B. F. SCHWEIER.

VOL. XLIX

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1895.



"Have you heard the news?" she asked

"We have heard nothing," replied the

"Not ill, is he? I saw him out this

"Not married? There has hardly bee

"He is dead," was the solemn answer

den. He had been at "orderly hour" that

life had been extinct for several hours

"Don't you see what this means for your

quartermaster in his stead. The Colonel

rangements could be made. He will be a

said," remarked the Sergeant, sadly, look-

sent, and answered for her daughter.

"Why not?" asked Jane, sharply,

'Neither of us has altered; it is only the

"You mean-" began the young fel

this make any difference; and-and I

Lynn."
But when the Sergeant, radiant with

delight, came forward quickly to take

"She is mad; she does not know what

CHAPTER II.

Jane was pretty enough, however, to

prosper without any adventitious aid.

ed, she was neither thin nor insignificant

pliant as a reed; but in her face was her

chief charm-the bright, glowing beauty

They had been nearly a month in their

house when some regimental sports were

announced to take place, and Mrs. Knox

determined to take her daughter to see

The first step must be made, and All-

ore society had had time enough to de-

cide whether they were to be admitted

within its sacred precincts or not. She

would at least show that she considered

herself worthy of the honor. But, boldly

as she had looked the question in the face,

her courage failed her when they had

safe back in her own home, away from

those slighting sidelong glances of the women present, and the bolder, admiring

She had turned her back on both, and

strove to appear deeply interested in the

polo-pony race that was going on, when

presently a gentle, drawling voice sound

"How do you do, Miss Knox? Have

ou decided which is to be the winner?"

It was Colonel Prinsep, the colonel of

er father's regiment, the -th Hussars.

"I was not thinking about the race,"

He did not press the subject but stoo

beside her, making a remark now and

then, and listening courteously to the tim-

idly hazarded replies. But when Mrs. Knox joined nervously in the conversa-

the confessed, blushing.

that spoke of such perfect health, with

Jacob Lynn."

Though very small, even delicately form-

sircumstances that have changed."

rou now!"

low eagerly.

turning a white, excited face first to one

"What is it, mother?" asked Jane.

"The quartermaster-he is-

orning," said the Sergeant.

ime for that," smiled Jane.

and then to the other.

Sergeant.

CHAPTER L

"Jenny!" "Yes, Sergeant Lynn." His fine figure drawn to its full height, as rigidly as though the eyes of the adjutant were upon him, yet apparently straining every nerve to appear unembarrassed and at his ease, Sergeant Lynn was a man with whom any woman might be satisfied as a sweetheart. His fea- and when the first shock of their surprise tures were good, if not refined, and the was over, Mrs. Knox began to tell her weakness of his mouth was hidden by a story. mustache as magnificent as that of any It had been so sudden, so terribly sud

envalry colonel in the service. It was only pretty Jane Knox, the ser- morning. Then he had returned home to geant major's daughter, who seemed so breakfast, and afterward had gone into mpervious to his attractions and made a small room he used as an office, and him appear as witless and uncouth as the where he never permitted himself to be latest trooper who had joined the awk disturbed except on urgent business. It ward squad. Hitherto, success had been was the Colonel himself who, wishing to so easy to the dashing sergeant. It could speak to him, had sent in a salam. The only be said of his over-eagerness to terrified bearer came back with the news please that this time he bade fair to fail, that his master was dying or dead. And did not even dislike him, he told hime | dend he had proved to be. While sitting telf with angry surprise; it was merely in-difference that she felt-indifference age tack of heart disease had seized him, and "Jane, don't be so provoking. You when at last they found him.

know I mean-"That it would be best for me to marry father?" Mrs. Knox said, eagerly, when a sergeant. Well, I dare say it would"- her auditors had both expressed their thoughtfully-"if-if I could only make sympathy and surprise.

"Try-only try, Jane. Love always said as much just now, when he asked him comes after marriage," he argued, eager to take over the work until permanent ar-

"Why don't you prove it by your own commissioned officer at last, and we shall example?" she answered, negligently, mix with gentlefolk; and you, Jane"Marry some one you detest, and if—" don't you see what a good thing it will be "You—you don't detest me!"—blankly. for you?"
"You—you don't detest me!"—blankly. for you?"
"Miss Jane will marry a gentleman there's no middle course in marriage, I now. She must forget all that I have

He was silenced for the time, and con- ing so handsome and noble as he retented himself with watching her as she nounced all his hopes that Jane's heart flitted about the room, arranging the bits warmed toward him, and she stretched of holly, with here and there a twig of out her hands impulsively.

Mrs. Knox. Miss Jane's mother, had been the daughter of a veterinary sur geon, and being left almost penniless at tering into a new life, and will make new her father's death, had become a tereber father. in the village school. It had been a quiet lit is that there could be anything between little-frequented spot, and until the age of twenty-nine she had not even the sus picion of a love affair to brighten the monotony of her existence. Then the cler gyman of their village came into a small fortune, sufficient to allow him to retire from his labors and put a curate in his

The man chosen was a bachelor, but will marry you if you like, Sergeant that might well have been considered the only point in his favor. He was plain elderly, and half-starved, as indeed be might well be, considering the miserable her in his arms, the mother threw herself stipend he received. But to Jane's mother between the two lovers. his charm was that he was a gentleman. His manners had seemed to her the per she is saying. If you have a spark of

fection of courtly breeding, and had be manly feeling, Jacob, you will go away at asked her she would have gladly become his wife, in spite of all the petty troubles word." which were attendant on genteel poverty But either because his own heart was disobeying, she pushed him from the not sufficiently interested, or that, from room, so that he could only turn his head mistaken unselfishness, he hesitated to let and gaze regretfully at his sweetheart. her share his lot, he never did; and after whom he had so unexpectedly won. She three years of alternate hopes and fear, on her side, another lover appeared upon tightly on her breast, her face white and the scene, and by his brisk wooing suc ceeded in winning her for his wife.

"A terrible match for her." people said his bravely, and spoke eloquently of he -she, the educated woman, to bind her | 'ntended fidelity and truth. self to the rough if dashing hussar, who could offer her only the barest necessaries and at whose side she might have to en counter endless bardships; but equalized surely by the fact that she was faded and worn, and that he was a man in the prime | fied from headquarters, and they had imof life, loving her passionately, oblivious of her vanished youth and indifference to "Hold it a little higher, Jenny darling,"

whispered the Sergeant, audaciously and coming close behind her, he attempted But she wrenched herself away, and

confronted him crimson with wrath and

"How dare you! How dare you!" she exclaimed, and in her anger she could say

out degenerating into anything approaching coarseness. The sun-touched nutbrown hair fell into the softest curls on But the momentary madness over, Ser geant Lynn looked as penitent and abash ed as she could have wished, or any num her low brow; the darker eyelashes shad ed two lovely hazel eyes and deepene ber of reproaches could have made him. their dreamy, laughing light.

"If only she would fall in love!" thought Falling back to his old position of "at tention," he could only murmur shame the anxious mother, "she would see things in a more reasonable light then; "I'm very sorry, Jenny, upon my soul and once she began to compare a gentle man with him, it would be all up with

I am!" "You of all people—you who pretend to

like me- to insult me so! "It was just because of the liking," an awered the Sergeant, with a twinkle ir his eye, which fortunately Jane did not detect. "Besides," he added, hastily,

didn't kiss you.' "I should think not, indeed!" tossing her dainty head. "And I'll never do it again-until you

"And that will be never." The Sergeant, noting ruefully her com-pressed lips and flashing eyes, decided that she was sincere in her intention, and that he had lost rather than gained by

been on the ground some minutes, and not one had come forward to welcomthe boldness of his wooing. He looked sr hem on their first appearance. Formerly they had always remained at woe-begone that the situation became ridiculous in Jane's eyes, and she hastener the further side of the band-stand, with to bring back the subject to a more matter the other Sergeants' wives, among the solof-fact footing. diers and tradespeople of the station, bu "You never told me where you got i now Mrs. Knox placed herself only : all," she observed, nodding vaguely a little way apart from where the staff and the evergreens that were the innocen officers of the regiment were seated. Jane cause of her admirer's first offense. crimson with mortification, and would have given much to find herself

"But you never asked me," was his

prompt reply, only too eager to snatcl at the proffered olive branch. "It was quite by chance as it happened. I was up at the Colonel's with some letters when a big hamper arrived-from Simla, think, he said-and I helped to open it r if I would like a bit-I thought of you directly-for he gave me as much as could carry, and told me to give It to my sweetheart-and-so I brought it to you."

"Indeed," remarked Jane, frigidly. "I brought it in a basket for fear any one should ask me for a bit, and I wanted it all for you. I don't suppose there's another in Alipore, besides the Colone and yourself, that has a piece of real mis

detoe or holly." "Did you say it was for me?"

"I mentioned no names, but I expect he ruessed. I don't think there's much mistake about my feelings any way."

tion, he found his interest flag, and after a few desultory remarks moved away toward a group of three people, am whom was a young lady, who were stand g several yards away.

Her eyes were fixed upon the ponies that were being walked up and down preparatory to a race, but she saw as little of what she looked at as Jane Knox had ees some twenty minutes before. Perhaps it was because all her thoughts were with the "what might have been" hat she could not see what actually The most casual observer might have guessed she was a woman with a storystory in which both her companions had played a part.

Nora Dene was not yet twenty-two, but tooked older on account of the gravity of her expression, which seldom relaxed into smile. Her mouth had a little pathetic droop which seemed to compel pity in spite of the pride which would not stoop

and-came and placed a chair beside her which he had brought over from the

"Why did you not say you were tired Nora?" he reproached her gently. "Because I did not feel so-at least, not with standing. There is always a certain amount of fatigue in watching things like this. Don't you think so? urning to the Colonel.

"I dare say-at least-of course there s. Regimental sports are always an in-They are one of the sacrifices we feel obliged to make for the men, and for which we get no thanks." Then, as er husband fell back and resumed conversation with his companion, he added. in a lower voice, "Mrs. Dene, I want to

nterest you in some one if I can."
"Am I so difficult to interest in anyhing, that you take such an humble tone?" she asked, looking up at him in some amusement from the low seat of which, in spite of her denial of fatigue she had availed herself.

"I am distrusting myself rather than ou-I don't know whether I ought to ask it, in fact. She seems very quiet and efined, but I should never forgive myself if any unpleasantness came to you brough granting my request." "Are you speaking of the new quarternaster's daughter?"

"The very person-but you must be witch to have found it out." "Not a very wonderfully discovery, con-But Mrs. Knox rose bastily from her sidering you have been talking to her ex-clusively for the last half hour." "Of course she will forget. She is en-"Ten minutes, I assure you"-smiling

good-humoredly. "She is a very pretty girl." "Is she? I scarcely noticed. I was

forry to see her and her mother standing all alone, and joined them out of purest "And you want me to emulate the no-"I mean that I should be ashamed to let

bility of your conduct?" "I should like you to be good to them if you can. Theirs is such an awkward osition. You see they cannot associate with their old friends, and gain no new ones in place of those they lose.' "Of course I will be amiable if you wish; but, honestly, don't you think it a mistake-don't you think they will only

be uncomfortable out of their proper "It is only the 'first step' that will 'cost' them anything. Women adapt themselves so readily to altered circumstances; and

Talking still for fear of either of them Mrs. Knox is considerably above her pres ent position, I have heard." She shrugged her shoulders, but did not attempt a verbal contradiction. "You are not thinking of going home

just yet, are you, Gerald?" she asked urning to her husband. frightened, as she realized to what she "Not unless you wish it. I am at your had pledged herself. But her eyes met (To be continued.)

There are soft moments even to des The new year brought many changes to Jane Knox. Her father's appointment to the quartermastership had been ratimediately taken a bungalow in the offi-

Charity should not be an impulse, out a principle. It would be impossible to know some people senseless.

Public sentiment in a buzz saw for rascality.

in appearance. Her figure was slim yet Doing religion and howling religion svelte, graceful without effort, and as are mighty far apart. For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we over-

> You always make more enemies than money talking politics on the

Barking dogs sometimes bite Talk moves fast when the burden of

hought is light.

Cunning leads to knavery. It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery.

According to a Saxon paper, experiments made in Germany have shown that sawdust, rendered soluble by soaking in salt water and supplement ed by other feed, constitutes a nourishing diet for horses and cattle.

Men hate to make an apology, but the women seem to enjoy it.

Hought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifiee that will do? Take my life and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's fase and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father: I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? ments made in Germany have shown that sawdust, rendered soluble by

the women seem to enjoy it. We all complain of the shortness of

life, but most folks outline their useful--It is claimed that the oils and fats

may not only be bleached but sweetened and purified generally by treating them with an electric current. A true friend is not the one who

says, "I told you so," every time you make a mistake. Good husbands are seldom troubled

with bad mothers-in-law. It is much easier to love some people than it is to agree with them. A lazp man loses heart every time he

looks at the clock. -According to the eleventh census there are 2,000,000 of Irish among our people.

tens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind

In Paris the other day a barber shaved a man in a cage with a lion to win a wager.

The world owes no man a living who is not willing to work for it.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "An Angelic Rescue."

TEXT: "Behold the fire and the wood but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii., 7. Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty of wenty-five or as some supspite of the pride which would not stoop to ask it. Her eyes were sad with the sadness of those which seldom or never weep, and are the "saddest eyes of all."

Her face lightened when Colonel Printer poined them, and she made a movement toward him, which he forstalled by the saddest eyes of all."

The face lightened when Colonel Printer is the saddest eyes of all. It is the saddest eyes of all is twenty of twenty-live or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father wenty of twenty-live or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a sone experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in the saddest experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in the saddest experience of a ge, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in the saddest experien sep joined them, and she made a movement toward him, which he forstalled by quickening his pace. They were as good friends as it was possible for man and woman to be without protestations and with no thought of anything beyond.

"You are looking tired," he began.

"Won't you come over to the seats?"

"Thank you; I think we have a better view from here, and I am interested in this race," she answered, only now beginning to see the ponies as they can tered up and down.

As she spoke one of the men—her husband—came and placed a chair beside her

well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In ineroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isanc is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isanc will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute Isanc will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderboit! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said, "Aoraham" are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!"
The old man answered, "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy sen, thy only sen Isase, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a hunt offering." In other words, size him. urnt offering." In other words, slav him: cut his body into fragments; put the frag-ments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isanc's body be consumed to ashes. "Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him solilo-

"Not so," said Abraham. I hear him solilo-quize: "Here is the boy on whom I have de-pended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shail I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my darling son." Early in the morning there is a stir around

Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saidled. Abraham makes no disele going off on a two or three days' journey."

I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fasiened on the beast of burden. They pass on. There are four of them— Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son, and two servants. Going along the road I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saving: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not we'l? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turn-ing around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had ouble enough in other days to kill him!" The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrilice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim—no pigeon or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have ou the old man to the bone, "My father!" The father said, "My son, Isaac, here I am," The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quiv-ered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

of age, smite into the dust his infirm father: He could have done it." Ah, Isaac knew by

He could have done it." Ah, Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and walled out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son, my son!" The answer. "My father, my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenta, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struck as were always bound.

so that they might not struggle away. Raw-lings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle might-ily." So Isaac's arms were fastened, his

feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fas-

going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abra-am. Jesus, the only son of God. On those wo "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. 0 Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested is Shurp, keen and tremendous it cut dow through nerve and artery until the bloo sprayed the faces of the executioners, an sprayed the faces of the executioners, an the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud ov-its face because it could not endure th The twain are now at the foot of the shill the place which is to be famous for a most spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! Jesus of Mount Caivary! Better could Go have thrown away into annihilation a tho transcendent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. and worlds than to have sacrified His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it w His only Son. If He had not given up Hin you and I would have perished. "God The altar is done—it is all done. Isano has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a lause. The son looks around to see if there is not some livoved the world that He gave His onlytop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think God so loved the world that He gave Hi ing animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son only begotton Son that whosoever believe in Him should not perish, but have everlast ing life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only typical of Jesus the only.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. the terrific news that he is to be the victim Ah, Isaac never looked more beauti than on that day to his father. As the man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? thought he would have been the comfort of

dark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city nd the regions round about the city fly he square and settle down. It came in th wise: A large hearted woman, passing one goonday across the square, saw some birds thivering in the cold, and she scattered some rumbs of bread among them. The next day at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive! with them. How beautifully suggestive Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be the better it is. It is noon, and the gospe clock strikes 12. Come in flocks! Come is doves to the window! All the air is filled.

you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide Himself allamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute of two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have, Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit and with a care

man, very decrepit and with a cane
end on up. She made but very little
, and I felt very exuberant, and I

and I left very extorement, and I left very extorement, and I left very extorement around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through

this life's work and you want to go upstain and rest in the good place that God has pro-vided for you, you will not have to climb up

you will not have to crawl up painfully. The iwo arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all wear-ness and all struggle. May the God of Abra-

am and Isaac be with you until you see th

Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a

negestion. I will make a suggestion: Isa

Richest Man in the World. Barnato, the originator of the Kaffir boot Barnato, the originator of the Raulir boom, is now estimated to be worth \$50,000,000, nearly all of which has been made in South African mining stocks during the past two years. The nominal capital of his bank was originally \$12,000,000 in \$5 shares. They opened at from \$15 to \$20 premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at about \$45,000,000. Barnato was formerly a sircus employee. ircus employe.

The worry of the day is a bad bed Rest is an expensive luxury to mos

Eternity is the infinite expansion The world cannot frown away a sou

Self-made men are not always th

Death is the open hand to large op-Ambition is the murderer of manFrank L. Stanton, Georgia's Poet and No newspaper writer ever achieved

THE SOUTH'S SWEET SINGER

greater popularity than has fallen to the lot of Frank L. Stanton within the past year. His sweet poems, whose humor and cheerfulness are as fatal to melancholy as the sun's rays are to darkness, are found everywhere in the magazines, the great metropolitan papers and the more humble country sheets. An optimist himself, his writ ings reflect the bright view he takes of life. A Georgia Philosopher, one of the

nother and home, and then lifting the glittering weapon for the piunge of the deam stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It fails! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of Jod, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, "Abraham, abraham, lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened ind entangled in the brushwood and could sot get loose, and Abraham seizes it gladly and quickly unloosens isaac from the altar, ruts the ram on his place, sets the lamp unler the brushwood of the altar, and as the lense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and 4rops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God who akes away the sins of the world!" words, "pendid the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of his? There is an aged minister of the gosel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it econs reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have een mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinct and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have seen mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinct y that it was not certain whether he called larah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, livine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abraham: rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, mowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mysery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why had allows it. There is a work for you to lo, and you have not enough grace, you lo, and you have not enough grace, you hink, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Adrance and do your whole duty. Be willing o give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not ave to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh' -the Lord will provide." A capital lesson is old minister gives us. FRANK L. STANTON, OF GEORGIA.

this old minister gives us.

Out yonder in this house is an accoroman, the light of heaven in her face. She shalf way through the door. She has her land on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened in it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and last the table at noon and had nothing to out on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loal of bread came. The Lord will provide. My on was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from ne, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons. This is my snly son. This is my isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will You? But I saw he was getting worse and worse if the stime and I turned yound and prayed. oems: The cold has killed the corn off an' blight ed all the wheat; apple-bloscoms sweet. An' the country is in mournin' from the mountains to the sea. But the good Lord runs the weather an it ain't a-botherin' mel The bees was out fer honey an' a-workin' fer their lives. But the blizzard stopped their buzzin' an' they're froze up in their hives An' there won't be any sweet'nin' fer the coffee or the tea. But the good Lord runs the weather, an it ain't a-botherin' me!

won't take him away from me, will You? But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I sould say. 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be sluin and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless you souls, that's been so for seventy years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger The mockin' birds was singin' fes' the sweetest kind o' notes, But now they're sittin' silent with a flan nel roun' their throats; summertime to be, But the good Lord runs the weather, an it ain't a-botherin' me! It don't make any difference what these

changin' seasons bring; If it's cold, the fire's a-blazin' an' I hear the chimney sing; if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better. I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this—whenever you get into a tough place and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods you will see, caught in the branches, a sub-If it's hot, the trees is shady, with the breeze a-blowin' free, Fer the good Lord runs the weather, an'

it ain't a-botherin' mel when a mere boy. "I had a pretty days. rough time," he says. . "When I was 11 years old I was sawing wood for \$1 a month in north Georgia; sawing wood, you know, and saying nothing, but I was looking all the time at the things about me-the wild flowers, the forests. the blue sky overhead. They all sank deep into my heart. Then, too, I followed the plow and learned a world about nature behind the handles." Later he drifted into a country newsings first attracted attention. The Atsix years ago and he has since been with that enterprising journal. His writings are now eagerly sought and topled by the magazines and newspaper

spicuous place in American literature. A NOVEL CHARITY.

The Home for Aged Baptist Ministers at Germantown, Pa.

Germantown, Pa., will soon have a anique institution, to be known as the George Nugent Home for Aged Baptist in Germantown business circles twenty-five years ago and when he died about six years ago his will provided that about \$1,000,000 be set aside for nome for aged Baptists. Shortly after his death his residence was converted into a home and many laymen and ministers are now finding rest in their service may be obtained by the payfeclining years. The new home is lo- ment of 1,500 pesetas. The other day a eated on a tract of land left by Mr. Nugent, and it was his request that it queen regent stating that he had alplendid shade trees and with an abun- sons, and requesting that he might be you don't. iance of ground which can be made in- excused from paying for the other to attractive lawns. The residences of fourteen, as he had no money left. His some of the wealthiest citizens and business men in the city are contiguous



THE GEORGE NUGENT HOME.

o it. Work was begun on the structure last April, and the building will e finished within the year.

It is of the French transition style of

architecture and will contain about 60 ooms. It will cost in the aggregate 60,000. It will be 122 feet long and 42 eet wide and will be three stories high. to will be built of buff brick and terra sotta. One of the attractive features will be a Spanish tile roof, its rich coloring contrasting with the buff of the building. At one end of the buildng will be a pretty three-story porch richly ornamented and supported by stone and terra cotta columns. There are porches also on the side of the handsome doorway. The interior will be finished entirely with hard wood and will contain all the latest improveients.

Deep Water at Gibraltar. The water in the Straits of Gibraltar s 150 fathoms deep.

NOTES OF THE DAY

There are twenty-four creameries it Maine that do nothing but manufacture butter the year round.

A man in Gilsum, N. H., while clean gold ring which his wife had lost sever vears ago. A herd of 7,000 horses was bought o

Washington ranch the other day by the Portland Horse Meat Canning Company at \$3 a head. About 1.000 grammar school gradu

ates of Brooklyn are unable to find places in the high schools, so crowded tre those buildings. Boston is said to have spent \$75,000 to entertain the Knights Templar, and

the Knights left behind \$1,000,000 ir the city of baked beans. It is estimated that the city of New York contains fully 50,000 children of school age who cannot be accommodat-

ed in the public schools of that city this year. The record of attendance at the pub lic schools of the United States during the last year gives a total of 15 536 268 pupils, a figure larger than that of any

other nation. Many efforts have been made by At lanta barbers to induce the authorities to allow then to keep open on Sunday during the exposition. The matter is

now settled with a positive negative. In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best est things he has written, very plainly coal, and give out more heat in proper hows the style and character of his tion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are

sollected and sold. Professor F. H. Cushing asserts that one of the most ancient things man has made is the arrow. It antedates even the bow, and in its embryonic state is older than either the stone ax or the

shaped knife or flint. The Kansas City Board of Education has promulgated an order forbidding the smoking of cigarettes by pupils during school hours (on penalty of expulsion) and instructing teachers to rigidly enforce the rule.

When the commission of cardinals for the administration of Peter's pence proposed to Pope Leo XIII. recently to invest 2,000,000 francs in foreign socurities the Pope insisted that the money should be put into Italian gov ernment bonds.

It is proposed to erect statues of Stemens and of his colleague and friend, Helmholtz, in front of the technical high school in Charlottenburg, in the same manner as the statues of the brothers Humboldt were erected in front of the Berlin University.

The highest speed ever attained upon the water is credited to the new Russian torpedo boat Sokol (Russian for Stanton's father was a journeyman hawk), just launched in England, which printer and was something of a poetic went thirty-five miles an hour on her genius. He died when he was young trial trip. At that rate an Atlantic liner and Frank was obliged to go to work would cross the ocean in three or four

The death rate of Berlin for 1894 was 17.2 in a thousand; that of London, 17.7 Brussels and Hamburg, 18.1; Amster dam, 18.3; Copenhagen, 18.7; Turin, 18.8; Rome, 19.6; Glasgow, 20.0; Paris, 20.2; Manchester, 20.4; Vienna, 22.8 Liverpool, 23.8; Dublin, 24.7; St. Peters burg, 31.4, and Moscow, 34.1.

At Mystic, Conn., sheep owners are lorty grains of smokeless powder. The arrayed against the dogs, which have paper office-the Smithville (Ga.) News been devastating their flocks for some and there his poems and other writ. time past. Many sheep have been killed, some of which cost \$50 to im lanta Constitution secured his services | port, and others are valuable animals Several dogs have been caught among the flocks and several have been tilled.

A curious outcome is reported of the editors and he promises to fill a con- great robbery of the Buda-Pesth postoffice eleven years ago. The two thieves, who got away with 250,000 florins have been caught. The principal has been tried in Buda-Pesth and released under the ten-year limit law. His accomplice will be tried in Austria

where no such limitation exists. A movement has been projected at Vincennes looking to the establishment Ministers. Mr. Nugent was prominent of a university at Lincoln City, Ind., on the site where Lincoln spent his boyhood. The general idea is to ask for a subscription of 10 cents from each school child in the State, the inceptors the endowment and establishment of a figuring out that the giving would be patriotic inspiration to the children.

worthy man presented a petition to the erected on it. It is surrounded by ready paid 15,000 pesetas for ten of his request was granted.

> Victoria's Arbitrary Powers. People on this side of the water are apt to attach too much credence to the oft-repeated, but somewhat fallacious assertion, to the effect that the Queen of England has no power, is a mere figurehead; in fact, nothing but a constitutional puppet in the hands of the guns and buildogs all around your Cabinet for the time being. It is often grounds, lock her in her room and vow stated that the President of the Unled Sates is possessed of far more executive power and prerogatives than her British majesty.

This is a great mistake. The English sovereign has retained far more power than people realize. For instance, she has the power to dismiss every soldier in the army, from the commander-inchief down to the youngest drummer, She could disband the navy in the same way and sell all the ships, stores and arsenals to the first buyer that presented himself. Acting on her own responibility, she could declare war against any foreign power, or make a present of any section of the empire over which she rules to any foreign power. Acting strictly within her preroga-

tive, she could make every man, wom an and child in the county a peer or a the case of males, who are of age, to seat and a vote in the House of and detested the sea. Lords. With a single word or stroke of the pen she could dismiss any Cabinet that was in power, and could, more over, pardon and liberate every crimf every grade that are confined in British penitentiaries. These are only a few of the things that the Queer could do if she desired.-Marquise de Ventency, in Philadelphia Press.

EFFECT OF THE NEW BULLET.

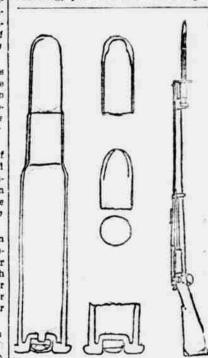
Discussion by Army Officers in Regard to the Krag-Jorgensen Riflo. The killing of Convict Thomas Coffey at Fort Sheridan, Chicago, was the first ing out a raceway recently, found a practical demonstration of what effect the new Krag-Jorgensen rifle will have on a human mark. This rifle was introduced into the army to reduce the loss of life as far as possible in time of war, disabling rather than killing. It was urged that the great speed, directness and small caliber would result in the inflicting of a small, clean-cut wound which easily would close and heal, the pullet passing clear through the body. The effect on the head of Coffey, al hough the bullet passed through and

> apper skull in pieces. Some army officers say that the med-'cal report of Maj. Gerard will declare he effect in Jaman. It is claimed that he shortness of the range was responable for the explosive effect, and that it a longer distance the wound would save been clean cut. Lleut. Thompion, chief of the ordnance office departtient of the Missouri, however, said:

> but at the forehead, was to shatter the

"The new rine has been regarded as nore humane than the Springfield rifle. consider it less humane when the all pierces a vital organ. Its contact with fluid matter, according to a peuliar law of vibration, has an exploive effect. In a bone vibration is not stablished, and the hole would be dean. In experiments cans filled with tones have had clean holes made in hem, but cans filled with water and tones have been burst. In muscles and sones only will wounds be less painful and fatal."

The rifle is known as the "magazine, model 1892, caliber 30." It may be used as a single loader magazine arm, or as a single loader with magazine n reserve. The magazine holds five artridges. The bullet is a hardened ead slug, jacketed with thin cupro-



NITED STATES MAGAZINE RIFLE AND CARTRIDGE.

ickeled steel, to enable it to take the dilling at the high velocity-2,000 feet second. The charge is from thirty to cullet weighs 220 grams and is five di-

ameters in length. Too Much for Electricians. North Adams, Mass., continues to be uzzled over a queer crankism of elecricity in its vicinity. Although when he great four and one-half mile Hoosac unnel was built no ores, magnetic or therwise were encountered, there was general expectation that rich ore pockits would be found; for a yet unexplained reason not an electrician has been discovered who can send a telegraphic message from portal to portal

f that tunnel, be such wire run inside of an ocean cable through the huge cavern or out of it. Therefore such mesinges have to be sent on wires strung n poles over the top of the mountain, ully nine miles, and that is the way ngoing and outcoming passenger and reight trains are heralded to the keepers of the two tunnel approaches.

First-You can't do it; the man whe can must be more than mortal. Second-Give her her own way; it will save her the trouble of taking it.

Third-Pay for her dresses if you can afford it. Her dressmaker will sue If Fourth-If she takes a fancy to any man you don't want her to marry, tell her your heart is set on her marrying him and swear she shall never marry any other. You can then give her a

free hand and she wouldn't have him V te was the only man left. Fifth-If there is any man you want her to marry, kick him out of your house, forbid the servants to admit him, distribute man-traps and spring if she marries him you won't leave her s penny. You will not have to wait long

ifter that for the elopement. Sixth-If she has no voice encourage her to sing whenever you give a party. It will attract attention to her and give your guests an excuse for compliment ing her. Never mind the neighbors. Seventh-If you are a poor man, teach rour daughter how to dance and play the plane. She can learn cooking and

Due to Imagination.

fressmaking and those things after she

is married.-Peck's Sun.

Some writers of sea songs were poor sallors. "I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!" wrote "Barry Cornwall." as if life on the ocean wave were a joy. But peeress of the realm with the right, in it was his imagination that wrote the song, for he was the sickest of sailors

> "I had it from Mrs. Proctor." save Santley, the singer, "who told me that she used to tease him, humming a strain of his jovial sea song as he lay, a very log, huddled in shawls and a tarpaulin, crossing the Channel, with barely sufficient animation left to utten 'My dear, don'tl"