Zumata Sentinel La and Kepublican.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14 1896.

NO. 44



the southeast of Switzerland to Italy, is

over, it offers to them a choice across the great Schwarzweiss glacler, or f keeping to the path that, while rising to the height at some places of 10,000 feet, is, except at the summit, perfectly passale in good weather.

It is true that he who, even while on the

path, should turn giddy, or walk carelesswould risk his life, for though above m only are the vast white "horns" and below him there are still the rarents known respectively as the "Schwarz" and the "Weiss" rivers-rivers that carry with them huge boulder stones and pine trees wrenched from their roots; dry slopes that fall hundreds of feet down into the valley below; and also the Klein (or little) Schwarzweiss glacier, a name so given it, not because of its smallness-for it is two miles long, and in one place, half a mile across-but to distinguish it from the Gross-Schwarzweiss glacier that hangs above on the other side

It is a lonely and grim road, a road it. which no bird is heard or seen from the time the village of St. Christoph is left behind on the Swiss side until the village of Santa Madre is reached on the Italian side; a road that winds at first, and at last, through fir-woods and pine trees, but cut in some parts and blasted in others. along the granite sides of the rocks, and hanging in many places above the valley

Patches of snow and pieces of rock lieve the view on the side of the path; on the opposite side of the ravine is nothing but a hoge wall of granite that holds no snow, so slippery is it; but above which hangs, white and gray, like the face of a corpse, the glacier from which the pass

A lonely and grim road even in the daytime, when a few rays of sunshine manage to penetrate it at midday, when occasionally a party of tourists may be met with, and when sometimes the voice of a goatherd calling his flocks rises from grim, and more black and impenetrable

For he who should attempt the passage of the Schwarzweiss Pass at night, un less there were a brilliant moon to light him through its most dangerous parts, would take his life in his own hands. Yet, on an August night of the year in which this tale is told, and when there was a moon that, being near its full, consequently rose late and shope till nearly daylight, a man was making his way

across this pass to Italy. Midnight was close at hand as, with weary steps, he descended a rough-hewn path in the rock-a path which, for safe ty, had a rude handrail of iron attache to the side from which it was cut-and reached a small plateau, the size, perhaps, of an ordinary room, and from

which again the path went on. From this plateau shelved down, for a hundred feet or more, an almost perpendicular moraine, or glacier bed, and at the foot of this lay the Klein-Schwarzweiss, with its crevasses glistening in the moonlight; for the moon had topped even lighted up the pass.

It was evidently considered a danger ons part of the route, since, between the edge of the plateau and the side of the moraine a wooden railing had been erect ed, consisting of two short, upright posts

and a long cross one.

As the man reached this plateau, hold ing to the rall with one hand, while with the other he used his alpenstock as a walking stick, he perceived a stone-it may have been placed there for the purpose—large enough for a seat; and taking off his knapsack wearily, he sat down

"Time presses," be muttered to himself "yet I must rest. Otherwise I shall not be at Santa Madre by eight o'clock tomorrow. I can go no farther without

There is an indefinite feeling of awful ness in being alone at night amongst the mountains, in knowing and feeling that for miles around there is no other creature in these vast, cold solitudes but ourselves man had that feeling now.

"How still-how awful this pass is!" he said to himself, "with no sound but the creaking of that glacier below-with no human being here but me. Yet, I should be glad I am alone."

At this moment a few stones in the mor aine slipped and fell into the glacier, and the man started at the distinct sound they made in that wilderness of silence. Then, as he sat there gazing up at the moon and the snow above him, he con-

tinued his meditations. "It is best," he thought, "that the poor old mother did not know when I said ood-bye' to her this afternoon, and she bade me come back soon, that I should never come back, that I had a farthe destination than Italy before me; best that my father did not know that we should never meet again. Never, never

"Yet it must be done," he went on. "In I want to drag this miserable life out, must do it elsewhere than in England. That sleuth-hound will surely find me there; it is possible that he will even track me to the antipodes. Yet, if I were sure that he is lying about-having seen my face before, I would go back and brave him. Where did he ever see it?—where?
—where? To my knowledge I have never

He rose and walked to the railing above the moraine, and looked down at the glacier, and listened to the cracking made

"I might make an end of it now," he it would be looked upon as an ordinary Alpine accident. But not that is the cow-ard's resource. I have blasted my life forever by one foul deed; let me endure it as a reparation for my crime. But what is my future to be? Am I to live a miserable existence for years in some distant country, frightened at every strange face, freading to read every newspaper that reaches me for fear that I shall see myself denounced in it, and never knowing a moment's peace or tranquility? Ah, Gervase! I wonder what you would say if you know that, for your sake, I have sacrificed every hope of happiness in this world and all my chances of salvation in

tering these thoughts and sat down wear-

The Schwarzweiss Pass, leading from ity upon it.

"If I could know that that Spanlard "If I could know that that Spanlard "If I could know that the Spanlard "If I could know the Spanlard was baffled at last and had lost all track of the rapid manner in which they can of me, I could make my arrangements cross from one country to another, and more calmly for leaving Europe, might cross from one country to another, and even look forward to returning to England some day, and spending my life there while expiating my crime. But, while either of making a passage over the snow. know nothing, I must go on and on till at clad mountains that rise above it, and last I reach some place where I may feel

> He looked at his watch as he spoke to himself, and saw that the night was pass-

"Another five minutes' rest," he said "and I will start again across the pass."
As he sat there, taking those last five minutes of rest, it seemed to him that there was some other slight sound breaking the stillness of the night, something vines through which run the boiling tor- else besides the occasional cracking noise made by the glacier below and the sub dued roar of the torrents in the valley.

A light, regular sound, that nowhere

else but in a solitude like this would, per-haps, he heard, but that here was perfect ly distinct. It came nearer and nearer, and once, as it approached, some small stones were dislodged and rattled down from above,

and fell with a plunge on to the glac below; and then, as it came closer, be knew that it was made by the footsteps And, looking up, he saw a human figure

descending the path to the plateau by which ne had come, and standing out clearly defined against the moonlight. "It is some guide going home," he said to himself, "or starting out upon an early ascent. How firmly he descends the The man advanced, and he watched

m curiously, noticing the easy way in which he came down the rough-hews steps, scarcely touching the hand-rall or using the heavy pointed stick he carried in place of the usual alpen-stock. And he noticed that, besides his knap

sack, he carried the heavy coll of rope that guides use in their ascents. At last the newcomer reached the plasteps that led on to it, he saw that there was another man upon it, and stopped. previous occupant, and then to advance toward him and to stand towering above him as he sat upon the boulder stone. "You are Philip Smerdon," he said in a

roice that sounded deep and hollow in the CHAPTER XXIII. Utterly astonished, and with another feeling that was not all astonishment,

"Your name is of no importance, but chy. It is Mignel Guffanta." Guffanta!" Smerdon exclaimed.

ante!" "Yes! the friend of Walter Cundall." "What do you want with me?" the other asked, but as he asked he knew the aswer that would come from the man

efore him. "But one thing now, though ten min ates ago I wanted more. I wanted to see, then, if the man whom I sought for in ondon and at Occleve Chase, who save followed from place to place till ! saw stab my friend to death in-

"Yes. I saw it. And you are the man

"It is false!" "It is true! Do you dare to tell me l ie, you, a - Bah, why should I cross ords with a murderer-a thief!" "I am no thief!" Smerdon said, his aner rising at this opprobrious term, even

he felt his guilt proclaimed. mey because you thought to make his nurder appear a common one. And ac You slew him because you feared he would dispossess your master of what he unrighteously held, because you hought that you would lose your place." "Again I say it is false! I had no hought of self! I killed him—yes, I!—beause I loved my friend, my master as on term him, because he threatened to

ved. Had I known of Walter Cundall's oble nature, as I knew it afterwards, no ower on earth could have induced me to rmed to-night, as you were on that

"I have no arms about me. Why do "To tell you that no arms can avail

co now. You must come with me." "To where?"

"To the village prison at St. Christoph There I will leave you until you can be taken to England."

For the first time since he had seen the avenger of Walter Cundall standing beore him, Smerdon smiled bitterly.
"Senor Guffanta," he said, "you are very big and strong-it may well be stronger than I am. But you overrate our strength strangely if you think that any power you posses can make me go with you. I am a murderer—heaven heh and pardon me! It is probable I shall touble one before this night is over. "You threaten me you! You defy me!" Inffants exclaimed, while his dark eyes

learned ominously. Yes, I defy you! If my sin is to be unished, it shall not be by you, at least tere, in this lonely place where for mile o other human creature is near, I defy

as do you think I fear you?" in a moment Gunanta had sprung at him, had seized him by the throat, and with the other arm had encircled his body. "So be it," he hissed in Smerdon's ear, it sults me better than a prolonged punshment of your crime would do."

For a moment they struggled locked to-gether, and in that moment Smerdon new that he was doomed; that he was about to explate his crime. The long, sinewy hand of the Spaniard hat was round his throat was choking

im; his own blows fell upon the other's body harmlessly.

And he was being dragged towards the edge of the moraine, already his back was against the wooden railing that alone tood between the plateau and destruc-

He could, even at this moment, hear it reaking with his weight; it would break another instant! "Will you yield, assassin, villain?"

Guffanta muttered. "Never! Do your worst!" He felt one hand tighten round his throat more strongly, he felt the other arm of the Spaniard driving him back; in that moment of supreme agony be beard the breaking of the railing and felt it give under him, and then Guffanta's hands had loosed him, and, striking the moraine with his head, he fell down and down, till be lay a senseless mass upon the white bosom of the glacier. And Guffanta, standing above, with his

Walter, you are avenged!" (To be continued.)

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

How Divers Sometimes Loaf and S dier Away Their Time. In an article on "Divers and Their Work," Framley Steelcroft declares that it is not a very uncommon thing for an expert diver, now that diving apparatus has been perfected to the point of entire reliability, to take a quiet little nap under water in those soundless

regions where no disturbances, unless

possibly that made by a too inquisitive

hark, is likely to occur. ottom of the water in a harbor clean ing a ship's bull when he became tired, and made up his mind to knock off work and take a refreshing little snooze where nobody would be the wiser, and there would be nothing to prevent the time so spent from being paid for among his hours of work when he recelved his wages.

Unfortunately for his plan, he forgot when he drowsed off, to secure to his wrist-as must be done when it is not in use-one of his implements, a couch grass brush. As his hold upon the light brush relaxed it rose to the surface and floated conspicuously near the side of the vessel, where it was noticed by his comrades on board.

The officer on duty promptly opened communications with his submerged subordinate by telephone (a telephonic attachment being one of the recent improvements), and the startled man, after having hopelessly committed him self by blundering answers and halting explanations, was sternly ordered to the surface of the water, and disharged as he emerged.

Another and a lazier diver, engaged to work upon a wreck, once went down with the deliberate intention of sleeping for an hour or more. As soon as he touched bottom he lashed his air-pipe and life-line to a spar, and settled himself comfortably on a rock and went to sleep. But after a time his attendant Stopped to gaze for one moment at the at the surface noticed that the life-line showed no movement, and gave the two quick, inquiring tugs which form the signal, "Are you all right?"

No answer was received, and it was found impossible to obtain one, or to Iraw the diver to the surface. At length, after an interval of intense anxlety in which the slumberer's life was despaired of by his mates, a second diver was sent down-and his wrath when he found the supposed victim "I do not know of what importance my sweetly sleeping, and the scene that ensued when he awoke him, was funny and bordered on the tragical. A quarrel in diving suits at the bot tom of the sea has not yet found place even in the ingenious pages of M. Juley Verne's submarine literature.

Moritz Busch, in his "Life of Prince Bismarck." gives a humorous sketch of the scientist, Humboldt, and his disappointment when he was not allowed devices for the comfort of pedestrians have the talk all to himself. Ferhaps the best of the anecdote is the giving one of his famous readings at the foot, and the pedestrian does the the royal palace of Prussia.

Somebody took up the conversation, that everybody began to listen. Humholdt was beside himself. Growling, he filled his plate with a pile of goosefiver pie, fat eels, lobster tails and other indigestible substances-a real mouutain. When he could positively eat no more, he could no longer keep quiet, "You are! You stole his watch and and so he made an attempt to get the

conversation into his own hands. "Upon the peak of Popocatapetl -he began. But it was no use. The narrator

would not be cut short in his story. "Upon the peak of Popocatapetl, 7,000 yards above—" he resumed, after coughing violently to attract attention. Again he falled to obtain a hearing, and the narrator calmly went on.

"Upon the peak of Popocatapetl, 7,000 vards above the level of the Pacific Ocean-" he exclaimed, in a loud, agi-"It is infamy for such as you to speak tated voice, shaken by grief and indighis nobility-but enough! Are you nation. But to no purpose. The other man talked on steadily, and the company listened to him, and him only. Humboldt sat down in a fury, and plunged into meditation on the ingratitude of courtiers.

Clothes Hooks. A practical innovation has been in troduced in a Berlin restaurant, where the clothes-hooks are arranged in such a way that, after hanging a coat on them, they can be locked by means of a snap lock in the upper book or bat rack. Regular guests receive a key. while transient guests have to ask the waiter to return them their overcoats Since the introduction of this patent hook, not an overcoat has been stoler in the place, while previous to-that time considerable trouble arose both to the proprietor and guests because of sneak thieves. The new hook is very simple: the lower part of it is on : hinge, and the lock is attached to the upper arm, being out of harm's way.

More to the Purpose. Salvation Army Apostle-If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to beaven. Teamster (humbly)-I knows mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tona wanda .- Buffalo Times.

"What would you take to see that performance again?" asked one man of another as they filed out of a place "I'd take opium!" was the onick re

sponse.-New York Recorder It never hurts truth any to be lied Charity is a blessed privilege. It lifts

poor human nature up to the level of the angels, and sheds the light of Heaven around our pathway.

THIS SIMPLE STORY

There is a good story told of John Hays Hammond, the American, who was implicated in the famous Transvanl conspiracy, writes Richard Hardhead bared to the stars and to the wan-ing moon, exclaimed, as he lifted his hand to the heavens: Ing Davis. Hammond was very ill dur-ing his imprisonment, and in conse-quence was permitted to go to the Cape for his health under a heavy ball. He was at that time under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, and the bail was not so heavy as the fine be had still to pay, which amounts to \$175,000. He did not give his parole to return to fail, and his failing to have done so would have meant nothing more than the forfeiture of his bail, the amoun of which he could very well have afforded to have paid. And when he had once crossed the border of the Transvaal every man he met was his friend. He could on reaching the Cape have stepped upon the first outbound steamer and shaken the dust of the Transvaal from him forever.

"That is the last you will see of Jack Hammond," some one said to Kruger, "I think not," the President answered, "and even if Mr. Hammond would wish to escape, I know Mrs. Hammond, and she is too fine a woman to let him think of it." Two days before his that she needed the police star. She is leave had expired Hammond came a slight, delicate-looking woman, of back to Pretoria and knocked at midnight at the door of the jail for admit- Dark brown eyes look out from betance to what, for all he then knew, neath delicately penciled eyebrows. meant fifteen years of his life in pris- She wears glasses, but they add to on, and the jallers were so amazed to rather than detract from her appearsee his face through the wicket that ance. Her hair is a golden brown and when he threw his valise, which he her age is 40. had carefully packed with whisky and



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

cigars for his three fellow prisoners, at one of them, the Boer picked it up without examining it and carried it into the cell which Hammond, Rhodes, Phillips and Farrar shared in common. Hammond had gained his temporary liberty because he was til, and he did not take advantage of that act of kindness on the part of the Boers to fly the country, and so leave his fellow conspirators to suffer a punishment which, if deserved by one, was deserved by all It was a case of conscience and of moral as well as physical cour age.

HERE'S A SPRING SHOE.

It Actually Lifts the Feet and Save the Wearer from Fatigue. A spring heel attachment for shoes to aid in walking is one of the latest With this attachment the effort of lift ing one's foot is practically reduced to mode of narration. Humboldt had been a minimum. The spring actually lifts

This curious device is nothing but and said so many interesting things a stiff strip of steel about an inch in width and some three inches long. It is first bent double and one end turned upward over the other end, so as to fit it closely to the edge of the heel of the

The spring is screwed to the heel o any ordinary shoe, and once in place it gives a "spring" to the step, which is of great assistance in walking or running. The idea is taken from the natural action of the muscles of the foot. which are familiar to everybody who has ever tried to run without touching the heel to the ground.

The weight of the body forces the spring close to the heel, and as the step is taken and the foot partially raised from the ground, the spring gives an



SHOES THAT LIFT THE FEET.

impetus to the step, and practicany forces the body forward. It is claimed by the inventor that the use of this apparently simply device reduces the fatigue of walking one-third. It is practically adapted for use by those who take walking tours during their vacations, and persons whose i necessitates much walking.

WOMAN ON POLICE FORCE. Regularly Appointed Special Office

by Mayor of St. Paul.

The first woman to be made a mem-

ber of a police force, and the only one in the world authorized to wear a police star, lives in St. Paul, Minn. Her name is Mrs. Edwin T. Root, and she has just been created a full-fledged offi cer of the law by the mayor of St. Paul. Mrs. Root may not walk a beat, but no representatives of the law in the city has any more authority to arrest

people than she. Hers is not a "spe-cial" appointment, but the same as that of the man who wears blue and brass sed swings a club. The cause of Mrs. Root's ambition is not a desire for notorlety, but to enable her to better aid young girls who have fallen into evil ways. She has long been engaged in this work, but found herself seriously handicapped by lack of authority to investigate. So she applied to the mayor for the appointment she has received.

Mrs. Roet is president of the Ham-I have always found the less we peak of our intentions the more hand doubled its membership eince 1894 hance there is of our realizing them.

等,但我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就会没有一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一

The Eminent Divine's Sunday

Subject: "Gates of Carbuncle."

TEXT: "And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncies."—Iss. liv., 12.

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and offitimes latal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-auggestiva precious stone, the carbuncie. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate His sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncie.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scariet, and held up between your cye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writee:

Like to the purning coal whence comes its

Like to the burning coal whence comes its

its kind in the country. She made per-God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, sharpens it with precise geometry, and kingles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. girls were in the habit of assembling, and after a great deal of trouble secured the proprietor's conviction. It was in connection with her rescue work medium height and graceful demeanor. QUEEN VICTORIA'S COACHMAN. Me Is a Man of Importance About the Queen Victoria's personal coachman, who drives her at Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne, and who likewise accompaules her during her annual visite to the continent, is an elderly man of the name of Thomas Sands, and is a great favorite of her majesty, in whose service he has been very long indeed. The queen is exceedingly kind and considerate to him and greets him always with a friendly "Good day." Frequent-

ly when the drives are long the queen

causes the carriage to be stopped and

the tea equipage, which she generally

carries about with her, to be extracted

from the rumble. Tea is thereupon

brewed by means of a spirit lamp, and

in partaking of this gentle stimulant

with her ladies in attendance, the

queen does not forget her coachman,

but invariably makes a point of pour

ing out a cup for him, too.

left breast on the coat of livery.

elders is oftenest unheeded.

Early Hours.

merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of car-buncie? No. He means that is through atonement, through blood-red struggle,

idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world had seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachael lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown up children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's but of the ceremonies, and our dead Nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried, "Come forth, thou Bepublic of Washing-son, and Patrick Heary, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prenties, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been, that time. Who would want to tust back this country to what it was in 1830 or 1850?

But befors the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead Nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection Day, and cried, "Come forth, thou Bepublic of Washing-son, and Patrick Heary, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Heary, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prenties, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she act were been, the middle of the country to what it was in 1830 or 1850?

But befors the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead Nation rose from its, and our dead Nation rose from its and our dead Nation rose from its and our dead Nation

On one occasion, when her daughter, the widowed empress of Germany, was with her and attempted to pour out the tea for the conchman, the queen took the cup away from her under the pretext that she did not know "how Thomas liked to have his tea sugared and creamed." and fixed it for him herself. Thomas is very fond of relating this story as an illustration of his mistress' kindness and considerstion for her old servants. Both he and the state coachman are decorated with the silver medal conferred upon them by the queen on the occasion of her jubilee, and they wear it on the

As we grow older we learn wisdom in this matter. The gray-haired parwisdom in this matter, nevertheless, is of the kind that comes by experience, and the sage warning of the

feeling vaguely in his vest pockets, "I guess I am going to seed."—Indis pape lis Journal.

It Depends. Wheeler (who has just bought a bike)
"Do you think the bicycle has come Sprocket-"Well, a good deal depends

on whether you paid outright for it of

got it on the installment plan."-Tonk

Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to

Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the influite God could rables. of the poet and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the influite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumbnall, and as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone He ordered it to be set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in olden time and higher up than the oneyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tassellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence: "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!" But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I handyou, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it in the panel of a door that you might stand and study for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision, aye! two gates of it, aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carcuncles." What gates? Gates of salvation. Gates of National achievement. Isaish, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the lamb of the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I havetrod the wine press alone," lamb of the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the wine press alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom. with dyed garmenis from Bozrah?"

And do you think that Isaiah in my text

suffering for But before the obse

many cases grown up children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's beart! Suffering for others? Why, the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" And so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. Whea this summer the two trains orashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes waik from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ the victim, human and satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate, and behold! it is a red gate, a gate of deepest hue, a gate of car-buncle.

uncle. What is true in spirituals is true in tement, whose dancing days are over, and whose limbs are not elastic, is glad to hasten bed-time, and to leave his daughters to their foolish joy in the late hours. He would lengthen his nights in spite of his difficulty in sleeping. Very few persons over 60 years old care to sit up after 11 o'clock in the evening, and would rather be invisible at an earlier hour. Old nge the evening, and would rather be invisible at an earlier hour. Old nge may not need more sleep than youth, but it is more covetous of sleep, and sooner disgusted with the day's excitement. "Go to bed early" is the advice which the elders give to the younger race, all the more emphatic as they remember their own sins in this kind in the former years, and wonder that they could have taken such needless risks in those night frolics. That is the advice, too, of the medical journals and men. Was there ever a wise physician who would counsel his patients to sit up until midnight as a rule, or even as a frequent exception? The wisdom in this matter, nevertheless, Not one. How much scorn and scoff, and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the State House overlooking "The Commons?"

Read the biography of Robart Hall, the Baptist preacher, who, though he had been pronounced a dunce a school, Hved to thrill the world with his Christian elograpes. and The Old Saint's Mistake.

St. Peter—"I suppose you smoked and drank and swore a good deal during your life?"

Shade—"Sir!"

St Peter—"Bless me, if I didn't think it was a man, and it's only one of those new bloomer girls."—Brooklyn Engle

Instead of Going to See.

"Well," said the first baseball crank to the other baseball crank, "are you going to root to-day?"

"No," said the other baseball crank feeling vaguely in his vest pockets, "I baseball c solution of the poor people of England and America; and ef Bishop Janes, who in his boyhood worked his passage from Ireland to America, and became the joy of Methodism and a bleasing to the race. Go the blographical alcove in city, State, or a Mational library, and find at least every other book an illustration of overcome obstacle, and of carmine gate that had to be forced open.

What is true of individuals is true of Nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Piggim Fathers landed on Plymouth Bock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, zay streamers flying? No. It was in a cold becember, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac River. Scalping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only wellow, in the brongs of the souls of all the poople God save to the hoody, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people God save on the mountains. Red men in the forest. Red men on the beach. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch, Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch, surely and the forest Red men on the bosch. Bed men in the forest Red men on the bosch, surely and the forest Red men on the bosch, surely and the forest Red men on the bosch, surely and the forest Red men on the fore

but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies at points, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny—tile, the acreage so immense, there will be nothing to do but ear, drink and be merry. No. The most powerful Nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across three thousand miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Long Island battles, and Yalley Forge, and Yorktown, and sarvation, and widowood, and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through suffering which the historian has attempted to put upon paper, and the artist to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American Revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of soilt-sacrifice, it was a gate of the greatest of National crises. Miny of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say. "On such a page of the greatest of National crises, Miny of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say. "On such a page of the greatest of National crises, Miny of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say. "On such a page of the greatest of National crises of the greatest of National crises, Miny of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children

and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say, "On such a page of such a book you can reat that," whit they rather be able to say, "My father told may so?" "My mother told me so." Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1834, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Desoration Day, for the calla lilies on the grave tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust unto that which lies beneath it. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the rowiside and in the come sizes by that annual to a country where there

neat! Put them in long rows, the nespitats, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxyism! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the Guif, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Fut the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shricks into whirliwinds! During those four usual reply. She thoroughly appreximant of the North standard of the North standa and South saw nothing ahead but annihila-tion. With such a National debt we could never meet our obligations! With such moral antipathies Northern and Southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side by side with the Representatives of Maine, Massachusetts and New York at the National capital. Lord John Russell had deatonement, through blood-red struggles through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheer'ul crystalization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and could be nothing less than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as He infeed the gate it leaned against His foreheat and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of these gates as gates. What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering for the dead of vicarious suffering for the set of the pear of the dead Repubblic. Born at Philia the publishers could not dispose of the gate it said that there are too many stock-bushels in the National Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many stock-bushels and Naw York at the National Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many stock-bushels and Naw York at the National Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many stock-bushels and Naw York at the National Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many stock-bushels and Naw York at the National Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many books. So it seems to me all the said that there are too many took and the Namical Analysis in the world, but I have often heard that there are too many took and the Namical Analysis in the Nord in Said that there are too many books. So it seems to me it is mide and two theory in the Namical Na

sail on placid water. crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this Nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afficiting us. On the other hand we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six Presidential election I buting the last six Presidential seeding in have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticise him for than a pleasure. doing what he considers his duty; but all the political haral gees from pulpits from now until the 31 of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on the se subjects. But good morals, honesty, toyal ty, Christian patriotism and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. Goes and distinctly in the Bible, "The sliver and the gold are Mine," and He will settle the controversy between those two metals. I ever this country needed the divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to

Beneficial as bicycle-riding is, it may nevertheless be abused. The

"The use of the cycle is a form of bodily recreation in itself doubtless wholesome: none the less is it open to the mischievous effects of undo indulgence. Every one finds he can do something with it, and considerations of weather, constitution, age and health are apt to be dismissed with summary imprudence.

millions of people who do not want charity but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we sompetition. In this matter not even the strongest rider can afford to ignore his limit of endurance. The have nothing better to depend on than Ameri-can politics, relief will never come. Who-ever is elected to the Presidency, the wheels record-breaker who sinks exhausted at his journey's end has gone a point

of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition, and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

struggle is greater than our own.

clated her husband's genius and success, but one day, when asked why with she "wasted" so much time knitting, instead of finding some occupation and more suited for her brilliant talent, she replied placidly: "I have never heard that there are too many stockumes longer, had them sent to their from its author. James Russell Lowell was rather more fortunate. He brought out his first volumes of poems at his own risk-a modest edition of 500 copies. Small as the edition was, however, it was not small enough, and the young poet was in danger of heavy loss; but fate was kinder than the so-called "reading public." His publisher's warehouse took fire, the books were burned, and they were fully insured! Not only had the poet lost nothing, but he could boast with truth that the first edition of his book was exhausted. He had sold it to the in surance company.

Use and Abuse of the Bicycle.

Bicycle-riding on a good concrete road and apart from all attempts at speed suggests the noiseless, unforced movement of a bird through the air. and has almost the effect of a quiet

Its influence on the mind is no unimportant part of its usefulness. It is soothing, with just enough of pleasant exhibaration. In this respect it is superior to walking, since it prevents that absorption in thought which is so apt to defeat the walker's purpose of complete relaxation. What is known as a "constitutional," moreover, is too often a task rather "Cycling," on the contrary, is at-

feels tractive in itself. One comes to it as he used to come to his play. It is equally adapted to gentlemen and ladies-a point very much in its favor, since women are largely shut out from more vigorous sports, while walking for health is specially irksome to them. As for carriage-riding, it is too passive, involves a cramped posture, is too expensive for most persons, and is of little advantage except as extended over miles of road. Horseback-riding is in many respects superior, but in cities, at least, comparatively few

can afford it.

have so many people literally stativel to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post-mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There