VOL. XLIX

M, F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 47.



"I think it is like your sweet wom

umping to the ground, he assisted her o alight.

"Good-by; and, Mrs. Dene, I shall re

member what you have said, and I

He stopped, in half-amused embarrass

"Won't what?" she persisted, merci-

essly.
"I won't flirt with your little friend, I

Laughing at his comical confusion, she

shook hands with him, and wished him

good-by, and stood for a moment looking

after him as he drove away. Then, with

a smile still hovering upon her lips, she went into the bungalow.

Smiling still, she sauntered into the drawing-room, slowly taking off her

cloves; but her face became expression-

ess in a moment when she saw her hus-

band seated at the open window. How

was it that his presence seemed to drive

every feeling from her heart except-ex-

"Gerald, if I had known you were here would have come home earlier."

He had noticed how quickly the smile

had faded from her face on seeing him, and was hurt that it should be so. Was

he always to be a restraint upon her?

Could be not even share her simple ev-

ever shut out from participating in he

deeper joys and sorrows?
"My pleasure is with you," she said,

gently, as though conscious of what was

"Your duty, perhaps. I wish the words

vexed for a moment that I had not suc-

tears.
"Indeed," she said, "I think I am hap-

pier than I know," and she left him pus

CHAPTER VI.

When Captain and Mrs. Dene met again at dinner neither made reference to

what had passed between them. It was

the first time that there had been even

an approach to a quarrel, yet it had

seemed to draw them nearer to each other

and bring some warmth into their rela-

tions. Anything was better than that

cool politeness.

But, though in their hearts there was

no appreciable change, a difference was

talked a little faster than usual, but she

assistance to mature.

She opened the subject directly they re-

"Gerald, have you answered that invi-

tation yet from the Tent Club for the

"No, by Jove! I quite forgot. Just

remind me again to-morrow morning. I

"And about that pig-sticking-yo

He drew himself up ampatiently as he

"Very well; I will go," he said, and

"I want to take Jane Knox with us, if

"Let us make a party of it," he said,

heerfully, after a few moments of silence. "Three is trumpery, four is com-pany, and young ladies always want

"The very thing! Gerald, how clever

"Why, because he is the richest, of course." She stopped short, remember-

How true it is that time heals all wounds!

"If you are intent upon match-making,

This is too expensive a regiment for a

"Which is lucky," replied his wife, dry-

"I am afraid the task you have set

But his wife, who had started at his

one, guessed what was passing through

CHAPTER VII.

nd, and with a gesture succeeded in

money was gained in trade?"

ou are! Let us ask Major Larron."

"Why him, of all others?" frowning.

thought the discussion ended.

But she looked up blankly into his face

would enjoy it, would you not?"
"I dare say I might—if I went."

"And why should you not go?"

"Do you wish me to do so?"

ou won't mind," she said

tete-n-tete was to be broken.

ome one to flirt with."

poor man."

other's?

ose from his seat.

paired to the drawing-room.

pig-sticking at Cawnpore?"

feel too lazy to write now."

felt in their manner to each other. He

ery-day thoughts, though he were for-

cept-was it only fear?"

in his mind.

were synonymous."

tling over the words.

spect you for it, and thank you."

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) "Of course I might have seen the ridiculousness of the whole affair at once; Fancy my being jealous of the Colonel! Ha, ha, ha!"

At the sound of his rough merriment Jane winced, and held up her hand. "I cannot bear any more now," she exclaimed, in a shrill voice that startled herself as rauch as it did him.

"You are in pain?" "Yes, I am in pain," she answered truthfully, though just then she had no thought of her broken arm.

He took her hand in his to say "good Some idea had been in his mind of a warmer farewell, but he had never kissed her yet, and the pale, proud face she turned toward him was no encouragement to begin. Then somewhat shame

facedly he withdrew.

The interview had not been a success ful one, he felt. He had wounded her and frightened her by the brusqueness of his ways and speech, and had won rom her no ratification of her former promise. It struck him ruefully that he just have lost the knack of wooing s pretty girl-that his tongue had forgotten His conclusions were correct. Jane

and thought him more boorish than she had known him to be before, and more than ever regretted that she had not listened to her mother's warning.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Dene had been very constant in her visits to Jane during her convales-Independently of her desire to gratify the Colonel by showing his proege any kindness in her power, she liked the girl for her own sake, and was zealous for her social success.

You are so pretty you are sure to please," she told her candidly one day. 'Don't you think"-hesitatingly-"that it is rather valgar to be pretty?

"If so, it is a vulgarity that many would be glad to share"-laughing. In England they say every milk- | it is." maid and fisher girl you meet has a trim only another name for good health. Now,

to be well educated -- " "You are as well educated as many of women who move in good society, and you have very charming manners, which you will find more useful still. What else

do you want?" "I wish I could dress as well as you," complained Jane, who, like a very woman, was inclined to set a high value upor that branch of feminine industry.

She sat now smoothing down the folds of her pale-blue gown, and pondering what had been said; and as Mrs. Dene watched her in some amusement, trying to divine her thoughts, she saw her hands meet suidenly in a tight clasp, and a warm blush suffuse her face. Curious as to who or what could have caused this agitation, Mrs. Dene turned her head sharply, and to her surprise saw Colonel Prinsep standing in the veranda behind

enful glance with a defiant if somewhat embarrassed gaze; but, though he took her hand in greeting, he addressed himself exclusively to Jane. "I came to ask if you were better," he

"You are always so thoughtful," murmured Mrs. Dene, with malicious sweet-

"I am quite well now, thank you," an swered unsuspecting Jane.

She would have been against had she

known that the love of which she was herself scarcely aware had been so eas-fly discovered. As it was, she went on talking so calmly that the Colonel felt ashamed of his own want of self-possession, and exerted himself to join in the conversation. But in spite of every effort he felt disconcerted still, and rose very soon to go.

A little to his dismay, Mrs. Dene ex pressed her intention of accompanying

"Would it be troubling you too much to drive me to my bungalow?" she asked. "My own carriage was not ordered until seven o'clock, and I remember there is something I must do. "It will give me the greatest pleasure."

he assured her, gravely. Smiling her thanks, she kissed Jane affectionately, and went out, while the Colonel followed, nervously twitching his

That his suspicion was not entirely un testified the lady's opening words seemed

neal to "auld lang syne" is generally the preamble to something disagreeable. "We have always been friends, have we not. Colonel, Prinsep?" she began, as, settied comfortably in his dog-cart, they

drove quickly toward her home. "Always, Mrs. Dene. I hope there is no reason we should not remain so still." "Of course not. But I want to take adrantage our friendship to ask you .

favor-the first." "You may be sure I shall not refuse it unless obliged," he said, politely. Then don't flirt with Jane Knox. It is not fair. She is so young and inexperienced in society's ways, and you-I

wealth which you seem to consider inshe finished, laughing. "Indeed, I have no thought of flirting." "But you may be drawn into it. Men are so weak where a pretty girl is concerned. And you will not deny that she

is already evidently attracted by you."
"You would think me a dreadful coxcomb if I admitted the soft impeachment," he retorted, smiling, "Whether you admit it or not, it is fact. I think it was unmistakably writ-

ten on her face to day."
"And have you decided whether this very patent affection is returned?" he

asked, rallying, partly to carry off a certain sheepishness which all men feeel on being told they have won a woman's

"Certainly not yet; and it is extremely unlikely that you ever will return it. That is why I want you to keep away and clearing the cloud from his brow. et her get over this infatuation." They were nearing her bungalow now, They were nearing her bungalow now.

Unaware of the schemes that had been me in a boat when out rowing and she drew her white shawl close and made for her settlement in life, Jane picked up her umbrella which had faller was afraid we'd when the invitation came upset.—Rare Bits.

for her to go to Cawnpore. Independently of a natural love of change and gayty, she was full of nervous delight at

She realized at once the advantage it would be to her daughter to make her first appearance under other auspices than er own, and where her former circumtances were not known. "It is giving the girl a fair chance," she

he idea of entering society—the society

aid, complacently, to her husband.
"And it is particularly kind of Captain and Mrs. Dene," he replied. For the quartermaster was more sensible of the flattered though she was at the attention. did not share the soldier's natural reverence for his officer. Then he added, doubtfully: "I wonder what Jacob Lynn will say?

"What has he to do with it?" asked Mrs. Knox, sharply. "Everything, seeing that he is to be the girl's husband."

She looked at him in utter scorn. "Do you really think that that will ever less to speak as you have done. I re They had stopped before her door, and

"Why not? A promise is a promise; and I don't want Jane to be such a fine lady as to forget her first friends," he answered, doggedly. "Is it true, John, that the sergeant has taken to drinking lately?" Mrs. Knox

"I heard something about it, but one does not believe everything one hears." "He was always wild!"-shaking her

It so happened that Jacob Lynn heard nothing of Jane's projected visit until Mrs. Knox and reproached her bitterly for what he called her unfair reticence. "You have owed me a grudge ever since Jane promised to be my wife. But she promised of her own free will, so it is unjust to use your influence against me he said, sulkily, at the end of the tirade. Everything is against me. Be on my dde!" he pleaded.

"I have given you my advice already and can do no more," she answered, coldly That same evening Mrs. Knox wrote to her daughter, telling her all home news and outside gossip, but intentionally re-"Then I am glad you did not know, fraining from saying a word, good or ill, for I never wish to deprive you of any of Jacob Lynn.

(To be continued.)

Subtract Foskett. "Peter Gannett's boy Eben is rea mart at his books, I hear," said Grandfather Rollins, as he and his grandson Rob were out at the barn milking the cows one night. "Ain't that so, bub?" "Why, yes, he's a good hand at 'rithme tic and spellin', and so on," returned Rob, without evincing much enthusiasm. "But he's awful slow at games." he added, after a moment's pause.

Very likely, but that does not alter the ceeded in making your life happier than rightly recall what his Christian name

fust off he'd appear to be speakin' of 'em fair an' square; but before he got through there was allus somethin' to take the juice out of whatever he'd told ye that was pleasant.

"He'd year 'Alock Stevens to a real of the stevens to a r

"He'd say, 'Aleck Stevens is a real smart boy, smart as a steel trap; he's such a boy for books, though, that I don't b'lieve he does much round the peal that the vanquished be spared, and

was quieter, for her head was full of a can see that she new plan that she wanted her husband's pooty she is.'

how to make folks laugh. If he hadn't got such an awful quick temper, there wouldn't be much better comp'ny anywhere than Frank is."

"An' so it went. It didn't make no

the habit's settled onter ye, yet," concluded Grandfather Rollins, as he rose stiffly from the milking stool. "If I thought it was, I sh'd be clean dis-His countenance fell; but he would not kerridged; fer I sh'd ruther any relahow that he was disappointed that the tion o' mine would be sleepin' out in the buryin'-ground than livin' t' be like Subtract Foskett!"

It is said that the extraordinary influence which Agassiz exerted over men who had only a slight perception of the scope of his wonderful mental powers, ing how strange it must seem that she in his disinterestedness as to his magwas due as much to a universal belief should recommend as a husband for another the man who had refused herself. once told an incident which illustrat-

That episode in her life seemed very distant now, and all the feelings it had awakened had died a natural death.

ed this fact.

On one occasion, when his museum was in need of money for a purely scientific purpose, he invited the members there are others nearly as rich as he. of the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts to visit it with the design of inducing them to vote the sum he rely, "for girls seem to have a knack of setting their affections on the wrong dress delivered in the hall of the museum, he led them over the building. He looked at her keenly. Was she pointing out the great things that had speaking from her own experience or an- been achieved, and the still greater

things that were to follow if his plan was carried out. yourself will prove an arduous one. Now, In ascending the stairs I happened to there is Val Graems, who, besides the overhear two intelligent legislators, everyth which you seem to consider to wealth which you seem to consider in-dispensable, possesses good looks and a identity farmers, who were considering winning manner. Why not choose him?" the propriety of giving the proposed

"I was thinking of the title," replied legislative aid. Mrs. Dene, thoughtfully. "Have you for | "I don't know much," said one, "about gotten that Major Larron will be Lord the value of this museum as a means Larronmore -meday, while Mr. Graeme's of education, but of one thing I am cer-

"You seem to expect great things for your friend I should have thought the latter match a more suitable one, supposing that either cared to play to win."

He spoke savagely, for the doubt had assailed him whether perhaps she re considered that no other man could gretted the title which once she might have wrung the sum from the reluctter when the circumstances of his mar-riage were recalled to him.

A Dangerous Papposal.

Clara-How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead? Dora-I had to. He proposed to me in a boat when out rowing and

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Heaven Looking On."

Subject: "All Heaven Looking On."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's opening sermon in Washington was: "All Heaven Looking On." the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrowaxil., I: "Secing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the National Capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conscious smiplt. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the sliver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel osheather the sword with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel osheather the sword with which he has regarded the hosts of Israel osheather the sword with which he has struck such michty blows for God and prighteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinis of work for making the world to be seen you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me gobel that he has preached and to join you in all kinis of work for making the world to be seen you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me gobel that he has preached and to join you in all kinis of work for making the world the bought all come and see me gobel that he has preached and to join you in all kinis of work for making the world the bought all come and see me gobel that he has preached and to join you in all kinis of work for making the world the seem of the propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven as of world the propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the same gospel that he have preached the here world the propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you will now to have the same proposed that he have preach

Crossing the Alos by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins in the world—the of the grandest ruins in the world—the amphithenter. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count forty elevations or galleries—as I shall see fit to call them—in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cares in which the lions galleries are the cages in which the lions enzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood

in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right into her eyes, but before they could fall he was at her side, holding her ungloved hand between his own.

"Norn, don't cry. I am a brute. I did not mean anything I said. I was only vexed for a moment that I had not succeeded in making your life happier than it is."

"Indeed," she said, "I think I am hap."

"Rob," said Grandfather Rollins, turning a sharp gaze on the boy, and speaking with a good deal of severity, if gravely still, through a mist of unshed tears.

"You'd ask him about anybody, an"

"Rob," said Grandfather Rollins, turning a sharp gaze on the boy, and so he died, the night forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right sword, with firm grip, into his right had so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect his sword, with firm grip, into his right sword, with firm grip, into his right his sword, with firm grip, into his right had so he died, the night turning a sharp gaze on the boy, and speaking with a good deal of severity, "once or twice lately you've put me in mind of a feller that used to live over in Rickville when I was a boy. I don't rightly recall what his Christian name was, fer the boys at school all called him "Subtract' Foskett, an' that was the name he went by.

"You'd ask him about anybody, an' in the leaves. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right had. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I had, The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I had, The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I had a rout of his sword, with firm grip, into his right had so he died, the night before swinging from the bedoes the ruther arena. Let him get his sword, with first his sword, with first had so he died, the night had. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I had a rout of his sword, with first had a ro toward the side of the arena. Then, rally-ing his wasting strength, he comes up with flerser eve and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his

> Sometimes the audience came to see a don't b'lieve he does much round the house; I guess they don't depend on him to help much.
>
> "Yes, Molly Spears is a pooty gal, that's a fact. There ain't many pootier round here. I wish she didn't set quite so much by her looks, though. Folks can see that she knows jest about how pooty she is.
>
> "Did I hev a good time down to my Cousin Frank's house? Oh, yes, splendid. Frank's a real jolly boy; he knows how to make folks jaurh. If he hadn't live is a many wounds that the sometimes the combat was with wild beasts. To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."
>
> The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temperature is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the

You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the area drink the Your lion is the passion for strong drink.

"An' so it went. It didn't make no matter what you asked him, you'd get jest that kind of an answer every time. n' there wa'n't anybody in Rickville that had a tongue folks was so sca't of as they was of Subtract Foskett's.

"You're nothin' but a yearlin', Rob, an' I hev hopes of ye, fer I don't think the habit's settled onter ye, yet," con-Spirit. With that thou had back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have not fought the lion, it is because you have

out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell. Men think, when they contend against an evil babit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude no man can number. "Be-ing compassed about with so great a cloud of

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of speciators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On His head are many crowns! The Roman comperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsarms, indinerent as to whether the swords-man or the lion beat, but our King's sympa-thies are all with us. Nay, unheard of con-descensions! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

—Ottawa, Canad

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield the man took his kulfe from his girdle and fhe man took his kulfe from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the galary, said: "That was not fair. The lon nust be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim [fell. You cry. "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will lorbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He

will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us.

sed are all they who put their trust is There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezeklel saw nobolding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a gent out of temporation.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spits apon! They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knews all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and ap stolic.

"Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" so in that gallery, prophetic and ap stolic, they caunot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah zalls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims; "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep will. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelulahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night

they are, together—a family group in heav-en! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in en! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and it hus they were palled apart. They had their longues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled sould be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they at yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them at yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them
the fires of persecution have gone out. The
swords are sheathel and the mob hushed.
Now they watch us with an all observing
sympathy. They know all the pain, all the
hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice,
all the privation. They cannot keep still.
They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The ilons
cannot devour! Courage, down there in the
arena."

annot devour? Courage, down there in the arena?"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene? Gallery of the King? Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles? Gallery of friends and kindred? Oh, majestic circles of light and ove! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of tearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to ain again? How shall we ever dere to ain again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and our glorifled tindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are ipread forth to shelter us. No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startio us. Yo, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign— Be faithful to my Lord. And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die, They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye,

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine,

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or ise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than tonquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and tried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here!"

"Oh! I heard the did of heaven, and

I was only answering to any name." I wonler whether, after this battle of life is over,
our names will be called in the muster roll
of the pardoned and glorified, and with the
loy of heaven breaking upon our souls we
shall cry: "Here! Here!"

man, has been appointed County Physician of Riley County, Kansas, to succeed Dr. Willard, who recently resigned. She is the first woman in Kansas to received such an appointment. -Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh-water lake in the world. African

Dr. Mabel Spencer, a Kansas City wo-

explorers begin to think Lake Victoria -Ottawa, Canada with a population lights, and has begun to employ elec-

tricity in heating also, -During the year a monument is to

PROPOSED CLOCK DIAL

ne that Is Arranged to Divide Time Into Daylight and Dark. People have contrived to civilize hemselves in many respects, but they have never yet adopted a thoroughly rational method of keeping time. For ears we have been accustomed to a ystem which has led to endless confuion, and to not a few serious accidents. ambiguity. It is adopted on the theory that the day is divided into two half days of twelve hours each; and then it eaves us with no indication, as far as the face of the clock is concerned, whether it is daytime or nighttime. In order to obviate the necessity of educating the people anew, and at the

WAY TO TELL TIME.

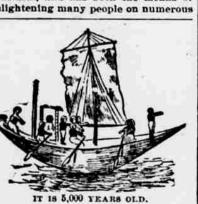
same time to provide a natural and sensible system of keeping time, a very ingenious device has recently been patented. By a glance at the accompanying illustration you will almost imme diately see what the inventor has ac complished. He started out with the idea of making the hour hand traverse the dial in the same time that the sun, on the average, traverses, or seems to traverse, the path acound the earth. It will be seen that the dial represents the rising of the sun, its progress to the zenith at noontide, and to its final disappearance below the horizon at nightfall. But the disk instead of being divided into twelve spaces, is flivided into twenty-four, marked from 1 to 12, and

this series occurs twice. The upper half of the dial represent day and the lower half night. The two are distinguished by the very natural expedient of making one white and the other black. But in case there migh still be some chance for error, the word-'day" and "night" are printed on the disk in large type.

On the outer rim there is a scale for he convenience of the minute hand. The scale is divided into sixty parts, every fifth part being marked with its present system. People are accustomed to say "a quarter of" and "a quarter after," or "twenty-five minutes of," and so forth, aflof which expressions have greater or less tendency to cause mi takes. By the new dial there can be no mistake. Take, for instance, the position of the hands as represented in the diagram. They mean a certain time, and no other. The small, or hour hand is between 5 and 6, and as this hour hand represents the sun, we see that it is sinking towards the horizon. In oth er words it is between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. The precise time is known when we look at the long or minute hand. This is pointing directly at 55 The time is, therefore, 5 hours and 55 ninutes in the evening, or 5:55, as rail road men say. According to the common method of telling time you would say that the diagram shows 5 minutes of 6 o'clock p. m.

MODELED AFTER OLD-TIMERS.

The Racers of To-day Are Close The recent contest for the America's cup between the Valkyrie and Defendr has excited general interest and en thusiasm, and has been the means of enlightening many people on numerous



points connected with vachting. It is not, however, generally known that the models of the racers to-day closely copy n overhanging prows and sterns those of a period thousands of years before Christ. Our illustration is taken from a picture of an Egyptian boat, the original of which was exhumed in the land of the Pharoahs, and is now in Gizeh in that country. The boat retains its original rigging, although dating back o 3060 years before Christianity.

Various Methods of Eating.

A man's nationality is betrayed to the houghtful observer by the manner in Englishman uses a dainty little cup into which the egg slides deeply. The Then the condiments are mixed on the plate into a neat little gray heap, and the contents of the egg are scooped leisurely out due care being taken to ge about half and half of white and yolk on the spoon at the same time, a fresh ittle dab of the mixed pepper and salt being given to each spoonful of egg. In such a fashion, with his bread and butter, marmalade, English breakfast tea, and paper propped against the caster, the Briton makes a meal which to him is the perfection of light morning of but 40,000, has 50,000 electric refreshment. The Frenchman also uses the small egg cup. The egg is soft boiled, and when the shell is opened the Frenchman puts in his salt and pepper and butter and stirs them thorbughly with the contents until every part has been well mixed. Then he breaks his bread into small, narrow pleces, dips each plece into the egg. and eats the result. This he continues to do until the egg is nearly empty, is between us. Jess (archly—The

breaks his exps soft boiled-into large egg cup, and spoons them up like soup. The Italians cook eggs by placing

them in a vessel filled with cold water which is allowed to slowly come to a boil. When the water boils the eggs are cooked, and according to the Italians theirs is the only method by which the true edible consistency of the white and yolk can be secured. When brought The difficulty with this system is its to table it is generally the Italian's pleasure to break the eggs on a plate and sop them up with good white bread. When a man enters a restaurant and orders hard boiled eggs, which he cuts in two, then scoops the contents into a glass, there to be chopped up with but

Republican.

BOTH HIS HANDS BLOWN OFF An Ex-English Soldier Who, Though Handless, Wrote a Book.

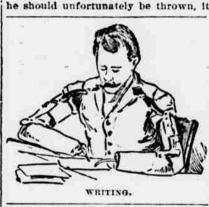
ter, pepper and salt, his nationality is

ssured; he is an American.

F. Gustav Ernst, a resident of London, makes a business of inventing appliances for the use of persons who have lost one or more limbs. Among the devices of which he is most proud is one gotten up for J. Cooper-Chadwick. This gentleman was one of a regiment of mounted volunteers who served in South Africa against the Transvaal Boers. In April, 1891, while



out shooting Mr. Cooper-Chadwick's hands were accidentally blown off. On his return to London he applied to Mr. Ernst, who, after much pains, constructed two devices, by the use of which the afflicted man is able to get along very well. With their help he has been able to write a book of his experlences in South Africa. In fact, he rarely calls upon any one to assist him. Among the usable apparatus invented by Mr. Ernst are the following: A little crook, fitted with a small steel collar to prevent it from passing too far through the buttonholes, for buttoning the garments; an ordinary goose-neck hook that opens and shuts, so that if, appropriate figure. This again does when the person wearing it is riding away with a source of ambiguity in the he should unfortunately be thrown, it



opens in the same way as a spring stirrup would open in the case of a lady being thrown from her horse; knife and for he rarely missed, and his fish genfork; spoon, with improved lip to prevent fluids escaping; a new instrument for holding a glass; hairbrush; toothbrush; shaving implements; pipeholder; coinholder (this has an expanding slit | the concussion. To do this it is neces. in it, which enables the wearer to pick up a small or a large coin); lavatory arrangements; apparatus enabling the wearer to open an ordinary door; writing materials—besides other hooks for

ordinary use. A lady who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "cash" in the store, and being interested in him began to ask questions: "Would you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she

"What does your little boy have?" asked the calld, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her. "Oh, he has books and tops and a oony," and she enumerated a lot of

"Has he any papa?" asked the child "Oh, yes, he has a dear, kind papa who gives him all these things." "Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child gravely, "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things." The lady who had been merely talking with the child for amusement had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.-Columbus News

Outsiders. Until the nomination of Franklip Pierce for the Presidency the word

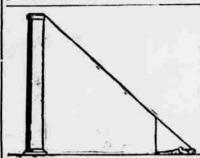
"outsider" was unknown. The Committee on Credentials came to make its report, and could not get into the hall because of the crowd of people who were not members of the convention which he eats his breakfast eggs. The The chairman of the convention asked if the committee was ready to report, and the chairman of the committee anshell must be chipped with the spoon swered, "Yes, Mr. Chairman, but the and its fragments removed with the committee is unable to get inside on same utensil. The Englishman next lifts account of the crowd and pressure of the top portion of the white, or cap. the outsiders." The newspaper reporters took up the word and used it.



Jack-In asking you to be my wife I am fully aware of the distance there is between us. Jess (archly—Then A neighborhood fuse spreaus faster

drinks the remainder. The German AN INGENIOUS MEASUREMENT. A Simple Way of Finding the Height

of a Tree or a Chimucy. It is often necessary, not for amuse ment, but for practical purposes, to find the height of a factory chimney, or smoke-stack, and it may not be convenient to get access to the architect's plans. It may happen that the engineer



FINDING A HEIGHT. desires to make alterations for securing greater or less draught, and the dimensions of the chimney form a neces-

sary factor in his calculations. A very simple, but perfectly satisfac-tory, way of determining the height is the same as that used by the woodcutters of New England in finding the height of a tree. The engineer cuts a stick that, when placed upright, will reach exactly to the center of his eyes, and going outdoors he lies down on the ground at such a distance from the base of the chimney that the top of the stick, when the latter is placed vertically against the soles of his feet, will be in line with his eyes and the top of the

chimney. In other words, he forms a right-an gled triangle, of which his extended body, from his eyes to the soles of his feet, is the base, the upright stick the altitude, and the distance from his eyes to the top of the stick the hypothenuse. There must be; therefore, a similar right-angled triangle formed of the distance from his eyes to the base of the chimney, from his eyes to the top of the chimney, and of the height of the chimney itself. As the base and altitude of this triangle are equal, it follows that the height of the chimney is the same as the distance from the eyes to its base

Fish Shooting in the West Indies I took the big rifle to try my hand. It seemed ridiculously easy, but after missing three or four shots I began to recall my smattering of physics as to the refraction of rays of light passing through the water. I proved a hopeless tyro, and finally with much humility asked my friend, who was chuckling over my chagrin, how to fire.

"A little away and to the right," he Acting upon this advice I bagged my next mullet. But he could not tell me any general laws, and I found by questioning him that he had finally learned a recognize from the look of the water how much allowance was necessary, and in which direction to take it. I sub sequently became a trifle more expert, and had several fine days, but I always had to try a few times first to get my hand in. It was easy to see which side the bullet had struck by the direction in which the fish ran, and after a few trial shots one had a working formula. Even this, however, was very uncertain, for the angle and distance varied with the position of the sun, depth of water, ripple, and so forth, till it seemed quite hopeless. That it was possible, however, Seymour proved conclusively, erally had a hole behind the head. Still where the light was had we could often make a good bag, and not a fish would have a mark, being merely stunned by sary that the ball should pass extremely

close to the head. Glucose.

A short article going the rounds o. the press, and recently published in our columns, states that glucose is the greatest of all adulterants, and is used for making cheap candy, sugar, jellies and syrups. According to "Confectioners' Journal," this is untrue. Glucose is used in some candles, but it is not "the greatest of all adulterants," nor an adulterant at all. It is simply an ingredient and does not differ in this respect from molasses, and is just as harmless. Although the assertions made in article quoted from distinctly apply to cheap candies, and have no reference to the honestly made article, we gladly correct a statement which,

"The bead work of the prairie Indians s the finest in the world," writes a disting ished favorite. "The costumes that

t seems, has no foundation in fact.

Barbarle Finery.

they display during their corn dances and like festivities are really remarkable for both beauty and elegance, for many of the Indians are exceedingly rich and possess great stores of barbaric finery. I just wish you could see my collection of sashes, socks, garters, necklaces, bracelets and headbands! I have one very old calumet with the three sacred feathers dangling from the stem by a slender band of porcupine quills and grass. I haven't a tomahawk, I'm sorry to say. The ornamental drums and tomahawks belong to the tribes and cannot be bought."

Bicycles. A new "warner," which has been patmted consists of a whistle which may be readily attached to a safety bicycle. the whole device comprising an air pump to be actuated by the rotary motion of the front wheel, to afford a copious supply of air, and, on the movement of a lever, to blow a loud blast on a whistle connected to the pump.

Laura-George, look at that dog! Will he bite? George-Bite? If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!-Chicago Tribune.

Every one dislikes a man who wears a dirty vest.

The summer girl has come back to town.

A symphony in tan; She now can wear a low-cut gown. And see a real live man. -Philadelphia Record.