MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1896

NO. 31.



CHAPTER XXIV.

After leaving the doctor's house Fev-iral walked slowly and thoughtfully along n the direction of Park Lane. He seem of to have grown much older within the ast few days, for the one aim and purtese of his life was about to be fulfilledbe was about to meet face to face the ais beloved wife into an early grave. He proceeded at once to the ducal resilence. He was admitted without question

of any kind, but when he asked to see the tuchess, the footman gravely informed tim that both she and Miss Greybrook and left the house.

The man led the way to the duke's study. During the two preceding nights the duke had had no rest, and the want of sleep as well as the mental anguish

which he had endured had left strong races upon him. He spent the whole of one night arranging his papers, and as servant entered the study, only to find ed him a note found in the rooms of the luchess. It read: "After what has occurred, you cannot

expect me to remain longer in your house. I am, therefore, returning to the home from which you took me. Meanwhile let ne assure you that whatever step you may choose to take will not be opposed by me, as my sole wish now is to be free from the legradation of bearing your name.
"CONSTANCE HOWARTH."

Crushing the letter in his hand, the duke returned to his study; all his deares seem ed altered now. If Constance wished to be free-if by obtaining a divorce he would be acceding to her wishes, he no ionger seemed to desire it. He had regarded this act on his part as a means of revenge; he believed it would be torture be branded as infamous before the world, but since this was not the case, he determined to think of some other means of gaining his end.

he did not hear the gentle rap at the door. When the door was opened, however, he started up and faced Feveral. "My lord," said the latter, with some thing of his old airiness of manner, "I have come to inform you that all my arrangements are made, and that I can

place myself at your disposal at any time you may be pleased to name." The duke, who had resented himself, looked up angrily.

"I must request you, Mr. Feveral," said he, "not to thrust yourself upon me unan-nounced. At present I am too busy to attend you. Be so good as to leave me." "Sorry to be compelled to refuse," re turned Feveral, taking a chair; "you have agreed to fight me, and until you do I shall remain your constant companion." The duke stared; was the man mad or

returned his companion's gaze.
"You are astonished," said he, "yet I "You are astonished, sand As I see no cause for astonishment. As I do you mean, sir?"

Simply this, my lord; that I have dared "Simply this, my lord; that I have dared the sand the sa

think I fear you?" "It looks like it," returned Feveral, still sitting with folded arms and preserving

an unruffled demeanor. For a moment the two looked into each other's eyes, then the duke returned to his made no further attempt to rid himself of his companion, but tried to continue his work. It was a difficult task, however; the strange nervousness which had taken possession of him was increasby the fact of his enemy's presence in the room, silent and unobtrusive as it was. Whatever he did, he felt that Feveral was watching, nay, more, that he had power to read his inmost

He had intended to leave that evening for Avondale Castle; he now changed his mind, and resolved to defer his journey until the next morning, hoping by that time to have shaken himself free of his

But though he retired to his room, he did not go to rest, but sat hour after hour gazing into vacancy, and thinking. As the ours passed on the house grew quieter all the servants had retired. One o'clock struck, and the duke started from his seat. A sudden thought occurred to him; Fet eral must be sleeping; here was a chance

CHAPTER XXV.

The duke moved noiselessly forward to room which had been formerly occupied by Feveral, and of which he believed the secretary had retaken possession. He tried the door gently, and found it locked Perfectly satisfied now, the duke continued his way, noiselessly passing along the corridors and down the thickly carpeted stairs; when he reached the doo found it securely fastened, but he

and turned the key in the lock. The door rielded to his touch, it opened, he stepped across the threshold, and was met face o face by a man. 'Ah, my lord," said he, "I see I was no the only one who was restless to-night. Moonlight and fresh air are certainly preferable to stuffy rooms and sleepless

ness; at least, I thought so, and so I came forth; and see how beautiful everything looks beneath the calm silver light." He paused; the duke made no reply; at first it was surprise, now it was shama moment longer be would most assuredly have tried to stroughe the man, so great

his rage and sense of humiliation; with one quick movement be stepped back and closed the door, leaving Feveral our

After breakfast the carriage was an need, and, greatly to the duke's amaze ment, he was allowed to enter it alone. He believed that Feveral, wearied with his long night of watching, had determined ticket, secured a compartment which he asked the guard to lock. "Alice, what is the matter? why have can penetrate beyond.

For a time he was left alone; he watch you come?" she cried, in alarm.

i ea the crowd gathering upon the platform, but saw no face he knew; at length the train began to move: he was conhe carriage door was hurriedly unlocked

and Feveral stepped in. Neither spoke; Feveral, indeed, behaveo

notice whatever of his companion, he re-clined in the further end of the compart-a trip abroad. She was in her room one ment and began to read a newspaper. The day, giving orders to her maid, when Alice duke, angry at first, gradually became to her, and asked to speak to her more subdued, and stared at his compan-alone. on in singular fascination. To escape from him was impossible; if at the next station he changed his comparment Feyeral would assuredly fallow; and he dared not seek protection, for once given think I have seen to-day? Some one who wishes to see you."

In a moment Constance's face flushed; ed not seek protection, for once given into custody Feveral would be silent no longer, but would most assuredly hear ignominy on him before the world.

He looked at Feveral; he had droppe his paper now, and lay back with closed eyes. Very noiselessly and cautiously the

was his last lapse of weariness. It was for him, he was so changed." the duke's final chance to rid himself of an implacable foe. Resisting him, over was again in her sitting room, the door owering him, Feveral told him what he of the room was opened, and Feveral was should insist upon-the duel, and at once. shown in. The night mail to Dover, the Calais

certainly rid him of a dreaded enemy. At 5 o'clock the next morning they met at the spot agreed on. The duke had which possessed him was a certain kind of fear. He dreaded lest the fortune of because I am so sorry to see you like this war might go against him, and so preven:

-you are so changed."

to be her due The pistols were produced, examined the gentlemen were asked to take their

"One moment," said Feveral, politely. "I have a word to say to the duke."
The seconds and the surgeons retired. and the two men were left alone. The duke said nothing-it was Feveral who

"My lord," he said, "as we, neither o us, can tell what kind of a termination this little affair will have, I wish before

we take our places, to confide to you a give you some satisfaction. It is this drunk? Feveral, folding his arms, calmly your rival lives!" The duke started.
"My rival lives!" he exclaimed. "What

> to disobey your instructions; you told me to cast the poor gentleman into the street. Instead, I had him carried to the house of a physician, who dressed the wound, and undertook to cure the patient. Lord Harrington is at the present moment progressing rapidly toward recovery."
>
> During this speech the duke's face wa study. Rage at this news, coupled with intense hatred for the man who brought

> , completely mastered him. Scarcely knowing what he did, he sprung upon Fey eral and, locked in each other's arms, the two men fell upon the sand. The seconds, alarmed at the unexpected turn events had taken, immediately rushed to the rescue, and the two men were separated. Feveral arose, seemingly as

calm as he had been before, but the duke

was panting with fury.

The two men were placed back to back: he paces were counted, the signal was given; the principals wheeled and fired When the smoke cleared Feveral was seen be standing apparently unburt, the duke was lying on the ground. Hugo rushed to his master and lifted his head. One giance at his face, and he turned with a startled look to his companion.

"The duke is dead!" he said. CHAPTER XXVI.

At 4 o'clock that same afternoon Fev eral stood again in the streets of London. The journey from France had been made mechanically, but now he paused, realiz-ing the nature of the task which was before him. Some one must tell Constance what had occurred. He hailed a hansom at once and drove to Dr. Priestly's house. On alighting at the gate he came facto face with Alice Greybrook.

"Miss Greybrook, this is fortunate."

Harrington?" "Much better, and past all danger."

"I wish some one to go to Avondale Castle, to the Duchess d'Azzeglio." "To Constance?" cried Alice in alarm is there ill news for her, Mr. Feveral?" "Whether the news be good or ill, it will be for her to determine. The duke

That same evening Alice left London for Avondale Castle, but before start-ing she had heard from Feveral the whole tory of the duke's death.

While all these terrible events had been taking place, Constance, utterly ignorant of what was going on, had been living Life to her was virtually over; she be-

ed, but she was glad to escape the degradation which would have come upon her had she been compelled to return and live with her husband. The only consolation for all her sorrow was the knowledge that her cousin lived. Day by day she waited and watched in feverish eagerness for the letters which came to her from her friend, always bringing her some comfort doesn't mean that he will get the money and making her miserable life a little less hard to bear. When Alice arrived she another suit will be filed. station, and having taken his rushed to embrace her friend; then she saw that her face was pale and troubled. horizon of his own times; Imagi

readiness for its reception.

The story of the duke's death was a nine days' wonder. The papers took it up and discussed it in their columns, the ladies in their drawing rooms. Various stories were circulated, and certain whispers concerning the duchess were set affoat, but none of these could be substantiated, since the only man who could have

given credence to these reports was dead. Meanwhile Constance lived on very quietly in Park Lane. Greatly to Hugo's amazement, the only will to be found was one which made Constance the sole mistress of her husband's immense fortune. Her first care was to dismiss Hugo, and half her retinue of servants; then she It was useless to protest, or indeed to caused a number of the rooms to be closed; make a movement of any kind; the train and lived quietly with her grandmother was now well started, and the two mer and Miss Greybrook in the few small rooms which were set apart for them. Neither spoke; Feveral, indeed, behaveo
as if he were entirely alone. Taking no of that time Constance, yielding to the entreaties of her friend, consented to take

Alice, quietly taking her friend's hand. "I have other news for you, Constance."

Then she told her as tenderly as possi the whole of the story, which she had heard from Feveral, and Constance, listening to her, realized that she was free.

Early the next morning the three ladies left Avondale Castle for London. By that

time the news of Constance's widowhood had spread. They reached London early

in the day, and drove at once to Park Lane. One glance at the house, and Conthat the news was really true. It seem-

over the place. All the binds were d awr, and she felt almost suffocated by the feeting of intense stillness which reigned

The body of the duke had not arrived from France, but was hourly expected.

Hugo had telegraphed that all must be in

"Constance," said Alice, "whom do you

ing this, continued hurriedly:
"It was Mr. Fevera, dear." "Mr. Feveral!" excinimed Constance. ed duke?

"He killed the duke; yes, in fair and duke crept forward; Feveral did not move open fight. Oh, do not look startled, dear.

—suddenly, with a spring, like that of a I do not wish to condone a murder—but wild panther, the duke leaped upon his this was not a murder, and there are sleeping companion, fixing his fingers is some wrongs which only blood can wipe bis throat.

But Feveral was instantly aroused. It was walking in the park, and my heart bled Half an hour later, when Constance

Mr. Feveral! Could this indeed be beminous journey it was! Pertinacious as few weeks had passed since she had seen tion. a ferret. Feveral kept a close watch on his enemy, and at last the duke grimly welcomed the crucial moment when his assumed while in the service of the duke superior ability as a marksman would had been cast aside, and she saw instead of the plotting spy a weary, heart-broken

"Mr. Feveral," she said, "I sent for you fought several duels, and yet the feeling —yes; and now that you are here I do not which possessed him was a certain kind repent of my action. I could not speak

him from dealing to Constance that
amount of punishment which he believed part to play," he said; "my work on earth is done All I pray for now is death My one joy in life has gone from me, and I have lived to avenge her; that was all and loaded. The doctor put out his in struments, the ground was measured, and craved for, to see the man who had killed my wife and wrecked my happiness dead

"You have suffered so much." she said: "I am sorry for you."
She held out her hand; he took it, held it in both of his, and the next moment way

Since that day two years have come and gone; the London season is at its height again, and the tragic story of the death of the Duke d'Azzeglio has passed entirely from every mind.

The spring has come on with unusual

brightness; so thinks Sir John Priestly as he sits at the window of his study gazing out upon his garden, where his wife is busy amongst her flowers. His wife, none other indeed than our old friend, Alice Greybrook, looks up and

beckons to him, and he obediently rises and goes down.
"I have news," she said, brightly. "Con stance is coming home."

"You don't say so!" "But I do. Just listen."
She produced from her pocket a letter-

nd commenced to read:
"We are coming back, dear, and would like to stay with you for a few days before taking possession of our home. Frank has managed to dispose of my old house in Park Lane, so I thank heaven I shall have nothing now to remind me of that one terrible episode in our lives. Frank and I are as much united as if we had never

been parted; and I shall try to forget that there was ever a time when I was not his That same evening a happy party gathered in Sir John Priestly's dining room. There was Alice, fulfilling the duties of aostess; near to her was Constance, and a her right was Frank, looking handsomer than ever. The talk was flowing merrily, when it was interrupted by Alice "Do you know what to day is?" she cried. "It is the anniversary of the day on which we were all married." "Then let us drink a toast," cried Frank.

"Priestly, old fellow, may you and Alice be as happy as you deserve to be; and may Connie and I continue as we are; ch, She laughed and nodded, and drank the (The end.)

Food for Thought.

Striet has ruined more people than starvation. Nothing is more noble, nothing mor enerable than fidelity.

Love can be misunderstood, bu never over-estimated. There are two kinds of geniuses-the

ciever and the too clever. Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men. Men of great methods seldom make a

blunder and asseldom make a hit. It is hard to tell which will weaken a man most, to flatter or to pity him. If you admire a thing, don't examine

Everyone occasionally feels that it is his duty to say something to keep his neighbor from being too proud. One tenth part of the labor and anxiety that men display to acquire fame on earth would establish their reputation in Heaven forever.

When a man wins a lavanit, it Each one of us is hemmed in by the STRANGE THINGS DONE BY THE GREAT ST. LOUIS CYCLONE



enceed a severer atmospheric disturbance

main to-day as though they never experiation was that of an infant which was storm and the beautiful pleasure ground, wonderful operation.

Dining R.

14' X 178"

Veranda

*Wide

and sitting-room. Picture molding in

Trim, including water table, corner

boards, cornices, casings, bands, ver-

anda posts and rails, outside blinds,

rain conductors, etc., chocolate. Out-

side doors finished with hard oil. Sash-

es, Pompelian red. Veranda floor and

celling and all brickwork offed Wall

with light sienna stain. Roof shingles

dipped in and brush-coated dark red

Accommodations: The principal

rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are

hown by the floor plans. Cellar under

the whole house, with inside and out-

side entrances and concrete floor. One

room finished in attic; space for two

Bed R

Bed R

15' X 15"

live including bay

Roof

nore. Attractive main staircase. Slid

ing doors connect hall and parlor, din

ing-room and sitting-room. Attractive

Cost: \$3,400, not including mantels

ange or heater. The estimate is based

on New York prices for materials and

abor. In many sections of the country

A Poem by Artemus Ward.

A writer in one of the New York pr

pers has been printing some interesting

reminiscences of Artemus Ward, in the

ourse of which he brings to light some

musing verses by the famous humor

ist. Inasmuch as they have not be

reprinted for nearly forty years, we re

'As the good ship Polly Ann was ea

For she went down to the bottom

Across the briny, briny sea, She sprang a leak, and no kind of balin Could save or would save she;

Pathetic Nantical Ballad"

produce them here. They are entitled

Loss of the Good Ship Polly Ann: A

circular bay in second story.

he cost should be less.

Copyright, 1896.

Bed R.

IdxIZ

BedR

16 B 12'

ANY were the eccentricities of carried high into the air and then safely | one of the finest in the nation, was turned ANY were the eccentricities of the recent disastrous cyclone in St. Louis. While stout buildings collapsed in the wild embrace of the storm, weak structures survived and return the storm, weak structures survived and return the storm of th swept away, yet not a handful of thatch than a gentle summer zephyr. One of the remarkable incidents of the fatal visitive properties of th

PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

broamentation One of the Greatest Faults of American Architecture. One of the greatest faults in American architecture, although happily it is more to be noticed in the buildings of a past generation than those of the pres boat, the train for Paris-what a sombre, this grave, gray man? Although only a ent, is a too profuse use of ornamenta-

Ornamentation may be beautiful h itself, and when applied to architecture may not offend the eye at the first glance, and yet as one lives within its presence, grows thresome and creates resentment. If one builds a house and its general lines are strong, he should insist, before everything else, on a freetion. There should be no tawdry cor nices, flimsy brackets and spindle work. In design these may seem attractive, and may be deemed necessary to cover bare spaces of stone or wood; when they are in place, however, they prove a torment to the eye. In the matter of interior finish the same rule holds good. There cannot be but general regret at the passing of the honest handlwork in wood. The workman was an artisan. if not an artist, and he rarely signed against good taste, everything being in keeping and general harmony of design. One must be chary. No use of machine work, mouldings and carvings are practically turned out by wholesale without regard to its particular use or location, and they frequent-



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

ly clash with themselves and surroundings. There should be plain carings and door panels, and no elaborate-base boards if the best effects are to be obtained; in particular, one should guard against ornate mantels and the "built in corner" cabinets glittering with glass or mirrors. Plain walls give the best background for pictures, and artificial fillments virtually kill one's furniture, no matter how handsome it may be, The passing of the style of ornamental plaster work is matter for congratulation. A simple center piece for the chandeller in a large room is permissible, if it is unobtrusive, but even this is not necessary. There is no longer any need for plaster cornices. These gather dust and dirt and consequently become unhealthy as well as ugly. The nodern method of paper hanging covers the break between celling and side walls, and furnishes an artistic substitute for the old-time cornices.

There is a less need for the warnings over ornamentation at this time luasmuch as popular taste is steadily moving in the direction of rich and simple effects. Every year brings a notabl mprovement in architectural style. We illustrate an attractive residence

and describe its principal features as General Dimensions: Width, through sitting-room and dining-room, 31 feet inches; depth, including veranda, 53

Heights of Stories: Cellar, 7 feet

inches; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; se and story, 9 feet; attic, 7 feet. Exterior Materials: Foundation stone; first story, clapboards; secon story, gables and roof, shingles Interior Finish: Hard, white plas er; plaster cornices and centers in parlor, dining and sitting rooms. Don

ble floor in first story with paper b ween; finished floor, soft wood. Trim in hall and vestibule, quartered oak. Main staircase, oak. Panel backs under windows in parlor, dining-roop

The sca, the sea, my boys, With her cargo, and old Captain Grives, Being the total loss of the good ship Polly Ann and 1,400 lives.

Captain Grives was a gallant old man. Gallant, gallant was he; le drank his rum from a large tin pan, Jovial and jovial was he. Says he, 'My boys,' when the storm was 'Farewell to our friends and wives.

surgin'." Polly Ann and 1,400 lives. Then up did speak the brave first mate,

Says he, 'Ere we go I've a suggestion fo-To make, to make, says he:

Ere this vessel goes down and we all de sink. propose, propose we all take a drink." That's very well said,' says the good Captain Grives.

So he filled up his pan; the brave seafaring men proceeded to individually and collectively imbibe, and the unfortunate vessel went down, being the total loss of the good ship Polly And

principal rooms and hall of first story. Chair-rail in dining-room. Bath-room spoke. and kitchen, wainscoted. Interior wood His name, and his name was Brown; work stained to suit owner and finished He says, 'With deep grief do I very nearly Colors: Clapboards, seal brown.

At the idea, the idea of going down-While ashore my Betsy cleans the dishes, Likewise the spoons and the knives, shall be food for the pesky old fishes.' And I regret to say that he was; being the total loss of the good ship Polly Ann and fourteen hundred lives.

In the first place, I want you to look upon shingles dipped in and brush-coated degree, Your attention, your attention I ask;

ing of this now famous wheel he was a bit dubious regarding its practicability. The weight of the machine, with roadtires and saddle, is twenty pounds. It is claimed that the triangular form of construction is the stiffest and lightest. It also is maintained by the making of this process of Burmah-or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horm and captive's chain and bridal hour and late's throb and curfew's knell at the dying day, and according to the making of this new famous wheel he was a bit dubious regarding its practicability. The weight of the machine, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea-or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of a vation amid the darkness of Burmah-or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horm and captive's chain and bridal hour and late's throb and curfew's knell at the dying day, and according to the Crimea-or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of a vation amid the darkness of Burmah-or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horm and captive's chain and bridal hour and late's throb and curfew's knell at the dying day, and according to the crimean of the Crimea-or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of a vation amid the darkness of Burmah-or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horm and captive's chain and bridal hour and late's throb and curfew's knell at the dying day. est. It also is maintained by the makers that in this form of construction there can exist no cross vibrations.

One feature which would not be appropriate to the average person is that est. It also is maintained by the mak-One feature which would not be appearent to the average person is that lane and in government hospital and in parent to the average person is that lane and in government hospital and in parent to the average person is that is the upright or steering tube of the



front fork. This allows any adjustment of the handle bar from the front fork crown to the seat post; also the handle bar is made rocking in the piece, so that any lesired position can be se-

The front frame tube is within the steering tube of the front fork, entering through an opening in the fork crown. The back stays are detachable, admitting of this method of assembling. A large diameter of tubing is used throughout, making the frame appear attractive. The wheels used are twen ty-eight inches in diameter.

People pretend to hate sin, but they all love it.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "Noman and Her Sacri-

Text: "To bring Va hit the queen before the king with the cown royal to show the people and the prints her beauty, for she was fair to look in. But the queer Vachit re used to come at the king's commandments by his chamberlains; therefore was the belief

We stand amid the pataces of Shusham. The planacles are affaine with the morning light. The columns resistenced an wreathed, the wealth of capires flashing from the grooves, the cellings adorned with images of bird and beast and scenes o powers and conquest. The walls are huns with shields and embiazoned until it seem that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of archite-tural achievement. Golden starshining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the the bueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding to-Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions raching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carou al. where kings drink down a kingdom at one awallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black and inhald with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethysis and ja-inth and topaz and chrysoprasushad descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persua.

In connection with this reliace there is a

his metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a In connection with this ratace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honey-suckle and frankineense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline bantism mean flowery shrubs then rolling through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowery shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swiring with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet annemomes, hypericums and many colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up mail wreather of crystalline. smoking up amid wreathes of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and dates and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons instefally twined with leaves of acacla. The bright waters of Eulacus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shirag, in bortles of tinged shell, and hity shaped cups of silver and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the reveity breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hie-ough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools and the song of

briates, the gabble of fools and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuserus says to his servants, "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command, but there was a rule in oriental society. mand, but there was a rule in oriental so-ciety that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate, and no one dare dispute, de-manding that Vashti come in unveiled be-fore the muliitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king, and so all the right-courses and holiness and mobests of herthis order of the king, and so all the right-courses and holiness and modesty of her nature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet un-veiled." Of course Abasucrus was infuriate, and Vashti, robbed of hor position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation and yet to re-ceive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this marryr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestigo of that feart is gone, the last carded has forthe

feast is gone; the last garland has faded the last arch has fallen; the last tankard ha been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin. But as long as the world stands there will be as one as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this pic-ture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the valled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the

Never leave the land for a life upon the sea—

'Tis a very, a very sad task;
You'd far better plow, you'd far better mow,
Than to go, to go for a sailor.
Never leave the land—don't a sailing go,
For fear you may suffer the same melancholy and harrowing fate that befell the gallant Captain Grives, his energetic and worthy crew, and the very valuable cargo on board the ill-fated vessel; being, as I have already informed my readers, the total loss of the good ship Polly Ann and fourteen hundred lives!"

A LATE NOVELTY.

New Style Bicycle Frame for Which Much Is Claimed.

A wheel made in New London, Conn., is one of the season's decided novelties. When the inventor first made the drawing of this now famous wheel he was a bit dublous regarding its practicabil. aimstouse corridor and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them, for all charitable men will unite with the cracking lips of fever struck hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashi."

Vashti."

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out "Up, up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thine hand." And when women a c called to such outdoo! work and to such herofe positions God prepares them for it, and they have iron in their souls and lighting in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed whiriwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnicetent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were bedges of wild flowers and cross seas as though they were shimmering supplire, and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of her woman's indignation. But these are the exceptions. Generally Doreas would rather make a gar-

ment for the poor boy, acceeds would rather fill the trough for the camels. Hannah would rather make a ceat for Simue. The Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Namana's leprosy. The women of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for fami-hed Elijah. Pho-se would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle. Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures

When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of transpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, I say, "This is Vashii with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unbushing bot liness, found-voiced, with a tongue of infinite citter clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very harrieane of mit inery, I cry out, "Vashit has lost her yeil" When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed will all that the ichools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with super-tilionsness and hautear, as though she would have people know their place, and an unde

fired combination of giggie and strut and rhodomontale, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic in-initesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods slerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversa-tion, productes of badinage and innuendo, say: "Look, look! Vashti has lost her veil!" ay: "Look, look! Vashti has lost her veil!" Aga'n, I want you to consider Vashti the specifiee. Who is this I see coming out of sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a waylarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for; now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice! Ah, you and I have seen it many a time!

Here is a home empalaced with beauty.

All that refinement and books and wealth an do for that home has been done, but Ahasaerus, the husband and father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awaile he will fluunder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter a net farther away from God, farther away from -farther away from God, farther away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to razs; soon the house-hold song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal centaurs breaking up the mar-riage least of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomina-tion, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashri and her children. There are homes that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh, Abisuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroy the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street and say, "There goes a drunkari's child." God forbid that the little fest should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness. God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine cup or the brandy glass should come forth and uproot that gurden, and with a lasting blistering, all consuming curse shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

During the war I went to Hagerstown to During the war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood in the night on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the camplires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird speciale, those camplires, and I stood and watched them, and the soldiers who were rathering around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes and of the long march they had taken and of the battles they were to fight. But after awhile I saw these camplires begin to lower, and they continued to lower until they were all gone out and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw

isteep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and These are the camplic's where we warm our-selves at the close of the day and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the continue to lower, until finally they are ex-tinguished and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it

may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last long sleep
From which none ever wake to weep. Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we will be an army bivouveked in the tent of the grave.

once more I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outery from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vesiteration. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist, but there are cries when the most trlumphant thing to he. triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly dis-sovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rot and sotten gin and steambeat—waiting for long years through the seeffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Galilei, condemned by mathematicians and scientists, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar re-enforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system, then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his

would build his monument and bow at his grave

The reformer, executed by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fire of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of sout and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang and the violence of the storm, and the beft of the shain and of the darknesses of night. Waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang and hush the storm and release the captive. A wife, abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather all His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be in an gather at this dear children in a new vality home, and no poor Vashti will ever be
thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in
slience and answering not a word, drinking
the gall, bearing the cross, in prespect of the
raptuous consummation when

Angels thronged His charlot wheel
And bore Him to His throne,
Then swept their golden harps and sung
The glorious work is done.

The glorious work is done.

Oh, woman! Does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the velied, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one alsorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go through these gates or never go at all. God through these gates or never go at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from the society of angels and banished from the companionship of your glorified kindred and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Esther, and Vashti. Amen.

How hard the man who paints tries to bring the conversation around to

Had the prodigal's money held out he would never have known the, taste of his father's fatted caif. Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions of us, form our true bonor.

Revenge is the coward's courage; forgiveness is the brave man's re-Men, in general, are but great chil-

No woman who has a house that is clean Leed ever be ashamed of the fur-If you want to please a map, recom-

mend that he do something he has long wanted to do.