R SOHWEIER

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NO. 32



"And you are certain of the year he was

"Perfectly-there is no possibility of my being mistaken. He was married on New Year's Day, '58; I was born in May, '59." Two men, both about the same age, twenty-five, were seated in a private room at an inn, known as the Hotel Bellevue, at Le Vocq, a dreary fishing town with a igh small harbor, a dozen miles west of Havre.

Down below the cliff on which the inn stood, the port was visible, and in the port was to be seen an English cutter, the Electra, in which the friends had run for Le Vocq when the storm, that had now been raging for twenty-four hours, broke The first night in the inn, to which they

had come up after seeing the yacht made snug and comfortable in the harbor below, and the sailors left in charge of her also provided for, passed easily enough. They had stood all the morning looking out of the window disconsolately, had

oked pipes and eigarettes innumerable, and had yawned a good deal. What are we to do to prevent ourselves from dying of ennui, Philip?" the

one asked the other. "Jerry," the other answered solemnly, "I know no more than you do. There is nothing left to read, and soon-very soon,

alas!-there will be nothing left to The one called Philip began looking about the salon that was at their disposal, whistling plaintively, and peering into the cupboards, of which there were

"Hullo!" he suddenly exclaimed, "here is a great mental treat for us-a lot of old books; and precious big ones, too! I won-der what they are? Ah! old registers of

bygone years. Nevertheless, let us see them." the other answered; "at any rate we shall learn what kind of company the house

So, obeying his behest, Philip brought them out, and they sat down "to begin at the beginning," as they said laughingly; and each took a volume and commenced to peruse it.

Every now and then they told one another of some name they had come across, the owner of which was known to them by hearsay, and they agreed that the "Hotel Bellevue" had, in its day, had some very good people for its guests. They found several titles-English-inscribed in the pages of the register, and

also many prominent names belonging to "Probably half these people have occupled this very sitting room at some time

only wish some of them were here now, and that "It is the story of thirty years ago,"
He stopped at a sudden exclamation of his friend, who was gazing fixedly at the who did the wrong. Why let it worry

What kind of a find is it now, Jerry?" he asked. "Any one very wonderful?"
"It must be a mistake," the other said in a low voice. "And yet how could such a mistake happen? Look at this!" and he

pointed with his finger to a line in the book. "Why!" the other exclaimed, as he read,

"Aout 17, 1854, L'Hon. Gervase Occleve and wife." Then he said, "Your father of course, before he inherited his title?" "Of course! There never was any cept myself, while he was alive. But what can it mean?"

"It means that your father knew this place many years ago, and came here: that is all, I should say. It is a coinc deace, but after all it is no more strangthat he should know Le Vocq than the you should."

But you don't see the curious part of it, Philip! My father had no wife in 1854! He never had a wife until he married my mother, and then he was Lord Penlyn and no longer known as Gervase And then followed the conversation

with which this story opens.
"It is a strange thing," Philip said, "bu it must be a mistake.

After a few moments spent in thought, Gervase turned to his friend and said, The landlord, the man who stared se hard at me yesterday when we came in was an elderly person. He may have had in accordance with their owner's thoughts the hotel in 54, might even remember this and feelings, sometimes sparkling with mysterious namesake of mine. I think I will ask him to come up."

In a few minutes the landlord tapped at the door. When he had received an Invitation to enter, he came into the room and bowed respectfully, but, as he did so, Lord Penlyn again noticed that his eyes were fixed upon him with a wondering stare; a stare exactly the same as he had received on the previous day when they entered the hotel.

We found these registers in your cup board, and, for want of anything else to read, we took them down and have been amusing ourselves with them. I hope we did not take a liberty," began Ger "In going through this book-the one of 1854-I have come upon a name so familiar to me, the name of Gervase Oc

cleve, that—"
But before he could finish his senten the landlord jumped up from his chair, and was speaking rapidly while he gesticulated in a thorough French fashion.

"Occleve-of course," he cried. "That is the face. Sir, Milor! I salute roul When you entered my house yesterday, I said to myself, 'But where have I seen him? Or is it but the spirit of some dead one looking at me out of his eyes?' And to me and I see him once again. Ah!
Milor! but when I regard you, then in verity he returns to me, and I recell him. verity he returns to me, and I recall him as he used to sit in this very room—in

that very chair in which you now sit."

The young men had both stared at him with some amazement as he spoke hur riedly and excitedly, repeating himself in his earnestness, and now as he ceased,

"Do I understand you to say, then, tha I bear such a likeness to this man, whose name is inscribed here, as to recall him

"Yes, you are his son! It must be There is only one thing that I do not comprehend. You bear a different name.

'He ha muse Lord Penlyn later in life, "And so he is dead! He can scarcely have lived the full space of man's years And Madame your mother? She is well?" For a moment the young man hesitated Then he said:

"Pauvre dame," the landlord said, and as he spoke it seemed as though he was talking to himself. "She was bright and happy in those days so far off, bright and happy once; and she, too, is gone. And I, who was older than either of them, am I, who was older than the said read He save dinners that men and maman

dressing nimself to his guest, "you look younger than your years. It is thirty years since you used to run about those

sands outside and play; I have carried you to them often-"You carried me to those sands thirty years ago! Why, I was not--"Stop!" Philip Smerdon said to him in English, and speaking in a low tone. "Do you not see it all? Say no more."

the room after insisting upon shaking the hand of "the child he had known dinary weaknesses of other men, was, to the consignments of shiploads of ma-after all, worse than the majority of hogany and cedar, going for days in the he left the boy, for whom this man takes garner up more wealth that was eventual-me—to starve or to become a thief prey- ly destined to-be his. ing on his fellow men. It is not pleasant to think that I have an elder brother who he came to Europe, generally with the obmay be an outcast, perhaps a felon!"

view of things as that," Philip said. "For aught you know, the lady he had with him may have died between 1854 and 1858, and, for the matter of that, so may the boy; or he may have made a good alcare to place him comfortably in them

world."
"In such a case I must have known it. the house he had been puzzling his brains to think where he had seen him before He certainly should not, he said, have remembered the child he had played with so often, but that his likeness to his father to do so. was more than striking. To Madame, his

other, he saw no resemblance at all.
"But I did not tell him," he said to him self afterwards, as he sat in his parlor below; "I did not tell him that on the side. second summer a gloom bad fallen over them, and that I often saw her in tears should I disturb the poor young man's she had meditations on his dead father and moth Penlyn.

On the next day the storm was over

"I would give something never to have

"I cannot help it! And-I dare say you will think me a fool!-but I cannot also nelp wondering on which of my father's children-upon that other nameless and unknown one, or upon me—his sins will be visited!"

CHAPTER L. Ida Raughton sat, on a bright June day of that year, in her pretty boudoir, looking out on the well-kept gardens of a West End square, and thinking of an important event in her life that was now ding day was fixed for the 1st of Septem-berd. Her future husband was Gervase

Occleve, Viscount Penlyn. She was the only daughter of Sir Paul Raughton, a wealthy Surrey baronet, and had been to him, since her mother's death, as the apple of his eye—the only thing that to him seemed to make life worth living.

That she should have made a sensation during her first season was not a thing to astonish Sir Paul, nor, indeed, any one else. Ida Raughton was as thor oughly beautiful a girl, when first she made her appearance in London society, as any who had ever taken their place in its ranks.

Tall and graceful, and possessed of an exquisitely shaped head, round which her auburn hair curled in thick locks; with bright hazel eyes, whose expression varied lenghter and mirth, and sometimes sad-dened with tears as she listened to any tale of sorrow; with a nose the line of which was perfect, and a mouth, the smallness of which disguised, though it could not hide, the even, white teeth within, no one could look at Ida without other and rival debutantes granted her loveliness, and the woman who can obtain such a concession as this from her sisters has fairly established her right to

homage. As she sat in her boudoir window or this June day, thinking of her now de nitely settled marriage, she was wondering if the life before her would be as bright and happy as the one she was leav ing behind forever.

That, with the exception of the death of her mother, a sorrow that time had mercifully tempered to her, had been without alloy. Would the future be so? There was no reason to think otherwise she reflected; no reason to doubt it. Lor-Penlyn was young, handsome and manly the owner of an honored name and wel endowed with the world's goods. Yes that would not have weighed with her

had she not loved him. She had asked herself if she did lov

won her heart. She recalled other men's attentions to her, their soft words, their desire to please; how they had haunted her footno other man's homage had been so sweet to her as the homage of Gervase Occleve.

It was supposed by some of their circle -though erroneously supposed, she told fectly erroneously, because that other man had never breathed one word of love to her; and because, though he would some times be in her society continually for perhaps a week, and then be absent for a month he never during all the time they were thus constantly meeting, paid her more marked attention than other men

were in the habit of doing. Yet, notwithstanding this, it had come to her knowledge that it had been whispered about that Walter Cundall loved

This man, Walter Cundall, this report ed admirer of hers, was well known in so-ciety, was in a way famous, though his ame was in the principal part due to the simplest purchaser of that commodity—to wealth.

deligated in getting invitations to; but it was noticed that, though his chef was a marvel, he rarely ate anything but the soup and joint himself, and that, while others were drinking the best wine that Burgundy, or Ay, or Rheims could produce, he scarcely ever quenched his thirst with anything but a tumbler of claret. would sit at the head of his table with a smile of satisfaction upon

his handsome face, contented with the knowledge that his guests were happy and enjoying themselves. This man of whom Ida was now think-

ing, and whose story may be told here, had commenced life at Westminster School, to which he had been put by his nncle, a rich owner of mines and woods in Honduras, from which place he paid flying visits to England once a year, or once in two years.

The boy was an orphan, left by his mother to her brother's care, and that brother had not failed in his trust. The lad went to Westminster with the Later on, when the landlord had left full understanding that Honduras mus

but he knew that it would be a hirty years ago," Gervase said:

"So he who was so stern and self-conter his school days, he passed some years tained, who seemed to be above the or- of his life, attending to the mines, seeing hogany and cedar, going for days in the them. I suppose he left this poor woman hills with no companions but the Mestizos when he married my mother, I suppose and the Indians, and helping his uncle to

Once or twice in the space of ten years ject of increasing their connection with London or Continental cities, and of look ing up and keeping in touch with his old school-fellows and friends.

And then, at last, two or three years before this story opens, and when his uncle was dead, it came to be said about lowance to both when he parted with London that Walter Cundall, the richest them. For anything you know to the man from the Pacific to the Gulf of Honcontrary he might have seen the boy fre- duras, had taken a house in Grosvenor quently until his death and have taken place, and meant to make London more or less permanently his residence. been purchased places had by one, and he used all his must have met him somewhere."

So well did the landlord remember Mr.

sessions—sharing them with his friends by turn; but London was, as peo-Occleve's face, even after all these years, ple said, his home. Occasionally he would that ever since Lord Penlyn had been in go off to Honduras on business, or would rush by the Orient express to St. Petersburg or Vienna; but he loved England better than any other spot on the globe and never left it unless he was obliged

This was the man whom gossip had said was the future husband of Ida Raughton -this tall, dark, handsome man, who was, when in England, a great deal by her

But gossip had been rather staggered when it heard that, during Mr. Cundall's and heard him speak harshly to her. Why last absence of six months to the tropics, she had become the affianced wife of Lord

It wondered what he would say when he came back, as it heard he was about and the Electra was skimming over the to do very shortly, and it wondered why waves and leaving the dreary French on earth she had taken Penlyn when she might have had Cundall. It talked it over "It hasn't been a pleasant visit," Lord in the drawing rooms and the ball rooms, Penlyn said to Philip, as they leant over at Epsom and on the lawn at Sandown, the bows smoking their pipes and watching Le Vocq fade gradually into a speck clusion satisfactory to itself.

"I suppose the fact of it is that Cundali "and she got tired of waiting." Did she think so herself, as she sat there that bright afternoon? No. that could not be possible! Ida Raughton was a girl with too pure and honorable a

cart to take one man when she loved another. (To be continued)

Ventriloquism in China. A man who witnessed the performance gives the following description of what a ventriloquist in China did: The ventriloquist was seated behind screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog

Then we heard the movements of a woman. She had been waked by the dog, and was shaking her husband. We were just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify it the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly and

then rose to change its clothes. Meanwhile another child had been vakened and was beginning to make noise. The father scolded it, while the whole family went back to bed was heard. It climbed up some vase

the vase as it fell. The woman coughed in her sleep, Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the husband and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting.

Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crack- cating the degrees of impurity of the ers exploded. The fire brigade came atmosphere. racing up. Water was pumped up in forrents, and hissed in the flames. The representation was so true to life that every one rose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair and his ruler.

Food for Thought.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. To some men a bad reputation is

The sure way to miss enccess is miss he opportunity. Cowardice keeps at out as many peo-

ple in line as courage. Wine unlocks the door and then throws away the key. A good husband is

spotled in the making. Our failings serve to brighten the lives of our neighbors. No man is a success at everything or failure in everything.

Woman's inhumsnity to woman is the orst trait in her character. Most mothers secretly hope their ov will grow up a better man than his

omes the nearest to it of anything One way to keep your nose from eleeding-keep it out of other people's

Don't ask any credit for your sympa-

Atrengthening Iron. It was formerly believed that case fron, when subjected to long-continue shocks and jarring, became "crystallized" and brittle: but Mr. A. E. Outer bridge, Jr., of Philadelphia, has recently shown, by a series of experi ments, that instead of being weakened, cast iron is really strengthened by re-

peated blows and concussions. A Ghoatly Cat. An invention calculated to terrify mice and rats is described in Popular Science News. It consists of a metallic cat, which, being covered with lumin ous paint, shines in a dark room with a mysterious radiance which, the inventor thinks, will be more effectual than traps, or even genuine cats, in ridding es of rodent pests.

Carnivorous Plants. That such plants as "Venus' fly-trap actually catch and squeeze to death flies and other insects alighting on their leaves has long been known, but the discovery is comparatively recent that the plants digest the softer parts of their prey by means of a peptic ferment secreted by the leaves. These, then, are real instances of plants feed-

Marvellous Measurement. At the recent "conversazione" of the Royal Society in London a pendulum instrument was exhibited, intended to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth. It was asserted that this instrument would render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of arc. In other words, if a plane surface were tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in a thousand miles, the instrument would reveal the tilting!

A Beach of Iron Sand. On the western coast of the northern Island of New Zealand immense deposits of magnetic iron sand are found. The sand is brought down by many streams from the slopes of Mount Egmont. The cliffs consist of a mixcarry the lighter silica sand away, leaving an almost pure deposit of iron sand fourteen feet in depth. Furnaces have been erected by which the sand is smelted and formed into pig iron.

Kitled by Light. Dr. James Weir, Jr., who has studied strange inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, says that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern, when placed in Illuminated aquaria seek out the darkest places, and he believes that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoldance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave. Doctor Weir has seen an eyeless spider trying to avoid the light, and animalcules from the waters of the cavern hiding under a grain of sand on the stage of his microscope. He thinks the light in these cases is in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.

An instrument for measuring the amount of impurity in the air of a room or shop was shown at the Zurich Industrial Exhibition recently. It consisted of a glass bulb containing a red the baby continued crying. By-and-by liquid which turns white on contact with carbonic acid gas. The figuid in and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse the bulb was kept from the air, but once in every 100 seconds a drop, drawn and upset it. We heard the clatter of automatically from the bulb through a bent tube, fell upon the upper end of a stretched cord and began slowly to descend the cord. If the air was foul with earbonic acid the drop turned white at the upper end of the cord, and the purer the air the farther the drop descended before changing color. Alongside the cord ran a scale, like that of a thermometer or barometer, indi-

Oncer Facts About Colors According to information given by German officer to the Horse Guards' Gazette, an experiment was recently made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men form, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet! Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared. Experiments in firing at blue and red targets, according to the same authority, proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance than

One of the most curious mausoleum on the world was discovered the other lay in an orchard at the village of No ebdenitz, in Saxe-Altenburg. A gigantic oak tree, which a storm had robbeof its crown, was up for public auction. Among the bidders happened to be a Baron Von Thummel, scion of a famly of ancient lineage that has given the world of literature one charming poet and the Fatherland many distinguished statesmen. The Baron, who lives on a neighboring estate, had ridden to the auction place quite acciden tally. Finally the tree was knocked lown to him for 200 marks. Upon his urrival at the castle be told an old serant of his purchase, describing the ree and its situation. The old servant thies; only ask credit for what you act aid he remembered attending the fur the furnishings of the room!'neral of a Bardon Thummel seventy or | ington Star.

eighty years ago, and that the body had been buried in a 1,000-year-old oak, belonging to the parsonage. Investigation clearly proved that the orchard had once been the property of the village church, and that at one side of the old oak was an iron shutter, rusty and time-worn, that the people of the town had always supposed to have been placed there by some joker or mischievous boys. The iron shutter proved to be the gate to the mausoleum of Baron Hans Wilhelm Von Thummel, at one time Minister of the State of Saxe-Altenburg, who died in 1824, and wished to be buried "in the 1,000-year-old tree he loved so well." In the hollow of the tree Baron Hans caused to be built a sepulchre of solid masonry, large enough to accommodate his coffin. The coffin was placed there, as the church records show, on March 3, 1824, and the opening was closed by an iron gate. In the course of time a wall of wood grew over the opening, which had been enlarged to admit the workmen and the coffin, and for many years it has been completely shut, thus removing the last vestige of the odd use to which the old tree had been put

Chinese Treatment of Children. However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had them toward their children. The poor- soon as he saw what we were doing, he est parents always seem able to save came racing after us, shouting, "Look enough money to array their little ones out! Look out! It's a-" other holidays. The children in turn ing so much noise ourselves. seem to be remarkably well-behaved But the little animal, whatever it was. than most American children. On al- bounced a great she-bear-a grizzly! most any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with steady on their legs, toddle about with steady on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childnot seem to interfere with their child. of the rest of us and reached one. ish pastimes. About the time of the Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond ax, and though I-was up again in an infathers deny them nothing. The little stant, the check made me the last of ones always appear to be well provided with pocket-money to buy toys

and novelist, is famous everywhere. He every ctom of breath driven out of my began his literary career at the age of body.

This lest circumstance was a good scribes sin as a charming recklessness, as a 13. At 16 he drew up his first novel in two weeks! The Academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at 17. At 20 his first volume of the hear supposed that I was a good gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckiessness, as a gallan ry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as a charming reckies sin as a charm ne came to be one of the greatest, as her caws.

Well as one of the most popular, of the Suddenly, however, she ceased and They use the words "total deprayity," and well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man latit to see what was going forward I made to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than this grand and gifter Frenchman -St Nicholas

"The Woods of Shorne."

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm trees, supporting leafy, intersecting the ax, and, picking it up, advanced trees, of golden green; its nave and to my rescue.

The Woods of Shorne."

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm trees, supporting leafy, intersecting the ax, and, picking it up, advanced the condor as tame at the dove—as there is between the bumansoul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentally or the poets say in regard to sin. In the name of God I declare to you to make the condor as tame at the dove—as there is between the bumansoul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentally or the dove—as there is between the bumansoul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentally or the dove—as there is between the bumansoul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentally or the dove—as there is between the bumansoul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentally or the dove—as there is between the dove—as there or is a the dove—as there is between the dove—as there or is a the dove—as there is between the dove—as there is between the dove—as there or is a the dove—as there or is a the dove—as there or is a the dove—as the dove — as there or is a the dove—as the dove — as there or is a the dove—as the dove — as the dove — a arches of golden green; its nave and to my rescue. growing violets; and its chapels are him to so back; he did not seem to hear, dorned with rhododendrons and ivy, but kept coming on slowly, with his Through and upon it all floods the soft- eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held ened sunlight; over our heads sings a in readiness to strike. the clearings, and squirrels scampering from tree to tree.-St. Nicholas.

civil war, a young lad named William saull clean in two. ly away, he crept up beside the Con-bear.-St. Nicholas, federate ram "Albemarle" and taking the chances of almost certain death, he sank her by a torpedo fired from his steam launch. Then be fought at Fort Fisher with great bravery, and, what in ever rarer, he used sound judgment, securing for his command all the fruits of the victory.-St. Nicholas.

Priscilia-"50 old Winter has mar ried May?" Budd-"What a curiousiy assorte

couple!" Prunella-"Not at all. It's a perfect match. He has twenty millions and sae has twenty years."—New York Herald

HUSBAND AND WIFE IN ACCORD.

"Women must consider it a drea !ful fate to be an old maid," mused Mr Chugwater. "They do, Josiah," said Mrs. Chug-"Nhat terrible sticks they do sometimes marry to escape it!" And Jostah rub set his chin and said

"Ah." he said delightedly, "I see you have my latest book of poems with

"Yes," she replied; "I keep it here." "You see," she went on, "the color of the cover barmanizes so be untifully with

nothing. - Caicago Tribuae.

FACING A GRIZZLY.

A Boy Kille on Angry Bear with was in September-and the Cole rado sun had done its duty and made Phi as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us-that the geology class consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practica lesson among the limestone beds at the

back of Lincoln Peak. Away we went-feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independ ent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general-scrambling over rocks and a fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits, and behaving generally just

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit. Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily enat least one good and praiseworthy gaged in digging a tarantula's nest out

in gay garments on New Year's day or We did not hear what, we were mak-

and respectful toward their elders, and was too quick for us and disappeared rarely, if ever, receive corporal punish- into some willows, while we were still ment. They seem very happy, and twenty yards behind. The next moment apparently enjoy their childhood more the willows waved and bent and out

As for me, I never reached one at all In turning to run I tripped over the

the fugitives. The chase was soon over.

wrote at 17. At 20 his first volume of poems was so good that he received a and instead of tearing me up into small ture of ordinary silica sand and iron pension of \$200 from the French Gov. pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing text, attempted to carry us and iet us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole

osing burial, nor was ever man laid to see what was going forward I made a slight movement with one arm, and in an instant the bear had that arm between her teeth. It hurt me so horri-

transepts are carpeted with the softest | It was a mad thing to do, there is n moss, in which a footfall is silent; its screens are of hawthorn and honey. It was a mad thing to do, there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it—and screens are of hawthorn and honey. Without a thought of his own danger. suckle; its chancel is strewn with the It vas in vain that Blinkers called to

vast choir of birds; and around us the The bear dropped my arm and admelodious hum of the bees sounds like vanced a step, standing acrosr my body, soft organ notes. Here and there in growling and turning up her lips until the woods we come upon handsome, all her great white teeth were exposed; the woods we come upon handsome, all her great white teeth were exposed; our souls increases as we go on in years, russet-plumaged pheasants strutting but still Phil came on. At six feet dis when you started life you thought that many about, rabbits hopping fearlessly across tance he stopped. The bear took a step was a lit tance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the left by the left Cushing's Heroic Deed.

In 1861, at the very beginning of our force and precision that he split her within these root force within these root force.

Barker Cushing entered the navy as a But, even in dying, the bear succeed-Barker Cushing entered the navy as a volunteer officer, though he had previously been through the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was only 19 struck out, and, with her great claws, years old, but a braver or more reckless sailor never grasped a cutlass or stood by a gun. Never a fight but he was in a lacross his chest from the left shoulby a gun. Never a fight but he was in all across his chest from the left shoulby a gun. Never a fight but he was in the thick of L, never a battle but Cushing's name was mentioned in orders.

Ill across his chest from the left should be the first should be disabled human sou. Again, Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human sou, humbled and reingly name was mentioned in orders.

Ill across his chest from the left should be dead in the left should be dead for the disabled human sou. Humbled and reingly named by the disabled human sou. Should be disabled human sou the disabled human sou. Should be disabled human sou the disabled human sou. Should be disabled human sou the disabled human sou. He dared do anything that man dared, killed. As it was, he stood for a mo-One dark night, at Plymouth, N. C., he ment swaying to and fro, and then fell took a boat's crew and, stealing quiet- forward upon the dead body of the

yest exceeds £16,000,000.

A SURE TEST. Jones-"Yes, sir, it is mighty hard to collect money just now; I know it." ollect and failed?" Jones-"Oh, no."

Smith-"How then do you know that money is hard to collect?' Jones-"Because several people have ried to collect of me."-Tid-Bits.

every thoroughbred is able to make

tis own salad dressing.

REY. DR. TALMAGE.

he Eminent Divine's Sunday

Subject: "Kindness for Another's

Sake." Text: "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Sau!, that I now show him kindness for Jonathan's sake? • So Mephib sheth dwelt in Jerusniem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lamo ce both his feet."—It Samuel ix., I and 13.

rabbits, and behaving generally just like what we were—a parcel of school boys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half-way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high grass, and out jumped a little, dark-col ored, short-legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all

Careful search is made, and a son of Jona-Careful search is made, and made of than by the exceedingly homely name of Mephilosobeth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankles out of place, and they had fancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankies out of place, and they had never been set. This decrepit, coor man is brought into the palace of King David. David gazes upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the decrased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say: "How giad I am to see you, Mephibosheth! How you remind me of your father, my old friend and benefacior! I made a bargain with your father a good many years aro, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you, Mephibosheth? I am resolved what to do—I will make you a rich man. I will restore to I will make you a rich man. I will restore to you the confiscated property of your grand-father Saul, and you shall be a guest of mine as long as you live, and you shall be sented

of my shepherd's coat, and how he took off his own sword and belt and gave them to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him! I feel as if couldn't do enough for you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." So Mephilosteth dwelt in Jerusalem for he dild act continuits. lem, for he did eat continually at the king's table and was lame on both his feet." rided with pocket-money to buy toy; and candles.—St. Nicholas.

The chase was soon over. In six jumps, it seemed to me, the great beast table and was lame on both his feet."

There is so much gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth and David and Jonathan make you think of?

Mentilophobeth in the first places stands for

quadruped and reptile, and paradise, wit its animals coming before Adam, when i deed, his nature needs a luttle moral surgery, is partially wrong, not all wrong. He lame in one foot. Bring the salve of divir

lame in one foot. Bring the salve of divine grace and the of atment and the pain extractor, and we will have his one foot cared, Man is only half wrong, not altogether wrong. In what is man's nature right! In his will, his affections, his judgment? No. There is an old book that says: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint," Mephibosheth lame in both feet. Our bell-of the fact that sin has scaraficel and deformed our souls increases as we so you have to be a search of a s within these past few years, since you have been so lied about and swindled and che ited, you have come to the conclusion that man

ommand to come to King David's palace he embled. The fact was that the grandla her f Mephibosheth had treated David most forward upon the dead body of the bear.—St. Nicholas.

A Chinaman Sees a Piano.

A Chinaman lately returned from a trip to Europe, treated his countrym in to the following description of the plano:

"The Europeans keep a four-legged beast, which they can make sing at will A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is iure begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than that of a bird, is pleasant to listen to. The beast does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up."

English Postal Orders.

More than 40,000,000 postal orders are now issued annually in England, and the amount thus sent through the mand is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to the human soul to come, the soul begins to the human soul to come, the soul begins to

mand is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is He going to destroy me? Is He going to wreck His vengeance upon me?" There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now because God has summoned him to the pt lace of divine grace. What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hart you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation. servation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, louder, but she made no answer and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened un-

to death. She said, "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home."

A few days after a Christian philanthropist met har in the street and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me. I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was vol I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." O soul, that loud knocking at the gate to-day is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, trembte before the King of heaven and earth calls you to His palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin and so lamed by evil habif I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace, you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just to throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth's cantinial comparison seems

the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did

Mephibosheth's caninial comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term vehement enough to express his self condemnation. The dead log of Mephibosheth's comparison faits to describe the man's utter louthing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is conveted, first he prays upright. Then the rruscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head, After awhile, by an almost superhuman effort, he kneels down to pray. After awhile, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of

throws himself that on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is, if we could see ourselves as God sees us, we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

And again, Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm of find that poor man and then bestow upon o find that poor man and then bestow upon alm a great fortune and command a farmer of the name of Ziba to culture the exive to this invalid Mechibosheth nake such a mighty stir about a poor fellow nake such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throno of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "auld lang yne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this tindness on the part of David to Mephibbaheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, through the vice of her husbard, engue down to penny. rice of her husbard, came down to penury, and the senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help and you have refused him, but when you found he was the son or prother of some one who ba I been your beneactor in former days, and by a glance you aw the resemblance of your old friend in he face of the applicant, you reiented, and you said. "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what ny text means. Now, my friends, it is on hat principle that you and I are to get into he King's palace.

hat principle that you and I are to get into he King's palace.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people pres-int, you are introduced: "This is the Sena-or." "This is the Governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's able in heaven. I think we will want to be able in heaven I think we will want to be ntroduced. Oh, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into Joshua, "This is Paul," This is Moass,"

'This is John Knox," "This is John Milom." "This is Martin Luther," "This is
leorge Whitefield," Oh, shall we have any
strength left after such a round of celesial introduction: Yea, we shall be it the King's table with the sons and daughat the King's table with the sons and daughers of God, and one will whisper across the able to us and say, "Behold what manner of ore the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" And some one at the table will say: "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last?" and Paul will say, "Forever!" and John Knox will say, "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say, "Forever!"

And the wine at that banquet will be old sine. It will be very old wine. It will be he oldest wine of heaven. It will be the vine that was trodden out from the red clusters on the day when Jesus trod the wine press alone. Wine already more than eight-sen centuries old. And no one will deride us as to what we were in this world. No one will bring up our imperfections here, our sins here. All our earthly imperfections completely covered up and hid-den. Mephibosheth's feet under the table. Kingly fare. Kingly vesture. Kingiy companionship. We shall reign for-ever and ever. I think that banquet will mean more to those who had it hard in this world than to those who had it easy. That banquet in David's palace meant more to Mephibosheth than to any one else, because he had been poor and crip-pled and lespised and rejected. And that man who in this world is blind will better appreciate the light of heaven than we who in this world had good eyesight. And that man who in this world was deaf will better appreciate the music of heaven than we who in this world had good hearing. And those

O by soul, what a magnificent go-pet! It akes a man so tow down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and implaced? As when Wilberforce was trying to get the "emancipation bill" through the British par-iament and all the British isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that "emancipation bill," when a ressel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people were so anxious to knew that the people were so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people tong before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they eried it, and they sang it all through the land, "Free, free!" So to-day I would like to sound the news of So to-day I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God novering in the air, and watchmen on the battiements, and belimen in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it, "Free, free!" I come out now as the ressenger of the palace to invite Mephibosheth to come up. I am here to-day to tell you that God has a wealth of kindness to bestow upon you for His Son's sake. The doors of the palace are open to receive you. The suppoarers have already put the chalices on the table, and the great, loving tender, sympathetic heart of God bends over you this moment, saying, "Is there any that is yet moment, saying, "Is there any that is yet left of the house of Saul, that I may show

The spiendid farms in Peansylvania, near near Marietta, belonging to the estate of the late Colonel James Duffy, and contain-ing over 600 acres, have been noted for the ing over 600 acres, have been noted for the past twenty-five years for their great yields of tobacco—among the largest in Pennsyl vania. This year not a tobacco plant will be raised, the profits from tobacco farming being too small to offset the risk of a failure of the erop. Not three-fourths of the usua acreage will be put out in tobacco in Lancaster County this season. A few years age 15,000 acres were devoted to this crop alone

-Three big bald engles attacked a grocer's clerk at Sasbrook, N. H., one badly when help arrived. The birds were beaten off and they escaped.

-If the entire population of the world is considered to be 1,400,000,000 the brains of this number of human beings would weigh 1,922,712 tons or as much as ninety six ironelads of the ordinary size.

-The true way to be humble is not o stoop till you are smaller than yourself, bat to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall your greatest greatness is.