B, F. SCHWEIER

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5 1898.

belt was next detached and the scab-

It was finished. The seconds seeme

century. Never was there an im-

ression of acute anguish. Again, with-

out sign of emotion, the voice of the

"You degrade an innocent man!"

bard fell in its turn.

ondemned man rose:

NO. 43.

Egerton went with Standish to Waterloo, and they accomplished the journey almost in silence. The porter at the hotel there that morning, and would probably hadn't a right call the next, but his coming and going liberate like." were extremely uncertain. Egerton had therefore left a note for him.

ored, threatening waves thundered along not speak.

ing to it all!"

After a short halt at the hotel they as we passed, Veloz."

drove to the office of the lawyer who had "I'm afraid we can't get much help

Mr. Briggs was a short, dumpy man, what in his walk-indeed, gave strangers may be available in his absence." the impression of being a sea-going so-

He was a little exalted in his own esteem by being mixed up with such swells might possibly lead to the identification as Standish and Egerton, and by the sort of this man?" of halo the whole business had cast "I don't this around him. He received them cordially. man-Tom Ritson-about whom I wrote, jacket, or facing the Jacket." has not come yet, but he will be here presently. I don't know that what he has a slight movement, as if going to step to tell is of much importance. Step into towards the speaker, but checked himself do you still wish to hear it?" my private office."

As he threw an inner door open, a sailor of ordinary type presented himself at the entrance of the office. "Oh, there you are, Ritson! Come along."

They all went into the private room, where Standish at once took a chair. Eg-erton remained standing, and the lawyer chair behind his knee-hole table. The sailor, holding his cap in both

hands somewhat nervously, but with an air of some importance, kept rather close "Come, Ritson," said the lawyer, "tell these gentlemen your story."

Ritson shifted from one foot to the ther. "Well, sir," he began, "this was the way of it. You see, I'm an Eastport man, and I shipped aboard the Macedo-nia, one of the Commercial Steam Navi-cation Company's ships, in London Dock day and a night, and I had leave to go see some of my friends as live out Westdone way, but I was to be at my post at seven next morning, as we were sail with the tide."

Egerton muttered a half-inarticulate exclamation of impatience, and Briggs said alond, "Come, get on, my man." "I must tell you it all from beginning

to end," he said, "or I can't do it no way."
"Give him his head," murmured Stand-

"So," continued Ritson, "as my aunt's husband was a jovial, hospitable chap, I thought I'd not stay there all night, for maybe I'd drink a drop too much and oversleep myself. We sat talkin' and chattin' till past midnight. Then I says good-by and started to walk into Eastport. I had had a drop, but only a drop. I knew what I was about. It was dark when I set out, but by an' by the moon rose, and by the time I struck the top of common there was plenty of light, though every now and again a big cloud would come sailing across the moon, When I got alongside a pretty bit of a house, the first you come to after crossing the sand hills from Westdene, I thought how quiet and comfortable everything looked, and thought there was a faint climmer of light in one of the lower winlows, nigh the near end of the house, While I was looking and thinking a figure comes out of a gate at the side of the house, carrying a short ladder on his shoulder. He put it down and stood with one arm round it, through the rungs, as I thinking what he'd do next. There was omething so quiet and stendfast in his way that it never struck me he could be after any mischief, though it did seem a bit queer his being there with a ladder at that hour. Just then the Eastport clocks chimed out three-quarters-I guessed it must be quarter to two, and that I had best make for the town as fast as I could. When I got a few paces off I turned and looked back, but not a sign of the man or the ladder could I see. I got into the old Mermaid Tavern, and to bed,

"Do you remember the date of this occurrence?" asked Briggs. "I do, sir. It was the twenty-second of September and the birthday of my aunt's youngest boy, so we drank an extra glass Standish. of grog to his health. Of course I thought no more about it. We had an uncommon rough passage across the bay, and were ion about Miss Wynn," he said. "She is obliged to put into Gibraltar to refit.

Then we went on to Constantinople, from disliked me with her intellect as well as left behind in hospital. Altogether I have been over six months out of England, for been over six months out of England, for I came home as third officer of a small immediate past, and I shall go alone."

Spain. It has no associations with the immediate past, and I shall go alone."

"You had better go with Dillon." sailing ship, and it was a terrible slow

Next morning we sailed."

"Four days age, sir. Then I heard of the

and you can take it all for what it is They had evidently not been thought out

"A tall, straight kind of a chap, about to meet his friend.

"He paused and gazed hard at Egerton. "About that gentleman's height him," thought Stand

Egecton drew himself up to his full himself to face some imminent danger.
"Look well," he said, "Much may de pend on the apparent height and size of ley. the figure you saw."

er, it seems to me now." reason
"How was he dressed?" asked Standish, thing? "In a longish jacket-something like a Clothes and hair an' all looked dura.

Clothes and hair an' all looked dura.

Clothes and hair an' all looked dura.

been very unwell, and you may imagine been very unwell, and you may imagine what that means to her attendants.

"If Mr. Egerton is with you, pray bring" den and strip of common between me and him."

asked Briggs. "Well, sir, he warn't unlike one. You see, I didn't take time to look much, for, almost in silence. The porter at the hote, informed him that the detective had been hadn't a right to be there—he moved detective that morning, and would probably

"It sounds rather corroborative of our suspiciona" said Standish, "You are our-When they reached Eastport the well- tainly like that Spanish suitor in height known common was half hidden by thick and figure! He would not have worn his sheets of rain sweeping before a wild red cap on such an errand, either!" Eger-sontheaster, while the heavy, leaden-col-ton bent his head in acquiescence, but did

"I heard tell of that Spanish chap" re Neither uttered the thoughts which the sumed Ritson, "and I well remember passsight of the familiar place conjured up ing a foreign looking craft a couple of in both. Once a sigh so deep as to be all hours after we weighed anchor. She was most a moan, broke from Egerton, and on much the same tack as we were, but he said in a hoarse tone: "What an end the breeze had failed her, and we soon showed her our heels. I read her name

out of this," said Briggs, as he made a should his offer of a reward produce any note or two on the paper before him, result.

"Not at present, but it may come usefully bereafter," observed Standish. with whiskers meeting under his chin, "I should like this good fellow's evidence and a round, jovial face. He rolled some- taken down and duly sworn to, that it

"That is quite right, Mr. Standish, I'll "Can you remember anything else that

"I don't think I can, sir. I did fancy when he was turned half towards me that "Very glad to see you, gentlemen! The there was something reddish under his Egerton compressed his lips and made

and continued profoundly still, "Ha!" cried Briggs, "I remember those

thickens the case against the Spaniard." thoughtfully, "All I hope and trust is Miss Oakeley's left, that the poor girl never caught a glimpse vith sudden deep emotion.

more to learn. You will find me at the hotel," and hastily left the room.

CHAPTER XVI. When Standish reached the hotel, he

stood a carafe of brandy, more than half quite sorry to see him. Do you know, I empty. The sight of it reminded Standish feel so convinced it was one of those that he thought Egerton had drank an bloodthirsty monsters who committed the "We shall scarcely catch the train," that wretched parrot and sell it for what said Egerton, as they sat down to a hasty he likes? Don't you remember, Dorothy,

meal, of which he hardly atte anything.

He was very silent during the hour which ensued, and scarcely seemed to hear the comments Standish made on Rithard the comments of the hear the comments Standish made on Ritson's story, his assertion that there was thought there was more than one in it, and I fear-I feel sure he will not soon

be caught." The first part of the return journey was passed in nearly complete silence. Egerton, who had been looking at a con- chafe her hands gently. tinental Bradshaw, exclaimed:

"Standish, I will go to Spain and hunt up this Pedro myseif." "Indeed! What has-" "I have frequently thought of doing it," interrupted Egerton. "The fact is, I have not felt strong enough to undertake the journey hitherto. But I am the right man to look for him; I speak the language; and he is probably lurking in my mother's country. I knew most of the influential families in Valencia when I was there, not many years ago. They will not have quite forgotten me. Yes, I think I can get off

the day after to-morrow. Too much time has been lost already." "My dear fellow," cried Standish, "do not be rash. Consult your medical adviser. Even your success will not bring poor Mabel to life, will not restore the

mine," interrupted Egerton impulsively. "I assure you, Standish, that in my present mood I see little or no charm in life. If I could bring this- There, I cannot talk about it. You do not dream of the extraordinary mixture of feelings which distract me." He stopped abruptly, and then went on in a forced tone: "I am not quite an Englishman, you see; I feel more acutely; none of you quite consider me an out-and-out Englishman. See how Dorothy Wynn refused me; she couldn't

"The whim of a very young girl," urged

Egerton shook his head. "There is wonderful ripeness and decis that to Port Said, and back, and I was her heart. However, I shall never again left behind in hospital. Altogether I have offend in the same way. Yes, I'll go to

fancy he is free just now." Egerton made no answer, nor did Standish press the

They discussed Egerton's plans till they murder, and the reward, so I came along here to tell what I had seen that night, on the spur of the moment. Then they "What was the man like the man you spoke of Callander's probable return, and "What was the man like the man job standish fancied he could trace a certain reluctance on his companion's part

> "He shrinks from the pain of seeing him," thought Standish. "It is natural, especially as he is evidently weakened and depressed."

Egeton drew himself up to his that the speal or stature and looked straight at the speal or with a stern, set expression, as if nerving with a stern, set expression, as if nerving letters, invitations and notes awaiting him, amongst them one from Miss Oake-

"Do come and see us as soon as you "Yes," returned Ritson, slowly. "He can. We have heard that you went down "Yes," returned Ritson, slowly.

to Eastport, and are dying to know the reason why. Have you found out any-"Imagine! Mrs. Callander is to arrive

seaman's jacket; but what I noticed most the day after to-morrow. I had a letter was that he had neither hat nor cap on. was that he had neither hat nor can be remarked to the had neither had not see yery clear—the been very unwell, and you may imagine

"HENRIETTA QAKELEY." "I hope Miss Oakeley has not communi-cated her knowledge or suspicions to Dor-othy," said Standish to himself, when he finished this epistle. "I do not want her to be disturbed with any fresh information; she is in a pitiable state of nervous depression as it is. I wish Henrietta Oakeley would take her and the children abroad, to some place quite unconnected with the past. I must talk to her about

Looking at his watch, he found it would not be too late to present himself after

seen Dorothy, and was certain the first glance at her face would tell him how much she knew. "The ladies had left the dinner table

when he opened the door.
Miss Oakeley was at the piano when Standish was shown in, and Dorothy sit-

ting on a low chair by the fire; the dance ing light played upon the red goldenbrown of her hair, the pale oval of her delicate, pensive face; she was more sed than he had yet seen her, that is, her black dress was opened in a long V, impriso an inner edging of white crape almost Island. filling up the space, her elbow sleeves showed her slight white arm. Standish was almost frightened to see how fragile, how fairy-like she looked; she ought now looking more like her own bright ought to assert themselves by this time At the first syllable of his name, she started up and ran to meet him. "How good of you to come at once,

that wretched place," cried Miss Oake-ley, coming over to shake hands with him. seen clearly the gilt stripes and gilt-'Yes, Paul, tell us everything," echoed Dorothy, "but first for my piece of good Colonel. He will be home in a week or

"Ha! that is good, indeed! Now I have a little, a very little, to tell you. It leads, "I do!" said Dorothy in a stifled voice. "Yes, of course we do," cried Henrietta,

vagabonds generally wore red bands or drawing a low easy chair by the fire sashes under their jackets. I think this Dorothy nestled into the corner of a sofa. which was partially in the shadow, while "Yes, it looks like it," said Standish, Standish placed himself on an ottoman at He described the meeting with Ritson,

of her murderer—that she never woke, and gave a brief summary of his commu-lt is too terrible to think of?" he added, nication. He could not well make out what effect the parrative had upon Dor-Egerton grasped the back of a huge othy, as her face was almost hidden from high-backed chair near him, saying, in a him, but when he came to that part of low, fierce tone: "And he still lives!" He | the story where Ritson said the man he drew out his purse and put some money had seen with the ladder was about the in Ritson's hand. "That's for your trou-ble," he added. "Standish, there is no tered an inarticulate exclamation and leaned forward as if startled. "How extraordinary!" cried Henriette

Oakeley. "I call this very important; it proves to me, that the deed must have been done by that dreadful, horrid sailor. found Egerton impatiently awaiting him. He certainly was very like Mr. Egerton He was walking up and down the room, It seems such a shame. How dreadfully unusual amount of wine the night before, murder, that I have told Collins to take what-

But Standish was already beside her. but one man about the premises. He only remarked abruptly: "No, I never cushions, ber hands, cold and deathlike, cushions, ber hands, cold and deathlike, lay helplessly at either side.

"She is gone! She has fainted!" cried Standish, in despairing tones. "For heaven's sake, call Nurse! I do not know what to do for her!" and he began to Henrietta rushed first to the bell, which

she rang furiously, and then to the door, where she called loudly for every servant in the house, till the room was half full.
"Just stand back, every one of you, and leave the room this minute," cried Mrs. McHugh, authoritatively; "all she wants is air and quiet."

(To be continued.)

His Reason.

Senator Sorghum had been doing his best to carry on a conversation with the extremely sentimental girl, and was becoming discouraged. She was gazing through the window and exclaimed: "See those distant stars! Did you

ever pause to think that they may be worlds?" "Yes-I believe I have."

"And that they may be peopled with beings that hope and struggle as we do? Oh, dld you ever think of those people? "No." he answered. "I never thought

of them." Turning abruptly so as to face him she exclaimed:

"Why not?" Then Senator thought for a moment nd then answered, coldly: "For the simple reason, miss, that they don't vote in my district."-Washington Star.

-Transparent leather is made i France.

-The Roman bride, when being dressed for the wedding, invariably had her hair parted with the point of a spea r Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no less than twenty-seven cries, each distinctly referrable to a different action. -Simla, India, is built on the side of a with a touch of emotion, Gen. Darras 3,000 francs after one of the most re-

steep hill, and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one in the next tier.

—Switzerland has a deaf and dumb Salvation Army corps. people, we degrade you." -Naturalists have ascertained that scorpions and certain kinds of spiders are able to make peculiar noises to warn an enemy that an attack is attended by danger.

Dreyfus raised both his arms and holding his head high cried in a loud voice, in which there was not the slightest tremor: "I am innocent, I swear I am innocent I am innocent.

-The percentage of dark or black eye is 20.7 per cent. among women, while among men it is 12.3—that is, of the whole number.

France!"

"Death to him!" shouted the crowd.

sword remained. The adjutant drew

After the Proposal

did not speak. His heart was too full.

It was enough for him to know that this

glorious creature loved him; that she

For several minutes the young man

Meanwhile the adjutant had swiftly

The Tartars have a quaint custom of taking a guest by the ear when inviting him to cat or drink with them.

Chileans never enter or leave a coach, street car or other public concle without bowing to all its occupants. -There are 10,000 camels at work in entered the polytechnic school. The

There is a well in West Virginia which discharges natural gas with a rour that can be heard six miles away. -In the United States thirty-seven per cent, of children under three years of age die from gastro-intestinal disor--A new Clament for incandescen

lamps has been discovered in osmium, the densest and most refractory of all metals, being infusible except at the highest attainable temperature. had promised to share his fate. With a new and delighted sense of owner-What we call forces are only God's methods, and they are as secret as He is. 'No man hath seen force at any time.'

him. He is more interesting than ever. CAPT. DREYFUS' CASE snapping sound and the two pieces fell and he called Lieut. Col. Henry, who with the rest to the ground. The sword was one of the main witnesses against

POSSIBLY INNOCENT MAN.

TERRIBLE, PUNISHMENT OF

-While He Proclaimed His Innocence the Mob Shouted "Traitor! "Indasf" "Wretch!"

Now that the Dreyfus case is once more prominently before the world-a world by the way, which in the main has always considered the French cantain innocent, a brief glance at the awful scene attending his degradation may be interesting. Dreyfus was a captain in the French

and were in the drawing room," Collins army and, in secret court, was convictinformed the late, but welcome, visitor ed in 1894 of selling plans of the minister of war to the German government. Among them were plans for the mobilization of the French army on the eastern frontler in the event of war. He was sentenced to every conceirs ble degradation that military men could inflict on a soldier, and to life imprisonment on the terrible Devil's Surrounded by a guard of four artil-

lerymen, accompanied by a lieutenant of the Republican Guard, Alfred Dreyfus was brought out from the small building in which he had been confined. Gen. Darras lifted his sword and uttered the command "Carry arms!" which was repeated from company to company. The troops executed Paul! I know you would."

"Mr. Standish! This is delightful! I to beat, and all eyes were directed to the movement. Hearts almost ceased am dying to hear what took you away to ward the disgraced soldier. Between seen clearly the gilt stripes and gilt tering sword of the captain, distinguished at a distance by the black sword knot at the hilt of the sword. Dreyfus walked with a firm step. The group started toward Gen. Darras and clamor went up from the crowd. The group stopped. Again there was silence, this time tragic.



MRS. DREYFUS.

fus stepped back a little; the condemned man appeared detached from the group. The clerk saluted the general in military fashion and, turning to Drevfus, read in a distinct voice the

CAPTAIN DREYFUS UNDER GUARD ON DEVIL'S ISLAND. mer comrades and subordinates. He duced. It turned the scale and the unstrides over what were the insignia of fortunate soldier was condemned.

Up to the time of Henry's confession

the people in the main were opposed

to the opening of the Dreyfus case, be-

lieving that there could be no wrong

Dreyfus, for an explanation. Henry

then confessed that the document was

a forgery, and afterward he committed

suicide. It transpires that the forged

document was the chief reason why the

court martial found Dreyfus guilty.

The members of the court were unde

cided as to the man's guilt or innocence

Next he had to pass before his for- when the forgery by Henry was intro-

the line of troops, at a distance of about a yard. Still Dreyfus walked with head erect. The crowd shouts: "Death to Dreyfus is handed over to two gendarmes who put him in the prison vehicle. The coachman whips up his horses, and the wagon starts off, surrounded by a detachment of the Republican Guards, preceded by two with drawn revolvers. The condemned man was rich, cul

tivated, a favorite with many officers, and the head of a charming household. From this position he fell in the eyes of Frenchmen lower than the vilest criminal that ever went to the fail or to the guillotine.

his office, which two gendarmes will

presently pick up, and places himself

before the four cannoneers who lead

him before Gen. Darras. The little

group, with the two officers of the Re-

publican Guard at the head, start to-

ward the band placed before the pris-

on vehicle and begins to march along

Other Trials.

conviction of the Hebrew soldier. ment. Doubts existed as to his guilt and finally his brother Mathieu accused Count Esterhazy of being the author of the

MILITARY DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

said: "Dreyfus, you are unworthy to markable, unjust and scandalous trials

slightest tremor: "I am innocent, I cussed in the French Chamber of Dep-

stripes from his sleeves, the buttons Dreyfus was guilty and that there was

the penalty.

on the public mind.

fellow like me?"

Meantime the matter had been dis-

to civil war and the situation was crit-

ical when M. Cavaignac, minister of

war, pledged his honor as a soldier that

unquestionable documentary evidence

to that effect. This acted as quietus

Cavaignae then began an investiga-

tion on his own part of the documents

he could have almost wept with joy.

His good fortune seemed incredible

"How did it ever happen, darling,

yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid

"Goodness knows!" she murmured dy: "I must have a screw loose

provide for her welfare and hanning

Finally he whispered, tenderly:



But the case did not end with the there was a revision of public senti

Educating Farmers. The Danish Government, aided by lomemorandum. A court martial acquit- cal agricultural societies, has begun orted Esterhazy. Then came the sensa- ganizing excursions among the "housetional charges preferred by M. Zola men," or farmers of moderate means, sentence condemning him to exile and against the officers of the French army, to model farms and creameries in difimprisonment in a fortified spot and to in which he claimed that Dreyfus was ferent parts of the country. It is believmilitary degradation. Then the clerk innocent and that the officers had con- ed that this form of education will tend turned to the general again and made spired to injury him. Zola was prose- to elevate the standard of small farms and be a welcome aid to many who can not afford to travel for educational, or, in fact, for any other purpose. Money spent in the interest of agriculture and of the farmer's education is wisely and the farmer' the military salute. Dreyfus listened cuted by the government and sentenced and be a welcome aid to many who can of the farmer's education is wisely ap

propriated. A Queer Fhrub. The people of Honolulu are very much interested in a natural curiosity which there exists in the shape of an algaroba bush, or honey mesquite, algaroba bush, or honey mesquite,

The land loses fertility every time it is cleared of timber. The remedy is to apply wood ashes freely to the land, which restores the mineral matter taken away. Nowly cleared land contains humus and nitrogen, the top soil sometimes being very rich, according to the kind of timber grown on the land. If more trees are to be grown it will be

Caller-I sent you a poem about three weeks ago. What have you done with

Editor-I'm holding it. Every little while lately I get to thinking that we are not getting out as good a paper as we ought to, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Say, how much'll you take for it?

Were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physian was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and paisied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetry in Sullivan County in New York State are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts. In 1861 diptheria ranged while lately I get to thinking that we

bear arms. In the name of the French ever held in any country. He appealed, was again tried and again convicted. Then he fled to Switzerland to escape

If a woman is a good cook and man-

would excite the mercurial Frenchman twelve are not ordered out of the room

A man never has as much trouble with his mother-in-law as his wife has it and broke it across his knee. A in the case. One of them was unsigned with hers.

> Electric Lights Aid Singers. Singers, actors and public speakers since the introduction of the electrilight, have less trouble with their voices and are less likely to catch co'd: their throats are not so parched and they feel better. This is due to the air not being vitiated and the tempera-

was one of the main witnesses against

Church of God and in All Styles of Reformatory Work What is Needed Most is a Battle Cry.

TEXT: "Let God arise, let His enemies scattered."—Psalms lxviii., 1. oe scattered."—Psalms lxviii., I.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in height and depth was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifed this ornamented and brilliant box by two golder poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Les God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalzie and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with car-nage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumelog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen "Let God arise, let His enemies be scat-

What a whiriwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers named the "Ironsides," he went from vicnamed the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted
as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school.
He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle,
and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph
Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he
dismounted. See Cromwell marching on
with his army, and hear the battle-cry of
"Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as
a death-knell, standards reeling before it,
and cavalry horses going back on their
haunches, and armies flying at Marston
Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at
Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God
arise, let His enemies be scattered!" arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a compli-mentary and tasselled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scribing armory in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need is now a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into conquest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after agencies. We use for a pattie-cry the hand of some brave Christian reformer, but after

The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox," The Baptists have those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religion-ists, and to all lands I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approach-

algaroba bush, or honey mesquite, which is growing upside down. This remarkable plant is the property of C. B. Reynolds, who drove an algaroba branch into the ground, small end first, as a support for a vine. To his surprise the branch threw out other branches and leaves, all inclined toward the ground, and it is still growing luxuri antly.

Wood Ashes.

The land loses fertility every time it is cleared of timber. The remedy is

kind of timber grown on the land. If more trees are to be grown it will be an advantage to select some variety different from that which previously occupied the land.

Serving a Good Purpose.

Caller—I sent you a poem about three good of the land of the Russian, "all other Americans awear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very oftenshows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondaeks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fleids, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man the parents in the great week the contents are called pecadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities. By some these immoralties are called pecadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and few efforts are being made against the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fleids, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash. Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christi-

If a woman is a good cook and manager, her husband prospers and soon gets so well off that they are able to hire a girl to do the cooking, and then they have poor things to eat, and suffer like the rest of us.

A few years ago, women refused to "talk" before a girl as old as eighteen; now girls of sixteen are regarded old enough to hear the gossip and girls of twelve are not ordered out of the room when they stray in.

After a girl reaches sixteen, she begins to advertise by the parties and plenics she gives how much money her father has, and how little sense her mother has.

A mean never has as much trouble.

A mean never has as much trouble.

A mean never has as much trouble. ese are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged swear I am innocent. Long live uties. It seemed as though the affair enough to hear the gossip and girls of them quiet to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very long roll that contains the names of those who

> Still the crime rolls on, up through par-Still the crime rolls on, up through parlars, up through chandellers with lights all ablaze, and through pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges, where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and crackling billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the continent, and round the earth a seething, boiling surge filings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship-captain curses his crew, and the master-builder his men, and the hast-driver his horse; and the traveler.

died with blasphemies on their lips.

the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the

of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drank, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The drink has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit, and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackat the sound of the cornet, flute, barn sack-

alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eyealcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eyeopener." It is an "appetizer." It is a
"digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a
"digester." It is a "invigorator." It is a
"settler." It is a "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perditton," "Conscience Stupefler." "Pive Drachms of Heart-ache."
"Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls,"
"Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of
the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in
a while is there anything in the title of fiquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the
pase of "sour mash." That I see adverase of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mush his busing and mush his family. "Sour mush!" honest name at last for an intoxicant! through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the langs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio

of the human race.
Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and braised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortifiel. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate, and elect, and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of this country. On their side, they have enlisted the mightiest of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of someone who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedoujn Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled; It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revo-

It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Fut God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The aword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Weilington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley."

The Presbyterians have gone from victory

The Presbyterians have gone from victory thing in our cities to see men in high po-sitions with two or three families, or re-fined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all allame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew.
Machinery organized in all the cities of the
United States and Canada by which to put
yearly in the grinding-mill of this iniquity
thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one procuress con-fessing in the court that she had supplied fessing in the court that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty victims in six months. Oh! for five hundred newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the seum of this sin from the prison to the police court.

while the city vancarries the seum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time. If we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV, to put millionaire Lotharies and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be, as long see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and simper and giggle and roll up

help the parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to probibit this crime! But is this ail? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of Heaven. I watch to see if in the aorning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for His appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let His en-emies be scattered?"

juil for five days to cool down. -The heaviest substance known is the metal asmium, whose specific gravity is 22.447, while that of gold is 19.265, lead 11.367, iron 7.79 and lithium—the lightest solid—is only 0.594.