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CHAPTER V.-(Continued.) sanize his form and see his dark, sad "Do not misunderstand me!" Cundall yes fixed on her. answered. "I simply want you to tell her Then he bent over and kissed her gently

and her father all this, and be married as on the forehead-more, as it seemed in her iream, with a brother's than a lover's Gervase Occleve. I cannot be her husband-I have told you I shall never see tiss-and said: "Farewell, forever! In her face again-all I wish is that she shall this world we two shall never meet sgain." be under no delusion. As for the title, Then, as he turned to go, she saw be-

that would have no charms for me, and you cannot suppose that I, who have been hind him another form with its face given so much, should want to take your shrouded, but with a figure that seemed wonderfully familiar to her, and, as he property away from you.

faced it, it sprang upon him. And with a shriek she awoke-awoke "You would have me live a beggar on your charity!-and that a charity which you may see fit to withdraw at any moment, as you have seen fit to suddenly disclose yourself at the most important crisis of my life." He spoke bitterly, almost pointed to nearly eight. to the other, but he could not that it was only a dream. rouse him to anger. The elder brother

simply said: "Heaven forgive you for your thoughts a little paler than usual in the morning, but had thus only added a more delicate

"And now," Gervase said, "perhaps you will tell me what you wish done. I shall of course inform Sir Paul Raughton that, this youth began to wish that he was Lord Penlyn. in my altered circumstances, my marriage with his daughter must be abandoned."

No. no! "Yes! I say. It will not take twenty four hours to prove whether you are right in your claim, for if I see the certificate that morning. of your birth it will be enough ----

"It is here," Cundall said, producing it. the last special train, had heard some "Had you kept silence no harm could thing about it, but they did not know anything of the details; and two or three copies of the first editions of the evening have been done. "The worst possible harm would have

apers had arrived, but they told very litbeen done." tle, except that undoubtedly a murder had "No one on earth but you knew this taken place, and that the victim was, to story until yesterday, and it was in your all appearances, a gentleman. power to have let it remain in oblivion.

"Get a paper, Montagu," the baronet But, though you have chosen to bring it said, "and let us see what it is." forward, there is one consolation still left He came back in a few moments, hav to me. In spite of your stepping into my ing succeeded in borrowing a second edishoes, in spite of your wealth, you will tion from a friend, and he read out to

never have Ida Raughton's love. No them the particulars, which were by no trick can ever deprive me of that, though she may never be my wife." menns full. It appeared that, after the storm in "Your utterances of this morning a.

London was over, which was about three least prove you to be unworthy of it," p'clock in the morning, a policeman going Cundail answere., stung at last to anger. on his walk down the Mall of St. James "You have insulted me grossly, not only in your sneers, but also by your behavior. by the railings that divide that part of And I have lost all compassion for you! I it from the gardens, a gentleman whom had intended to let you tell this story in your own way to Sir Paul Raughton and be at first took to be overcome by drink. On shaking him, however, he discovered his daughter, but I have now changed my him to be dead, and he then thought he When they return to town, after mind. must have been struck by lightning. A Ascot next week, I shall call upon Sir further glance showed that this was not Paul and tell him everything. Even the case, as he perceived that the dead man was stabbed in the region of the though you, yourself, shall have spoken first.

heart, that his watch and chain had been "So be it! I want nothing from you not even your compassion. To-night I wrenched away (there being a broken piece of the chain left in the button hole), shall leave this house, so that I shall not and, if he had any, his papers and pocketbe indebted to you for a roof." 'I am sorry you have taken it in this book taken.

His umbrells, which was without any light," Cundall said, again calming himself, as he went to the door. "I would have given you the love of a brother, had linen, which was extremely fine, was un-you willed it." which may serve a useful purpose dur-

ing up and down the room, muttering to himself, starting at the slightest sound Coople of All Occupations in Danger

and nearly mad with his thoughts. These thoughts he could not collect: did not know what steps to take next. Not long ago Paul Bourget, who is What was he to tell Ida or Sir Paul-or upposed to know all about "Love as was he to tell them anything? she Is Taught" in Paris and else-The dead man, the murdered brother where, gave the public an interesting had enjoined on him, in what he could little exercise in the chances which have known was to be a dying rethe various professions and occupa quest, that he was to keep the secret. Why, then, then should he say anything? tions offer the naked and dimpled little archer for getting in his hauds, There was no need to do so! He was Lord Penlyn now, there was nothing to The wise French romancer did not deal in sugar-coated generalities. He tell! No one but Philip, who was trustgot down to business and juggled worthy, knew that he had ever been anything else. No one would ever know it.

with figures as glibly as a census ex-And he shuddered as he thought that, if pert or a statist cian on crime. the world did ever know that Walter Bourget is not alone in his pench-Cundall had been his brother, then the Ant for figures and vital statistics. world would believe him to be his mur-He has the company of no less a derer! No! it must never be known that person than the general superintenhe and that other were of the same blood. dent of the Cnicago police. The lat-He rang for his man and told him to ter has done well, just as well in fact

of statistic as is that showing the cor-

general superintendent of police

showing the number of arrests for

the year ending December 31, 1892,

as classified by ocupations, is an in-

actresses, errand boys overs draughts-

men, pavers, publishers and stereo-

typers. Only two thirds as many

distillers, midwives, nurses, mill-

or "corporations" have been put

down on the station dockets as ther

have been ministers of the gospel.

bath-house keepers,

teresting one.

stevedores

pack up and pay the bill, and take his as Bourget, for the chance that a man things round to Occleve House, and that or woman stand of being "pinched," he should arrive there late; and the man ed surprised at his orders. according to the classification of the profession, is almost as vital a kind He was a quiet, discreet man, but as

to see the bright sun shining outside and he packed his master's portmanteau he to notice that the hands of the clock reflected a good deal on the occurrences responding likelihood of being loved. of the past few days. And her first action was to kneel by First of all, he remembered the visit of

Mr. Cundall on Saturday to Occleve the side of her bed and to thank heaven House, and that the footman had told him that he had heard some excited conversation going on as he had passed the room. Was there any connecting link between Mr. Cundall's visit to his master, and his tinge to her loveliness. As she stood talking to young Montagu on the veranda, master leaving the house and giving up

Ascot? And was there any connection between It was at this time that, to the different all this and the murder of Mr. Cundall. and the visible agitation of Lord Penlyn? groups scattered about, there came a rumor that a horrible murder had been He could not believe it, but still it did seem strange that this visit of Mr. Cunnmitted in London last night, or early dall's should have been followed by such A few persons, who had come down by an alteration of his master's plans, and by his own horrible death.

Lord Penlyn walked on to Pall Mall going very slowly and in an almost dazed state, and surprised several whom he his behavior to them.

Looking very wan and miserable, he walked on to "Black's," and there he walked on to found the murder as much a subject of wrights, ropemakers, superintendents discussion as it was everywhere else.

(To be continued.) THE CHANCE PASSAGE.

It Failed to Support the Scotchman in His Practice.

of "no occupation." Of these there An old Scotchman had a roominate were 28,622 arrested. Following in New York who was not fond of early' close upon this number are: Laborrising, and never stirred from his bed ers, 19,758; housekeepers, 4,268; Park, had come across a gentleman lying until the breakfast bell rang. The old- teamsters, 3,513; clerks, 3,014; peder man considered it his duty to warn diers, 2, 220; saloon keepers, 1, 834; the young man against the effects of painters, 1,194. indolence, and at the same to impart These comparisons are not without eligious instruction to him. their surprises to the classes con-Every morning the Scotchman arose cerned. Dropping into the three-

at six o'clock, shaved himself, and when figure column, bartenders lead the completely dressed shook his young friend and addressed him in this manher:

"Now, lad, you see what it is to gain time. Here I am, dressed and ready for breakfast, with half an hour in which to read a chapter in the Bible

name or engraving, was by his side; his and to commit a verse to memory,

MEN WHO FIGHT FIRE | man at the top. Here it was fastened LIABLE TO ARREST. the Clutch of the Bluecoat. HOW THEY ARE TRAINED FOR

> THEIR WORK. Drilled in the Art of Scaling Righ Buildings - Handle Long Ludders with Wonderful Kase and Celerity-No Time Is Lost,

Powerful and Agile Athletes. Every pipeman, eugineman, and truckman in the service of the fire department of large cities is drilled weekly iu the duties of a hook and ladder company. Not only the men serving on

the book and ladders know how to lower a man or woman by means of a rope from a burning building, but when a pipeman or engineman is need ed he is as well trained as any to take an active part Captain. in saving life, and can do it as well as the descent began. he can handle an

too busy to stop and watch the blueshirted men as they nimbly run up the

three others were safely on the ground



first man to mount was soon looking The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

to the summit of the tower, and the

Subject: "The Glow of Sunset."

TEXT: "Abide with us, for it is toward vening."--Luke xxiv., 29.

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His coming in, address-ing Him in the words, "Abide with us, for it "All the way down!" shouted the

And without one moment for breath The candles are lighted; the table is spread; Each man came down from the top leasant socialities are cukindled. They repleasant sociances are connucled. They re-jolce in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and He hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought finshes upon the astonished people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder,

erful arms of the man at the third floor window. He took it from its place and He vanished. The interview ended, He was quickly lowered it to the man below. Some. With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny who expects perpetual davight of joy. The sun will siter awhile near the horizon. The it was on the ground and resting against the building. Down ran the three men. The one who had removed the ladder stepped aside, and his place was taken by the next to dismount. The same course was taken until the have others remark upon it. If others sug-gest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I'm not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite so much as once. The cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot valk quite so the so the so the so the so the so the source of the source o

their insite for merriment. They are sur-prised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something benenth, something within, to remind them 'hat it is toward evening

benenth, something within, to remind them 'hat it is toward evening. The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating infla-ence of religion. When we stepon the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the co.d river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight los s its power to glance and gather up, we need the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of levers for an incor-ruptible body and an eye that blinks not be-fore the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but the clear tones of that voice which in olden I tell you that you will want sot times broke up the silence of the dea cadence of mercy. When the axmen of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us and we are left in soli-tude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we leel that the day is far spent, we need the store of a lower the shadows trusty sword when you come to battle. You will need a better role you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place. Cir-umstances do not make so much dilference. It may be a bright day when you spont, we need most of all to supplicate the strong beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the night and while the owl is heating from the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may evening." The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approached in the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you hand, or you may be is a strange hotal with a servant faithful to the last. It may be with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and the first of states the switch and the first oppose of some temptation. when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have feit the grapple of some tempta-tion. Your nature at some time quaked and grosned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christing graces retreating. You fearch that you would tall in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night there may any first days, then eight days, then hours seven days, itw days, one day. Then hours in the rati train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment-crush, crush! I know not the time, I know not the mode, but were seen in all the trembling of your sou!, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in three days, two days, one day. Then hours --three hours, two hours, one hour. Then attan, in --three hours, two hours, one hour. Then passions only minutes left—five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute, in the only seconds left—four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, two seconds, done!
The chapter of his ended. The book closed. all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements. You felt with awful emand excitements. Fourier with await em-phasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the mon-ster that would devour you. You can un-horse the sin that would ride you down. The pulses at rest. The feet through with the journey. The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie un-You can sharpen the battleax with which you split the head of helmeter abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted tike a good sailor disheveled by any human hands. The mus cless still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You mucht put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trampet when all the crew howled in the Mediter-ranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs ranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recanta-tion would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kinding fref When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition who gave strength to the heatt? winds of perdition who gave strength to the soul? Who gave almness to the heart? Who broke the speli of infernal enchant-ment? He who heard the request of the vilthe sun of life is about to see? Jesu is the day spring from on high, the perpetual morn-ing of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this lagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evenearthly house does crumble? Jesus has pre-pared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always boids. Jesus is the light that is never collpsed. Jesus is the One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. bereavements of earth will soon be fitted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children or David mouraing for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Officiates at Royal Weddings The Most Reverend Edward White Benson, ninety-third archbishop of Canterbury, has officiated at the great-est number of royal marriages. Arch-bishop Benson officiated at the three following royal weddings, namely: Her royal highness Princess Beatrice to the late Prince Henry Maurice, of Batten-ber, on the 23d of July, 1886, at Wip-ningham Church in the Isle of Wight up. Wounds healed. Tears when sound-Borrows tarminated. No more sound-ing of the dead march. Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as simbler evening! Death will come, sweet as simbler the of the babe, as full rations to starving soldier, as evening hour to the ex-hausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire psaim, every lake a glassy mirror, the forests transligured, delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring ft; your lips will whisper it, "Toward evening!" a treasure than the others, out because it is becoming frail. There is something in the check, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nurs-ing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romning for that one through hall Exeter Church Sold for \$15. The Church of the Second Congregational Society of Exeter, N. H., has been sold at auction for \$45. The edifice was built in No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going 1824 at a cost of \$10,000. The site must be cleared for the erection of a new building within three weeks. down. Night speeds on. It is toward even-All frade, when expose i, are more ing. You have long rejoiced in the care of a remarkable for their thinness than for mother. You have done everything to mak her last days happy. You have run with anything else. quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her While the world lists the sun will gild the mountain tops before it shines

Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interest. A sudden crash of National misfortunes prestrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turning of the wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider cartain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends you are not worth a dollar. You know not for you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the mov-ing into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward even-

errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the piace of their residence. They go with a stander. Jesus, who had been their ad-miration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As, with sad face and broken heart, they pass on their way a stranger access them. They tell Him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throwsover them the fascina-tion of intelligent conversation. They for-get the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause be-fore the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon film their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast The words of the text are pertinent to us

all, from the fact that we are nearing the and, from the part that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready, but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duries in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his busi-ness to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is plending in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his ellents. When a clerk is adding up his ac-counts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being man who used to often say at night, I might die before moraing!" He bo-infdel the highest style of Christian. I knew a "I wish

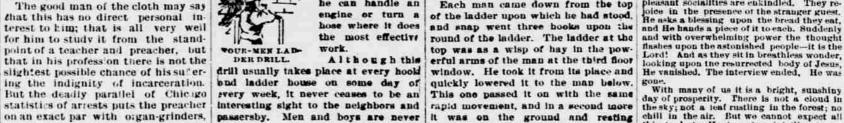
But there are times when we can and ough to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul line ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no round-about way, no bypath, no circuitous route. We must go such will alter a while hear the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While is peak many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, "for it is toward evening." The re-quest of the text is appropriate for some be-fore me, for with them it is toward the even. Our friends may stretch out their hands to occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their duest of the task with them it is toward the even-fore me, for with them it is toward the even-ing of diage. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think of life. They are sometimes startled to think retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You 'may have the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for beautiful curtains? You may

bang the room with the fluest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does death mind weeping? This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated ne well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my dernal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headnedees and sideaches and weak-ness innumerable, that limps with the stone

LOWERING MAN FROM A WINDOW. Therefore, the table presented by the below to Capt. O'Connor for orders.

the most effective work DER DRILL. Although this passersby. Men and boys are never

ladder, and then pass it on to the window above. When Marshal Horan and Capt. Thomas O'Conner, of hook and ladder No. 6. at Chicage, gave the order for



"If you give me the feeling that I have

for you, it is one of utter hatred and contempt! Even though you be my brother, I will never recognize you in this world, either by word or action, as anything but my bitterest foe."

Cundall looked fixedly at him for one moment, then he opened the door and went out.

Philip Smerdon had watched his friend carefully through the interview, and, although there was cause for his excitement, he was surprised at the transformation that had taken place in him.

He had always been gentle and kind to every one with whom he was brought into contact; now he seemed to have become a fury.

Even the loss of name, and lands, and love, seemed hardly sufficient to have brought about this violence of rage.

"It would almost have been better to have remained on friendly terms with think," he said. "Perhaps he him, I night thought he was only doing his duty in dis

closing himself." "Perhaps so!" the other said. "But, as for being friendly with him-I wish he were dead!"

CHAPTER VI. Sir Paul Raughton's Ascot party had been excellently arranged, every guest being remaining chosen with a view to CHAPTER VI. being specially chosen with a view to making an barmonious whole. Belmont was a charming villa, lying

almost on the borders of the two lovely neither the beauties of Nature nor Art them, and even his lips looked as if the were wanting. Yet, although Sir Paul's selection of

guests had been admirable, disappoint-ment had come to him and Ida, for two who would have been the most welcome, Mr. Cundail and Lord Penlyn, had writ ten to say that they would not come. The former's letter had been very short, and the explanation given for his refusal was that he was again preparing to leave England, perhaps for a very long period. And Lord Penlyn's had been to the ef-

fect that some business affairs connected with his property would prevent him from 'eaving town during the week. Moreover, it was dated from a fashion able hotel in the West End and not from

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Occleve House. When Ida read these letters she was sorely troubled, for she could not help imagining that there was something more than strange in the fact that the man who was engaged to her and the man who had proposed to her only a few nights ago should both have abstained from coming

to spend the week with them. At first she wondered if they could have met and quarreled-but then she reflected that that was not possible! Surely Mr Cundall would not have told Gervase that he had proposed to her and been refused She went to her room that night tired

and worried, but her night's rest was very broken.

In the early part the flashing of lightning and the roar of thunder (a storm having broken over the neighborhood) kept her awake, and when she slept she did so uneasily, waking often. Once she started up and listened tremblingly, as hearing some unaccustome sound, and even rose and opened her door and looked into the passage. "Of what was she afraid?" she asked

herself.

The house was full of visitors; it was, of all times, the least one likely for harm to come. Then she went back to bed and eventually slept again, though only to

Her brain must have retained what she and read in Walter Cundail's letter that norning, for she dreamt that he was takng his farewell of her; only it seemed that they were back again in the conser-ratory attached to Lady Chesterton's ball

ed with mud and rain, were of the best possible quality. on which my eye chances to light; and That, up to now, was all the informa-I think it probable that the verse will

tion the paper possessed. "How dreadful to think of a man being have some special application for the nurdered in such a public place as that!" Ida said. "Surely the murderer cannot long escape!"

It was a glorious evening after a us day; and, some laughing and talking, some flirting, and some discussing the tay's racing and speculating on that of the morrow, they soon forgot all about he tragedy.

Not one of them supposed that the murdered man was likely to be known to them, nor that the crime had broken up their Ascot week. But when they had gone to their rooms to dress for dinner.

they learned that the dead man was 'tnown to them. A telegram had come to Sir Paul from his butler in London, saying: "The gen-tleman murdered in St. James Park last

was Mr. Cundall. He has been identified by his butler and servants." CHAPTER VII.

About the same time that Sir Paus Raughton received the telegram from London and was taking counsel with one

chair.

Penlyn entered his hotel in town. His face, which usually bore a good color, was ghastly pale, his eyes had great hollows and deep rings around

He had come from his club, where

since it had been discovered who the victim of last night's tragedy was, nothing else but the murder had been talked about, as was also the case in every club and public place in London, and he now mounted the steps of the hotel with the manner of a man who was either very

weak or very weary. Lord Penlyn entered his room and took up a letter that was lying on his table, and proceeded to open it, throwing himelf at the same time wearily into an arm

He read it carefully from beginning to end, and then dropped it on the floor as he put his hands up to his head and wail-

"Murdered! Murdered! When he had written this letter only an hour before." And then he wept long and bitterly. The letter ran: "My Brother-Since I saw you last Sat-

urday I have been thinking deeply upon what passed between us, and I have come to the conclusion that, after all, it will be best for nothing to be said to any one on the subject of our father's first marriage,

tot even to Miss Raughton or her father. "I suggest this, nay, I command you to do this, because of my love for her, a love which desires that her life may be without pain or sorrow. I shall not witness

her happiness with you, not yet at least, for I do not think I could bear that; but. each other.

"Remember, therefore, what I, by my right as your elder brother-which I exert for the first and last time!-charge you to de. Retain your position, still be to the world what you have been, and devote

spoke in our interview. Our lives are bound up in one cause, and that, and our relationship, should prevent their ever being remembered. Your brother, "WALTER."

iore, efore ae did so, for he did not wish his valet to see his emotion. But the re-reading of it brought him no

dress for breakfast, and not a minute to spare for good reflections." For a week or more this address was repeated every morning with litle variation, and the chance passage read India Company as a gift to the Em-

Scotchman a dose of his own medicine.

quickly and aroused him. new gospel of early rising, "in complete flight of time were hidden in the order for breakfast and ready to turn to a verse in the good book which may

serve me a useful turn during the day." "Well done," said the Scotchman, rub-

bing his hands. "You know, too," continued the young man, without a smile on his face, "that one's hands may be directed by something that is not blind chance to a verse which may be highly significant." "Certainly," said the Scotchman,

pleased to perceive that his lesson had been aptly learned by the pupil. "Open book and read the first passage the which your eye catches." The young man opened the book, and

without a pause or a smile read the following verse from Proverbs: "He that blesseth his friend with a

loud voice, rising early in the morning, An Improvement in Photography. It shall be counted a curse to him." back so completely by the sentiment to a considerable extent the difficulty

panion was not deceiving him.

I'll let you sleep another morning."

Aim at perfection in everything, those whose laziness and despondency

make them give it up as unattainable.

-The highest velocity of a cannon equator.

p. m. on Sunday.

-The largest oak tree now standing in Great Britain is that known as the about 146 feet high.

your life to her. "Let us forget the bitter words we each

shock some of the higher professions book at random, and read any verse and give them a more modest opinion of their good behavior and standing before the law and the public

events of the day. Meanwhile, there you are, with barely enough time to maton

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to the horologist was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the President of the East aloud. Then the young man gave the peror of China. The case was made mediately began to get themselves ing against the frehouse. in the form of a chariot, in which ready. They were Lieut. James Cun- The "two men drill' is very similar,

Scotchman, wearied by late hours the This figure was of pure ivory and previous night, overslept. The younger gold, and sat with her right band thing done by the quartet was to bring commate arose softly, dressed himself resting upon a tiny clock fastened to into the alley upon which the engine ning up the two ladders and in turn the side of the vehicie. A part of house is situated four long ladders, "Here I am," began the convert to the the wheels which kept track of the Then they all fastened a broad leather rade. The "one man drill" is performbelt about their waists. These were

> ingly just alighted upon the lady's a tremendous hook of steel. finger. Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver beli. This bell was fitted with a miniature The sixteen-foot ladders, with which hammer of the same metal, and, althe men practice when playing that though it appeared to have no conlives are to be saved and that all egress nect.on with the clock, regularly by stairs is stopped by smoke and

struck the hours, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond but featherweight. At the top of each ladton on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, and above and in front were two birds. fastened the la/der securely to the secapparently flying before the chariot This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precioustones -St. Louis Republic

A recent improvement in photog-The serious Scotchman was taken raphy enables the artist to overcome that he demanded the book and had to of preserving the natural expression read the verse through his spectacles of the sitter during the necessary before he could believe that his com- period of exposure. It seems that, notwithstanding this period has been "Well, lad.' he remarked gravely, "I greatly shortened in various ways, suppose it was meant for my benefit particularly by the adoption to such an extent of the magnesium light, with its unique advantages, nervousness is so prevalent among those who though in most things it is unattain- sit before the cameria that the operable; for they who aim at it and per- ator has still found the interval too severe will come much nearer to it than prolonged for the perfect a complishment of his work. Herr Haag of Stuttgart claims to meet and over--According to a Frenchman, who come the trouble in question by means of a change in the manage can carry a weight of more than six ment of the magnesium light, making for his nur ose what are called

lightning cartridges, which cause a ball is estimated at 1636 feet per second The earth in its daily evolution has a tremendous development of luminvelocity of 1507 feet a second at the of a second by means of electricity. The so-called natural photographs taken by this process are said to pre-

that I shall be able to see you all in all te each other. -An old law has been entorced in Philadelphia to prevent the passage of mentary play of the features with extraordinary clearness and exactladder, and it was quickly handed up extraordinary clearness and exa t+ to him. This he raised high in the air,

Merited Punishment.

In a Williamsburg, N. C., justic "Cowthorpte." It is seventy-eight fee' court, a prisoner was charged with in circumference at the ground and larceny of a bott'e of beer from a bar toom. He objected to being tried

before the justice, and asked that his -The vital statistics of Stenber, Me., for the 12 months just closed sicw case be heard by some other justice a curious coincidence. During the year of the peace. The court demanded there were in a town 16 births, 16 his grounds of objection, to which deaths and 16 marriages. the prisoner replied that he did not

When he was calmer, he picked the -Search is being made in the subter-fetter up again and read it through once ransan rooms of the great Kremlin IV., from a bar-room before a magistrate having carefully locked the door surnamed "the terrible." Eight hun- who was in the habit of dead-beating dred famous, but lost manuscripts are for drinks around the bar-rooms of suppose d to be hidden there. that township. To this the court But the re-reading of it brought him nc peace, indeed seemed only to increase his 1896, the United States patent office "You accuse me of doing and been when he told her of his love; the could hear the dreamy strains of the the could hear the dreamy strains of the rery same waltz-nothing was changed, except that it seemed darker, much dark-tr; and she could do little more than rec-tr; and she could do little more than rec-

SAVING LIFE WITH THE NET. a drill one day last week four men im-, once more and the four ladders stand-

It was a cold morning, when the was seated the figure of a woman, ningham, John Tierney, Patrick Sulli- except that only two ladders are used, van, and William Thompson. The first one man passing up the lower ladder to the man above him, and then runreceiving the lower one from his comed with one ladder. The fireman fixes body of a tiny bird, which had seem about six inches wide, and in front had it to a window above him, mounts to the sill of the upper window, raises tho

"Up you go," called Capt. O'Connor, ladder another story, and so on until he and the four-men pompier drill began. has reached the height desired. The rope drill, likewise, always attracts curious crowds. The noose of a rope is placed around the waist of the person to be lowered, and the fireman flame, were seized as though but a who lowers him gives the rope two or three turns around the hook in his helt. der is a long iron hook. This is notch- Then he pays it out as slowly or as ed so that it will catch in any width fast as desired. Persons are taken window sill. The first man to mount from buildings with ropes, or dropped into nets, when flames or smoke preond story window and swiftly ran up vent the use of stairways or ladders. the rounds. As soon as he reached the The net is a circle of woven rope about top he opened the big hook at his belt | four feet across. The rope is an inch and snapped it about the top round, thick and the meshes are close. Ten Then he put out his hands for the next or more men take hold of the net, and the persons rescued are dropped into

it. When the firemen execute this drill they drop from a hole feet first into the net with the precision of circus acrobats.

"It's a fine thing," said the Marshal. But it don't always work. Ou a dark, black night we hate to use it, for we can't always tell that we are directly under the one that is to jump, and then it is fatal."

pingham Church, in the Isle of Wight; her royal highness Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, to the Duke of Fife, at the Chapel Royal, St. James, London, July 22, 1889, and his royal highness George Frederick, Duke of York, to Princess Victoria May of Teck, at the same hand over hand, fastened it on the third chapel July 6, 1893. He will in all probfloor window, tried its strongth to see ability officiate at a fourth royal wedding July 22 next-that of Princess Mand, of Wales, to Prince Charles, of

Perennial Wheat Plants There are several plants of the wheat family which are perennial and reappear in the same fields or localities from year to year indefinitely. for the ladder below. Quickly it was

nessed from the third man at the foot Palmar-"You can never convince me to the one on the top of the first ladder. that women will succeed in politics." By him it went to the fireman above. Polk-"Why?" Palmer-"How are you Then the third man ran brickly up and ever going to keep them from talking to -Philadelphia North American. the fourth and last one began the

mount. By the time he had reached the top of the ladder that stood firmly upon the ground his brother firmmen has parent the fourth ladder to the thing to black the hearth with

presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are look-ing wistfully at that tree. Her soul is rip-for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of a separation. You cannot upon the plain. The ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. They knew when a

at the thought of a separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with at-fection unchangeable. But you see that hife is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. It is toward evening. You had a considerable estate and feit in-dependent. In five minutes on one fair bal-ance sheet you could see just how you stood in the world. But there came complications.

that it was secure, then quickly ran up. As he went up this he was followed up the first ladder by the second man waiting below. As he reached each Denmark. floor his manoeuver was the same. When he reached the top of the second ladder the second man was at the top of the first. Both men booked themselves safely and put out their hands

SINGLE MAN LADDER DRILL.