Editor and Proprietor.

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oment life was to her like one of those

wretched dreams, where the dreamer, all

burning to attain some joy almost with-in touch, is kept back by impapable bar-

riers, vague obstacles, gossamer to the

eye, impregnable to the starving spirit.

It was, she told herself, useless, un

maidenly, to grieve so about a man who

was evidently resolved not to renew his

proposal to her. She had begged to join Bea and her governesss in their early

She talked kindly and cheerfully in

German to the little fraulein about her

home and her people, every now and then

falling into silence and bitter thought,

and then with the restlessness of pain,

she wanted to go home and read, a tough book of some kind would draw her out of

herself. She complained of fatigue, and

Nora went listlessly upstairs, opened

the drawing-room door and stopped for a

ney-place. She instinctively turned her

with sable, and a pretty cap of the same

"Where is Ben?" asked Mrs. L'Es

"I must bring her to see you," said

Mrs. L'Estrange, with rather a signifi-

much taken up with the idea to heed her

the fringe on her brow; the room was

her back to the windows.

guite too warm, after the cold air, and

"I have postponed my departure for a

week or two," returned Winton; and

and rubbed her hands gently together.

mny seem bad taste to do so, at least se

soon. I am not tired of my holiday, but I

promise, with all my soul, to be your

truest friend, as well as your true lover!

And Nora-the tears welling over and

"Good heavens, Nora!" cried Winton.

dismayed, "you do not accept me against

"No, no," she returned, recovering her

"Because I thought be loved me very

much; and-" with a quick glance from

"How was that?" cried Winton, hi

ow soon you grew dear to me!-dearer

"Why did you not tell me so before?"

sked Nora, smiling, though her lips still

"Because, my love, my life, I was

afraid! Do you remember, one day, you bid me good-by at the door, at Brookdale, and I dared to hold your hand closer and longer than I ought? The words, 'I love

ou,' were on my lips at that moment, but

it was no time or place to speak them; and ever after, in some nameless way, you

out me from you, and virtually told me you would have nothing to do with me."

"Yes, I remember it, and I was told that—that you had been engaged to Helen,

and were now hoping to marry her!"
"Who told you this? Marsden?" he

asked, sternly, catching her other hand

"Then he is an infernal liar! Why did

"Then you should not have doubted

"You would not have me so conceited a

o fancy a man must be very, very fond

"While I thought every one must see I

"Oh, if you wish to keep up a character for wisdom—"

"I don't suppose you believe much in my wisdom! But, Nora, will you really come

with me to India?-to a wild, remote sta-

"I am not wise enough to refuse! But can't start next week!"

"I should think not. You will believe me, when I tell you, I never loved any woman but yourself, and give me a place in your heart, in return?"
"I will, Mark," said Nora, gravely, steadily, with a tender solemnity,
So when Mrs. L'Estrange was called

So when Mrs. L'Estrange was called

back it was all settled; a very happy party

met at dinner that evening-at which re

was allowed to be present, and did good service by promoting general and very

The society papers soon added to their

usual paragraphs mysterious hints as to

broken engagements, and the false in-formation disseminated by their contem-

poraries respecting the approaching nup-tials of a certain popular member of so-ciety, whose domains lay not a hundred

miles from a well-known cathedral town

uch strangers and pilgrims in the world

in the Midlands, etc.

Nora L'Estrange and Winton were too

of London to share the attention be

stowed on Mrs. Ruthven and Marsden. The noise made by the extraordinary theft

of her jewels had given the pretty widow

discursive conversation.

f me when he never told me so?

was making a fool of myself."

and holding both tight.

"Yes," faltered Nora.

ou believe him?"
"Why should I doubt him?"

self a little, "but I have been so miser-

able and so foolish."
"Tell me," said Winton, bending one

your will?"

sither.

rembled.

"You seem tired of your holiday?"
"No," said Winton, taking a step nearer

ant look to Winton. "He is going then," thought Nora,

trange when the others had bid each other

"Gone to take off her things."

they returned to the house.

partially faded.

good-day.

CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) Mrs. Ruthven was successful along the whole line she had marked out for herself. If she was a little sore respecting the feelings Marsden so frankly avowed toward Miss L'Estrange she had the consolation of believing that she was inflict ing the cruclest disappointment on that detested rival. Then, she had the man swalk; anything was better than sitting she loved so utterly at her mercy; and still. this, which would have been pain and humiliation to a woman of real heart and delicacy, gratified her crude love of power, while the certainty of accomplishing the marriage on which she had set her soul, of falsifying Shirley's spiteful prophecies of defeat, filled her with exultation. There was a very ugly reverse to the medal, but, for the moment, she was able to put it aside, if not to forget it. With her wealth, and Marsden's position and popularity, the world was at her feet. As to his craze world was at her feet. As to his craze moment. Helen was speaking to some about Nora L'Estrange, that would pass over. He would find that an experienced woman of the world must be a more to Mr. Winton, who stood on the hearthsuitable wife for him than a mere school rug leaning his shoulder against the chim

For several days after she had come to face from the light, and assuming by an a distinct understanding with Marsden, effort an air of composure, advanced to Mrs. Ruthven denied herself to every one shake hands with him—a charming figure, even to her faithful Shirley, who was by no means pleased with the aspect of dark green, close-fitting cloth coat, edged

He had not been accustomed to be thus fur crowning her golden brown curis. In debarred admittance, and he scented mis-chief. Though the day was gone when control, a vivid blush rose to her checks, he hoped to rekindle Mrs. Ruthven's pass- which left color enough even when it had ing caprice for himself, he objected very strongly to her marrying Marsden, who had unconsciously wounded his amour propre, and insulted him by his oppressive superiority. When, at last, Mrs. Ruthven, was at home to him, he was in a very bad temper, indeed, which was not the careless triumph of her manner. "I thought you were going to ! cut me completely," he said, when they had exchanged greetings. "Why, it is step-mother leaving the room. more than a week since I was admitted!" ore than a week since I was admitted!"
"You have no right to complain; I have she said, taking off her cap and parting not seen any one."

"No; I have felt remarkably well; but I she have been busy with these tireson pers;" and she waved her left hand toward them. Shirley started, for on her finger sparkled the double-heart device, of there was an awkward pause, while Nora, rubles and diamonds, he had seen on with unsteady fingers, drew off her gloves

"I can scarcely believe my eyes!" he ned. "Am I to conclude that Marsden has transferred his alliance, with the to her, and looking straight into her eyes. betrothal ring, from Miss L'Estrange to "I must tell you the truth, even though it "He has," she returned, twirling the

ring round and round, and smiling softif-"And how—how did Marsden contrived wark, to deaden the pain of disappoint-to break off with Miss L'Estrange?" and hope—hope that probably I had no right "That I do not know; but he has done "That I do not know; but he has done so, and as I have always found you capa." Nora was silent. "I may seem a tiresome, ble of keeping silence when necessary, I persevering blockhead-but, once more do not mind telling you, that Mr. Marsden Nora, I offer you my future life! And I

has made some rather curious discoveries which, in short, render his marriage with Miss L'Estrange impossible." "Discoveries, eh?" in a peculiar tone "and will you not trust me completely?" "No, my good friend; I-in short, I de

not exactly know myself." "It is all very mysterious, and deucedly hard for Miss L'Estrange." "I den't suppose she is in a very en-chable state of mind," returned Mrs. Ruth-

ven, with an air of quiet enjoyment. Shirley looked at her curiously "And have you given up all hopes of tracing your rubies?" he asked. she said, sharply; "what suggest-

them to you?"
"I don't know; perhaps an idea that sept Marsden?" ed them to you?"

Marsden has not hitherto brought you

"He will replace my rubles by the Mars-den diamonds. Now, Captain Shirley, of the hand, "that-no one else did," you said you thought I was going to cut you completely; you are mistaken; I am heart beating fast. "You must have felt not going to cut you, but I am going to how soon you grew dear to me! dearer drop you as an intimate friend. Mr. than anything else on earth or in heaven Marsden, for some reason or other, would not be pleased, I know, if I continued on the same terms with you, and he is naturally my first consideration. You have always been friendly and useful, and I may add, prudent; for you have wisely agreed with me in letting by-gones be by-gones But before entering into a new phase of my existence, I should like to look through new neknowledgments of yours, which have given me from time to time." nd she drew from a Russian leather dis ch box several slips of paper neatly

instead together.
"Mrs. Ruthven!" cried Shirley, coloring crimson, "if you mean that I am to clear up with you, previous to your entering or your 'new phase,' you intend to reward my prudence by ruining me." She looked at him a moment in amused

"I am not quite so hard a creditor, Shir ley; partly, perhaps, because I do not for by-gones, quite. No; I inaugurate this new planse of my existence by return ing you all these promissory notes. I wish to hear no more of them—let us par friends. I wish you good luck in what ever way you would best like it."
Shirley's dark face changed. "You are kind, and-and most liberal," he said. "I wish our old-let me say friendship-was not to be ended." He took the papers she held out, and twisting them up, thrust them into his breast pocket. "I shall never meet your match again; you have shown me what can be dared and done a woman, blessed as you are with a

heavy purse and a potent will." all's well that ends well," re turned Mrs. Ruthven. She gave him her hand with a slight inclination of the head, and he felt himself dismissed.

The days flew fast, and that fixed for Winton's departure had dawned. Nora dared not hope that she still held the same place in his regard. Of course, she thought, her sudden change, her apparent readiness first to accept Marsden and then to break with him, had lowered her in the estimation of so high-minded a

man as Mark Winston. He had called as he promised, but both Mrs. L'Estrange and her step-daughter

"He will not go without bidding us good by." said the former more than once, as she began to understand matters without questioning, and grew anxious that the two she heartily loved should not spoil each other's lives for a punctilio. "I must write and ask him to luncheon or

"No, no, dear Helen! Promise me, promise me faithfully you will not," im-plored Nora, with such a distressed expression of countenance that Mrs. L'Es-

pression of countenance that Mrs. LEs trange promised.

This last day was bright and crisp, there had been a light fall of snow and there had been a light fall of snow and the snow and the snow are the snow and the snow are the snow and the snow are the snow as Marsden made her position secure.

nced tale, where, though virtue is fairly rewarded, vice is by no means chastised as it ought to be. Justice, complete justice, is, however, rarely visible to the naked eye; let us believe there is a secret GREATEST MEN. ward which brings unerring punishment the evil-doer, even though he "flouris s as a green bay tree" in the eyes of his

A couple of years after what Nora co dered her great deliverance, Mrs. L'Estrange, in her tranquil home at Brookdale which it was arranged was to be her resi lence so long as Mr. and Mrs. Winton re-nained in India, wrote as follows, in one of her monthly letters to her step-daugh

that Clifford Marsden had a bad fall, out fierce high spirits. He is very thin, and not nearly so handsome as he was. There is a curious, glazed, staring look in his eyes, that distresses me, for I always liked him; and he always shows the utnost friendliness to Bea and to myself. never heard that he drinks too much, but it is whispered that he eats onlym He is often away, and when at eems to take no interest in anything

Madame is master and mistress, and per ple appear to consider her rather neglect-ed by her husband. Mrs. Marsden shows Clifford to come here as often as he would like. It is reported that Mrs. Marsen is trying to bribe Colonel Marsden the next heir who is a bachelor, and rather out at elbows, to join her husband in breaking the entail, and then the estate is to be settled on her. This may be mere

deasure your descriptions of your delightful life up-country give me, and Bea, too looks engerly for your letters. My kind love to Mark, who, I am sure, is a pat tern husband. What a narrow escape you had of losing each other!" (The end.)

BATTLE WITH A COLONY OF RATS

It was a hard-earned victory that Walter Carter won over an army of rats in Camden, says the Baltimore American It was a case of fight or perish, and Carter fought. When the flerce battle was finished he counted the heaps of fallen enemies. There were 102 of them. Carter is a member of the firm of Roberts & Carter, provision dealers, on Second street, above Pearl. For a long time the firm sufdrew a chair forward, still keeping fered severely from the depredation of rats, which seemed to grow in boldness as they increased in numbers. They were into everything, climbing all over the store and gnawing into boxes, bar. Another friend was Sir William Keath, worms; but the work shall not be lost, rels and bins to such an extent that the and this gentleman felt so great an af- for it will, as he believes, appear once wners were appalled. It was the junior partner's habit to

light. He concluded at last to have it some powerful people there. Franklin an investigation to locate their rendezing. As he opened the door of a small | and so he was left absolutely penniless brick smoke-house in the rear of the and friendless in a strange land. But store, now little used, he saw fully a Franklin was the last one to be disfrom their fright, however, and emerg- find work. In both he was successful hanging on her lashes-said softly, but most distinctly: "Stay!" Then she lost ed to glare viciously at him out of their ed out, got a short, thick club and a lantern, and re-entered the smoke house. This time he closed the door behind him. The dim light of the lantern served to half daze the rats, and Carter had no difficulty in killing three big fellows. As they gave vent to dying squeaks, however, scores of other knee on a footstool beside her, and taking rats emerged from seemingly nowhere, surrounding the young man with the

club on all sides. To show an instant's

fear meant probable death for the in-

rader of the rats' domain. It must be a light to a finish. Carter's retreat was

cut off, and he started in to fight. The rats leaped at his hands and face and crawled over his feet, all the while ceeping up a horrible din of squealing that nerved Carter to his task. One after another of the soft, ugly things struck him as he stood dealing blows right and left, and felling a rat at almost every blow. Still the numbers multiplied, and the courageous fighter began to fear that he would have to now married Deborah Reed, established fall before the horrid foe. He had been bitten several times on the hand, but had managed to keep the fangs of the vicious beasts from his head and thy position in life. face. Thus the fight kept on for fully fifteen minutes, and Carter was growing weak from the violent exertion. At last, however, he felt that the rate were gradually thinning out, and he had less trouble in keeping them off him. This gave him fresh courage and at length he realized that he had

won. No more rats appeared. Almost overcome by the exertions and excitement, Carter staggered out into the open air and gathered himelf to gether. In a few minutes he recovered and, piling up the dead, found that he

-Eastport, Maine, has an eighty nine year old man who rides on a bicy cle daily, and a seventy-five year old man who plays football.

-Deer are so plentiful along the Rogue River, in Oregon, that the systematic slaughtering of them for their hides alone is a profitable business, the men engaged in it being known a 'deer skinners." - All patented articles must bear the

mprint, "Patent Applied For," or "Patented, March -, 189-;" otherwise any one can imitate them without fear of suit for infringement. -The "Humboldt Giant." Albert

Whetstone, died at Fortune, Humboldt County, Cal., June 14. He was twentyeight years old, weighed 496 pounds and was six feet two inches in height. -Individual plates for table use were

unknown to the ancients, who held their meats in their hands or employed the flat wheaten cakes then made on which to hold their victuals. They are first mentioned in A. D. 600 as used by the luxurious on the continent.

-- Rice was cultivated in India many years before the historical period. -Barnard, America's greatest astronomer, is wholly a self-taught manhaving had only a few months' school, ng during his entire life.

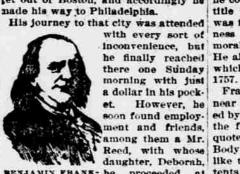
& Most Interesting Character-He Excelled in More Points than Any Other American and Earned Fame in Whatever Direction He Turned.

It was 105 years ago that Benjamin Franklin died, in some respects the

reatest man this country has produced. "You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear He was certainly a most interesting me. His life touches so many points most recklessly; indeed, he is much changed since his marriage. Mrs. Mars nany fields that history easily accords nany fields that history easily accords den, I must say, makes a capital lady of him a lofty rank. He was at once s the manor, and is decidedly popular, hilosopher, statesman, diplomat, scinewhat exacting; but Mr. Mars satisfy, inventor and wit and as a writer the greatest triumphs of modern diplo story of such a life cannot help but be nteresting as illustrative of how much in earnest man can make of himself when to that end he bends every enrgy of his mind.

Franklin's parents had gone to Boson some time before his birth and setled there with a large family of chil-Iren. Here the subject of this sketch was born in January, 1706. He showed n boyhood a great precocity and eagerme all proper civility, but I feel she does y read whatever books he could lay his not like me; and I dare not encourage sands on. His father wanted to send him to Harvard and fit him for the minafford in his straitened circumstances and so took him in to his own chandler' thop to teach him the trade. But

Franklin Staliked the work, and so was gossip; I cannot help feeling grieved for Clifford; he seems so broken and hopeless. printing office. In 1821 this brother be-"The mail has not come in yet, so I ran publishing the New England Courshall send this off. I cannot tell you what ant, the third paper published in Bosran publishing the New England Courton, and Franklin contributed various articles to it. One of these on political matters gave so much offense to the authorities that the young author was hreatened with imprisonment. He



LIN. set him up in business. He advised tion, revised, and corrected by open the store in the morning, and he Franklin to go over to England and thor." invariably heard a great scampering buy a printing press, promising to pay over the place as he entered by the dim his expenses and give him letters to out with the little beasts, and began salled; but when he arrived in England se found Keith had neither forwarded yous. This he had no difficulty in find- noney as he had promised, or letters, selves have been preserved among the dozen rats run into holes in the floor mayed by such conditions and boldly and walls. They quickly recovered set to work, both to make friends and and passed eighteen months in London, wicked little black eyes. Carter walk- during which he saw much and learned



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE, MILK STREET,

to Philadelphia in 1726, he was vastly improved from the youth who had left there so short a time before. Franklin a printing business of his own, began the publication of the Pennsylvania Ga-

bany the only feasible plan for conti-ihis tradition the beautiful river has zental government and he procured the repeal of the hated stamp act. Franklin's patriotism was often questioned, for though he desired America to be freed from British oppression he was far from wishing to plunge the country into war if it could possibly be avoided When, however, a conflict became inevitable, Franklin at once embraced the cause of independence with heart and soul. He was chosen a member of Congress in 1775, and was one of those who drew up the Declaration of Inde-

Little remains to tell of this ill-bal LIFE OF FRANKLIN, pendence which he afterward signed Later on he was a delegate to that assembly which formed the constitution of the United States.

As a diplomat Franklin ranks de servedly high. The Declaration of Independence made foreign aid for this ountry absolutely necessary and especially the aid of France, England's great enemy No man in America wa so well fitted as Franklin to undertake mission to that country. He had working knowledge of French and Latin-a thing possessed by but few Americans at that time and moreover he had a practical common sense and grasp of affairs unequaled by any other

man. His work in France was most brilliant. He managed to secure financial aid for completing the war and setting the government on its feet, an finally secured the treaty of 1788, one of den is either silent and moody, or in of English second to scarcely any. The macy, whereby both France and Eng land were made friends of America. From his early youth Franklin was interested in scientific studies, and the fruit of these was seen in 1742 when he invented a stove which was a marvel ous improvement on the methods then employed for heating rooms. Ten years later he showed, by means of a kite, that lightning is a discharge of electricity, and for this the Royal Society awarded him a medal. Franklin began



WHERE FRANKLIN IS BURIED.

thought it was a good time for him to to publish an almanac in 1782, which ret out of Boston, and accordingly he he continued for some years under the title of Poor Richard's Almanac. It His journey to that city was attended was filled full of short and pithy busiwith every sort of ness maxims which, if not of great inconvenience, but moral value, were singularly shrewd. he finally reached He also left a charming autobiography there one Sunday which tells the story of his life until

a dollar in his pock- Franklin was buried at Philadelphia et. However, he near his wife. Their graves are marksoon found employ- ed by marble slabs. He left behind him ment and friends, the following epitaph, which is ofter among them a Mr. quoted, and has become famous: "The Reed, with whose Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, daughter, Deborah, like the cover of an old book, its con-BENJAMIN FRANK- he proceeded at tents torn out and stripped of its letonce to fall in love, tering and gilding, lies here food for more in a new and more elegant edi- doc

Gibbon's Seven Autobiographies. Gibbon wrote his Roman history once but the history of his own life he wrote no fewer than seven-or, indeed, eight times. The manuscript versions them

An interesting invention is that the beart right.

Berlin man who, with light, hollow the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for twenty or forty years of life we Thursday ran a race on the Spree river

the publication of the Pennsylvania Gatette, and set himself to make a work thy position in life.

That energy which was so marked a characteristic of Franklin's nature soon impelled him to take an active part in the political life of his time. He became postmaster of Philadelphia, and so successfully did he conduct the office that it soon became the center of the postal system of the colonies. He proposed to a Congress assembled in Allangerous even unto this day. From bany the only feasible plan for contits unsavory name, which in the Indian congue, means "Stinking waters."-Portland Oregonian.

Belle-Isn't it horrible how the Chinese women squeeze their feet? Blanche-Yes; and that isn't theh worst suffering. In China one's age is counted two years back from the first birthday. - Kate Field's Wash

PANTS DON'T MAKE MEN.

ington.



The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Point Blank Question."

Texts "Is thine heart right?"-II Kings With mettled horses at full spee I, for he

wayside, he shouts, "Whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehon-adab Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place, "is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have every-body else well, and so might ask, Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual erces right, your lungs right, erres right? But I am busy to-day taking liagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions. I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have short of money, ample apparel, large storeshort of money ample apparel large storeshort of money ample ample ample ask, Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have

coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for this day's work I cry out,

ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls. Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible. A farmer never have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace, and though the flaming sword that stood at the flaming sword that sword the flaming sword the flaming sword that sword the flaming sword that sword the flaming swor

not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor! doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind! Why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked! Why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick! Why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the heart and the manssmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some the result of the sakes away. "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your leaf to the new once I am not called to trust him again. If a man lie to ne once I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once I am not called to trust him again. If a man betray me once I am not called to trust him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on the leaf to trust him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on the leaf to trust him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on the leaf to the confidence in him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on the leaf to trust him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on the leaf to could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter darkness as well are on rest if I could not offer a sincere to street, is not in such utter of the leaf to such a such and the man betray me once I am not called to trust him again. But I would have no rest if I could not offer a sincere to such a such and the leaf to such a such a such and the leaf to such a such a such a such and the leaf to such a s wasting away has already seized on some of us.

Now the asnes away, neither will your nen their trespasses, neither will your fleavenly Father forgive you your tres-

selves have been preserved among the Gibbon papers, which since the historian's death have remained in the safe custody of the Sheffield family. These seven autoblographies, together with Gibbon's journal and correspondence, are now to be published, and make one of the most interesting and important items in John Murray's announcements for the autumn publishing season. The publication is a valuable result of last year's Gibbon centenary. The earl of Sheffield, who has an hereditary title to the post, will edit these remains and contribute a preface.

A Footboat Race.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty or forty years of life we with the safe and powers of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go hear the flost wheat that grows on the celestian tills and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and flow the light, hollow. The safe are now to be published, and make one of the most interesting and important items in John Murray's announcements for the autumn publishing season. The publication is a valuable result of last year's Gibbon centenary. The earl of Sheffield, who has an hereditary title to the post, will edit these remains and contribute a preface.

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First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty or forty years of life we will whom their trespasses, neither trespasses, neither the leavenly Father forgive you your tresto discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the discourse all flength from the Bock of Arough allong the treets of New York with a basket of the discourse ar

The "footboats" are of steel sheet. The army administration is now negotiat ing with the inventor for an outrig) purchase of his patent.

There is nothing that we so much need to alks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays ter id of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It poliuted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world, Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and eattle in a pen. What a man that would be who learn the click of the hoofs of the white

Many a man has awakened in his dving hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly de-

voured the soul.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hi'ls of Asia Minor, and with two logs on his back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned, they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spat on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast, silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execuation: "Away with Him!"

Ah, it was not merely the two pieces of Ah, it was not merely the two pieces wood that He carried; it was the transgres ions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stu-penduous interests of an unending etarnity! No wonder His back bent. No wonder the No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palmi It has been healing the lame and wiping

away tears. What has that foot been doing away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? Was there ever such a nother criminal? Was there ever such a crime? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have persished? I believe it. Oh, the ransom has

been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when He brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh, that I might, out of the bles some of the spring or the flaming foliage of the autumn make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be sung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the barps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might in one anthem speak

But what were earthly flowers to Him who onry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine?
What were all earthly music to Him when
the hundred and forty and four thousand on
one side and cherubim and seraphim and With mettled horses at full spee!, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts, "Whoa!" to the lathered span. Then leaning over to Jehonadab Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place, "Is thine heart right?"

I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well, and so might ask, Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your when Thou goest back again. Come hither, when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now sur-render into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that

those who are accustomed to use wine on great occusions bring out the beverage and say: "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of heaven rith the inquiry as to whether you have seen able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are insured for eternity; as to whether you are ruining yourself by the long credit system of the soul? I have known are to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of bread to have no more than one loaf of brea men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity or your chastity or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell, but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, be you!

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity or your chastity or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell, but coming up the steps, I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul, be you!

Again, to have a right heart it must be a give an account for this day's work I cry out.
Oh, man, oh, woman immortal, is thine heart
right?

Again, to have a right heart it must be a
forgiving heart. An old writer says, "To
return good for evil is Godlike; good for
good is manlike; evil for good devilifie." I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. It there be a factory explosion and the smokestack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The sanctified human nature says: "Wait till you get a good crack at him, and when at last you find him in a tight place give it to him. Flay him alive. No quarter. Leave not a rag of reputation. Jumpon him with both leet. Pay him in his own coin—sarcasm for sarcasm, soorn for scorn, abuse for abuse." But, my friends, that is not the right kind of heart. No man ever did so mean a thing puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in his show window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we cannot forgive others how can we expect God to forgive us? Thousands of men the contract whether we all fell in Adam, for we have a large with the contract here a large way and have all sentents.

hat man who sold me a shoddy overcoat; I 'orgive them—all but one. That man I canact forgive. The villain—I can hardly keep
ny hands off him. If my going to heaven
lepends on my forgiving him, then I will
tay out," Wrong feeling. If a man lie to

tir. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you Thursday ran a race on the Spree river from Trapton to Colpnick, a distance of about ten miles. He did it so fast that an eight-oared boat, rowed with all possible speed by four expert oars men, was unable to keep at his heels. The "footboats" are of steel sheet. The army administration is now negotiat A River Shunned by Indians.

The Wishkah River is shunned by all folians. Even when crossing from the Quinisult or Humptulips country to the Wynooche they avoid crossing the Wishkah by going around to the Wishkah by going around to the wind the River is shunned by all folians. Even when crossing from the Quinisult or Humptulips country to the Wynooche they avoid crossing the Wishkah by going around to the wind with the will be as and let Christ come that it was only the sun of earthly morning thing on our piliow. To have a right heart to the white and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of earthly morning thing on our piliow. To have a right heart shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. it would make your privations and aunoy-ances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands a

at the most of the enty of Paris stands a statue of the good but broken hearted Jose-ohine. I never imagined that marbie could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifetess. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is s.one. The puff of the press on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figures at the bottom of the robes, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, Repent, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay.

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
And meets a flery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good
many years ago a weary one went up one of
the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs
the high ack cried out to all the world, offerout yet sad-attest the genius of the sculp-tor and the beauty of the heroine he celedrop their petals. Believe not the recent slanders upon her memory. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. the hearth and at the table, but there are n vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted. Some talk of heaven as though it were a very hand-some church, where a few favored spirit would come in and sit down on finely cush-toned seats all by themselves and sing salms to all eternity. No, no! "I saw a treat multitude that no man could number tanding before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the tity, and it was 12,000 furionzs" -that is, 1500 miles—in circumference. Al! heaven s not a tittle colony at one corner of God's s not a intre-coony at one corner of Golfz
lominion, where a man's entrance decends
ipon what kind of clothes he has on his back
and how much money he has in his rurse,
jut a vastempire. Golfgrant that the light
of that blessed world may shine upon us in
the last rooman!

and he sails up and casts anchor within the

ompare with this in importance? It is a usiness question. Do you not realize that on will soon have to go out of that store, hat you will soon have to resign that surtnership, that soon among all the rillions of dollars' worth of goods that are old you will not have the handling of a mart of cloth, or a nound of sugar, or a senny worth of auxthing; that soon, if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every makier should absoon! and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect What are the questions that stop this

ide the grave, compared with the questions hat reach beyond it? Are you making osses that are to be everlasting? Are you naking purchases for eternity? Are you obbing for time when you might be whole-saling for eternity? What question of the dore is so broad at the base, and so alti-udinous, and so overwhelming as the ques-ion, "Is the heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it some-hing about father or mother or companion or son or daughter, that you think is over-parable with this question in inner succe? Doobbing for time when you might be whole-

ron not realize that by un ble law all these relat to? Your father will be come, your mother will be gone, your companions will be gone rour child will be gone, you will be comad then this supernal question will begin to arvest its chief gains, or deplace its worsesses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude sweep its vast circles.

pleon III, whether he triumphed or sur-ndered at Sedan, whether he lived at the Fulleries or at Chiselburst, whether he w Emperor or extle? They laid him out in coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain aroud? And soon to us what will be the lifference, whether in this world we rade or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were toplanded or hissel at, were welcomed in or cicked out, while laving hold of every monent of the great future, and burning in al he splendor or grief, and overarching and indergoing all time and all eternity, is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, plain, simple, practical, tarning, uponizing, overwhelming question, 'Is hy heart right?" Have you within rou a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not, I must write moon your soul what Reorge Whitefield wrote upon the window cane with his diamond rine. He tarried in in elegant house over night, but found, that there was no God recognized in that touse. Before he left his room in the mornng, with his ring he wrote upon the window cane, "One thing thou lackest." After the ruest was gone the housewife came and coked at the window, and saw the inscripton, and called her husband and her chiliren, and God, through that ministry of the vindow glass, brought them all to Jesus, Chough you may to-day be surrounded by somforts and luxuries, and feel that you ave need of nothing if you are not the hildren of Gol, with the signet ring of 'hrist's love, let me inceribe upon your souls, One thing thou lackest!"

THE FIRST TEETOTALER.

beath of Rev. Joel Jewell at a Ripe Old Are. The death is announced of the man who avented the word "selotaler." His name was Rev. Joel Jewell, and he was born in Ourham, Greene County, New York, Feb-mary II, 1803. At an early are he took a place among the pioneers of Sunday-school amperance work. He was an active revi-salist, and in order better to presente his religious labors removed in 1837 from his tome in New York to Flora County, Pennsyl-rania. In 1843 he entered the ministry as in ordained preacher, and for five years sup-alled the Presbyterian churches in the neigh-porhood of his Tioga County home. He has perhood of his Tioga County home. He has and various charges in the course of his long ite. Through Mr. Jewell originated the word "tectotal." At a public temperation needing in Hector, N. Y., in 1528, he introduced into the pledge the letters "O. P." for 'old pledge," which phelics! against only listified hignors, and "T." for "total" including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken, a young man n the gallery said, "Add my two as I a T, for I am a T-to-taker." It is said, therefore, that the name testotable originable here norethan four years before Dick Turner, an nore than four years before Dick Turner, an Englishman, claimed to have coined it. Chree years ago a sunry dis-descon arises between Mr. Jewell's friends and some friends of the Englishman as to was really had made irst use of the word. It appears that Mr. Jewell adopted it affect had been used by his young man in the galiery at his temperance meetings, and that he had amplayed it requently in his speeches and writings long pefore it was applied in England.

INDIANS PRESENT COMPLAINTS.

Scalallah and Brate Sloux at the Interior

There was a picture-sque scene in the office of Assistant Indian Commissioner smith, Washington, when about seventy-two Ogalallah and Brule Stong of Bayale Bill's Wild West Show called to have a pew wow in regard to affairs affecting their incrests. The Indians were the spectrums of anysical manhood, and were believed with leathered head dress, unlither eachers with leathered with variegated colors of paint. There were these structs and one opining. There were three squaws and one purpossis among them, the latter comparing the atten-tion of the lady elects, was left it sugar and ireated the little redscine to a ride on the sievator, much to its senight.

Several chiefs andressed Commissioner
Smith through an interpreter, reviewing
their affairs, and one old warrier, who spoke at length, said that If he tall of the un-fulfilled promises of the Government to the Indians the show would have to be postponed, as it would take him two days to do t. One of the principal complaints of the Indians was the reduction in the price paid ers, and explained the action of the Govern-

ment in regard to their affairs. Colonel Cody and Major Burke assumpanied the In-

The story of suffering in Madagaseas grows more serious with every mail. Un-less General Voyron's advance guard take Antananarivo soon there seems some proba-Antananario soon there seems some probability that the majority of the French expedition will not survive to see his success.

The sick list is appalling. The field hospitals are so crammed that the mentile in tiers, the top row touching the roof of the tent, and there are not enough attendants left to care for the sick. The chief base. Subordieville, is described as a perfect oven, where none can escape fever or dysenters. none can escape fever or dysentery

A Mid-Continental Exposition. Indianapolis is preparing for a mid-cen-tinental exposition in 1999.

-A firm of Macclesfield manufacurers has got an order to supply 83, 000 mufflers for the British Navy.

-In India every resident must, under penalty of fine, have his name written up at the entrance to his house.

-The Austrian Government intends to spend 29,000,000 florins for new repeating rifles during the next few -A Caribou (Me.) fisherman landed

nine-pound salmon with an alder pole and a worm for bait the other day. -Six near relatives of George H.Mc-Calmon, of Biddleford, Me., met vio-

lent deaths-the father, grandfather, two brothers and two cousins.

if that blessed world may shine upon us in your last moment!

The first time I crossed the Atlantic the coughest time we had was at the mouth of liverpool barbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning, waiting for the rising of the tide, before re could go up to the city. How the vessel gitched and writhed in the water? So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a truggle. He is almost through the voyage, the waves of temptation toss his soul, but two brothers and two couches.

—A Philadelphia preacher rejoices in the appropriate name of Isaac Settemrite.

—C. E. Bradford, a banker of Augusta, Wis., has contracted blood poisoning from the habit of wetting this fingers on his lips when counting money.