

B. F. SOHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Propriet

honor and giory and power, world withou

ond." That scene of jubilence comes out be-fore me this moment as in a sort of picture

gallery. All heaven in pictures. Look! Look! There is Curist. Cuyp painted Him for carthly guileries, and Cor-reggio and Tintoreito and Benjamin West

and Dore painted Him for carthly galleries,

but all those pletures are collipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ! Christ! There

is Paul, the hero of the Sanhedrim, and of Agrippa's courtroom, and of Mars hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained flat

in the very face of teeth chattering roy-ality. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the profigacy of the Persian court unableto

remove her veil of modesty or read it or lift if. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines -David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and

St. John with the seven vials, and the resur

rection angel with the trumpet. On farther

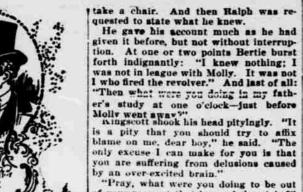
NO. 14.

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Oh, heaven, flash

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"Pray, what were you doing to be out of your room at that hour of the night?" said Moncrieff to his son.

Bertie answered by telling his own story; but it was easy to see that Mon-crieff did not in the least believe it. He believed in Kingscott apparently, and in mobody else. Neither would he credit Bertie's statement that he knew very Mttle about Molly's meetings with John Hannington. Matters became worse when Sertie, in passionate, self-vindication, turned upon his uncle and accused him of reachery. "There is one thing that I have kept

to the last," said Moncrieff, when Bertie was silent. He spoke deliberately, but the tightening of the lines about his mouth told their own history of pain. Do any of you know this ring?" He held up a little gold ring, with a

(To be continued.)

All Obstacles.

was dumb.

9-"Molly's, I believe. I found it in a CHAPTER XVI.--(Continued. "Only for five minutes, at present!" she id. "You may have heard an old story change in his if ce alarmed her. "Alan, it cau't be true." see that Molly must have been there.

about an uncle of mine who made an e put her hand on his arm, but he enormous fortune in America many years re dised her, speaking harshly in his There was a lawsuit about his "Was this your secret?" he said. leave the house without possessing hermoney; it has been going on for some ere you helping my daughter to bring self of her mother's jewels. They would time, and none of us thought that we race upon my name?" should ever benefit by what he left. We Alan, don't say such a cruel thing. 1 blame her for that. But this is not all. have gained the case. I suppose that I myself shall soon be a millionairess, if there is such a word. What do you think was trying to put an end to it—I had was trying new that Mr. Hannington had met her- She has taken papers, representing propo idea that Molly ever thought of leavof that, Master Jack? Oh, Jack, I'm so us in this way! Oh, cannot we stop head sank as he spoke. "She knew that we bring her back?" she was safe-that she might keep her said Alan, grimly. "If I ill gotten gains. But I-I would sooner r? Cannot we bring her back?" She stretched out both her hands to "Too late." auld, I would not now. Molly is no long-have lain in my grave than been obliged r a child of mine. I have done with her orever. And if Bertle has helped her unly daughter-was a thief." bim. There was the loveliest look of joy tenderness in her eyes. Hannington held her hands, but made no other sign. He was growing white about the

disgrace herself in this way-I "No, Alan, don't any anything just JOAN OF ARC BEFORE THE KING. now," Stella pleaded, as she hastened to Bertie's side, for the lad's eyes un-Her Faith in Her Mission Overcame

away on a child like Molly Moncrieff for closed with a bewildered sir. the sake of her trumpery little fortune." "What is it? What does it mean?" Why didn't you tell me this before?" said Jack wringing her hands wildly in his own murmured Bertie. "Dou't talk yet," said Stella, gently. "Do you feel any pain? We must have

out thinking what he did. "Oh, Val, you taken to your room when you are able to move, and the doctor will be here "But what difference does it make? directly." anid Lady Val, with wide-open, unsus picious eyes. "I could not tell you then "I'm not hurt," said Bert.4, in a strongbecause I was not sure-indeed, I did not

was sorry to

come between me and Jack."

She did not gain access to her hus-

They believed the dream of Joan, and er voice. "Only a little dazed, I think. lent their aid to the accomplishment of What was my father saying about me? her miracle. This help and complicity know, of course, that Molly won't be at | I did not understandof the people she was to find every-"You had better hold your tongue." where on her road. The king and the she is twenty-one, if she marries without said Kingscott, from the couch on which father's consent. As she is barely he was lying, in tones rendered barsh, nobles accepted her because she served eighteen now, it would hardly suit you to presumably by pain. "You can do no

CIENCE

Oxygen in Surgery,

Remarkable results are reported have been obtained in England by treating wounds with oxygen gas. Two

kinds of micro-organisms are found in wounds, one kind being beneficent and the other injurious in its effects. Oxygen causes an increase of the former and a decrease of the latter, so that according to a writer in the British Medical Journal, wounds treated with oxygen heal more rapidly and with less pain than by any other form of treat-

> The Earliest Men. Dr. Ranke, of the German Anthrop-

ological Society, recently undertook to describe the physical characteristics of the earliest men, as ascertained from red stone set in brilliants in the center. "Molly's!" exclaimed Bertie. Then he glanced at Kingscott, flushed deeply, and were peculiarly shaped, the part of the

skull which contains the brain being large relatively to the face, while the face was small. They had other pecu-To liarities, among which was the rudiyou three and to you only will I tell what mentary or undeveloped condition of has occurred. Molly, it seems, would not the third molar, or back grinder tooth. The Doctor believes that the first men have been hers in due course; I hardly originated in Asia.

Strawberrice as Foed. In an address on "Horticulture and Health," before the American Association for the Advancement of Science Prof. W. R. Lazenby discussed the nutritive value of various fruits, and showed that an average man who should undertake to live on strawber ries alone would have to consume eighty-eight pounds of them in a day in order to obtain a sufficient quantity of one of the most important elements of food, protein. But while he was get-

ting the proper amount of protein from the strawberries, they would give him Her conviction was so strong that it seven times too much of another necesgained the sympathy of the poor about sary compound, namely, carbohydrates her. To these humble beings, for whom Forty-four pounds of tomatoes a day everything is difficulty and impossibilwould supply nearly the right quantity ity in life, imagination opens a rich and proportion of protein, carbohyfield where all dreams seem credible. drates and fat, the three most essential constituents of food. The chief value of fruit consists in its acids, which are mportant to health.

The Lost Arts.

Worn by the Sea.

Astonishing effects are sometime

Strange Things on Mars. The planet Mars has recently (Decemnobles accepted her because she served The planet Mars has recently (Decem-their purpose; the people believed in her and lent her strength. Thus from sun and consequently favorably situ-out with a stick. her and lent her strength. Thus from sun and consequently favorably situ- out with a stick.

For cleaning the

until Jim spied this bird, and with a jump he was on her hat, much to the nev. alarm and fright of the lady, who instantly sprang to her feet, screaming loudly. Jim was quickly removed, but could not be driven away while the lady remained in the store. The clerks are going to give Jim a stuffed bird for a Christmas present.

James Bell, also a resident of the Quaker City, owns a pretty maltese cat,

whose only fault is kleptomania. Madge is the cat's name. While Mr.

Bell was eating his supper a few even-ings ago he was startled by a funny noise on the stairs. Running in the direction of the racket he beheld the thieving cat coming down the stairs with his gold chain in her mouth, while the watch was bumping each step, evi-dently much to the delight of the cat. Quickly seizing his timeplece, Mr. Bell made a lunge for the cat, but Madge Bell was eating his supper a few even-Quickly seizing his timeplece, Mr. Bell made a lunge for the cat, but Madge escaped. Lately the family had been at a loss to know what Madge had done with her kittens. Their whereabouts were happened tefore. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vaga-bod and outaw forever has got tired of sightsseing and has returned to his father's home. The world skid he would never come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He have he would come back. Mow baring re-turned to his father's house the father pro-claims celebration. There is in the paddock and so useful that, seeing them for the first time, an observer wonders why he did not invent them himself. Such is the pneumatic carpet-sweeper which the Pullman company has recently adopted. In this case, curiously enough, no one knows who invented the article, which a New York Journal reporter

oaches which had just returned from to have him back!

Ing an opening, clear across, not more than one-thirty-second of an inch wide. Through this aperture comes the com-pressed air at the rate of about seventy-five cubic feet a minute.

The rapidity with which the work is

done is astonishing. Enough carpet to

in the clear hour of gueen Ance what is called the cleak scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was wulling for the hour when the ministers of stars bound of the second scene stars and second scene stars. dting for the hour when the ministers f state should gather in angry contest The Eminent Divine's Sunday

and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in mon the nurse, in the power, the strange power, which delirium sometimes gives one, she arcse and stood in front of the clock and stood there watching the clock Subject: "Invited to a Banquet." when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every his-tory. If some of you would rise from the feed of lethoursy and come out from your de ed of lethargy and come out from your debed of lethargy and come out relock of your lirium of sin and look on the clock of your lesting this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour and every swing of

salvation. There was

in the corridors see the faces of our loved ones, the cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the cheek, the weariness But I notice that when the prodigal came, there was the father's joy. He did not great him with any formal "How do you do?" He ald not come out and say: "You are unfit to ester. Go and wash in the trough by the gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will! We will! From this hilltop I catch a gimpse of those billtops where all sorrow and sighting shall be done away. Oh, that Gol would make solver. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate pro-claimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your that world to us a reality! Faith in that world heipsi old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing machine, father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though He were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic, and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the isstern lands a king riding along, and two men were in alteration and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then siny the man, and by post mortem examination flud whether been torn off in the threshing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world his own beloved son. Fails is one tear heiped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she letter "W," and they haved be sky meant. supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? "W stands for "Welcome." Oh, heaven, swing open thy metas! Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. thy gates! Oh, heaven, roll upon us som Ab, the crueity of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father-kind, loving, forgiving and He the sunshine anthems! writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The erew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skippe i the Father-kind, loving, forgiving-and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no dif-ference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's vidory are brought out to deck with glee, and they spires of the churches w spires of the churches where they once worshiped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors say fathe and mother and wife and loved ones on the of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all. His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gla :-ness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth and higher than all height and wider than all width and vaster than all imof Christ's victory are brought out to wharf, they sprang achore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring So heaven fully in sight, we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old mip of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

all width and vaster than all im-mensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united spiendor it outweights all the united spendor and joy of the universe and who can tell what God's joy is? You remember read-ing the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered sliver and gold Frank James as a guard on express among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks, when a soul comes back. God is so glad that to express his joy He flings out new worlds into space trains carying large amounts of money and kindles up new sums and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelulah, while with a voice that gotiations have been in progress now for several weeks, but the probabilitles are that they will be closed up reverberates among the mountains of frankdead, and he is alive again!"

incense and is schoed back from the ever-lasting gates he cries, "This, my son, was James' name, in view of his former At the opening of the expesition in New prowess in robbing trains himself, is what the express companies are aiming played the solo, and then afterward the eight of ten tands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the sound of that was greater than all the combined joy of the sengers, but they think the optimary universe when compared with the resound- train robber would hesitat ing heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the dejot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come his charge will be robbed except over back." The strain was too much and his the data will be robbed except over The strain was too much and his his dead body, with one single proviswind parted, and three times a day the tather went. In the early morning he watched mgers and then the departure to go to his widow in case of his death. watchidg the coming, watching the going, James has been firm in standing out for ten years. He was sure his son would for it and will not so that the standing out come back. God has been watching and years, thirty years, forty years, faction. Since he became a respectable unless the bond is fixed up to his satisheart would rejoice at your coming home. anything else now. When the negotia-You will come, some of you, will you not? tions were first begun he was asked if he could shoot with both hands. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of re-ligion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deat said about the trials and the hardships of "Well," he replied, "it used to be that

bring the

ahip

Frank James in a New Role.

the train, its arrival, the stepping out put up a bond of \$20,000, this amount of the passengers and then the denatural to so the add of \$20,000, this amount of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again, the departure. At night he was there again, for it, and will not go out on the road perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching and if now the proliga-should come home, what ascene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's does not propose to commence doing and about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry, Since I en-tered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to cele-torise into enthusiasm, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emanci-pated, I rejoice over it as though it were my unteresting the set of the source of the state of the state of the set of the source of the state of the state."

a locomotive.

cover an ordinary room is cleaned in and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan in his grea less than five minutes, and so thorough-

TEXT: 'Bring hither the fattel calf and kih it." Luke xv., 28. In all ages of the world it has b

the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

which a New York Journal reporter found in active operation in the Chi-cago yards. Trainmen were cleaning Pullman Oh, how they missed him, how glad they are

coaches which had just returned from California. Several hundred yards away from them was the power house, containing the engine that compresses air for broom service. Through under-ground pipes the compressed air is car-ried to the tracks. Here a rubber hose is attached to the connection. At the end of the hose is a hollow iron pipe, about as large as a

hollow iron pipe, about as large as a broom handle. The pipe terminates in a brass fixture a foot in width and hav-

five cubic feet a minute. The carpets from the cars are thrown face up on the platform, at the side of the track, and the pneumatic instru-ment is pushed back and forth over the nap with the brass end immediately upon the carpet, or just above it. The air rushing against the carpet with tre-mendous velocity blows the dust and dirt out in a cloud like the sunke from a locomotive. cued man; but it is a very tame thing, that compared with the running for one's ever-lasting life, the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless

after years having had to struggle to sup-

She was startled by the ejaculation that fell from Hannington's lips. "I have ruined myself for nothing, then!" he exclaimed.

marry her and walt three years in polar- good by talking."

know till within the last few days. You

to touch a farthing of her money gutil

"Do you see, Jack?" she went on. "I

was hoping that this would come true:

and I did not want you to throw yoursel

"Why didn't you warn me?

if I had but known!"

glad.'

and

She looked at his pale face and frowning brows, and a faint suspicion becan to creep into her mind.

I never knew till to-day that you cared ent to Kingscott, she went away for me, Val," he said. "If I had known-ob, how different life would have been for and to give any orders that might be reboth of us! Kiss me, darling-just once: quired.

After a considerable search, Stella kiss me and tell me that you love me. 1 found a letter addressed to herself in have loved you all these years, and tried Molly's room. It was short, but clear hard to fight it down. You are the only woman in the world, as I have offen told enough.

you, that I ever loved!" "As you are so determined to preven She was not frightened by the loarsely my marriage with Jack," wrote Molly, "we have thought it better to take matspoken words, by the rough embrace, or the man's passion of love and gref--pasters into our own hands. Jack is wait-ing for me with a carriage in the road. sion such as she had never thought him capable of before. She lifted her face and allowed him to press his lips to hers so you need not look for us there. We for one moment of mingled iliss and shall be married to-morrow morning, an agony. Then she drew her face away. then I will write again. I have writte then I will write again. I have written There!" she said. "Yes, I love you. to my father, and I hope that he will not magic, and one evening the young peas-Jack, with all my heart, and I always be angry with us. Indeed, I would not have loved you, and I have always done my best, as far as I knew F, for your me into it by trying to could between me continues, disguised in a modest my best, as far as I knew i, for your welfare. It is because I love you that I and Jack. I am sorry for my father's don't want you to do or say atything now sake, but not for anything else. because that you may live to regret. So tell me I love Jack better than abybody in the plainly what all this means." world."

"It means, Val," groaned Hannington. She had signed her full name at th end-"Mary Helen Moncrieff." heavily, "that-although I loved you-l married Molly Moncrieff this morning, Stella was cut to the heart by one and that she is here in Glasgow with tence: "I would not have taken this way If you had not driven me into it by trying

CHAPTER XVIL

Must she show her husband this letter, The household at Torresmuir had been in which that accusing sentence seemed to stand out with such terrible distinctaroused at dead of night by noises which were as alarming as they were myste ness? She winced at its latter wordsrious. A cry, a scuffle, and a pistol shot "trying to come between me and Jack. followed (as some of the servants de What would Alan think of thrt? She clared) by the sound of hastily retreatdared not consider; she thrust the letter ing footsteps and carriage wheels along into her pocket, resolving to show it to the road, caused much excitement, and it was generally thought that the place quences. But this she found impossible had been entered by burglars, who had He had locked himself into his study, and been disturbed at their work. This theory answered when she knocked with a request that he might be left alone. His tones were muffled and unnatural. Stella thought, as she lingered wistfulwas at first corroborated by the fact that

Mr. Moncrieff, on proceeding to the tower, found the doors open, and his son brother-in-law lying incapacitated on ly outside his door, she was almost cer-tain that she heard the sound of those the floor of Kingscott's sitting-room. Bertie was quite unconscious; he seemed to heart-rending sobs which are the last exhave been stunned by a severe blow on pression of a strong man's agony. Then she was summoned away by the an-nouncement of the doctor's arrival, and the head; and Kingscott's left arm was found to be broken, and even shattered. by a shot from the revolver, which, as Moncrieff noted with surprise, bore Bertie's name engraved upon it, and could his patients.

not, therefore, be a burglar's weapon. He was turning away, when his atten-tion was arrested by a word from Kingsband until the afternoon. "I wanted to tell you," Stella began, cott's lips. Stella was bending over him but her husband hastily interrupted her and trying to do something for his arm word he uttered made her hand fall suddenly to her side. "Hannington," vet. or Bertie's."

be said. Stella half raised herself, glanced round her, and said, almost below her breath: Where is Molly."

She thought that Alan would, if he could, have annihilated her on the spot. "In her room, of course," he answered, "You are unnerved. Stella What is Ralph saving? Attend to Bertie -I will look after Ralph. Do you know me, Ralph? Who did this? Who has been here?

"Hannington." Kingscott opened his eyes. A contraction of pain crossed his brow. "What! Did he shoot me?" he asked, trying to sit up, but turning whiter than ever with the effort as he moved. "The young scoundrel!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Ralph?" ought to have been told at once?" "Of Bertle, of course. Isn't his revol-ver anywhere about? He shot me, I tell "I am very sorry," murmured Stella. "You have no more to say at present, whether by accident of not, I can't

I suppose? There are other things to be touched on later-just now Molly's affairs I think I knocked him down in re-BBJ. "I'm afraid that Molly-Molly has | must come first." eloped with Hannington. They were steal-Stella went with him to Kingscott's ing out by the door in the tower when I rooms in the tower. Ralph was in bed, came upon them. Molly had a bag; she

evidently suffering much pain, but quite disposed to give his version of the story was in her cloak and hat. Bertie was with them-perhaps he meant to go too; at any length that might be required. I can't say. I rushed forward to stop Bertie was also present. He looked white Molly-and you see the result." Moliy-and you see the result." and distressed, and did not venture to sit Stella sprung up with a cry. "Oh, it down until his father curtly told him to aimed, hascan't bel it can't bel" she end

she had finished.

le like his owa.

"Yes."

cowered when these words were spoken situation was clearly outlined, as it was fact, astronomers have been studying it as though they contained a threat. She to be to the end-to martyrdom. The for some months as it approached appo- or three inches in width, is used, but redoubled her attentions to him, and was poor people gave from their poverty to sition, and have once more discerned though still sick and faint, he was able buy her a horse and vestments of war. to move without difficulty; then, think- and a squire, Jean de Metz, won by ing that she could be of no use at presthe popular enthusiasm, offered to accompany her with a few men. They set the tower to make inquiries about Molly, out for Chinon, where the court was

assembled. The way was long and beset with danger, but Joan upheld the courage of her companions. "Fear nothing," she said; "the Lord God has chosen my

route; my brothers in paradise guide me on the way;" and in safety they arrived at Chinon. There new obstacles spot had appeared dark, broad and arose; it was difficult to obtain access single. to the king, jealously guarded from all outside influence by his favorite La Tremoille. But, as in a fairy tale, doors were opened, walls fell before her ant entered the great hall where, among costume, stood the king, whom she had never seen. Without hesitation she walked straight to the king, and, fall- to construct the very curious jars and ing on her knees, proffered her request vases that they have left. One of these with so much grace and ardor that pieces of pottery was ornamented with

Charles VII. was moved. the figures of two monkeys, and when But imposture, witchcraft even, was water was poured into, or out of, the suspected, and before a decision was ar- vessel, sounds like the screeching of rived at, learned doctors and ecclesias- monkeys were heard. Another similar tics were called on to examine her and vessel had the figure of a bird which scrutinize her conscience. To all the uttered appropriate notes; another was subtleties of her examiners she an- ornamented with a cat which mewed, swered with so much simplicity, so and another with snakes which hissed.

much profundity of good sense, that A most ingenious water-jar bore the they were confounded. "There is more form of an aged woman upon whose in the book of God than in yours," she cheeks tears were seen to trickle, while said; and added, "I know not a from b. ed from the far. but I am sent of the Lord God."-"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in the Century.

produced by storm billows tearing Braved His Sovereign's Wrath. away beaches and bluffs on the sea-King Leopold, of Belgium, has one coast. But, upon the whole, the steady subject who is ready to show his inwearing effect of the ordinary sealependence. M. Vandendriesche bought waves striking, or sweeping along, a a lot in front of the King's villa at Os- shore-line exposed to in-driving winds tend and built a house on it that inter- is even greater, although, being distribfered with the King's view. The King uted over a comparatively long interval found herself abliged to explain the state remonstrated, whereupon M. Vanden-of affairs to him, and to conduct him to driesche pulled his house down and statistics recently published show that of time, it attracts less attention. Some on the eastern coast of England, be-tween Flamborough Head and Spurn built a twelve-story iron hotel on the lot.

A man's word is worth more at all other times than when he tells his wife "Not just now. Tell me nothing at present. I have not heard Ralph's story that he ha ou smoney. The pond is an ocean to the tad-

"But mine ought to come first," said pole. Sarcasm is a rhetor ics I flower con-Stella, quietly. She began her story at once the story cesling a bee.

she began her story at once the story of Lady Valencia's warning, of her ex-pedition to Tomgarrow, and her inter-view with Hanalagton and Molly. Her voice faltered a little as she told of the Some people seem to imagine that they can make up for tack of deeds by a surplus of words. Real friendship is a slow grower,

week's respite that she had given the and never thrives unless grafted upon overs-never dreaming that they would a stock of known and reciprocal merit take advantage of her trust in them to Remember to make a difference be cut the Gordian knot in this discreditable tween companions and friends. way. There was a moment's pause when Hath any wronged thee; be bravely

revenged; slight it, and the works begun; forgive it, and, tis finished. He "This is all you know!" said Alan, in the dry, hard voice which sounded so litlow himself that is not above an IDjury. "And it did not strike you that your The wie and brave dares own that

first duty in the matter was to me?-that he was wrong. A novel is a romance up to the time hero and herome marry : siter that it

becomes an essay. When a man takes his sister out, he always acts as though he wanted everybody to know she wasnt his best girl.

Trust in hard work. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a bero," Be generous. Meanness makes

enemies and breeds distrust.

cars a smaller brass nozzle, only two the operation is otherwise the same. those curious lines on its surface called The Death of Willie Lincoln. "canals." They have also seen again the

In the St. Nicholas Mrs. Julia Taft round, or oval, spots that appear at Bayne gives an interesting glimpse of points where many canals meet, and to which Mr. Lowell has given the name "Willie and Tad Lincoln," who were of "oases." One of the latest and most playmates of her brother, "Budd." Mrs. Bayne gives the following account of interesting observations relates to an "oasis" called "Trivium Charontis." On the death of Willie Lincoln: On Feb. 1 November 10 this spot, at which nine Budd had a severe cold and was kent "canals" meet, was seen, at Monsieur in for a few days, and Tad reported Flammarion's observatory near Paris, that "Willie had a cold, too." When to be double, or cut in two. Five days Budd returned from a visit, he said, earlier, at the same observatory, the "Willie is dreadfully sick; he talks about me and the nony all the time" My mother went to inquire and Mrs.

Lincoln told her they feared typhoid If Wendell Phillips were living to-day fever.

he would find many fresh illustrations Sometimes the President would come of ancient ingenuity for his celebrated in, stand awhile at the foot of the bed. lecture on the "Lost Arts." Mrs. Le and go out without speaking. Once he Plogeon lately showed in Appleton's laid his arms on Budd's neck as he sat Popular Science Monthly that the old at the bedside, and leaning over, Peruvians must have understood the laws of atmosphereic pressure in order

that day. Tad was overcome with pain?

Unique Criticism.

sobs were heard, when water was pourto keep genius humble.

"No, never," replied Millais, painting

volce. "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause.

Head, along a distance of thirty or "An' it's mair like the place." forty miles, the beach has been retreat-Evidently the unseen critic was not before the onslaught of the ocean, the only man who found "Chill Octofor the last thirty-seven years, at the ber" little to his taste. The porter at average rate of nearly six feet a year the railway station close to the spot The same publication shows that man

sometimes unintentionally assists the sea in destroying the bulwarks of the to facilitate his work, the artist had a land. This has occurred at the great movable platform erected on the bank chalk cliffs near Dover, which have sufof the Tay, and when the water rose he fered from the withdraws) of a part of used to get the porter to assist him in the drifting sand accumulating at their changing its position. Months afterfeet and shielding them from the direct ward, when the picture had become assault of the waves. Long piers confamous, a friend of Sir John's met the structed at Dover and Folkestone have

diverted the sand and it has been found necessary to construct heavy sea-walls

Freaks of Two Cats.

In a Philadelphia store there is a cat known as Jim. The other day a young woman entered the store for the purpose of paying a bill. She was given a seat on a large settee while the office boy obtained the receipt. Now, the

back of this settee rests against a railing which incloses the office. This rail-ing is very much like a back yard fence,, and for that reason is a favorite place

to protect the cliffs.

ing

for Jim. He was in this place when the lady took the seat and he cast admiring glances at her. She was neatly attired in black and had a large stuffed bird in her has Everything went well

ort his family suddenly was informal that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his bands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "its man-

sions are mine, its temples are mine, its songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is songs are mine, its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merrymaking. It is the killing of the fatted call. It is a jublice. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a bacquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water, bright, flashing water, to the morning, reseate, fireworked, mountain years, twenty transfigured morning.

I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon, and peace, and life, and comfort, and hope, and heaven, and twist them into on- garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage ant cry, "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughtes of the Lord God A mighty!" Oh, the joy of You will, you will.

of the Lord God A mighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert ! Oh, the gindness of the Christian service ! You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the pres-nee of two churches, the church on earth and the church in heaven, and he said, "Now this is

smoothed Willie's hair. Although on Feb. 20, at noon, my mother brought news from the White House that Willie was better, saying that he had held Budd's hand and knew him, Willie died at 5 o'clock of that day. Tad was overcome with balance of the source of the "Oh." he replied, "since I tound the Lord I

have new r had any pain except sin!" Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your fr.ends?" 'Yes, I would. Teil them that only last hight the love of own emancipation. I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk point and there was a hurricane Tell them that only last hight the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out, "Stop, Lord, it is enough: stop, Lord-enough!" On the joys of this Christian re-ligion.' Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the reptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you. You have found and a ve-sel crashed into the rocks, and you to keep genius humble. When Sir John Millais was painting his famous picture, "Chill October," off the banks of the Tay, in Perthshire, he had an amusing and unflattering expe-rience with one of these critics. One day, when his picture was arranged, and the artist at work, there came from behind the hedge a voice which said, "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais nainting

one moment the world applands, and the next moment the world applands, and the next moment the world applands, and the come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatifude! The alghi-after the Lattle of Shiloh, and there were perish." Once more I gemark that when the pro !thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the star gether, and how many lands. Nearly all the light began to sing: neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly

when a prodigal returns it is announced be-fore the throne of God. And if these souls

Pleased with the news, the saints below

In songs the tongues employ. Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain,

But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

There is a land of pure delight. And when he came to the next line there scores of voices singing: go the tidings from earth to heaven, and

Where saints immortal reign The song was caught up all through th

> fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 19,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse There everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers,

'Tis but a narrow stream divides This heavenly hand from ours.

Oh. it is a great religion to live by and a Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only one heart throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours and heaven is yours and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you how it you know it. When a young man astray. I know hot the history, but you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into iffe, the legend says, his guardian angei went torth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angei swept a circle around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor and he must not step beyond that circle,

armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at that circle. They could not tass. But one day a temptress, with dia-monded hand, stretched forth and crossed giveness on Saviour's ri incled band, stratched form and crosser that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to

Not a "Peach."

It is said that Stuart, the celebrated at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, portrait painter, had small patience with the fault-finding of those sitters who people get ashore in the lifebonis, and who preferred flattery in a portrait to the very last man got on the rocks in safety. And it is a an exact likeness. He was not slow to

the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of Got sees men who are tossed on the ceean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear the Christians sing. Just hear the Christians pray. It is not a stereo-typed supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an impor-tunate plending. No long rrayers. Men the case in the hands of God with an impor-tunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have othing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be mercitul to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I perish."

husband was not pleased. He wanted some of the peculiarities of her face igal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festal. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart you have no idea how many cities are connected to.

Stuart, with unusual forbearance, d his best to accede to his patron's wishes and yet preserve the likeness. When he had done all that seemed to him could. possibly be done in honesty to his sitter, he sent again for the husband.

fore the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my son," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say "Hosenand" and another soul would say "Halietutah!" To his disgust the man expressed himself as still dissatistied with the result. At that Stuart, throwing up his hands with a gesture of despair, began to pace his studio, and at last broke out into a solinoquy.

"What a miserable life the unlist's is!" he cried. "Worried to death by the demands and complaints of his patrons! Here is a man who brings me an excellent potate, and finds fault because I cannot turn it into a peach!"

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Others they that they can. Some girls get marriel just to let

Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's The surest sign that a woman wants table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests deaves reach across seas and lands. you to love her is when she begins to comb her hair the way she thinks you

are the redeemed of earth and the glorifiet of heaven. The ring of God's for-giveness on every hand. The robe of a supports right and the glorifiet fike it. giveness on every hand. The robe of a saviour's righteousness alreop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the caps is from the bowle of 10,000 secraments. Let all the redenued of earth and all the gloffiel of heaven rise and with gleaming challees dent to the roture of a thousand prodigate. F. H. Sizer, of West Bergen, owns a

was slain to rotefve bleeting and riches and | ago.

"I was readin' in the papers," said painted doon there," and he pointed over his shoulder to where the Tay lay guessed rightly, he remarked, "Aye-

and he got a thousand poun' for youl Weel, I wadna hae gi'en half-a-croon for it myself."

Not Tet Known Tommy Tompkins-Pa, was Seaston Ducksworth, who died the other day, politician or a statesman?

Tompkins-Nobody knews yet, my son; his estate hasn't been and

porter. that worthy, "that Maister Millais got a thousand poun' for a pictur, and I jeest thought it micht be the ane he hard by. On being assured that he had

grief, and was ill for some time after.

It is perhaps convenient that all the world should not be of the same mind, yet the remarks occasionally made by the unsophisticated upon the works of eminent men are certainly calculated

slowly. There was a pause. "It's a bantle quicker " said the

Then came the final thrust.

which Sir John chose for his picture.

was quite of the same mind. In order