MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

NO. 44.

Dorothy shook off her indisposition walk, "I deserve almost all you say, but nickly; indeed, she seemed to enjoy a not this! You always hated me, and I walk with her guardian on the two days confess you had reason. If you knew ing more cheerily than usual on abstract ! of going to Spain, which seemed to give calumny." her a certain satisfaction. On the third afternoon a few lines from Standish told strong her that his engagements would not aling day, so Dorothy went for a brisk walk ing joyously: with the children in Kensington Gardens. On her return Collins told her that Miss Oakeley was not at home, so Dorothy went to take off her outdoor garments before entering the drawing room. On

With a comfortable sense of fatigue Dorothy settled herself to read, but found her own thoughts more interesting than Collins say:

tell Miss Oakeley," Dorothy was lost to sight in the depths of a large armchair, and did not perceive as a few short months had wrought, "There!" cried Miss Oakeley. "I who had come in; but, starting up, with driving down Piccadilly when I saw Herher usual drend of meeting any stranger, bert turning out of Dover street, so I

Both stood quite still, their eyes fixed | Hasn't he grown gray?" in them before

"No," said Dorothy, advancing very Callander should touch him. slowly a step or two nearer, her whole "Sit down by me, Dorothy, soul burning with the fiercest hatred ned; "I am pleased to see you again, and the evidence of that sailor, Ritson, of any against the foe before her, her veins | Henriettathrobbing with a tempest of anger. "No, I am , lad to meet you, glad to speak to turn," said Dorothy, bravely, choking himself from his meditations. "He only opening, and raising a pair of glasses you, so long as there is no one else to down her tears. "You will want to see told us what we knew before. We cereyes holding his.

Egerton's c untenance changed. "I am most ready to listen."

"Yes," she returned, grasping the top boyof a high-backed chair near her, as if to of a high-backed chair near her, as if to steady herself; "you must and shall listen. hastening to the door, but passing Egered, "I have detained you long enough, and sheer bravado. Four of our twenty had Do you remember," she continued, "one ton, who looked stunned, and, it seems day, not a week before she was purder to her, guilty, she looked into his eyes with him? I was near the open window, summoned Mrs. McHugh to bring the and heard you." She paused.

strange, stiffed voice, "If you have a huton was gone, man heart, you must have some pity for "Go darling." the most miserable of men. Nothing but loosing the little hand. But Dolly best memory, has kept me from ending an ex-

istence that is a curse to me!"

"Better you did than pay the forfeit due to justice," returned Dorothy, with indescribable menace. "Knowing all I do, what has kept me from denounce von save my love for her consideration awestruck expression in her big, blue darling's fame? Here, face to face. I accuse you of destroying her happiness for the gratification of the poison

JES

do not know what tortures my own con-science inflicts. I know how guilty I am their dull apathy, and looked wildly away. ing gesture, "you cannot dream what the with a strained, agonized expression, in madness of a love like mine was!" He finitely distressing. Dorothy gazed at over the eighty miles of the company began to pace the room in profound agita- father and child with an aching heart, and left that insensible tyrant, her hus boy-too young to remember, to fear, to band, it would have been but a nine days' mourn-called out noisily, "Pa-pa wonder, and think of the bliss that await | papa!" ed us both! I could have made her life one long, bright dream of joy, a palace of

"Founded on a brave, true man's broken heart, and the contempt of her own to her aunt for protection. Then the boy, children," added Dorothy. "How dare thinking his sister was having more than children," added Dorothy. "How dare you speak such words to me? Has wick that you cannot see the vile selfishness, the unholy degradation of such a scheme? kissed his brow.

Then setting Dolly down, he stretched him to you! She did not love you she forth his hands, palms out, in token that feared you; you had, by your base, us manly tricks, obtained a terrible mastery over her gentle, innocent heart. I have letter from her, imploring you to set her free, to leave her to her true affection and duty-but I found no opportunity to give it to you."

"Give it to me now! It was written at your suggestion," cried Egerton, turning her fiercely.

from your toils," continued Dorothy, with stantly as he avoided Standish. The latdeadly composure, "you carry out your ter soon perceived this, and relinquished threat and murder her-if not by your his visits to Prince's Place, Kensington,

with a grean. "Do you believe this?" face with his hands.

that of another, you-murdered-her!" There was silence for a moment,

"Do not fear," resumed Dorothy, with Unless Callander was absolutely inbitter contempt; "I shall not publish my sane, there must be some color of reason conviction; the forfeit of your miserable under his sudden and extraordinary enlife would but poorly pay for any dis- mity against bimself, and, seek as

tied? I cannot take any steps to prove fect of her profound dislike and distrust

search you have undertaken for the sup-posed murderer will not be successful." posed murderer will not be successful.

"With so bitter a prejudice, so extraor. him in an angelone "with "With so bitter a prejudice, so extraor him in an audacious manner. At any dinary an accusation, it is impossible rate, he would bring him to book at once.

succeeding her attack of faintness. He more of life of men's lives, you would not had intended making an attempt to draw think me so unparalleled a ruffian! With drel, Pedro, through his wanderings?" from her the secret reason, if any, of the this fixed idea you will never be able to great nervous dread from which she seem-ed to suffer, but she baffled him by speak-your suspicions

"M; conviction," interposed Dorothy, ects, the only personal matter on, "Your conviction, then, and I shall be which she dwelt was Egerton's intention blackened with the blight of indefinable "My motives for keeping silence are too

Dorothy was beginning, when Collins low of his seeing her till late the follow- suddenly threw the door open, exclaim-

"Tere's the Colonel himself coming up with Miss Oakeley!" "For heaven's sake, be composed, whispered Dorothy in a quick, emphatic

her way she met Miss Oakeley's maid, whisper. The next moment Henrietta, ber way she met Miss Oakeley's maid, radiant, exultant, entered, followed by a of heels." whisper. The next moment Henrietta, who said her mistress had gone out again on foot to take some books to the Miss and mustache and beard of a darker on foot to take some books to the Miss and mustache and heard of a darker matters in your hands, unquestioned, untinge, all wild and untrimmed, a pair of til you are pleased to reveal all you down the tools of a mechanic to take dark, dull eyes, very quiet and dreamy, his clothes thrown on unbrushed, and a general air of negligence about his appearance. Could this be the well set-up Presently the door opened and she heard Dorothy, already dazed by the fierce emoattired, soldierly Callander? "If you'll sit down a moment, sir, I will and almost unable to speak. She was tion of her scene with Egerton, felt dizzy whole story clear." overwhelmed at the sight of such havor priced?

> "There!" cried Miss Oakeley. pounced upon him at once, and here he is! I think he needs a little home care.

gradually hardening Egerton's face, while shock which had shaken her nerves, flew again. Dorothy's large, thoughtful eyes flamed to embrace Callander as she used in her out with such fire as none had ever seen school days. "Dorothy! How do you do, my dear?"

Egerton was the first to speak.

"Had I known you were here, Miss moved, "It seems a long time since we much good, Do you know when he goes Wynn, I should not have intruded, as you met. Ah, Egerton; I did not know you down?" seem, from some unaccountable reason, were in town"-he held out his hand. How horrible it seemed to Dorothy that any day." "Sit down by me. Dorothy," he contin-

"And we have longed for you to re-

She spoke deliberately, her the children, Herbert. They have looked for you; they are such dears?"

the children, Herbert. They have looked fainly got at the size and look of the man who laid the ladder across, but if it was

and swore you would rather bathe her burning eyes, which were tear

They were at the door. Dorothy push "Then," exclaimed Egerton, ain a ed it open. To her infinite relief Eger

"Go, darling; run to father," she said. the dread of the world's references, the tated. To her, the gray-haired gentle world's talk, the reverence I have for her man was a total stranger. She looked at Callander, and Callander at ber. There "Dolly; my little Dolly," and held ou

The child went to him, but slowly, an

Callander lifted her on his knee, then iness for the gratification of the poison-us venom you called 'Love,' and her life, one hand covering her soft check, white he bent down his own till his grizzled "For heaven's sake, be merciful! You heard mingled with her golden locks. As -I know how base; but," with a despair- as if at some distant dreadful object, "If she would have listened to me, while Henrietta burst out crying, and the

Then Callander, roused from his vision lasping his little girl tightly to his breast, kissed, her passionately over and over again, till the child looked half-frightened her share of notice, struggled from nurse edness so darkened your understanding to his father, who, laying his hand on the the trolley feeders. hild's head, looked intently at him and

> e wished to be alone,
> "It is altogether the most heart-rending sight!" sobbed Henrietta, as they left the room. "How awfully aged he is!"

> CHAPTER XVIII. Egerton found that he could not leave London as soon as he intended, and Col onel Callander's return further delayed

Callander constantly sought him, as conalthough Callander continued to live at move it. It is well to remind house own hand, by—"
own hand, by—"
own hand, by—"
although Callabder continued to live at move it. It is went that a weak keepers at the moment that a weak the notel in Dover street, where he went solution of chloride of lime will resolution of chloride of lime will re-

He sank into a chair, and covered his acce with his hands.

"I do, as firmly as if I saw the knife a your hands or saw you put it into the wait for more to get away. He was obliged to in your hands, or saw you put it into the wait for one or two introductions to the hands of another."

What do you mean? Not that I would where he intended to pursue his results a creature dearer to me than my searches, but so soon as he obtained these some heads. After such treatment

credit thrown upon the memory, the char-acter, of the beloved dead."

Introduction and the seek as he might in all the holes and corners of his memory, Standish could not find the false. "Do you not see yourself the injustice of your accusation? Such an act is impossible to me! Don't let your indignation and hatred carry you to such insane a young creature like Dorothy be made and the same a Don't you see my hands are not quite steel his mind against the efof Egerton. What could have caused it? "That I quite believe, as I believe the lit was provoking of her not to confess all Finally, that somewhat tricky fellow

A line to Dillon brought that wily personage to Paul's lodgings in St. James' place one evening, soon after the conver-

Standish had returned from dining at his club in as bad a temper as his strong self-control would allow to take posses-sion of him. He bad an irritating notion that Dillon was the worst man be could have employed, that he had not taken any interest in the case, and had let any thread which might have led to detection slip through his fingers. He had hardly taken off his coat and begun to look at an evening paper when Dillon was ushered

"Well," began Standish, rather impatiently. "I suppose that, as usual, you have no news for me?"

"No, sir-not yet," returned Dillon, giving a quick, searching glance.
"Tell me, have you tracked this scoun "Yes; I have tracked the murderer, and we

I can put my finger on him; but there is no use in doing that till my evidence is complete." "Then why did you let Egerton undertake this wild-goose chase to Spain?"
"Why shouldn't I?" with a succeing

neither here nor there. He'll not find Pedro, and be knows it.' 'Knows it?" echoed Standish. "That Mr. Egerton was glad to get

away from the talk and the bother of this of skirmishers were ordered down in wretched business, just to be quit of it front of the regiment to feel the all, and so he has shown you a clean pair strength of the enemy in the fringe of

"Just so, sir. It won't be long; but ! cannot fix a time. I may get at what I want to know to-morrow or next day; I may not hit it off for three weeks or a company. As we clambered over the month; but, sooner or later, I'll have the fence and took "open order" on the

"Do you expect us to be greatly sur "Well, I would rather not say, sir." "Have you seen Colonel Callander sine

"Yes; just once." "He is terribly broken." "Ay, that he is," and something like

on each other-a determined, sullen look Dorothy, still quivering with the cruel face, "He will never be the same man pinging was meant for an individual Fordsea, I find." "Is he?" with sharp, suddenly roused

> "I am not sure; he may take the whim Dillon thought for a moment in silence

and Standish said: "You did not think

consequence? "Not much," replied Dillon, who laid the ladder across, but if it was "Yes," he said, with a heavy sigh; "I must see them. My little Dolly, my poor was like Mr. Egerton in size and build."

who had the induction why, you all say he must have known it, and yet he must have known it, and yet he stood there as cool and calm as you

ed, you were talking with Mabel in the a look at once warning and defiant. She veranda, when you urged her to leave her ran to her room and selzed the moment to the chair where he had been sitting at crush out her life than see her live happily less, but felt like balls of fire. Then she from Standish. "Good evening, sir. I'll let you know the minute I have anything clear and satisfactory to tell." (To be continued.)

A Utah Railway.

Utah is to have a gigantic electric railway enterprise before very long the Utah American and Foreign Devel opment Company of London having undertaken the development of a large section of the country, through which they intend to build an electric road eighty-two miles in length. This will connect Ogden, Salt Lake City and Provo, Utah. The district through which the road will run is said to be very rich, both agriculturally and in the line of mineral resources. The road wid reach Provo canyon, which forms the only natural outlet for railroads in that direction, and it is expected that steam railroad extensions will be built, the traffic being handled electrically lines. The power-house will be located between Salt Lake City and Provo and three miles from the former, so that the maximum distance between the power plant and either end of the line will be forty-two miles. The plant is designed for 20,000-horse power. There are said to be very extensive iron and coal deposits along the line of the road which can be successfully developed by means of electric power obtained from

Gown and Wenrer Matched. Nell-Was Miss Boodlerock's gow becoming?

Belle-Well, it was a good match for you bring him down?" her. It was rich, but exceedingly plain "I was going to, sir, but I-I -Philadelphia Record.

Usetul Hints.

Grease spots on a hard-wood floor are sometimes obstinate. A little bak-ing soda moistened and rubbed on ing soda moistened and rubbed on with a cloth will often remove them. Another hint of this sort is that if oil is spilled on a carpet, prompt covering with Indian meal will absorb and re-

A little warm glycerine rubbed own life a thousand times, to destroy it?"

He grew ghastly white as he spoke: his dark eyes, dilated with horror, were fixed upon the slight figure of his dauntless accuser.

"I mean," she said, with pitlless deliberation, "that either by your own hand or that of another, you-murdered—her!"

searches, but so soon as he obtained these some heads. After such treatment they some heads. After such treatment they some heads. This dryness of the scalp is one of the most prolific scources of dandruft, and any treatment that secures some heads. This dryness of the scalp is one of the most prolific scources of dandruft, and any treatment that secures some heads. This dryness of the scalp is one of the most prolific scources of dandruft, and any treatment that secures some oil to the hair will have a tendency to mitigate the other evil as well. An extended and played upon by forces he did not understand and could be persistent brushing. rosemary tea, to which may be added a little whisky.

Where it is pecessary that slik should be stiffened, sponge the surface with a weak solution of gum arable, or with equal parts of beer and water, and iron while damp, on the wrong

He Do you believe there is any thing in the theory that one become what one eats?" She-Well, yes. I'm beginning to be lieve that there is. I have noticed that you seem to be particularly fond of

Genius is never commonplace, though

squash.-Cleveland Leader.

- A SOLDIER'S TARGET.

四国治治因為性所動法法法法法院的政治院院出居法院 ACH man, as he | bring him down I'll ask your captain signed his name on to make a sergeant of you five minutes the enlistment roll, later!" realized that war Davis advanced to a stump a few meant fight, and feet away and knelt down and sighted meant fight, and that fight meant his rifle across it. We who knew and his rifle across it. We who knew and his rifle across it. We who knew and marksmanship felt sure that his bullet would speed true. He took a long alm, and we were holding our breath to hear when he drew

colonel's address as back, rose up and said: to the front; it brought our muskets to an "aim" as we caught signt of the enemy for the

march, fight and kill. It was to be looked upon as a matter of business, as well as a patriotic duty. The sooner smile. "It's just a play for a rich, ille man like him. What he'll find out is ed the sooner we would have peace. We thought that every man in company 'G" had the same feeling-to kill -but we had not been long at the front when we found an exception. A score up the musket of a soldier. He was not given to enthusiasm, but he was an obe-

broad field which dipped down to the creek, the enemy in the fringe had a dead rest on every man. War with them also meant kill. To kill one of half a million men means little, and yet it means kill. Zip! Ping! Zip! It was not firing by file-it was not firing by volleys into a battle line half hidden gleam of compassion shot across his hard in the smoke, but every bullet that came

We erouched down and ran forward We zig-zagged to right and left. We took the shelter of every knoll, brush "That's a trip won't do him and sump. The enemy had to develop his strength to check us. In front of Davis was an opening in the fringecreek. The enemy to the right and left of this road was using the bank of the stream as a breastwork and we were firing a good deal at random. An officer suddenly appeared in the center of this regiment far back of us on the hill. He "True!" and Standish did not speak stood there as cool and calm as you

ought to dress and go out."

Been killed, and the snemy was seek"All right, Mr. Standish; it's me that is ing the lives of the rest. I was to the right of Davis and could have almost hit the officer with a stone; the man on his left had just as fair a target. He was not our "game," however-he belonged to Davis. We saw our comrade thrust forward a barrel of his musket and bring his eye down to the sights. Then we watched the officer to see him throw up his hands and fall. Thirty seconds passed away, and we glanced back at Davis. He had lifted his head and was looking at the officer over his gun. At the end of a quarter of a minute he dropped it again. It was his duty to kill, but this was killing in cold blood, and he had to have a few seconds to nerve himself up. Back went our eyes to the officer. He was slowly sweeping the glasses across a front of half a mile, and I wondered if he would drop them as the bullet struck him, or whether his fingers would clutch and hold them the tighter. My heart came crowding into my throat as I watched and as the secends passed, and at length I heard the

> "Shoot! Shoot! Why the devil don't you drop that officer?" I turned to look at Davis, and as did so he slowed the muzzle of his gun to the right and fired into the bushe A few seconds later the officer lowered his glasses, and swinging them in his hand and perhaps humming a tune he slowly disappeared into the bushes. Later in the day, when Davis' singular action had been reported, the captain

man on Davis' left shouting at him:

"Davis, I can't believe you are a cow ard, because you went down on the skirmish line to be shot at, but when you had an enemy fairly under your gun, and an officer at that, why didn't

couldn't," was the reply. "But they were shooting at you to k111."

"Yes, I know." The captain could hardly reprimand a man for not killing an enemy as he would have shot down a rabbit, and there was no one to hint that Davis lacked courage. The incident was forgotten after a little, and such was the soldiery conduct of the man that he was made a corporal. When the enemy withdrew behind the works at Yorktown to bar McClellan's road to Richmond he covered his wings with sharpshooters, and our officers were their special target. One day, as three companies of us were dragging up some of the heavy siege-guns to be put in poition, a major and a private were killed by a sharpshooter who was located in a tree top. He could be plainly made out, but the range was too far for our army muskets. A Berdan rifle was sent for, and when it arrived our captain put it into the hands of Corporal Davis and said:

"You are by long odds the best shot in our company. With a dead-rest over bad ceased, when a man suddenly rose that log you can tumble that man out of his tree."

Davis hung back and turned pale. Just then a brigadier rode up to give surrender, but after a moment he turnan order, and his norse had scarcely ed his back and began moving away. I come to a halt when a bullet from the do not know why any of the hundreds sharpshooter passed through the gent of men who had him in range did not eral's hat. He was not only a bit fire, but they did not. Some were even startled, but inclined to reprimand that the fellow had not been disposed of. artillery jumped down among us and When he saw the heavy rifle in the shouted: hands of the pale-faced and hesitating corporal he shouted out:

"Hurry up, man, and tumble him out

the retreating man flung up his arms, whirled about and sank down. Curses and groans followed, and Davis threw down his gun and hid his face in his hands and sobbed. "A splendid shot!" cried the officer "and if I were your captain you would

Davis had done a strange thing. W sked at him and wondered over it, The heat of the battle was yet strong upon us, but the killing of the man seemed little short of cold-blooded mur-

trol himself. ed the basis of the the report of the rifle, when he drew "I-I can't shoot that man!" away?" The words were hardly out of his "You have all been down on me be-

mouth when the man in the tree fired first time. We had become soldiers to again, and his bullet struck down a lieutenant within five feet of the briga-"You idlot, but why don't you shoot? shouted the indignant general, as he stepped forward.

whispered Davis, who trembled in every limb, and was as pale-faced as a dead man. "You poltroon, you coward!" raged the general. "Here, you man-cut the stripes from his sleeves, and you, capbushes along a creek. Ambrose Davis | tain, see that he is reduced to the ranks

"It is cold blood, sir-cold blood!"

"Well, then, Dillon, I am still to leave was one of us. He was a man of 30- on the company roll! He ought to be a plain, every day man who had laid court-martialed and driven out of the army in disgrace!" A soldier stepped forward and with his pocket-knife cut the chevrons from dient soldier and the best shot in the the porporal's sleeves, and Poor Davis dunk away in disgrace. Here was a strange thing. A soldier who did no esitate to put himself in a position to be killed could not be induced to fire

upon the enemy. His soldierly qualiout of the ranks, and yet he refused to carry out a soldier's first duty-to kill. We could not call him a cowardno man is a coward who will face death -but we called him strange and won alone. When we followed up the ene my after Yorktown there was som heavy skirmishing with the rear guard led us all in the rush and was the first man to put a hand on it. After that we said it was a case of "nerves," or that he had a hereditary fear of shedding blood, and he was looked upon more favorably.

We saw nothing more of the "strange ess" of Ambrose Davis until the battle which drove McClellan to make change of base. For half a day out reg iment stood in battle line, waiting to attack or be attacked, and during this inwas storming at us when Davis suc denly lifted his musket and fired, and

be a corporal to-morrow!"

"Did I kill-kill him?" asked Davis of

a man beside him when he could con-"Yes, you shot him dead, the poor devil. Why didn't you let him get

cause I wouldn't kill," moaned the shooter, as he hid his face again. That night we fell back to the James River. In the darkness and confusion commands were mixed up, and it was night again before the company roll was called. Private Davis was among the missing. He had survived the batthe retreat was unmolested-ii alive he was bound to find his command within a few hours. And yet he never found it. When the returns were made up his name was placed among the dead. He had been disgraced because he would not kill. He had nerved himself up at last to fire upon a human target-and then-? We spoke his name

PETRIFIED BODY

in Denver News.

in whispers after that, and said only

good words for him.-Charles B. Lewis.

Of a Woman Pound by Hunters in Oscar Cobb and John Shackelford, while hunting on Dr. F. Shackelford's farm, near Fayetteville, in Hazel Hill Township, this county, discovered the body of a petrified woman. While traversing a small ravine one of the boys found under the roots of a tree, where the water had hollowed out the bank. what he supposed to be human feet. On investigation he discovered that they ere solid stone, and attached to some unyielding substance. Securing assistance the boys returned, and the tree and earth removed, exposing the body of a nude woman in a perfect state of petrifaction. The discovery was taken o Fayetteville, where it was measured and weighed and viewed by hundreds of people. The mold is that of a voluptuous woman, 5½ feet high, and the weight 255 pounds. The features are perfect, face round and full, and it is claimed could be easily recognized if any one were living to-day who had known her in life. Dr. Shackelford has owned the farm for fifty years, and no one was ever buried near the spot. The tree growing immedately over the body, however, places the date of the burish at some remote period in the settlement. tuous woman, 5½ feet high, and the weight 265 pounds. The features are



"SLEWED THE MUZZLE OF HIS GUN TO THE RIGHT."

nerve the men could work up to stand that he was firing high. Five minutes later a lieutenant came creeping along and twice after that, ere we fell back, | Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. I saw the man firing into the tree tops.

The enemy crowded us back day by day and mile by mile, and there was lighting over every foot of the highways. We had a fierce grapple at Fair For copying quill pens are used, and Oaks, and again at Savage Station, but the paper employed is the same as all I knew of Davis was that he was that manufactured for the departments with us. It was only when weturned at of the Government centuries ago. The bay at Malvern Hill that I found my communications made by our Govern self beside him again. He had been three times grazed by bullets, and that in longhand, although if Mr. Blain was proof that he had stood up to a had lived there would have been soldier's work. Our regiment was sta- change, as he was making arrange tioned at the base of the hill, strung ments to introduce the typewriter. along in the bed of a dry creek, and the banks gave us protection and a rest for our muskets. As the enemy came He was firing over the heads of the dier who can play on any of the smaller enemy by thirty feet. Our position was musical instruments shall be provided one which could not be carried. The enemy realized this at last, and the battle began to die away. On our front we had only dead and wounded men, as far as we could see, and all firing

up from the ground about a pistol shot away and stood staring at us. A thousand men shouted at him to come and cheering the man, when an officer of

"Shoot him-shoot him-why some of you bring him down?" His words were heard by fifty men, sary, and frequently annoying to othof that before he can reload! If you but not a gun was raised. The officer

there and be shot at without firing a the petrifaction critically say that it shot in return, but Davis showed no more nervousness than any of the rest. is not an Indian. The only abrasion When at length we moved by the left or marks on the body are a hole in the flank for a quarter of a mile and then right side and a protruding arrow head dropped down to open fire and hold our on the left, indicating that death reground, Davis was the man on my left sulted from the wounds. Several citiand as I loaded my musket I noticed zens from this city have viewed the body and claim that it is as perfect as the work of a sculptor, the toe and in rear of us and warning each man to finger nails being as distinct as those of aim low. I heard him cursing Davis, a living person.—Warrensburg (Mo.

Typewriting Barred.

Typewritten manuscripts are still barred out of the House of Commons. ment to those of foreign countries ar

Singing Soldiers. A French general has inaugurated a swarming across the open every man plan of permitting soldiers to sing was a fair target. I had fired three or when on the march, a privilege which four times when my musket fouled, and has been strictly denied until recently. as I waited to clear it I watched Davis. It has also been arranged that any solwith such instrument at the expense of the state.-Boston Traveler.

Some women attract attention simply because they make no effort to attract it. In a woman's povel the first should

be last and the last fires. When a man desires to dress up, he gets a shave and a shine. If he desires

to look particularly fine, he gets a hair

cut in addition

When a man is continually talking about his troubles, his neighbors never trouble very much about his talk.

Loud conversation is hardly neces

plect: "Enough Better Than Too Much"

-Certain Superfluities, Both Physical and Mental, Are a Hindrance Rather Than a Help in Life.

Text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he lefted Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."—I Chron. xx.,

Malformation photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. This passage of Scripture was as certainly intended to be put in the Bible as the verse. "In the beginning God Bible as the verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," or, "God so loved the world that He gave His

only begotten Son."

And I select it for my text to-day becaus it is charged with practical and tremendous meaning. By the people of God the Philis-tines had been conquered, with the excep-tion of a few giants. The race of giants is mostly extinct. I am glad to say. There is no use for glants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Gollath was, ac-cording to the Bible, eleven feet four and a cording to the Bible, eleven feet four and a half inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny, declares that at Crote, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling. David had smashed the skull of one of these giants but there were other giants. David had smashed the skull of one of these glants, but there were other glants that the Davidean wars had not yet sub-dued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. was annexed an adoutional inger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet, where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Taver-

not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the Emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcatius, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, fit his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the stripling warrior, had despatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth too in the use of his weapon, and his sixth too crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot; and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defled Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, siew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary toot and ordinary stature that was not better off

you cannot use for God and the better-ment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth too, and a terrible hindranes. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battle for the right are ordinary people. Count the fingers of their right hand, and they have just five—no more and no less. One Docfor Duff among missionaries, but three thousand missionaries that would tell you that have only common endowment. One thousand missionaries that would tell you they have only common endowment. One Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick in conspicuous places, but ten thousand women who are just as good nurses, though never heard of. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the Civil War made a big noise, but muskets of ordinary calibre and shells of ordinary helt did the execution. President Tyler and and his Cabinet go down the Potomac one and his Cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peace-maker," a great iron gun that was to affright with its thunder foreign navies affright with its thunder foreign navies, The gunner touches it off, and it explodes, and leaves Cabinet Ministers dead on the deek, while at that time, all up and down our coast, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defense of the nation, and ready at the first touch to waken to duty. The curse of the world is big guns. After the politicians, who have made all the noise or home, boarse trem energy discusnoise, go home hoarse trom angry discussion on the evening of the first Monday in November, the next day the people, with the silent ballots, will settle everything, and settle it right, a million of the white slips of paper they drop making about as much noise as the fall of an apple-blossom. Clear back in the country to-day there

clear pack in the country to-day there are mothers in plain aprons, and shoes Iashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Edisons and the Bismarcks and the George Whitefields of the future.

The longer I live the more I like approach and the Giadstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathles, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces to-morrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if it were not for ten thousand common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farmhouse, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle-bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case, he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the litustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments: People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his

behind us after we have departed this life is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel;" but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstair to look out of the window, to see if it is any of out of the window, to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes, and there are embezziements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkepers will prove re-creant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are and defrauded, and the anxiety

you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand. Disraell says that a king of Poland abdicated his throne and joined the people, and became a porter to carry burdens. And some one asked him why he did so, and he recolled. "Hyon my honer gentlemen, the

some one asked him why he did so, and he replied: "Upon my honor, gentlemen, the load which I cast off was by far heavier than the one you see me carry. The weight test is but a straw when compared to that weight under which I labored. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live and to be a king myself. Elect whom you choose. As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

As for me, I am so well it would be madness to return to court."

"Well," says somebody, "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worriments are real and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so great he cannot manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide with those having too much, let him divide with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they cannot get enough. Not they guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout and know not that, like the giant of my text, they are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them by charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death; and then, as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in fluity till death; and then, as they are com-pelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they gener-ously give some of it to the Lord, expect-ing, no doubt, that He will feel very much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, own-ing an interest in the iron works at Tren-ton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite ton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly, which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper Institute, which mothers a hundred institutes of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to wait five thousand eight hundred wars for Peter Cooper! eight hundred years for Peter Cooper!

I am glad for benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary socie-ties; but for such testators I have no re-spect. They would have taken every cent of it with them if they could, and bought up half of neaven and let it out at rainous rent, or loaned the money to celestial citi-zens at two per cent. a month, and got a "corner" on harps and trumpets. They "corner" on harps and trumpets. They lived in this world fifty and sixty years in the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for their relief. the presence of appalling suffering and want, and made no efforts for their relief. The charities of such people are in the "Paulopost future" tense, they are going to do them. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his life-time close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was sentle or crease and the

the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society. O ye over-weighted, suc-cessful business men, whether this sermon bromide of potassium, and from no appertite you will hardly be able to await your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatte foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have keen appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and

rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this failen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked Him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made—the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle, or through machinery, has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any apprecia-tion of what divine masterpieces they are. Sir Charles Bell was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Editorwater the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave forty thousand dollars for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written, Sir Charles Bell wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones in the hand and wrist with cartilages and ligaments and phalanges of the fingers all make just ready to knit, to sew, to build up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plow, to pound, to wheel, to battle, to give friendly salutation. The tips of its fingers are so many telegraph offices by reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the Hps. With our hands we invite, we as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we entreat, we wring them in grief, or clap them in joy, or spread them abroad in benediction. The malformation of the giant's hand in the text glorifles the usual hand. Fashioned of God more exquisitely and wondrously than any human mechanism that was ever con-trived, I charge you to use it for God and the lifting of the world out of its moral predicament. Employ it in the sublime work of Gospel handshaking. You can see the hand is just made for that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side, and your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones and joints and muscles and earthages and ligaments the voice of Nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands. The custom is as old as the Bible, anyhow. Jehu sald to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." When hands join in Christian saintation a Gospel elec-

triefty thriffs across the paim from heart to heart, and from the shoulder of one to the shoulder of the other. Modesty is a charm which no beauty complete without. We generally find the new leaf we turn blotted through by the records preceding it.

honesty from their bearts to put in their The sweetest pleasure is in impart-

War is the high road to peace. War is the iron crown of peace. In war, sternness is truest kindness

He who can discourse philosophy he simplest language is a philosopher at It is generally the man who is striving to do right, who is amazed at the opportunities to do wrong.

Heroism cannot be estimated by the

Some men like to mistake the echoes of their desires for the voice of con-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."