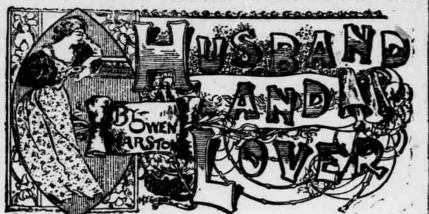
Editor and Propriete

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1897.

NO. 29



CHAPTER XXXIV.

Eric Llewellyn, the dead-alive, the man in her breast that will take root and grow for whom his girl-wife mourns in a there. "One would think you saw a midow's desolate anguish, and for whom ghost!" she continues, with her scornful ats mother's gray hairs are going down to the grave in the quiet, benumbed, passionate grief of the heart that has beat through more than sixty years of this evening."

"Take off your hat, and six down, for mercy's sake; we have a visitor this evening."

"Who is it?" Muriel asks, never stirring. world's troublous time—Eric Llewellyn. alive and strong, and full of vigor and manhood's power, after he has warmly reciprocated his consin's welcoming ca-resses, looks about restlessly and feverish-

"This is Curraghdene, isn't it, Hettie?" he asks, hurriedly, and looking around with a bewildered glance. "It is so al-tered, I can hardly recognize it to be the same place. And where is Muriel, Het-tie?" he whispers, his voice failing him— like a living thing in her breast and beat "Hettie, dear, where is my poor little

is!" Hester says, impatiently, and burstagain on Eric's breast. "Oh, Eric! Eric! "Good news! Good news for yen, Murie! There's the best o' good news up at the house for yeh, Miss Muriel!"

says, and his voice is stern through emo-tion, "tell me where Muriel is!"

"I don't know, I assure you, Eric," Hes-ter answers, quietly, subduing herself by a powerful effort. "She is out spending the evening with some of her friends, I believe; she did not tell me where she was

"Good heavens! I have come across the world, and now I may wait here bours in vain before I see her," he says angrily, in the injustice of his feverish longing.
"You don't ask for your poor mother,
Eric," Hester says sorrowfully, as she

"Yes, I do ask, and I want to see her!" he says, his eyes flashing, "but I want to with scornful mirthfulness. "Do have see my wife too!" "I will go and break the news to poor I believe his news is that there is a ho

aunt," Hettie says, in a low, trembling of a small dividend being paid next half toice of well-simulated timidity, "and then I will go myself and try and find Muriel Railway shares—Well! What is the mat for you, since you cannot endure us without her!" and the words die away in a

Upstairs Hettie breaks the joyful news Hannah, twisting her face into the most as gently as she may, but she cannot quite extraordinary contortions of voiceless enavoid the distressing scene that ensues treaty, and with both hands held up, and avoid the distressing scene that ensues when she brings Eric in and the gray-haired mother clasps her son to the breast that nursed him. But she leaves mother Miss Stapleton's view; and in a moment together and hurries away to her her young mistress rushes across the hatred that are warring for her soul.

"I could kill her! I could kill her!" she says, wildly, as she paces up and down like a caged tigress. "Kill her? I would fenseless rival. the a caged tigress. "Kill her? I would do it in a moment without hesitation or pity, if I only could! I would shoot her, stab her, poison her, if I could only keep her from him forever and ever! But I can't—I can't."

No, she cannot. She cannot keep Eric from the woman he loves and the woman from the woman he loves and the woman here. The best o' good news for yeh, me child, on'y she wouldn't let yeh hear it as long as she could keep it from yeh, asthore! "Wicked, insellent in the woman here."

who loves him so dearly; she cannot keep woman' yerse!', Miss Stapleton, me jewel! them asunder any more! A few minutes, An' take that now! An' sorra bit o' yeb'll an hour at most, and Muriel and her lover will be reunited, never to part again as long as they both shall live!

long as they both shall live!

"At all events he shall wait a while for her. She shall not intrude on us in the first hour of his return!" she thinks, in home to yeh, agilla; himself's come back to yeh, me darlin', an' he's waitin' up-sas she bathes her flushed face, and applies stairs for yeh, an' dyin' to see yeh, an' velvety, cooling poudre de rose and adjusts her curling locks, and goes downstairs, outwardly as calm as a snow-cov ered volcano, and gives her orders to Hannah O'Neil, as the first servant she

And Hannah, receiving Miss Stapleton's | Eric, my darling!" clear, forcible directions with an insulting air of contemptuous amusement, tosses grip and Hannah's circling arms, and her head, while her eyes twinkle with sly darts, swift as a hunted hare, out through maliciousness and triumph, as few eyes, in the world, but Irish eyes, can twinkle.
"Do you understand?" Hester says, losellyn's chamber, ere Hester can follow ing her temper in a gust of rage which she and overtake her.

Cannot subdue. "If you dare to disobey my But there is a moment or two of delay Instructions, and any harm comes of it, you shall answer for it! Do you hear me? Let me not see you attempt to leave the house, or send anyone out of the house to find Mrs. Llewellyn, or speak one word to beats and brulses her soft palms on the and break the news to her myself! Mind, and break the news to her myself! Mind, by for admittance.

"Eric! Eric! It is I, Murie!! I warn you, and I will tell Col. Liewellyn "Eric! Eric! Eric! It is I, Murie! It is I have warned you, and you will be to Muriel, Eric! Let me in, Eric! Oh, won't

blame if your gossiping tongue frightens Mrs. Liewellyn to death!" "I don't know about my 'goesipin' tongue' fritenin' her to death, Miss Stapleton," Hannah retorts, loudly. "I know that somebody's tongue has nearly drove his arms are around her, and though he craythur to her death, an' nigh bruk carries her into his mother's room, shuther heart as well! We'd best not talk about 'tongues,' Miss Stapleton, for I've tually tries to follow them. And Mrs. a long one, an' an ugly one whin I begins | Liewellyn tearfully hurries out of the -'pecially whin there's someone comhome to hear the rights an' the wrongs, an' stan' up for thim that can't defind thimsilves, Miss Stapleton. The poor young misthress will be tould the good news o' her husband comin' back agen to her afore you've time to salt it an' sayson It for her. I'm afeared yere too late in the field Miss! Kirwan's gone a quarter of an hour ago to find her an' bring her home |

flyin' to himself." And Hester knows, and feels through every nerve, the bitter truth that she is foiled utterly. She walks away slowly and goes into the empty drawing room-for Mr. Farren has discreetly retired to the spare room, where Hannah has lit the fire and brought him a cup of tea.

She sinks down again in her chair by the firelight, and in the bitterness of her spirit wishes she were dead-wishes she were dead, since the man she has loved fiercely-whom she has mourned for sin cerely for the time being-since he has returned from the grave, as it were-returned to life and to love, to the love of Muriel Liewellyn-Muriel Llewellyn, who as not only the mistress of his heart, but

And almost as the wicked wish crosse her mind, the door opens and Muriel I lawellyn enters the room-enters quickly but quietly and silently, and but that Hester notices the bloodless pallor of her fact. nd the unnatural lustre of her great, dark, soulful eyes, she can perceive nothing unusual in the girl's appearance as she stands at the door surveying the apartment with a quick, wild, bright glance.
"Well! what is the matter, Muriel? Hester asks, rather sharply, but in her

perhaps, plant successfully a few thorns

"Who is it?" Muriel asks, never stirring

from the door, never ceasing the restless

novement of her glittering, fevered eyes,

never moving her hands where she has

tightly pressed them against her madly

"Why, who should it be?" Hester asks,

"I am frightened," poor Muriel says,

eebly, still under the spell of the wild,

in her convulsed throat, and quivered in

her fevered lips, since the moment she saw

Kirwan lenp over the hedges and come rushing toward her, gasping the blessed

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Oh, who is it that has come, Hester?

she asks, hoarsely, clinging to the door, for the room seems suddenly to whirl

around and fade away, and her hand,

"Mr. Farren," Hester answers, coolly.

"Do have pity on you?" Hester repeats,

For at the other side of the fireplace,

Muriel sees the curtain thrust aside, and

and is in Hannah's arms before Hester

perceives the ambush that has again de-

ever get her to torment her an' brak her

heart, an' make little of her, and fret the

why wouldn't he?"
"My husband! My husband!" the poor

girl gasps, wildly, trembling and laughing, while great tears roll down her face. "Oh,

Eric-Eric!-Eric-oh, my husband!-oh

She tears herself from Hester's angre

Poor Eric's quivering fingers wildly loci

and unlock the door uselessly in his fran-tic haste, and when he opens it she still

reiterates her piteous entreaty, though

ting the door in Hester's face as she ac

at last, and leaves the girl and her wedder lover alone together, with all the woes of earth passed away, and all the joys of

(To be continued.)

The Human Voice.

but of nine perfect tones, there are act

ually no less than 17,592,186 different

sounds. These effects are produced by

fourteen direct muscles, which give

about 16,383 different sounds, and thir

ty indirect muscles, which produce 17,

Sticks to Her Job.

A Richmond, Me., woman has work-

ed twenty-five years in a Lewiston mili

2 most of the time at the one loom.

-There is a barber's chair in Houlton

-A remarkable tree grows in Brazil.

It is about six feet high, and is so h

575,803 sounds.

00 years.

came by copyright.

In the human voice, though generally

aradise hers for a time at least.

Hannah!-Hannah! where is he?

you let me in, Erie?"

such a tragical piece of business of his ar-

clutching the door, grows icy cold.

lar friend of yours before."

do have pity on me!"

Her with you now?"

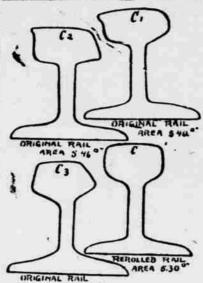
with her heartless, sharp laugh. "What on earth ails you, child? Are you fright-ened, or what is the matter?"

eating heart.

A new method of treating worn out eel rails, and one that has received he indorsement of a practical swel rail naker, Capt. R. W. Hunt, is described by him in Cassier's Magazine. This is be invention of Mr. E. W. McKenna. or years identified with large railway lystems. His idea was to heat the worn rall in its entirety and cause as ittle reduction of weight of section as possible, and restore it to perfect secon and make it suitable for its orig-

OLD RAILS MADE AS NEW.

Rattrued Tracks.

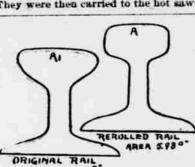


SECTIONS OF OLD AND RESOLLED RAILS. inal main track use. Experiments with the renewed rails in actual service proved eminently satisfactory.

In the accompanying illustration are hown three sections of worn rails. The sections given show the different ways in which steel rails wear, together with flowage of metal-I. e., excessive curve wear, ordinary curve wear, and tread wear. The fact that these different forms of worn rails, varying Why, what on earth are you making in weight from 54.6 pounds to 55.6 ival for? I never knew he was a particupounds per yard, were all renewed to the standard C, weighing 53 pounds "Did he bring any news?" Muriel perper yard, demonstrates that the maxisists, passing by her enemy's taunts un-noticved. "Did he? did he? Oh, Hester mum reduction due to the process need not exceed 2.5 pounds per yard and the resultant product of any lot of worn rails will be within five pounds of the original weight. bity on you,' and tell you the news? Well,

In sections of rails shown in the second Ulustration the original rail was of English make, and was in the track twenty-nine years. In the rerolling process the ralls were altered to admit the use of modern joint material. in operating the process the rails

were charged into a furnace that was sufficiently long to accommodate the the white statue crashing to the ground whole rail. After being brought up to and hammered the marble flercely una bright red heat the rails were drawn til nothing but a pile of debris remainfrom the ead of the furnace opposite ed. Some of the villagers tried to setogether and hurries away to her her young mistress rushes across the to that used for charging, and carried cure pieces of the statue as souvenirs, ped in front of him. Second, books herself in and wresties room, knocking over some of the spindle by a standard riven carriage to the back be a cart took the whole mass to the entered between the top and middle rolls. After passing through they fell upon driven rollers, and by them entered into the final or finishing pass be tween the middle and bottom rolls. They were then carried to the hot saws



AREA 4.47 A RESOLLED ENGLISH RAIL.

in the usual way, and after being cut to the desired lengths, were put on the hot bed to cool, subsequently being coldstraightened and drilled for splice bolts. The loss in heating and rolling ran from .05 per cent, to .08 per cent. With one heating furnace the produc was over 100 tons per turn. A plant being built at Joliet, Ill., to renew rails by this process.

AGED ILLINOIS PREACHER.

Father Rupp, of Clarke County, Was Born Ninety-two Years Ago. Rev. Father Henry Rupp, of Clarke County, Illinois, is the oldest active clergyman in the State, if not in America. At 92 years of age he is still preaching the glad tidings. He walks into tow three or four times a week. He has a kind or a pleasant word to say to everybody, and he is beloved by all who know him. Father Rupp was born ninetytwo years ago in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. In 1832 he immigrated to Wayne County, Ohio, and in 1847 he came to Illinois. At this time this part



—The combined age of five couples who recently celebrated their golden wed-ding at Wazemmes, in Belgium, was just and as the people here spoke English Me, in which Hannibal Hamlin, Fred Douglass, Blaine, Garfield, Theodore Til-ton and McKinley have sat. of which Father Rupp was ignorant he was compelled to set to work to master it in order that he might continue his ministerial duties. His cirous that it can be seen on the darkest night for a distance of a mile or more. cuit covered many miles, and the roads were new and rough. Many times he night for a distance of a mile of more.

—In the British Museum library the books that are presented are vellow in color, those that are purchasehd are red, and those bound in blue denote that they has been a preacher and has brought -The rodent family, owing to the great number of skins, holds numerically the highest position in the far trade. The squirrel belonging to this family is an important contributor.

On a recent Sunday he preached in Martinsville, and

earned a vacation he spends it in that cap Method of Renewing Worn Out

WRECK OF A WORK OF ART.

Statue of Agnes Gilkerson Is Demol The costly marble statue of Agues Gilkerson, for years an object of itsterest on the lawn of the Hezekiah B. Smith's mansion at Smithville, N. J., was broken into thousands of pieces the other day. The wreckage of this remarkable work of art was then cast in Rancocas Creek, and the testimonial to Congressman Hezekiah B.

Smith's folly went out of sight forever. The story of Smith and Agues Gilker-son is one of extraordinary romance and wrong, and, when first made public, stirred the whole country. The man had deserted his rightful family at Woodstock, Vt., and made a new home at Smithville with the woman of his infatuation. He became a millionaire manufacturer, creating a great industrial plant in the out of the way retreat he had selected. He also went to Congress and grew to be a political figure in the State, Agnes Gilkerson, known to those who knew Smith then as his wife, pushing him onward and upward. He would doubtless have won higher political honors, but his past became known. When the woman died the inconsolable and aged manufacturer had a statue of her made in Italy and placed it on his front lawn, where he could see it always, Captain Elton Smith, one of the man

ufacturer's surviving children, recently come into the great property of his



THE AGNES GILKERSON STATUE.

and became one of the most desired and famous lawyers in New York. Mrs. Dos Passos is a native of Philadelphia. He is 52 years old and fought hard in the big war for the Union side of the plague him or his. A dozen stalwart men armed with sledges and axes sent the white statue crashing to the ground and hammered the marble flercely until nothing but a pile of debris remained. There Was One More.

There Was One More.

There Was One More.

The delivery clerk with the pink cheeks was fondling his blonde young ed. Some of the villagers tried to secure pieces of the statue as souvenirs, because a souvenirs. The delivery clerk with the pink cheeks was fondling his blonde young bed in front of him. creek, where it was dumped into ten "is there anny letthers here for paple

He Made a Sale. ragged, but there was a look in his eyes

match, will yer, please." The man stopped good-naturedly and smiled when he saw the dirty cigarette stump. He made a pretence of searching his pockets for a match, and finally

"I haven't one, bub." The boy hastily slipped the stump into his pocket, and withdrawing his left hand from behind his back displayed a large box containing an as-

apparently a country fellow, sitting on the fence, regarding the telegraph wires carefully, Tompkins approached and said:

"Watching the wires, eh?" "Yes." "Waiting to see a message go by

"Yes, sir," the man replied, smiling. Then Tompkins spoke kindly to him tion of permanganate of calcium, then names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alasi for the reveiries, and the worse than Beishazzar feasts, and the more than tric current, and that the messages ing agent. Five parts of wood pulp. tric current, and that the messages were invisible, and finished up with:

"Now you know something about it."

Then, as he was going away, he said, and the whole is placed in the agitating box with an addition of lime water region to contrast it somewhat with the

"The Explosion and Detection of cetylene in Air" is the title of a paper recently read before the Chemical should be kept on the top shelves. Society; and as many persons are interested in this new illuminating gas, a short account of the results arrived at by this experimenter will not be out place. A mixture of acetylene and air becomes explosive when as little as together until to-morrow."-Trifles. three per cent, of the gas is present, and the tendency to explode persists up to eighty-one per cent. This range is extraordinarily wide, and exceeds that

Novelty in Headgear. Aluminum helmets have not proved:

successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than outset by the metal's storing heat, even to blistering the foreheads of the wearblistering the foreheads of the wear
ery now and then."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the man seventy-eighth anniversary of her coronation and the seventy-eighth an windictive joy beats through her pulses.
"She has not heard yet," she decides, rapidly, as she determines to rob her of a good deal of by that awaits her, and to,

of any combustible gas known.

JCHN R. DOS PASSOS. Father of a Financial Plan to Help

John R. Dos Passos, the father of the great credit foncier which, in his opinion, is to save the country by freeing all the farmers of debt, is a New York lawyer who is by no means as visionary or as impractical as some financlers try to make him out. Secretary Gage does not indorse his plan of "saving the country." But the brilliant Portuguese, whatever may be the failings of his present scheme, has engineered some very fairly successful financial matters on a large scale. For nstance, there is the great sugar trust, The Havemeyers when they needed advice called in Dos Passos, and it was his brain that welded together the magnificent organization which has made so many millions for its owners. His fee is said to have been \$500,000. He has been the consulting attorney in the reorganization of several of the largest rathroad properties in the country. He has written at least one noted brochure forth much careful study of financial causation and the obscure laws that govern the wild movements of stocks. Before he became a corporation lawyer Dos Passos practiced criminal law and did well at it. His last criminal case was his defense of Edward S. Stokes. After that financiers over all the coun-



"Is there anny letthers here for paple by the name of Murphy?"

The young man with the pink cheeks stopped playing with his moustache and looked through a pile of papers.
"No," he said, brusquely, as he shoved them back into their nigroup holes."

The young man with the pink cheeks stopped playing with his moustache divine guidance until this hour, not only in the sublime liturgy of her established church, but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only beginning to the part of feet of water and covered with stones, by the name of Murphy?" He was a very small boy and very and looked through a pile of papers.

"Plaze, sor, I didn't hear ye mintion the name of Mortimer Murphy. Might there be anything for him, sor?"

man or dissolute woman. To very distin-guished novelists and very celebrated prima donnas she has declined reception because they were immoral. All the com-

Fireproof Paper.

Fireproof paper for writing and in Berlin by a new patented process. Then, as he was going away, he said, by the way, "What do you work at?"

"Me and my mate over yonder are telegraph workers, and we've just find ished putting up a new wire."

No Difference.

A Chicago jury discovered, when it retired to make up its verdict, that one of the number did not number did number di

that readily absorbs odors should be

"It was so friendly and reassuring,"

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discours: Queen Victoria's Jubilee Was the Subject

of the Minister's Discourse, and It Was Delivered Before the Chautauqua at Beatrice, Neb .- An Eloquent Tribute. TEXT: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" This question which was asked of a queen

This question which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of reward or reverence or service, of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou, the queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth, The selebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's cathedrai in London will be less than the vibration of one harp string as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest queen amid many centuries. From 50 clost of the morning of 1837, when the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest queen amid many centuries. From 5 o'clock of the morning of 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost afrighted girt of eighteen years with the startling words, "your majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the 300,000,000 of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be solemnized in church or rolled from great orchestras or After that financiers over all the country sought his advice. His fees were enormous. Capitalists hung on his words. Then he took up corporation and constitutional law and mastered it.

Amid the innumerable columns that have

been printed in eulogy of this queen at the approaching anniversary—columns which, put together, would be literally miles long —it seems to me that the chief cause of con-gratulation to her and of preise of God has not yet been properly emphasized, and in many cases the chief key note has not been struck at all. We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victo-rian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to individuals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and woman who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraeli in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Eliot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's healthful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African empire, or kindled the patriotic fervor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the

ign of Christianity. ense of the cits right and was then has man dis naturally more matin and and materially more matin acrifices and would more boldly act against intemperance and the social evil, and worst things might come to this country than a surrough. and worst things might come to this country than a supreme courtroom and a Senate chamber and a House of Representatives in which womanly voices were sometimes heard. We men had better drop some of the strut out of our pompous gait and with a little less of superciliousness thrust the thumbs into the sleeves of our vests and be less apprehensive of the other sex who "No," he said, brusquely, as he shoved intelligence beyond his years. His left hand he held behind his back, but his right was extended, and between two grimy fingers he held a half-smoked stump of a cigarette. He had his eye on a well-dressed man who was walking jauntily along the street swinging his cane.

"Say, mister," said the boy, "gimme a "No," he said, brusquely, as he shoved them back into their pigeon holes again, "There's nothing here for the Murphys."

"Is there anything here for James Murphy?" persisted the maiden.
"No,"

"Is there anything for William Murphy?" she pleaded.
"Nothing."

"No," he said, brusquely, as he shoved the solor." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity to-day is the throne of England. The queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skillfully done and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" less apprehensive of the other sex, who seem to be the Lord's favorites from the fact that he has made more of them. If woman had possessed an influential and controlling vote on Capitol hill at Washing-con and in the English Parliament, do you hink that the two rufflan and murderous aations of the earth could have gone on antil this time with the butcheries in Ar-

phy?" she pleaded.
"Nothing."
"Is there anything for Michael Murphy?" almost tearfully.
"Nix."
"Is there any....."
"Is there any....."
"The young man with the pink cheeks deemed it high time to exhibit his powers of persifiage. And he did so.
"Is the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor Castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the Prince got well. Was Sevastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted she intil this time with the butcheries in Arnenia and Cuba? No. The Christian
nations would have gone forth with
oread and medicine and bandages and
nilitary relief until Abdul Hamid would
have had no throne to sit on, and Weyler,
the commanding assassin in Cuba, would
have been thrust into a prison as dark as
that in which they murdered Dr. Ruiz. I
am no advocate for female suffrage, and I
do not know whether it would be best to
have it, but I point you to the queen of
Great Britain and the nation over which
she rules as proof that woman may be rs of persifiage. And he did so, homes of soldiers to be comforted, she "Madam," he said, raising his voice, called her nation to its knees, and the "there is nothing here for Peter Murprayer was answered. See her walking
phy, or Paul aurphy, or Larry Murphy; Oscar Murphy's correspondents
have forgotten him; Lewis, Samuel,
Wales and her telegram was not the first to she rules as proof that woman may be politically dominant and prosperity reign. God save the queen, whether now on the throne in Buckingham palace or in some time to come in American White House.

But as all of us will be denied attendance

But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtieth anniversary coronation I invite you not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself—aye, to two coronations. Brought up as we are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we, living on this side of the sea, cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the Bible you and I are urgently invited. Some of you have such morbid ideas of religion that you think of it as going down into a dark cellar, or out on a barren common, or as flagellation, when, so far from a dark celing centuries of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had sixty years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England. Compare her court printing purposes is now manufactured in Berlin by a new patented process. Ninety-five parts of asbestos fiber of the best quality are washed in a solu-It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with thickest darkness, and on a mountain trammeled of earthquake, and the air on fire with the bias phemies of a mob a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid and agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shiving catachysms made your own coronating. amid tears and blood and groans and shiving cataclysms, made your own coronation possible. Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him, and coming to you, if you will by repentance and faith accept it, he went into ecstasies, and his poor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes run to 'obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible,' crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of "the crown of glory," and to the Philippians he says, "My joy and crown." The apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and St. John joins in the rapture and says, "Faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and eisewhere exclaims. retired to make up its verdict, that one of its number did not understand a word of English. However, he had made up his mind that the accused men were guilty, and as the eleven men thought likewise, they brought in a verdict to that effect.

Food and Odor.

Food that has little odor and food that has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes, and while some queen they are the direct influence of flame and lemains uninjured, though subjected to a white heat.

Food and Odor.

Food and Odor.

Food that has little odor and food that has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes, and while some queen inguisite that all the nations in six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made to stick; Maria of Portugal, Isabelia and Eleanor and Joanna of Spain, Catherine of Russia, Mary of Scotland, Maria Theresa of Germany, Marie Antoinette of France and all the queens of England, as Miss Strick-land has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes, and while some queen that readily absorbs odors should be placed at the bottom of the refrigerator. All foods with a strong odor should be kept on the top shelves.

Her Great Regret.
"Why are you sad, Mabel, darling?"
"I was thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening that we could be together until to-morrow."—Trifles.

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Why are you sad, Mabel, darling?"
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Why are you sad, Mabel, darling?"
"I was thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening that we could be together until to-morrow."—Trifles. ing twelve volumes, and while some quee earth and heaven, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"
Another thing I call to your attention in commented the enthusiast, "to read the signs and see that word 'welcome' every and then "

vices clear into the seventies and eighties, and even the nineties of their lifetime, such persons are very rare. The majority of the vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties and they are exceedingly searces.

vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties, and they are exceedingly scarce in the fifties. Longevity has not been the characteristic of the most of those who have reached high places in that or this country. In many cases their wealth leads them into indulgence, or their honors make them reckless, or their opportunities of doing wrong are multipolied into the overwhelming, and it is as true now as when the Bible first presented it, "The wicked live not out half their days." Longevity is not a positive proof of goodness, but it is prima facie evidence in that direction. A loose life has killed hundreds of eminent Americans. A loose life is now killing hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. The does for say york kind and the certificate given in the first presented it, "The wicked live not out half their days." Longevity is not a positive proof of goodness, but it is prima facie evidence in that direction. A loose life has killed hundreds of eminent Americans. A loose life is now killing hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. The does the first presented in the continuous contents of the same as the second of the same as the hard time as christ while he was on earth. Brambles for His brow expectorations for His cheek, whips for His back as che hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for His cheek, whips for His back and the as Christ white he was o killed hundreds of eminent Americans. A loose life is now killihg hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. The doctors are very kind and the certificate given after the distinguished man of dissipation is dead, says, "Died of congestion of the brain," although it was delirium tremens, or "Died of cirrhous of the liver," although it was a round of libertinism, or "Died of heart failure," although it was the vengeance of outraged law that forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from sacending the throne of universal dominion. David the psalmist forcesaw that coronation and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon Himself shall His crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John forcesaw it and cried, "On His head were many crowns." Now do not miss the beauty of that figure. There is

before the content of mess of it. The most damnably corrupt thing on earth is American politics after personal theorem with these trumpets, the hundred and forty and four thousand coming into the chorns, I think we sountry for 121 years. Other things being qual—for there are fools among women as well as among men—I say other things being when they gave up their idolatries for ng equal, and has generally a keener lease of the gave up their idolatries for Christianity, and I would not be surprised to see some of you old heroes of the cross

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more. Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King;

Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud amen.

AMERICANS MAKE ABSINTHE

It Is Sold as the Gennine French Article in All Saloons.

The manufacture of genuine French absinthe is the latest American industry. This is guaranteed to be the real stuff, straight from the boulevards. Franco-maniacs who frequent the cheap table d'hote restaurants of the upper east and west sides imbibe this stuff, which in an arrangement of complicated glasses is allowed to drip into a glass of water, where it acquires an opaque hue. The absinthe is previously a clear light green liquid. It is made from the common worm-wood which is found in many old New England gardens and from which a thick oil is distilled. It has been found by an examination of custom-house exports that sixty years ago large quantities of this American wormwood were exported from New York and Vermont to France, where it was used in making absinthe.

But so large has the home consumption now grown that we now use all the wormwood for our own production, as well as five times as much which is imported from Germany and France. The American wormwood is regarded as the best in the world. Another expensive herb that is grown here is saffron, which is worth from \$6 to \$8 per pound. Until quite recently the supply of saffron came from Vermont, but a severe drought there killed most of the plants and the price has increased in consequence. In many Western States, as well as in Mexico, it has since been arlificially propagated.

flagellation, when, so far from a dark cel-lar, it is a palace, and instead of a barren common it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rain-

bowed, and instead of flagellation it is

eing celebrated. It was a great day when, about an eighth

crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims. "Hold fast that no man take thy crown.

erown? The way Victoria got her crown, on her knees. Although eight duch-esses and marquises, all in cloth of sliver, carried her train, and the win-

In Michigan there are vast fields of peppermint, which is cultivated carefully and sells for a high price. Another medicinal herb grown in Michigan is sage, which is sold at \$140 per ton, in addition to which 100 tons of sage are imported into the United States every year at a value of \$80 per ton, most of it coming from Italy. In the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee boneset, pennyroyal and thorn apple leaves are cultivated, as well as mandrake, bloodroot and black cohosh, all of which are used in patent medicine. California and Cape Cod are the homes of horehound, which makes a cough medicine,

This country raises a greater variety of medicinal herbs than any other, producing those that grow in cold and hot climates, as well as those that thrive Crowns, crowns, crowns! You did not expect in coming here to-day to be invited to a coronation. You can scarcely believe your own ears, but in the name of a pardoning God and a sacrifteing Christ and an omnitotent Holy Spirit and a triumphant heaven I offer each one acrown for the asking. Crowns, crowns! How to get the grown.

-It is said that Australian shepherds can fortell the weather from the condi-tion of the wool on the backs of their sheep. An increase in curliness indicates better weather.

—In the seventeenth century the aver-

silver, carried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the abbey shook with the "Te Deum" of the organ in full diapason, she had to kneel, she had to come down. To get the crown of pardon and eternal life, you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea. History says that at her coronation not only the entire training to the state of the company of the control of the company of the company of the seventeenth century the average duration of life was only thirteen years, in the eighteenth, twenty; in this century it is thirty-six. Look out for the twentieth.

Edga. Martin.