F. SOHWEIER

NO. 41

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1898.

Luke Dillon was a rare specimen of his

race, a money-loving Irishman. It was the flaw in a very shrewi, far seeing intellect, but as yet indulgence had not developed it to that degree of intensity which dulls perception in other directions. A few tastes still remained to

passion, among them a certain pleasure In his own keenness and such creature comforts as good food and drink. The circumstances of Mrs. Callander's death exercised him a good deal,

He would have been rather disgusted to think that his task offered no greater difficulty than tracing a common scaman, a mere vulgar thief. For his own credit sake he hoped and expected to find a far deeper, subtler motive below the apparent simplicity of the crime,

If he could find the sailor, the supposed murderer, and prove him guilty, well and good, he would get a thousand pounds. If he could find a more highly placed assassin so much the better-he should nnearth some disgraceful secret which it would be of the last importance to conceal, even at the price of immunity to the murderer. This would mean a heavy bribe to insure his own silence. Two thousand instead of one ay, more with the possibility of retaining fees for many a year to come. With this idea Dillon applied all the force of his keen, and in some ways imaginative, mind first to invent probabilities, and then to seek proof of them, for he had often discovered very unexpected proof while following the acent of a false theory.

Given a beautiful young woman, separated by many a league from a husband considerably older than herself, what more likely than a lover? and given a lover, the amount of guilt and cruelty, deceit and treachery, depended on the strength of passion, the difficulties and provocations of the position, "There must be a confidante somewhere," mused the detective as he strolled along the common the day after the funeral, "I wish I could find her—if it is a 'her'—I wish I could get a word with that Mr. Egerton." At this point in his meditations Dillon came upon a gentleman who was walking slowly along the beach, and had crossed from the water's edge as if to mount some steps that led to the low embank-

Dillon recognized Egerton, and waited till he came near. "Beg your parden, hat. "I wanted a word or two with you." Who are you?" asked Egerton, haugh-

employment of Mr. Standish at present." not speak in that way-to any one!"

"No, sir, I am not in any service except that of the person who engages me temporarily. I am free to do as my employer directs; to press on to full discovery or to hold my hand—"

"What do you want with me?" "I'd make bold to ask you a question

or two, if I may, sir." "Go on, we can walk while I speak. What is it?" "They tell me you spoke to these men

the sailors who are suspected of the murder. Now, I'd like to know what your "I have none. They may have done it,

but there are base scoundrels of every nation who'd stab their mothers for gold and iewels." "May be so, but not their sweethearts,

"What do you mean?" cried Egerton his eyes lighting up angrily, while a deep finsh passed over his face, so deadly white before. "Do you think this tragedy a fit subject for vulgar jests?"

"Heaven forbid, sir," gravely. "But you see rough men like me are not accustomed to touch things gingerly as gentle up men that may be innocent, and waste a lot of time and money into the bargain without looking round a bit for any other

possible party."
"I think it is all wasted time," said Egerton, passionately, "We'll never catch the real murderer, though I'd give all I possess to stand by and see him die inch ch, under the grasp of a torturer, but I don't want you or any like you to handle and dissect the simple details of a life like—There," stopping himself, "I am tolerably sure some bloodthirsty thief stole in and silenced her forever, some wigtch who will assuredly meet his punishment sooner or later, who is perhaps - That is all I think about it! If you want money to prosecute your search, come to me-there, take that and let me I don't want to speak to you again. He took out his purse and put five or six sovereigns in Dillon's ready hand, then with a gesture of infinite abhorrence turned from him and walked rapidly in

the direction of the pier.
"Oh! I'm too dirty to be touched, am I?" mottered the detective, looking after him with an unpleasant grin. "All the fitter to take the filthy lucre." Drawing a small leather bag from his pocket, he put the sovereigns into it; carefully twisting the string round it he placed the bag in his breast pocket, and, quickening his pace, directed his steps to The Knoll.

"There is something wrong with you, my time gentleman," he mused. "A man's not always so wild with grief about his friend's wife, unless he's not the sort of man though to stick a knife in a woman -unless he was riled to that extent! Faith, jealousy and revenge have brought finer gentlemen than you into ugly places. Now let's see what is to be done with the

Dorothy had forced herself to sit downstairs in the drawing room that morning to answer some of the many letters which had poured in upon her since the dread ful death of her sister had been described by every newspaper in England and some abroad chiefly hoping to exchange a few words with Standish as he came and

It seemed that long years had passed since she had written letters in that room last; was it not hideously soon to be clothed in her right mind, and able to resume anything of her ordinary ways? Was life to go on just as usual without Mabel? How was Herbert to bear existence unless he could shake off something of the awful silent grief which oppressed him? He was hardly master of himself Then when Standish went away, how appalling her loneliness would be! As she thought this, with her elbow on the table, her cheek on her hand, a voice,

On: I beg your pardon, miss."

"I beg your pardon, miss," he repeated "I thought Mr. Standish was here."
"He was here half an hour ago, and will return soon," she said, rising and backing earnestly at him; something in him repelled her, yet she had a curious wish to speak to him.

"Thank you, miss. I only wanted to ask him a question or two, and maybe you could answer them as well." "Mr. Dillon, do you hope to get any

"Well, miss, I may and I may not There are many points to be con it's ail very well to offer rewards and hant up those for ign chaps, but it's just possible others may have a hand in it. Things look black enough, I grant, against those men, still—" he stopped and looked down, as if considering deep

"Still, in what other way can you pos sibly account for the horrible crime? asked Dorothy.

"As to accounting for it-why, that's not to be thought of yet. Then you see there's a heap of crimes done from spite, and jealousy and revenge, besides the de sire to grab booty."

"There could be no such motives in this calmly, while her heart beat with almost painful violence at this corroboration of her own horrible suspicions. "Who could be jealous of or wish to hurt my sister, who only lived among her own family

and had no intimacies outside them?" "Well, I suppose that's true; but you know, miss, I am a stranger, and don't know nothing of how you and she lived. Sometimes good, kind ladies manage to offend spiteful people who don't stop at trifles. If you could remember now that she scorned anyone, or turned her back on anyone, it might be a help, and of to justice!" He kept his small, searching eyes fixed on her while he spoke, noting w the swift blood mounted almost to her brow, and then left her paler than before; how her eyes avoided his, and she

seemed to shrink together. "How dare you suggest such fearful possibilities!" interrupted Dorothy, hardable to refrain from screaming aloud with terror. "You are thinking of wicked, uncivilized people, not of English genthe came near. "Beg your parden, he said, deferentially touching his "I wanted a word or two with you."

Who are you?" asked Egerton, haughWhat a graph conclusions they point to?

What a graph conclusions they point to?

What a graph conclusions they was cross and disagreeable, but this is a terrible punishment—to be rejected by her own son!"

"Ah! the detective," with a tinge of contempt in his tone. "Are you sent from ously confidential air—while he thought, "She knows more than she chooses t tell, there's a tile off the roof here som

before this," he said aloud. "If you trust me miss and just tell me every little speak out before a low, vulgar policeman who has neither discretion nor delicacy,

I'll lay my hand on the miscreant-or, with strong emphasis, "the real miscre-Dorothy was overwhelmed. How was that this stranger, this common man, had evolved suspicions so like her own What clue had he gained? How did h dare-her head swam. She dreaded think what inculpatory morsel of writing either from or to Egerton, might have

fallen into his bands; papers, notes, let-ters were so easily mislaid, so dreadfully dangerous! She made a gallant effort to pull herself together, for she felt he was trying to read her thoughts with his sly, ean eyes. "I am so unnerved," she said with sud-

den composure, "that everything fright-ens me. Of course a man of your experience must know much that seems impos-sible to me. I can but hope your skill may bring the real felon to justice. To me of course, it is clear that robbery and the fear of detection were the only motives for the crime that has robbed us of one o dear." A sob choked her words Dillon stood respectfully silent.

"She's a plucky one," thought the detective, while he said aloud, "No, course not, miss; but I'll be careful all the same, and you may be sure I'll do my best to find out the real truth." He suddenly raised his eyes as he uttered the fer kep' me allers in northern territory. last words. Dorothy could not resist a shiver; there was, to her car, a threat his tone. "Now," he resumed—when to Dorothy's delight the door opened to admit Standish, who came in quickly, say-

You here. Dillon? He stopped beside Dorothy.
"Yes, sir. I just came in, thinking you

vere here. "Well," returned Standish, somewhaimpatiently, "Miss Wynn looks very much exhausted. The sooner we can leave her to rest the better." While be spoke Dorothy, as if unconsciously, slipped her arm through his and drew close to him, so that he felt the beating of her heart, the tremor that occasionally ran

through her slight frame.
"I am sorry I disturbed the your lady." With an abrupt bow and a satisfied smile the detective left the room, thinking: "She could tell a good bit if she chose. She was in a proper fright when I hinted at jealousy. I suspect I sailed pretty close to the wind. She does not want his high mightiness there to know what I was driving at. She spoke up pretty quick when I began about the bar. I fancy I have a fine job in band. She is an uncommon pretty piece of goods. I would not mind her cuddling me up as she does that guardian. But a big bag of sovs, is worth all that moonshine.

CHAPTER XII.

Meantime Standish, looking kindly into Dorothy's eyes, exclaimed: "I was afraid hat fellow's questions would only open your wounds; I wanted to be with you then he came. You are looking so pale and worn, Dorothy! I must get you away

Dorothy withdrew her arm from his and sat down, beginning to put her papers and letters together.
"I should be pleased, too. The sight of this room, of everything, the recollection

of our happy days is insupportable." "I have been consulting with Misa Oakeley. Mrs. Callander wants you all to go to her house in London—at least till you can settle in an abode of your own. Miss Oakeley proposes to take a house and reside with you, for the winter at least. What do you think of this?

-More than 500,000 sewing machines cast in lonely paths. But there came are made in this country annually, which is 90 per cent. of the production of the world. She is kind and human."

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

"1 should like to be with Henrietta, but not with Mrs. Callander. You must save me from Mrs. Callander, Paul." "I will as far as I can, my dear child, Do you know, she has just gone in to pay her son an unexpected visit?"
"Indeed!" cried Dorothy, dismayed. "I

am sorry-it will irritate him, and he may wound ber. His dislike to the idea of seeing her almost alarms me. It is so un-

"I imagine that her unfriendly feeling to his sweet wife was a source of annoyance to him, and now she is gone he re sents it as he never would have done Dorothy bent her head, but did no

"Then I have your permission to arrange so far your winter abode, at least, with Miss Oakeley?" "Yes, dear Paul. Shall you be

would leave a power of attorney with his solicitors, and would lodge money for current expenses in their hands as he wanted to stay a long time abroad. He will, blunted, he will long to see his poor chil-

side attracted their attention. The door demise she married a section boss. The was partly open, and Dorothy heard Mrs. children were scattered among friends Callander's voice saying very distinctly, and relatives. The boys had found "No; I shall leave at once. It is insupportable.

Dorothy looked interrogatively at Stan-

"I would not go if I were you," he said, answering the glance. "She can come in here if she likes." In another minute the noise as of a carriage driving away esteem of the townspeople, who was heard, and at the same time Miss case," returned Dorothy, trying to speak Oakeley came in, looking rather scared. "Isn't it unfortunate?" she said, throwing herself into a chair. "He would not allow her to stay or even to sit down." "Who? Herbert?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes. When his mother went in he stood up, looking perfectly awful, and said, 'I did not ask you to come here.' dued, 'but I could not keep away. 1 longed to see you, my dear son-

such a strange, choked sort of voice. vice with the townspeople, the boys But here, while all is fresh, I will not course you would like to bring the villain You only distrusted and disliked her; you made her shrink from you, and I will neither see nor speak with you till heaven has given me grace to forgive!

"Poor Herbert," continued Miss Oakewas always a religious man. I was sorry

this morning and says Herbert does not had in his mother's arms, but Bee, the wish the children to be with her. We charwoman's infant daughter, needed must try and smooth him down."

going with Callander. This dreadful rice, to the great astonishment of evblow seems almost more than his brain erybody. A washerwoman calling her traordinary antipathies will fade away," said Standish, thoughtfully.

with Herbert," said Dorothy, wringing

"My dear Dorothy," he said seriously, "you have always been a sensible girl; antecedents that her husband had died you must not let yourself brood over imaginary trouble now, when you have so terrible a grief to contend with; you will ritter away your strength, which has explained, but a year's sickness had her heart throbbed wildly. Perhaps seen sorely tried. Egerton is an excel-

ert, only a great deal more brotherly than a brother!-now I must go to my aunt," and Henrietta, who, though truly ympathetic, was in a way exhilarated by having so much to do-real work, too-

(1'o be continued.)

A Drummer. Haggard Hubert-Can yer old drummer, mum? Mrs. Chink-Yes; it pains me to

veteran needy. Here's a quarter. By the bye, were you at Chancellorsville? Haggard Hubert-Never, lady. De bakin' powder concern I wuz drummin' Thanky, mum.

Their Jokes. "Officer!" shouted an excited man to a policeman, "those fellows in that saloon just stood me on my head and took every cent I had."

"Thim boys at Patsy's," was the officer's comment, as he moved on "was always great at jokes."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

-In the early days of Rome the ladter of that city wore heavy earrings that made the ears sore, and sometimes fore the lobes. There were doctors whose buy ess was chiefly to heal ears thus injured. As a rule a six months' cruise decreases the speed of a ship 15 per cent. This is caused by the barnacles which form on a

Russia is fully alive to the necessit of interoceanic canal communication is now preparing to connect the Baltic and Black Sea

-Tomatoes have been grafted upon po-tatoes by a French experimenter, whose hybrid plant produces tubers underground d tomatoes above.

The Virginia Bar Association has re-commended that judicial robes be worn by the judges of the supreme court of the -The Kansas City (Mo.) Times says

If this is not a war for revenge why should so many amateur brass bands be sent to Cuba.

the weight of the Greenland whale is 100 tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of eighty eight elephants or 140 bears. The pictures of Ensign Powell, who followed Hobson with the launch makes him look like a Bryn Mawr Crllege girl, but just now it is safer to judge men by their looks.

—It has been ascertained that plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest granife.

—The Netherlands have 12,000 square miles, being about the combined area of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

-More than 500,000 sewing m



## THE LOVE STORY : : : : : OF NUMBER SIX.

N the Baptist Orphan Asylum of a Rossiter. A childless couple had come small town in Vermont Lizzie Mac- to summer at a neighboring resort in ready was known as No. 6. The the Green Mountains, and while on name was particularly fitting for more their journey visited the orphanage. "As short a time as I can manage-a reasons than one. Lizzie was the They had long ago decided to adopt month, perhaps. Indeed, I must come youngest child in a family of six. She a child, and a glance at little Bee satisback to look after you and the children, was the sixth orphan who had been adfect them that she was just what they fied them that she was just what they for poor Callander seems to shrink from mitted to the institution in the sixth wanted. The bargain was made and me-from us all. He told Egerton he rear of its establishment. Her father it was agreed that Bee should be sent was a locomotive engineer on the Ver- to them a few days before their summont Central Railway. Lizzie, the mer solourn came to an end. From that time on Number Six was

youngest child, was 6 years old when he was killed in a collision, and a changed being. She pined and fret-The first cruel keenness of his grief brought home a corpse to his little ted, as the day drew near that would ones. His eldest daughter had been separate her from the little girl, and keeping house since the death of ber mother, and soon after the father's good homes and were all at work earn-

Aunt Sanders was more than once com-

pelled to call in the house physician to

The girl, who had tasted all the bit-

terness of an orphaned life, clung to

vehemency of a first love. Night and

day she prayed that something might

And the unexpected happened. A

stranger alighted one day from the sin-

gle-horse fly, which plied between the

railway station and the best hotel in

town. He was a handsome, prosper-

ous-looking man. His clothes and the

alligator bag indicated that. He asked

for the best room in the house and paid

his arrival he set out for the parson-

age, and through the volubility of the

minister's housekeeper, it soon leaked

Mrs. Rossiter. The parson took him

first to the little graveyard and showed

him the mound beneath which the old

thar woman lay buried. Then he ac-

companied him to the orphanage to see

Lizzie Macrendy was busy at a win

low when the stranger and the parson

bronzed face of the former was aglow

with excitement. Lizzle had never seen

was a good, honest face, too, and when

a moment later she was requested to

bring little Bee to the reception-room.

The woman and the child entered th

room, and the stranger came forward

to great them. He canght the little girl

man, wound her arms around his neck

good omen, thought Lizzle, and con

fidingly shook the stranger's hand.

The minister introduced the visitor as

Mr. Correll, little Bee's half-brother.

left his wife. He had taken their child,

a boy, with him. The boy was the

They had drifted to the mining camps

of Colorado and there Correll had

amassed riches. A few months ago he

lied, leaving everything to his son and

the son did. He had learned of his

mother's divorce and marriage to Ros-

siter, and of the birth of a baby girl.

Their trail led to the little mountain

town in Vermont, and here he found

one in her grave, the other a public

charge in an orphanage. Now he

would take her away with him and

spend his riches upon her. In a day

or two he would be ready to depart.

when he announced his intention. The

"Dear Number Six." she cried, "I can

nan, who now stood before them.

interfere to let her keep the girl a little

the motherless child with all

administer to her niece.

longer.

middle-aged woman, was matron. Nebody objected to this arrangement, for Miss Sanders stood very high in the thought it but right that the youngest child of the dead engineer should be cared for at the expense of the county, since all the others had not become burdens on their charity.

ing money, Lizzle was taken into the

orphanage, of which her aunt, a kindly,

Number Six grew up a likely girl amidst the orphans of the place, and now, at the age of 16, she was quite a "I know that," she returned, quite sub | help to her aunt, who still continued in charge of the county's walfs. All who had been there when she was a toddler "'I may see you hereafter,' he said in were gone. The girls had sought serwere at work in the fields. Lizzie was taking upon her young shoulders the cares which burdened the white-haired woman who had been a mother to her

At this time there was not an empty bed or cradle in the institution. An ley, weeping and wiping her eyes; "he open winter, something unusual in the rigorous climate of the Vermont hills, for my aunt, too, poor old thing; I wanted | had depopulated the firesides and filled her to come in here and sit down, but no, the graveyard. For years there had she was too hurt and offended. She has gone back, and I really think I must go winter. Now there were two, a boy and a girl. The former was the son of "Do, dear Henrietta. She was cross the schoolmaster. The girl was a poor washerwoman's child. Bud, the male infant, was robust enough and thrived as successfully among strangers as be nust try and smooth him down." a deal of attention. This little muse of 'It is a relief to me that Egerton is humanity had been christened Beat-

can stand. Still, he was always just and child Beatrice, was an unheard of reasonable. Change of scene will, no thing among the plain people of the Vermont hills, Maggie, Mary or Annie, wagged the gossips, would have been more suitable. Mrs. Rossiter, the mother of little Beatrice, came to the Green Mountain walked up the gravel path. The a note of anguish in her voice that struck town when her child was not quite a year old. She wore widow's weeds and informed those who asked after her a more pleasing face, she thought. It

erty. He had been a good man, she lent companion for Callander. I do not This was in the summer of the year, nderstand your prejudice against him."

and a few days before Christmas the "Nor I," added Miss Oakeley. "I am mother was called away from little sure he has been like a brother to Her Ree, before she could indicate what in his arms and kissed her. Bee, who she wanted done with her child. After had never before been caressed by a the burial of Mrs. Rossiter, the baby was taken to the orphanage and placed and laid her head on his shoulder. A in charge of Miss Sanders. From the first Lizzle Macready-Number Sixtook a violent fancy to the little one. Bee got all the coddling and fondling. She was such a wee thing; so delicate | His father, a wild, reckless fellow, had and frail. Big blue eyes gazed wist fully out of a thin, pale face, and there

> For a time after Mrs. Rossiter's coming to Water Hollow, the gossins indulged in talk about the legitimacy of little Bee. All doubts were set aside, however, when the Public Administra-

was a sad droop to the baby mouth, as

if the child realized its forlorn condi-



Sweet blushes crept in the cheek at this avowal of affection on the part of the child. The stranger stopped and kissed her hand. "How can I ever thank you for what you have done for her".

her hand to her foster-mother.

never leave you!"

For days Mr. Correll, the rich young miner, lingered in the little mountain Rossiter's effects two marriage cer town. Again the gossips got together, tificates. One, the latest, pronounced wondering what kept him in a place s her the wife of James Rossiter, whom devoid of attraction to people with she had wed six years before the baby money. There was nothing in the way was born. The other was ten years older. It had been issued by a minisof little Bee's departure. Surely that foolish young woman, Lizzie Macter in a small town of New York, and . would not again interpose silly

Every day the stranger went to the This was news, indeed, to the denirebanage to spend hours with his litzens of Water Hollow, and they at once sister and her beloved Number Six speculated what had become of her he insisted that Lizzle Macready first husband. By the time they had could accompany her charge on al found something else to talk about heir strolls through the garden. " Baby Bee was forgotten, so far as they At last he informed the landlord of were concerned. e little hostelry that he would depart Slowly the little girl grew, tenderly he next day. He ordered a four-seat

cared for by Number Six, who had bearriage instead of the single fly to come deeply attached to her, and could ske him to the station. not endure to have her out of her "I am not going alone this time," h sight. Several opportunities presented aid, with a happy smile. themselves for Bee's adoption, but Liz-"Going to take the little girl with -Chinese streets are supposed to be the zie Macready objected. She could not ou. I see," answered the landlord. Some of them bear to think of a separation from the saying to himself that there would little waif whose life, like hers, seemed one less for the county to feed. "Yes, and a wife!" continued Correll "A wife?" gasped the innkeeper. "Where did you get her?"

to be married in the morning to Lizzie Macready-Number Six-you know?'-St. Louis Republic.

INGENIOUS JAIL PRISONERS.

Outer Things Made Without the Ald of the Simplest Tools.

Jailer Whitman, of the county jail. has on his desk a lamp which is at once a curlosity and a specimen of what can be done by a prisoner with scant mate

The lamp is nearly as simple as the The lamp is nearly as simple as the cowboy and stone slinger, and fighter, and old Roman ones composed of a floating dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and wick and a vessel of oil. In this case, the receptacle for oil is a whisky bottle about eight inches in height, of the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound about eight inches in height, of the shape favored by men who have business in prehibition towns, with a capacity of perhaps a quart. When found by the guards it was filled with gaso line, a fact that would make its use exposed ingly dangerous. The burner is abreastof us? There are about four genera-

siderable ingenuity had been shown. to them. The last regiment of that great it is composed wholly of white twine, twisted into strands, and these neatly would avert his head to see what we braided together into a round wick, as smooth and regular in appearance as a braided sash cord. The wick runs through the jet down into the bottle.

A number of plumbers had been at work about the jail building just be fore the lamp was found. It is suptimely for the lamp was found to the lamp was found posed that the gasoline in the bottle was taken from their torches, while the other materials had been picked up in down. Gone forever. Then there are gen-

ture in Jailer Whitman's possession is generations look down and rejoice at our ture in Jailer Whitman's possession is a "billy," of which the butt or heavy end, usually filled with bird shot, is packed with tightly rolled pleces of tinfoil. Much of the smoking tobacco in common use is packed in tinfoil, and this, the jailer thinks, is the source from whence it was obtained. The tingular transfer in the procession, but moving. It is a day, each hour being a mile. Going with this, the jailer thinks, is the source from whence it was obtained. The tinfoll was pounded into hard lumps, and makes a fair substitute for shot as lead for the billy. Its handle is of cord, tightly woven, and it is supposed that the leather cover is from an old shoe. The whole makes a fair substitute for a regular billy, and might be used with

Diminutive Woman in Ohio. Miss Sally Podney, a 25-year-old womtune by so-doing. P. T. Barnum, the showman, at one time offered her; large sum to travel with his show.

imploring him to find his mother. This

Lizzle Macready grew pale as death, coughly conservative man in all his the close the Nanhattan Association a younger ministerial brother had read a paper in which certain views of inspiration were expressed that did not at all meet his another crumb of cake, and to enother crumb of cake, and the supplies of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put ranthine, and garles pearline, and garlands ama a synthesis on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and coroneted, for I cannot forget that juliaby in the closing words of my text: "David after he harder while the water dropped served his own generation by the will of God. shild, still nestling in his arms, held out

I beg your pardon for speaking as harshly as I did."

The brother was startled, perhaps a little confused, and began to say that

he had taken no offense. "But say you forgive me!

the conclusion that the general size of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king of in the Atlantic is about thirty rode through and they shouled, "Bread!

Shine for the Japanese Red Cross The Japanese Red Cross society is going to build two vessels of 2,000 tons each for the use of patients in time of

Men are like rivers; the deeper they

WAT.

Subject: "Our Own Times"-How We Can Serve Our Generation-Our Responsi-bilities Chiefly With the People Now Abreast of Us-Help Your Neighbors. Text: "David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."—Acts xiii., 36.

That is a text which has for a long time

coedingly dangerous. The burner is composed of a cork and part of a gas jet. The tip of the jet containing the slot-shaped opening for the escape of the gas has been removed, leaving a round hole in the end of the jet. A round hole in the end of the jet. A round hole had been made in the cork of the bottle with a knife, and into this the jet had been thrust, making a rudbut effective burner.

In the manufacture of the wick, considerable ingenuity had been shown.

other materials had been picked up in odd places. The only motive for the manufacture of the lamp which the jailer can assign is a restless longing for something to do, as the cells of all the prisoners are brilliantly lighted by electricity.

Another article of prisoner manufacture in Jailer Whitman's possession is the prisoner of heaven the former type in Jailer Whitman's possession is the prisoner manufacture of the lamp which the sertions to come after our earthly existence has cased. We shail not see them; will take no part in their convocations, their revolutions, their revolutions, their reconstitutions are after our earthly existence has cased. We shail not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their revolutions, their reconstitutions, their reconstitutions are prisoner manufacture. regular billy, and might be used with considerable effect as a weapon.

In the pentientiaries many curbus articles are turned out by the convicts, on sleep " was said of David, "After he had served his on sleep."

but in the county jail the absence of anything in the way of tools makes these apecimens of prisoners' ingenuity rather rare.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Immense Indian Temple.

The largest heathen temple in the world is at Seringapatam (the city of Vishnu), in India. This immense temple comprises a square, each side being a mile in length, and inside of which are six other squares. The walls are twenty-five feet high and five feet they are the content of the human family are now suffering either.

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerully, in a commen-sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a loop time and the city of Vishnu), in India. This immense temple comprises a square, each side being a mile in length, and inside of which are six other squares. The walls are twenty-five feet high and five fe Well now let us look around earnestly which are six other squares. The walls are twenty-five feet high and five feet thick, and the grand hall, in which the pilgrims assemble, is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut from a single stone. There is a very large and magnificent Buddhist temple at Rangoon standing on a huge mound of two terraces, the upper one being 106 feet above the ground outside, and in extent 900x685 feet. The underground temple of Kasil is another temple, all excavated out of the solid rock—so are the temples of Elephanta.

Dimiautive Woman in Ohio.

dertake to say that the vast majority of the hugh range row suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food, on the luman family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food, on the pilgrims assemble, is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut from a single stone. There is a very large and magnificent Buddhist temple at Rangoon standing on a huge mound of two terraces, the upper one being 106 feet above the ground outside, and in extent 900x685 feet. The underground temple of Kasil is another temple, all excavated out of the solid rock—so are the temples of Elephanta.

Dimiautive Woman in Ohio. table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of souls of this generation you will effect Miss Sally Podney, a 25-year-old wom, an of Spring Valley, O., weighs only twenty-six pounds. Her height is 34 inches. She is fairly well educated, having attended the district schools until she was past the school age. She has leave the district and the district schools until she was past the school age. She has always rejected any proposition to appear before the public for gain, although she could have realized a formulation of the public for gain, although she could have realized a formulation of the laboration of t

Bessewhat Noisy.

Henshaw—To me the merry prattle of children is music.

Tenbroeck—Yes; but it's—er—rather Wagnerian, don't you think?—Philadelphia North American.

"Say You Forgive Me!"

A story is told by the Independent about the late Rev. William M. Taylor, of New York, which illustrates how heartlify he obeyed the Master's words "Be reconciled to thy brother."

It is well known that he was a thoroughly conservative man in all his the of the man to the serve our generation with ediving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging bask in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through to heat though the best brand, and through the lower reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By flading out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize the back to me, and I remember what my glori-fled mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knell by hor side in prayer. Gentlemen, I wote for the observance of the Christian that the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By flading out who in this city has been living on gristle, and seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knell by hor side in prayer. Gentlemen, I wote for the observance of the Christian and feel as I did when every evening I when the question was plut, "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was plut, "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was plut, "Shall we open the about keeping Sunday and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening expressed that did not at all meet his approval, and he said so in very emphatic and not wholly courteous language.

Immediately after the session came to a close. Dr. Taylor was naked to pray, which he did. As soon as he had finished his prayer he hurried as rapidly as he could to catch the brother whom he had criticised, and grasping him by the hand, said:

"I beg your pardon for what I said; I beg your pardon for speaking as and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder dewn until he was ground and the edge of the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down in the dege of the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down in the dege of the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down in the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down until he was ground and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and keener. So I have seen men who were put

and unavailing talk about the bread ques-tion should be expended in merciful alle-viations. I have read that the Battlefield forgive me!" said Dr. Taylor. The assurance was given, and Dr. Taylore conscience and heart were relieved.

Sine of Atlantic Pogs.

The captain of a big Atlantic liner, after many calculations, has come to the conclusion that the general size of the conclusion that the fattlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsie—160,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage of one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the conclusion that the fattlefield of Leipsie—160,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage of one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the finest passage of one of the greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battlefield of Leipsie—160,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around and see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have was sold in London lately for \$745.

human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabit-ants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and He has made enough apparet for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen peopie, then there is enough apparel for fif-teen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fit-teen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy ap-parel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient appared, but appropriate appared. At least two suits for every being on earth, a sum-mer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a

not a string or a button or a pin or a nook lence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fifths would be in rags. I will the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put for his effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present gener-ation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in a wigation, and in locom tion, and in art and machinery. We rema what wonders of telegraph and telepho and the stethoscope, Wan improve electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant com-pared with the improvement in the human it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speakabout them. We put a halo about the people of the past, att I think if the times demanded them, it would s more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. as how Pizarro saved his army for the

voice trembling with emotion, and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a re-

serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its weunds, and to induce words of my text: "David after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." What a lovely sleep it was. Unfillal Absalom did not tr suble it. Ambi-Unfilial Absalom did not tr suble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Perseenting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he had down to it. He had had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam, or in the palace at the time his enemials were attempting his care. ture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep, "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

was inspected in anOregon town by means of the Roe atgen rays, and veins of auriferous me als were plainly visible as i

they were on the surface. -Two geremontes in Eurmah mark when chil Hood stops and manhood or womanhool begins. The boys have their legs tattoo of in brilliant blue and red patterns, and the girls their ears bored. -There have been 71,000 deaths from plague in India so far, according to a recent report by the secretary for India to Parliament.

-Scientists say that the whole human body is full of microbes, and that a person is healthy so long as the microbes good condition.

Sibert has a population of 5,727,000, of which 2,751,000 are males and 2,772,000 females. The population of Central Asia was determined at 7,721,000, of which 4,158,000 are males and 3,562,000 female