R. F. SOHWEIER,



done is condoned, and that no more nece

"No, my pet, certainly not. But," diffi-

affronted if anyone pretends for civility take that his heir resembles himself.

Dallas is absorbed in his hopeless passion

for Lady Jane Wyldrose, daughter of the

It wanted two days to the 15th of June

London. Lady Nevil came in from her

drive in radiant spirits; she had spent a

all with a scared face,
"Oh, my lady, don't be alarmed," she

tairs to the nursery.

Tom stood by the bedside with an agor

A sort of paralysis crept over Jun

"I knew it from the first,' he muttered

always said so. I knew London would

y been a happier woman living than she

very pleasant thing in life seemed irr

rievably gone from her forever,

lobt take a fevorable turn.

happened anywhere.

d now terror and misery ingulfed her

All night she and Tom watched by th

"s cot. Not satisfied with one opin

Once during that long and miserald

r husband's nect and leaned on h

reast with stifled ools, and be class-

or kindly, but she felt instinctively the

he was holding her responsible for this

twful calamity.

When she was alone for a moment with

the doctor she asked him in imploring tones whether London was the cause of

the child's illness, and he answered dis-

time and energy to attempt to convince him, so firmly was his mind fixed on this

Young Tom got over the crisis, and,

tack. Though most of the servants were

not feel as though, after the misery of those few days, she should ever care to

see London again. It was only by Mrs. Ellesmere's persuasion that they decided

not to give up the house and more the

ght Ione went and put her arms roun

a. Tom sent for the first physician

and sp. He, too, looked grave.

Ten minutes ago there had scare

A sense of guilt and despair stole

vent mechanically toward him.

"What is it?" she whispered,

the death of him."

The doctor was bending over

but only as regards her parents.

peter are with him now."

dosed eyes,

w said ab--- "

conxingly.

selves."

miling.

CHAPTER XIV-(Continued.) she has resolved in the train, 30 the It is not acting, though a good deal of " is temper; she would never bring in been longing but not daring to beg an her own way. But the effect is markeal and volunteers to go down and see her. calls all the tender injunctions of that; dead mother about her darling, and his and are sitting at the open window in her you go back to town with her for a fortwill is broken like a reed at the rememiadyship's boudoir. June is on his knee, night or three weeks? The servants and brance. It is true he is all she has; he s her defender, her support, her shield white band prisoner in his. him to thwart and grieve her. She is sothing loath, obeys.

dearer than ever, though her lover's first sothing loath, obeys.

"I was naughty to-day," she proceeds "I was naughty to-day," she proceeds "I was naughty to-day," she proceeds the state of th

happy, cost what it may! He kneels beside her, he pours out every indearing word he knows upon her, he covers her hair, her throat-for her face s averted from him-with kisses, he promses her that he will go and fetch little Fom to-morrow, and in due course June, half-triumphantly, but secretly a good feal ashamed of herself, is lying with her head on Tom's breast, his arms about her, restoring her to peace of mind and happi-

In the morning, when her maid brought her ten and letters, she engerly opened the one from her lord. Having f it, she laid it down, and a cold chill came over her. She stared blankly into space for a minute or two, then took it up and

re-read: "Darling Wifey .- I got down here al. right, and found the boy all right except a little bit flushed, and" (here two letters scratched out) "we thought he might have another tooth coming, but, anyhow, see. Don't be frightened, darling; he is looking at the cherub face of their child

Should you mind if we don't come up till Friday?-It will give the boy another iny's respite, and you can go about and see your friends and amuse yourself for that little time longer, can't you, dearest

"Always your most loving and devoted T. N." susband. sot well-expressed epistle, all pleasure and happiness took flight from June's heart. She was nothing to Tom; he could dispense perfectly with her society, as long is he had the baby, and the country, and gotten that episode three years ago. For his old shooting coat, and-with a fierce

spasm-Agnes,
June glanced at the clock; the hands were just on the hour of nine-impossible to catch the ten train; but there was another at eleven, which stopped at a station fix miles from the Hall. She rang the bell, sent for a form and wrote a telegram desiring that a carriage might meet her at L-, dispatched a line to her mother-in-law, and, with a mixture of triumph, defiance and anger in her breast. set out on her journey to bring back the

June had a fine spirit, and it was now roused to the uttermost. During her lourney in the train she made a great effort to conquer the anger that was seething and bubbling up in her heart-anger partly excited by Tom, but chiefly by

When they reached the house Lady Nevil signed to the driver to let her out before he rang the bell. The hall door was ajar and she ran first into the morn ng-room. A pleasing sight greeted her through the window. Tom was sitting on garden-chair, with the boy in his arms. Agnes was kneeling at their langling something in front of the baby's

It was too much for poor June. and just time to say to the footman, who rushing in great surprise through the hall, "Tell Sir Thomas I have gone 20 my room," and she flew upstairs, locked door to keep her maid or any intruder but Tom out, and burst imo a passion of tears. She was thoroughly up set; she felt that she had made a fool of perself, and that she would appear in the very worst possible light before the eyes

of the man she loved. She heard Tom flying up the stairs, and had just time to unlock the when he burst is with an astonished but waming face.

Then that happens to her which fre quently happens to high-spirited, impul-tive people; she doer the very thing against which she has cautioned herself -which she has resolved most positively that she will not do. She reproaches Ton for leaving her, for his letter, for his inlifference in having remained away from her, for his untruthfulness in precending child was ailing, and, last and crowning folly, for which she is furious with herself even while she is committing it, the twits him with preferring the society

of Agnes to her own.

Tom stands overwhelmed and silent, not because he is convinced of guilt, but be cause he is shocked at this outburst from

his wife. Tom went gloomily out and downstairs tot forgetting first to order luncheon to ' cent up immediately. Poor little girl! for doubt she was overdone; but that did no quite account for and excuse the bitter and unjust things she had said to him He went out on the lawn, where Agnes was playing with Tom junior and exhib ting increased fervor and devotion to ward him.

the Hall on the fifth day after his at-"Poor, darling June," says Agnes "How unlucky! But what made left behind in Eaton Square it was almost an understood thing that neither Sir her come? Was it because she was so anxious about this treasure? Oh, Tom, I begged you to be careful not to frighten

and is proceeding toward the house.

June has recovered herself. She has anched, has had her say out and now feels herself quite capable of behaving

Hall. stored to his usual robust health, and Tom

her child, began to feel somewhat dull, and to think with a certain regret of the pleasant things she had left behind; and as for Madge, her eyes were red with quite unusual to her bright face.

cause to at the same moment.

"Why, Madgy!" he cried, with sincere oncern, "what's the matter, my dear?" -at least it we "Poor child," answered June, "she is so in the carpet. The same evening at dinner Sir Thomas observed to her ladyship:

"I've been thinking it over, Juny, and it seems rather a shame to disappoint Madge, poor little girl. Why should not with one arm round his neck, and a little horses are there doing nothing, and we white hand prisoner in his.

shall have to pay for the house all the same. And," looking at her, "you enjoy the square inch. The upper end of the "Kiss me, darling," she says, and he, it so much yourself, it seems a pity you should be done out of it."

"I do not feel as if I should care for it with a charming, contrite little air, "and low." June answered. sow I am sorry."
Sir Thomas gives a squeeze to her slim Tom, however, broached the subject to

Madge: implored and entreated so earnestly that her ladyship yielded. It is unlerstood that Tom will not accompany them, or even go up to London for a sin-"Do you think I have a bad temper?"

the prospect of any pleasure.
Once there, however, Madge is so wildsently, fancying, good, honest soul, that ly pleased and happy that her spirits are be is speaking a word in season, when he infectious, and June, if half the glit is s doing exactly the reverse, "I think you stripped from her gingerbread, still man-June sits bolt upright in a moment, "Don't mention her name?" she says, of the play. One evening Colonel Alford, ages to be tolerably happy and amused. a tone of exasperation. Then, check- Mrs. Ellesmere's brother, and Dallas were ing herself, and sinking back on his to dine with them and take them to see shoulder, "Let us forget that she or any body else exists in the world but our Just before dinner a note came

body else exists in the world but our aansom for Lady Nevil. "Will you excuse me from dining?" "Except the boy," amends Tom.
"Except the boy, of course," says June miling. "Let us go and look at him overy sorry, and hope I am not putting you to inconvenience." ou to inconvenience.

And as, a minute later, Tom stands with his arm round his beautiful wife,

engaged, left him to himself, and be-

s, to Tom's intense delight, the living omnanions. mage of his mother; nay, Tom is almost Dallas, who is a frequent guest in Eaton Square, mischievously asks June if she

thinks Tom is making love to the nurse. "Nothing about Lady Jane," I hope?" from whom he seems inseparable, and leclares to Tom himself that no doubt he is taken for a Life-guardsman in plain of his last love. lothes. Dallas and June are the best of friends; they have both completely for

her; at least, I hope not.' (To be continued.)

A Shoplifter's Skirt.

Earl of Sweetbrier; hopeless, not as far as the young lady herself is concerned skirt?" asked a detective who is em- his pipe, he pokes about in every nook ployed in a large department store of and corner until he can no longer blow when Madge was to join her cousins in an acquaintance, and then produced a any dust from the berth. Then he given that night. Her maid met her in the said, while her look and manner were enough to terrify a nervous and imagina live person to death, "but Master Tom

as been taken ill. Sir Thomas and the June's heart stood still, her knee for a wash line, a lock, 3 knife rests, 2 knocked together. In one instant the plates, 4 bells, 2 pairs of scissors, 1 can hishness was the cause of this awfu alamity, that the child would die, tha 2 oll burners; \$16 worth in all." e would never forgive herself, that Ton The skirt was simply a black calleo add never forgive her. Then, without niting for another word, she flew up

walking skirt, with a double lining fast- The hose is always long enough to perened firmly to the outside at the bot- mit a workman to walk the entire tom and secured at the waist with two length of a palace car.-Chicago Chronstrong belts. There were capacious he child, who was waxen pale and with openings at convenient points, and the skirt was worn beneath the outside skirt, which had a long slit in the full Tem did not move forward to greet her pleats to correspond with the opening is eyes, having met hers as she entered the garment beneath. returned to their agonized watch. Sh

Matrimonial Progress.

"Did you ever," asked the young husband, "have your wife look you in the eye when you came home and ask you If you had not forgotten something?" "Many a time, my boy," answered the old married man. "She does yet. In the early days it used to mean a kiss. but now it is usually a reference to wiping my shone"

Frauds in the Brute Creation. Humbugs are by no means confined to the human species; they figure among the lower animals as well. At least, one who has studied closely their habits says so. In military stables horses are known to have pretended fell as a ball of fire and penetrated the to be lame in order to avoid going to a earth six feet. Steam poured from the military exercise. A chimpanzee had hole in volumes. The aerolite is in the been fed on cake when sick; after his shape of a ball. It weighs two pounds recovery he often feigned coughing in and fourteen ounces and measures a order to procure dainties. Animals are foot and three inches in circumference. conscious of their deceit, as is shown by It is composed of white and yellow the fact that they try to act secretly tinctly in the negative. It might have and noiselessly; they show a sense of But June did not dare even to say this guilt if detected; they take precautions as clearly cut as if made by workmen. Tom: she knew it would be waste of in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus bees which steal hesitate one idea. Oh, please God, they should often before and after their exploits, as get the boy over this, and never, never again should he set foot in the accursed if they feared punishment. But at all this kind of thing man leaves his fel-

Spots on the Finger Nails. The little white spots which sometimes appear on the finger nails are due Thomas nor her ladyship would go back to some subtle action of the blood, upon there. Sir Thomas was perfectly certain that he would not, and her ladyship did and organs in the body are dependent for nutrition. They sometimes disappear of their own accord, but there is no known cure. In reality, they signify price for the sake of sitting up late. no derangement of the system.

low-animals far behind.

CARS MADE OLEAN WITH WIND.

Pneumatic Device Used in Santa Fo

If the average housekeeper who has senior to happiness and his wonted level spirits. He felt like a prisoner let loose; with the old-fashioned broom could it was almost worth while to have suffered the discomfort to enjoy this blessed 17th street, almost any morning she would behold a sight that would set her wild with envy. She would be astonished by a performance that she might think little short of miraculous, She would see a man walking up and crying, and she wore a woebegone look down a strip of carpet at the side of a Pullman palace car and accomplishing a feat apparently far beyond the masish," she said to June one day, "but it terplece of the greatest prestidigitateur, to her way of thinking. The man might point out what the woman would call "a long stick with a broad end" at the carpet and straightway dust would fly from the surface in immense clouds -at least it would if there was any dust This peculiar and interesting opera-

tion has been going on down in the Santa Fe yards for nearly two years, but it is nevertheless almost unknown. What the housekeeper would call a long stick with a broad end is an iron pipe with a spreading brass nozzle the square inch. The upper end of the pipe is inserted in rubber hose which leads from an air-compressing machine. The workman takes in hand the pipe, which is between four and five feet in length, and, placing the brass nozzle within an inch of the surface of the carpet, he walks down its length passing the instrument over every

square inch of the carpet. The brass nezzle is about three inches wide, and a narrow aperture through which the air escapes extends from one side to the other. This aperture is almost as long as the nossle is wide, but it is only about one-fourth of an inch in width The air escapes with such force that wherever it strikes the carpet the dust is blown out so cleanly that a professional carpet beater would find it impossible to extract another particle.

The unique device is used not only to clean the carpets outside of the cars, but to clean the entire interiors of the cars as well. For the interiors a smaller pipe and nozzle are used and a long-The piece had begun some time before er hose is attached. The workman he made his appearance, and June was passes around the inside of the car

tween the acts talked chiefly to her other removal of dust and dirt from corners and crevices which cannot well be "What a bore you must have found reached with a broom. The air can, me!" Dallas whispered, as he put her into of course, be thrown into any place into her brougham. "I am awfully sorry. If which dust can drift and the dirt be I could tell you, I know you would feel blown out without the least difficulty. In sleeping cars there are many places she said in the same key, for he had confided in her occasionally on the subject found to be a great improvement over old methods. The cleaning of the up-"No," he answered, "nothing to do with per berths was always accomplished with much trouble until the air contrivance was adopted, but since then the work has been done with ease and dispatch. The workman simply pulls "Did you ever see a shoplifter's down the berth, and, reaching in with

singular looking garment which had knows it is clean and he passes to the been taken off a shoplifter. "The wom- next one. All of the upholstery, as well delightful day, and was looking forward an who had this skirt-this kick, as as the floor, ceiling, etc., is of course, they call it-on had 48 different articles , cleaned more easily than the berths. in her possession, stolen from this store. The cleaning can be done at practical-She was walking in the street about ly any distance from the air-compresstwo blocks away when we overtook ing machine. A long line of hose leads her. Here is a list of the things she from the machine, or, perhaps, more had managed to secrete: Nine pairs of often the compressed air is carried in kid gloves, 6 pocketbooks, 5 pairs of fron pipes to the various points where mits, 6 pairs of stockings, pins, 1 pully the cars are brought to be cleaned. The rubber hose is then attached to the pipe line near the car and the air turned on. opener, 1 glass pitcher, earrings, 1 small A stop cock on the pipe line controls basket, 1 small clock, 1 mouse trap and the passage of the air into the hose and another at the top of the four-foot pipe controls its exit from the nozzle.

> The Etiquette of It. An escaped criminal who had killed a friend in a quarrel wrote home from

a distant city: "Dear Tom-Tell the guvner of he'll pardon me I'll come home an' surren-

The "Tom" referred to was his brother, who replied as follows: "Dear Bill-I understand that the

governor is on a visit to your city at fhis writin'. You'd better call on him, send up yer card an' interview him verself. The above brought this unique re-

sponse by postal card: "Dear Tom-I ain't callin' this year. It wouldn't be etiquette, seein' as I'm in mournin' for the friend I killed!"-Chicago Times-Herald.

At Delhi, N. Y., an aerolite recently stones, varying in size. All the stones are square, with a smooth surface, and They are of various colors and resemble diamonds.

America's Oyster Product. Of the 35,000,000 bushels of oysters consumed throughout the world every year, this country supplies 80,000,000

Boarding House Keeper-How sorr feel for those poor Klondike miners his cold weather! Boarder-Madam. there is no need of going so far to place your sympathy. You seem to forget that I occupy one of your hall rooms,-Judge.

esting a dab of ice cream and cake, and

Household.

RECIPES.

How to Cook a Fowl.—A delicious way to cook chicken is as follows: Cut what the market men call a roasting fowl, as the market men call a roasting fowl, as for fricasseeing, put it in a saucepan with water to the depth of about four inches; add-a medium size onion cut in halves; a stalk of celery and two or three sprigs of parsley. Cover the kettle tight, stand it over a moderate fire and after the chicken has cooked for half an hour season it with salt. Cover it again and let it cook till perfectly tender. In the meantime put in another saucepan two well-rounded tablespoonfuls of butter, stand it over the fire till it bubbles and then add a piled-up tablespoonful of flour and stir it to a paste, but do not let it burn. When it is well blended stir in the yolks of two raw eggs till perfectly blended. Heat a pint and a half of rich milk to the boiling point, then pour it in the sauce-Heat a pint and a half of rich milk to the boiling point, then pour it in the sauce-pan with the butter and flour, stirring it briskly to keep it from lumping or curding. Stand it over the fire, stirring it all the time, and just as it begins to bubble add the chicken to it and let it stew for about five minutes in the sauce, then serve on a platter varnished with sprigs of parsley and hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Line a plain round mold with ripe strawberries by burying the mold in ice to the rim, and dipping the strawberries in calf's foot jelly, first covering the bottom with them cut in halves, the cut side downward afterward building them up the sides, the jelly (which must be cold, but not set) causing them to adhere; when finished, fill it with the cream as directed for the charlotte russe, and when ready to serve dip the mold in warm water and turn it out upon the dish. The cream must be very nearly set when you pour it in, or it will run between the strawberries and produce a bad effect.

Cheese Balls.—Chop half a pound of good American cheese; add to it one pint of soft bread crumbs, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of salt mix, and add two eggs unbeaten. Form into balls the size of an English walnut. Dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot

Cocoanut Drop Cakes.—Cream well together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar; add the beaten yelks of two eggs, then alternately one-third of a cupful of milk and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Beat well until smooth, add one scant teaspoonful of vanitla, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one heaping cupful of grated cocoanut, the stiflly whipped whites of the eggs and one heaping teawhites of the eggs and one heaping tea-spoonful of baking powder. Beat for a moment and drop by the spoonful on well-greased pans. Flours vary so much that it may be necessary to add one or two spoonfuls more than the recipe calls for to keep them in shape. When baked and to keep them in shape. When cold put away in a stone jar.

bec. Don't be frightened, darling; he is in capital spirits, and I hope to bring him ap to-morrow, though I do hate the idea of London for him. I hope the dinner will go off all right. Of course you will any and do the right thing about me, and I dare say as long as they get you they'll be very happy to dispense with my sompany. You can't think how heavenly it is down here after London. I've got on a nold shooting-coat, and I feel as happy as a king; at least I should, darling, T had to break off here to see Jones, and he tells me there are two or three things I ought to see to to-morrow. Should you mind if we don't seeme until and good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until italligated. The should you mind if we don't come until italligated for the machiners, and June, and June, and June, and June, and something for the moments old, and is not only a beautiful and good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until itall good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until ital good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until ital good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until ital good-tempered infant, but has the should you mind if we don't come until ital good-tempered infant, but has the should you not make a startled to see how white and unlike him which weif he looked.

Othellos and Destemonas.—Make a startled to see how white and unlike him which wish to see how white and unlike him which weif he looked.

Othellos and Destemonas.—Has the wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have to point it long at any one spot before the wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have to point it long at any one spot before the wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have the wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have to point it long at any one spot before the wishes to cleanse. He doesn't have the wishes to cleanse. He do chocolate and the dark ones with icing. The result is a very delicious kind of chocolate-cream icing.

> Rhubarb Custard Pie.-One half pint finely chopped rhubarb, spread evenly over a rich pie paste. Make a custard as if for custard pies and pour over it. Bake slowly until the rhubarb is tender and

The season is well on now, and yet the chainless wheel does not seem to have cut a very wide swath. There are several makes on the market, and, while they have all made friends, yet they seem to have hurt the chain-geared machine but

The Ramsey swinging pedal has proved one of the most novel and useful inven-tions that has has been yet introduced in the line of eveling access

Tom Butler, the New England profe sional bicycle racer, has decided to fol low the National Circuit this year. One of the series of sprint races for the world's championship between Eddie Bald and Jimmy Michael, which the American and Jimmy Michael, which the American Cycle Racing Association has arranged, will be held at the Willow Grove track next month. Michael is confident of dem-onstrating his superiority over the champ-ion sprinter with the ease in which he has polished off the middle-distance stars. The new road between Berlin and Ham-monton via Waterford to Atlantic City is much softer and rougher than the Blue Anchor route. It is also over one-half a

Anchor route.

mile longer.

Cissac, the noted French bicycle racer,
who is training at Woodside Park, Philadelphia, is bound to become popular with
the Philadelphia cycling public. He is a graceful rider and a game and determined finisher. Off the track he is a quite, un-assuming young fellow of very genial

assuming young fellow of very genial disposition.

William Martin, the American cyclist, who has been in Australia for several years, and who recently returned here, has sent a challenge to Charles Church, Joe Vernier or J. F. Starbuck. In a letter sent to George S. McLeish, the local representative of the American Cycle Racing Association, Martin states his willingness to meet any of the above men in a race from ten to thirty-three miles. Martin says he will also make a side bet of any amount on the result.

Dasey, Flezer and Russell, riding a triplet, have broken the world's record for one mile. The feat was performed at Denver Wheel Club Park. The quarters were receled off in 33, 50 35, 1.09 and 1.46 1.5. The former record was held by

.46 1-5. The former record was held by ohnson, Mertens and Kiser, who made

Johnson, Mertens and Kiser, who made the mile in 1.46 2.5.
Eddie McDuffie is now doing unpaced work in the morning, and lately travelled an unpaced mile in 2 05.
Secretary Bassett's report of the number of applications for membership in the League of American Wheelmen received last week shows that New York sent 142; Pennsylvania, 132; Massachusetts, 186; New Jersey, 48; Ohio, 34; Illinois, 25; Wisconin, 19; Rhode Island, 15; Michigan, 56; Missouri, 10; Maryland, 6; Connecticut, 6, and Indiana, 3. In the race for first place Pennsylvania makes quite a long 4, and Indiana, 3. In the race for first, place Pennsylvania makes quite a long leap towards New York, a large number of renewals from old members bringing last week's lead of 1044 down to 861. New York now has 23,314 members and Pennsylvania 22,546. At the corresponding late of last year the Pennsylvania members him was 15.328

—In India there is a species of buterfly in which the male has the left win yellow and the right one red. The colrs of the female are vice versa. -A small piece of cheese and an ele trie wire form the latest rat-trap. The cheese is fixed to the wire, and the in-stant the rat touches the cheese he re-

Subject: "Making the Best of Things". Advice About Looking on the Bright Side—Blessings in Misfortune's Guise— Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

Awaings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregation of the first place with the property of the propose of the first place with the propose of signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail!
Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul
weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish
him. But after awhile he assails the flanks
of the clouds with flying artillery of light.

it was not politic to speak much of finan-cial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tap at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retreachment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in the patient of your dim eye. When you have you have not a well man making a great achievement you heaven in the patient of your dim eye. When you have you have succeeded largely in the patient of your dim eye. When you have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you have succeeded largely in full physical vigor, sometimes you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you cannot see it at all, you become impatient with your largely and you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you cannot see it at all, you cannot see it at all, you cannot see it at all, you become impatient with your factors.

a financial sense and yet maintained their a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer. "Give me this day my know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely suc-cessful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or

the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of de-struction. The day you honestly sus-pended in business made your fortune for

eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misyour children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with seventy thousand dollars' capital, how many turned you well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his out well? I do not know half a dozen.

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The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his out of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconcile if well and the promise of the men who started life with a forting that you can give your could be a subman to the promise of the men who started life with seventy and the pr your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of

life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, to fight back imaginary devils. And then reptiles from the embroidered pillow, to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the easket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this

As you sat this morning at your breast fast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that seeme of pathos I break with a prean of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven and the prospect for heaven of your children are mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that thes that the take that he decreed by and the them that the that the that the that the that the that the part of the same take them. fast table, and looked into the faces of your first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be inclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the mea who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations and to give much time to the handling of ntoes of the departed, and to make "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is

stant the rat touches the ceives a shock which kills him.

—In tropical regions when the moon is at its full, objects are distinctly visible several miles away. By starlight only print can be read with ease.

—A one-legged knife grinder in Philadelphia has taught a Newfoundland dog to turn his grindstone.

—The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous white man bereavements, and forty years of anoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away in the cup of ternal bilss and put into that child's hands the cup of many be-

reavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this moral state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 19,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends,

best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes.

The description of the long remember how the men-of-war thundered remember how the men-of-war thundered remember how the men-of-war no lovy there years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irritated faces of your glorified kindred?

who was a come impatient with your lame foot. When you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggra-vated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds. Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job. David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing It is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job-his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully erup-tive. David-he had a running sore, which

was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basic brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul mentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily aliments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleens eight hours every night.

sleeps eight hours every night.

From what I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have higher renown in heaven of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains

those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniae, is cherubic. Of all the of being demontae, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery. gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dy-ing man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!long after the lips could not speak, he
looking and pointing upward.
Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world,

and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No.
This world is not the best thing God can
do; this world is not the best thing that
God has done.
One week of our year is called blossom

week—called so all through the land be-cause there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited -blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Fortugas, and yet here we stand trembling and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of lessamine, and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the differences between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, on down toward New Orienns, the versure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness from language. from radiance toward darkness, from hang-ing gardens toward leebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come.
But how strange it is that we dread going
out toward that world when going is from
December toward June—from the snow of
earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blos-

attached to the malarial marsh in which ducement. Let us stay here and keep ig-norant and sinful and weak. Do not in-troduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdalane. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting

instead of the immensities of spiender and leiight. Keep our hands full of netties, and our shoulder under the burden, and

pie—as though we preserved a plate with four or five of the keysout of time to an in-strument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged appared, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mouraing, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken. I am amazed at myself and at yourselfor this infatuation under which we all

rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. This world is as bright to me as to any living man, but I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through siekness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground," "What! in the ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."
"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body

with which my soul has so long compan-ioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset or the faded picture when you send reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the Allage churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that

So you see you have not made out as doleful story yet. What have you prove about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming. and that you are going to quit cramped be the one lathered and bespattered, car-rying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision— the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial squipage, and those Christians who in this wrold lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

## OLD TIME COURTESY

Of the Sort Found in Oregon When The Was Young and Unfettered. There wasn't any particular excitement over the hanging of the man pointed out and arrested at Big Bend as the chap who stole a pack mule from Colonel White's camp, over on Fish River. One of White's men, who was

fern, president of the vigilance committee, and said: "Jim, is it a good day for a hanging?" "Wall, tolerably fa'r." replied Jim. "The kuss who stole our pack mew!

over after bacon, happened to meet

the stranger and he went to Jim Red-

is down in the tin front saloon." "I see. And you want him hung?" "I don't keer no great shakes about it myself, but I reckon the kurnel would be pleased."

"I'm willing to obleege Colonel-White, as he's a good friend of mine; but do you think the critter down that has any objectshuns to bein' hung?" "He don't look like a man who'd kick about it. 'Pears more like a critter

who'd be glad to be off the airth." "Wall, we'll take chances on him," said Jim, and he went to his shanty and got a rope and asked eight or ten of the boys to go along. When the crowd reached the tin front saloon, the stranger was just coming out.

"Say, we want you," remarked Red fern. "What fur?" "Goin' to hang you."

"'Cause why?" "Fur stealin' Kurnel White's pack "Wall, fire away."

He was escorted to a tree whereon a dozen more men had been duly hanged and, lifted upon an empty whisky barrel, the noose was soon placed over his neck.

"Want to say anything?" asked Jim, as all was ready. "Nothin' 'tall.'

"Then let 'er go." An hour later, White's man, who had started for home, returned to hunt up

Mr. Redfern, and say: "Look-a-yere, Jim, that feller didn't steal our mewl."

"No?" "No. They got the feller and the mewl over at Clay City, and hung him this mornin'. I thought this was the feller, but I must hev bin mistook."

"I see. Wall, he's bin hung and burled, and we can't help him any now. We'll jest let the next one off, to even up things. My compliments to the kurnel, and tell him I shall always ready to obleege him."-Pendletor East Oregonian.

As a general thing it is . a wher plan to conform to a custom if there is no really good reason for receiving it, thus avoiding singularity where it is not