MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA.. WEDNESDAY. APRIL 29, 1896.

NO. 20

CALLING THE CAMELS HOME.

bullah arrived with his nine camels at to Dera Ismail Khan. Though a nalive of the regions round about, be, with true Mohammedan recklesaness, turaed to weep, leaving his beasts unsaddled Small wonder that at dawn the loss of the whole nine was reported at the mearest post. The loss was promptly attributed to cattle-lifters, as a band of Waziris had been rumored to have some from the Mahsud tribe during the the order of the day. Bakshan Khan slipped his medicine phial into his pocket. Wazir Khan put a chillum and some lobacco into his holster, instead of his ration pocket. Gurdit Sinh put a twisted cloth containing oplum into his turban. The English officer crammed half a dozen chupatties and a flask of whisky into his pockets. In twenty minutes afteen armed men were galloping to the place whence the animals had been

Bakshan Khan's trackers had been

before them, and had run the trail across the river and into the hills on the other side. Every indication was that the party had gone off toward Wano in a bee line across the hills, and with probably ten hours' start. In that awful country, and with the slow and malignant camel peculiar to those parts, they were probably a dozen that mass of torrents, all twisting like wounded snakes, and in as many directions as imagination could devise, seemed at first an absolutely impossible mak. But to the men following it every nullah was as well known as London streets to a cockney. Not for nothing making for the ravines as fast as blows had they hunted the wild goat and sheep and chikor day after day in those fastnesses. Only two routes were possible. One was an easy one with sandy going, up a nullah and then across a Bakshan Khan breathed into his mare's hallow neck, through a kind of down nostrils, and Gurdit Singh mounted country with rocks for grass, into another nullah, and so down among an aloud on Allan, mounted, too. At first after ten years of this sort of shilly-Interminable wash of ravines to the a trot-feeble and uncertain; then, as shallying Mr. Scholes had begun to pay Gumal and Waziristan. The other was they felt good, firm ground, a gallop. marked attention to another lady. a stiff, but not steep, climb by the way The horses regained courage with pace. Moreover, Miss Ashton's dilatory suitor of the lowest hills into t wide plain The camels neared the ravines as the crossed by ravines, and then by an pursuers raced hard for them. In that Ashton was herself getting on that intricate system of nullahs to the con- supreme moment there was nothing way. fluence of the Tot and Gumal and so to known of race or creed or color. The Wano. At the end of two hours' ride Biluch, Sikh, Pathan and Englishman, clded terms that he must make up his up the latter route, chosen because it each swearing indiscriminately at each mind. was the shortest in distance, a sure other, raced for blood. indication was found.

Turning a tall, ragged knee of precipup the mountain side. He bore a handsome jezail across his shoulders and was dressed as if on a journey far from bome. At the shouts of the party he turned and unslung his jezail, but a shot fired by a sowar induced him to ground arms, and then at a second hail from Wazir Khan he came down to the party. He was instantly selzed and disarmed. On inquiry he was found to beayoung Mahsud, who gave the name of Mazduri, till an application of stirrup leather to his legs revealed an alias of Bakhtawar. This being accepted as probable, he was further questioned. His replies were evasive, to say the least. During the conversation four or five sowars had gone ahead and found on the soft wet side of a trickle of water a plain mark of a camel's foot This damned the prisoner.

He was decorated as to his neck with a collar of tough picketing rope, the slack end was made fast to a sowar's saddle and he was bidden run or hang. A sword point at his back ended all too, while the pursuers followed at a brisk trot, winding up the sandy bell of the nullah. A collection of camel's sheepfold, removed all doubts. The prisoner ran on for nearly a mile more, a shot fired from a rock on the mountered sand and flint among the horses' legs. It was now quite certain that the rear guard of the camel lifters had been caught, and a hard gallop to head | It was nearly noon next lay when of the firere resulted in his capture | the pursuers returned to the post. After within half an hour. He was not taking six hours' dead sleep it was wounded, but very tired.

A rapid council of war was held while the horses drank at the water, and cropped a little of the cour herbage at | road near Mir Ali Khel, who had said Its edge. When all are of much the seme mind there is little need of words, and so in half an hour's time the pur suers, now ten in number, saddled and mounted and were off at a canter. While crossing the rough and stony down-like country a borse fell and was badly hurt. This necessitated the sending back of the injured horse, and three other sowars, whose horses seem ed unlikely to last out the stern chase, which as all knew was bound to be a long one. This delay of ten minutes was not such a great loss after all. For | dunghills below the post. The other bardly had the pursuers started again youth was then stripped to a garment than the keen eyes of Bakshan Khan doing duty for a shirt, soundly flogged saw a camel standing against the sky and then hunted out of the post de Hne on the top of a mountain about a mile ahead, as the crow files. As he called attention to it another camel appeared and then a man. Against the clear sky they looked gigantic. The camels semed the most weird and disbolical creatures seen out of a dream, while the man appeared at least ten feet high and of gigantic dimensions. truly uncanny sight. In a moment more they dropped over the ridge.

The point at which they appeared showed that they had changed their route a little, and that by a daring dash across a difficult and little used sheep plain of the ravines before or at the same time as the Waziris. The question was whether the horses could sur-

It was a very dark night when Hald- (To get up to the top of the neck was not very difficult; but the descent! the lonely Zhob Levy post on the road Facilis descendus Averal. But this was far otherwise. A yawning precipice of about 200 feet deep on the bridle hand and a path consisting entirely of bowlders, which goats might jump or a man forage during the rest of the night. scramble over, on the very brink, was almost too much for the horses. These gallant creatures had far weaker nerves than their riders, and, though each man dismounted and led his horse, walking in front with the bridle reins behind his back, the agony of fear made them last few days. "Saddle and ride!" was sweat, as the galloping had yet falled to do. It was painful to see the feardistended nostrils, the glaring eyes and

the tremble of every muscle in their

hard-knit frames.

The clash of the hoofs and the omin ous slide as the hard iron hit the unrelenting bowlder made both man and horse thrill with absolute terror. It was simply awful. Nothing but the lust of blood, when man hunts manthe greatest and most exciting hunt of all-could have steeled the hearts of the pursuers. Nothing but the blind trust in company, which drives the warhorse into the deadly charge the hideous companionship of perfect fear -could have enabled the horses to succeed in this awful enterprise. Their groans sent a cold shudder down the spines of the men. Tears started to Bakshan Khan's eyes at the agony of his beloved mare. He vented his feelmiles ahead. To follow that trail among ings in curses, and so did his white brother. The passage did not last

twenty minutes. It might have been twenty hours. All reached the plain in safety. But the horses were spent with terror. The camels were seen not half a mile ahead could urge them. The Englishman pulled out his flask and, pouring a few drops on his handkerchief, wiped the sideration. It was not merely the horse's nostrils. Then he mounted, farmer's persistent neglect to name the and spurred. Wazir Khan, calling

Another 300 yards. A camel's lead- the farmer. Hous rock, a man was seen making off Ing rope breaks and the jaded brute stands still. A yell of joy from the pur- the lady. suers. A couple of shots from the Waziris, Bakshan Khan pulls up, and ning. A shot from his rifle hits the the farmer, being thus cornered, apman who is striving to drive the camel | pended the words: "I will," but added on. The rest sweep on with a yell! Another 200 yards to cross! They have

They reach the brink of the first conceivable, except to an actual beholder, there remains only a solitary camel and a dving man bleeding from The rest are as clean gone as if the earth had swallowed them up.

ravines. The horses were quite done a sover ign for it, he said, and when up. Eight hours' bard going across that dreadful country at an average of five miles an hour make it far more desirable to make for home as quickly as possible. So they loaded the dead Mashud on the camel, and, after resting a couple of hours, began to wend their weary way home by the easiest his hesitation. He ran, and nimbly, ways known. The horses found water and grass about nightfall, and the seven weary and hungry men forgot all differences of race and religion in condung hastily thrown into a small cran- sidering their safety and relief in that my in the rocks, close to the site of a dangerous desert. Each man put his provisions out on a flat rock, and then, under cover of the dark, each went before he tripped and fell, cutting his alone and took his share. The Mussulleft knee and arm badly. As he did so man drank from the English flask, the Sikh ate the Mussulman's chupatties, tain side, about 400 yards ahead, scal- the Englishman took and smoked a pill of the blessed opium. Surely God sent that drug for man's solace in his hour of utmost need.

time to attend to business. Habibullah had recognized his camer and also the dead man as a man he had met on the he was a coolie on the road. The great question now was how to get the remaining eight camels back. At the instigation of Bakshan Khan the following device was adopted: A rope was hung from one of the big beams supporting the roof of the gate, and Bakhtawar, mounted on a ghi-box, was

placed with the noose around his neck. In this position he was told before his fellow prisoner that unless the camels return safe and sound before the third sun his corpse would be burned on the fenseless. It had previously been uscertained that the two were cousins and that Bakhtawar was the son of a man having some influence. The dead man's corpse was not to be burned unless the camels failed to return. He was also an influential person-or had

and trust that the camels would be restored. It was a game of grab. The young Mahsud bore himself with a calm indifference to his fate. He even pretended that he was a Ghazi, and us city? such could not burn. One could not track the pursuers could drop into the but admire his courage. None the less was he carefully guarded under a Sikh guard, no Mussulman being allow ed to approach him, for the faith of vive that awful scramble and gallop Islam is as the faith of Freemasons, afterward. But blood was up, and and the outh of the Sikh is as strong as the event that besties bile

On the afternoon of the day that wee to end Bakhtawar's life an old man came into the post. He was Bakhta- the Empress of Russia's \$200,009 war's father. Gray, broken-toothed, scars on his face and arms from count-

Sumata Sentinel La and

go the wild goats, for I go out hunting and a Feodorovna, Empress of Russia. and will not return till I bring the . For a few hours on the 24th of May

jemadar retired as softly as he came. son, put nooses on their necks and their sort of Russia. feet on the boxes, with a horse harnessed to each rope. Lower and lower glass case, after a few hours' wear, suds in charge.

The men so suddenly released from death evinced no feelings of any sort. The only sign of relief they gave was a ready acquiescence in the confiscation of their arms and the handcuffing of all four Mahsuds till next day, when they were escorted across the river and set free. In the evening the jemadar returned from shooting. He said: "I shot two wild goats, but they were without horns; and Sahib wants horns, What can I show?" And he laughed a satanie lauga. So did Bakshan Khan. -Pall Mall Gazette.

SHE STAMPED HIS OFFER.

English Breach of Promise Case Hangs Upon a Postage Stamp. Miss Jane Ashton, of Hollingwood near Manchester, has discovered an entirely novel use for penny postage

stamps. Courted by Mr. Samuel Scholes, farmer of that part, and growing wearied of her lover's proscrastinating habits, Miss Ashton determined at last to bring matters to an issue. She was moved thereto by more than one conwedding day, pleading the cotton strike, agricultural depression and other insufficient excuses; it was the fact that

"Then let us have it in writing," said Thereupon Miss Ashton wrote on a sheet of paper: "Will you marry is off his mare like a streak of light- me if I keep company with you?" and

the insidious proviso, "I will if I ever marry." Naturally Miss Ashton saw in this act need for extra caution. She knew ravine to find nothing. In a way in- her man, and therefore pulled out a penny postage stamp, stuck it firmly to have cost \$1,000,000. on the document, wrote across it the date, and put it in her pocket. Then it a bullet wound in the back of the neck. | was that Mr. Scholes, impressed by this legal formality, begged piteously to have the fatal paper, stamp and all, It is hopeless to search those endless handed over for him. He would give

the lady asked him: "Are you going

to get married or are you not?" he wild-

ly gasped out the words: "Whether or not, I want thee to set me free." The closing scene of the little drams was enacted at the Manchester assizes where Miss Ashton appeared as plain tiff in a breach of promise action. The postage stamp may have lacked the sovereign virtues that Miss Ashton had attributed to it; this little object which had caused Mr. Scholes' teeth to chatter with fear may have been a mere bugbear, but the jury looked to the facts of the case and gave the lady a verdict, though with what seems to be the rath er paltry sum of £75 damages .- London

A Subterranean City. It is generally believed that human beings cannot flourish-in fact, can hardly support existence-without an ample supply of fresh air and sunlight. Yet it appears that there is at least one civilized community which gets along very well, although deprived of this advantage. A writer in Popular Sche News thus describes the

In the salt mines at Wielicsks, in Galicia, a population of 1,000 working people-men, women and childrenhas dwelt for centuries, in health and contentment, several hundred meters below the earth's surface.

Galleries have been hewn from the glittering mineral, and houses, a town hall, assembly-rooms, and even a the ater, built entirely of the same. The little church, with its statues-

all of rock salt-is accounted one Europe's architectural wonders. Weli graded streets are met with, and spa tious squares, lighted by electricity. In some cases not an individual in nuccessive generations of these mod-

light of day; and yet their average longevity is said to be remarkable. Salt, of course, is unfavorable the propagation of microbes, and its hygienic properties are proverbial. Could a sanitarium be constructed of this material, we might witness sur-

tumption. But what if some hidden water course should one day work its dissolving way into the subterraneau

prising results in the treatment of con

A Productive Tax. New Jersey has had a collateral in heritance tax a little more than three years, but its State treasury has been

TO BE WORN BUT ONCE

Coronation Robe. A fifth of a million of dollars for a less fights, he looked like a grim old aress to be worn only once. Just think boar. "To-morrow at sundown," said of it! That amount of money invested he, "you shall see eight camels come at 6 per cent, would bring in a tidy litin. If not, hang and burn me with my tle income of \$12,000 a year of \$1,000 a only son!" After this he said no word. month. Most women would be willing Respite was perforce granted, and the to accept the responsibility of worry-English officer went to bed wondering ing along on \$12,000 a year, and run how he was to get out of the scrupe. the risk of affording one or two be-If the game of brag failed what was coming gowns in the bargain. The he to do? An hour before dawn the lun's sum of \$200,000, which this rate hand of the Afridi jemadar was inid of interest represents, has already been on his face and the voice said: "Let Invested in a coronation robe for Alex-

she will wear this gown which has "I am not afraid," was the reply, "Fe taken six months to complete. It then not till the second dawn!" and the becomes practically state property, and will spend the remainder of its ex-It was late afternoon and the sun all | istence in a glass case labeled, "Coronabut touched the western mountain crest tion Robe of Her Imperial Majesty when they took the old man and his Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress-Con-A \$200,000 costume lying useless in a

sank the sun. Half the disc had gone will make a nice target for the elowhen a camel turned the corner of the quence of anarchists, nihilists, socialists rocky road below the post. Just as and all the other "ists" in which Russia the sun set eight camels stoood inside abounds. It may be imagined that they the post, with two stout, grinning Mah- will do full justice to its every pearl

Hogmanay to the Scotchman is Christmas and New Year's day rolled into one. It is the "richt guid willie waught" that turns to revelry the last days of the passing year. After Hogmanay Sandy drops back into his gring industrious life again.

Yule come an Yule's gane An we hae feasted weel, Sae Jack mann to his flail again And Jeannie tae her wheel. -Montreal Star.

Mexico Is Growing. The American people are getting better acquainted with Mexico and the Mexican people than they were, but even now it will probably surprise many to learn that our nearest neigh bor on the south has, according to a census taken last October, a population of 14,000,000, or about one-fifth the population of the United States. There are te6 cities and 496 villages, not to speak of towns, ranches, and hamlets in the republic. Mexico will hold an international exposition this year and American business men who visit it will find that there is a great field in that country for American trade if it were only wisely cultivated.-Springfield Repub-

How an equal suffragist despises a woman who forgives a mean husband!



THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS' \$200,000 CORONATION ROBE.

threads and the six months of patient toil that it took to complete it. Two hundred thousand dollars will by no means complete the cost of the Empress' coronation costume. There is also the ermine-line mantle of burnished silver brocade. And the state jewels, the coronet of which is estimated

and diamond its fretwork of golden

The necklet contains some of finest crown jewels in Europe, and in addition to these state gems she will wear all the gifts of jewelry which ber husband has given to her since their marriage. Surely Solomon, even in his palmiest days, could not go the Empress one better.

If any occasion could justify the res arrection of that once popular stand-by 'baffles description," It would be an atempt to give an adequate idea of this vonderful gown, which represents the work of so many skillful hands. A world-famed artist designed it, world-famed milliner constructed it, and a world-famed jeweler directed its adornment.

KING OF BUGS. here Is One in Venezuela that Car

Venezuela is a little republic, but she has one thing that is the biggest of its kind on earth. It is a bug-the largest insect in all the world. The creature is known as the "elephant beetle," and when full grown weighs half a pound. To be struck in the face by such a bug. flying at full speed, would make a man feel as if a mule had kicked him.

This beetle, like others of its kind, both small and large, is clad in a complete suit of armor proof. This armor is made of a material far more inestructible than steel-namely, chitine. Chitine cannot be destroyed except by certain mineral acids; in other words, only the artifices of chemistry avail against it. Thus the shells of beetles that died 10,000,000 years ago have been preserved perfectly in the rocks,



THE ELEPHANT BEETLE.

ern cave-dwellers has ever beheld the so that we know to-day just what these nsects of antiquity looked like. In Europe giant beetles have a considerable market value, commanding prices in proportion to their size. In London there are regular auctions of nsects, and a single butterfly has been thown to fetch \$800. A specimen of the Aton College, told this story the other rare and very large Goliath beetle is day in an address before the New York

Congo Basin.

The Scotch Hogmanay. attempt to chase this philological freak heart disease, anyway!" through dictionaries and lexicons the last state of that man is worse than In forming a bad habit, remember the first. That war medices lies, but that it will be very hard to guit.

Facts Concerning the Origin of Or or Our Sweetest Flowers.

Some indication of the origin of the rose, both in time and in country, is probably given in its name. This, undoubtedly comes to us through the Latin from the Greek "rodon," a word which is now agreed to be, in the wider sense, oriental, not Greek. But to which of the two great families of languages it belongs is less certain. Heyn maintains it to be Iranian, that is, of the Arvan family-of the older tougue of Persia and Bactria; and Persia might unquestionably put forward country of the rose. But Prof. Skeat, who has the majority of modern authorities on his side, declares it to be a pure Semitic word-the Arabic word 'ward," a flowering shrub, thus denoting the flower of flowers par excellence. It is worth noticing that the Persian word "gui" similarly meant at as much money as he thinks you have first only a perfumed flower, but has come to be used of the rose alone. "Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum," is the emphatic way in which the inscription over the lovely chapter house at York claims it as being the very flower of architecture.

Both theories, however, of the name agree with all other indications that we can trace in placing the original home of the rose, much as that of our earliest forefathers, in the central or western-cen'nl district of Asia; but, instead of spreading only in a westerly direction, the rose took, apparently, a more catholic view of the earth, and expanded impartially east and west, without showing any reluctance about lent changes of temperature implied by an extension of latitude. It has been found by travelers as far south as Abyssinia in one hemisphere and Mexico in the other; but it never seems, voluntarily, to come very near to the equator. Northward, however, nothing seems to stop it, since it has conquered Iceland, Greenland and Kamtchatka.

"In Iceland, so (in) fertile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep and oven on dried fish, we find the rosa rubiginosa, with its pale, solitary, cupshaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer, find the roses, maialis and rubella, the for mer of which, brilliant in color and of a sweet perfume, enlivens the dreariness of Norway, Denmark and Swe den."-Quarterly Review.

Dr. M. W. Stryker, President of Ham-

worth \$60. This is the largest beetle Hardware Club: "The braggart spirit of the Old World, and it first became anywhere is absurd. Some little school known through missionaries in the girls (it is chronicled of Chicago) were discussing their clothes. Tve got a lovely new dress,' said one, 'and I am going to wear it to church next Sun-If you want to make a Scotchman's day.' 'Pooh!' said another. T've a new blood tingle pronounce, if you can, that hat, and I'm going to wear it every outlandish word "Hogmanay." If one day.' 'Well,' said a third, T've got

The Eminent Divine's Sunday

Subject: "Christ's Exile."

Texr: "And the king went forth and tar-ri din a place which was far off."—HSamud xv., 17.

going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him when He arrived, His diswas an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Po'aud; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an ex-ile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light Him in—that He is mereto by celes-

brated than any other expatriated exits of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exite. He got down off a throne. He took off a thara. He closed a palace gate behind Him. His family were princes and princessess. Vashti was turned out of the throneroem by Abasterus. Devid was dethroned by Abasterus of Engiand and some of the Louis of France were jostied on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored or more But Christ was never more honored or

who broke jail left a message behind?" The Keeper-"Yes, sir; here it is on this paper-'Excuse the liberty I take!' -Truth. "Tis hard to be poor," sang the poet As his mantle about him he furled;

So he sang, but well did he know it Is the easiest thing in the world. "I'm sorry I stole the preserves, ma." 'Ah, your conscience is troubling you, is it?" "I don't know exactly. Where

To strike his intellect as funny:

He-"I would kiss you if I thought no

one would see me." She-"Shall I

lose my eyes?"-Woonsocket Reporter.

was classic. What is classic?" Dora-

'Oh, most anything old."-Good News.

"Have those people in the other flat

een married long?" "I think not; he

"Scientists say now that handshak-

ng conveys disease." "Of course;

that's the way the grip got started."-

sleeves)-"How do I look, Ned?" Ned

(rapturously)-"You're simply unap-

There comes a sadness e'en with spring

Dashaway-"I have an idea that Mrs.

Hightoner has asked me to dinner in

order to fill up." Cleverton-"That's

what we are all going for, old man."-

"Yes." said the cornfed philosopher,

Miss Flora (in a pair of stuper

proachable."-Boston Transcript.

For though the violet 'twill bring,

The buckwheat cake must go.

When gentle zephyra blow,

Louisville Courier-Journal.

takes naps on her best silk pillows."-

Clara-"Mr. Nicefello said my face

At first he paid her compliments, And now he pays her alimony.

Judge.

Chicago Record.

Journal.

is my conscience, ma?"-Yonker Statesman. Gen. Pompuss-"I am to speak at a banquet to-night and I want you

to write my speech for me." Scrible -- "What do you take me for-s gasfit er?"-Truth. "dat dey will git dis heah new photograph trick so fine by summer dat man

kin tell wedder melon is ripe."-Indianapolis Journal. The Married One-"Can you imagine anything worse than marriage without love?" The Unmarried One-"Yes,

I think I can. Love without marriage, for instance."-Life. The air bears hints of springtide joy,

The sun asserts itself once more; The torpid-footed message boy At last has learned to shut the door, Cincinnati Enquirer. Fannie-I have told you again ar

again not to speak when older person were talking, but wait until they stop "I've tried that already, mamma. They never stop."-Woonsocket Reporter. "Did you go into society in Philadel phis?" "Yes." And how did they kill time there?" "They don't kill it. They

just sit down and wait for it to die s natural death."-Washington Star. Grace-I must refuse him, poor felfow, but I wish I could do something to lessen the pain of it. Maud-Gei some one to tell him that you haven't -Brooklyn Life.

Julia-Louise showed me those bear tiful landscapes. She says she had no trouble at all painting them. Mabel -No. All she had to do was to sign her name after her teacher finished them.-Brooklyn Life.

Sprinkle ashes on the pavement, Keep the quinine bottle near, Wear your ulster and your rubbers, For the gentle spring is here.

Philadelphia Record.

Fuddy (hesitating to put his umbre is in the rack)-Isn't there danger of comebody taking the wrong umbrell by mistake? Duddy-Wrong umbrella are never taken by mistake.-Bosto Transcript.

"We have some very fine Roentge paintings," said the salesman. "Roentgen paintings?" exclaimed the custon er. "I didn't know there was anything by that name in the line of art." "Well, we used to call them interior views or scenes."—Chicago Evening Post. "I do not see," she said, with great

severity, "how it would be possible to add to the unsightliness of bloomers." And the little wheelwoman contented herself with innocently remarking: "Perhaps you are prejudiced. Did you ever try them on?"-Washington Star. Brown-Just had a talk with Thump-

mann, the planist. He says that in the early part of his career the critics assailed him without mercy. Robinson-Must have been discouraging. Brown-R was. At one time he was on the point of having his hair cut.-Brook lyn Life. She held a daisy in her hand

And plucked its petals one by one; As fair a picture was she then As e'er was shone on by the sun. The rude young man, who, unawares, Approached her nearly had a fit, To hear her roscleaf lips enun-Ciate-"He loves me-loves me nit!" Indianapolis News.

Uncle Mose-"Dat dorg is ma best friend, an' I wouldn't sell 'um fo' nothin'." Van Pelt-"I'll give you fifty cents for him." Uncle Mose-"He's yo' dorg."-Yonkers News.

Our trials do not weaken us. They snly show us that we are weak. The best cross for us is the one that will soon kill our selfishness.

Republican.

Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious Citizen was about to absent Him-self. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not coing to put out from one nemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever mensities untraveled. No world has even halled heaven, and heaven has never halled any other world. I think that the win-dows and the baleonies were thronged, and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean one to greet Him when He arrived, His dis-embarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excite-ment in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustics that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the came drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran:

to light Him in-that He is more to be cele ited than any other expatriated exits of

"It is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."-Indianapolis The Sheriff-"You say that fellow popular or more loved than the day He left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned Himself out from throneroom into sheep pen, and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed off. He was not managled for foreign transportation.

He was not put out because they no more wanted Him in celestial domain, but by choice, departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon

of immensity. Other stellar kingdeas are smith's rhytim, and Sheridan's wil, and on write my speech for me." Scrible
—"What do you take me for—a gasht
er?"—Truth.

"I shore does hope," said Uncle Mose,
"I shore does hope,"

sland of a world! Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such in-adequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren Island of a world. The earth against Him.

I go further and tell you that He was an axile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this earth was against Christ. It took Him in through the door of a stable. It thrust Him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against Him with every weapon of its arm, and every decision of its courts and every beak of its war eagles. For years after His arrival the only quest'on was how best to put Him out. Herod hated Him, the high priests hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gestas, the dying third, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detective to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notices that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Bome scourging on the shoulders, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the They are home! Oh, what a time it will be of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's fercetity. Face to face with the world's fercetity. Face to face with the world's woe. His eyes on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when He expired. When the cavalry officer roweled his steed so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at His side, and when the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with

procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened. He could look to the right and He could look to the left, He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round, iron heads were in the paims of His hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anas-

No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anas-thetic to dull or stupely, but, wide awake, He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalsucing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cachinnation diabone. Oh, it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world. I go farther and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great ma chinery of the universe turning around some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you eve thought of the homesickness of Christ? Som of you know what homesickness is when you of you know what non-sickness is ween you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homest-kness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic drele. Christ was more million miles away rom home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasant

surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was a hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another mac's barn to being buried is another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their National air get so homesic sound of their National air get so homesich that they fall into melancholy, and somesitimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to get out of the night, and the storm, and the world's execution. one storm, and the world's execution. Some sickness will make a wock seem as ong as a mouth, and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence on earth nust have seemed to Him almost as interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have sever tried to measure the magnitude and condensity of a Saviour's homesickness.

onderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

Christ was in an extie which He knew would end in assassination. Holman Hunt, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around Him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The netter research Christ as rights from hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry.
The picture represents Christ as rising from
the carpenter's working bench and wearly
stretching out His arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture,
and the light of that picture is so arranged
that the arms of Christ, wearly stretched
forth, together with His body, throw on the
wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my wall the shadow of the cross. Oh! my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes. Shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugi-tives fled into Egypt. Shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked is mocate floor of opal and emerald and crystal. Shadow of a cross on the road to Emmaus. Shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple and on the side of Olivet. Shalow of a cross on the brook Redron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet. Shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunser. Donstantine, marching with his army, saw ust once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

Hawthorne, turned out of the office of colector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said.

wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book," and his famous "Scariet Letter" was the britiant consequence. "Worldly good sometimes somes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, there shall come results which shall selipse all the grandeurs of eternity past and startity to come. Christian a write from scrips all the grandeurs of eternity past and ternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven and to heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship large enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

ervice of all the exiles here present, and in one sense or the other that includes all of us. The gates of this continent have been so widely opened that there are here many vol-untary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high sheek bones and in the color that illumines your face when I mention the land of your nativity. Bonny Scotland! Dear old kirk? Some of your ancestors sleeping in Grey-friars churchyard, or by the deep lochs fille! put of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather, sometimes so deep of color it mak some think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How every liber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce and the Campbells and Cochrane! I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and service of all Scotch exiles, Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the Lord. Have I not read of the sufferings of the Haymarket, and have I not seen in Oxford the very spot where Ridley and Latimer mounted the red charlot? Some of your anestors heard George. lot? Some of your anestors heard George Whitefield thunder, or heard Charles Wes-ley sin, or heard John Bunyan tell his dream of the celestial city, and the cathedrals un-der the shadow of which some of you were born had in their grandest organ roll the name of the Messiah.

I bespeak for the royal exile of my sermor. the love and the service of all English exlies. Yet, some of you came from the island of distress over which hunger, on athrone of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration haited by massacre. Procesax St. Helema, and a thousand times worse—
the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed Nations, the other exile suffering because He came to save a world. An imperial
exile. King eternal, "Blessing and honor
and glory and power be unto Him that sibteth upon the throne."

But I go farther and tell you He was an
indicate the suffering for that he was an
indicate the suffering for that he had destroyed Nations, the other exile suffering beless and from northern Channel to Capa
Clear and from the Irish Sen across to the
Atlantic. An island not bounded as geograplers tell us, but, as every philanthropist
knows, bounded on the north and the south
and the east and the west by woo which no
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clear and glory and power be unto Him that sib-teth upon the throne."

But I go farther and tell you He was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdeas are many thousand times larger than this.

An island not bounded as geogra-phers tell us, but, as every philauthropist knows, bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by woo which no human polities can alleviate and only Al-mighty God can assuage. Land of Gold-smith's rhytim, and Sheridan's wit, and O'Connell's eloquence, and Edward Burkela with heat and bitten with cold, to deserts simon swept, to a howling widerness. It was the back dooryard seemingly of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren island of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summers, unfit for the residence of a foreigner, and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America or England or France or Germany, but to a bant one-third of the year drowned, another third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year burned up, and only one-third of the year just tolerable. Oh, it was the barren island of a world! Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such indequate affection, and such little gratitude. Imperial exile on the barren island of a

for you when the gatekeeper of neaven shall say: "Take off that rough sandal, the jour-ney's ended. Put down that saber, the bab-tle's won. Put off that fron coat of mail

and put on the robe of conqueror." At that gate of triumph I leave you to lay, only reading three tender cantos translated from the Italian. If you ever heart anything sweeter, I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology: 'Twas whispered one morning in heaven How the little child angel May,

"I can hear my mother weeping, She is lonely; she cannot see glimmer of light in the darkness A glimmer of light in the darkness When the gate shut after me. Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel. The splendor will shine so far." But the warden answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered, "I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar.

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ, Her hand on the hand of the angel She laid, and her touch sufficed. Turned was the key in the portal, Fell ringing the golden bar, And, lo, in the little child's fingers St of the beautiful gates ajar, In the little child's angel fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar,

A man in Henderson, Ky., sends con science money to a local capitalis. with this note: "Honesty is the best halier. The twenty cents is for stealing rides on the old

A young woman, who has no hands, was

arrested in New York City the other day for stealing with her teath.

It sometimes costs a good deal of noney to get something for nothing, It is well the book of life is open to as page by page. Were all the hard lines bard at once the task would be

too hard to master. The world owes every man a fiving. and every man owes it to the work that he should try to make it. If some people couldn't find anything to hate behind they would be always on the run.

gold shall find such faith so bought so

Who thinketh to buy villainy with

A homely woman with plenty of money always possesses an intelligent