MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1897.

NO. 16.

"No." said Stella, faintly

'Now, I shall feel secure.'

"I promise."

quickly.

"When you are "tronger." her husband

went on, "wo can discuss the matter

further, if you like. But you-you will

not do anything without consulting me-

"Thank you." It was wonderf .. to

hear with what earnestness he spoke.

"But suppose I break my promise?"

"I would trust you with my life," he

answered, in a tone of curious intensity.

"My life-my honor-my all. I have writ-

"And your forgiveness? said Stella.

But to this question she got no answer

CHAPTER XXI.

better temper than he had been for some

his sister; but no confidences passed be

ecounting this incident to Captain Ruth-

erford one evening-without any thought

of breech of confidence, for by this time

he was in the habit of pouring out all his thoughts quite freely to his friend. "I

Rutherford did not speak, but he men

"It's impossible for her to be very

happy with him," Bertie went on, vehe-

mently. "Why, he is away from her more than half of his time. I don't think

London suits her, either. I wish we

pension him off somehow."
"What's that?" said Rutherford, sud

denly. There was a startled look in his

heard in the passage, and steps and open

ing doors. Something unexpected had

"There's a lady wanting to see you

sir," she said, doubtfully, and, before she could explain, a wild-looking, wet, be-draggled figure had stumbled rather than

walked into the room. Both young men

sprang to their feet with an exclamation

of dismay. For it was Molly who stood

before them, and who, after a moment's

and burst out sobbing upon his shoulder.
"I've come to you; I had nowhere else

to go," she panted. "He's turned me out

"Yes, my busband," she said, with pas

sionate emphasis, lifting her head and

She had no hat or bonnet on her head

"ike this-"
"Oh, it's nothing; I did not mind that,"

arms from her brother's neck and sank

nto the nearest chair. Then, for the first

ime, she became aware of Captain Ruth

erford's presence. But nothing seeme

a passionate plending expression which struck him dumb. "I can't help it!" she

"fe there nothing that we can do for

von?" said Rutherford, in a choked voice.

"If you could only make me useful-it

you could send me anywhere or tell me to

to anything for you—"
"There's that fellow to be punished!"

Bertie burst out in a fury. "I'll go my

ill. He will know what must be done

"Shall I telegraph to him for you?

"Thank you. Yes-directly. Wait

broke out.

It is not my fault!"

said Charlie, quickly.

"You need not condemn me

turned me out into the street!"
"Molly! Not your husband?"

pause, threw herself into Bertie's armount

evidently happened in the house.

with a puzzled face.

Bertie listened. Voices were

ally re-echoed the wish.

CHAPTER XX.-(Continued.) resmuir, for instance, without at least Molly's fatal answer, inclosing Stella's etter, arrived at Torresmuir, and these letters Ralph handed to his brother in-That night when Stella went to her husband's room he handed her the envelope containing the letters and bade her

With trembling fingers she opened the envelope and took thence those two piteous little letters to John Hannington letters written in such anguish of soul, but also in such perfect trust and love. anced before her eyes.

"You have read them?" said Alan's my promise?

"You have read them?" said Alan's me."

"You trust no one; do not trust She tried to read the words, but they danced before her eyes.

voice at last. "You have read them?" "I remember what I said," returned

Stella, with difficulty. Alan's face turned still more pale. "Yet ten to—to Molly and Hannington. I have you tell me that you have not deceived given them the money they wanted. I me?" he said, with shaking voice. "You thought you might like to know." loved this man when you married me.
say that you made me believe a lie."

Stella looked at him gravely, soberly, from out those beautiful eyes, the tranquility of which had always been to him their greatest charm. Her agitation had vanished; she was perfectly collected and unmoved. The shock of his unjust judgment of her had stendied her trembling

"You are wrong," she said, with curi ous question. "Now, hear me, Alan; I must and will speak now. You have read should scarcely have expected you to de but I will forgive you for it if we are led thereby to a full explanation; a clear ing away of the cloud that has lac-ing away of the cloud that has lac-hung about ns. You seem to think that I wrote those letters immediately before I promised to marry you. If you look at

the dates you will see that they were written a year before. A year is a long time in a young girl's life, Alan. John Hannington had indeed won my girlish love, but he had cast me off when he found that I was poor; he wrote to me rejecting the love that he had won. was pained-humiliated-for a time even thought that I was heart broken But little by little I learned that it was not so. My tancy had been touched; but I had never given my whole heart to Joh Hannington. I had kept that for

another for a worthier man."
"You gave it to me? You loved me al" the while? Stella, my darling —"
"Listen," she went on, inflexibly "Everything must be said now if ever i

is to be said at all. I loved you, I say and you threw my love back into my Von have distrusted me insulted me been harsher and crueler and colder to me than John Hannington himself; and I have not been able to bear it, Alan; I think love will bear anything but injus tice to itself-disbelief in its existence. That hurts it, maims it-kills it finally, here comes a day when you look for it

"Is your love for me dead, then stella?" Moncrieff asked. She had sank back wearily in her chair. and he stood before her, with arms cross ed upon his breast, with a gray pallor about his lips.

"You mean that I have killed it? Let are have the whole truth; I want to know

"We have failed to be happy together. and I have been of no use to Molly; I can showing her flushed; wet face; "the hus ce no use to her now, for you will not band for whom I deceived my father and listen when I plead with you to forgive left my home! Oh, they can't say that her. You are merciless to her as you are have not been punished now!" merciless to me. Be merciful now," said

bis wife, quickly, "and set me free."
"Set you free! What do you mean?"
and her hair was darkened and straight ened by the rain-drops that had faller ened by the rain-drops that had fallen "Let me go out of this house," she upon it. A great-cloak had been wrapped "Let me leave Torresmuir. I around her, but, dropping loosely from no scandal, I will go quietly her shoulders, it showed that she was in will make no scandal, I will go quietly and openly—as if I were going for a long evening dress—a soft primrose-colored visit somewhere—and nobody will know silk which left her white neck and arms bare save for some softly clustering lacer

that I do not mean to come back again." "Stella, are you mad?" "Indeed, indeed, I think it would be the best way," she said. "We do not have not walked?" cried Bertie. love each other. How can we be happy?" "That is not the question," said Alan, almost harshly. "You have a duty to me, and I have one to you; we cannot be free from one another. I shall never re

case you. You are my wife."

Then as her whole form seemed to collapse before him, as the tension of her nerves gave way, he caught her in his arms and held her, half fainting, closely

Stella did not remember (although she | 10 startle her. She looked up at him with was afterward told) that she was carried up to her room in Alan's arms. She was unable to rise from her bed, however, for the next day or two. She felt weak and broken, as if she had had a severe illness On the fifth day, the sun shone brightly into her room and inspired her with s wish to get up. She was not able to bear much light, and her eyes soon grew dim and tired; she closed them for a time and must have fallen into a quiet doze, for when she looked up at last, with a

sudden start, she found that she was not atone. Alan had come softly into the room, and stood leaning against the win dow, watching her as she slept. "I came to see for myself how you be said, with an arest of sea

anything yourself. And it is not Captain Rutherford's business. I shall leave everything to my father. I shall tell him barrassment. "I hope you are feeling

"Yes, thank you," said Stella, not dar-ing to look up. Her color fluctuated

"I have if you will allow me a request to make. "Yes," she breathed, the brightness

moment. You must not think things worse than they are. I provoked him-and he had taken too much wine." She began vanishing hastily from her face. to tremble as she spoke. "I reproached "I should like to ask you," said Alan. him with-with one or two things that he had told me, and he grew very angry; "to promise me-if you will-to take no cerning the—the proposal you made on and then I told him of one wicked, fool-Monday night. You will not leave Tor-

took some letters of his once, and sent them away to a person who— Oh, I can't tell it you all, but I acted very badly, and in my own anger I told him o. it for the first time. You see he had ne right to be angry. He did not know what he was doing-I am sure he did not, for he had never struck me before-"

"Struck you? Molly, Molly!" As if involuntarily, she glanced at her

arm, from which the cloak had slipped down. There was a bruise upon the slender wrist. She drew her draperies over it, and held them there while she went on. "He did not know; he was never unkind in that way before. But he was nad with anger and with what he had drank, and he took me by the shoulders and put he out at the door, and said I should never darken his house again. I on and on; and I asked my way of s policeman, and at last I got here." Charlie Rutherford's face was white

with rage. "Look," he said to Bertie, abruntly, " am going. Your sister should not sit in her wet things. Get your landlady to reason why wall papers containing arattend to her. I'll telegraph to your senic were dangerous to health was befather in your name."

"Wait, please," said Molly. It strange to hear the decision that had come into her fresh young voice. "Come here for one minute, Captain Rutherford You say you will be my friend?"

and send a message from me, not from said that at present few wall-papers Bertie. 'I have no home now; may I ome to you tomorrow? That is all that think that my father will refuse to take

It was not very late, and Captain Rutherford was able to telegraph at once. Then he went to Lady Val's house, and, Molly the first thing in the mornng.

oed chamber. Charlie Rutherford came to me last

night. Molly resisted for a moment but wominto tears on her visitor's shoulder. "Don't cry, child," said Lady Val, at

Mr. and Mrs. Hannington found the last. "You had much better go home check sent by Alan Moncrieff very acceptable indeed. Most of it went for John Hannington's delectation, it was and take care of yourself. Or-will you come to me for a few days." true; but Molly got some sea breezes. want so much to go home. and was glad that her husband was in

furnished house which they took for s few months. Bertie returned to London in October, and of course he went to see my dear; and I don't call even Bertie a "Because I don't think you are old sufficient protector. Nobody can say a tween them in fact, after a while, Molly. word against you if I am with you, with tears in her eyes, begged him not to visit her again—John did not like it. "He is a perfect brute," said Bertie.

Molly. The eyes of the two women met. There was a little silence, and then Molly held out her hand. "I was unjust to you in

my thoughts; forgive me," she said. "What did you think of me?"
"Oh, I can't tell you-I can't." "I can guess, my dear. You thought The old river bed was traced, in the that I wanted to take your husband's Canadian province of Ontario, from heart from you, Molly; I have prayed every night and morning for the last yea. that he might always love you as you loved him. I had no stronger wish than that you two might be happy. Won't And Molly, looking into Lady Valen could get her back to Torresmuir and

cia's honest eyes, said fervently:
"Indeed I will." (To be continued.)

Education.

Every year witnesses improvements both in the methods and practice of education; yet it may be that in the multiplicity of the various branches, and the necessary efforts to master more complex systems, some of the underlying neessities of every-day life may be passed over too lightly. That education consists more in drawing out the untried faculties than in any amount of knowledge put into the mind and the memory has become almost a truism. Yet the actual realization of it in every hour of teaching is not yet an accomplished fact. The truth is that, in every subject introduced for the culture of the young, there is an under-current of personal thought and action, most necessary to arouse and preserve. While this is kept alive and active, education is going on; when it becomes lifeless and torpid, no amount of instruction, however well planned and imparted, will be real and of value.

A Millionaire's Start in Life. A well-known millionaire arrived at Johannesburg in the early days of the mining boom, with no assets save a tin of condensed milk and a needle. He and pearl ornaments.
"But you have not come like this! You spread a report that small-pox was on its way through the country, gave out that he was a surgeon, and vaccinated "Yes; I had no money."
"But I could have paid a cabman at the whole community, with his needle the door! To think of your walking and condensed milk, at five shillings through the streets at this time of night per operation. It was not long before he became a wealthy capitalist, said Molly, wearily. She disengaged he:

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

tty of thera who rust and rot out.

It is a low benefit to give one something. It is a high benefit to enable me to do something or myself. Many a man grovels in the dust who

has an arm long enough to reach the sky if he would only put it out. It is not uncommon to meet people

who have more religion, and even self-I'll telegraph to father-he deserves morality, than they have common a thorough horsewhipping."
"You are only a boy," said Molly, with little gasp which was perhaps meant Men of very regular habits are not for a sort of laugh; "and you cannot do

> wearing out in one place, they rusting out in another. Good breeding is the result of much good senee, some good nature, and a face of the waste plains instead of upon little self denial for the sake of others. the clouds or in the atmosphere, says

> The man whose knowledge all comes a correspondent of the St. Louis Repubfrom books will not find it the power to lic. Mimic lakes and water courses move living men. The stage is a supplement to the pictured as real as life on the surface

> pulpit, where virtue, according to stumps, trees, logs, etc., which have an Plato's sublime ides, moves our love stumps, trees, logs, etc., which have an the and affection when made visible to the actual existence some place on the eye.

The fogs and mists are driven across

Aerial Travel. Prof. S. P. Langley is reported as saying in a recent interview that, having snatched up this cloak as I went through proved both theoretically and practicalthe outer hall. I believe he meant to ly that machines can be made to travel take me in again, for when I had gone through the air, if he had the time and lown the road a little way I heard him money to spend, he believed he could open the door again and call me. But I make one "on a scale such as would was frightened—so frightened that I ran demonstrate to the world that a large passenger-carrying flying machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success."

Danger from Wall Paper. cause amenetted hydrogen was formed through the action of mold upon the paper, and then given off in the air of the room. Recent experiments in Germany, however, seem to show that the danger really arises from particles of "Then please go to the telegraph office dust proceding from the paper. It is containing arsenic are manufactured.

Gnarding a Coast by Electricity. A correspondent of Nature suggests that a long coast-line may be rendered safe to ships in foggy weather by means of an electric cable lying ten miles offshore, and parallel with the happily finding her in, got her promise coast, in about fifty fathoms of water. When ever an Iron ship approached within 200 yards of the cable, he says, It was a bright face that Lady Val an electric detector on board the vessel presented the next morning in Molly's would give the alarm. In support of the suggestion he asserts that messages "My dear," she said, putting her arms sent along an electric cable lying on the round Molly's neck at once. "I know you sen-bottom have been read, with sultadon't much like me; but you must put up with me and let me help you if I can the solds. the cable

More Monsters of Olden Times. The fossil remains of an apparently anly affection was very sweet to her, and new species of the ancient reptile there was something in Lady Val's face named by geologists the "mosasaur" and manner which compelled confidence. have just been discovered in the chalk-She let berself be kissed, and then burst beds of Northern France. These reptiles, which became extinct ages ago, were of enormous size, some being seventy or more feet in length. They had comparatively slender bodies, like a "No, no. You are very good-but I snake, paddles like a whale, and some of the characteristic features of a liz-"Very well. Then I will go with you." ard. They were especially abundant in "You?" said Molly, lifting a quivering America, and their remains have been time. They came back to town late in face and startled eyes to her interlocu found in New Jersey and in the States bordering the Gulf of Mexico as well as west of the Mississippi River.

Van'shed River's Track Explorations made last autumn brought to light many interesting facts about what is known to geologists as the "Nipissing-Mattawa River." This is believed to have been the ancient outlet for the Great Lakes Huron. Michigan and Superior before their waters began to flow through lake Erie. Canadian province of Ontario, from Lake Nipissing, near the northern part of Georgian Bay, to the valley of the Ottawa River. At one place the site of an ancient cataract was discovered. and reason was found for believing that the size of the vanished river was very similar to that of the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers, through which the Great Lakes now have their outlet.

L'quid Crystal. ern chemical discovery are Doctor Lehman's "liquid crystals." Recently Professor Miers of the Royal Society has been experimenting with some of these curious substances, and he finds that when "azoxyphenol" crystals are warmed on a microscopic slide they undergo a sudden transformation from the solid to the liquid condition on reaching a temperature of 134 degrees. Yet, having become liquid, the substance nevertheless retains the form of crystals, and these remarkable crystals possess the property of double refraction. If heated up to 165 degrees, the substance undergoes another change, and loses its double refractivity.

Is It an Ancient Alphabet? Monsieur Piette has made some re markable discoveries in a cave at Le Mas-d'Azil, in Southern France, near the Pyrenees. This cave, shaped like tunnel, was evidently inhabited in very ancient days by the race of people called the "cave-dwellers" who lived in the Neolithic, or Later Stone, age. They left a great number of oblong and flattened pebbles on which they had painted curious figures and devices with peroxide of iron. Some of the pebbles contain only dots, or stripes, which, the discoverer thinks, may have been symbols for numbers. Others bear devices having some re-

semblance to alphabetic characters. One pebble has One pebble has much thought and effort in getting your child to sleep every night, if he does not fall off his chair at the evening of figures here represented, and Monsieur Plette does not hesitate to suggest that some of There are but very few people who these designs are possibly phonetic ever wear out, but there are any quaning to the inhabitants of the cave. A writer in Nature, reviewing Monsieur Piette's "astonishing discoveries," makes an additional suggestion. "Assuming these markings to be syllable signs," he save, "can it be possible that these pebbles were employed in building up words and sentences, much as children use boxes of letters?"

The most wonderful mirages ever be held by mortal eyes are those that are always the long lived; while they are seen in the twilight winter days in northern Alaska. Those remarkably nastly pictures of things, both imaginary and real, are mirrored on the surfringed with vegetation are to be seen where virtue, according to of the snow, while grassy mounds,

ountsine of snow in all kinds of famastic shapes. Some of these objects ere distorted and magnified into the shapes of huge, ungainly animals and reptiles of enormous proportions.

these waters by the winds, and, as the objects referred to loom up in the flying vapors, they appear like living creatures, and seem to be actually moving rapidly across the plain. At other times hey appear high in the air, but this is a characteristic of the northern mirages that are seen near the seashore. When the vapors and mists are driven out to sea the images mirrored in them appear to be lunging through the waters at a terrific rate of speed, dashing the spray high in the air, while huge breakers roll over them and onward toward the mountainous islands beyond, and against which they all appear to be dashing.

Monstrous serpents, apparently sev eral hundred feet long, sometimes with Skating to some is elating, iders on their backs, men on horseback thirty to fifty feet in height, animals and birds of all kinds of borrible shapes and colors, seem to be scurrying past, racing and chasing each other, until they are lost in twilight fogs or dashed to pieces upon the rocky islands mentioned above, and which are twenty niles out at sea.

Laying Down the Law.

"Some years ago," said the Professor, "Some years ago," said the Professor, gakes rare sport that suits full many,
"I bought a tract of land in Southern But for me I don't want any Missourt. I took the pains to have it investigated in advance and had satisfactory assurance that the low lands were fertile while the hills were full of iron, coal and some minerals even more valuable. I also learned that there were a lot of squatters on the premises, but my own regard for law was so high in a manner unaffected, that I anticipated no trouble in having them vacate.

"Armed with a deed, and nothing more formidable, I went down to take possession and put things in such shape as to insure a revenue. When I had explained my purpose to two or three of the squatters whom I happened to come upon fishing in one of my streams, they entered no protest, but looked at one another and said I had better see Spud Dearing, as he was the man they had chosen to do the business of the colony. I tried to impress them with the fact that there was really no business to be done. They were trespassers, the property was mine, and they would have to leave. They made no sign as to the merits of the question. but told me to see Spud. 'He warn't no eddicated law'er, but he knowed his

"'Howdy,' was Spud's salutation when I found him arguing with a mule that wanted to go toward home while Spud wanted to travel a mile out of the you bought this place,' he ansounced with startling promptness. 'Weuns kim in here an' opened up lan' an' raised truck and r'ared our fam'lles an' stablished a buryin' groun' an' made here. It's too late ter change our plans. But they hain't nuthin' mean 'bout us fellers. I 'tend ter bus'ness fur all of em an' it won't 'tain you moren's three minutes. You k'n come in here an raise crops an' dig in yer mines, but we mus' have th' cabins an' th' little patches we's got an' stay here. Nobody else kin bother you. That's th' law an' th' rest of it is that ef you don't agree you"ll be planted right here on yer own

"I agreed and never made a better bargain. I don't miss what Soud and his colony take and they see to it faithfully that no one else takes anything." -Detroit Free Press.

The Buffalo Nearly Exterminuted. Gen. A. W. Greeley, of the War Department, in a paper read recently, delored the wholesale slaughter of the ouffaloes which has been going on for 50 years and which has well-nigh exterminated this useful animal. From he lips of an old army officer he ascertained that in the valley of the Arkansas besaw in the '40s an enormous herd of buffalo terrifying even to look upon. The old army officer says be crossed at right angles a moving herd which was 75 miles in width and so dense as to ender travel dangerous. The general imself mw 50 miles of territory literally covered with bison. In the winter of '75 and '76 he knew of 164,000 buffalo skine being brought into Griffin, Tex.

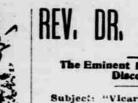
The Children's Sleep. A physician in an address before

voman's club on the care of children's health, recently said that it is criminal to attempt to save a little money by not giving every child in the family a bed to himself. The physician also emphasized the need of early sleep. "It is so easy," he said, "to let a nervous child lose sleep in the early evening, when he or she should be hard at it. When a physician prescribes some important remedy that must be taken and which is not pleasant, a mother feels that it is time well expended to coax and wheedle, and even bribe the little one to swallow it. Spend just as much thought and effort in getting your meal from drowsiness, as the normal child should. Give up concerts, theaters, parties, anything till you have secured for the nervous, twitching boy or girl the benign habit of sleep. Coax him to his room, give him a quick sponge bath, tuck him in his single bed. with a light wool blanket over him besides the sheet, and in a lowered light sit by him and talk to him till he is quieted. Tell him gentle, soothing stories, nothing to excite his imagiuntion, and when he in finally asleep, have the room cool, dark and quiet. Don't let him try to sleep in a room which has been a sitting room all the evening, without having it thoroughly refilled with fresh outdoor air, which may be accomplished by throwing windows wide open for fifteen minutes."

A Mutual Priond. Bobby-Popper, what is a mutual

Mr. Ferry-He is generally one wh nakes it his business to see that you on't miss hearing the mean things rour friends say about you.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Type are slightly less than 1 inch



nd sometimes quite elevating

When you strike a snag imbedded in the ice; all at once your left foot fails you, and its hard to tell what alls you, Still you wonder how it happened quite

fo go floating like a feather, )'er smooth surface when the weather Is frigid enough to freeze a hitching

And will give my share to thos

But to cut the alligator Is not near so grand by half as figure eights.

SKILLFUL MALAY TRIBE. .

skates.

Is a trick quite easy done with any

Bone and Steel Swords Used Against Spain in Philippine Islands. Among the tribes of native Philippine Islanders now in revolt against Spanish covereignty, are the Visayas, a Malay people, showing traces of Japanese and Chinese admixture. They are



industrious agriculturists, laying out their fields on the sides of the mountains with great skill and irrigating them with artificial canals. In addition, they excel in Iron working, and their arms are exquisite specimens of metal work. Their chief weapon is the kris or kreese, peculiar to the Malays. This, a kind of dagger or short sword, they ornament with carved handles, while the blade is of exquisitely graceful design.

They still retain some of the primitive weapons of ancient savagery, among which the most formidable is a



STEEL SWORDS.

sword wrought from the blade of a swordfish. The base is cut smooth for a handle, while the blades have the sharp natural teeth of the natural weapon. No more cruel or formidable instrument has ever been devised by

Plain Words. Freeman, the historian, was apt t row irritable over matters of inteitual difference. One day he was at he Macmillans', and when the converfand Mr. Macmillan said that, for his part he was in favor of granting autonomy.

This set Freeman to growling at the se of a Greek word.

sing Greek, which you don't know?" and ventured to reprove him, calling bilities. But although Freeman did not apologize in so many words, he moothed the matter over by a humorous repetition of his criticism. Later in the evening gout was mentioned. "There again!" he exclaimed: "Why can't we call it toe-woe?" Everybody aughed, and the breach was healed.

Pennsylvania Children Go to School The average daily attendance of chil fren in the public schools is highest in Pennsylvania, being 779,000, while it New York it is 757,000.

Value of the Swallow. The food of the swallow is compose

of insects alone, and the number these birds destroy in a single summer is incalculable. They are in summer on the wing for fully sixteen hours during the day, and the greater part of the time making havoc among the millions of insects which infect the air.

Whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his for a saint it is too warm for a sinner.

Gray hair and wrinkles may come, but a happy heart is always young.

Where the temperature is just right for a saint it is too warm for a sinner.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday

Subject: "Vicarious Sacrifice."

TEXT: "Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Hebrews ix., 22.

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about the "fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the clood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physici-ogists and all scientists in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion," only they call a "slaughter house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that on the dark-est Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours congulated and dried up and for-ever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Ohrist there would not have been a soul

Ohrist there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history—when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another. behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go smong the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness pulled on the brain. They have of the head of breath and a pain in the back of the head and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No, It would be difficult Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore In Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage"—were then targets for critical Carthage"—were then targets for critical Carthage"—were then targets for critical Carthage. many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No. A few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that dollars would meet all then some dollars would meet all their simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaftolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, the secret fought the battles of the maitreasted artist, and after, in poverty and broken hearted-and after. that bank from that shop from that scal-folding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away. And there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and

find a dim light because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burnine, and outside on the window easement is a glassor pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease. buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life! Substitution! The heaven. Life for life! Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of chridren through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption. Some call it nervous prostration. Some call it nervous prostration of the domestic circle. Life for life, Blood for blood. Substitution!

day with some memento, and, when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts hin again and hopes and expects and prays and eounsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her it she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can eatch but three words, "My poor boy." The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-six years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundrals of thousanded.

were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They ation turned upon the subject of Ire had jaws all fractured and eyes extinguished hid jaws all fractured and eyes extinguished and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and reserved no mean the contract of the cont and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field This set Freeman to growling at the se of a Greek word.

"Why can't you speak English," said e, "and say Home Rule, instead of sing Greek, which you don't know?"

One of the guests flushed with anger, not present the only attendants of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of the anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go his attention to the respect due their host, and at the same time paying the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood or blood. Substitution of the But we need not go so far. What is that

A man hurts himself more in his

Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes! But the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the nands of other physicians and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, require and here. tors who fell in the southern epidemics, he passes crowded rail trains, regular and head. extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day at ter day, night after night, until a fellow physican says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look mission will walk a mile to look at a lot of dead birds stuck on bonnets in a shop window. nany are suffering. On and on unth some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he fails back and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with

has touched the farthest height of sublimity In that three weeks of humanitarian service, He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was slek, ant ye vis-ited Me." Life for life. Blood for blood

Substitution!
In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-norifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperize I and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one—a young lawyer with feeble voice that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful

words

who have prejudged prisoner and con-demned me for pleading in his behalf. He demned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their iff suppressed censures and their excited fears and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where even in his heart I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of rescentians. even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I assov-erate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this mon

know why it is that my shadow fails on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Adburn courtroom was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American courtroom than William H. Seward. without reward, standing between

In the realm of the fine aris there was as

remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a voiley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paint-

Carthage"—were then targets for critical to shoot at, in defense of this out-rageously abusel man a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such barile 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At I e'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk and the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will houses of the city. Here and there you will not to do, and whatever he may do that he ought not to say between now and his death, ought not to say between now and his death, ought not to say between now and his death be will leave this world insolvent as far a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for Will-iam Turner, Blood for blood. Substitution. All good men have for esoturies been try-ing to tell whom this substitute was like, and every compariston, inspired and unin because he had no preference or auccessor, Joseph a type of Christ, because he was east out by his brethren. Moses a type of Christ, because he was addiverse from bondage; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the

tion! One waited on by singles, now hissed at by the brigands. From afar and high up He came down; past meteors swifter than they, by starry thrones, former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and, when he is brought home worn out with dissipation.

from our northern and southern homes hundre is of thousands of men to do battle for
their country. All the poetry of war soon
vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud.
They slept in snow-banks. They marched
till their cut feet tracked the earth. They
ware swindled out of their honest rations anderstand this Christiy suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most under My right arm and will heat all those under My left arm. Strike Me with all thy glittering shafts, O eternal justice! Roll over Me with all thy surges, ye oceans of from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, burricane after hurricane, finite price, the eternal price, was paid that yets us free.

wife's estimation by being brutal to

The moral good of the individua

and that of society are always co-

existent, and no effect made for one is without its direct influence upon the other. Gray hair and wrinkles may come,