MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1896.

NO. 36

"That I am his murderer."

Belmont to-day to tell it to Ida."

was in at three or not.

what you mean?"

Lord Penlyn started.

tality of speech to him.

It is remarkable how easily we agree

with those who show us the way to fur-

I could not bear it. After all,"

and he himself forbade me to do so."

the dead man.

ther our own ends!

postponed if I did so."

to the second day at Ascot.

James' Park.

Monday night.

His heir!

only made him feel doubly miserable.

And then, when they were tired of dis-

cussing the racing, they turned to the

other great subject that was now agitat-

ing people's minds, the murder in St

"and that person has either removed him

from this earth, or caused him to be re-

moved. I should not like to be his heir,

Then it would be on him that suspicion

was the heir; and, as he thought that,

e something to prove that he was in such

coming, his heart sank within him.

were cold and lifeless

"Only what, Ida?"

treacherously stabbed to death."

As she spoke she leant forward a little toward him, with her eyes still distended;

leant forward, gazing into his face; and as she did so he felt the blood curding in his

"This," he said, trying to speak calmly.

is madness, a frenzy begotten of your

state of mind at hearing—
"It is no frenzy, no madness," she said

speaking in a strange, monotonous tone,

and still with the intent gaze in her hazel

that night of death-he stood before me

"And that murderer was?" her loven

once again and bade me farewell forever

in this world, and then I saw his mur-

Interrupted, quivering with excitement.

"Unhappily, I do not know-not yet, at least, but I shall do so some day." She

had risen now, and was standing before

him pale and erect. The long white peig-

tall; and she appeared to her lover like

some ancient classic figure vowing ven-

derer spring upon him, and-

"No, it is the fact. On that night

"What would win the Cup?"

Two or three members said they had spoken to Cundall, and one that he had told him he did not seem very gay, but that he had replied in his usual pleasant manner, that he was very well, but had a good deal to occupy his mind. It was some time past two o'clock (the club having a large number of members of Parliament on its roll, was a late one)

The hall porter was apparently the last person who spoke to him alive, asking him if he should call a cab, but receiving for answer that, as the air was now so cool and fresh, he would walk home through the park, it being so near to

before the storm was over, and he rose to

Grosvenor place. The sentries who had been on duty at and around St. James' Palace were interrogated, and the one who had been outside Clarence House stated that he distinctly remembered a gentleman answer ing Mr. Cundall's description passing by him into the park at about a quarter to

It was raining slightly, and he had his umbrella up. He saw a laborer, or mechanic, walking some fifteen yards behind him, and supposed he was going to his

From the time Mr. Cundall passed this man until the policeman found him dead, no one seemed to have seen him. With the exception of the medical evi-

dence, which stated that he had been stabbed to, and through, the heart by one swift, powerful blow, that must have caused instantaneous death, there was little more to be told.

Judging from the state of the ground, there had been no struggle, a fact which would justify the idea that the murder had been planned and premeditated.

The workman might have easily plan ned it himself in the time he followed him from outside his club to the time they were in the park together, but he would have had to be provided with an extraordinarily long knife, such as workmen rare-

Lord Penlyn sat listening to the different opinions of men who had known Cun-

Amongst others, he noticed one young man who was particularly grief-stricken, and who was constantly appealed to by those who surrounded him; and, on asking a fellow member who he was, he learnt that he was a Mr. Stuart, the secre-

tary of his dead brother. fo-morrow," Penlyn heard him say, and he started as he heard it, "I am go-ing to make a thorough investigation of is papers. As far as I or his city world; but surely his correspondence must more especially for the reason that you give us some idea of whom to communiwith. And, until this morning, I should have said he had not got an enemy

in the world, either."
"You think, then, that this dustardly murder is the work of an enemy, and not for mere robbery?" the gentleman asked who had brought him into the club.

"I am sure of it! As to the workman who is supposed to have done it-well, if the did dowit, he was only a workman in it. But their joyousness, and the interest disguise. Not he had some enemy, per it that they all took in the one absorbing haps some one who owed him money, or whose path he had been enabled by his wealth to cross, and that is the man who killed him. And I am going to find that

man out." Penlyu sat there, and as he heard Stuart utter these words he felt upon what a precipice he stood.

Suppose that, in the papers which were about to be ransacked, there should be any that proved that Walter Candah was his clost brother, and that he, Penlyn, had only learned it two days before he was murdered.

Would not everything point to bim as the Cain who had slain his brother, and was he not making appearanes worse against him by keeping silence?

He must tell some one; he could keep the horrible secret no longer. And he must have the sympathy of some on dear to him; he would confide in Ida! Surely, she would not believe him to be the murderer of his own brother! Yes, he would go down to Belmont and tell her all. Better it should come from him than that Stuart should discover it, and

publish it to the world. "I hope you may find him out," several men said in answer to Stuart's exclamation. "Is there any clew likely to be got at through the wound?"

Stuart answered, "I think not. leath must have been to her to make her look as she looked now, as she rose and Though the surgeon who has examined it says that it was made by no ordinary knife. The dagger, he thinks, must have stood before him! "My darling Ida!" he said, as he went been semi-circular, and of a kind the toward her and took her in his arms and kissed her, "how ill and sad you look!" Arabs often use, especially the Algerian She vielded to his embrace and returned

"I never knew that!" said one; "l then I have never been to Algiers. Who has? Here, Penlyn, you were there once,

back to the couch wearily, "oh, Gervase! you do not know the horror that is upon Penlyn said, and his tongue me. And it is a double horror, because at the time of his death I knew of it?" seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth as he uttered the words; "but I never saw "What!" he said, springing to his feet from the chair he had taken beside her.

or heard of a knife or dagger of that de Stuart looked at Lord Penlyn as he

spoke, and noticed the faltering way in which he did so. Then, in a moment, the thought flashed into his mind that this was the man who

had won the woman whom his generous friend and patron had loved. Could be but no, the idea was ridicufous! He was the winner, Cundail the

loser. Successful men had no reason to kill their unsuccessful rivals!

CHAPTER VIII.

After a wretched night spent in tossing about his bed, in dreaming of the murdered man and in lying awake wondering how he could break the news to Ida, Lord Penlya rose with the determination of

he saw him. "What is the matter?" "Matter?" the other answered. there not matter enough to make me look

and you know how he died." "Is there any trace of the murderer?"
"None whatever, up to last night.
Meanwhile, his friend and secretary, Mr. Smart, says that he is confident that the murder was committed by some one who had reason to wish him out of the

way, and he is going through his paper noir that she wore clung to her delicate supple figure, making her look unusually to-day to see if any of them can throw any light on such an enemy." geance on the guilty. As she stood thus,

Supposing he does! You are Lord Penlyn now, at any rate. And it would "as all murderers shroud their faces, I think; but his form I knew. I am thinking-I have thought and thought for hours by day and night-where I have seen pected moment remembrance will come to "And then?" Penlyn interrupted.

"And then, if I compass it, his life shall be subjected to such inspection, his every action of the past examined, every action of the present watched, that at last he shall stand discovered before the world!" She paused a moment, and again she looked fixedly at him, and then she said: "You are my future husband; do you know what I require of you before I be

"Love and fidelity, Ida, is it not? And have you not that?"
"Yes," she answered, "but that fidelimust be tried by a strong test. You mu. I held a position which belonged to him, and was the heir to all his money—of in your determination to find him. Will in your determination to find him. Will give the world cause for suspecting ___ you do this out of your love for me?"

"I will do it," Penlyn answered, "out of my love for you.' She held out her hand-cold as marble -to him, and he took it and kissed it. But as he did so, he muttered to himself: "If she could only know; if she could only

Again the impulse was on his lips to tell her of the strange relationship there was is not a living soul to prove whether I

> she not instantly conclude that he was the slayer of his dead brother, of the man who had suddenly come between him and everything he prized in the world? And, to support him in his weakness, was there of neither is sufficient to cause death not the letter of that dead brother en- in an adult, but many children have joining secrecy? So he held his peace! "I will do it," he said, "out of my love the West Indies. for you; but, forgive me, are you not taking an unusual interest in him, sad as his

me; I was the only woman in the world he loved-he told me so on the first night he returned to England. Only I had no centiped moves with the rapidity of a love to give him in return; it was giren to you. But I liked and respected him, traverses the limb or body of a human labeled, from the cigarette to the prusand, since he came to me in my dream on being—its venomous track punctured in sic acid, and to prevent an possible that night of his death, it seems that on the skin. Its nunctures are from the misunderstanding of his meaning. Its me should fall the task of finding the man who killed him."

and was certainly not what he would She had bidden him do the very thing have meant or desired. Postponed for a of all others that he would least wish year! when he was dying to make her his done, bidden him throw a light upon the wife, when the very thought that his brother might step in and interrupt his past of the dead man, and find out all his enemies and friends. marriage had been the cause of his bru-

grasped what he would never have the long-kept secret that the dead man thought of quite right! he would do well was his brother—the secret that the dead to say nothing about his relationship to man had enjoined on him never to di-What was he to do? he asked himself.

Which should be obey, the orders of his murdered brother, or the orders of his future wife? He rose after these reflections and told her that he was going back to London,

"And for Ida's sake you will not do time, not a moment. Remember, you have promised. You will keep your prom-"For Ida's sake, and for the reason that kissed her, and muttered son

and prepared to leave her. "Then when you go to Belmont, be careful to hold your tongue."

Lord Penlyn did go to Belmont, having

"My Lord-In searching through th of his fortune and estates are left to you your name and the title being carefully lescribed. I have placed the will in the

"The Rt. Hon. Viscount Penlyn." That was all; without one word of ex "He stood in some one. "tht," one gentleman said, whom, from he ar-nce, Lord Penlyn took to be a barraser, in which Walter Cundall's vast wealth ad been bequeathed.

Lord Penlyn crushed the letter in his himself into a chair, he moaned: Everything must be known, everythin; discovered: there is no help for it! What will Ida think of me now? Why did not tell her to-day! Why did I not tell

among his brother's papers, there might dinner in New York recently Maj. J. B. Pond, speaking of a visit which he a position, a cold sweat broke out upon made with Sir Edwin Arnold to Walt When he saw the girl he loved so much Whitman shortly before Whitman's rise wan and pale from the couch on death, said: "We had a very pleasant which she had been seated, waiting for his chat, and as we rose to go Walt Whitman presented to Sir Edwin and to How she must have suffered! he thought. What an awful blow Cundall's me a volume of his 'Leaves of Grass,' that had just been republished. 1 opened the volume, which, you know. is of several hundred pages, and began reading aloud a random line. Sir Edwin stopped me. 'Let me go on from there,' said he, and he took up the line and without a break recited the whole his kiss, but it seemed to him as if her lips poem. 'Try me anywhere,' said Sir "Oh, Gervase!" she said, as she sank Edwin. I did so, and not once, no matter how obscure the poem, did he fail to give every line of it correctly, I wonderingly following him with the book before me. 'That is the way I know your poems,' said Sir Edwin to

Congressman Robert Adams Jr., o Philadelphia, Hitt of Illinois and Wheeler of Alabama, have been ap pointed by Speaker Reed regents I had, almost at the very hour he was the Smithsonian Institution.

> An ounce of good gelatin is alwaysufficient to a quart of liquid for any

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him at

"One soweth and nother respeth is a verity which applies to evil as wel

safer to tell them to his neighbor. Everything comes to the man that waits, except, of course, to the fellow who does not advertise.

what make the p rfect gentleman. A dandy is an individual whose use- haps overzealous young woman who fulness in this world depends entirely should have gained tact and sympathy

Not only to say the right thing in happily with others if her school days the right place, but, far more difficult, have been of any value. Encourage to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the her to use her gifts, not only in her empting moment.

Make companions of your children, protection against evil associations.

TWO CUBAN NUISANCES.

With the coming of the rains in the ropics, many of the insects and smaller dry season seek shelter in the country Of those which do not often trouble mankind much north of the latitude of

A CUBAN CENTIPED.

Havana are the chigoe, or "Jigger, which burrows beneath one's toe-nails and lays eggs which develop festering sores; the scorpion and the centiped. In Cuba the scorpion develops into a pest, especially in the country districts; between him and the dead man, and again and, together with the centiped, is a foe with which the Spanish soldiery are compelled to reckon. Both the centiped and scorpion hide beneath rotten wood, the "trash" of the yard and canefield and fallen leaves. The bite been killed by them in every island of

These two are the worst, and it would seem as though they were endowed with almost superhuman instincts, for they appear at times and in places when and where least expected. The ducts or glands; but its bite is worse lent fever in a grown person. With its is poison." flat, glistening body, its scores of legs twinkling like the mischief, and its rapid motions, it seems the embodiment of evil-as it is.



from poisonous snakes as is Ireland. thing that she took for words of assent, and the only annoying pests are those He reached his house early in the even- mentioned. One might stay in the ing, and the footman handed him a letter island for months and years without that had been left by a messenger but being bitten, the cities, as Havana and Vantiago, not being infested.

ADOPTS AMERICAN MODES.

Wife of New Japanese Minister Hay Discarded Native Bress.

Among the recent additions to diplo matle circles in Washington are Minister Hoshi of Japan and his wife. hands of Mr. Fordyce, Mr. Condali's so- Mme. Hoshi is about 33 years of age licitor, from whom you will doubtless hear and of the most pleasing personal appearance. She is short, probably 4 feet 10 inches in height. Her dark hair is very abundant, her large brown eyes are soft, yet bright, and her complexion is clear and rosy. In dress, her costume is that of the American 100 feet. They were the first venturewoman, yet as she has only recently laid aside her native gowns, her wardhand when he read it, and, as he threw robe of western robes is limited. She has placed herself in the hands of a tutor, in order to master the intricacies of the English language, and by next winter will no doubt be able to preside at a tea in the most approved style, as far as conversational ability is con-

cerned. Mme. Hoshi has been married ten



JAPANESE MINISTER AND FAMILY. family, a boy of 6 years of age. His name is Hoshi Kikaru, and he is a bright little fellow, wandering about by the tail. the house in evident loneliness for his many playmates in the East. The wife of the minister is a fine musician and devotes much of her time to that art.

A Wise Word to Mothers. When the school days are finished and the home-coming over, many girls are more or less discontended in the home because there seems no special place for them to fill. In school they have had duties and occupations, and

have become accustomed to regular hours of employment. Wise is the mother who at this trying time is willing to make a place in the house for the little would-be reformer, or the enthusiast who would like to put into practice some way her ideas of house keeping and home-making. Let the new ways and the new

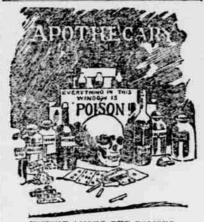
ideas be tried, and show some hospi-

tality to them and some sympathy to other views than your own. A division of labors and responsibil itles is a happier way of meeting the of one's ideas and domain to the per and some knowledge of how to live own home, but for others. The New York Evening Post says that the girl get their confidence; this is the best who has plenty of room for expansion in her own home is usually the least There is nothing little to the really anxious to try home-making under an-

WARNING TO WHISKY DRINKEN. Crusade Against Strong Potations In

Probably the bravest man in the United States is a druggist doing business in Nicholasville, Ky. His name is Jas. W. Gordon, and he has fitted up in the houses and beneath stacks of cane and front of his drug store what he calls trash. While bites and stings from in- a poison window, and a bottle of the sects are rarely reported, still they are corn juice dear to the Kentucky heart more frequent than one would believe. is there. The window is a grewsome thing. It is a whole-course of lessons to the man who wants to commit suicide. In the middle, white and grinning, is a skull. Clutched in its teeth is the deadly cigarette, an ash clinging at its tip. At the right of the skull is the bottle filled with the good corn fulce of the Kentuckian's daddles. At its left is a bottle of port wine. Scattered about in the foreground are cards,

dice and poker chips.



WHISKY AMONG THE POISONS.

enough of various sorts to end the troustreak of light, leaving behind it-if it bles of a regiment. Every article is front pair of legs, which have poison Gordon has fronted the whole deadly collection with a startling sign, which than these, and sufficient to cause vio- reads: "Every article in this window

A PERILOUS FEAT.

faree Wheelmen Perform Foolbardy
Antics on the Starucca Viaduct.

Three New York wheelmen, en route to Chicago, a few days since rode at a rapid pace across the coping of the great Starucca viaduct at Lanesboro, Pa. When in the center of the structure they waved their hats at a piculc party below, which watched their foolbardy antics with breathless interest. The brenking of a portion of a wheel or the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of a few inches and control of the swerving of the swerving of the swerving of the starucca viaduct. In Paristhere is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of one poor reindeer. In Paristhere is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of one poor reindeer. In Paristhere is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of one poor reindeer. In Paristhere is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of the wide is specified and well broken steed, but he is riding a doelle and well broken steed, but he is riding a doelle and well broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and blood thirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" but select the particular representation of Bacchus, the god of the wind representation of Bacchus, the god of the structured representation of Bacchus, the god of the god of the structured represe

BO BOOK BUILDI

A FOOLHARDY FEAT.

some riders to perform the harebrained exploit.

gun with him, Royce got into a boat and when a man tries to return from evil courses gun with him, Royce got into a boat and rowed after the animal. He soon saw that the deer was making better time two from the church, or haif a mile from the

Meantime his pursuit of the deer had attracted the attention of Mr. J. A. Green on the shore. Mr. Green got a rifle and came out in another boat to meet them. Coming quite near he fired at the deer and killed it, ending the special content of the shore. It turned out to be shored in the shore in the sho

pony hit upon a novel method of in terthe battle and said to a man: ducing a stubborn animal to allow of inserting the bit in its mouth. He kept saw where he was burt. The simple fact is, a vial of molasses on a shelf in the when a man has a wounded soul, all he has stall, and rubbed a few drops on the bit to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any every time he put the bridle on the put years time he put the bridle on the pony. After a while the pony associated the molasses with the bit, and as horses are fond of sweets, he showed less reluctance as he was thus rewarded ed every time he submitted. Kindness with the bit ways, to feet that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, but I will sever fail you." conquered in his case, and the sugges- will never fail you."

Blessed be God for such a gospal as this. ion of a little molasses on the bit is one that may be followed.

The sigst talked about summer girl this year seems to be the one whose profile appears on a silver dollar.

Wild oats cost as much as ever, in

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "Reformation of Habits."

TEXT: "When shall I awake? I will sook With an insight into hu wan nature such as no other man ever reached. Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, baving stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for so nething better he says: "Wher shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seved upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try is once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature pointing out all the dangers and peris of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the showing all the dangers and peris of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the showing all the rocks, the quicksands the shipwreck; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untonched. I propose to address myself this evening to such a shipwreck is supposed to the rocks, the quicksands the shipwreck; suppose he has already gone astray. Our libraries are adorned with an elegant

in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and ery out rom the bondage in which they are incar-Habit is a task master. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us re-sist, and we find we are to be inshed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the trask of bone-breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falis, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tessed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on thre of exil habit coming down through the control of the original to the set of the set. tion, well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh, how hard it is to arrest them! God only can

yours of evil doing resolves to do right.
Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his kness in the midnight, and cries, "God help me!" He bitss his lip; he grinds his teeth; he elenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dere determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaus-tive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, iantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds, with

or the swerving of a few inches and dents who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the company back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man, with bravado, after all he rest had stopped, cried out "One cound more!" He swept around and went down and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands

of men losing their souls in that way. It is the "one round more."

If a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. Desiring to re-form he says, "Now I will shake off my old associates and I will flad Christian com-panionship. And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day and the usher greet him with a look as much as to say, "Why you here! You are the last man I ever ex you here! You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this geat right down by the door," instead of saying, "Good morning! I am glad you are here. Come, I will give you a first-rate seat right un by the pulpit." Well, the prodigation to the discouraged, enters a prayer meeting and some Christian man, with more zealthat common sense, says, "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved and I suppose there is nearly for you." The young man, discourted. the rider would have been hurled down the rider would have been hurled down solved he will never enter the house of God

the rider would have been native again.

Into the fields below, a distance of over again.

Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by Towed by a Deer.

The shores of the great Lake Chelan, in Washington, one of the most picturesque and remarkable bodies of water in America, abound in game. In some places the lake is so narrow that a deer may swim it. A paper published at Chelan, at the foot of the lake, tells how a young man named Alan Royce recently made the capture of a deer in the water.

Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian sosciation by the hand, looks at the faded appared and the marks of dissipation; instead of civing him a warm grip of the hand, he offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oil how few Christian people understant how much force and gospel there is in a good honest handshaking. Sometimes, when you have felt the need of the recouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not feit thrilling through every fibre of your Royce saw the deer from the shore, swimming across the lake. Though the chase seemed hopeless, as he had no

that the deer was making better time than he was, but, in the language of yachtemen, if he could not outfoot the animal, he had some chance of "out pointing" it.

So he rowed across the course of the deer, forcing the creature to waver. Then he rowed so as to cut off the new course; and after a while, by heading first one way and then another, he came alongside the frightened creature, and with a quick movement seized it by the tail.

There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from the church. car to himself. They cannot go with publi

Thoroughly frightened, the animal swam faster than ever, and made straight for the shore. Royce got into the bow of his boat and held fast to the tail; he was drawn through the water much faster than he could have rowed.

Car to himself. They cannot go with publicans and sinners.

Oh! ye who carl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell your plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the been a crouching wretch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are any better, but because the mercy of God has recovered with publicans and sinners.

spirited chase. It turned out to be a very large and fine buck.

Coax a Stabbora Morse.

Some horses will stubornly refuse to take the bit. A boy with a Shetland bit upon a novel method of in the late war, I was at a large and said to a man: "Where the battle and said the resources of omnipotent inverted to the top of the battle and said the resources of omnipotent inverted to the top of the battle and said to a man th

"Cut the siloes thin," said the wife to the

attonesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was now to take off the rags the most gently, and put on the bandage, and a liminister the cordin!. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from, or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles. fort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you if you want to jet back to quit all your bad associations.

One unboly intimney will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where

torty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some

from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded beddies and the order

When a man deliberately chooses bad as When a man deliberately chooses bad association because he likes it, that man has started on the roal down. Oh, I do not care what you call it, that association will despoil your son!, After you are destroyed, body, mind and sou!, what will they do for you? what will they do for your family? They will not give one cent to support your children after you are dead. They will not weep one tear at your burial. They will chuckle your damantion.

one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation.

I had a rare friend at the West. He was full of welcome when I went there to live. He had splen iid personal appearance. There is not a grander looking person in this house to-day than he was; and to this grand personal appearance he added all gentality and all kin-iness of soul-tender as a child, a beautiful and loving nature, and I loved him as a brather, but I was an I complete on the same of soul-tender as a child, him as a brother; but I saw ev.l people coining up around him, evil men coming up from bad places of amusement, and the seized hold of his social and gental nature. and they began to drag him down, and he went further and further.

I used to say to him, "Now, why don't you ftop these bud habits and become a Christian?" for I taked with him just as I would

tian?" for I taked with him just as I would talk with a brother, and he understood me, and I understood him. I said, "Why don't you give up these things and become a Christian?" "Ob," he said to me one day, leaning over his counter—just after I had asked him for a hundred dollars to help educate a young man for the ministry, and he had given me the money before I had the story half told—"if it will do the young man any good, here is a hundred dollars." Right after that conversation I said, "Now, you are a splendid fellow; why don't you give up your bad habits and be a Christian?" "Oh," he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "I can't. I should like to be a Christian. You see, I have got these habits on ma tian. You see, I have got these habits on mage, sir, I can't get rid of them. I have been going wrong longer than you would think for, and I can't stop."

for, and I can't stop."

Sometimes, in the moments of repentance, as would'go to his home and embrace his little girl of eight years convulsively to his heart, and he would cover her with adoraments and strew toys and pictures all about her, and then from her beautiful pre the beautful presence of his little child—his would go to the intoxicating cup, and to the house of shame, as a fool to the correction stocks; and there these bal men kept pus h-

stocks; and there these that men kept pushing him on, a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers.

I was called to his deathbed. I hastened, and when I got into the room I was surprised to find him in full everyday dress, lying on the top of the couch. I put out my hand and he greeted me very cordially. He said: "Now, Mr. Taimage, sit down right there." I sat down and he said: "Last night, just where you sit now. I saw my mother, though she has been dead twenty years—yes, sir, just where you sit now she sat. I couldn't have been mixtaken. I was as wide awake as I am now. She sat just where you sit. Wife, I wish you would take these strings of that they are wearing.

these strings off that they are weaving around me; I wish you would take them off; they annoy me very muon in this conversa-, tion." I saw he was in delirium. His wife said: "There is nothing there, my dear; there is nothing there."

Then he resumed the conversation, and said: "Yes, my mother sat just where you sit now. I knew her. She had the same spectacles, and the same cap and the same apror, and the same dress. It must have been her, just as she looked twenty years ago—she has been dead now twenty years. And sitting there she said to me, 'Roswell, I wish you would do better;' and I got up out of bed, and I knelt beside her and said, 'Mother, I wish I could—I wish I could do batter; I would like to do better. Won't you help me? You used to help me. Why can't you help me now, mother?" But soon I said, "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. you help me now, mother?" But soon I said, "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. He did not realize anything I said, I suppose. Then I got up and said "Good-by good-by!" That night he went to God. Arrangements for the obsequies were being made, and they said, "On, it won't do to bring him to the church; he has been so dissolute." I said, "Bring him, bring him; he solute." I said, "Bring him, bring him; he stood by me when he is dead. Bring him into the church." The Sabbath came. As I stood in the pulpit and saw his body coming up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I stood there that day and I said, "This man had his v.rtues, and a good many of them; be had his faults, and a good many of them; but let that man in this assembly who is without ain cast the first stone on this

who is without sin east the first stone on thi On the one side of the pulpit sat the beau tiful child, as radiant and sweet faced as any child that sat at your table this morning.
She knew not the sorrows of an orphan child; she was not old enough to realize them. Sometimes when I think of that awful scene, her face haunts me like a beautiful ace through a horrid dream. On the other and the gail into that orphan's cup. They pushed him off the precupiee. I stood there and told them that there was a God and a judgment and a hell for those who destroyed their fellows. Did they weep? Oh, no, not one tear. Did they sigh repentingly? Not one sigh. Did they say, "What a pity that we destroyed him?" Oh, no. They sat and gazed at the coffin as vultures at the carcara of a lamb whose heart they had riosed out.

of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out.
That night, though my friend lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I heard afterward that these men went right on with their iniquities, destroying themselves and destroying others.

Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and appealing to God for success, designs this day everlasting war against all declare this day everlasting war against al drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing. It must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost! Push on, and you are saved! A Spartan General fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote on has conquered." Though your struggle get rid of sin may seem to be almost a deat struggle, you can dip your finger your own blood and write on the Rock Ages "Victory through our Lord Jesus Oh, what glorious news it would be for

some of these young men to send home heir parents in the country! They go

he postoffice every day or to see if ther tre any letters from you. How any ou-hey are to hear! Nothing would pleas them half so much as the news you migh them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had give four heart to God. I know how it is in the ountry. The night comes on. The cattle tand under the rack through which burst he trusses of hay. The horses, just having risked up through the meadow at the night all, stand knee deep in the bright stran hat invites them to be down and rest. The porch of the bovel is full of low. In the old farm house at night no candid it lighted, for the flam's clap bands about the great tacking, and shake the snarow he group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, say-ng nothing. I wonder what they are thinkng of! After a while the father breaks the dience and says: "Wel'. I winder where ur boy is in town to-night?" And the nother answers: "In no had place. I war-ant you; we always could trust him when

"Cut the siloes thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loss for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin siloes at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; in the care of them;" and from Some one said to a Grecian Ge What was the proudest moment of your the thought a moment, and said:

The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had said:

I sent word home to my parents that I had said:

I sent word home to my parents that I had said the victory." And the proudest and panel the victory." And the proudest and panel the victory. The proudest and the victory is an intidel.

Every lean man thinks it would be easy to get rid of excessive fat.

he moment when you can send word to rour parents in the country that you have sonquered your evil habits by the grace of 3cd, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not paternal anxiety, ime will come when you have neither ather nor mother, and you will go around, the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and come from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as then wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the disgrace on his father's name! God pitythe young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born heart! Better if he had never been born-better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of ma-lernal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred! There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal com-stery, rending the hair and wringing the who wanders about through the dismat con-etery, rending the hair and wringing who hands, and crying: "Mother! mether!" Oh, that to-lay, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, von would yield your heart to Gol! May your father's God and your mother's God be

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

Cadet Rand Receives a Sentence That

May Stop the Custom According to information received at the War Department, hazing at the West Point Military Academy har received a heavy blow. The court martial which tried Cadet Elliett H. Rand for compelling "Plebes" Harris and Neely to stand on their toes, reached a ver-dict Saturday afternoon. It sentenced Rand to one year's confinement, with a depriva-tion of all privileges, including the three month's furlough next year. After the ca-dets return to barracks Rand will also be obliged to walk a tour of guard duty every Saturday afternoon, while the rest of the cadets are at liberty.

Rand's severe sentence has struck terror into the hearts of all the would-be hazars. The evidence did not directly connect him with the hazing of the two "plebes," and he made a strong defense to substantiate his dental. His sentence may also interfere with his class standing. He is at present at the head of his class, but the hazing episode will serionly mar a hithorto unble nished record.

MERRILL PERISHED IN QUICKSAND While Sinking He Directed Men Who Tried to Rescae Him. Charles Merrill, a well-known citizen of arlington, Wis., was buried alive a few days

Mr. Merrill and others were digging a well Mr. Merrill and others were digging a well on a farm three or four mises south of Burlington. The sides caved in and buried him up to the shoulders. His companions endeavored to dig him out, when quicksand was struck and the unfortunate man gradually sank out of 'sight in the presence of the men, who were unable to assist him. The body was recovered next moraing, work having been prosecuted a'll night by several shifts of men. He was twenty-seven years of age and leaves a wife.

of age and leaves a wife.

While Merrill's head was exposed he coully directed the men how to work in order to rescue him, but the quicksand engulfed him.

A WATERMELON BUG.

Benjamin D. Stedaker, a prominent farmer fiving near Burlington, N. J., said that in two weeks there wouldn't be a watermelou.

two weeks there wouldn't be a watermelon or citron in the county, because of a parasite that is rapidly killing the vines.

It is a small insect, not unlike a indying in appearance, and in a single-night deposits thousands of eggs on the under side of the leaves it favors. It also leaves a gummy substance which makes the plant look green for a time, after which the leaves wither and die

The farmers around Burlington have tried svery means to save the vines, but none avail, and many are plowing up their

RUINED THE POSTOFFICE.

furner Took His Mail Elsewhere---The

P. W. Turner, a rich silk manufacturer of Furnersville, Conn., has been arrested and held in \$500 ball for trial on the charge of Turner was postmaster at Turnersville up to the time of the present Administration, when the office was removed a third of a mile from Turner's factory. Turner objected to the change, and without his business the postoffice receipts were almost nothing. Turner put his mail in the postal car on the

A monster petition to the Federal Governtition recites that Chinese tager is driving out the white workingmen, that it will united States, realizing this, has excluded in Mongolian coolies, and that Casula should adopt measures to keep them out. : urgest that a tax of \$500 be levied upon each China-

Carrier Pigeon Regulations,

Fear of the treasonable use of carrier pigeons in France led to the promulgation of most stringent regulations. The Paris Government's decree stipulates that every person wishing to possess carrier pignons must obtain the authority of the Precept, and every person receiving pigeous must, within two days, make declaration to the municipal authorities. The police commis-sary must always be present when the pig-cous are freed.

With scarcely an exception, reports of the Russian winter wheat and rye are favorable, and in Tamboy they are said to present an excellent appearance. The spring crops in the earlier districts are thirwing, and the lowing is almost completed under inversalroaditions. Reports from Poland are satisfactory. It is expected that when larmers have finished field work the supply of grain

at the seaboard will increase It is reported from Montreal that United States silver coin and silver certificates are no longer accepted in Causia.

Food for Thought.

Laugh and be fat. Better late than never.

Curtain lectures are free.

The end must justify the means. Handsome is that handsome does. Life is not altogether a far of honey

An honest man is the noblest work A coward never forgave. It is not in his nature.

-Potatoes in Greenland never grow larger than a marble. It costs more to gain an hour than

to lose a day. If thou faint in the day of adversity,

thy strength is small.

going down to Belmont. "How ill you look!" Smerdon said, when

"He cannot, I suppose, find anything that can do you any harm?" "Supposing he finds those certificates be showed us?"

with a fixed look of certainty on her face. and prophesied that some day she should know the man who had done this deed, she might have been Cassandra come give you an opportunity of putting in a back to the world again.

"His face was shrouded," she went on,

"His heir! To all his immense wealth?" "Certainly."
"I shall never claim it, and I hope he come your wife?"

has destroyed every proof of our rela-"Why. Because will not the fact that which I never thought till this moment

"Nonsense! I suppose you could prove where you were at the time of his death? "No, I could not. I entered the hotel at two, but there was not a creature in the house awake. I could hear the porter's snores on the floor above, and there

But this secre he let the impulse go.

In the excitement of her mind would must be told by me, and I am going to "You must be mad, I think!" Smerdon said, speaking almost angrily to him. This secret, which only came to light a week ago, is now buried forever, and, since he is dead, can never be brought up again. For what earthly reason should you tell Miss Raughton anything about "Because she ought to know," the other

answered weakly. "It is only right that she should know." "That you were not Lord Penlyn when you became engaged to her, but that you are now. And that Cundall being your brother, you must mourn him as a brother, and consequently your marriage must be postponed for at least a year. Is that This had never entered into his head,

She had told him to do this, while there, Smerdon was right, his quick mind had In his own heart, was the knowledge of

"I never thought of that," he said, "and on weakly, "you are right! I do not see And she also rose, and said: any necessity to say anything about it, "Yes, yes; go back at once! Lose no

a short time before. It ran as follows: "Gresvenor Place, June 12, 188-. previously sent a telegram saying he was oming, and he traveled down in one of papers of my late employer, Mr. Walter the special trains that was conveying a Cundail, I have come across a will made contingent of fashionable racing people by him three years ago. By it, the whole

> "Your obedient servant,
> "A. STUART. planation or of surprise at the manner

for on that man suspicion will undoubtedly fall, unless he can prove very clearly that he was miles away from London on Penlyn started as he heard these words.

would fall if it was ever known that he Eiwin Arnold's Marvelous Memory. At the Walt Whitman fellowship

Walt Whitman, when he had finished "I saw it all," she said, looking at him with large, distended eyes, eyes made doubly large by the hollows round them. "Only it was in a dream! O dream that

It may be more honorable to tell man his faults to his face, but it is

Honesty education and politeness are apon the fit of his clothes.

ous Crawlers that Make Things