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Callander was sitting by the fire in

the briefest possible sentences. She

She was growing nervous-foolishly ner-

"Still she looks out of your eyes at

often goes down to Eastport in his

may wait, but I will have my revenge

he written?"

Callander, now fully rouse

"Yes-he thinks he has found som

"At all events, he said, in his letter to

"Standish!" repeated Callander, with a

speak his name to me? I wonder you

This seemed to Dorothy an opportunity

for asking an explanation of his mysteri

"I do not know why I should not nam

him, Herbert, Tell me why you dislike

It might relieve your mind."

"Tell you?" he repeated, "tell you!

have sometimes wished to tell you, that

might know what a subtle devil-

Callander paced the room in silence for

mother minute, then he suddenly sat

own beside her on the sorn, which was

her usual seat, and, taking both her

But before that, before I left India, there

ers. You would not have seen it-no one

ould have seen it but a lover such as

and come between us." Dorothy sat lis-

"My mother wrote that Standish almos

ived with her and you, but I would not

otice her insinuations. Then I came

ome, and I knew there was a change

Still, she had some love for me, but he was always at her ear! He would not

t her come away with me alone! That

sald have made all right. So I deter

His voice failed him, and he paused, pant

reaching her hands from him, all her

force and courage returning. "Paul Stan-

"It is no lie!" he said, with a moan like

cried Dorothy

fined to have his life; but she she

ng, big drops standing on his brow.
"Paul Standish!" cried Dor

old you this horrible lie?"

her own writing."

ening, motionless, with curdling blood

Had he indeed discovered the truth?

ous dislike to her guardian.

less search for traces of-of-"

Standish naturally took advantage of Colonel Callander's absence in Fordsea etta and Dorothy-waited in vain for a to renew his visits to Prince's Place. He letter from the Colonel.
was far too sensible to take offense at the A week had passed and he made as whims of a man so evidently out of men-sign. Dorothy was very uneasy, much tal harmony, and he was anxious to see more so than Henrietta or his mother, as much as he could of his interesting mether of whom shared her profound ward, whose mood puzzled and distressed roreboding of eval. 10 them, an abstrachim. In all her grief and depression she tion, his indifference to all that formerly had always speken to him with the utmost interested him, the distressed expression confidence, with a degree of unreserve of his eyes, sometimes so dull, sometimes which showed how glad she was to open wild and reckless, were only marks of nather heart to him. But for the last week, ural but unusually deep grief. To Dorothy she had grown silent, reserved, hesitating they were indications of mental anguish she seemed to think before speaking to too strong for the control of reason,

One day, on reaching Prince's Place, he | finite relief she heard Collins tap at the was shown upstairs to the drawing room, door, as she was changing her warm where he found Miss Oakeley.

Still further upstairs Dorothy was and say, in a brisk, cheerful tone: amusing her little nephew and niece, as the chill February afternoon was too showery and east-windy to allow of their Callander was sitting by the fire in a going out. Mrs. McHugh sat at her nee- large armchair, his hand on Dolly's head,

going out. Mrs. McHugh sat at he. dilwork, while "auntie" built up card diework, while "auntie" built up card houses for "Bor" to knock down.

Both children were standing by him demurely, gazing with wondering, awed eyes "And is there no news at all of Mr.
Egerton?" asked Nurse, breaking a tolerably long silence, while she threaded

"Mr. Standish had one letter from him, embrace him. He smiled absently, and soon after he had reached Valencia, be- stretched out his hand to her. "Why did fore he had time to do anything, but he you not write? I felt so anxious about ans not written since, though he prom-"Well, to my mind, be is the likeliest write about."

man to do any good. Why, that wonder- The tete-a-tete which ensued was very ful detective has just been making fools ' soon, when he had anything to tell. Mr. | from time to time with monosyllables, or Standish may have a letter any day."

"Perhaps he has to-day. I fancy be thought dinner would never be announce has come, too, for I heard the doorbell a ed. How Dorothy longed for Standish! few minutes ago." "Miss Oakeley is in the drawing room," said Dorothy, without stirring.

"Come, now," said Mrs. McHugh, "my room Callander again took the large easy dears, I must clear that table, and get chair. Dorothy began some needlework, tea. Let Miss Dorothy go; she is wanted and sat opposite him, in token of her down stairs.'

readiness to converse if he was so inclin-"And when you have finished tea, you ed. He kept silence so long that Dorothy shall come down, too," said Dorothy, es-caping with some difficulty. Suddenly he sat upright and exclaim-

Descending slowly, Dorothy found the ed: "You are not like her, and yet you are. drawing room niar, and, entering softly, You haven't her beauty!" saw Henrietta and Standish in the recess formed by a bay window; their backs turned, hoping he would relieve his mind were to her. He held Henrietta's hand, by talking of the dear dead, and, as Dorothy paused, uncertain as to her next movement, Standish exclaimed sometimes, Dorothy, and then I don't warmly, "My dear Henrietta, how can I know whether I hate or love you! You ever thank you enough?" and kissed the used to be like a daughter to me, and

small study, where she selected a book: then, feeling strangely tremulous, she sat her tears.
down and tried to clear her thoughts from "You must never let my mother get the painful haze which seemed to dim bold of them, mind that," them. Soon, very soon it seemed to her, Collins came in and said, "Miss Oakeley desired me to say that tea is ready, miss." "Where have you been, Dorothy?" cried kind to her? She is very unhappy," the tea-maker. "I have sent up and down to find you. Mr. Standish has a let. she was to my lost darling," he returned ter from Mr. Egerton, he wanted to show sternly. "And you should not forget it

"There is very little in it," said Stan-He had shaken hands with his in brain! She sent that fellow, Dillon, to ward, looking kindly and anxiously into dog my steps down at Fordsea! her face, and then drawn over a chair for

"He certainly is not sparing himself." returned Standish. "Here is his letter." Dorothy took it and laid it on the table But I-I alone must punish, I tell you. I Standish watched her with some curiosity, and Henrietta, who seemed in high spirits, launched into a description of her Dorothy felt uneasy, but she wisely Aunt Callander's unreasonableness about avoided contradicting him, and so kept the children, about the trouble they gave silence. Callander, now fully rouse when they did go to see her, and the ter-stood up and began to pace the room. ribly bad system on which they were

brought up.

Then looking at her watch, she exclaimed: "Oh, I must go out! I promised my traces."
aunt to see her to-day. She has a bad "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Callander-rathcold. Indeed, I do not think she is at all er a terrible laugh. "He will never find I am quite sorry about her, poor the murderer away there!-never!" And old thing! You can tell Dorothy what he paused opposite her, we have been talking about, Mr. Stan"At all events, h
dish. Ring the bell, please, and tell ColPaul Standishlins to get me a cab. Good-by," she add-Standish, "I suppose you will be deadly, bitter tone, one that made the by the time I come back." gone by the time I come back."

As soon as they were alone, Standish. after looking very earnestly at Dorothy, dare!" And he resumed his restless walk. ant down on the sofa behind her, "Don't you care to read the letter?" he

"I should prefer hearing its contents

from you."

Her voice sounded dull and despondent "Well, then," taking it up, "Egerton after much searching, has found an old muleteer whose nephew, Pedro, is a saflor

and was, the old man thinks, on board s He broke off, and muttered something to vessel that traded between Cadiz and the Levant, and sometimes went further. The ed her well. You would shield her mem muleteer does not know where he is now ory well."

"I would do anything for her sake—any." but he appeared last December at Alicant he has gone to sea again, and his return thing to comfort you!" cries the problematical."

Callander record the and seemed very flush of cash. Since ther thing to comfort you!" cried Dorothy, un-Yes, I suppose it is-very," returned

"My dear Dorothy, something is work

ing in your mine which you hide from me. It is formenting and distressing you Don't you think you had better op a your

"What is it Henrietta told you to tel

We have been arranging a scheme for Callander and all of you. We propose that when the time for which you tool house is up-that is in about a fort night, I think-you should set up your head quarters in Brussela. There are pictures, and churches, and the field of Wat erloe for Callander to meditate upon, and you are en route everywhere. Henrietta I mean Miss Calcley, thinks that if you persuade Callander that you cannot trave without him, he will consent to live with you, and then, the children and yourselves being constantly with him, will draw him gradually out of himself. He has sent in his papers and gives up the army, I am corry to say, though I quite expected it."

"Yes. I think it is the best thing to be

"Then you can discuss it with Henrietta this evening, and I shall see you tomorrow, when I hope there will be some You did not believe your mother, who tidings of Callander. Good-evening, my A noisy farewell from the children, and that of a creature in pain. "I saw it in

done," she said.

he was gone.
"Why did he kiss Henrietta's hand? and what was it he thanked her for so

enthusiastically?" She went to sleep with this unanswered question preying on her heart.

to you. But, Dorothy, I will have pa-tience, subtilty as profound as his, and patience. I will punish him yet, cruelly, unrelenting. I feel my hand on his throat now!" and he clenched both his own, lookng awfully wild, the fine, strong face she knew so well distorted by passion to a demon-like expression

Dorothy felt as if Paul's doom was fixed, that nothing could save him. She
—she only could undeceive the wretched man before ber.

"You are wrong. Herbert!" she said, bravely and steadily. "I can prove that you are wrong; I can prove that Mabel always loved you, that you do Paul Stan-dish the greatest injustice. Will you wait here for a few minutes, and will you read what I bring you?"

Callander, checked and astonished by her words and impressive manner, stopped, silent and still, mean?" he stammered. "What do you

away unstairs to where in the secret draw. er of her old dressing case, inclosed in a blank envelope, lay the letter she had never been able to deliver into Egerton's ands. All fear, all hesitation was gone What matter any danger to herself from the fury of the excited man she had left bobind? What matter the desperate retribution she might bring down on the real offender? Everything was secondary to the desire of proving that Mabel was really true to her husband, that Standish was innocent of the hideous treachery attrib uted to him-all consequences were swallowed up in this overpowering motive.

(To be continued.) WONDERS OF HUDSON BAY. It Prains Three Million Square Miles

of Territory. Hudson's bay, the Mediterranean of lanada, is the most striking geograph-"Dear Herbert, I am so delighted to see ical feature of North America. Hudyou!" cried Dorothy, running to greet and son bay is half as large as the Mediterranean sea-it drains a vast territory, 3,000,000 square miles in area-vast rivers flow into it from the south, east, and west; flowing from places as distant as the plains of Minnesota and Dakota. In its water live undisturbed fish trying. Callander sat quite still after the children had retired, answering the and oil-bearing mammals, along its shores are fine harbors, in the country observations she forced herself to make

surrounding it are rich mineral deposits and fine farming lands. But it is a portion destitute of human habitation White whales, walruses, big as elephants, and fur-bearing seals dispor. themselves undisturbed in the water When they returned to the drawing On land there is wealth, with no one to take it away.

"But all this is the arctic regions." you say. "Not a bit of it," says Dr. Bell, director of the geological survey. Moose bay is in a latitude further south than London, and the more northern portion of Hudson bay is at about the same latitude as the north of Scotland. "I know that well, Herbert," she re-The climate also compares very favorably with that of the same latitude in other portions of the globe. The bay does not freeze across in winter-the winter conditions there being similar to those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and and he held.

Dorothy slipped away as noiselessly as ways take care of those poor children!"

he had entered, and went down to a "Yes, I will, to the best of my ability."

Leave to be had and those of the Guillo is possible during four or possibly five months of the year. The "Yes, I will, to the best of my ability." great Northwest as near to Europe as the city of Quebec. It offers perhaps the best route to the Yukon district,

"I hope you will stay with them, and and is the national route to the great oil fields of the Northwest. Gold is to Mrs. Callander, why are you so unthere-specimens of gold-bearing quartz have been brought into the Hud-"Because I cannot forget how unkind son bay stations-pyrites containing gold have been found by the geological survey party, and alluvial gold has either! I can never forgive her. And she been found, according to Mr. William wants to make out that I am weak-weak Ogilvie, in the valleys. Gypsum, fron, copper, silver, and lead are abundantly

indicated in many places. "Indeed, I am sure she did not. He Were the country within the arctic circle the quality of the soll would be of no consequence. But there are "Of the murderer," added Callander scores of millions of acres upon which with composure, "Ay, he may search. profitable stock-raising and farming may be carried on, and it is important to note that the soll observed is rich and productive. In the district south of James bay, in a district as large as all England, the total population at present is one Scotchman and thirty or "What has Egerton been doing? Has forty families of Indians.-Montreal

(Canada) Witness. "He is an enemy to both kingdoms," said Sir Boyle Roche, "who wishes to

two sister countries:" Equally noteworthy with this was the I can't go." highly creditable sentiment uttered by the Governor of one of the United States at the opening of an industrial exhibition recently.

"Let us hope," said he, "that the occasion will be an entering wedge which will bring about a more perfect unity between North and South!"

The Pope is a remarkably good chess player; in fact, it is only on rare occasions that he is defeated at the game, There is one priest in Rome who is usually the Pope's adversary. The priest -Father Giella-has played chess with him for thirty-two years past

One ungrateful man does on injury all who stand in need of sid. The more we do the more we can do

hwe ave. Clothe falsehood with argument, and For one cent you can cook a full m for a family with the Johnson Gas Y

hands, which he held tightly, he said, low and quick: "I will tell you all-all! I chine.

Two bulls-eye of righteousness is never hit by accident.

Were it not for the human heart, hypocrisy would be homeless. found it out before-just before-we lost her. It was my mother pointed it out! was a change, a faint change in her let-

The tempation overcome by the boy

There is not a string attaced mirth but has its chord of melancholy. Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out. The sure way to miss success is to mi

Zeal without knowledge, is worse An emotional nature is often mistaken

or a sympathetic one. Burdens become light when cheerfulborne. Nothing more detestable does the

earth produce than an ungrateful man. Humility is a garb that must be worn ment. dish is as innocent as I am. What—who put this horrible idea into your bead? Kindness is wisdom; there is n life but needs it, and may learn.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowl-The greatest firmness is the greates mercy

Some never wrote anything to Paul Standish which the whole world might not see. Who has imposed upon you?"

"Ah! you do not know. Neither she nor he would speek of such call the standard of you do not know. Neither she Blessed is the influence of one would apeak of such svil things loving human soul on another.



glanced up sharply, and then he said,

Judson Hardacre pressed a button

behind his ear stepped into the room.

know each week how he is doing."

last he had found a tob.

Judson, too."

you to work."

"I'm very much obliged to you-

Willis faltered, hardly realizing that at

"Don't thank me vet," said his uncle

almost gruffly; "you may not want to

"Mother, mother," he called; "I've go.

job at last-and a job from Uncle

That afternoon Willis packed his

satchel and took the train down the

calley for Edwardsburg, where the

Hardacre mills were located. It was

about twenty-five miles from home, and

he had never been in the place except

on his bleycle and he hardly knew

"Well," he said, "be on hand at 7

attic room with four other men. The

walls were dingy, the floor was cover-

Supper was served on a long table cov-

ered with ollcloth, and the tea was

brought in by men waiters, who laugh-

ed and joked one another. The work-

In the morning Willis was set to load

car which stood on a siding near at

Willis was given the easiest job-that

of piling-but he was compelled to keep

up with the other two. The slivers

that, it was a hot June day without a

breath of air stirring in the car. For

an hour or two he stood it pretty well

was determined never to give up. He

was a cog in the machinery of the mill,

and he proposed to do his duty until he

staggered into the dining-room of the

boarding-house. At first be was too

tired to eat, but he managed to swal-

low a little dinner, and by 1 o'clock he

felt better. But he knew he never

could last through the long afternoon

at the same work, and it was with a

deep feeling of relief that he heard

Matthews order his crew from the car

loading to the sawdust chutes. Here

soft sawdust at the end of the chute

where the waste of the mill came blow

ing out in a dusty cloud, and shovel fo

dear life to keep himself from being

buried. It was hot, wearing work, and

by the time the afternoon was finished

But he was naturally vigorous of

body, and, although his uncle had made

fun of his tennis and foot-ball, he knew

now how much good strength they had

the next morning lame in every joint,

with his hands almost raw with blis

ters. "But I'll stick to it," he said,

gritting his teeth; "I've got to get

That day he was paired with a big,

red-bearded Scotchman, and they were

assigned to the work of trimming up

some timbers with a long cross-cut saw

For a few hours Willis bent bravely

back and forth. It was fearfully hard

work, particularly because he did not

greatest results from the least effort.

Towards noon the big Scotchman, who

enough rested to continue the work.

though the work was still year hard

understand the science of getting the

through college next year."

Willis was thoroughly discouraged.

up and ate almost in silence.

after you have been working awhile."

Willis went home in high spirits.

rather more gruffly than before:

sawing.

UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

DAPPER Httle man, with a Uncle Judson," Judson Hardacre silky, yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends came out and closed the door softly

"Mr. Hardacre says he will see you in a few minutes. Will you be seated?" and the little man turned and began to rustle the papers on his desk as if he were very busy indeed. Willis Everett dropped down in

chair close to the railing, fussed with his hat and watched for Judson Hardacre's door to open. He thought it was rather a cold reception for an uncle to give his nephew, and yet his mother had warned him what to expect.

"Your uncle Judson," she had said, "is very much devoted to his business. He has never in his life had time to give to his friends, and people say that he is crusty and hard-hearted, but I am sure that my brother Judson bas as kind a heart as any man living, if only you can reach it."

Willis had come to his uncle as a last resort. He had just finished his junior year in college, and he knew that the completion of his course would depend on his own earnings during the summer. His father had been able to supply him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed, for the first three years of his college life, but hard times had ruined his business, and it was all he could do to pay rent and grocers' bills, not to mention the provision of clothing for the younger chil-

"I want to see you finish up with your class," he said to Willis, "but it is out of the question for me to furnish the money. You will have to get out and see what you can do for yourself." And Willis had tried his best to get a position. But he found that he was compelled to compete in this struggle for an opportunity to make a living with men older and more experienced than himself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said he would take Willis on trial, but he

couldn't pay him anything for a few months; another said he had a position, but he wished to give it to a man who had intended to remain with him perprivate office to open. He had not seen his uncle in second years. He remembered the last meet-

ing without any exuberance of pleasure. Uncle Judson had called on his mother one afternoon, and he had come in warm and excited from a tennis game. "What's that thing you have got in your hand?" his uncle asked, after his

mother had presented him. "Why, a tennis racquet." "Sarah, can't you teach your children to so into better business than dawd-

ling around in white trousers with a toy cobwebby window commanded a view Even as Willis thought of it now, he

felt his cheeks tingle with mingled mortification and anger. "Mr. Hardacre is ready to see you," said the dapper little man.

Willis stepped quietly into the private office. He saw his uncle at a handsome roll-top desk and glaring at him ing slabs from the waste pile into a box from under his shaggy, gray brows. He had a square, lean face, with a determined chin, and his hair was coarse and gray.

"I am in search of work," said Willls, somewhat falteringly; "my father diminish the brotherly affections of the can't supply me with money for my stuck into his soft palms and the jaglast year in college, and unless I carn it ged bark bruised his arms. Besides

"That's just what I told your mother before she married Everett. Now that he has got a family of boys he can't but before noon he began to feel that educate them. But she wouldn't listen he should drop in his tracks, but he to any of my advice."

The hot blood surged into Winter face. He couldn't bear this reference

to his hard-working, noble-minded fath- broke down. Never was music sweeter er, who had sacrificed everything in than the sound of the noon whistle. order that his boys might have their He wearily dropped the last slab and schooling. "My father has done the best be

could." Willis said, hotly, "and I can't listen to anything against him. If you have nothing I can do-" and Willis turned and started toward the door with his shoulders thrown back. "There, there," said his uncle, with

the trace of a grim smile curling his lips; "we'll let that drop. You say you want work-what can you do?" 'I'm just out of college," Willis said, "and I'll have to do 'most anything I

can get to do." "I suppose you are well up in tennis and football and leaping the pole, and all that sort of thing." "Yes, sir," responded Willis, tempt

ed again to turn and leave the room. "Well. I don't happen to have env or these things in my business. You know I'm not engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. It's very pro saic-you can't wear white trousersmight get soiled."

Willis kept his temper, although ev ery one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick. "I understand all that," he said, "and I am willing to do anything from wood

sa ring up that will enable me to save little money." "Wood-sawing, ch?" said Judso: Ha dacre, and ...e grim smile again carled his lips. "Let me see your

hand's" Willis held out his hands-they wer sertainly rather small and white, al though tennis playing had worn a few had been watching him keenly, found that the saw would need filing. Willis hard callouses on the right palm. "I thought so," said Uncle Judson

"tennis hands oh?" "They may be soft now, but I assure rou. Uncle Judson, I am not afraid of any kind of work which will help me

Inish my course." At the sound of the unfamiliar words. he did not grow painfully exhausted. He size found that the other men were goodshearted, kindly fellows, and always ready to help him where they could. Before the middle of July, Mab thews, the big foreman, had given him the place of checker and scaler, in the This was much easier work and Willis did it with a quickness and thoroughness and kept his accounts of

None of the men knew that he was Judson Hardacre's nephew. He had said nothing about it, preferring to stand on his own merits, and his uncle had been equally silent.

About the middle of September Wilis resigned his job, much to the regret of the big foreman, who had come to like the clever, prompt young man. "When you try to get a job some where else," he said, "just let me know

and I'll give you a good recommendaand no praise that Willis ever had received had sounded so sweet in his

"By the way, Everett," said Mat "Well, I'll take you at your word. thews, as he paid over the last sqlary Times are dull and I haven't much of check, "Mr. Hardacre wished me to anything else besides chopping and ask you to call and see him as soon as on get back to town." Willis wondered why his uncle

and a tall, quiet man with a pen thrust should care to have anything to de with him, but he called the next after-"Calkins, this is Willis Everett. He noon. He had grown brown of face, will go to work to-morrow morning at and his hands were calloused and musthe Edwardsburg mill at \$30' a month. cular. When he came in Judson Hard-He will board at the company's hotel. sere said, gruffly: Have him report to Matthews. Let me "Well, how much money have

saved this summer?" "Nearly \$75." "Is that enough to take you through college?"

"No, sir; but I shall start with it. Father thinks he can help me toward he end of the year."

"How did you like your work?" "Part of it I liked very well, Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at first." At the words "Uncle Judson." Judson

Hardacre looked up sharply. It was not at all usual for anyone to address him as a relative, and somehow the hard lines of his face softened and his shoulders shook a little, as if he were laughing somewhere inside. "Well, my home to said, "you've showed yourself pretty plucky this

where the mills were located. But he found them easily enough, and with red-faced, stoop-shouldered glant, with acre blood in you. Let me tell you, a voice like a foghorn. Matthews read I've watched you a good deal more the letter and then glanced at Willis closely that you thought, and I like keenly and half contemptuously, Wilyou, sir. Yes, I like you."

He held out one hand, and Willis, flushing red and then paling again, with surprise and pleasure, grasped it warmly.

o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll put Willis found a place in the company's "Let's be friends," said the old.man. boarding house-a single bunk in an "I haven't many of them, and I need



hand. One man handed them down from the pile, a second tossed them into the car, and a third corded them up.

good one," and his voice took on s half-pitiful tone. Then he changed the

last year of schooling and don't scrimp on the expenses. If you need any more let me know. And when you get through come back here. I've got a good place for you in my office, where you will have a chance to work up." Willis stammered his thanks, and stumbled, half-dozed, toward the doorway. His uppermost thought at that

"How happy my father will be," As he reached the door his uncle Judson called after him: "And say, just go ahead and play all the tennis you want to." Uncle Judson's crust was broken.

Chicago Record. In China a company of thirty actors

can be engaged for \$30 to play as many pieces as may be desired for two he was required to stand knee deep in days at a stretch.

> Caterpillars in Boxes. A member fascinated the biology section of the British Association at its recent meeting with the results of his experiments on caterpillar hatching in pill boxes. The pepper moth was the particular insect which he experimented on, and his experiments show that, if you take an egg of one of these and grow it in a gilded pill box, you get a rolden caterpillar. Again, if the pill box be black, so is the caterpillar; while a mixed environment produced a muddled creature, just as in man the environment of the slum or the palace pretty much determines a person's characteristics.

> The term "bachelor" is from the Latin meaning "one crowned with laurels." In the French it becomes "a young squire, not made a knight." Its first English meaning was "a young unmarried man." In old times the student undergraduate was forbidden by the law of the universities to marry on pain of expulsion. Violation of this law by William Lee resulted in his in vention of the stocking loom.

never felt more grateful for anything in his life, and in the afternoon he was Probably one reason the strive so exceptly to so to beaven is that pictures of the Angels do not indicate that where here to wear excepts And so it went on day after day. Before the end of the second week Willis grew somewhat hardened, and al-

of Persecution Run to the Glorious Text: "As the hart panteth after the

water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."-Psa. ziii., 1. thoroughness and kept his accounts of accurately that Matthews mere than the superinted his initiaffaction.

About this time Wills saw his uncle for the first time. Judson Hardacre came around with the superintendent, examining the work of the mill, and he must have seen Wills as he stood with his pad and pencil where the lumber shot from the whirring saws, but he gave no sign of recognition. It hurt Willis' sensitive nature, but he only set himself, "and I'm going back to college."

Thee, O God."—Psa. xiii., 1.

David, who must some time have seen a a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the rectuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the fleid." Their antiers jutted from long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patch honged for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaish compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of

brought home a roebuck. Isalan compares
the sprightliness of the restored cripple of
millennial times to the long and quick
jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall
leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his
disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer
is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in
hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the danger startleshim, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the load breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antiers of a deer rend the leaves of the ticket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the crenture plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, bark-ng after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the

out number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, bark-ng after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself. "That reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the good wave that washes its leathered into the cool wave that washes its leathered finks, and it swims away from the flery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolution escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescuel 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God,'"

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and

its ostriches real ostriches, and its rein-deer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antiered glory of the text makes the this antiered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioued into bow-strings, its antiers putting bandles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunsel! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into dred lakes at subset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity, impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscie, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt grass among the shadows, or a living bolt grass among the shadows, or a living boil shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fail under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regls is able to picture. When twenty miles from any settlement. the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and loiling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming

Thee, O God."

Weil, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharpmuzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you

thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small dismee between them for that reason called "carry." And the realm of God's Word one long chain of bright, refreshing is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saving: "There is a river, the streams whereof shair make gual the city of Goi;" "Thou shall make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of wat..."

But many of you have turned your back

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting society. At the counterfeit of a man who has not the life of a man.

A true and genuine imprudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the least sense of it.

—The skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the coldthat anyone clothed in such a dress, with the addition of a blanket of the same material may bear the intenses trigors of an Arctic winters allude to this resignation of antiers.

by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns. But very many of you who are wronged

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Fransisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have al-ways done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the floor a deer and the more elegant mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and

the hounds tre to tapture it. Had the roedeer." And the hounds would have given ed in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the rishest pasture that could be nibbled from the banks of rills so clear

are owner and master. But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and be-reavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the One for whom David longed, and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the top-most speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Seroon Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of glass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their anticrs and snift the breeze and start for the Raquet or Loon or Saranae; and we get into our cedar shell-boat or stand by the "runaway" with rifla loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one rouson why I jike the inble so much—its almajons are so true to nature. Its partrides ate real partridges, its estriches real ostriches, and its reinble second son, making the next deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand,

when opened it was found to contain numan blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was in-scribed the name of God. King Nimrod weighed the most. The avarietous men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men

said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outwelghed a universe. For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; on His promise I build my all. Without Him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the pop that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I de-clare that if I did not feel that God was now my Friend and ever-present help, I should be wretched and terror-stricken. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can ery out,
"As the hart panteth after the water
brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O
God."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when push-ing his cance far up North in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human b ings! He was startled one day as he heard astepping on the ice, and he cocked his rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his cance and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where be had lived, as I took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for the lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first the mistake of trying to fight them. Somehody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a hereavement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement, you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which he accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryingitis, or the ague, or the sick headache.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So pear are they to each other that like a roe or a young bart upon the moun-

It is only imperfection that com-plains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and