Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. L. — MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1896. — NO. 48

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile two unusual things had taken place in Chetwynd street. John Hanbury, twenty-six years of age, of independent fortune, had entered it with Dora Ashton, aged twenty, to whom he was privately engaged to be married. Dora had never seen any of the poorer parts of Chicago, and he, after much expostulation and objection, consented to escort her through Chetwynd street.

At the eastern end, William Sampson, negro and street entertainer, had entered the street, prepared to perform, hoping to win a few coppers from the loungers. He was a tall man with round shoulders and restless eyes, was gesticulating violently and addressing loud speech, apparently to the first-floor windows of the houses opposite him in Chetwynd street.

The negro turned his face toward John Hanbury and Dora Ashton. He had beside him, on the ground, two cubes of stone, one the size of an iron half-hundredweight, the other somewhat bigger. In his hand he held a small, square, thin board.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "like a great opera singer, I earn the bread I put into my mouth with the mouth I put it into. Here is my stock in trade," patting his chin and cheek and jaw. He made a hideous grimace, at which there was a laugh mingled with a cheer.

This laugh brought Mr. Williams to his door, and finally into the street. He glanced at the negro and the crowd with benignant toleration, then, turning his eyes upward, he saw Leigh at the window, whither he had been attracted by the noise of the crowd. The window was open, and Leigh was leaning out and watching the group below.

Williams called out to the hunchback. "Come down, Mr. Leigh, and see the fun. A man who could afford to give good American money for a dead Egyptian prince would surely be interested in a living African black, whom he could see for nothing."

Leigh hesitated for a moment, then called out, "All right," and disappeared from the window.

Meanwhile the athlete was continuing his harangue.

"I carry them stones there about with me to prove to any man, who won't take my word for it, that I am the strongest jawed man in all the world. Ladies and gentlemen, you have often heard of the Rocky Mountains—there," pointing to the stones, "there they are."

"What will he do with the stones, Jack?" whispered Dora, with some apprehension of danger.

"Eat them," answered Hanbury in a whisper.

At this point Oscar Leigh opened the side door of Forbes' bakery and stepped into the street. John Hanbury, with Dora Ashton on his arm, was standing at the curb. About fifty people, men, women and children, were now gathered. Leigh took up his place by the landlord, without a word, and stood leaning heavily on his stick. He fixed his quick, piercing eyes on the negro.

The latter first took up the smaller block, tossed it high into the air, and let it fall on the road, saying, in a defiant voice, "Eighteen pounds." Then he took the larger block, and treating it in the same way, said "Twenty-four pounds. The two together forty-two pounds!"

Then Black Sam began a series of tricks with the stones. Before starting, he placed on the ground a square piece of white thin board. Then he balanced a stone on the point of the first finger of each hand, and then jerked the lesser stone from the point of his left forefinger to the top of the larger stone, still balanced on the forefinger of his right hand, and kept both upright on the point of his right forefinger for half a minute.

The negro stooped carefully, seized the larger stone, threw it a few feet into the air, and caught and balanced it on the top of the smaller one resting on his shoulder.

Something more wonderful than the contortions of Black Sam at that moment attracted Leigh's attention. He had caught sight of Dora Ashton, and Leigh's eyes were fixed on the slender form and pale olive face of the girl with an expression of amazement. He looked like an animal that suddenly sees something it dreads and from which it desires to remain concealed. He seemed stupefied, stunned, dazed. All the scorn had gone out of his face. He leaned forward more heavily than formerly on his crooked stick. He appeared to doubt the evidence of his senses.

Black Sam lifted his body a couple of inches, resting his entire weight on his feet; then, passing his hands back, he slid them under the lower cube and raised both hands from the ground, the lower cube resting on the palms. With back bent like a bow, he thrust out his head, holding the piece of board in his mouth parallel to the horizon; then he swung his body, first forward, then backward, and with a prodigious effort and violent thrust of his arms and head between his legs, threw the two cubes up into the air, straightened himself like a flash, stepped back a pace, and, still holding the piece of white board in his enormous mouth parallel to the horizon, caught the two cubes on it as they fell.

There was a loud cry of exultation. Hanbury forgot the girl by his side, forgot everything but the black man and his feat.

"What is he doing now?" asked Dora. "I cannot make out. What does he mean by throwing himself down in that way and lying still? Is he ill? Is he hurt? Go, see, help him, Jack. Look under his face on the ground! That is blood!"

John Hanbury did not move. He, too, had seen something was wrong. He, too, saw the swelling pool of bright scarlet blood under the black face of the negro now lying at full length. Still he did not move. He had grown deadly pale and cold and limp.

"I can't go, Dora. I am not well. I always faint at the sight of blood," and he staggered back, dragging her with him until he leaned against the blank wall of [illegible] bakery. His legs suddenly bent under him, and he slipped from her grasp.

At that moment Oscar Leigh stepped back from his post on the curb, and uncovered his head, bowed lowly to Dora, and said: "I beg your pardon. Will you allow me to assist you?"

In her haste, confusion, anxiety, Dora glanced but casually at the speaker, saying: "It is not I who want assistance, but he."

"I would assist even my rival for your sake," he said humbly, bowing low and remaining bent before her. "I did not hope to meet you again so soon. I did not think it would be my good luck to meet you once more to-day until I called at Grimsby street, Miss Grace."

The girl looked at Hanbury's recumbent form with anxiety and dread, and then in dire perplexity at the hunchback who had just raised his uncovered head:

"You are mistaken," she said. "I never saw you before. My name is not Grace. My name is Ashton, and this is Mr. John Hanbury. Oh! will no one help me?"

Leigh seized Hanbury and drew him away from the wall. "The best thing we can do is to lay him flat. So! Pray, forgive and forget what I said, Miss Ashton. I was sure you were Miss Grace, a lady I know, whom I met yesterday and this morning. Such a likeness never was before, but I can see a little difference now; a difference now that you look at me speak." He had placed the young man flat on his back, and was gazing up into the face of the girl with a look half of worship, half of fear.

In a few seconds Hanbury showed signs of life. His eyelids flickered, his chest heaved, his color began to return, he sighed and raised his hand. Gradually he came to himself, and with the joint aid of Leigh and Dora tottered to his feet.

Leigh had no thought of serving Hanbury. If the young man had been alone he would have left him where he stood until the convalescent was strong enough to shift for himself. But he was under a double spell, the spell of the extraordinary likeness between this girl, Miss Ashton, and that other girl, Miss Grace, and the spell of Miss Ashton's beauty. As a rule, his thought was clean, and sharp, and particular; now it was misty, dim, glorious, vague. Edith Grace had, at first sight, wrought a charm upon him such as he had never known before; Dora Ashton renewed and heightened the charm and carried it to an intolerable yearning and rapture. He was beside himself as he hurried away to get a cab he had promised to bring.

"Dora," said Hanbury, after a little while and much thought, "will you promise me one thing? Say nothing to a soul about my fainting. You will not tell your father or mother or my mother? I will be able to keep the other occasions quiet. If this got about I should have to clear out of Chicago. I'd be the laughing stock of the clubs. That man need not know more than he has seen."

"But he will return with the cab. You can ask him not to say anything about it."

"Come, Dora," he said, with sudden and feverish energy, "let us go. I feel a horrible repugnance to this place."

She took his proffered arm with a view to giving, not receiving, aid, and he hurried her along Chetwynd street until he met the first cross road leading north; into this he hastened, casting a quick glance behind, and finding to his great relief that he was not followed.

"I wonder," said the girl, looking up quietly at him, "how my name would look in print connected with this miserable affair and place, and that negro and you?"

He stopped short, dropped her arm and looked at her with an expression of alarm and apology. "Dora, Dora, I beg your pardon. I most sincerely beg your pardon. There is something wrong with me to-day. I never thought of that. You would not, Dora, be very much put out if you saw your name connected with mine in print? Our engagement is not public, but there is no reason it should not be."

It was in accordance with Dora's wishes the engagement between them had not been announced. She was intensely independent. Why should the world know they were pledged to one another? It was no affair of the world's. But to have her name bracketed with his in newspapers and then their engagement announced would be hideous, unbearable to her.

"There's a cab at the end of the street," she said.

"So there is." He started at her voice, and then called the cab. "I cannot tell you how much I am ashamed of myself, for the third time to-day," he said to her.

"Of fainting?" she asked, coldly, chillily.

"I could not help it then, but I should have taken precautions against anything of the kind by familiarizing myself with unpleasant and trying sights. No man ought to be a——"

"Woman," she said, finishing the sentence for him with an icy laugh. His want of consideration had exasperated her.

"Yes," he said gravely, "no man ought to be a woman."

At this moment the cab drew up. Hanbury opened the door and handed her in. He was about to follow when she stopped him with a gesture. "It now occurs to me that you had better go back and see that man who was so good to me, and whom you sent for the cab for yourself." Her eyes were flashing angrily now.

"Why?" he asked with the door in his hand.

"Well, I just recollect that I gave him your name and my own. You had better see him if you want to keep our names out of the papers. Drive on."

CHAPTER VII.

John Hanbury began retracing his steps. When he reached Chetwynd street he looked up and down it anxiously. He stood at the corner and drew himself up to his full height, with his chin well in, his head back, and a contemptuous look on his face.

He approached one of the little knots of people. "Could you tell me where I should be likely to see a low-sized gentleman who carries a heavy stick? I think he belongs to this neighborhood," said Hanbury to a man in a shabby jacket.

"You mean little Mr. Leigh?" said the man. "I guess he's in there," and he pointed to the public house.

Hanbury looked in, and seeing Leigh, entered. The dwarf was there alone. All the idle people had been drawn off in the wake of the negro's litter. Even Williams, the landlord, had been induced by curiosity to make one of the crowd.

"Hah," said Leigh, when he saw Hanbury come in and shut the door. "You thought better of waiting for that cab. I am glad you came back. I hope you are again quite well? Eh?" His words and accent were polite—too polite, the young man thought. There was a scornful glitter in the hunchback's eyes. A huge volume lay on the polished metal counter beside him. When Hanbury saw the volume his face flushed vividly. The book was the city directory.

"I am quite well again, thank you. I came back on purpose to see you."

"Greatly honored, I'm sure," said the other man, with a quick glitter in the bright deep-sunken eyes. "May I ask if you are Mr. John Hanbury?"

"That is my name."

"Hah! I thought so. I had the honor of hearing you speak——"

Hanbury looked round as though in fear of hearing his own name, and interposed: "Please do not. You will add to the great favor you have already done me if you say nothing of that kind. I am most anxious to have a little conversation—private conversation with you. In the first place, I have to thank you most sincerely for your great services to me a while ago. Believe me, I am very grateful, and shall always hold myself your debtor."

"You are too kind. It is a pleasure to do a little service for a gentleman like Mr. Hanbury, the great orator. If only Chetwynd street knew it had so distinguished a visitor it would be very proud. However, you may rest assured the public shall not be allowed to remain in ignorance of the distinction conferred upon our district. I was just preparing a little paragraph for the papers." The dwarf smiled ambiguously.

Hanbury started and colored and moved his feet impatiently, uneasily. "Mr. Leigh," he said, "you have done me a favor already, a great favor, a great service. They say one is always disposed to help one he has helped before. Do me another service, and you will double, you will quadruple, my gratitude. Say nothing to any one of seeing me here; above all, let nothing get into the papers about it."

"Hah," said Leigh, throwing himself back on his chair. "I see! I understand A woman in the case."

(To be continued.)

PUMPING EARTH FOR A LEVEE.

Interesting Experiment Being Made by Engineers on the Mississippi.

Lieutenant Roche of the United States engineer corps, who was in charge of the levee district below New Orleans, has been trying a plan of building levees with a hydraulic pump at a point sixty miles below the city. If the experiment is the complete success that is claimed for it it would reduce the cost of levee construction to a minimum, and save the people of the lower Mississippi valley hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

The idea is not altogether new, but the difficulty was in holding the mixture of water and river mud thrown up on the shore by the dredge. This has finally been overcome by means of planking, which keeps the mixture within a limited territory. The planking leaked at first, but the use of willows stopped the leaks, and the experiment is now a success.

The levees in Lieutenant Roche's district are being built not by manual labor, as all have heretofore been constructed, but by the mammoth steam dredge Ram. The old system was objectionable, not only because it cost a great deal, although it had fallen 75 per cent. in cost during the last ten years, but also because the levee, being made of dirt and not pounded down—this has been found impracticable—is not compact or solid enough and yields readily to the pressure of the river. Lieutenant Roche tried the system of building a levee by pumping the water and mud from the Mississippi, and now announces that it is a success. Levees can undoubtedly be built in this way, for there is the Plaquemines levee to show for it, and can be built more quickly. It is more solid and substantial than the levees built by hand, the soil being so compact that the crawfish, the bane of the Louisiana planters, cannot penetrate it, and this alone, Lieutenant Roche thinks, will make the mud levees extremely popular. The matter of cost is not thoroughly satisfactory as yet. The new pump-built levee costs about the same as one constructed with scrapers of wheelbarrows, but this is attributed to the fact that the Ram was not intended for levee building, but for dredging. A much cheaper boat can be built which will do the levee work far more satisfactorily and will reduce the cost one-half. When this is done the levee-building machine will do all the levee work along the Mississippi, and get rid of the thousands of laborers and convicts who now do the work.—New York Sun.

The man who sells ice in the summer and coal in the winter is about the only fellow who can safely defy the elements.

We hear a good deal said about th dignity of intellect, the force of reason and the discrimination of judgment; but man is more remarkable for his whims than anything else.

It never was intended that the world should live in peace; to stir up the animals is the policy of Heaven.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom: waste of time never.

It is better to have a contented and sunny spirit, than it is to have a pedigree that goes cack to the Mayflower.

Scandal is described as something which one-half the world takes pleasure in inventing and the other half in believing.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in he saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

The man who will not improve his chance is bound to lose it, no matter whether it has to do with seeking salvation or making a fortune.

THE FAMILY STORY

JAMES INCH'S DOWNFALL.

MR. JAMES INCH is one of the most staid and dignified citizens of Parlor City. He never drinks, he never smokes, and it is his firm conviction that Hades is yawning for every man, woman, and child that plays cards. He is a pillar of the local Methodist Church, has publicly denounced dancing as an invention of the devil, progressive euchre and pedro parties as greased poles to the realm of Satan, and trolley parties as an even more sinful diversion than any of the other forms of amusement to which he is opposed. One might imagine from this that Mr. James Inch was an unpopular man in Parlor City. Such, however, is not the case. The inhabitants point him out to strangers as their model citizen, and can't say enough in praise of him. That is because Mr. Inch is a sterling business man, and so generous and charitable that his fellow townsmen are willing to overlook his radical views on things in the amusement line.

Mr. Inch had an experience some weeks ago that came pretty near knocking down with one blow the splendid reputation he has built up for himself in Parlor City. It was a most unfortunate experience for Mr. Inch, but it provided amusement for his fellow citizens for days afterwards, and some of them are not through laughing yet.

One bright sunny morning early in August Mr. Inch boarded a train bound for Parlor City at a small way station some twenty miles from his home. He had gone out there the night before on business, had missed the last train back, and a night on a corn husk mattress in the local tavern had ruffled him about as much as he had ever been ruffled in his life. Mr. Inch had not been in the train five minutes when he heard a frightful racket in the car behind him, and on inquiring of the conductor what it meant was told that both of the rear cars were full of lunatics who were being transferred from New York to the State asylum on the hill back of Parlor City.

"They're in charge of keepers, all right," said the conductor, "but they get excited every now and then, and I tell you the keepers have their hands full. Lor! but they do curse!"

"Do you suppose I could go look at them?" asked Mr. Inch, who immediately made up his mind that it was his duty as a Christian man to go and speak a few words of admonition to these men.

"Dunno," was the conductor's laconic response. "You'll have to ask the keepers."

Mr. Inch rose from his seat and started back. He decided that he would not ask permission to do what was his plain duty. He felt that the keepers would refuse him admission to the car, so he made up his mind to slide in unobserved, take a seat, and watch his chance to distribute advice to the unfortunate. It was not a difficult piece of work, as the keepers were pretty busy when Mr. Inch opened the door and walked in, and they didn't notice him at all. He gradually worked his way to the middle of the car unnoticed in the howling crowd of wild-eyed men, and ensconced himself in a seat beside a red-headed individual who was swinging his arms round in most reckless fashion and singing in a shrill voice:

"This is my story, this is my song,
Praising the Savior all the day long."

Over and over again the man sang the couplet, sandwiching it with strings of oaths, which sent chills chasing each other up and down Mr. Inch's spinal column. He attempted to talk with the man, but he might as well have tried to converse with a log of wood. Others with whom he started conversations looked at him so blankly that he soon realized it was a hopeless task, and settling down in his seat, he resolved to say no more.

"When we get to Parlor City," he figured to himself, "I'll just wait until they get this crew out of the car, and then I'll go out myself and go home."

Mr. Inch's resolution was the result of a little speculation as to what would happen to him if the keepers discovered that he had entered the car and mingled with this crew of violent and irresponsible men.

At the station in Parlor City on the same morning that Mr. Inch boarded the train twenty miles away stood fifteen keepers from the State asylum waiting for the consignment of lunatics from New York. With them was young Dr. Blank, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the safe transportation of the lunatics from the station to the asylum. Dr. Blank was worried. It was the first expedition of this kind he had commanded, and he was mightily afraid that something would go wrong. Only a month before he had received his appointment to the asylum, and escape or revolt due to lack of proper precautions would, he knew, mean the loss of his place. He was relieved when the train rolled in and a keeper jumped from the steps of a car, touched his hat, and announced that all was well.

"A hundred altogether, I believe," the doctor remarked.

"Yes, sir; fifty in each car," said the keeper.

"Well, march them out as soon as you can," said Dr. Blank, and he hauled out a notebook and prepared to check off the men as they were handed over to his keepers.

They took the last car first, and Dr. Blank drew a deep breath of relief when the fiftieth man stepped to the platform.

"Now for the other car," he said, cheerily, and the keepers commenced to hustle the unfortunates out.

Mr. Inch crouched low in his seat and was passed by. Mr. Blank, notebook in hand, sang out, "Forty-nine," just as the keeper escorted a man to the platform and called: "That's all."

"There must be another," said the doctor, nervously.

"You counted wrong," said the keeper.

"No, I'm sure I'm right, but I'll count them again," said Dr. Blank, and he did so, with the result that his first figuring was correct.

One man was missing. There could be no doubt about that. The car had only yielded forty-nine men.

"Search the car," called out the doctor, and the keeper proceeded to do so.

The first man he encountered was Mr. Inch, who, having made up his mind that sufficient time had elapsed to render it safe for him to leave the car, had risen and was making for the door.

"Hello," exclaimed the keeper, "how did you get here?"

"I just walked in from the other car," replied Mr. Inch, with dignity.

"Didn't see a man hide himself around this car anywhere, did you?"

Now it happened that some minutes before the train reached Parlor City the red-headed man who sat next to Mr. Inch had slid to the floor, and cuddled himself up under the seat. Mr. Inch had seen him do it, and had marveled at the man's ability to stay in one position so long. To tell of this incident, however, was to admit that he had been in the car for some time, which would scarcely do, so he simply said in a tone of mild astonishment:

"See a man hide himself? How ridiculous," and the keeper, impressed by his tone, passed by and started searching at the upper end of the car.

Mr. Inch continued toward the door, reached the platform, and stepped slowly down. Mr. Inch's personal appearance was not what it usually was. A night in a country hotel, with neither hair brush nor comb in the morning, showed on him. Contact with the elbow of a lunatic behind him had put a most disreputable looking dent in his derby. His appearance was altogether bad enough to justify Dr. Blank's exclamation of:

"Ah, here he is. This way, my friend," which he made when he saw Mr. Inch descending to the platform.

Mr. Inch heard the remark, but paid no attention to it. Instead of obeying, he quickened his pace toward the other end of the platform, but before he had gone a dozen yards Dr. Blank was alongside.

"This way, my friend," said Dr. Blank, swinging Mr. Inch around by the arm.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Inch.

"Keep quiet, now, keep very quiet," said the doctor, soothingly. "It'll be all right if you keep quiet."

"Why should I keep quiet when a loafer grabs me by the arm and swings me around as though I were a log of wood?" cried Mr. Inch, indignantly.

"Get back into line," said Dr. Blank. "Get back into line, and let's end this nonsense," and he grabbed Mr. Inch by the collar and proceeded to drag him down the platform.

Mr. Inch lost his temper then, and swung his right around toward his captor's jaw with vicious violence. The blow landed, and so did a second and third, sent in with equal precision. Dr. Blank hung on, though slightly dazed. He couldn't hit the man back. There is a State rule forbidding keepers or doctors to strike an insane person, no matter what the provocation. The doctors have but one mode of defense. It is the hypodermic injection, and each doctor carries a syringe loaded with a special preparation which will take all the life out of a man in five minutes, cause him to sleep for several hours, and bring him around after his slumber in a decidedly weak mental condition.

While Dr. Inch was banging Dr. Blank on the nose and jaw, the doctor was maneuvering with his free hand for his syringe. While the struggle went on the keepers kept their eyes on the other insane men. They couldn't leave them to go to the doctor's assistance. The struggle was apt to excite them, and a general outbreak was to be prevented above all things.

Dr. Blank was was getting played out when he managed to reach his syringe, haul it out, and jab it into Mr. Inch's neck. The effect of the injection was instantaneous.

"I'm stabbed!" yelled Mr. Inch, slapping both hands to his neck and dropping.

"I'm d—n glad of it," remarked Dr. Blank. "You're the toughest one I ever tackled," and he motioned to a keeper, who was coming toward him on a run to come faster.

"We've found the other man," said the keeper, when he came up.

"Of course we have," said the doctor, with sarcastic emphasis on the "we."

"He was under a seat in the car," went on the keeper. "You've made a bad break here," he went on in a low tone. "Come up here, and let's get away."

"Great Scott!" roared the doctor, "isn't this one of our men?"

"No," said the keeper. "He's a citizen who wandered into the car."

"Let's cut this quick," said the doctor. "Tell the boys to march around to the north of the depot and I'll join you there," and away went the doctor in one direction, while the keeper went down the platform.

So much interest had been manifested in the crowd of insane men that few people on the platform had noticed the struggle between Dr. Blank and Mr. Inch. The few who had seen it went away when the insane men were marched off, and so a little later, when a station hand came across the respectable Mr. Inch asleep in a pile of freight, his clothes torn and dirty, his hat ripped through the middle, and minus his collar and necktie, he threw up his hands in astonishment. He called other station hands, and the men in the baggage room came, too, and their eyes nearly popped out of their heads at the sight of James Inch, Parlor City's respectable citizen, in so deplorable a condition. They were a heartless crowd, those station men, for they called a policeman, and the policeman hauled Mr. Inch out of the freight and started dragging him toward the station, Mr. Inch the meanwhile sleeping innocently on. Half way to the station the policeman gave out and Mr. Inch was allowed to take a short doze on the sidewalk pending the arrival of help.

It happened to be on the main street of Parlor City that the policeman left his prisoner, and as the afternoon was as bright and sunny as the morning had been, the inhabitants were out in great numbers. Any attempt to record here the comments of the people on Mr. Inch and his condition would be futile. Suffice it to say that the downfall of James Inch, the model citizen of Parlor City, the pillar of the church, and the greatest philanthropist in the country, was known for miles that night.

And the next day there was more to talk about. Mr. Inch slept for five hours at the station house, and then went home, and, refusing to recognize his wife, proceeded to destroy the family china. He hurled plates around until he was tired, then smashed windows and mirrors with a poker for a time. He went to bed after hacking at some furniture with a carving knife, and the next morning woke up without the slightest recollection of what had happened. He recalled the struggle at the station, but that was all. His wife pretended to believe the story of his having been stabbed in the neck, but she didn't at all.

For several days the cold glances of former friends and acquaintances annoyed him. They all said, "Yes, yes," when he told of his remarkable temporary aberration, but he could see that they did not believe him. Nevertheless the truth came out in time and Mr. Inch of Parlor City is as respected and honored as he ever was. Dr. Blank made a statement in the local paper of the matter over his signature, and that more than anything else exonerated Mr. Inch. As for the doctor, he was suspended, but at Mr. Inch's earnest solicitation the superintendent restored him to duty, and he and his victim are now the best of friends. The doctor doesn't carry his hypodermic syringe except in the asylum wards now, and he has declared that he'll never take it out of the building again.—New York Sun.

Where Men Fail as Lovers.

"It is a question with me," writes Lilian Bell, in Ladies' Home Journal, "whether a woman ever knows all the joys of love-making who has one of those dumb, silent husbands who doubtless adores her, but is able to express it only in deeds. It requires an act of the will to remember that his getting down town at 7 o'clock every morning is all done for you, when he hasn't been able to tell you in words that he loves you. It is hard to get a letter telling about the weather and how busy he is, when the same amount of space saying that he got to thinking about you yesterday, when he saw a girl on the street who looked like you, only she didn't carry herself so well as you do, and that he loves you, good-by—would have fairly made your heart turn over with joy, and made you kiss the hurried lines and thrust the letter in your belt, where you could crackle it now and then just to make sure it was there. Nearly all nice men make good lovers in deeds. A great many fail at some important crisis in the handling of words.

"But the last test of all, and, to my mind, the greatest, is in the use of words as a balm. Few people, be they men or women, be they only friends, lovers or married, can help occasionally hurting each other's feelings. Accidents are continually happening even when people are good-tempered. And for quick or evil tempered ones there is but one remedy—the handsome, honest apology. The most perfect lover is the one who best understands how and when to apologize."

Flower Girls in Real Life.

The flower girls of Italy are worse than the peddlers. The "girl" is usually a plump and picturesque creature, aged anywhere from twenty-five to forty, and possessed of nerve even beyond her years. She flourishes best in Venice and Naples, but there is no certainty of escaping her anywhere. Suppose the stranger seats himself at a table in St. Mark's square, Venice, to listen to the evening band concert. No sooner has he seated himself than the flower girl advances on him, preceded by the witchery of a beaming smile. She will place a flower in his buttonhole. He may prevent her doing so by rising and offering physical resistance, but otherwise he must accept the flower. After the flower has been placed there he may remove it and offer it to her, but she will laugh coyly and refuse to take it back. He may throw it on the ground, but that would be rude. Suppose that he accepts the inevitable and decides to leave the flower in his buttonhole. He puts his hand into his pocket and says to the flower girl:

"How much?"

"Oh, whata you please."

She knows her business. If he gives her fifty centimes or more, he knows that she will regard him an easy victim of her extortion, whereas, if he gives her only two or three small coppers she will say, "Eet ees not much," and politely revile him. The unprotected man has little chance against the large and determined girl.

"I believe," said the candidate, "that my country calls me." "If you are alludin' ter that noise you hearn just now," said the old farmer, "you air somewhat mistook. Hit wur nothin' but the ole mule a-brayin' in the lot."—Atlanta Constitution.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject "The Pageantry of the Woods."

TEXT: 'We all do fade as a leaf.'—Isaiah lxiv., 6.

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of His Bible and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them. There are Scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world.

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them, and the face of nature has such a flush and sparkle and life that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening tide at the edge of a wood and listened to the cry of the whippoorwill.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumac than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant 2000 miles long. Let artist stand back when God stretches His canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes there was an indescribable mingling of gold and orange and crimson and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it was rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tiptop of the Alleghenies, and then it had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

First.—Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which week before last felt the frost have day by day been changing in tint and will for many days yet cling to the bough waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No; deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of overfatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life, but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf, as the leaf!

Again, like the leaf we fade, to make room for others. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their places to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves to-day because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been. As we get older do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white. I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days and remember when in winter nights in the sitting room the children played the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Again, as with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams, they will drift into the caverns, they will soften the wild beast's lair and fill the eagle's eyrie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between 50 and 70 people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the man at the gate: "Then, if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses.

Cæsar is there and all his subjects. Nero is there and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes and Tyre and Babylon and will swallow all our cities. Yet city of silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great city of silence! Of all its million million hands not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

If, in the movement of time, some great question between the living and the dead should be put, and God called up all the dead and the living to decide it, as we lifted our hands, and from all the resting places of the dead they lifted their hands, the dead would outvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and dead are as these autumnal leaves drifting under our feet to-day. We march on toward eternity, not by companies of 100, or regiments of 1000, or brigades of 10,000, but 1,600,000,000 abreast! Marching on! Marching on!

Again, as with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees at the first touch of the frost lose all their beauty. They stand withered and uncomely and ragged waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leaves. Dead leaves. No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness or one blast off the cold waters and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects. Their summer thick foliaged with opportunities. But October came, and their glory went out. Frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night,' and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes. It is a black frost and all is ended.

Oh, what withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their pictures, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and wave to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood and sang and wove chaplets and made themselves merry has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. Frosted!

But, thank God, that is not the way people always die. Tell me on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day? So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, driven into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly, as the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place.

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had had his hand taken off he said, "Goodby, dear old hand, you had done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Aha, we shall rise again! We shall rise again! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder and our bodies be eaten by the sharks, but God tameth leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air, but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but He will find us and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory.

We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

WIVES WANTED.

A Chance for Many Hundreds of Young Women to Find Good Husbands.

The mining camps of Trail Creek and Boundary Creek, British Columbia, where there are ten men to one woman, want wives. Steady work with good pay, with the fact that British Columbia laws frown severely on gambling and drinking, have made the miners prosperous.

The question of getting wives was raised recently as a joke, but the outcome has been to thoroughly advertise the fact that a large number of marriageable girls can find good husbands by emigrating to the mining districts of British Columbia.

J. G. Devlin, a prominent miner, who went recently to Toronto and Montreal to sell mining property, discussed the matter and got the newspapers to discussing it. He told the Canadians that if they would send 1500 nice girls out to Rossland alone every one would get a good husband. Reports show that already the girls are taking up the matter seriously. The miners are willing, and the first lot of would-be wives will be arranged for next spring.

OUR GREAT INLAND SEAS.

A Majority of Our Vessels Ply on the Great Lakes.

A majority of the large steam vessels of the United States are plying the waters of the lakes. Through the St. Mary's Falls canal, between Lakes Superior and Huron, passed last year a total of 17,956 vessels, as against 8394 through the Suez canal; and the total tonnage of vessels passing through the Suez canal in the twelve months of 1895 was but 8,450,000, in round numbers, against 16,800,000 passing through the "Soo" canal in the eight months of the same year during which it was open for navigation.

Child Plays With Bear Cubs.

Helma Oerhli, a five-year-old girl, wandered away from her home in Williamsport, Penn. Later her parents grew alarmed at her absence and a party of neighbors began a search. The child was discovered in a small clearing romping with two bear cubs.

—Threads of Shredded steel are used in Germany as a substitute for sandpaper. It is said to work more quickly and uniformly than sandpaper and does not clog.

—Tampa, Fla., is banking on becoming the metropolis of the State. It has now a population of 30,000.

—The life of William H. Seward has been written by Thornton K. Lothrop for the American Statesman Series.

—A submarine mountain range has been discovered in the southern part of Davis Strait by the Danish steamer Ingolf, which has been carrying on deep-sea explorations on the Iceland and Greenland coasts, for the past two years.