Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"I am no sensitive young girl, Lad Dorrington," she said at length, with a kind of slow bitterness, "to shrink from expressing my feelings, and I think you will admit that your brother has deceived me, basely, treacherously. He had no doubt found it convenient to lead his creditors to believe that he was on the point of marriage with a rich widow, and so gain time for the settlement of his affairs For this he did not hesitate to make me an object of remark to all the company at his house when I was his guest."

"I am not surprised at anything you say," cried Lady Dorrington, greatly distressed and even alarmed at the suppressed, concentrated fury which she perceived under Mrs. Ruthven's carefully preserved self-control. "I am infinitely ashamed of Clifford; but, indeed, he is in every way incapable of making the use you suggest of his position with you. He is the merest slave of his whims and fancy. He was, I know, greatly taken with you; and then all that horrid business of the robbery kept you apart, and he fell in with Nora—and—oh! it is all beyond my comprehension! It makes me perfectly ill when I think of Clifford's unutterable folly. I had, indeed, hoped to call you my sister."

"I think you are honest, and alive to the advantages that marriage with me offers I shall always consider you my friend As to your brother, I have made up my mind how to act. He will find I am not to be trifled with; but I must gather a little more strength before I can deal with the matter."

"Surely, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, no legal redress could possibly atone for the wrong done?" said Lady Dorrington, in uncertain accents, very different from her usual decided tone, so appalled was she by the prospect of the commonplace vulgarity of an action in court.

"Are you afraid of a breach of promise trial?" was her guest's counter-question accompanied by a mocking, contemptuous laugh. "That would be a very weak and inefficient payment of the debt I owe Mr. Marsden—but I will not allow myself to speak more on the subject. It must be most painful to you; it is too much for me I can write no more to-day. May I trust to your kindness to send for Sir Harley Portman? And will you be so good as to ask Virginie to bring me my medicine? I must rest and be quite quiet now."

Lady Dorrington felt herself dismissed If she had gone to Mrs. Ruthven in an anxious, angry frame of mind, she left her with a sense of danger and trouble intensified tenfold. The change in Mrs. Ruthven's manner from its ordinary caressing softness to the abrupt decision of one who knew her power and would use it, seemed to take the ground of superior position and higher breeding from under the elder woman's feet. Mrs. Ruthven was, indeed, not to be trifled with. The vagueness of her threats made Lady Dorrington still more uneasy. Did she know of any crooked corners in Clifford's conduct which would brand him with disgrace were they known and blazoned abroad If so, how merciless she would be. "I wish I never had had anything to do with her," thought Lady Dorrington, as she sank down in the refuge of her own morning room. "It is useless to try and help Clifford. He is hopeless. But I think I must send him a line of warning. I am really afraid of that woman. I shall never care to be with her again. She was naturally angry, and I do not wonder at it but there was a murderous look in her eyes. I do believe she has a large share of Eastern blood! How unprincipled it was of Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora to attract Clifford! They are quite aware that I am most anxious he should marry Mrs Ruthven! quite; yet they set themselves against me; and I have been so fond of Nora, and so kind to her too."

Here her reflections became chaotic Though of the strong-minded order of women, Lady Dorrington had both family pride and family affection in abundance The idea of open scandal or disgrace attacking her brother was intolerable and her anxiety to shield him was put on white lessened by her indignation and wrath with his inconsiderate folly!

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Clifford Marsden meantime sped Londonward, well content with the result of his visit. He had put matters in train there was no room now for Lady Dorrington to say that he had kept her in the dark about so important a matter as his marriage, and she would no doubt impart the knowledge to Mrs. Ruthven. They would have ample opportunity to abuse him together, and by the time they all met again the worst would have blown over.

He arrived in town late and resolved not to disturb Nora and Mrs. L'Estrange at that hour. Next morning would do He had a deep, though unacknowledged conviction that he must be careful and cautious in his conduct to Nora.

Yet, in spite of his love, there were moments when a kind of lurid revelation flashed across him that, if he could not succeed in warming her coldness into something akin to his own fire, the day might come when he would hate her with a deadly hatred, ay, and revenge himself cruelly on her, if she persisted in her maddening indifference. He could scarce endure the torture it gave him, when she shrunk from the caresses with which he would fain have loaded her, and his longing for the reciprocity of natural, unforced tenderness, was painfully intense.

However, absence always made him more hopeful. He had not seen Nora for three days, and who could tell what change that interval might have wrought in the incomprehensible heart of a young girl?

The post brought him a large number of letters, most of which needed notice, and before Marsden had finished the briefest replies he was informed that a gentleman wished to see him. This proved to be a clerk from the office of Messrs. Cookson & Dunn, his solicitors, who was the bearer of a letter announcing that a fresh tenant for Evesleigh had offered better terms and it was desirable that the question should be discussed without loss of time.

Finally it was past midday before Marsden could present himself at S—— street.

Nora was looking, he thought, well, and very handsome. She had more color than usual, and her manner was less tranquilly composed. She seemed disturbed by his presence, and was red and white alternately. But her welcoming smile was as sweet as ever, and Marsden tasted some moments of intoxicating delight fancying that the icy indifference he so much dreaded was at last melting away before the passionate ardor of his advances.

"I am glad to see you looking better, Nora," he said, taking his accustomed place beside her work table. Work was her great resource—such a blessed occupation for eyes and hands.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. L'Estrange, "I assure you I was quite nervous about her the night before last; she had a sore throat and looked ghastly; she is much brighter to-day."

"And Lady Dorrington?" asked Nora "How is she? And did you—did you tell her?" coloring crimson.

"I did," said Marsden, smiling. "Murder will out!"

"Was she very angry?" persisted Nora eagerly. "I am sure she is displeased."

"She wishes you had more money; that's all, I think."

"There is a great deal more, I imagine Clifford; she is angry with me. I know what her plans were, and it makes me uncomfortable to feel that I have been the cause of their defeat. I am really fond of Lady Dorrington."

"And you naturally object to be converted into an instrument of torture?" said Marsden, lightly. "She is mistaken, however; she would never have succeeded in marrying me to her mind, even if I had not met a certain witch of a kinswoman. Why, Nora, you must not look dismayed. When you have been Isabel's sister-in-law for a year or two she will think me the luckiest fellow going, especially when she sees the reformation you will work in me."

"I share Nora's feeling that your only near relative's objection to your marriage is peculiarly unfortunate; perhaps it might be as well to postpone——"

"Gr—eat heavens! No!" interrupted Marsden, energetically. "You know I have agreed to put off the wedding till after the 15th of February, and that is an age—nearly two months off."

"Barely enough time to make due preparations," said Mrs. L'Estrange, laughing.

"Preparations! Why, very few are necessary. Nora and I are old friends and don't want to astonish each other with finery," urged Marsden.

Nora laughed and tried to rouse herself "I am very fond of pretty things, I am sure you," she said.

"And is there any reason that the power of choice or purchase should leave you when Nora L'Estrange becomes Nora Marsden?"

"And Mrs. Ruthven is really getting better?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Really and truly this time—recovering sufficiently to dabble in business, which her soul loves. I was amazed this morning by a summons from my lawyer, which delayed my appearance here, and on reaching the office I found it was an offer from Mrs. Ruthven to rent Evesleigh for five years at a higher rent than any yet proposed. Fortunately I had not absolutely come to terms with the man who has been nibbling at it for some time, so I determined to give the fair widow the preference."

"It is curious her wishing to live at Evesleigh, when she wanted to fly from it after that dreadful robbery," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "I suppose these jewels will never be found, nor the robber."

"Not after this lapse of time, I fancy," returned Marsden, lightly. "I should think the thief is tolerably safe."

"I forgot to tell you that Mr. Winton passed through town while you were away," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "He seems disposed to return to India before his holiday is half over. He has gone down to see his uncle, Giles Winton, before he goes."

"Ah! Mark Winton is a capital fellow in spite of his solemnity. You did not make yourself agreeable enough to him, Mrs. L'Estrange, or he would not be in such a hurry to run away," and Marden threw an expressive glance at Nora as he spoke, which sent an icy, painful dart through her heart. What had not this fatal impression of Marsden's cost her? "That is the uncle who brought him up with his own son, is it not?" continued Marsden.

"Yes," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "The son is dead," she sighed.

"I did not know that. Then Winton is the old man's heir?"

"I believe so." Mrs. L'Estrange rose and closed her writing-book. "You will, I am sure, excuse me, as I promised——"

"Pray do not apologize," cried Marsden, gleefully.

"Is it not very fine to-day?" exclaimed Nora. "Do you know, Clifford, I should enjoy a drive so much."

"Would you? Well, I will go and find a conveyance, and a tolerable pair of horses; you shall drive to your heart's content."

"And you, Helen?"

"My dear, you know I am engaged," and with a smile and nod of the head Mrs. L'Estrange left them together.

"And you are glad to see me back Nora, as glad as the last time I returned?" said Marsden, taking her hand and kissing it repeatedly.

"Yes! Oh, yes! only I feel nervous, uneasy, not a bit like myself. I am distressed about Lady Dorrington. I scarcely can say what I fear. But I feel I want air and motion."

"Very well, we shall have a nice drive I shall be back in about three-quarters of an hour. You will be ready?"

"Quite ready!" Still Marsden lingered "Look at me, Nora," he said, softly. "You have not given me a kiss to-day."

"Do not ask me," exclaimed Nora. "I cannot, not now." She half turned from him, but held out her hand.

He kissed it again, murmuring: "As you will darling!" and went away not displeased; he fancied she must be waking from the unconsciousness that chilled him.

These were terrible days and nights to Nora L'Estrange. Her heart knew no rest from gnawing regret for the miserable misunderstanding which had wrecked her life, and the torturing doubt as to what was best and right to do. She was the source of sorrow to the man she loved most truly, she was deceiving the lover whom she sincerely liked, and, Winton out of the way, might have loved. Then, although she had been mistaken as regarded Mark Winton's feelings, it did not follow that her ideas respecting Mrs. L'Estrange were also wrong; perhaps in his disappointment Winton might turn to her. If so, Nora felt she ought to be pleased, but she was not by any means pleased with the idea; on the contrary, it was very bitter. Then what was the right course to take with Marsden? Poor fellow, he was so fond of her. How could she break with him, and break his heart? And suppose she had the hardihood to tell Marsden the truth, how would it sound to say, "Despairing of Mark Winton, I promised to be your wife; now I find he is willing to take me, I wish to break my word to you." Such was the simple fact. No! She never, never could make such an avowal. It were best she should bear the penalty of her own weakness in having too readily yielded to persuasion, to her overeager desire to throw off the pain and shame of caring for a man who preferred another. Besides, what would Winton himself think if, after telling him she was to marry Marsden, she declared herself free? Probably that she was a heartless jilt.

No, there was but one way for her to walk in; she must lock up her secret and her sufferings in her own heart; leave Winton to conquer his fancy for herself, which a strong, sensible man, as he was, no doubt soon would; forget him quickly if possible; marry Marsden and love him, or seem to love him, and do everything for him in the spirit of affection till love came. Oh! would it come? And if it did, would she not be a traitor to her true, first love? Destiny was too potent for her; she could only conquer by bearing her fate!

Meantime, Lady Dorrington made no sign. The society papers announced that Mrs. Ruthven had sufficiently recovered to remove to Torquay, where she had taken Lord G——'s beautiful villa, and added a hint that "as we asserted some time since, there was no truth in the report that she was about to contract an alliance with a certain squire of high degree in the Midlands, whose brilliant success as a sportsman, yachtman and man of the world, could not insure that other and greater success which, no doubt, was dearest to him of all."

Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora both watched with uneasiness for some token of amity from Lady Dorrington, and the seeming estrangement of his only sister greatly increased Nora's reluctance to become Marsden's wife.

Nothing, however, can put the drag on time's chariot wheels; the days went by swiftly yet heavily. Nora was surprised how few opportunities she found for being alone with Mrs. L'Estrange. She longed to ascertain what ties had existed between Mark Winton and her stepmother. Yet she never had a chance for leading up to that subject. It was one respecting which she could not ask a simple, straight-forward question, and she never was long enough alone with Mrs. L'Estrange to approach the topic with masked batteries.

Marsden was constantly with them, always charming, obliging, sympathetic, and it needed all Nora's tact and ingenuity to avoid the frequent tete-a-tete interviews he was perpetually contriving, to escape his caresses, from which she shrunk with a sort of dread she was herself ashamed of.

Sometimes she could not conceal this shrinking from him, and it filled him with an angry despair, that called forth her deepest remorse, and obliged her to atone so amply, that Marsden was once more joyous and hopeful.

"If you knew all you have cost me!" he would sometimes cry, "all I have risked for you, you would not cut me to the soul, with this accursed cold prudery! Not that I would hesitate to pay any price that would make you mine; but I sometimes doubt you have any heart to give."

Then Nora would tremble, and assure him how dear his happiness was to her, and take his hand in hers, and stroke it with gentle kindness, and Marsden would become reasonable once more.

For Bea, this was a heavenly interval of treats and toys, the circus and the panorama. Indeed, as at the harvest of the sugar-cane, all came in for a share of sunshine and good things, and at times Nora wondered at her own insensibility and ingratitude.

(To be continued.)

Terror of the Steam Cars.

The traveling female who rushes into confidence, is no sooner seated by you in the train than she begins to give you a full and detailed account of herself, her family, husband, children, servants, physician, minister, and milliner. She is also much given to collaring the conductor and asking him a string of questions in a breath. She is a great trial. Her first attack begins something like this:

"Please put up this window. No never mind; I am afraid I will take cold. Yes, I guess you might as well put it up. Well, I declare, I did not think it was so cold; please put it down Would you mind changing seats with me? It makes me sick to ride backward. I am going out to Ohio to see my sister Maria. She is married and has twins and a trifling husband. One of the twins is named for me and the other, well, I declare, if I haven't clean forgot who that other twin is named for. Let me see, it begins with M. It is not Madge, or Maud, or Miriam, or Maria, or Margaret. Why, it is Maria, I do believe. Of course, it is Maria. That is the mother's name, and maybe she is named for her mother. It's a horrid name, and I hate it. Oh, I recollect now; it is not Maria at all. It is Susan. How stupid of me not to remember the dear little thing's name. Well, as I was saying, I am going out to Ohio. Do you know how far Ohio is from here? It is near the Ohio River, I think. Zanesville or some other name like that is the place where I get off. I shall be so glad when I get home. Wonder what they are all doing at home. I am crazy to get back, and I have been worrying all day for fear Joe, he is my husband, will take off his flannels just as soon as my back is turned, and——" Here you make a bolt and get the conductor to give you another seat.—Washington Post.

Goodness has slowly proved itself in the world—is every day proving itself—like a light broadening in darkness.

—A Manistique (Mich.) poultry fancier hopes to raise a brood of chickens that won't scratch by crossing a short legged creeper with a longlegged Shanghai, the offspring having one short and one long leg.

One of the smallest men in Maine and doubtless in the country, is John H. Robbins, of Belfast, a native of Deer Isle. He is thirty-one years old, is thirty six inches high, and weighs thirty seven pounds and six ounces.

—It is proposed to do away with the smoke nuisance in Pittsburg, Penn., by erecting a mammoth electric plant outside the city.

—A fire was recently started in a Boston store by allowing an incandescent lamp to remain for a few minutes on a pile of cotton cloth in the packing room.

—The late John Thomas Talbot, an old and wealthy citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, was the owner of a pocket knife which General Washington gave his father.

—Schiegel, who lectured in Latin at the age of seventy-two, had a peculiar stimulant. He always had his snuffbox in his hand when lecturing, as, without it, he fancied he could not get on.

—The dome of the Palais de Justice in Brussels, Belgium, is made of papier mache and weighs sixteen tons.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

English gentlemen are now using stays in their trousers.

Chime whistles are now in use on some transatlantic steamers.

Soap bubbles will freeze when the thermometer falls to 140 degrees below zero.

A Bank of England note is payable on demand after the lapse of any number of years.

The small steel screws used in watch making are worth six times their weight in gold.

A French railroad company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of every locomotive.

Bird lime may be prepared from the berries of the mistletoe, from the young shoots of the elder, and from the cellular portions of other plants.

The apricot crop in California is comparatively short this season. Pomona County will produce only about 750 tons, as against 2,800 tons last year.

George Lucas, of Henryville, Ky., recently paid a year's subscription to Editor Dailey of the Jeffersonville News by one rattlesnake, which the editor values at $5.

In Australia, though it is a part of the British empire, a man can "get rid" of his wife if she is twice caught drunk. If that becomes generally known Australia will prosper as never before.

One of the ornaments of the handsome lawn of Captain Obed Baker, who died at West Dennis, is a large elm, grown from a twig plucked by the captain from Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.

In England there is one divorce to 577 marriages, in France one to eighty-seven marriages, and in the city of Paris one to thirteen marriages. Paris seems to be determined to maintain its rank as a fast city.

A lady of Neuhaldensleben, Germany, who died last month, has bequeathed the sum of 5,000 marks to a subaltern officer who, during the battle of Marsla-Tour, twenty-five years ago, carried her wounded brother from the field.

Lately forty horses were started in a long-distance race at Warsaw, in Austrian Poland. Thirty-six of the poor beasts came to a finish by death, and the other four are in an exceedingly sorry condition. The cruel sportsmen will be prosecuted.

Parisian makers can produce fans at ½ francs per gross, or 3 centimes, about a third of a penny each. The Chines paper fans, however, are sent over from Canton at the price of nine francs the 1,000, that is 1.30 francs the gross, or a penny the dozen.

After the death of a "pauper" in Silesia it was found that he had been the owner of 8,000 marks ($2,000) in cash, 85 pairs of pants, 100 shirts (nearly all new), 35 undershirts, 89 coats, 23 pairs of socks and 52 hats and caps. No soap.

On Pentecost day, at Brunn, Austria, a journeyman baker and his sweetheart found death together in the waters of the Schwarzawa, having sought it because they were too poor to marry. Quite lately a lottery ticket owned by the drowned man drew a prize of 20,000 gulden ($10,000).

The old Abbott house, which is to be sold at auction, is the oldest house in Providence, and the only one left standing after the burning of the town by the Indians in 1676. It was the town's first inn. Notwithstanding its great age, it is sound, well preserved and an interesting relic.

The production of pig iron in 1881 in Russia amounted to 492,050 tons, and in 1893 to 1,278,350 tons. This industry has especially developed in southern Russia, where the works, situated near the rich mineral deposits of Krivorog, are abundantly supplied with combustible material.

France's great military post at Biserta, on the Tunis coast, has been formally declared open. By connecting the great lagoon with the sea by an artificial channel a harbor has been obtained large enough to hold the whole French fleet, and as safe as if it were in an artificial basin in the center of France.

The touch of the hand upon the head seems to have a directing power over the thoughts which one would formerly have been inclined to deny, but such experiments as those of Tesla and Crookes with electric currents of very high tension give a visible illustration of phenomena previously unknown and seemingly incredible.

It is not an unusual thing at all for people to have their toes partly joined together. The case of one family is recorded whose second and third fingers were webbed together except the fourth. For generations this malformation had run through the family, but so far as the feet were concerned the members seemed no worse off than their neighbors.

Three months ago a servant woman at Pilsen, Austria, drowned her 2-year-old baby. During her incarceration she confessed to having previously killed a 4-year-old child, both because "they wept for hunger and cried for bread." The murderess was condemned to death, but the emperor has commuted the sentence to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Twenty miles is the average walk of an English clergyman during the morning. Lunch is succeeded by a stroll of eight or ten miles. His parish covers an enormous area and 180 miles a week is almost routine work with this wonderful walker. On Sundays he has only alternate afternoons to himself and usually takes a 16-mile stroll by way of recreation. He is 67.

American students have long been admitted to the higher courses of instruction in French institutions of learning. They are not, however, allowed to receive an advanced degree unless they have previously obtained a French bachelor's degree. A movement is now under way to admit to the higher degrees graduates of American universities of high standing.

French and Belgian carrier pigeons were recently set free from a steamer saving St. Nazaire. The first batch, released seventy-five miles from land, though the weather was hazy, did not circle around the ship, but made for the shore at once; so did those released at 150 and 225 miles. Enough returned safely to their homes to leave no doubt about the feasibility of using them as messengers from the sea.

In the large cities the collecting of cigar stumps has long ago developed into an industry, the stumps being converted into "smoking tobacco." Indeed in several European countries the tobacco and cigar trade is a government monopoly; so also in Belgium, and it is said that the Belgian authorities are now trying to decide whether or not the cigar stump business should be suppressed—because it competes with the monopoly.

Murderers are sometimes unconsciously humorous as well as forgetful Isaiah Gauthler, a Montreal man, was both. He and his sweetheart having agreed to die together the former took his revolver, loaded with six charges and began to carry out the agreement by shooting at his betrothed. But he forgot to count the number of shots he fired before he was aware the last cartridge was exploded. When arrested he explained things to the police and pathetically remarked: "Therefore I live."

Experiments in welding metallic bodies by simple pressure at heats below their fusing points, made by the Royal Society of Belgium, show that the most perfect joints are obtained with gold lead and tin, and the worst with bismuth and antimony. Cylinders of extremely pure metal with smooth surfaces were brought together by a hand screw and kept at a constant temperature between 200 and 400 degrees for from three to twelve hours. When separated the break did not coincide with the joined surfaces. Platinum was softened and welded at a temperature 1,000 degrees below its point of fusion

He Sold Snakes.

A negro with a small box under his arm stopped on the curbstone at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets yesterday morning and shouted: "Len' me yo' ears fo' five minutes, gemmen, an' I'll not disappoint yo'." Two or three small boys stopped, and a drunken man staggered up uncertainly and watched the negro through half-closed eyes. The colored man opened the box, and the inebriate saw him reach down into it. The man with the jag was scared almost to death the next moment, when he withdrew his arm encircled by a blue snake, with livid red eyes, and a tongue of darting flame. With a shriek like a lost soul the drunken gentleman fled up the street and disappeared. A large crowd gathered in the meantime, and what they saw was simply a brawny colored man exhibiting a common spotted pine snake. "Come up an' look at 'im, gemmen," he was saying. "He kain't do yo' no hurt, an' he's sholy de bes' fly-catchah yo' kin git fo' de money. Dollah an' a half, gemmen. Only one o' dem left. Had five dis mawnin', an I done sol' dem off lak hot cakes." Nobody seemed disposed to buy, however, and at this point Reserve Officer Copeland came up and made the snake dealer move on.—Philadelphia Record.

Australian Tariff Changes.

United States Consul General Marata, at Melbourne, has transmitted to the Department of State a list of a number of alterations proposed to be made in the tariff of Victoria, as the result of the work of a special board, the findings of which were revised by the Government. The subject is now before the Parliament of the colony. Among the more important changes made in the schedules are the following: Horses, free, formerly £2 10s per head; wool apparel, 45 per cent., formerly 50 per cent.; india rubber and cotton belting, 20 per cent., formerly free; blankets, 15 per cent., formerly free; carriages, £8, formerly £10; bicycles, 10 per cent., formerly 23 per cent.; portable engines, 15 per cent., formerly 25 per cent.; agricultural implements, 15 per cent., formerly 20; manufactures of metal, 30 per cent., formerly 35; machine tools, 20 per cent., formerly 35; pitch, 23 per cent., formerly free; spirits, 13 shillings per gallon formerly 15 shillings; watches, 15 per cent., formerly 20.

Care in Buying Shoes.

"Great care should be taken in buying shoes," said a well-known dealer to a Rochester Post-Express reporter. "Especially is this so in the cheaper grades. There is a large factory in Maine which turns out a compressed paste that is extensively used in the manufacture of shoes. Large quantities of them are shipped to other countries, but some are sold even in this city. Leather is high and it is not to be expected that the feet can be clothed at slight expense. For this reason, the compressed paste shoe has gained in favor. People, when buying it, think they are getting the leather shoe, whereas it is simply a bogus. This class of shoe wears very well if kept dry, but after a good soaking, or twice wearing in the rain, it will tear and is of little use thereafter. It is always better to pay a little more and get a good article upon which you can depend for service."

American Flour for the Japs.

The Japanese Government has ordered 15,000 tons of flour from a commission house in Tacoma, Wash.

An American Girl's Success.

Some years ago, when Camilla Urso was in the flush of her professional career, a little girl, after hearing her play, thought, "One woman has mastered the violin, why should not not another?" This girl was Maud Powell, an American artist, whose name is famous in both hemispheres. Twice a week, while not yet in her teens, she traveled alone forty miles to Chicago and back to take her lessons, and at 13 had made such progress that her parents decided to send her abroad for a year of study. When she appeared for examination before the staid old professors in the conservatory at Leipsic, her talent was so pronounced that all took an unwonted interest in her. When the year was over Miss Powell decided to go to Paris for one year more of study.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The pictures in a rogues' gallery are not all steel engravings.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections That Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

From the Garden of Eden.

Adam—I have got to go out for a while to-night, Eve, and if I find that snake hanging around when I come back I'll get a divorce.

Eve—There's one thing you can't do Adam.

Adam—What's that?

Eve—You can't send me back to my mother.—Brooklyn Life.

Wrong in the Right Way.

Roddster—I say, old fellow, can you lend us a pair of scales for a few days?

Married Chum—We have a pair, but sorry to say they are out of order. They weigh heavy.

Roddster (excitedly)—The very thing We're going fishing.—Boston Courier.

Notes by Our Own Explorer.

A picnic in Mashonaland.
—Pick-Me-Up.

Never Say Die.

"In speaking of the singular number of the word dice, what is correct?" asked Spuilding.

"Die," replied McSwilligen.

"That can't be. A noted writer, you will remember, says 'Never say die.'"
—Exchange.

Misunderstood.

"Will you love me when I'm gone?" asked Mr. Linger Longer of his sweetheart.

"If you'll go soon," replied the faithful girl, with a yawn.—Exchange.

Of Course.

Teacher—Who was president of the first French republic?

Scholar—Napoleon.

Teacher—And who was his wife?

The Class (vociferously)—Trilby.—Exchange.

A Matter of Convenience.

Penelope—Well, Jack will always be able to take care of me, anyway.

Perdita—I have heard that he is a great spendthrift—why are you so sure?

Penelope—Papa is going to leave all my money in trust for my use, dear.—Truth.

Yes, Indeed.

"You will notice that I have you on the string," said the boy to the kite.

"Yes," answered the kite. "And that's what makes me soar."—Indianapolis Journal.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Madeline—Never let yer face darken me door again, Clarence. Ye sent me that ugly comic valentine.

Clarence—How do you know I did?

Madeline—It smelled like burnt rags and rubber an' you're the only gent I knows what smokes cigaroots.—Truth.

A Blessing.

Blevins—People grow wiser as they grow older.

Bostick—That's a blessing. There would be no living with them if they were wise from the start.—Truth.

Denial.

"Villain!" she hissed. "Deep-dyed villain!"

The tattooed man looked hurt.

"Indeed, ma'am," said he. "I hasten to assure you that it is only skin deep."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Never Touched Him.

—New York World.

Envious.

Bagley—Swells on the other side live in castles.

Brace—What a cinch on bill collectors!—New York World.

A Grotesque Definition.

Teacher—With a monosyllable you have only to open your mouth once now, Adolphus, name a few monosyllables.

Boy—Small potatoes.—Exchange.

Modified.

Aged Hamlet—Yes, sir, I had the proud distinction of playing Hamlet before Queen Victoria——

Voice (from next room)—Oh, the beautiful fibber.

Hamlet—Was married.

Voice (apologetically)—Excuse me.—New York World.

Morning Conversation.

"I'm glad you came," said the mosquito; "I have been nearly worked to death."

"Well, you can get a good rest now," answered the fly. "I'll take care of him till he gets ready to get up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Truth is as simple as a child, and at the same time as strong as a giant.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Chieftain."

TEXT: "The chiefest among ten thousand."—Canticles v., 10.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamond with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means that after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up those three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "the Chieftain," and so to-day I hail Him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homilectics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism; of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put in the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror, we are going to draw our similies from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to the young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt, sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony, Brightest hope for grimmest death, Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest, and the worst may wear, "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying, "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God, You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His Grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our decease. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the great conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, over and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery rattlines and broken on the halliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and rocking eprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, shuts through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the wilderness far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let this talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say