Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. LI MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6 1897. NO. 4.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued.)

"Mr. Timmons," he said, "you have a just right to be angry with me for mismanaging our joint affair, and I owe I have not told you quite the truth. I did not go to Milwaukee by the two-thirty yesterday. I was at the public house last night just before twelve, and I did go into Forbes' bakery as you say. But I swear to you I left the city last night by the twelve-fifteen, and I swear to you I did not wind up my clock last night. It was this morning between four and five o'clock I found out in Milwaukee that the man was not to be trusted."

"But who wound the clock? I saw you do it, Mr. Leigh—I saw you do it, sir, and all this Milwaukee tale is gammon."

"Again you are wrong. And now, to show you how far you are wrong, I will tell you a secret. I have a deputy. One I told Williams about. He is ill-formed as I am, and so like me when we sit that you would not know the difference across your own store. But our voices are different, very different, and he is more than a foot taller than I. You did not see the winder last night standing up. He always takes his seat before raising the gas."

A light broke in on Timmons. This would explain all. This would make Stamer's story consistent with his own experience of the night before. This would account for this man, whom Stamer said he had shot, being here now, uninjured. This would make the later version of the tale about Milwaukee possible, credible. But—awful but!—it would mean that the unfortunate, afflicted deputy had been sacrificed! Yes, most of what this man had said was true.

"What's the unfortunate deputy's name?" he asked, with a shudder.

"That I will not tell."

"But it must come out on the inquest, to-day or to-morrow, or whenever they find the remains."

"The remains of what?" asked Leigh, frowning heavily.

"Of your deputy. They say in the paper that it was you that lost your life in the fire."

"Fire! Fire! Fire where?" thundered the dwarf, in a voice which shook the [illegible] and made the thinner plates of metal vibrate.

"Don't you know? Haven't you seen a paper? Why, Forbes' bakery was burned out last night, and the papers say you lost your life in the fire."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The morning following Hanbury's visit to Grimsby street saw the order of arrival of the ladies in the sitting-room reversed. Mrs. Grace was there first. Edith had been too excited when she went to bed after the young man's disclosures to sleep, and it was not until the small hours were growing big that the girl could close her eyes. As a consequence she was late.

Neither grandmother nor granddaughter was in humor to talk. Edith was occupied with her own thoughts. They had nothing to do that day, for Edith had made up her mind to do nothing about a new situation until Monday. It being now Saturday, there was no time to take any steps that week.

They had not sat down to breakfast until half-past nine, and by ten they had not finished. As the little clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour the landlady's daughter entered to say a lady was below who desired to see Mrs. and Miss Grace.

"I have taken the liberty of coming up without permission," said a voice at the door, and a tall, stately lady, with white hair and dressed in black, appeared at the threshold of the door left open by the attendant.

Mrs. Grace invited her to enter and be seated.

"I need not introduce myself further," the visitor said with a smile, as she sat down, after shaking hands with the two, "than to say I am the mother of Mr. Hanbury, who had the pleasure of calling upon you yesterday evening. I am afraid my visit this morning is as inconveniently early as his last night was late. But the discovery of my dead husband's knowledge of your family affairs, is so extraordinary that I could not deny myself the happiness of calling at the very earliest moment I could get away. You have not even finished breakfast. I fear you will find it hard to forgive me." Her words and smile and manner were so friendly and unassuming that grandmother and granddaughter felt at ease immediately.

That morning John Hanbury awoke to the most unpleasant thoughts about Dora. What ought he to do in the matter? Had he not acted badly to her in not writing the next morning after the scene in the drawing-room?—the very night?

He was wrestling and groaning in spirit when the servant brought a letter to his door. He recognized her writing at once, and tore the envelope open hastily.

He read the letter slowly and with decaying spirit. When he had finished he folded it up deliberately and put it back into the envelope. His face was pale, his lips were apart, his eyes dull, expressionless.

"It is so," he said at length. "She is right," he added bitterly. "She is always right. She would always be right, and I when I differed from her always wrong. That is not the position a husband should occupy in a wife's esteem."

He went out with no definite object except to be free of interruption. His mind ran on Dora. Now he thought of her with anger, now with affection, now with sorrow. He had no thought of trying to undo her resolve. He acquiesced in it. He was glad it came from her and not from him.

He passed in review the pleasant hours they had spent together. He took a melancholy delight in conjuring up the things they had said, the places they had gone to, the balls, and theaters, and galleries and meetings they had been at with one another. He thought of the last walk they took, the walk which led to the present breach between them. It was in this neighborhood somewhere. Ah, he remembered. He would go and see the place once more.

This was the street. What was the meaning of the crowd? When she and he were here last there had been a crowd too. Was there always a crowd here? There had been a fire. Policemen were keeping people back from the front of Forbes' bakery, which was completely gutted, standing a mere shell, with its bare, roofless walls open to the light of heaven. All the floors had fallen, and a fireman with a hose was playing on the smoking rubbish within.

"An unlucky place," thought Hanbury, and at that moment there was a cry of dismay from the crowd. Hanbury drew back. He thought the walls were falling. Presently the cry of dismay changed to a cheer, and the crowd swayed and opened, and through it, from a cab which had just drawn up, walked hastily towards the smoking pile, Oscar Leigh.

"All gone! All gone! The work of seven years! The result of a lifetime! Gone! gone! gone!"

He reeled and would have fallen but that Hanbury caught him and supported him.

Williams appeared, and between Williams and Hanbury the dwarf was led into the private bar in which his learning and occult knowledge had brought him distinction and respect.

A chair was fetched and Leigh was set upon it with his back to the window, so that his eyes might not look upon the grave of his labor.

"All gone! All gone! Nothing left! Nothing left! The work of seven years, day and night! Day and night! Day and night! Gone, all gone!"

"But, Mr. Leigh," said the pale-faced Williams, in a low and very kindly voice, "it might have been ever so much worse."

"Worse! How could it be worse? There is nothing saved."

"Why, thank heaven, Mr. Leigh, you are saved. It was said in some of the papers—and we believed it—that you were burned in the fire."

"And what if I was?"

"Well, your friends are very glad, anyway. Didn't you hear how the people cried out with fear first, for they thought you were a ghost, and didn't you hear how they cheered when they saw it was yourself, alive and well?"

"I. Who am I? What am I? My clock, sir, was all I had in this whole world. It was the savings bank of my heart, my soul, and now the bank is broken and I am beggared."

"But how did you escape, Mr. Leigh?"

"Satan takes care of his own, Mr. Hanbury," he said, speaking for the first time to the young man. "Whatever way you are going, I should like to go, if you would have no objection! I have no way of my own now except the way common to us all."

"I shall be very glad to have your company," said Hanbury, who was sincerely moved at the loss and grief of the little clockmaker.

And leaning on the arm of John Hanbury, Oscar Leigh limped out of the private bar of the public house.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When the two men gained the open air no cab was in sight.

"If you will rest awhile here," said Hanbury, "I'll fetch a cab. I cannot see one up or down the street."

"No," said Leigh, a shudder passing through his frame. "Let us walk, if you do not mind. I could not bear to stay near this place any longer. Is it not strange that you should have wanted a cab in this spot forty-eight hours ago, and I should want it here now?"

"It is strange," said Hanbury, "but the world is very small, and our absolute wants in it are very closely circumscribed." The manner of Leigh had changed in a marked manner. His steps had become slow and more dragged, his breathing more labored, and he had lost all swagger and bounce, and self-assertiveness.

"Sir," said Leigh, "this slow pace befits a funeral. This is my funeral."

"Oh, you mustn't say so. I am sure your clock must have been a terrible loss, but not irreparable."

"I shall begin no other clock. The sands in my own hour-glass are running low already. When a man of my make endures a great shock and a great disappointment he does not endure much more. He dies. Now I am too weak to be your enemy, and I am fit only to be your friend. You will not spurn me?" He paused in their walk and looked up anxiously into Hanbury's face.

"Assuredly not. I will do anything I can for you."

"You will be astonished to hear that I was attracted towards you from the moment I saw you—the attraction of repulsion, no doubt. I have had so long a life of loneliness and repression, I want a few hours of companionship and free-speaking before I die."

"Anything you may tell me to relieve your mind, I shall treat as a secret of my own."

"I know. I wish I were as sure of anything else as I am of you. I lied to you very considerably. I lied because I had imagination; because I had vanity; because people are such idiots."

"What I said about Miracle Gold was mostly a lie also."

"I knew that."

"All right. Most of what I told you about Miracle Gold was a lie. All I told you about making it was a lie. I was about to enter into a league with thieves to take stolen gold, and pretend to make it. I was going to do this for the sake of the fame, not the profit."

"A very dangerous kind of alchemy."

"Anyway I have told you what my scheme was. I told Mrs. Ashton that my clock was independent of my hands for winding up. You heard Williams, the publican, say they saw me wind up my clock last night. Well, I was not near my clock last night."

"But he said he saw you."

"He did. Now you can understand how necessary it was for me to lie."

"I candidly confess I cannot."

"Well, when I conceived the notion of making Miracle Gold I knew I ran a great risk. I thought it might become necessary to prove affirmatives at all events. The proposition of an alibi is an affirmative, the deduction a negative. I told you my clock was my friend. Well, I made is help me in this. I gave out in the public house that my clock had now become so complicated that I had arranged to connect all the movements. The clock was to be wound up by a lever fixed near the window, at which I sat when at work, the only window in the room. Night after night I worked at this lever for half an hour, turning round exactly at a quarter-past twelve to nod at the people. Meanwhile, I was busy constructing a life-sized figure—the body of a man every way as like me as possible. I have skill, a good deal of skill, in modeling. It was made to be moved by the lever, not to move it. I easily timed the head so as to turn at a quarter-past. I inserted in the neck of the figure like myself a movement which would make the head nod before turning away to go on with the winding. You now see my idea?"

"Not quite clearly. But I suspect it."

"Suppose I had to meet one of my clients about the gold, I should make an appointment with him at a quarter past twelve elsewhere. My clock, at twelve o'clock, slowly raised the figure from the floor to the place in which I sat in my chair, turned up the gas, which had been dimmed to the last glimmer that would live, and then released the weight in the chimney and set the figure moving as if working the lever, instead of the lever working it. Thus you see I should have a dozen to swear they saw me in my room, if anything went wrong in my interviews with my clients, or if from any other cause it became necessary for me to prove I was in my workshop between twelve and half-past twelve at night."

"Very ingenious indeed."

"There is not much more to tell. Owing to a reason I need not mention, I made up my mind on Thursday morning to go on with the production of Miracle Gold. I resolved against my better judgment, and gave the word for the first lot of the gold to be delivered at my place at midnight exactly. You know how my afternoon was spent. While at Mrs. Ashton's my better judgment and my worse one had a scuffle, and I made up my mind to decide upon nothing that night, and certainly to commit myself to nothing that night. What you would call the higher influence was at work."

"Pallas-Athena?"

"Yes, if you think that a good name. Any way, I made up my mind to do nothing definite in the interest of Miracle Gold that night. I set my dummy figure—that figure was burned up; not I. I am going fast. Is there no cab? I can hardly breathe. Have you seen Miss Ashton since?"

"I have."

"Since yesterday afternoon?"

"No."

They were standing at a doorstep. Leigh had leaned his side against the area railings for support. His breathing was terrible, and every now and then he gasped, and clutched his hands together.

"If you come to see me to-morrow, perhaps you may not come alone?"

Hanbury flushed. He did not want to make his confession just now.

"Perhaps I may not," he said. "Good-by now.

"Good-by; and thank you for your goodness. You know whom I hope to see with you?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Pallas-Athena, of course."

"Of course."

(To be continued.)

Model of an English Speech.

In rising in reply to the noble lord, he hoped that the noble lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the noble lord.

He also begged that the noble lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the noble lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the noble lord.

He believed that the noble lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the commonweal; and if the noble lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privilege with the noble lord.

As to the present subject, he would inform the noble lord that if there was a diversity of opinion betwixt himself, he meant to say betwixt the noble lord and himself, and there undoubtedly was a diversity (hear, hear), that difference was no more than the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. (Cheers.)

But he would assure the noble lord that if the noble lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain in the mind of the noble lord, the noble lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the noble lord.

A few of these had already been presented by the committee for the consideration of the noble lord, and he would ask the noble lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the noble lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments the attention of the noble lord.

—An electric railroad from New York to Philadelphia is projected.

—When water freezes it expands with a force of 30,000 pounds a square inch. No substance has been found which will withstand such a pressure.

—M. Righi, of Bologna, has succeeded in reproducing artificially the globular form of lightning.

—Paris policemen have been supplied with eletric dark lanterns, by means of which they can see one hundred and fifty feet away.

—Persia's shah, recollecting the glorious time his late father had in Europe, has notified the Russian, British, German and French governments that he purposes to visit their capital before long.

—The classical Leander was the aquatic hero of the ancients and the modern Leanders on the Thames seem to be the acquatic heroes of the present day.

—It is said that lees can fly 20 per cent faster than pig-ons.

—The only fur-covered, four-footed member of the animal kingdom which lays eggs like a fowl is the native beaver of Australia.

—Compressed air has been successfully applied to the signals of the lightship in Vineyard sound, off Cape Cod. Hitherto the signals have been blown by steam.

—The bicycle is the evangelist of the most progressive era ever known. A new name for it is—"the farmer's friend."

Labor Notes.

Cincinnati newspaper carriers will organize. They claim that newsboys hurt them by selling on their routes.

Brooklyn Central Labor Union will try to prevent the establishment of printing and other plants in the penitentiary.

The New York Central Labor Union has referred the plan of the Machinists' Association for an inter-oceanic canal to the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington.

The ex-foreman of the composing room of the Superior (Wis.) *Telegram* has sued the union for not accepting him as a member since the office has been unionized. He places damages at $2,000.

Amalgamated Steel Metal Workers of Chicago not only won a strike for the discharge of non union men, but the manager of the building advanced $25 to the workmen to pay their dues to the organization.

Milwaukee is to have a labor exchange. A person producing an article of value to others can deposit and get a warehouse receipt, with which he can secure some other article of equal value that has been deposited by some other producer.

The regular tariff for Maine barber shops, excepting hotel shops, is as follows: Shaving, 10 cents; hair trimming, 15 or 20 cents; hair cutting 25 cents; shampooing, 25 cents. The barbers are now organizing to do away with 5-cent shops, etc.

The factory laws of Massachusetts limiting the employment of woman and minors to 58 hours per week and preventing the employment of such persons more than 10 hours in any one day are being violated in many workshops in Boston. Central Labor Union wants the Chief of Police to enforce the law.

The Federation of Labor of the State of Minnesota calls upon the working people of that to State organize both on economical and independent political lines for the purpose of establishing the co-operative commonwealth based on the collective ownership of the means of production and their operation for the benefit of the people.

The State Labor Bureau of Minnesota will seek amendments in the interest of child labor. Eight-hour laws, amendments to the arbitration law and the repeal of the struck jury law will be asked for. Miners want mine inspectors elected by popular vote and the corporation to take out bodies of entombed miners. Broommakers and shoemakers want convict work labeled.

Patent Notes

A recently designed ink-stand has a portion of its cover hinged to the side of the bottle in such a manner as to be easily depressed by the pen, returning to position by its own weight and closing the aperture as soon as the pen is removed.

To deposit sand on the rails in front of a street car a recent invention has a sand reservoir, at the bottom of which is a horizontal pipe in which a screw is operated by a crank on the platform of the car, thus forcing the sand into a slanting tube, from which it runs to the track.

A combined wire stretcher and domestic scale has just been patented. It consists of a central bar having teeth to engage the short end of a lever for use as a stretcher, and a coiled spring, for use as a scale, surrounding the bar, on which is placed a series of figures indicating different weights.

An automatic grain-measuring device consists of an elevator with a chain of buckets and a counterpoised receptacle, into which the grain falls. When the right quantity is obtained the receptacle drops downward, stopping the elevator and emptying the grain through an opening in the bottom, when it returns to its position and automatically starts the elevator again.

Health Hints.

Rich puddings are suitable only in winter; in summer their place on the table should be supplied with some of the varieties of cream or fruit.

Water, with sufficient sugar to make it sweet, is a common beverage in France, and there considered very wholesome and refreshing. Ladies generally take it before bed time for their complexion.

For the healthy majority the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to healthy and active life.

Rooms devoted to sleeping purposes should above all things be light, cheerful and thoroughly ventilated. No room should be slept in in winter that has not had a fire in it at least three times a week, and it is all the more wholesome if it have one every day.

All vegetarians, it is said, disapprove of artificial seasoning, though many of them still continue the use of common salt. Those who dispense with it altogether, we are informed, soon experience an improvement in the sense of taste which adds greatly to the enjoyment of food.

—A windrow of salt around a field has been found to be a protection against the army worm. A field thus protected will not be invaded by this pest.

—A new hypnotic has probably been found in the Jamaica dogwood. The fluid extract has been found efficacious in dentistry.

—The members of the Boston Aeronautical Society have decided that the kite is an instrument of value.

—Baron Rosmead, of Rosmead, in the county of Westmeath, and of Grafelberg in South Africa, is the title that Sir Hercules Robinson selected on his elevation to the peerage.

How few there are who had rather be hurt by the truth than tickled by flattery.

Journalistic Wit.

Unless Queen Lil, who has arrived in San Francisco, can play polker better than her illustrious sire, she had better go back home, or the 'Frisco sports will have more of the Royal assets.—Pitsburg News.

When Scott Jackson, the murderer of Pearl Bryan, received notice that the Courts had declined to interfere in his case and that he must go to the gallows, he refused to be interviewed, saying that he "had not yet made any plans for the future." He'd better do so without a moment's delay.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Marquis Cabrianai, of Madrid, says that in case of war between Spain and the United States, the former would so n land 500,000 troops in our large cities. What does the Marquis suppose we should be doing all that time, and if such a body of men were landed, how long would they last?—Indianapolis News.—

There are some people who really believe that Spain could give the United States a right smart tussle. The truth is, that a declaration of war by Spain put an end to the present monarchy, and throw the Spaniards into a state of hopeless bankruptcy.—Atlanta Constitution.

A young man in Kentucky, who has paid for a marriage license, but whose best girl is kept out of his reach by his mother, has sued out a writ of habeas corpus. If this works satisfactorily, parents whose children elope may be expected to try the efficacy of a writ of replevin.—Chicago News.

The colleges have dropped foot-ball, but they are now holding class banquets, and the attempts of rival classes to prevent each other from indulging their appetites in concert are leading to scrimmages that are as lively as those on the gridiron and as productive of a market for arnica.—Pittsburg Times.

Whiskey distillers report increased consumption as a result of the business revival. And yet it had been supposed that it was when business was dull that men took to drink.—Boston Transcript.

General Weyler would find his vain hunting for the Cuban insurgents less harassing if he could only know how long a time will pass before they begin to hunt for him.—Newark News.

Now we hear that the hatchet with which George Washington cut down the cherry tree has been found, and it is probable that before many years some one will unearth the threshing that George's father didn't give him.—Chicago News.

Bismarck never had any use for a Cabinet. When he had decided how to act, he once explained, he didn't want to waste his time and strength trying to persuade other men to agree with him. And that is one reason why the Emperor of Germany today has no Imperial Cabinet.—Springfield Republican.

...ms of Interest.

The valuation of Utah for taxation purposes is $106,743,082.

St. Louis is the largest tobacco manufactoring center in the world.

The gifts to the New York University last year amounted to $457,173.

This year's mustard crop in California amounts to 16,000,000 pounds.

Philadelphia was the first city to issue a directory, its first edition coming out in 1785.

Every citizen is bound to assist a sheriff in making an arrest when called upon.

The first religious journal in this country was the Recorder, at Chillicothe, O., in 1814.

There are now no survivors of the battle of Watterloo, which was fought 81 years ago.

The first patent was issued to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for making "pot or pearl ashes."

The cost of a well bred pack of foxhounds is about $5,000, and the annual bill for keep about as much.

It is stated in a fashionable journal that 1,000,000 bonnets were sold in London during one week recently.

The speed of he fastest Atlantic steamer is now greater than that of the express trains on Italian railways.

Prof. Huxley says that an oyster is a for more complicated piece of machinery than the finest Swiss watch.

The greatest taxpayer is tobacco. In the last 27 years this product has paid a tribute of $1,000,000,000 to Uncle Sam alone.

A Boston physician carries a storage battery in his gig to light the gig lamps, and also an electric light on the horse's head.

If a strip of webbing two inches wide is sewed tightly on the underside of a rug close to the edge it will prevent the curling.

The United States Military Academy at West Point was established by act of Congress in 1802, Cadets receive $540 a year.

There are 5,609 distilleries in the United States. North Carolina leads, with 1,824, and Virginia is next, with 1,352. Pennsylvania has 1 2.

—Beef is the most nutritious of all animal foods can be eaten longer continuously than any other kind of meat, resembling rice and bread in that respect. Fresh beef is almost completely digested, more completely than milk is by an adult.

—The traction engine is growing in popularity among English farmers, not alone for threshing, but for hauling loads and plowing. The modern machines are handsome and almost noiseless, and draw thirty to fifty tons on fairly good roads.

—All the street railways of Monterey have been bought up by a local capitalist, who will equip them with electricity and give the city what, it is said, will be the first electric roads in Mexico.

He is the prince of cowards who knows he is in the wrong and is afraid to say so.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "A Practical Religion."

TEXT: "Faith without works is dead."—James ii., 20.

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion for the most part is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Forestopmast staysail, forestopmast studding sail, main topsail, mizzen topsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one gristmill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it moseies its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three gristmills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the owner of 200 miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down from the Atlantic Coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family. He must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night and night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for, though sheaves had been substracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory, setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want in this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the street and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store and it will pull out the plugs of all the adulterated sirups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of paris and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent. of rosin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap of the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years, trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital, deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making. "Oh, Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of $10,000,000 and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee! Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen."

Ah, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightingly done, "Oh, that was done by the job!" You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour, he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected—ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected, boss to watch the journeyman; capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss, conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger man sets to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty, garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time, shoddy in all kinds of clothing, chrome, pinchbeck, diamonds for $1.50, bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter; spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, fetched round to look spry; wagon tires poorly put on, horses poorly shod, plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off, plumbing that needs to be plumbed, imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box—so little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but it ought to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the city market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old editor from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for persons' ages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the schoolteacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a child a knock on the head, enhancing for what he cannot help and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime.

This practical religion will also come to the newspaper man, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from standing suspicions that never can be allayed, and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired" or "too busy to see you" and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

Yes, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. In some of the cities is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine-room, and now her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is she was taken suddenly ill at a German. Ah, no! She took too much champagne and mixed liquors and got drunk. That was all.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel there come out from their foreheads the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no, but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention, but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all Nations, an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and businesses of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord" no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer; Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburch, myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh, talking to me about Christ and his hope of heaven, and a score of Christian family physicians in Washington just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country; John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former, and scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his store house the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good, William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation. Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshiping God to-day away up among the Berkshire hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupation: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the saw, and the axe, and the drill, and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it, that is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo, but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry, and the Ryland regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scotch grays, and the Life guards. Who cares, if only the day was won?

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife arose at 4 o'clock, entered the front dooryard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share in it." Time rolled on and a family came in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent. One, a Member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in the factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks