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CHAPTER XXII. The sun had set before Frank Arma-thwaite reached Mereside, and a leaden evening by the time he stood at the door

The bell was answered, not, as he had worthy Nanny, but by the loquacious lit-ile scandal-monger, Agnes, who started so violently on seeing him that it was evilent his coming had some special interest for her. Her constrained answer to his first question made it clear that she had carefully drilled. "Is Mr. Crosmont at home?"

"No, sir." And Agnes blushed violent-

ly.
"Do you know when he will be in?"

"I can't say at all, sir."
"How is Mrs. Crosmont to-day?" "Quite well, sir. She is writing now her own room, and gave orders that she was not to be disturbed," giving off the nessage with the glibness of a lesson. Armathwaite reddened.

"That is all right," he said, stiffly. Please let her know that I called, and am glad to hear she is better."

He turned and went down the steps, too anxious to feel much mortified by his reception, which had justified his worst fears. He thought it wiser not to linger moment in the neighborhood, as it was plain that Crosmont would not see him, and very desirable that the agent should not suspect that he was being watched. He therefore rode straight back to Branksome, and did not leave home again until he learned by the clock that the 7:40 train had steamed out of the station. Then be got up from the chair in which he had been forcing himself to sit very quietly, and telling Mrs. Peele that he was to ass the night at The Crags by Lord Kildonan's desire, he left the ladies to their astonishment without giving them time for comment.

From Branksome to The Crags was a walk of nearly seven miles, and it was nine o'clock before Frank reached the big red house, and asked if Lord Kildo nan could see him. He had not long to wait; before he had stood two minutes in front of the great log fire which it was her ladyship's pleasure to keep always burning in the wide hall fireplace, the old Scotchman came trotting down the gallery from his study with outstretched

and might perhaps be threatened to-night with another attack like that one you had three weeks ago. So I came to ask your permission to pass the night here, and

"Well, that is very kind of you; but it's trange, too, for I have not felt at all unwell. But, now I remember, I felt no premonitory symptoms of my last at-Well, you're welcome, at all events, and I hope your foreboding may not prove well founded. Come to my study, come; and I'll show you some notes I've taken

since you were this afternoon."

When they reached the study Lord Kildonan opened a little cellaret which stood on a shelf in the wall. "You take whisky, doctor?" he said. "I generally take a glass of whisky and water about this time in the evening; you won

let me take it alone, will you?"
"I don't think I shall let you take it at all, Lord Kildonan," said Armathwaite, as he took up a tumbler, into which the elder man had poured some of the spirit and examined it narrowly. "I am here as your medical adviser, you know, and you must allow me to taste this." "Certainly," said Lord Kildonan, who

thought this was a joke. Armathwaite raised the glass to his

"They've put it into the wrong decanhe said, calmly, though his eyes were bright with excitement; "or, no,"— he tasted the spirit again—"they've put it into a decanter that hadn't been properly What is it they use for washing these things? Vinegar and sand, or some thing of that sort, isn't it? I can taste the vinegar; it spoils the flavor complete

Lord Kildonan took up the tumbler, and tasted the contents in his turn. "There is a peculiar flavor in It; I've noticed the same thing before. Vinegar, do you say? It doesn't taste like vinegar

"In any case, you had better not drink tt. It might make you sick. Have a fresh bottle opened, Lord Kildonau, and don't have it decanted at all."

Lord Kildonan rang the bell, and after some delay the under-footman appeared. It was a most unusual circumstance for the master of the house, who was a man of the simplest habits, to require any attendance so late, and the lad seemed very much alarmed by the summons. The butler had gone to bed, he said, and the keys of the cellar were locked up in his pantry. Lord Kildonan, who would not have brok-en a dog's sleep for his own pleasure, looked ruefully at the condemned decanter, and would most certainly have conbut for the presence of the doctor, who, with some astute knowledge of men and

manners, said: "You know where the butler keeps that bottle of whisky for his own drinking?" "Oh, yes, sir," answered the lad readily, ediately fell to blushing furiously

as both the gentlemen smiled. Well, bring it, there's a good lad, just

And the young fellow disappeared witaout delay. "I'm afraid Webster will think we're

taking a liberty," said Webster's master "If he does, Lord Kildonan, you may be ure he'll not rest till be has taken ample

When the servant reappeared with the whisky, and having put it softly down upon the table, took himself off as noise lessly and unostentatiously as possible.

Arms hwaite mixed two tumblerfuls, the

first very strong and the second very Neak, and naving given the former to his tost, took the latter for himself.
"En, but this is stiff," said the old Scorekagen, tasting the preparation without distayor. "You have mixed this for professor of medicine, and not for a dent o' philology, doctor. If I were to drink this off, and then lie down for an hour as ma custom is, I should do na

ore work to night, and there'd be some

precious hours wasted. An' wi' these life whipper-snapper pretenders to science

time to whisky toddy and na to word

eing, as he had predicted, by that time well disposed for his usual hour's repose he excused himself to the doctor, and re-

the ante-chamber. As soon as the curtain between the two ferent man. Looking at his watch, he Sisceward that it was seventeen minute

ease ten; and springing up lightly in state of high excitement, which there was no longer any need to conceal, he turned up the lamp and paced the room from end to end with a soft tread, his ears on the slert for any sound. When he came close to the outer door, or to the curtain which hung in the doorway of the inner room he would stop and listen; and as, at last, peeping behind the curtain, he saw Lord Kildonan lying with closed eyes, he step-ped softly in and blew out the candles that were burning on the table at the foot of the sofa.

The doctor retreated into the next room. It was now twenty-five minutes past ten. Faint night-noises, unnoticed by day, but endered startling in the silence of the durk hours, assailed the listening ear o all sides. The chirp of a cricket, the NUTRITIOUS NOT PALATABLE. eracking of the woodwork, the scurrying almost deafening distinctness to Armathwaite as he stood by the door, hearing the drawing of his own breath and feeling t patient. At last in the distance he heard comething which no nearer sound could stifle the creak of a board under a human tread, followed presently by soft, slow footfalls along the uncarpeted gal-ery outside. He drew back from the

loor. In the bare room there were neither | that leads to artistic success. curtains nor screens behind which he ould retreat. On the other hand, the iamp, with its dark green shade, cast only a small circle of bright light on the table, and a still smaller one on the ceiling above. He withdrew into the darkest corner of the room and waited, standing upright and as still as a statue. The door handle rattled and turned, and

slowly that Armathwaite had to battle with an impulse to take three strides forward, pull it towards him and Lat shadow in the gloom that filled every cormoving slowly and lightly over the floor towards the inner room. Armathwaite remained motionless until she had drawn the curtain aside on its rings and passed through; then he stepped out from his corner and passed to the other side of the room. As he did so he saw in the gloom the lady bend down over the head of the sofa and kiss the forehead of the recum-

"trood night, my darling," he bear Lord Kildonan murmur. And then followed a soft woman's whisper: "Good sight." A moment later the curtain moved again, and the lady returned, passing glose by where he stood without turnin er head. She crossed the room, opened he door, and went out into the gallery and it was not until her footsteps had died away that Armathwaite began to breath

aturally again. CHAPTER XXIII Frank Armathwaite woke about eight clock and shortly afterward Lord Kill lonan, in his dressing gown, came in from the study with a disturbed face. The old Scotchman told him that he had gone to ulssed from the wardrobe one of her shawls. Armathwaite tried to convinc his host that the latter's wife might have run into her boudoir for a novel. With a doubtful shake of the head Lord Kildonan left the room, but returned ten min-ntes later looking more than ever bewilered, with the statement that her ladyhip was safely in bed asleep. He had no

or her dress was lying on a chair that time. He felt sure, bowever, that she would make some explanation during the lay.
This she did, in fact, to her guileles husband's satisfaction, by telling him that she had been down in the morning room unting for a book she had left there whe he looked into her room. She received Armathwaite with looks of both fear and enmity, and managed so as not to leave him alone with her husband for a mo-

ment. When he was ready to leave The Crags to go on his round of visits to his oor. They were alone here and Armathwaite grasped the opportunity to say:
"Lady Kildonan, listen to me. I am not your enemy, as you think. I would save you if I could. I can even now if you are ready to save yourself. But you must work against yourself, and let the good self conquer the evil now, at once, will be too late. One more step in the wrong direction, and no power on earth can save you. Try, I implore you; I con-

ure you, tryl" He hissed out these words with almost iery earnestness close to her indifferent ear. When he had finished, she drew back her head and looked at him with languid recklessness, which had a most un-

appy fascination.
"I am not in the mood for great efforts, doctor; neither am I in the mood to be de-tained while you whisper sweet nothings n my ear. Your patients must be wait-

ing. I have come to see you off. Pray, let me have that pleasure." As he was returning from his daily ounds, he came face to face with Lord Cildonan, walking rapidly. Frank was

startled at his apparance.

If he had looked changed that morning, kind of country. ow he seemed to be transformed. Hardv a trace of the Lord Kildonan of a week ago was left in this erect, determined old mau, with hard, cold eyes, and mouth shut ike a hasp. He said very quietly, but it

'I wish to speak to you. It is true, I beeve, that Dr. Peele put the greatest con dence in you?"
"Yes, I think I may say that he did,"

place of him.'

"He was a great friend of my of the

no documents in it of the least importance Either Dr. Peele changed his mind at the last, and destroyed them, or they had

it him with cold, penetrating eyes.

"And such secrets also passed to you?"
"No. Lord Kildonan." Armathwaite

Yes, I know that he did."

"How was that?"

my hands. "By whom?"
"Well, presumably by some person who believed in a prior right to the doctor's

effects. more. "Women are the breed of perdi-tion!" he muttered. Then, in a louder voice, he said: "Come to the doctor's house; we must have those papers." rooms fell behind his host's retiring fig-bre, Armathwaite seemed to become a dif-reached Mrs. Peele's house they compelled that lady to surrender the packet.

> But there was a stronger will than here at work. As soon as the papers rustled in the doctor's nervous clutch, the old Scotchman held out his own long, lean hand with a look half-piteous, half-com-manding, which Frank could not resist. "For heaven's sake, give them up to me!" he said with dry lips, in a rattling voice, "For I know that they concern—

Armathwaite rielded them up withou word, and Lord Kildonan, with steps that for a moment tottered, passed, with a cold inclination to the lady, out of the

(To be continued.)

of mice, each of these sounds came with Trials of an American at the Siege of Paris.

An artist, in a recent description of life in the students' quarter in Paris, gave an amusing account of an odd American who has lived there for many years, and has been the companion and friend of his young countrymen and others who have been his neighbors while following the difficult road

This oddity, who, from his wide knowledge, has been nicknamed by the students "Dictionary Snyder," was a resident of Paris during the slege. He was very poor; indeed, he possessed not quite eight dollars in the world when the investment of the city began; but he determined that with the exercise the door itself was pushed open so very of proper forethought, he could make this sum carry him through the siege.

Of course he knew that the prior in, before people had thought of such ner of the apartment beyond the little ring an article of diet, or of its inevitable of the lamp's light-a woman's figure, rise in value, three bottles of olive oil. Then he bought bread from day to day, as he required it; and soaking it

siege was nearly ended. His health did not suffer, but he bebread and oil that he could endure it ply of ammunition. no longer, and resolved upon a single. The device has a fexible outer shell

Scotchman told him that he had gone to his wife's room to bid her good morning, but did not find her in her room, while he missed from the morning, the morning that the her good morning is not sold from the morning that the sold from the sold welcome.

They feasted him upon cheese, beer and fresh bread, and indeed entertained him so well that he forgot the flight of time, and failed to return within an hour, as he had promised the obliging picket to do. As a consequence, there was a new man on guard, and Snyder was again halted and detained.

But his plausible tongue convinced the second picket as it had the first, and the ruse was repeated, with the difference that the ingenious Snyder was this time running for the gate from which he had originally emerged. The Frenchmen who received him, panting and pursued apparently by rifle-shots, regarded him as the hero of a marvelous escape, and were so noved by admiration of his feat that they, from their own slender reources, provided him with another good meal-the second in one day, and

in many weeks. Independence can be trusted nowhere out with the people in mass. They are Inherently independent of all but moral

ta W. -Near Pool. Rowan county North Care lina, several nuggets have been found recently and farmers have discovered ney were the possessors of gold mines.

healed.

lighthouse. -The phalanx was defeated by the le gion because the former could not be manœuvred save on flat, open ground, while the legion could operate in any

-The Roman swords, before Cannae, 2. 236, were pointless and sharp on only one side; after Cannae the shore Spanish word, for cutting and thrusting, was adopted.

-"Ancient" coins, many of which ante date the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London and find sale all over the world. -The blood of Rizzio, Mary Stuart'

"Yes, I think I may say that he did."
Inswered Frank.
"He told you all particulars of the cases ander his care?"
"Yes, that I might take them up in

THE INDIAN RISING.

Characteristics of the Tribes in Revolt Against British Power. The Pathan race is the term gene ally used to embrace the various claus

ar. 1° ghton; he was the family physician, and knew all the secrets of the emily, as such men must do."

I dare say he did, your lordship."

"You know he did," snapped Lord Kilman in a grating voice, turning to look now in revolt in northwestern India against British power. The men of these clans are all brave and fearless and are bloodthirsty in their tastes. soked at him back with perfectly candid They are impatient of control, devoid yes. "They were to have passed to me, out they never reached me." of discipline in the Eastern sense of the word, and yet always ready to in the river, he used a straight piece combine for mischlef or against the "He left his writing table to me, and cated in his will that all the papers it hated British rule. These class are entained were to come to me also. But numerous. Their names would fill a but the most important and powerful in number are the Orukzai, the Afridi the Yusufzai, and the Waziri, all inhabiting the Swat valley have annexed by right of conquest. For many years these people were kept on a more or less peaceful footing owing to the influence of Abdul Ghafur the Akhoond, who having had opportunities for studying the English, professed a friendly feeling toward them, and succeeded in keeping the warlike influence of the warlike influence of the warlike influence of the warlike influence of Abdul Ghafur the Akhoond, who having had opportunities for studying the English, professed a friendly feeling toward them, and succeeded in keeping the warlike influence of the warlike influence of Abdul Ghafur the disappear through the stall, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed it is reported that Dr. W. H. H. Dunn, all Lincoln, Neb., will build a hemp mill at the meantine the meantine the meantine the meantine the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed it is now selling in De La Mar, Idaho, for \$1.80 per hundred. That is \$1.08 per bushel. It is reported that Dr. W. H. H. Dunn, all Lincoln, Neb., will build a hemp mill at the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed it is now selling in De La Mar, Idaho, for \$1.80 per hundred. That is \$1.08 per bushel. It is reported that Dr. W. H. H. Dunn, all Lincoln, Neb., will build a hemp mill at the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed is now selling in De La Mar, Idaho, for \$1.80 per hundred. The bia, S. C., started running on full time specific particles and the stincts of his people in check; but Abdul died early in 1879, and since his restraining influence disappeared, the Pathana_the Afridi more especially--"Don't, don't give them up," murmured the widow, huskily, as she put the packet with trembling fingers into Armathwaite's who are leading the rising at the present time.



AN APRILI WARRIOR. avaricious and unfaithful and mainly

THE DECOY COW Device Invented for Hunters by

Western Genius. As deceptive and dangerous as in oil, and adding and stirring in water proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing is until the mess was as nearly combined a patent cow just invented by a Westinto soup as oil and water could be ern genius. The device presents the made to combine, he lived upon this nu- perfect outward semblance of a mos tritious but unattractive fare until the peaceable and amiable cow, but the fore legs and the hind legs are in fact the legs of two men. They are arm came at last so desperately sick of ed with guns, and have a plentiful sup

handed sortie in search of a "square of canvas or other suitable material, meal." He left the city secretly and decorated exteriorly to represent the walked boldly up to a German picket, animal in imitation of which the decoy who of course challenged and halted is constructed, and said shell is adapt him, but was persuaded, when finally ed to be supported or held in its disconvinced that he was no French spy, tended position through the medium of but only a half-starved American, to a collapsible metal framework, which be come his accomplice in a harmless allows the covering and framework o ruse. Snyder ran past him and made the decoy to be folded into a small a dash for camp; the sentry, whose space for transportation. In the sides orders were to allow no one to pass, of the frame, at suitable points, are fired his gun after him, but in the air; windows or openings, protected by out-



PATENT COW FOR MUNTERS.

rear may discharge his fowling piec when the game has been successfully stalked. For the firing of the hunter it the front of the decoy there is provided a downward swinging portion, which includes the head and neck of the ani mal, so that by simply releasing a small catch from the inside of the framework, this swing front portion drops by gravity and thus leaves the wortsman free.

Peanut Off.

The first peanut oil factory in the United States will be established in Norfolk, Va., at an early date. The oil -According to Heli Chatelaine, of the 200,000,000 inhabitants of Africa, 50,000. 000 are slaves. Every year 7000 slaves are stated that fully \$5,000,000 worth of muggled to Zanzibar and 11,000 to Ara- peanuts are brought into Marseilles annually for the manufacture of oil, -The Gauls, to make handles for their which is used in tollet soaps and for stone axles, cleft the branch of a tree, placed the stone in it and left it till the wound in the wood had been completely quite extensively used in Europe and made into bread, biscuit, etc. It is one The incessant fogs last spring have kept the fog bell on Spring Point, Portland (Me.) harbor, ringing so hard that its vibrations have cracked the lens in the Germany.

A Mild Critic. Poet-So you cain't use my verses? Editor-Not in their present form. Editor-Too-long. Poet-What would you suggest that

eave that.-Cleveland Leader. She Had Reason To. "Did you hear that pretty woman just now, Rap? She said she believed in long engagements and short mar-

Editor-Well, the title's all right, I'd

riages." "Rather a strange idea." "Not at all, Rap; she's an actress. Cincinnati Tribune.

KOREAN FAIRY TALE Reads as Charmingly as One of Mothes

The Koreans have an interesting I gend concerning the manner in which Tong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their nythology, got the better of satan. ong lived 1,000 years and acquired great wisdom. The later years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish of wire instead of a book. Thus be was able to enjoy the excitement and

pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish. Rallzing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation be run by compressed air as the motive for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Hau river. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed it in that stream. This of course blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to be working to their full capacity.

The Durham Cint Wooden Mills Co. to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked

devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong in his astonishment was thrown off his guard and said: "I have lived in Korea hundreds of years, and of course have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

A refer and others with capital stock of \$25,000.

The new equipment of the Aiken Manufacturing Co., at Bath, S. C., includes 312 looms, 44 spinning frames and other machinery.

The Pontoosue, Mass., woolen mills will probably build a large addition to increase the capacity of the carding and ipinning departments.

We can deliver steel girders from our American mills into England 15 per cent,

most afraid of. The devil made a fa- made on it next week. most stupid for a devil—he told the truth. He said that he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty sait bag, a truchor in the stream for several days worn-out straw sandal of an ox, and a waiting for crews.

Within six months the Pullman shops at Chicago, Ill., will be experted to their

an old bag and a cast-off ox sandal; so, making a sudden spring from the side of the devil, he gathered up the bag, the grass and sandal, and hanging them on a branch of the tree his charm was perfect. The devil could not come within thirty feet.

Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last tike devil went off and got a roasted ox head and a cask of mackalee, and rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him, that Tong would be driven outside the magic ic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto, he realised that the game was up, and despairing-

that the game was up, and despairing ly departed.

Tong's long life was due to the acciinsult, or at least a mark of great disdent by which his page in the Book of
Fate stuck to the next one, so that
his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that
Tong had been living too long, it took
the registrar of the lower regions 346

insult, or at least a mark of great dissatisfaction.

The Russian photographers have a
strange way of punishing those who, having received their photo, do not pay their
bills. They hang the pictures of their
delinquents upside down at the entrance
of their studios. the registrar of the lower regions 346 years to hunt up his name in the archives.

Forgiving Small Injuries. How often are our feelings hurt by a barp look, a sarcastic laugh or an illicence of remark. Our ignorance in some common branch may be expected to laughter, a thoughtless slip of the tongue, jeered at, or a careless mistake be received with derisive laughter. What a feeling of anger surges through one! Months may pass, the amused spectator will have forgotten the incident, but the scene is seared on one's

First think carefully on both sides.

The greatest surgeon may not know soft. who wrote Henry Esmond, nor the

She-I see that a young lady down

The World's Brew of Beer. The World's Brew of Beer.

The world's annual brew of beer is more that 17,700,000,000 quarts. Germany leads with 5,000,000,000 quarts; the United Ringdom is second, with 4,900,000,000 quart, and the United States third, with 3,200,000,000 quarts Russia is at the foot of the list, with about 400,000,000 quarts. Vodka is more to the taste of the Cossaek.

Grape Catsup.—Grape catsup is made by the following recipe, which is said to be good: Wild, sour grapes are the best, and to five pounds of them allow two pounds and a half of granulated sugar, a pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice, pepper and a half teaspoonful of .salt. Boil grapes in just enough water to keep them from burning; strain through a colander; add the ground spices; boil until thick, then put into bottles or glass jars and seal.

ing your own work. After a girl is 25 years old, she Labor Notes.

France has 1,700,000 acres of sigar Japan is buying South Carolina pho-

els.

Russia has bought the Sebastopol ship-building yard.

Queen Victoria owns a dress manufactu ed enticely of spider's webs.

Bondsville, Mass., mills are so driven with orders that they are running nights.

Hop-picking in all the yards in tow-litz County, Washn., has advanced to \$1 a box. a box.

The Mayo Mills Co., Mayodan, N. C., will build an addition its present plant. A plan for connecting South and West

and thus cluded him. In the meantime power.

The Richmond Cotton Mill, at Colum-

wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolding his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of that dark portal through which all mortals must pass.

On the way the devil, being in good humor over his success, chatted pleas-

humor over his success, chatted pleas-antly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he most abhorred and was factory at Brockton, and a start will be most afraid of. The devil made a fa-tal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal, but was of their mills direct to the trade, instead

Korea—the foxtail—and that when these were put together he could not go within thirty feet of them.

In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong, being wise and lengtiments. This arrangement will continue to the continue to t

an old bag and a cast-off ox sandal;

nortal grass was grow 25.

an old bag and a cast-off ox sandal;

nortal grass a sudden grains from the contact of the cast o

Household.

Pickled Walnu s .- 'or these take one

French Pickles.-One peck of green memory, perhaps never to be forgotten nor forgiven.

These little alights are harder to forgive than big injuries, they rankle and sting, and seem to grow to huge proportions. Being brooded over, they seem like the deepest insults. How are we to treat these mocking foes?

First think carefully on both sides.

The scoffer probably at once forgot the incident, is it worth while then to cherish a dislike against an unconscious for who can never make reparation?

Might you not have laughed if the cases had been reversed? Console yourself with the thought that if you have made one such blunder he has probably made ten. Everyholy has Next make Virginia Yellow Pickles.-Put one peck made one such blunder he has probably made ten. Everybody has. Next, make a resolution to forgive and forget the slight, and do you be more careful about scoffing at other people's mistakes.

half ounce of cloves, half ounce of mace, and the same amount of all spice, four tablespoonfuls of the best mustard mixed, one ounce of whole black peopler, four tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, three of pulverized cinnamon, and two ounces of celery seed. Boil until tender, but not seed.

who wrote Henry Esmond, nor the greatest artist the situation of Moscow, but are they not great all the same?

Readed Her Off.

She_I see that a young lady down She—I see that a young lady down
East somewhere was cured of hiccoughing by eating ice cream.
He (with great presence of mind)—
Yes, but you know the old saying,
The coughing is one man's cure may be ancoughing by eating ice cream.

He (with great presence of mind)—
What is one man's cure may be ancoughing of them; mixed therements water. And people, and the rest said in sail and water. And people, make a like it is a man and a hilf quart of vinegar, two and a half quart of vinegar, if you want them sweet. Half a cupful of grated herements water. "What is one man's cure may be another man's poison."—Cleveland Lendth the sugar, and six tablespoonfuls of mustard. Cook this smoothly in vinegar until creamy; then pour over the whole. Bottle when cold and seal.

The measure of a m ster is his success n bringing all men ro nd to his opinions renty years later.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Disc urse.

The Progress of Christ-Walking the Earth Eye of Faith-The Glory in Heaven TEXT; "On his head were many crowns."

Rev. xix., 12.

In watching this march of Christ we mus. rould not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in his teens up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building 600 feet long and 600 feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with a capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and near a marble sereen until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under His quick whys and whyfores, and hows and whens, they pull their white beards with embarrassment and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow Him into the Ouarantania the mountains.

age such puzzlers.
Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of absthmence, He hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can hurl into helplessness all our temptations. And now we climb after Him up the tough sides of the "Mountain of Beatitudes." and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hatin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him, and He preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment.

Now, we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water. Christ, our leader, is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see Him putting His feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but He cheers them into placidity, showing Himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And He walks the Atlantic, and Pacific, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for His voice at half past

agers will listen for His voice at half past three o'clock in the morning, on any sea, findeed at any hour, they will hear His voice of compassion and encouragement.

As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wail of Jerusalem, through the garden of Geth-semane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnessess of the occurrences spoken of, the seene of horror and crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In following our Chieftain's march through the centules I find myself in a gow old, and they give white and they grow white and they grow white and they sit, and they grow white and they grow old, and they give and they grow white and they grow old, and they die, and leave no sign that ever once they were awakened up to seem and on a movable platform placed upon a tessellated pavement Pontius Plate sits, And as once a year a condemned.

of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years of maltreatment.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises. All Heaven lifted a shout of welcome. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubilant to celebrate the joy saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, defife.

But still we follow our Chieftain in His march through the centuries, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow Him. I hear His tread in the sick room and in the abodes of hereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea are hearing His voice. The continents are feeding His power. America will be His! Europe will be His! Asia will be his one of point and the nations will join one procession, "following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Marching on! Marching on! This dear old world, whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been bilinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the following that he went and dementia will come off, and the following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Marching on! Marching on! Marching on! This dear old world, whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been bilinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the following the Lamb whithersoever the goeth." The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the following the Lamb whithersoever the planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the following the Lamb whithersoever the planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the following the lamb of the following the lamb of the following the lamb of the following the lamb

whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime, and our world, that has been a straggler among worlds—a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a pulsary and taken to the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime, and our world, that has been a straggler among worlds—a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a pile result of the last grief will have repented of his last crime, and our world, that has been a straggler among worlds—a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe. a miscreant satellite—will hear the voice that attered childish plaint in Bethlehem,

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

odigal son. What you have in the New stament, set forth in wondrous detail by Testament, set forth in wondrous detail by our Lord in His inimitable story, you have condensed into this brief epitome of the experience of the man who wrote the Patim. There, as here, you have the his tory of a man who once lived, and of whom it is implied here, and expressed there, that he wandered on the wrong track, that he came to the end of that—he came to him self, he wandered back again, and brought himself, into all temporal and eternal bless. himself into all temporal and eternal ble

himself into all temporal and eternal blessing by his return.

It is just, I sometimes think, what one
might have expected to be seen on the
headstone of the prodigal son after he
died and was buried. We hope he live,
long and did well, and that in the end o
the day he redeemed the follies and disasters of the early part; then, at last, fille,
with years and honors, he lay down and
died and was buried. "Devout men carried him to his burial, and made lamentations over him," and we will suppose that
as they do in this country, they put up i
headstone and inscription. If so, I canno
think of an inscription more suitable that
our present text: "Here lies a man wh
thought on his ways, and turned his feet to
God's testimonies, and made haste and de God's testimonies, and made haste and de layed not to keep His Commandments." ACS—to enange the figure—an entry in the spiritual diary of the man who wrote— the Fsalm. It is one of these little auto-biographical bits that are one of the elements which give to the Psalms their per-snnial interest. So here you have a little autoblographical oft—one of those things which keep the Psalms in a state of great

I wonder if we keep a duary? If there is anything that men want to remember, it is that God is writing our diary. Listen to the scratching of the pen behind the arras! Has God had occasion, do you think, to enter into the diary of your spiritual history such an entry as we find here, by His grace, in the diary of the man who wrote the Psalms? I want to get at the root of the idea of experimental religion. It is time the entry was in, for there are black and shameful entries opposite your name and mine to a great extent, and it will need every entry which will avail to redeem the record. That which I have named is the only entry that will save it from being a damning indictment against us in the day when the judgment is set and the books are opened. The diarties will be brought out, and our eternal state will be fixed by the record of our diary that God, with impartical to the beaut. The state of the record of the state of the state of the record of the state of the state of the record of the state of the I wonder if we keep a duary? If there is

opened. The diaries will be brought out, and our eternal state will be fixed by the record of our diary that God, with impartial pen, has kept. That will be reading for some of us! This will redeem it—this red-letter entry—only this: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet to Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to veep Thy Commandments."

Do not let any one turn away, saying: "2 am not included, for I have not wandered; I am not a prodigal." All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Some of us go blundering on through the mud and mire of drunkenness, swearing, licentlousness and open sinning: swearing, licentiousness and open sinning; that is one way to the far country. Some of us go along the macadamized road of self-righteousness, and church-going, and sermon-hearing; that is one way to the same outer darkness and the same far country. "I thought on my ways." The beginning lies there. Now, I speak to peo-ple who pride themselves, I have no doubt, "that they are thinkers, and they pride themselves that dust is not to be thrown in

their eyes, and they examine what is set before them." A preacher of the Gospel asks for nothing better than that, "I speak unto wise men; judge yo what I say, to the law and to the testimony." The beginning lies in serious thoughtfulness. not magic, it is miracle; but it is not jug-glery, it is not witcheraft, it is not being "hypnotized;" it is not any of these things. your own ways, enlightened by the surest guide, the word of God. I rather fear that many people think that, while you need to many people think that, while you need to take your intellect with you when you go to hear a fecture on philosophy, or on science, you can bring your addled head when you come to hear the Gospel. Get rid of that tilea. Bring your best brains with you when you come to hear God's word, "I thought on my ways;" that is the hearington of all experimental religion. the beginning of all experimental religion, and that is the only thing; because it begins there, therefore, conversions are s

uncommon among us "I thought," that is the beginning; to thought on my own thought on my ways." In God's providence sallors. And He walks the Atlantic, and I may be a great help to you, or I may partie, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voy-now, and if exhausted and affrighted voy-nown will listen for His voice at half past issue at stake, and the thinking that will

sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned. Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all ery out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the Saviour of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and I see them looking up through all the ages red with carange.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which General Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for He has not only two heavy timbers to carry on His back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but He is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years of maitreatment.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the

soul is turned.

When you have had the common sense to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, from that that aftered childish plaint in Bethienem, and agonized prayer in Gethsemane, and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries. "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on! Marching on! believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, from that moment your ways are changed and your destiny determined by the Blessed One. I think I have used this illustration before: Its wandering never again to stray. Marching on! when we took our Sabbath-school children into the country, and the little ones ran races, I went away down the fleid and became the turning point, I cried back to the intending runners that they A Sermon Preached in Chicago by Rev.

John McNeill, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

TEXT: "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy Commandments,"—Psaim exix., 55-56.

This is the Old Testament story of the predigal son. What you have in the New or No. Lord."

That is what I am trying to do so to file your souls with the image of Him, and the idea of Him, and the presence of your Saviour, a really human being, and yet

-Montana has a new gambling law, which not only prohibits the shaking of dice for drinks, but makes playing eards for prizes at social gatherings unlawful. -Vinegar will not split rocks, so Han nibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls, so that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar n have been a fiction. -The third set of teeth is growing for Mr. Scott, of Athens, Penn. Nine are al-ready out, and three more are almost in view. His age is 89, and he reads without

the aid of glasses -One old lady in England boasts of having looked on King George III's july lee show as well as the two of Queen Vic-toria. She is Mrs. Blant, mother of the Bishop of Hull, now 25 years of age

-A mixture of thirty per cent. acetyiene and seventy per cent, corl gas has been successfully tried on the German reilways for the lighting of trains