B, F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1895.

know him so well as of late, now that he

Very pleasant were the afternoons spen

Often he found himself glancing aroun

"You are not dancing." he observed

and smiled a little consciously as at the

sound of his voice she turned, her ex-

"I do not doubt it. Was he such a bae

"It was more of my own shortcoming

"Dancing is an art that requires no

"I wish I could believe so," she an

barrassment at the compliment implied.

almost immediately his mood changed

and he led her back to her chapero

At that moment Captain Dene returne

and holding out his cigar-case to the

Colonel, led the way on to the veranda

It was quite dark, and a warm wine

rustling among the trees prevented their

footsteps from being heard. Mrs. Dene

anconscious of their presence, answered

"You were exactly describing Colone Prinsep," she said, laughing lightly. "So he is your ideal of a perfect man."

A discreet cough from her husban

he and Colonel Prinsep were close behing

CHAPTER IV.

Colonel Prinsep drove home that even

ing with a strange sensation of anger

Like most men, he disliked being put in

a ridiculous position, and strenuously ob-

jected to being the declared hero of a

romantic girl, however charming he

For several days after this he saw

nothing of her.

The Colonel had driven out about ter

niles to look at some ground where the

regiment were to practice reconnoitering.

turning a corner, he came upon some-thing that made his horse suddenly

It was Jane, seated on the ground, and

near her stood a bamboo cart with broken

There had evidently been some acci-

dent, for the pony and syce that must have once belonged to it had disappeared

and she herself did not attempt to rise

when he came within sight.
"You are hurt!" exclaimed the Colone.

jumping down from his high seat, and

going hastily toward her, his arm through

She turned her pretty, piteous face to

traces and upset the cart-and, oh, I am

"We must get you home at once,"

He almost lifted her into his dog-cart

and drew the rug round her gently, fas-

neck, while she neither deprecated his at-

He had seated himself beside her, and

"Then we will start at once."

tentions nor evaded them.

his own insensibly grew warmer.

o very glad you came!"

his support.

he made off?"

my arm-

thought her. The daughter of his owr

tempered with involuntary amusen

without making any remark.

demureness could not hide.

performer that you refused?"

have never learned to dance."

in her hazel eves.

Jane's inquiry.

junrtermaster, too!

them.

shafts.

ois horse's reins.

"Some one did ask me," she

and she had been very unwilling to accept the part; only the fact that the per-CHAPTER III. Nora Dene had been married nearly a mental charity, and that her husband So strangely had the marriage wished it, at last persuaded her. come about that often she herself was puzzled to account for all the motives

that had urged her on to such a rash and anconsidered step. at the further end of the room as audi-She had been engaged in the first inence, her eyes fixed demurely on the little stance to Major the Hon. Barry Larron, yellow book, listening with unnecessary Knox, tartily. intentness to the Colonel's drawling also of the the -th Hussars-a man more tones, which were becoming dearer to her than double her age, and rendered gloomy than she well knew. Sometimes they and suspicious by a former unlucky in-sident in his life. It had been his strangereferred a knotty point to her, and had she been observant, she must have notice y urgent, even selfish exacting love that that Colonel Prinsep always adopted her and fascinated her. She had thought his suggestions. Once Mrs. Dene laughingly passion the deeper that it had showed appealed to him, whether Jane would not tself in such an uncouth form, contrastmake the better actress of the two; but ing so markedly with the gentle, almost lavish devotion that was offered her by other lovers. For awhile she flattered herself that she could tame this savage to see if she were near; in church he list Orson, and render him subservient to all her whims and fancies. But time disproved this, and she became impatient under his jealousy, and rebelled against raised; and once as he stood near her at hope was strangled in its birth.

"I will leave you two to fight it out," which was at times tremulously upproved this, and she became impatient an afternoon "At Home" at their mess it entered into his mind that, being sc the strict supervision he deemed it necessary to keep over her actions. Girlishly slim and lightly made, she ought to be unhecedful of the consequences, she a pleasant partner. He strolled toward her slowly. played upon his fears, thinking to punish him by giving more cause for his suspic-

only laughed. "I will be an old man's darling if you ike," she told him, saucily; "but noth- pression betraying a delight that all he ing shall persuade me to be an old man's

ons, and when remonstrated with she

She was so innocent of evil that she did not understand the extent of his doubts. She flirted with such openness that the nore especially as she so artlessly be. I was afraid. You see"-blushingtrayed her love for her fiance at every turn; he was the only one who was blind enough to doubt her.

At last a crisis came. He had forbidden her to sance, an exercise of which she was passionately fond, and she had swered, quickly, too eager to show em not rebelled, for even to herself it seemed selfish to indulge a taste he could not share. Now, not content with that, he told her he objected to her singing before | with Mrs. Dene, and she is not dancing-

one one but her own family Then the girl grew rebellious, and refused to comply with such an unreasonable request. That same evening, in defiance of his wishes, she sung at a large party, and when he showed evident dis pleasure, made no effort to conciliate him, The next morning he wrote to her, saying that her love of gaiety and craving for admiration were incompatible with the life he should wish his wife to lead, and that he could not trust her with his

appiness and honor.
Only one other officer was with him on detachment at Hattiabad, and to him he declared his intention of giving her un but his confidence had been met with in

Genald Dene had known Nora Molnet all her life, and was furious at what to him seemed an unwarrantable insult. The wedding day was fixed -was to have been In that same month indeed; and he knew ow her fair fame would suffer if she were jilted so at the last moment. merely friendly feeling he had felt tor her seemed to develop in a moment to almost brotherly affection. Had she been indeed his sister, he could not have more teenly resented Major Lorron's behavior. There appeared only one way to show als sense of the cruel injustice of such onduct, and to silence malicious tongues

He must offer to become her husband ir Major Larron's stead. Undeterred by fear of ridicule or rebuff, he put his chivalrous resolve into execution. He told the girl of the shame be felt that one belonging to the regiment should have behaved so badly, and how utterly he disbelieved in the truth of the accusations against herself.

In proof of which," he added, gravely, "I can only say that if you will marry me, Nora, I will do my best to be worthy of your confidence and to win your love." And she had consented to the strange, proposal, knowing that she was not brave nough to face the jeers or pity of society when the fact transpired that she had been jilted. And she thought that Gerald Dene loved her.

Her pleasure was his first thought, he wishes his own consideration. He was always at hand to do her service, and gave her no opportunity to discover how he was getting more necessary to her every day. Although formerly a keen sportsman, he now seldom or never went out with his rifle or rod for fear she should begin to think about the past, and find eisure to repent the step she had taken.

That one short year had changed her terribly. The shock to her pride had been so great that she had seemed to grow suddenly old, caring for none of which had delighted her before Her whole being had become chastened and the laughter quenched upon her lips She had never danced since her marriage. She sung sometimes, but without that happy ring which had made her singing so pleasant to the ear. Certainly she

had grown very staid-too staid, thought her young husband, as he watched he urtively at times.
The young wife had made no women

friends in Alipore. She was in fact rather difficult to please, but she took Jane to ber heart directly, liking her the better that she was so free from young-ladyism -so fresh and unspoiled by contact with the world. Having been so long in her convent school, she had contracted a nun-wrenched my foot when I fell out, and the world. Having been so long in her like shyness and gentle, winning way that added to her charm.

Colonel Prinsep, too, saw a good deal tried to move it. of his protege, as Mrs. Dene persisted in calling Jane to herself; he had always said Colonel Prinsep, promptly. "But your pony—did you see in what direction thought her more than ordinarify pretty, and soon discovered she had other claims his admiration. She was so bright and unaffected, and above all so imbued with a sense of his superiority, than which tening his own overcoat loosely round her

nothing goes so surely to a man's heart. Most people find it difficult to resist flatwhen delicately administered; and in this case the homage was quite unconsciously rendered, and so of double worth Mrs. Dene smiled sometimes at Jane's gathered up the reins.

"Are you ready?" he asked her, gently.

She nodded assent, and they drove on suickly through the chill, from als. enthusiasm, yet on the whole agreed with her. She had always liked Colonel Prinsep, though she had pever seemed to

Mary 1 ----

The next morning, in spite of the doc alarmed entreaties, Jane insisted upor being dressed in a loose tea-gown, so that might lie on the drawing-room sofa; may be an indefinite idea of missing the Colonel if he called had something to do with her unwillingness to play the in-

Though scarcely conscious that it had zone so far, she made no secret of her liking for him. He was too far above her for her to be ashamed of the feeling. She would as soon have thought of blushing over her love for a favorite poet or cele brated painter. She could worship this bright, particular star" without any ul-

It was one o'clock-the fashionable time for calling in India-when she heard voices in the adjoining room, and presently the curtain was lifted, and Mrs.

so often joined them in their rides and "Do you think you are well enough to drives. Besides which they were acting together in a comedicata, and Jane ofter "Oh, yes," answered Jane, eagerly, but assisted at their impromptu rehearsals, her countenance fell as she saw the vis-The Colonel was notably good at theatricitor who followed swiftly on her words als, but this was Mrs. Dene's first effort, was Sergeant Lynn.

young man, quickly, his wits sharpened formance was for the benefit of a regiby jealousy and pain. 'It-it was very good of you to come "Of course I came directly I heard of the accident. Does it hurt you much?"in these rehearsals. Jane would be seated pointing to the bandaged arm.
"One does not generally break a limb

"You did not expect me?" said the

without suffering from it," put in Mrs. "She did not seem to suffer much last

night." "Did you see me?" "Yes, I saw you and the Colonel 1

thought he was never going; and you stood looking at him as though-as though--The young fellow stopped, at a loss for words, and Mrs. Knox looked keenly at

he only smiled, and forebore to express an her daughter to see if there was any meaning in what he had hinted. But there was more of scorn than con fusion expressed in Jane's face; and the half-formed suspicion that for a moment made her heart beat with excitement and

Mrs. Knox said, and went from the room. "Jacob, how could you?" flashed out Jane, as she heard the inner door close behind her mother.

But the Sergeant stood erect and un moved by her anger, which perhaps he took as a confession of guilt. "You blush now, but you did not think t worth while to blush when the Colonel's

arm was round your waist," he sneered "He did it to support me, that my arm might not pain me as we jolted over the

The blush had faded from her face and she spoke hesitatingly, as though afraid to say too much; but he was not teaching; it comes by instinct to-to such slow to see her displeasure at the coarseness of his allusion, though he would no immediately give in.

"The roads are good enough," he mut "Try with me"-persuasively.
"I dare not; besides, I could not. I an "We came from Brountra," said Jane, yourself that the road was a disgrace to The Doctor was calmer and more

would be offended---" The next moment he was at her feet "Half a dozen bad reasons don't make protesting that he had never doubted her one good one," he laughed, gayly t was only the cruelty of his position that had tortured him beyond endurance. I He put his arm round her waist, an was too hard that any jackanapes who drew her forward unresistingly. could call himself a gentleman might apthe first awkwardness was over she enjoyed it, as he could not fail to see by proach her when he pleased while he

must stand aside. the flush on her cheeks and the sparkle Jane found the apology more distastefu than the fault it was meant to condone. When they stopped at last he was "Let us talk of something else," sh

smiling, as men will smile when they have broken down one of the weak walls said at last, wearily. "And you have quite forgiven me?"
She nodded her head. which women love to erect, often mor as a precaution than a defense. The (To be continued.)

The Birds.

At a little fishing village last summer

on the coast of the Devonshire I was noticing the tameness of the sea-gulls as they flew around the boats, when they drew to land or sat like so many bars door fowls waiting for any bit of fish thrown to them.

"Yes," said an old fisherman, "they are getting tamer again now, but for a long time they kept aloof. A couple of city men came down here and began blazing away at the poor tame creatures, that did not know at first what It meant, for they had never had a stone thrown at them in their lives. How many they would have killed, just for fun, as they said, I don't know, if we fishermen hadn't stopped them; for the gulls we consider our friends. We like to hear their wild cries, and they lead us to places where the fish are shoaling But it was a long time before they be came tame again."

A would-be sportsman stopped over night at a backwoods cabin with a whole arsenal of guns. Early in the morning the farmer was awakened by a fusillade in the garden.

"I jumped up," he said, "to see wha was the matter; and there was the city chap blazing away at my little robing and orioles, to listen to whose songs l have often lain awake by the hour. I just caught the little fellow by the collar and told him that if he fired that gun again I'd fire him out mighty quick. He dropped his shooting from and looked at me in amazement."

-M. Janssen recently informed the French Academy of Sciences that he determined the existence of water vapor in the planet Mars by means of the spectroscope.

ward him, and there was something so ap-Wolves are not yet extinct in France. ealing and confiding in her glance that Last year 384 were killed in fifty-five "You are hurt!" he repeated, with more out of the eighty-seven departments, solicitude in his tone than had been ex- chiefly in the centre and the eastern part of the country. "Only frightened, I think. I am always

timid driving. The pony kicked over the | -To make one ounce of attar of roses requires 10,000 roses.

-A fisherman at Clinton, Mo. She put one hand in his as he held them caught a three-foot water moccasin out to help her, but she grew so pale as snake on a hook baited with a frog. she stood up that he did not withdraw -A telephone line is about to be

opened between Holland and Belgium. "I am afraid I am a little hurt," she -A small electric lamp is being used instead of a bell in some telephone exchanges in England. The call for She broke off with a faint cry as she connection lights the lamp. England has a lighthouse to every

fourteen miles of coast, Ireland to every thirty-five and Scotland one to every thirty-seven miles.

"The syce took him home to bring back -Dr. Luigi Sambon has recently help. They will be so anxious when they made a collection of Roman surgical instruments which indicate that the Romans had a high degree of operative

The Hawaiian government has gran ted to an American an exclusive franchise and an annual subsidy of \$40,000 for laying a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu.

-No insulator of magnetism

TOLD OF AN ARMY SURGEON. | The conductor grasped the situation, foo Smart for a Prospector, but a Cowboy Got the Drop.

We were sitting about a camp fire while the troops were camped in Jackson's Hole after the Indian scare of not long ago-a number of the officers of the Ninth Cavalry and the writer-and one of the officers was telling about his experiences in the Apache country, though this story has nothing to do with the Apaches.

"Did you ever know Dr. Cockey, of and at that half a dozen of the group for herself, and to take another train laughed heartily. They had known the Doctor, who had served as a contract surgeon with several present.

"Well, did you ever see as good a

orse trader as he was? No? Neither | go back." did I. One day an officer we all know very well came into camp on a fine animal that he wanted to sell. It was worth easily \$100 cash, but it had to go | train back to Boston as soon as posat what it would bring, because the owner had been ordered to Washing- | guments, knowing that if the man ful ton. The Doctor heard of it and looked | ly comprehended them he would agree. the animal over. He said he didn't want it, but he liked to look at horses of all kinds. It semed like a pretty fair horse, he said, the main fault being an

inciplent spavin, which ordinary observers would not easily detect. If it wasn't for that, etc., etc.-you know how candidly he would talk when slandering the other man's horse. The upshot of it was that he said if no better | Luage." offer was made he would give \$60 for the animal, but he would like to take it out for a ride first, to see if there was anything else ailed it.

"The sale of horses was pretty slow about then, and the owner let the Doctor take it for a ride. Then the Doctor rode away on the trail, where his usual luck followed him. He met a prospector with two burres and the usual outfit bound for the mountains, and stopped to talk. The Doctor was a most affable fellow, you will remember, and as he talked he kept the horse showing itself to the best advantage. Pretty soon he saw the prospector eying the horse, and that was just what was wanted. A minute later the prospector said: "That's a fine horse you're riding,

"Cockey agreed that it was in a very inconcerned manner, and went on talking about prospecting until the man once more complimented the horse and the following day, and in the cases of said it was just the animal for the some of the children lasted from one Apache country. Still the Doctor was and a half to two hours, and in a few inconcerned and talked of other mat ters, but kept the horse on parade afl the same. Finally the man could stand lated cases among the Rehlingen school It no longer. He wanted the horse and children several times during the las be said:

"' Of course a horse like yours is enfirely out of reach of a man like me. I'd give everything I've got for him, but I know very well that wouldn't touch him. Still, I'd like to know just "I remember you said what he is worth in this country."

best horse in New Mexico, of course, but it wasn't an expensive horse by ny means.

"'How much money have you got? e asked.

"'Only \$96 and this outfit,' was the 'Just unpack that gray burro,' said he Doctor. 'There's a friend of mine

tor wanted, of course, and he asked the prizes. One of these loaves seems to

in his belt. That was beyond criticism, usual way. The ingredients for the and the Doctor said: "T'll tell you what I'll do with you. like your looks, and you are likely o need a first-class horse before you are done with your work. I'll let you

have the horse for the burro and \$90 if you'll throw in that revolver, but you nust let me ride the horse back to camp "The poor devil was overwhelmed with gratitude, and the trade was comleted. Then the Doctor walked around | ing Post. the offices, said he guessed he could

et rid of the beast-any way, he'd take to be accommodating-and paid over the \$60. I don't know just what he did with the burro, but he probably got a erd of cattle for it in time." "That was just like Cockey," said nother. "He has told me of a lot of its own individuality of character and uch deals. He was really proud of story. very trade of that kind. Why, he had

als shingle up for practice every place atients pay cash in advance, too." "That's what he did," said another every time but once. One day a cowoy came riding into camp with his orse in a foam. One of the boys at the eadquarters ranch had accidentally that himself in such a way that prompt

surgery would probably save his life. 'Will you come now?' asked the owboy. " 'Certainly,' said Cockey; 'but I must have \$25 in advance for such a job." "'Oh, that's all right,' said the cow oy, and he was away again without

waiting an instant. "So Cockey, although he was cha rined because he had not got the cash irst, called out an ambulance and drove over to the ranch. He was still thinking about his failure to get the ash first, it appears, for that was what same text some years before by another e spoke of first on reaching the ranch. "body." The cowboy messenger was in front of the house as the ambulance horses

topped, and he said: 'Glad you're here, Doctor. You're n good time and you'll pull him brough all right. Come in.' "'Yes, I know,' said Cockey, 'but

must have that \$25 in hand now or don't get out of this ambulance." "The cowboy bowed, and then reach ng to a holster at his belt pulled a big oter and levelled it at Cockey. "'Come in, Doctor, come in.

glad to see you,' he said, and Cockey, after a look into the eye that was squinting over the pistol barrel, got out and without any fee in advance performed the operation successfully." Patience and Kindliness.

It takes some slight incident of ev-

ery-day life to show us how truly lonely a foreigner may find himself in our friendly land, how strange to all our customs, and therefore how much a child. One winter night, a German who could speak only a few simple phrases of English, was noticed on a train going out from Boston. He was evidently in great trouble, and when the conductor came along he managed to explain that, by some mischance, his wife had not got on board, and that she had no ticket, and would have no ideand said promptly: "You must get out at the next statio

and take the next train back to Bos The man looked at his ticket. It was marked "Woburn." "I think I go to Woburn," he said

"Then I go back." The conductor explained to him that this was entirely unnecessary, and that the delay lessened his chance of finding his wife at all; for, in the meantime Cockeyville?" he asked of the others, she might be advised to buy a ticke for Woburn. The German shook hi head; the arrangement seemed to him altogether too complicated.

"I go to Woburn," he said. "Then The conductor showed the utmo patience and courtesy. Again and again he went over the reasons for taking a ble. At each station he renewed hi

"I go to Woburn." The incident was a slight one, yet the onductor's attitude throughout was eautiful lesson of kindliness and good breeding. It semed to say, "If a man Is in trouble be patient with him, espe ally if he does not speak your lan-

At every onset, however, the German

loggedly replied:

A Singular Epidemic.

A St. Vitus' dance epidemic has seize pon the school children of Rehlingen village near Trier, on the Moselle. It egan suddenly on July 25 with Kathrina Schnubel, a girl of 12. During violent thunderstorm in school hours he trembled and quaked as if in a alsy and then threw out her arms and egs, sprang from her seat and danced lysterically. The sight of Katharina's ovoluntary motions had so powerful physical influence on her fellowcholars that all will power in them eemed to be destroyed by a sort of wild, irresistible desire to imitate her. In the first class of the girls' school awenty-nine of the children began dancing, and four in the second class. In the upper boys' school four of the lads were seized and three in the lowe school. The attacks were repeated or cases even longer. It seems that the St. Vitus' dance has appeared in Iso few years. The schools were ordered to be closed for three weeks.

Good Bread.

At a bread contest held in an Easter city not long ago, a milling company offered prizes ranging from \$5 to \$100 for the best loaves of bread. The recipe used by the winner of the \$100 was; Three pints of water, one-half pint of milk, one tablespoonful of lard, on tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one yeast cake. The ingredients, which were first thoroughly mixed, and then kneaded ten minutes, were raised over night in a covered bread pan. In the morning the dough was kneaded ten minutes and made into "The burro was a first-class beast, three loaves. Three other loaves enout he was not exactly what the Doc- tered for the contest were awarded \$75 man for a look at the big six-shooter have been prepared in a somewhat undough were two-thirds milk to one-third water, compressed yeast, and a little salt and sugar, and were mixed with enough flour to make a stiff dough. This dough was mixed, kneaded, and set to rise at night. When light, it was chopped thoroughly with a chopping knife, made into loaves, and set to rise the second time; when this was light it was baked forty minutes.-New York Even-

The Scotch Trio.

But in spite of points of likeness, we must see that Maclaren and Barrie and Crocket do not use their material in the same way. Each village preserves These men have revealed to us much

that is truly interesting in the native we camped, and he always made the traits of the race to which they belong, and have preserved to a remarkable de gree the natural coloring in the bits they have gathered for us. They have inspired us with respect for the sturdy men and women they bring to our ac quaintance, making us half afraid to laugh even at the humorist himself; as to the theology of these village people we are rendered helpless to contend where every peasant knows his cate chism with all the reasons why, where men of everyday parts are able to sit interested under a sermon several hours long, and then go home to recount the heads of the discourse and the main arguments, adding a little personal crit icism of the entire performance together with a close comparison of the ser mon with another preached upon the

Whether these stories or others like them will much longer retain their pop nlarity, who may say? The vein may be nearly worked out; it were a pity to quite exhaust it. It is a delicate point to know when to stop that it may be short of weariness to the reader and where imitations are discouraged. Bu surely these three men are masters o their art and it would be as foolish to attempt to excel them in their own department as it would be vain to deny the charm of treatment of every subject they touch.-Womankind.

AN HONEST DEALER. A country gentleman was being estered by an umbrella hawker, and n order to get rid of him he puram of two marks. After paying the

money he tapped the man on the

houlder and laughingly inquired:

"Now, tell me candidly, how long you suppose the thing will really The hawker cast a wistful glance a he clear sky, and frankly replied: "If this sort of weather continued Verr Baron, I'll guarantee the um veeks."-Localanzeiges.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over - Savings that Ar Cheerful to the Old or Young-Fun ny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

The Way He Did It.

Bob-How the dickens is Charlie lardup always able to wear the ver atest style of silk hat? Rob-He always puts his silk hat

tway when they go out of fashion; and, n less than two years they come in style again—Exchauge.



Quiet Citizen-Great Scott, Bill, as ou the leader of this mob? Bill-That's what I am. We're bound string him up. Quiet Citizen-Did you know the may

vho was killed? Bill-No, I never saw him. Quiet Citizen-Are you sure the prit

ner is guilty? Bill-I don't know and I don't keer. 'm leadin' this mob because I've always heard that the man who carries he rope is the most prominent citizen in the place. Don't you know that all lynchin's are conducted by the best element in the community? Well, this is my chance to git a good reputation .-Chicago Record.

The Funeral. The Cashier-I would like to get of this afternoon to go to a funeral. The Boss-All right, Schipps. Let me know when you are ready to start and I'll be with you. The grooms play the tiants to-day and I wouldn't miss the rame for worlds.—Brooklyn Eagle. Vulnerable.

Office Boy-There was a lady here bout an bour ago that said she had ome to horsewhip you. Editor-What did she look like? Office Boy (enthusiastically)-She war surtier than a brick steamboat. Editor-Ab! If she calls again, please

ell her to wait.—Detroit Free Press. Grows Old at Night. Forrester-How old is your baby? Lancaster-He will be 15 nights old o-morrow.—Town Topics.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper what does the word sophistry mean? "Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Bloo bumper, "is the other fellow's argu

Thought He Had a Grievance. Watts-Conductor of the trolley neg lected to take my fare. I don't know whether I ought to feel glad or not. Potts-I can't see that you have any reason to feel otherwise.

Watts-Oh. I'm glad enough to be pickel ahead, but it hurts my feelings to think that I am too insignificant to attract the attention of a car conduc or.—Indianapolis Journal.

Why He Thought 80. ers in my chicken soup," said Hiland to Halket, as the two sat at dinner in s estaurant.

"What makes you feel that?" asked Halket. "I feel a little down in my mouth, vas the reply.-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

An Unfortunate Analogy. "What was the trouble between Smithers and that Boston girl last even

"Oh, when he brought her an ice he had to go and say 'sweets to the sweet."-Indianapolis Journal.



The tear spectacles are now recom mended to old maids who love litera ture. They are so arranged that they can continue to read without having to wipe their eyes every few seconds.

The Club Paid the Fine. "Did you say I was out?" asked th "You bet I did," replied the umpire.

"Well, I ain't out!"

"Yes, you are," was the serene re loinder. "You are out fust \$25." And then the game went on.-Wash Careful.

Bighead-I am very careful how spend my time. Pertly-Naturally, as it is the only thing you have to spend.—Truth.

An Anti-Evolutionist. Jawkins (in the menagerie)-"It's ally odd, this wastefulness of nature." Hogg-"What now, Mr. Crank?" Jawkins-"Why, here this kangaroo with a pocket and nothing to put in it and the girl who's looking at the beast ms her handkerchief, gloves, purse and ambrelle in hand and ne available socket."-Terse Siftings

The Brookivn Divine's Sunday

Subject: "The Dissipations of the Race Course."

Text: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—Job xxxix, 19, 21, 25.

We have recently had long columns of in-telligence from the race course, and multi-tudes flocked to the watering places to wit-ness equine come ion, and there is lively discussion in all non-comis about the right discussion in all non-constabout the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is tan iniquity instead of a commenable virtue cost \$1000 or \$5000 or \$10,000 and the result cost \$1000 or \$5000 or \$50 every minister who would like to defend who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of corporate among the brute control of the control of the

gence, or affection, or semihuman, and known how to reason shall scale. The centaur of olden times, shall scale. Long Branch, or as the best peaked Bay, the horses start, as sheepshead Bay, eight times does the Bib'e speak of him. He comes into every kingly possession and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai months him while Haman holds the bir. The church's advance in the Bible is compared.

months him white Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharach's chariot. Jeremiah cries out. "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Mirian claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea," St. John describing. Christ as coming forth for. ohn describing Christ as coming forth from

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evan-gelest, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patring his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgit put down in the ever increasing entalogue in his Georgies almost seems to plagiarize of those who are ruined for both worlds from this description in the text, so much by the dissipations of the American area. from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old warhorse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, bours without discounting and his master. enhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his crave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the buman race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the 'amentation over the death of the war charg-er Marchegay. Waiter Scott had so much admiration for this divinely honored crea-ture of God that in "St. Ronan's We'l" he

well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day feit called upon to preach a sermon against enterpolicy to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse!

All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh.

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So Into Strangh Professor and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger peranant suscess than you can ever get by a water, but you get in with some of the whisky, rum blotched crew which I see going down on the boutevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, \$5,000,000 to nothing, you will be debauched and damned.

All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh.

All contrary to all the prophecies of the provide an absurding the provide and the prophecies of the whisky, rum blotched crew which I see going down on the boutevards, which I see going do is there a need of reprehensive discourse! All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned 4000 horses, and some say 40,000, wrote in the Bible, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. "He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettthe first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless "Ambrosial Nights" speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our plows and turns our thrashers and our mills and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and the form of Israel and the horsemen thereof." they should pass over into some poor miser-able brute and be beaten and whacked and eruelly treated and frozen and heated and overridden—into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a townath, or tied to

an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smit-ten with eternal epizootics! There is a delusion abroad in the world There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly plous to drive a spavined, galied, glandered, spring haited, blind staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinanio as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick steams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battless of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interest i in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other Nations as to have under our cavalry saidles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service the fary, this arm of the military service. the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilear, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only 700 men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of 70, 2000. It the same way the Sonnich shirable point of honor.

is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength. But what shall I say of the effort being

Sermon.

grandeur and his majesty and his strength.
But what shall I say of the effort being
made in this day on a large stale to make
this splendid centure of God. this divinely
honored being, an instrument of afrocious
evil? I make no indiscriminate assault
against the turf. I believe in the turf if it
can be conducted on right principles and
with no betting. There is no more harm in
offering a prize for the swiftest racer than
there is harm at an argumitural fair in offerthere is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best ing a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thrasher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well doing. Heaven itself is called a prize, 'the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Je-

itself is called a prize, "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Je-sus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and

that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a onets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, in shape, or spirit; or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semihuman, and known how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of older times,

What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at

the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally leprons—by "auction pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent., and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse -a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra in-ducement scratches a house off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slack-enspace that, according to agreement, an-onier may win, and writing over every judges' stand, and writing on every board of John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents Him as scated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says. "The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if after all St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative but somewing thereto. As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do the surrounding fences. The "swindler!" Yet thousands bet.

and as has as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others, but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariet of sin. Do not throw your jewels of mornity under the flying hoof. by the dissipations of the American Aces sourse. They say that an honest race course is a "straight" trace, and that a dishonest race course is a "crooked" trace—that is the parlance aloral.—but I tell you that every race track surrounded by betting men and betting women and betting castoms is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of 'flis gossiels, "Is not a man better than all the stee is that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man in order toget a honse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the races so, before him.

him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a ture of God that in "St. Ronan's Weil" he orders the girth stackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the wornout horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Rill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his lamily prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem guite so go into straightforward inclustries, and you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-lay to get monsy without earning it of all the cities; it is the carse of America—the effort to get monsy without earning it—and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I preach this serzon on square old assioned honesty. I have said nothing against the turf. I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you you will have better livelihood, and you

> afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him, but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always iell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horses head. In my boyhood we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were riends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country thurch. The fact is that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unnitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon house never again to take it down. tell what direction a man is driving in by the

The New England Manufacturers' Associa-In Atlanta. An excursion party of 200 ar-ranged to leave New York for Atlanta. Many of the largest cotton manufacturers of this country will be in the party.

Aged Couple as Life Pariners, Christopher Roberts, aged eighty-one, was

There are times when people laugh because they are ashamed to cry, and

000. In the same way the Spanish chivairy drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there as by never repeating it.