B. F. SOHWEIER.

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to have done that!"

He thought that, as Ida's father, he

some intention to deceive him on the part

In his joy at the prospect of his daugh-

"Remember the letter from his brother,

night he wrote them! How could be con-

Her father made no answer to this ques-

After all, he acknowledged that had he

Honestly, he could not tell himself that

ide the secret to anyone after that?"

ion, not knowing what to say.

sectings that had gone before.

had let come into her mind.
"Hush, Ida; hush, my darling!" he said,

doubting me for one moment. Oh, Ida, my own, say that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she said; "the fault was mine. I should never

And so once more they were united,

that had transpired of late, and especial-

ly of, what seemed to him, the strange be-

havior of the Senor, and the accusations

the murderer in his honse.
"Oh, Gervase!" Ida exclaimed, "why

is it that everyone should be so unjust to

have suspected you—though only for a moment in my grief and delirium—with-

out this man doing so in another manner?

it is monstrous, monstrous!"
"Your suspicions," he answered, "were

natural enough. You had had your mind

disturbed by that strange dream, and,

when you heard of my relationship to

He had recognized many times during

ine of romance, but only a straightfor-

ward English girl, with a strange delu

sion as to having seen the assassin in he

dream-it was not strange she should have doubted him; but for Guffanta's ac-

Over and over again he had asked him

self whom it could be that he suspected?

and again and again he had failed to find

one sleeping in Occleve House but the

admission to it; yet the Senor had charg-

"Can he not be made to speak out open

say who the person was whose face he saw? Why do you not force him to do

"I have seen nothing of him since the

night he accused me of protecting the murderer, and he has left the hotel he

"No one seems to know, though Stua-

says he fancies he is still looking for the

murderer. I pray God he may find him.

After this meeting, Penlyn acceded to the request of Sir Paul and his fucure

wife that he should stay at Belmont for

ing with him all things necessary for a

rove together-for she was still too weal

"I swore upon his grave to avenge him,"

Lord Penlyn said, "and I have done note

to do so. It seems a poor termination to

"Perhaps it is but a natural one," Ida inswered. "It is only in romances, and in some few cases of real life, that a mur-

der planned as this one must have been

will pray that some day his wicked assas-

been brought to justice.

the vows I took."

Where is he gone?" Ida asked.

ed him with shehering the man who had done the deed, both on that night and af-

ly?" Ida asked. "Can be not be made

On that fatal night there had been

cusation he could find no reason.

have doubted you."

he means."

an answer.

was staying at."

with them.

united never more to part.

equally well.

To those more directly laterested in the murder and in the discovery of the assassin, the passing summer seemed to bring

Lord Penlyn knew that Senor Guffanta and left London, but beyond that he did not know what had become of him, nor whether it was the business of Don Rodriguez or pleasure, or the search for the murderer, that had taken him away.

of the slightest participation or knowledge of the crime, yet did not feel in-clined to give him the least information as to the Senor's movements, fearing that, if Smerdon was the man-of which, as yet, he by no means felt positive-he might learn that he was being pursued; and so contented himself with saying a little as possible.

As to Dobson, he had now come to the

conclusion that the "Signor," as he always called him, was an arrant humbug, and really knew no more about the murder than he did himself.

And as the detective had already received a handsome sum of money from Lord Peulyn for his services, such as they were, and as he had at the present moment what he called "one or two other good little jobs on," he gradually de-voted himself to these matters, and the murder of Mr. Cundall ceased to entirely

Though, as he was a man who did his duty to the best of his ability, he still kept one of his subordinates looking about and making inquirles in various places where he thought information might be obtained.

But the information, as he confessed was very long in coming.

From Senor Guffanta Stuart had heard more than once during his absence, which had now extended to three weeks, but

the letters he received contained nothing but accounts of his failure to come upon the suspected man. In Paris, the Senor wrote, he had been

absolutely unable to find any person of the name of Smerdon, though he had tried everything in his power to do so. He had pored daily over Galignan! and other papers that contained the lists of strangers who arrived in the French capital, he had personally inspected the vis-

itors' books in every hotel likely to be patronized by English people of good social position; but all to no effect. n, determined, if his man was there not to miss him, he had applied to the particular bureau of police at the Prefec ture where are kept, according to French law, the lists furnished weekly by every hotel keeper and lodging house keeper of their guests and tenants, both old and

new; and these, being shown him, he had carefully searched, and still be had failed. He was induced to think, he wrote Stu art, that Smerdon, either alone or with art, that Smerdon, either alone or with his family (if he really had them with him) must have changed his route or his to Ida, her future husband was able to him) must have changed his route, or his destination, 📹 the last moment. Or, perhaps they had traveled by Brussels and the Rhine to Switzerland, or

passed through Paris from one station to the other without stopping, or they might have gone by the way of Rheims and Delle from Calais to Basle.

Could Mr. Stuart, he asked, obtgin any further information from Lord Pentyn as to the whereabouts of the man whose face he wished to see, for if he could not he did not know where to look for him. In answer to this, Stuart wrote back that no letter had come from Smerdon since the day he left Occleve House, the day on which the Senor had seen the murderer in the cab, but that he had little doubt that the former was now in Swi serland.

"Why." he wrote, "since you are deter mined to make yourself sure about Smerdon's identity with the man you saw kil our friend, do you not go on into Switzerland? There you could have but little difficulty in finding him, for printed lists of the visitors to almost every resort, small or large, are published daily or weekly. Any bookseller would procure you the Fremdenblatts and Listes des Etrangers, and if you could only find his name at one spot, you would be sure to catch him up at last. When a traveler leaves an hotel in Switzerland, the train, or boat, or diligence is a sure indication of what district he is changing to, and any intelligent porter or servant will in all probability be able to remember any

fanta, saying that he acknowledged the reason of Mr. Stuart's remarks, and that would waste no more time in Paris, but would at once set out for Switzer

"Only " he wrote, in his usual grave and studied style, "you must pardon me for what I am going to say, and for what I am going to ask. It is for money. I have exhausted my store, which was not great when I arrived in England, and which has only been increased by a small draft on Don Rodriguez's London banker. 1 have enough to take me to Switzerland, I find, but not enough to carry me into the heart of the country. Will you please send me some to the Poste Restante at Basle? I will repay it some day, and be sure that I shall eventually gain the object we both desire in our hearts." answer to this Stuart put a fifty

pound note in a registered letter, and for warded it to the address Guffauta had given him. Then, when it had been acknowledged

by the latter, he heard no more from him for some time.

CHAPTER XXI.

During this period Lord Penlyn had been absent from town. He had received from Sir Paul Raughton, at the time when the Senor was about to leave London, a letter telling him that Ida was much better, and that he thought that Penlyn might see her i he went down to Belmont. Sir Paul had faithfully delivered the message given him, and to Ida this, he said, had been the

best medicine.
At first she would scarcely believe i possible that her lover would ever again see her or speak of love to her; but, when learned that not only was he anxious to do this, but that it was he himself whom he considered in the wrong, and that, instead of extending his pardon to her, he was anxious to sue for hers, the

color came back to her check and the smile to her eyes and lips.
"Oh, papa," she said, as she sat up one
day in her boudoir and nestled close to him, "oh, papa, how could I ever think so ill of him, of him who is everything that is good and noble? How wicked ?

sin may be discovered."
"Do you still think," Penlyn asked,
"that the figure which you saw in your
dream was known to you in actual life?
Do you think that if the murderer is ever that is good and noble? How wicked and unjust!"

"Of course!" Sir Paul exclaimed, "that the figure which you saw in your fream was known to you in actual life? Do you think that if the murderer is ever found you will remember that you have been and then, just because he wants to the guarrel as much as for days.

"It is a dream," she answered, "only a dream! Yet it made a strange impres-

sion on me. You know that I also said that, if once I could remember to what man in actual life that figure bore a remblance, I would have his every action of the past and present closely scruti-nized; yet I, too, can do nothing. Even though I could identify some living person with that figure, what could I, a wom-

"Nothing, darling," her lover answered "we can neither of us do anything. If Guffanta cannot find him, we must be content to leave his punishment to heav-

she thinks she has been in the wrong. And, after all, mind you, Ida, although I don't believe that Penlyn had any more So, gradually, they came to think that never in this world would Walter Cun-dall's death be avenged, and gradually "No, papa!" speaking firmly.

"Still he does not come out of the affair with flying colors. He never moved hand nor foot to find out who really had done their thoughts turned to other things, to the happy life that seemed before them, and to the way in which that life should

Under the fir trees they would sit and t, and he kept the secret of poor Candall plan how the vast fortune that the dead man had left should best be laid out, how being his brother from me. He oughtn't an almshouse bearing his name should be Sir Paul did feel himself aggrieved at erected at Occleve Chase, and how a large charity, also in his name, should be en-

should have been told everything bearing apon the connection between the two men, and he considered that there had been would necessitate unceasing thought upon their part to gradually get it all dis-tributed in a manner that should do good

In his joy at the prospect to a very willter's renewed happiness he was very willing to forgive Penlyn, but still he could
not help mentioning his errors, as he conaidered them.

"He was the essence of charmy and
generously," Penlyn said, "it shall be by
a charitable and generous disposal of his
wealth that we will honor his memory." They were seated on their usual bench one evening, still making their plans, when they saw one of Sir Paul's footmen papal It contained his solemn injunc-tions—rendered doubly solemn by the awful fate that overtook him on the very coming towards them and bringing the usual batch of papers and letters.

It was the time at which the post generally came in, and they had made a habit of having their correspondence brought to them there, and of passing the halfeen made the custodian of such a sehour before dinner in reading their letters. The man handed several to Lord Pencret, had he had such solemn injunctions laid on him as Cundail had laid on his lyn and one to Ida, and they began to brother, he would have tried to keep them peruse them.

and did not take long in the reading, and Penlyn should have broken the solemn be was about to turn round and ask Ida command imposed upon him; the com-mand issued by a man who, as he gave was startled by a sound from her lipsit, was standing at the gate of the grave. a sound that was half a gasp and half a So, when Penlyn paid his next visit to moan.

Belmont, there was a different meeting between him and its inmates from the had sunk back against the wooden rail of the garden seat, and that she was Sir Paul took him by the hand, and told | deathly pale. The letter she had received, and the

him that he was sincerely happy in knowing that once more he and Ida were thorenvelope bearing the green stamp of Switzerland, had fallen at her feet. nighly united, and then he went in to her. Not a moment elapsed before she was claimed, as he bent towards her and placed his arm around her. "Idal have you had bad news, have you—" again and again, not a moment before she was beseeching him to forgive her for the injurious thoughts and suspicions she

"The dream," she mouned, "the dream?"
"What dream?" he said, while a sweat as he tried to soothe her; "it is not you broke out upon his forehead. "I because I knot you broke at upon his forehead." because I kept my brother's secret from you, but because of the brutal way in which I cast you off, simply for your

"The letter! Read the letter!" she an swered, while in her eyes was a look he had once seen before—the far-away look that had been there when he first spots He stooped and picked up the letterpicked it us and read it hurriedly; and then he, too, let it fall again and leaned back against the seat.

"Philip Smerdon my brother's murder-er!" he exclaimed. "Philip Smerdon, my self-avowed murderer of Walter Cundall! Ida," he said, turning to her, "is his the figure in your dream?" "Yes," she wailed. "Yes! I recognise

he had brought against him of shielding it now."

Fate of a Boom Town.

you? Was it not enough that I should Father Time, with his reverses and cycle of hot winds, has left als impreupon the prairies of Western Kansas. Ten years ago the chief occupation of the people of that region was that of town building. Future county seats dotted every billside, and commercial centers adorned every valley. Water-Cundall, it was natural that your thoughts works, electric light and gas plants should take the turn they did. But I were the public utilities which were pointed to with pride by the pioneer boomers who led the march into the Great American desert. the estrangement between him and Ida that her temporary suspicion of him was natural enough, and that—being no hero-

A few days ago the only remaining uilding in the once flourishing town of Terry, in Finney County, was moved away. This place was the ideal location for a county seat ten years ago, and its enterprising people seriously considered the advisability of wresting county seat honom from Garden City. All that remains to tell the weary traveler of the once bustling town of Terry are the cellar holes over which once

stood stately and imposing buildings. The first building erected in Terry was a two-story schoolhouse. It was large enough at the time of erection to house every child of school age in Finney County. Then a steam grist mill was built that would do credit to a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Following these in rapid succession came all the necessary stores and shops, and within six months from the time the town was platted Terry was the home of 1,000

people.

It is related of this town that when the first Sunday school was organized there a search of five miles in all diqualified to offer up a prayer. By agreement this part of the exercises was dispensed with and the business of the Bunday school proceeded.—St. Louis

His valet came down from town, bring-Need for an Anti-Boss League We need throughout the country something like an anti-boss league, happier days in the society of her lover than she had ever yet enjoyed. which shall consolidate all the reform forces of the land against this public They spent their mornings together sitting under the firs upon the lawn, they enemy. Every moral and educational influence should join in this work. The to ride in the afternoons; and in the evencolleges and schools should instruct ings Sir Paul would join them.

Their marriage had been postponed for two months in consequence of Ida's ill-health, but they knew that by the end of their youth against him, and the pulpit and press should attack him without ceasing. He is a thief and a robber. who comes not in the night, but in October they would be happy, and so they bore the delay without repining. One thing alone chastened their happibroad daylight and filches away our rights and liberties, our national good sess—the memory of the dead man, and the knowledge that his murderer had not name, and our reputation as a people capable of self-government. If we have not the courage and patriotism necessary to enable us to cope successfully with an enemy of this character, ing, can do nothing. If any one ever then our condition is sad indeed .- Cenand I sometimes doubt if he will be able tury.

> When we say of an idle fellow that he does not "earn his salt" or is "not worth his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Homans who considered a man to be in possession of a "salary" who received a "salarium"-allowance of saltmoney or of salt wherewith to savor his food. Thus the Roman soldiers who worked at the salt mines were paid for their labor in salt, and hence arises the



A Gigantic Buffalo.

The skeleton of a bison of an extinct species is said to have been found re-tently in Western Kansas. The skull was nearly four feet long. Under the skeleton lay a small stone arrow-head.

Oll from Celery. A new industry which is receiving ourngement in Germany is that of fie 'illing a strong aromatic oil from the preen leaves of the celery plant. A hundred pounds of leaves make one pound of oil. The oil is used for flavoring purposes.

Opinm Smoke. The French chemist, Moissan, recent ly analyzed the smoke of opium, and found that its peculiar effects due to the presence of a small quantity of mor thine. The cheaper qualities of the frug, when burned, produce a variety of poisonous compounds in the smoke, which are more injurious than the morphine that characterizes the smoke of the best opium.

The Poison of Fatigne Experiments have shown that fatigue causes a chemical change in the blood, esulting in the production of a poison resembling the curare poison, which certain savage tribes use for arrows. Arrow polson, however, is of vegetable origin. When the blood of a tired animal is injected into the arteries of a fresh one, the latter exhibits all the symptoms of fatigue.

A Lion-Antelope Fight. In his recently published book on the Game Fields of the Transvaal" Mr. F. V. Kirby describes a battle, wited by him, between a lion and a sable antelope, which resulted in the death of both of the combatants. At first sight it may appear surprising that an antelope could kill a lion, but the sable antelope of South Africa is a nowerful animal armed with strong.

The Glacier Bear. A species of bear found among the glaciers along the Mount St. Elias range in Alaska is regarded as being distinct from any American bear hitherto known. It has a very broad head and a bluish-gray cost, and according to Mr. William H. Dall, it is more nearly allied to the black than to the brown bear. An attempt is to be made this summer to obtain an entire skin and skull of the

sharp borns.

A New Gem Within the past twenty years a new and very beautiful stone has been introduced in jewelry. It is the green garnet, sometimes called the "Uralian emerald," being found in the Ural Mountains. Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert, says of it: "It varies in color from vellowish-green to an intense emerald color, and has such a power of refracting light that it shows district fire like the diamond or zircon, and in the evening has almost the

appearance of a green diamond.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia Professor Carter gave an account of a wonderful tree-trunk discovered in a andstone quarry in Montgomery County. Pennsylvania. It is ten inches thick and eighteen feet long, and has been turned into iron through a natural process of substitution, by which the wood has been replaced with iron bematite derived from the sand. This is analogous to the transformation into agate undergone by formerly sub-merged tree-trunks in Arizona and the Yellowstone Park.

A Novel Fire-Engine. What might be described as a double tandem bicycle, with four wheels arranged like those of a wagon, and four seats for riders, two in front and two behind, and carrying a hose reel, rotary pump, etc., was exhibited at the recent bleycle show in Paris. The machine is intended as a fire-engine. When the scene of the fire is reached the pedals are thrown into gear with the pump, the hose is unrolled, and the riders, resuming their seats, work the bump by means of the pedals. It is claimed that this machine can outstrip any fire-engine drawn by horses on the way to a conflagration, and that its pump is at least as effective as those of the hand-engines used in small

The Sioux in the East. That the Sloux Indians once lived in Virginia and the Carolinas, and later in Ohio Valley, is the conclusion of Mr. James Mooney, based upon a study of traditions and the scattered remnants of Indian languages. The pres sure of increasing population and the advance of other tribes, he thinks, drove them across the Mississippi, in search of broader hunting-grounds long before the arrival of white people from Europe. It is interesting to be remind ed by Mr. Mooney that herds of buffale yet roamed over the plains watered by the Ohio until the latter part of the eighteenth century. Yet the generation is not very remote in the future which, dwelling upon the plains of Da kota and Kansas, will need to be reminded by historical records that un counted thousands of one of the largest and most characteristic of the wild an mals of America gave fame to those plains during the first half of the nine teenth century.

Oil Yield of Indiana. A recent report of the State geologist says that the total production of oil in Indiana was 4,880,000 barrels in 1895, valued at \$8,109,800. The probabilities are that the area of territory produc tive of oil will continue slowly to spread to the west and south, until it finally embraces the greater part of the area at at rielding natural gas.

AUSTRIA'S MEXT KING. Is Said to Be the Wickedcet Prince

The people of Austria are by no means pleased with Emperor Francis Joseph for having officially proclaimed as his beir to the throne his nephew. Archduke Otto. When Otto's elder brother, Francis Ferdinand, was stricken with consumption it was hoped that



ARCHDUCHESS MARIA JOSEPHA.

set aside in favor either of one of Francis Joseph's grand-nephews or of the son of his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valeria. Otto's claim to the throne, however, is not to be disputed. duke Charles Louis, second brother of the Emperor, who, after the tragic death of Crown Prince Rudolph, be came heir to the throne.

Otto is called the "wickedest prince in the world." He is extremely unpopular in Austria, while in Hungary he is held in the greatest hatred. He is the black sheep of the imperial family. Not only is he a libertine but a drunkard as well, and he is frequently seen intoxicated in public. His behavior to his wife, the Archduchess Marie Josepha, a daughter of Prince George of Saxony, has been of so disgraceful a character that on two occasions she has been compelled to leave him and return to her family. One of the stories told of Archduke a peasant's funeral that he might amuse himself by leaping his horse back and forth across the corpse. The

Emperor has no love for him. Indeed, be detests him and it is related that on one occasion he struck him in the



face because of some piece of black guardism that the young prince had perpetrated. It was but a short time ago that several tales of his misdeed; were related in one of the leading news papers of Budapest. Otto appealed to the Emperor to punish the editor, but Francis Joseph refused to do so, tell

Hardly a green square but had a gaudy little booth at each corner, where old men or women sold fresh water and sweet, iced drinks. No matter in what direction we went, there was always something amusing, pictorial, or dramatic. Now it was a wonderful church or convent or hospital, with fine flamboyant doorway, and romantic associations; or again it was a garden of palms, a high mirador affame with roses, a dark interior with ogen in the far shadows, a long arcade making a frame for the Moorish arcade making a frame for the Moorish wall of the cathedral mosque; and always it was a long train of mules in gorgeous trappings coming and going, or resting in a narrow street and under the shade of a high wall with, as like as not, a row of potted flowers on its top.-

What nasty slang this new w

give you the keynote of my next twelvemonths' ministry. I want to set it to the
tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel" agd "Coronation." I want to put a new trumpet stop
into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow
our personal sorrows to interfere with the
glor-ous fact that the Kingdom is coming.
We are w.cked if we allow apprehension of
National disaster to put down our faith in
God and the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of
this Nation since the 4th of July, 1776, will
see to it that this Nation shall not commit
suicide on November 3, 1896. By the time
the unparalle'ed harvests of this summer get
down to the sea-board, we shall be standing
in a sunburst of National prosperity that will
paralyze the pessimists, who by their evil
paralyze the pessimist, who by their evil
prophesies are blaspheming the God who
other.

other.

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that He was glum at the w dding in Cana of Gaillee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over His knee and shoulder at His own invitation? Do you suppose that the Evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the Divine Christ who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe not only that the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades that the seas laugh, and that the enseades augh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stirus to adness Astronomers disturbed many people by tell-

Astronomers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar collision. We were told by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues and wars and tunults and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be seared. If you have ever stood at a railroad centre, where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the movement of the switch one or two inches, the train shoots this way and that, without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human sw.tch-tender can shoot the trains this way and that without barm, cannot the hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe, keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the

There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel broeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding.

The sun rose this morning at about 6 o'clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand." The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword. The Venezue an controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being actived.

the Emperor to punish the editor. but Francis Joseph refused to do so, telling him his only course would be to sue him for libel, as would the meanest subject. The suit was brought, but the jury who tried the case rendered a verdier in favor of the editor. The verdict was sustained by the court and by the Court of Appeals, and thus Otto stands convicted as a reprobate of the deepest dye.

BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE.

There Is Always Something Amusing Pictorial, or Dramatic to bee.

The landlord at the Hotel de Paris was very patient and good-humored with us, though we waiked him all over his own fiouse before we chose a room that opened upon a small, dark, well-like court, full of paims and orange trees, and with a fountain. He seems ed delighted when he found that we were satisfied. "You know," he told us, "I always say that strangers who come to Seville in the summer time does one see the true character of the country, and more especially of Seville. The town was as hot as, if not botter than, Cordova; all its stock amusements were off for the time. There were no gipsy dances, no buil-flights; but nothing could have been gayer and more animated than the mere aspect of the place. Its narrow alleyways, where the flower-laden balconies almost met the flower-laden balconies almost met have our heads, were lined with houses shining witte, or pale rose, or green or gold, in the sunlight. The market places were at all hours crowded the case render. The shops opened, Eastern-like, with house while the air, perhaps, was cooled by a fountain playing in the center. The shops opened, Eastern-like, with house almining white, or pale rose, or green or gold, in the sunlight. The market places were at all hours crowded with the house of men or women sold fresh wares tumbling out almost at one's feet.

Hardly a green square but had a gould little booth at each corner, where old men or women sold fresh wares tumbling out almost at one's feet.

Hardly a green square but had a gould little booth at each corner, where old men or women sol Hardly a green square but had a lieve, I think, in this country, that arbitra-

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian Nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Clinases and Japanese go into wholsesale massacres, and Afghan and Zulu huri poissoned arrows, but I think Christian Nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this Nation might be a model of wiiling another Indian. Now, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A General of the United States Army in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, had been in more indian ware than any other officer, and who had been wounded avain and again in behalf of our Government is battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations in this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after awhile, at he call of God—not at the call of the Daventhener was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations in this world and spiritual and heavenly world for its betterment. We call it magnetically the proper in the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: That the very between the laws, with the call of God—not at the call of the Daventhener was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian Nations in this world and spiritual and heavenly world have end that the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as so

The Eminent Divine's Sunday
Discourse.

Subject: "The Day is at Hand."

TEXT: "The Day is at Hand."

Each from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid cavaries the like the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid cavaries and the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid of the seasing the like the little? It will with the child?"

It was asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally sait hou it may be then all the proof of standing in this great group of warmheared friends, or whether it is a new and proposes or of the sound than the seasified and the plotting of the seasified and the springs and the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse, or all the loid of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse of the seasified and the springs, and the farmhouse of the seasified and the seasified and

telephonic intimacy for the sar, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignifiant brevity! Hong Kong is nearer New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bonbay, Mosoow, Madras, Melbourne, within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the tele graphs of the land, and by the red lines the graphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been plauting its batteries for nineteen centuries, but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours. Suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these with a knapsack on my bac when do ver in twenty-four hours? Suppose these should present His Gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from theolouds. Do you believe Me, and the propagation of the carth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I the world were the propagation of the carth and do it instanter, when the

There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axie of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough, Enough, the famines and piagues. Enough, the Asiatic choleras. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwreeks. Eaough, the confingrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses or your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty :his way?" orry to say." believe?" "'Bout seven." caxes on me?"

the leases or your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner, that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the belish your oburoh tower well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Oleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of depotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning clouds, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand."

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come, now, do not let us so another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Hosea, and Micah, and Maiachi, and John, and Peter, and Paul, and the Lord Himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a deal failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is going.

with present pains, but all the foreboding is

gone.

Now, I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat or on toward light and blessedness. You am I believe the latter, and if so every year we I believe the latter, and if so every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's wee, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics, I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything it arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sub we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible and rejoics.

If it is nearer morning at three o'clock than it is at three, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "Instead ay is at hand."

day is at hand."

Joshus, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul-may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill! English history says that Robert Clay-ton, of the English cavalry, at the close of the war bought up all the old cavalry horse-less they should be turned out to dradges.

Nothing more was said thill w cutting ffrewood in the back yard, as

he came around and welcomed us an queried of the man with me: "Wall, Sam, what brings you i "Cum to see about yo'r taxes, Tom "Shoo! How ar' taxes this y'ar?"

"Wall, Tom, taxes is up a little, I'r "How much up?" "Yo' dun paid seven dollars last y'a

"And they've riz up to nine th

"Shoo! Sam Davis, who riz up thei "The State Bo'd, I reckon."

"And whar' mought the State Bo" be at?"

"Nashville, I take it." "Shoo! Jest wait a minit."

He entered the house for a momer and then reappeared with a long-ba reled rifle and dropped the butt on th ground as he said:

"Sam, I ain't gwine to stand no r op in taxes! Thar's no call fur ! I've got them seven dollars right yea in the house, but I dun doan' pay t mo'. What yo' gwine to do about it'

"Won't yo' pay no mo'?" "Not a blamed cent!" "And yo' doan' keer 'bout the Sta-

Bo'd?" "Not a bit." "And yo'll shoot befo' yo' pay at

"Sure to!" "Wall, then, I reckon I'll take alor them seven dollars and call it squar and if the State Bo'd doan' like it the

kin cum arter the rest. How's Pe Small on taxes this y'ar?" "Pete won't pay a cent." "And old man Harper?" "Him's waitin' fur yo' with a gun "I see. Wall, I won't bother 'em,

Tom, and take a receipt, and if you he any co'njuice bandy I might be coaxe to wet up the roof of my mouth!"-D troit Free Press. ETFteen Minutes a Day. An excellent amateur pianoforte pla er was recently asked how she ha managed to keep up her music. She w

reckon. Bring out them seven dollar

over forty, and had brought up a lar family. She had never been rich, at she had had more social burdens the fall to the lot of most women. "How have you ever done it?" sa her friend, who had long ago lost t musical skill which she had gained a great expense, both in time s

"I have done it." replied the other "by practicing fifteen minutes a da whenever I could not get more. Som times, for several months together, have been able to practice two or thr hours each day: Now and then I ha taken a course of lessons, so far as keep up with the times; but, howev busy and burdened I have been, unle actually ill in bed. I have practiced least fifteen minutes each day. Th has tided me over from one period leisure to another, so that now I ha still my one talent at least, as well to proved as ever it was, with which entertain my friends and amuse m

-Paris policemen have been su plied with electric dark lanterns, means of which they can see one hu