

R. F. BOHWEIER

TELL you, Marx, that what you

ask is impossible! My banking

account is already overdrawn, you hold a bill of sale over this furni-

ture and my horses and cariages, and I

haven't a penny in the whole world but

"Well, theyenteen-and thispenth

this handful of loose silver-and you

wouldn't go far to pay off theventeen

hundred pounds, would it? Ask your-

thelf; Mr. Vandellar," and Moses Marx

amiled affably, rubbing his fat yellow

hands one over the other as comforta-

greatest friend, instead of his most im-

The Doctor frowned inquiringly.

"Seventeen hundred pounds?" he

talking about? The bill you discounted

"Yeth, I know," returned Mr. Marx,

calmly; "but the other two hundred's

"Forgery!" exclaimed Dr. Vandellar,

extra interest for cashing a forgery!"

in well-assumed indignation and sur-

prise. "That's an ugly word, Marx!"

"I know it's an ugly word, Doctor;

"For the thimple reason, my friend,

that I knew you'd have to take it up

"Then you've made a mistake; I can't

"Oh, another day or two don't mat

"It can't be so bad as that? No, no.

"No," answered Vandellar, grimly,

ald the Do

"I never was more serious in my life.

dictively into his fat throat.

a bill you knew to be forged?"

The bill's overdue now!"

morrow or go to prisonl"

ter to me," said Marx, airily.

I'm broke-smashed altogether?"

I discounted it."

when it fell due."

now, ain't you?"

was drawn for fifteen hundred only."

don't want that, I suppose?"

placable creditor.

bly as though he were Dr. Vandellar's absolute ruin must follow.

DR. • VANDELLAR'S • DEVICE.

"Asleep," muttered Vandellar. "Bor-

ry to disturb the old fellow, but it can't

So saying, he lit the lamp, for the

wintry afternoon light was failing fast,

and, approaching the bed, placed his

fingers on the silent occupant's wrist.

General Sir Michael Trefusis, K. C.

Dr. Vandellar stood for a momen

staring blankly at the corpse. Death

had stepped in to thwart his plans and

Must follow? Surely something could

The Doctor locked the chamber door

be done? Something must be done!

and were immediately realizable. The

would vanish in the sunshine of pros

And then, like a cold hand laid upon

his hot heart, came Vandellar to the

or Dr. Vandellar turne

presence of witnesses.

He drew back with a start.

B., was dead.

took shape.

but it isn't so ugly as the crime itself. box was still in the cabinet, the Doc-

What's the use of beating about the tor saw, and the key was hanging

bush? I knew that the names on the around the dead man's neck, as usual.

back of your bill were forgeries when That iron box should be Vandellar's

perity

VOL. L

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1896.

and the jacpets and the crystals bealians and the put the Kohinoor—the crown pre I show you the Kohinoor—the crown wel of the ages. Oh, that jewel had a very por setting! The cub of bear is born amid-he grand old pillars of the forest, the whalp al lon takes its first step from the jungle of hazuriant leaf and wild flower, the kid of mat is born in caven chandelisred with sta-

NO. 4.

<text>

Sublaxoning into an imperial robe for a bonqueror. Now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet. Now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed none but only the stringing of the instruthat that night in the Bethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly start-ed. He had only two friends-they His par-ents. No satin lined cradle, no delicate at tentions, but straw and the cattle and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. No wonder the mediawal painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty He rose until to-lay He is honored in all Christen dom an i sits on the imperial throne 'n heaven. What name is mightiest to-lay in Chris-tendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on

² beaves.
³ Winst name is mightlest to-lay in Christiends on the system of the

Oh, those Bethlehem angels, when they went back after the concept that night over the hills, forgot to shut the door! All the secret is out. No more use of trying to hide rom us the glories to come. It is too late is shut the gate. It is blocked wide open with hosannas marching this way, and halleuiahs marching that way. splendor

that was a meanness to which he could not descend. Rather than that she must believe the very worst. ever think," he continued, sternly, "when you concocted such a senseless scheme, the added misery you were heaping up for your daughter? She had never cared

was a sufficient answer to the won't you try to forgive me?" he went on, in the same low, impressive tones, advancing a little nearer to her side and bending his head so that he might hear "When is the detachment coming in?" she asked, abruptly, in a strained, high key, another idea having come into her

"Why should it not be your weddingday that was to have been." "Why should it not be your weddding day still? You could well arrange that the marriage should be over before the men march in." Stephen Prinsep paced the room impa-

Liently "Jane would never consent!" he ejacu Inteda:

matter has gone so far, why not carry it out to the end?"

"You must do as you think best," he said, in a shame-faced, undertone; wife alone in the little room where he shall remain ellent."

CHAPTER XXII The fourteenth-Jane's wedding day-

had come. Mrs. Knox had insisted upor the ceremony taking place at a very early hour, ostensibly to avoid the heat, but in reality to allow of the Colonel and his bride leaving the station before the detachment could arrive. But, early as

little Jenny!"

It was to be, Jane was dressed an hour too soon, and stood before the mirror in the drawing room surveying herself with pardonable pride in her appearance. Jane gazed on wistfully in the glass. She was glad that she was so fair, tha even If she had no other dowry she could at least bring her husband the gift of

Lynn.



ag Jane to draw the natural inference Another letter came from him the other day, and this I also suppressed."

CHAPTER XX1-(Continued.) A few days later something occurred of such serious importance that Mrs. Knox no longer thought of anything set trivial as whether her daughter word orange-blossoms or roses on her wedding day. All her faculties were employed is planning how in a wart the danger that

It had been a great grief to Jane that her projected marriage had caused a dif-ference in her relations with her father Pleased and proud as he had been at her Pleased and proud as he had been at det success, it appeared to him as though in gaining his Colonel as a son-in-law he had lost his daughter; and he avoided being with them whenever he could throw a reasonable light upon his absence. Jane remonstrated with him in vain-he smiled, kissed her, and promised compli-ance with her wishes, even putting a pres-sure upon his inclination for that day but the next he slipped insensibly back into his newly acquired habit of nearly living at the mess. One day the Colona noticed how seldom he was at home; and then Mrs. Knox, afraid lest he should the offense determined to speak to het

take offense, determined to speak to her husband. It happened that the Quartermaster

usually wrote, and to which she often, as he had done on this occasion, brought

Won't you come home to lunch to-day, John?" she asked, in her mildest volce, "The Colonel is staying, and I am sure he thinks it strange you should alway!

avoid him so. "I don't avoid him, wife; but I feel out of my element with him, and that's the truth. Men are as nature made them women are different and make, or, at any rate, improve upon themselves. Neither the Colonel nor I can ever forget the dif ference between us. I am sure he prefers to meet me as seldom as possible. "I don't believe it," returned his wife,

she will forget to miss her poor old fata er. In any case I cannot stay at home "Pray be calm," interrupted Vandellar. "Of course, if your uncle left no to-day. I am up to my eyes in busi will you, as heir-at-law, inherit all his roperty, and the loss of the bonds and ness." He saw by her expression that she was ewels is naturally irritating. Stillstill incredulous, and went on to explain "An order has just come for the de-tachment from Hattiabad to rejoin us af "Still," echoed Harold, "I can't understand my uncle giving you the box. Are you sure he was in his right mind once. I shall have a lot of trouble t squeeze them all in." Thinking by her silence that she was angry with him, and consequently reso-lute not to be convinced by anything he "Your uncle, sir, was as sane as you or I," said Vandellar, with admirably assumed dignity, "as the witnesses in might say, he thought it better to let the subject drop, and having found his papers on the deak, he gathered them into a bunwhose presence the gift was made will "Then," said Harold, decisively, "I dle and left the room, never noticing that his wife was lying back in her chair white as a ghost, and with as little power Uncle Michael was sane I am mad, for his afternoon he handed me the whole

ed as to commit suicide. Think what a dreadful thing it is-and remember that suicide invalidates your life in urance, my friend!" Vandellar laughed. Then he hastily explained the circumstances, though t the modus operandi of the gift of the box. "Now," he said, "as the bonds an fewelry will be deposited at my bank as soon as the doors open in the morning, I suppose you will take my check

ras conferring the fift. The bos

Dr. Vandellar rapidly removed his

had suddenly passed away. At this juncture, and before Vandellar had an opportunity of opening

the box and gloating over its contents,

two unexpected visitors were simul

taneously announced. One was Harold Trefusis; the other was Moses

Marz. Vandellar decided to be at

"Well," he inquired, impatiently, "what brought you back so soon?"

"I just called to see if you were

keeping cool, Doctor-I mean, I hope

home to both, but he saw Marx first.

having returned to Sir Michael's room he again summoned Mallinger and in-

D. Var

and key once in his poss

their customary duties.

dellar dismissed the awed with

and sat down in a chair by the side of in exchange for the bill?" tried, incredulously. "What are you the dead man. For a minute or two Marx was anxious to get rid of the he could not compel his thoughts to oill, and he knew that the Doctor's definite form; but slowly, under the incheck, though it might not be met finence of his indomitable will, they would be a safer thing to sue upon than

bill he admitted he knew to be forged Sir Michael was dead-so forcing him when he cashed it, so he made but litto sign a will in his favor was out of tle demur, merely asking, "as a matter of bithness," if the bonds were really the question. But what of the iron box of bonds-to-bearer, and precious n the box.

and his long, wiry hands twitched ner- jeweis brought from India, which the "I saw them there yesterday," said vously, making Mr. Marx think how General insisted upon keeping in the Vandellar, truthfully. "Is that good painful they would prove if dug vin- cabinet by his bedside? The contents nough for you?" of that box were worth £10,000 or more,

Marx thought it was, and handed the forged bill to Vandellar in exchange for the latter's check. The Doctor then tore the incriminating paper into fragments, which he threw into the fire. "Now, come along, Marx," he cried, and support me in my interview with

salvation, for he would swear that the "You informal old scoundrel! But original owner had given it to him on the despolled hetr!" why did you, the shrewdest, most close- his deathbed. Of course, the thing The pair proceeded to the library, fisted money lender in London, discount was quite easy, and impending ruin where they found Harold Trefusis im-

> dead." said Harold. "It's a surprise to me, as he seemed rather better this afternoon. But, as his only surviving recollection that such gifts, to be legal. must be conferred by hand, and in the relative. I should like to see the poor old gentleman, and to take formal pos-

So it must be ruin after all unless-"But don't you see," explained the but, no, he would not put himself in Doctor, impatiently, "don't you see that the power of his servants by making them his accomplices in false swearing. With a sharp exclamation of rage and Now, Vandellar, my boy, you're jogink; disappointment, Vandellar rose from his ghastly vigil, thinking bitterly that, as Sir Michael had died without a will. all his property, bonds and jewels in-"Then, if thads the case," stormed cluded, would go to his heir-at-law, his Mr. Marx, his amiability suddenly van- nephew, Harold, from whom, by the

ishing, "you'll have to meet this bill to- irony of fate, he had parted in anger. But just as his hand was on the key

when he did so?"

eadily testify."

Bits.

were about to be closed."

patiently waiting. "I am told that my Uncle Michael is

ession of his effects." "I shall be very glad if you will do so," said Vandellar, smiling blandly, "though I must make an exception of the iron bex in which, as you know, your lamented uncle kept all his bonds payable to bearer and his Indian jewis. That box and its contents, Sir Michael gave to me, in the presence of

"What!" exclaimed the young man. "My uncle give you that box and its ts? Why-

you ain't going to do anything so wick-

lanning how to avert the danger that

had forgotten some papers that morning and coming back for them, found his

her work.

witnesses, about an hour before his death."

her faither not to to to to may, and a second inter he strode is close to where she was waiting for him. She went toward him with a little cry of relief, and laid her bead upon his breast. For awhile she rested there, content to be folded in his arms and comforted by his very prox-imity, though the next moment she should be constrained to leave his side forever. At last she poured out all her story-how her mother had deceived them both in making them believe that Iacob Lynn had given her up-how he had come back an hour before and claim ed her still. ed her still. When she ended her recital, Stephen BRAEME D

When she ended her recital, Stephen Prinsep made no comment; and looking up anxiously to discover what he thought. Jane saw in his face an all-pervading sadness that was indicative of neither horror nor surprise. Could it be possible that this was no new story to him? A terrible suspicion crossed her mind that he must have been cognisant of the plot to deceive her from the first. "You know it before, Stephen-before to-day?" abs cried, in a tone of convic-tion.

"You never thought in what a false position you were placing me," he ob-to do? What will the regiment say when they hear that I have tricked my Ser-geant out of his sweetheart? Did you ever think "he continued atomic "when

"Jenny, is your love for me all gone?" he asked her earnestly, and the sudden for Sergeant Lynn, and now more than ever will she feel bound to marry him to flash that crimsoned the fair young face ondone her mother's fault. I will not For better, for worse, she had given him her heart, and had no power to repos-sess herself of the willing gift. "Then speak of the crueity to me, though I might well, for it will be ten thousand times harder to part with her now than before I ever called her mine; but Jenny-poor

> her faintest whispered word. She gave a frightened upward glance. He was very white, but his expression was impenetrable, his manner quite com-

She had not thought that he could look like that, and grew alarmed t the serious look which her words had ought into his eyes. She threw out er hands with an imploring gesture, which he either did not see, or would not heed. He had drawn out from his waist-

coat-pocket a plain gold ring, and laid it on the table before her. He did not wish to figure as a bridegroom without a bride, a subject for divided sneers and pity. His sole idea now was to get away as far as possible from the scene of his discomfiture.

But, in spite of wrath and disappoint nent, his expression involuntarily grew softer as he went toward her, and took her small, cold fingers in his own. "Do not let us part in anger, Jenny.

Say good-by.' Jane's wedding day ended in rain-and -

(To be continued.)

Forestalled. A London jeweler says that Lord C.

ame into the shop one afternoon, acompanied by a footman who bore a small case of green baize. Lord C. announced that he wished to have a few words with the jeweler in private, and

"I don't believe it," returned his wife, bluntly. "Women never do believe anything hi "Women never do believe," he re-joined, with a good-natured langh. "And it makes Jane miserable, I know," she persisted. "Jane will be such a great lady soor night about 1895 years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started! mirror was reflected the figure of Jacob adyship is in the country, where she is ikely to remain for several months. At first a thrill of instinctive terror ran Now what L want you to do is to make me an imitation set precisely similar to the originals, only, of course, with false stones. Lady C. is no judge of such things, and will never discover the difgreat compassion for his sorrow. "Why did you come, Jacob?" she asked, ference. You can retain the originals, and dispose of them among your custo mers, allowing me the difference in value between the two sets. But I must ask you to let me have the larger part now, as I have a pressing neces was as false, as untrue as they tell me!" "False, untrue!" she echoed, paling. "Even I, with my unhappily suspicious nature, never dreamed of this," he went on, ruthlessly. "I thought you might sity for money." The peer took out a key, unlocked the box, and produced the jewels. The jewsler looked at them, and replied: "My lord, it is the simplest thing in write and throw me over, perhaps; but how could I believe that you, whom I thought purer and more perfect than any other in the world, either man or woman, she had seen it. Then, and her reply, he noted her deathly pallor, and asked her instantly if she were ill. Shr answered by another question. "Colonel Prinsep, is it true that the "Colonel Prinsep, is it true that the "To need not have been afraid of ma Jenny!" he added, in a softer tone. "I afraid of you! Why should I be? "I afraid of you! Why should I be? You gave me up-you returned my letter torn in half without a word," she re-

BEY. DR. TALMAGE.

'n beaven. What name is mightiest to-lay in Chris-teadom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before

"Why need she ever know? Since the

grew calm as his creditor became ex- again to the bedside. He had thought cited. "If that's your decision, you may of a device which might secure to him the valuables he so coveted. as well send for the police at once."

Now, Mr. Marx knew that to send calmed down. "Look here, Vandellar." said he, "can't we come to some arrangement? You've got a lot of paying patients in the house-can't you squeeze some of them for a hundred or two?" "I've pumped their purses dry, I'm

returned Vandellar, sadiv, Afraid." "Those gold shares you recommended to me have swallowed up every penny ately. To be sure, there's old Sir Michael Trefusis; he's been with me some years now and I've got considerable influence over him. He isn't likebe very fond of his nephew, if my get him to leave me something handsome under his will, would you wait until his death?"

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. But I shall have to see the will, my boy-and put his idea into practice, risky as it I shall want to be sure it ain't p forgery, just as a matter of business, you know!"

.Dr. Vandellar flushed at the allu-

"I shan't put myself doubly in your power, Marx," he said. "Will you call to-morrow? and I will tell you how I get on to-night. If possible, I'll get the matter settled before morning." "T'll call at 10." agreed Mr. Marx.

radiant at the prospect of recovering his money. "Then, till morning, au revolr," said

Vandellar, showing his visitor from the room. "No doubt I shall be ready for

.

Dr. Otho Vandellar, fashionable physician, medical specialist and daring peculator, was in a tight fix, but he meant to get out of it. There was only one way-that which he had indicated. Old, paralytic Sir Michael, at present under his tender care, must be coerced into making a will in his favor. That done, the old soldier's death would be merely a matter of time-and, perhaps, opportunity.

Being a man of action, the Doctor roso from his reverie and left his study with the intention of visiting his wealthy patient. As he ascended the stairs he heard the street door close with a bang. Meeting his housekeeper, Mrs. Mallinger, on the landing, Vandellar asked who had just gone out.

"Young Mr. Harold Trefusis, Sir Michael's nephew." the woman replied. "He had a private interwiew with his uncle, sir, and left the room in an awful burry."

Left the room in a hurry! Shut the door after him with a bang! That seemed to imply anything but a pleasant interview between uncle and phew, and Vandellar augured well for himself under the circumstances. "Mrs. Mallinger," he said, curtly, "Str Michael's stato is precarious, and while he is under my care I will not

have him annoyed. He must not be upset in this manner. Give orders that Mr. Trefusis is not to be admitted in In another moment Dr. Vandellar en-

tered Sir Michael's room. He would see how his patient was, and then, by persuasion or force, make him execute

An adept in electrical and galvanic Dr. Vandellar to prison would be to science, Dr. Vandellar possessed all the irretrievably lose his money, which he newest apparatus for experimenting did not wish to do; so he instantly upon animals and human beings supposed to be dead, with a view of bringing them back to life. Many such experiments had been made by the Doctor. He had never succeeded in re-storing a subject to life, but he had succeeded in making corpses imitate the movements of living bodies. He

had also utilized his ventrilogulal ability-acquired as an amateur entertainin his student days-and in some of his demonstrations with his disguised voice persuaded students and onlookers that his galvanized corpses were by to last much longer, and he shouldn't ly to last much longer, and he shouldn't he very fond of his nanhew if my words have had any effect. If I could and no examination had been made until he explained the deception. All this finshed through the active

Doctor's brain with a rapidty of thought, and he instantly decided to cold, and the plan could be carried out forwith.

Softly Vandellar quitted the death chamber, locking the door behind him. and thinking how fortunate it was for him it was that Sir Michael's nurse was out for her daily walk, so that he conclude his operation before her return Entering his surgery, Vandellar quickly adjusted his electric apparatus, and carried it up to Sir Michael's room. He soon fixed it beneath the clothes and attached the electric communicators to the proper parts of the dead man's

frame. He rehearsed the conversation and effects once or twice, and though any suspicious witness might not have been deceived by the jerky, hesitating movements he succeeded in producing, he considered that they would pass muster with his housekeeper and butler, whom he intended to call as wit-

nesses. Placing the lamp so that the dead man's face was thrown into the shadow by the bed curtains, and arranging the electric apparatus so that he could govern it while pretending to support the sinking invalid, Vandellar unlocked the door and rang the bell violently.

"Mallinger," he said, as the house keeper entered, "fetch Jurgan, the butler, quickly. Sir Michael is worse, and wishes to say something in the presence of witnesses before the end, which ia I fear, only too near!"

Jurgan, lank and frightened, and Mrs. Mallinger, stout and fussy, soon hurried in together, and, in obedience to their master's orders, sat down at some distance from the bed.

"Now, Mallinger and Jurgan," sala Fandellar, solemnly, "please pay the strictest attention to what passes, for you may have to repeat it upon oath." Then, bending over the corpse, he continued:

"They are here, now, Sir Michael. Oh. you wish Jurgan to give you the iron box from the cabinet there?" The dead man's jaws worked con misively, and from his lips, apparently, came the monosyllable, "Yes." "Jurgan," Vandellar commanded, "do

as Sir Michael desires." Jurgan rose and handed the box to the Doctor, who placed it in Sir Michael's hands; and then with awful

newspapers which gave columns of handsome "to his dear friend and at-tentive physician. Otho Vandellar, M. D.," etc. He advanced to the bedside and called Sir Michael by name. There mes no answer leading questions and short, decided

teams.

of the contents of the box, ordering me Colonel Prinsep came into the room ten of self-as to deposit them at his bankers. He minutes later. He was searching for s book of Jane's, and asked Mrs. Knox if she had seen it. Then, as he looked for nearly left it too late, for though dashed out of this house and hurried to the bank I only reached it as the doors

Vandellar and Marx stared blankly at each other. The Doctor sent for the

box. It was opened and its total emptiness proved beyond a doubt that Harold Trefusis was perfectly sane. expected order, but Government generally makes up its mind in a hurry." Mr. Marx, despite the plea of poverty

"And Jacob Lynn-will he come?" she has still money to lend on "favorabl gasped out. "Of course the Sergeant will accoust terms," but Dr. Vandellar's condition proves that the wicked do not always

lourish like a green bay tree .- Tid

Romance of a Prison There is material for a first-rate ro Knox should place such undue importance upon this man's comings and goings, at though he could control or even hampen his movements. Yet the effect of her words filled him with an uncomfortable surprise. She fell back in her chair mance in a story that comes from Kentucky prison. A prisoner under long sentence for murder was taken ill. and was nursed by the daughter of the prison warden. Propinquity gave rise wringing her hands and moaning out that "All was over; there could be ne wedding now!" The Colonel was very much annoyed o a clandestine attachment, and when the prisoner was recovered the young

woman visited Gov. Brown and inter teded for his pardon. She was success tul. The prisoner obtained his release and did not try to conceal his displeasure. "You seem to forget, Mrs. Knoz, that I the girl met him outside the priso am not wooing your daughter in the dark walls and traveled with him to St. Louis, where they were married. The warden has forgiven his child, and invited the young couple to come and make their home with him in the State orison.-Buffalo Courier.

Returning to Old Customs. California has gone back to mul

teams for the transportation of freight, all to no purpose!" "Good heavens, Mrs. Knoz! Do you just as in the old days before railroad were built. A regular line of big wagknow what it is that you have said? ons, with six-mule teams, between

cried the Colonel, hoarsely. She went on with what she was saying, Stockton and Fresno, has just been started, and it will connect at Stockton without any notice of his interpolation. Now that she had begun to unburden her with steamers to and from San Francisco. The line has been started in opmind she felt it as a relief. "You remember the day when Jane wrote at your instigation to ask the Ser position to the Southern Pacific rail

way, with the object of forcing down Well, any man geant to give her up. the rates. The experiment was made with an atom of pride or even self-respect would have done so at once, for few once before and successfully. The mule teams, in connection with the steamers, can carry sugar, for instance, from San Francisco to Fresno for \$3 a ton less than the railway charges, and it is believed that a similar saving can be made on other freight. The merchants in the valley towns are interested in the project, and say that it is an even

thing for their interests whether the railroad cuts down its rates or their freight is in future hauled by mule and and a set on a brand

Advertised the Star. Corbett has a new play, as we pre

dicted he would have, and all those

A REAL AND A

brough her, as she met his fierce blue eyes, and she shrunk away from the pas-sion expressed in his haggard face. But the next moment a truer feeling moved her, and she was only conscious of a

> "Why did you come, skool' she asked, her voice full of tender, womanly com-miseration, as she turned toward him. "Why did I come?" he returned with a bitter laugh. "Because I wanted to see with my own eyes whether Jane Knox

turned. "I returned your letter, it is true?" h answered, more quietly. "But it was not

torn, and at the bottom of the page I wrote my answer that I could not give pany his troop," was the impatient reply He no longer feared the influence of hes first lover over Jane, being so sure of hes love, so certain that nothing could sep arate them now. He felt vered that Mrs.

Lynn replied. Jane remained speechless, listening to

the clatter of plates and glasses in the op-posite room, where her mother—her moth-er who had deceived her so, and brought her to this degradation-was putting the finishing touches to the simple wedding breakfast. "And so you were to have married ou

Colonel, Jenny. Do you remember how long ago I thought you two were court-ing? You denied it then, but after all it came to pass. It is difficult to deceive

am not wooing your daughter in the dark. All the regiment is aware of my inten-tions, and I am not afraid of what any single member of it may do or say. Ser-geant Lynn of his own free will released Jane from her engagement, and she is no longer bound to consider his caprices. I am really at a loss to conjecture how his return could interfere with our actions." "He never gave her up," confessed Mrs. Knox, now in tears. "It was my own wicked scheming, and now it will all come out, and I shall have deceived yor all to no purpose!"

the Colonel was to be married to-day; and then, when I heard who it was he meant to marry, I understood why the marriage had been kept so quiet. I got

marriage and ocen at once, without telling anyone my reasons for wishing to be here --and here I am!" At this juncture Mrs. Knox looked in at the door, which was half ajar.

The Sergeant, unconscious that they' and an on-looker, went on:

would have done so at once, for few would care to wed so avowedly an un-willing bride"--Mrs. Knox generally grew eloquent under excitement, and used the words she had thought appropriate to hes position as village school-mistress-"but Jacob Lynn was always selfishness incar rest. and he words always selfishness incar but Jacob Lynn was always selfishness incar state and he words always selfishness incar but Jacob Lynn was always selfishness incar state and he words always selfishness incar but Jacob Lynn was always selfishness incar but hes bu nate, and he refused. Her letter was re turned with one short sentence written at the end of it, declaring that he could not it during that he could not the sentence written at the sentence written at the sentence written at the sentence written at the sentence with the sentence written at the sentence with the sentence with the sentence with the sentence with the sentence written at the

the end of it, declaring that he could not give her up. And he had left the envel. ops unclosed. Yo I may blame me if yos will, Colonel Prinsep; but I take it few mothers could have resisted the tempta-tion of cutting away the words which the hars have her by the base of the tempta-tion of the page when when here at the bottom of the page when when here and the tempta-the bottom of the page when here will close at the bottom of the page when here and placed so perilously close at the bottom of the page when here and placed so perilously close at the bottom of the page when here and the bottom of the page when here and the bottom of the page when here and the placed so perilously close at the bottom of the page when here and the page when here and the bottom of the page when here and the base of the page when here and the base of the page when here and the base of the page when here and the page when here and the base of chance had placed so perilously close at the bottom of the page, when by so doing to-day, and you can come again."

they could have secured a databer's happiness as well as prosperity. But does it matter what others would have done in such a case? Suffice it to say that, in such a case? And with this promise he was satis-

bell mice agrinship to take food to taken for the plot, and replace:
"My lord, it is the simplest thing in the word to match these jeweds in the plot, use your deally gun-power in barbor of the plot, use your deally gun-power in barbor of the plot, use your deally gun-power in barbor of the plot, use your deally gun-power in barbor of your lordship that the difference in the scing from lady C. more than two years ago and made her these initiations, which ire such excellent ones that i am not at all surprised at their deceiving such and made her these initiations, which ire such excellent ones that i am not at all surprised at their deceiving such and the ordship withdrew.
Origin of the Blouss.
After the fail of the Roman Empire for clothes. Our Teutonic ancestors the same for men and women, and context the schede at the waist. The men wore it reaching to the knees and the word wants and to fail on a serifue good motives leads and at its of the duct its waist. The men wore it reaching to the knees and the word wants and the load and erist is a direct descendant of the tunica. There sames to the ankles. In colder norther words, and were not considered oblgators the blobs of the nores. The secens in duction is a direct descendant of the tunica. Lippingentite fails of the word its as a direct descendant of the tunica. Lippingent rents in choicago is going back in the visit of the second it direct words and the second the indugity and magnifeter words. The messon were with we and to the second it directs and the second the indugity and magnifeter words and the induce it the word it with were it words

the way," he explained. "It was only at up and ovations from his countrymen the last camp we heard the news that all along the line, are to be the features

of your eyes, and look into the heavens fonr cents, while in Paris the cheapest bath costs eight cents.

or your eyes, and look into the heavens and see angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of pardon, angels of help, angels crowned, angels charioted. The world defended by angels, girdled by angels, cohorted by angels -clouds of angels. Hear David erry out: "The chariots of God are 20,000. Even thousands of angels." But the mightiest angel stood not than night in the clouds over Be hlehem; the mightiest angel that night 'ay among the catile-the angel of the new sovenant. -Five barbers in Paris make a livelihood by shaving dogs. Some of the dogs have the f .rward part of the body shaved, some the rear, while others are ornamented in six or seven stripes. ay among the clean white linen was being novemant. As the clean white linen was being wrapped around the little form of that child emperor, not a where the clean a seraph, not a angel, not a world but wept and thrilled an angel, not a world but wept and thrilled an beauted. Ob, yes, our world has plenty of

-The"telephotograph" is an instrument which has been invented in shouted. Ob, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rang of a great ladder at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitari-ness for our world, no other friendless plan-

"Give me time to think," she pleaded. "In any case there will be no wedding guarded by a tower over two hundred Ongar.

is span out into space to freeze, but a world n the bosom of divine maternity. A star tarnessed to a manger. Again, I remark that that night born in that village barn was the offender's hope, isome sermonizers may say I ought to have projected this thought at the beginning of the sermon. Ob, no! I wanted you to rise toward it. I wanted you to examine the car -Henry Howe, a member of Henry It seemed hours to her; but in reality Irving's company, is the oldest actor

Again, I have to tell you that in that vilre barn that night born good w They barn that night was born good will to men, whether you call it kindarss or fore-bearance or forgiveness or genialty or affec-tion or love. It was no sport of high heaven to send its favorite to that humiliation. It was sacrifice for a rebellious world. After -not physically, for I never was more well -but in the transport of the Christmas trans-

-but in the transport of the Christmas trans-figuration. What almost unmans me is the thought that it is provided for such such as you and I have been. If it had been provided only for those who had always thought right and spoken right and acted right, you and I would have bad no interest in it, had no share in it; you and I would have stuck to the raft midocean, and let the ship sail by carrying perfect passengers from a perfect life on earth to a perfect life in heaven. But I have heard the commander of that ship is the same great and glorious and sympathetic one who hushed the tempest around the boat on Gailee, and I have heard that all the pass-engers on the ship are sinners saved by grace. And so we hall the ship, and it bears down this way, and we come by the side of it and ask the Captain two questions, "Who are Thou?" and "whence?" And He says, "T am Captain of Salvation, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas mornwas sacrifice for a rebellious world. After the calamity in Paradise not only did the ox begin to gore, and the adder to sting, and the elephant to smite with his tusk, and the lion to put to bad use tooth and paw, but under the very tree from which the forbid-den fruit was plucked were hatched out war and revenge and malice and envy and jeal-ousy and the whole brood of cockatrices. But against that scene I set the Bethlehem manger, which eavy "files rether them But against that schere i sot the Bernienen manger, which says, "Bless rather than curse, endure rather than assault," and that Christmas night puts out vindictiveness. It says, "Sheathe your sword, dismount your guns, dismantle your batteries, turn the warship Constellation that carries shot and warms constitution that carries shot and bell into a grainship to take food to fam-shing Ireland, hook your cavalry horse to he plow, use your deadly gun-powder in shating rocks and in patriotic celebration,

"I am Captain of Salvarion, and I am from the manger." Oh, bright Christmas morn-ing of my soul's delight! Chime all the bella. Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted.

merry with the raptures to come. Oh, lift that Christ from the manger and lay Him down

its span out into space to freeze, but a world

Christ from the manger and lay Him down in all our hearts! We may not bring to Him as costly a present as the magi brought, but we bring to His feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the prostra-yon of our wornhip. Down at His feet all churches, all'ages, all earth, all heaven. Down at His feet the four and twenty elders on their faces. Down the "great multitude that no man can number." Down Michael, the archangel! Down all worlds at His feet and worship. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth paces, good will to men!"

Food for Thought.

The way to kill time is to waste it. Stinginess costs more than liberal

Truth is bound to have the last word.

Success counts its victums by thousands.

Man inherits few necessities and lew prejudices.

Everyone has originality, bu not veryone is able to show it.

Man spends a good deal of time searching for what he hopes he won't find.

Fun is of two kinds-the kind you pay for and the kind someone else pays for.

We should quietly hear both sides. Implety is the greatest of indis re-

He scatters enjoyment who enjoys much

Life has no blessing like a prudent riend.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the triffe.

There is a power that acts within us sithout consulting us.

He hazardeth much who depends upon learning for his experience.

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.

Prodigality is the vice of a weak nature, as avarice is of a strong one.

To be happy is of far less conse-quence to the worshipers of fashioa than to appear so.

Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and he will receive you into his bosom.

There can be no high civility without deep morality.

Men often make up in wrath what they want in reason