. It's that skinflint, Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty minx, though she is his child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her at our party the other night, and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railway shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it somehow. I'll tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be known in the affair; but I'll give you a leave of absence for a month, and a check for fifty pounds to pay for your wedding trip, if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Egad! won't the old rascal howl when he hears how we've done him?"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows:

Dear Sir: I have, with much difficulty persuaded her to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father; and she hopes you will stand by us. We shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up.

Very thankfully,
HARRY CONRAD.

The old gentleman brought the note to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again.

"I'd give a ten pound note," he said chuckling, "to see the old fellow's face when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by over-indulgence was generally late.

But this morning Mattie was later than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign as well as the home news, and even reperused Harry's note again, and still she had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now this is really too bad John," he cried, addressing the man servant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her," with a severe air, "I am tired of waiting."

John came back in about five minutes looking very much flustered.

"If you please, sir," he stammered "Miss Sheldon is not in her room, and the maid says, she says, that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell.

If there was one thing he loved better than money, better even than life itself it was his motherless child. What had become of his darling? What awful tragedy was about to be revealed to him? Had she gone out for a walk the evening before and stumbled into the river? No; he remembered parting with her at 10 o'clock. Had she been looking from the window of her room and fallen out?

He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see, beholding, in imagination her mangled and lifeless form. But he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door with a telegram.

"A telegram?" cried the merchant, unfolding it with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:

Dear Father—Harry and I were married at 8 o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing. MATTIE.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath "The impudent, disobe——"

But here he stopped—stopped and mopped his bald head, which, in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered in time that both the butler and footman would overhear him. He remembered also that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that if the story got wind he would be the laughing stock of the town, including, hardest cut of all, Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child and that she was all in all to him. So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back:

You may come home, and the soonest the better, so as to keep the fifty pounds for pin money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk, and that to-day I take him into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you.

H. SHELDON.

The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—Hours at Home.

Precise in Prayer.

Barlow asserted (writes Henry A. Beers, in "The Ways of Yale") that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance."

Whales Are Profitable Catches.

The profit from a single whale that is captured is very large. One about fifty-nine feet long weighs 140,000 pounds and will give 60,000 pounds of blubber—from which 48,000 pounds of train oil can be made—and 3,000 pounds of whalebone.

A Waste of Power.

"It's a great pity to let it go to waste," said the telephone girl. "What?" "The language that goes over this wire. You can run an electric light with it."—Washington Star.

Plenty of Room.

Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000, but economists declare it could support a hundred million with ease. As a means of showing how far the world is from being overpopulated they assert that the entire population of the United States could live comfortably in the single State of Texas.

EGGS ARE A BIG ITEM.

World Owes a Large Debt to the Modest but Industrious Hen.

The magnitude of the egg product of the United States is vaguely understood by those not directly in the trade. The leading cities of the country consumed 300,000,000 dozens last year. Laying them end to end, they would form a line 170,454 miles long. In other words, they would stretch around the world over seven times, and would go around it once forming a band fourteen inches wide. The product handled for daily consumption last year, at an average price of 17 cents a dozen, makes a total of over $100,000,