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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9 1898.

NO. 48

Standish found when he reached his rooms the next afternon among the notes and letters which had come since he start ed in the morning, an unusually thick en

This changed his plans. It would be lander had to say and doing so would compel him to lose the train.

He opened the letter, glanced at it, and ringing for the man who waited on him hastily directed that no visitor should be admitted. Then, drawing his chair near the window, he began, with interest which deepened at every word, to read the long epistle addressed to him.

"I have been going to write to you Standish, ever since Dorothy proved to me how greatly I have wronged you is my mind. I have begun once or twice but, somehow, my brain would not keep clear or steady. There is such a cloud troubling and confusing me; but las night, as I lay awake, battling with my oughts as usual, something seemed to

"I don't think I am mad, but I am nowhat I used to be, and there is a strange spirit-not my own-urging me at times with a force I cannot resist, to do many Ever since Dorothy showed me the truth, I have wanted to tell you everything, for you loved her, not as thought, but as a true elder brother, and you will understand me-perhaps you will

"When she left me in India it was rueful day. Then I was ill; after, I re covered. Her letters were not the same they were cold, constrained. How made I grew, with an agonized longing to see her again, to hold her in my arms! My day." mother wrote often. She did not fike you, I do not know why, but she did not. She was always repeating how my darling and Dorothy preferred being with you to anyone else, even to Egerton, who was so superior. It was a long time before she ed the devil within me, but she did at last. Then I came home.

"It is a long, weary tale; it seems to me that I am writing of another, and I pity him profoundly, as I should never pity myself. My hatred of you grew deep and cunning; there was no base, cowardly act I would not have done, could I have tortured you without bringing dis-the oars in his hands, he rows sharp grace on my own name. But all through my curious, agonizing mental struggles. I remembered that my name belonged to

oeing compelled for my honor's sake knowledge!" to put away my wife, to drag her through shake of the head, Old Jack resumed his the mire and fith of legal proceedings, of pipe. have the courage to save her from all this -let the icy hand of death send her unsullted to a better world where the All. seeing alone can judge her.' The idea would not, did not, leave me! It had an extraordinary fascination for me; even now, though I know my suspicions were wrong, I believe I did my best for her under the circumstances.

"It was not murder, no-it was the act of tenderest love. I wanted no revenge on her-I only wanted to save her from shame and bitterest grief. I resolved to send my beautiful Mabel to heaven, even while I affronted hell for her sake. logic'is sound, Standish, is it not? She would have gone hence blameless! From me an inexorable judge would have de manded the price of her blood, and for her sake I am contented to pay it!

This idea fascinated me. I had, from the fear of doing my dearest one harm in some ungovernable fit of despair, remained in my own room, on the plea of indifferent health, and there I thought out my plan. One night, just after you had gone, had put on my smoking jacket and sat down to think, but I could not smoke, my mind was a sort of fiery mist, all the past unrolled itself, the happy hours, sweetness and purity of my darling; voice said to me, 'the hour has come, let it not pass.' I rose up, and took a long keen kuife, which Egerton had given me as a curiosity; it was fine and sharp. I went softly but boldly to her room. not fear to meet anyone. I was not overstepping my right. The door opened with-

"Now, I have nearly told you everything, Standish. My brain is growing dull and dreamy. I have always wondered why Egerten shrank from me. Dorothy has explained why. She has restored my faith in you. When I knew the truth it made me pitiless. The irreparable evil wrought by mother infuriated me. rushed to her and told her that, thanks to her cruel tongue, her son was what she would call a murderer. I wonder it did not kill her! My sufferings have been great, though I have had long spells of torpidity. Since I came down to I have been conscious of an awful, irresistible weariness of life. Like the unhappy Moor, whose story is so like my 'My occupation's o'er'-no, not yet I must settle my account with Egerton. I

cannot rest till that is finished." Standish was very white and his teeth were set when he laid down the last sheet long, sad, startling letter.

It was too true, then, Dillon's clever disentangling of the puzzle! What a terrible tragedy, this destruction of two lives! His generous heart ached for the ruin, the injustice, wrought by a spiteful tongue, by sorbed in a guilty passion to hesitate at the sacrifice of friendship, honor, loyalty or even the happiness of the woman he professed to love.

It was brutal, insatiate, but Standish ad no time to think of Egerton now, Callander's case was a serious one. He must not be suspected; the terrible truth must not leak out. For the unfortunate criminal himself Standish felt the most profound pity. He could not look on him as

responsible. Disease was fast gaining upon him, but a jury would probably take very different view of his condition Come what might, he must be shielded from the consequences of his desperat

"I waste time pondering here when I night to act," he exclaimed, and, taking er's long confession, he inclosed it in a fresh, strong envelope, sealed it, and, writing on it his own name, he added: "To the destroyed in case of my death."

Then, with a heavy heart, he put

ent into his bag, and, havng snatched a hasty meal, drove to Wat

his pockets and his traveling cap over his

It was past eleven when Standish reach. ed the well-known Pier Hotel at Fordsea. Col. Callander, the waiter said, had gone to his room some time before. So Standish would not hear of disturbing

be said. "At what hour does Col. Callander breakfast?"

"Nine sharp, sir. He goes out to boat or bathe very early, and comes in about eight-thirty—to-night he ordered fish and kidneys, for breakfast, as he seemed to expect you might come, sir."

Oh, very well-give me some brandy and soda and I will go to bed, too."

It was some time before Standish could sleep-when he did, he slept heavily. When he awoke the sun was high in

the heavens, and sparkling brightly on the When dressed and ready it was nearly half-past eight, and taking his hat be sallied forth—thinking it might be less op-pressive to meet Callander first in the

As he strolled slowly toward the but where Old Jack, the boatman, sheltered himself among his boats, drawn up beside it-every step recalled the happy hours eh had spent on the beach with Mabel and Dorothy, the previous autumn.

Standish found Old Jack seated in the stern of one of his boats, smoking a very black pipe, and looking out so earnestly toward the east headland that he did not hear the approaching step. "Good morning, Jack."

"Eh? Mr. Staudish! mornin', sirhaven't seen you down here this many a. "No, I've been too busy to take a holi-

"Not much of a holiday for you to com-

down here, sir!" said the rugged old sait with feeling. then Standish asked. "Has the Colone!

gone out to bathe to-day?" "Yes, sir! He goes a fishing or bathing every morning when he is down-'art, sir, he never catches nothing! Forgets he's holding the lines most of the time! He ought to be coming in about now," putting a battered glass to his eye enough. You sit down a bit, sir-he'! not be long-he went away tow'st the Head, where the ladies used to like to row in the morning last autumn! Ah, well!-Brooding, haunted by a hideous vision the ways of Providence are past our

> CHAPTER XXIV. Standish accepted the old mun's invita-tion, and, lighting a cigar, took his seat

beside him. A long spell of silence en-Time went very slowly, and Standish was quite surprised when half-past nine chimed from the clock of the old town church. "I thought it must be ten at

"It's past his usual time," said Jack, putting up his battered glass again. "He went only for a dip," he said. "If it's your will, sir. I'll just pull out to look fo him if we see no sign of him in ten min

"Do," said Standish eagerly, "and I'll with you. You may have a long Standing up, old Jack Goold shouted long and loud the name of the boat taken out by Col. Callander that morning

"Lively Peggy, ahoy!" In vain; there was not even an echo t Then he returned to his oar, saying "Let's make straight for

So they rowed on and on, and round anabout but no trace of the Lively Pegg nor her oarsman was to be seen. Never did Standish lose the profounimpression of that weary row, the sicker

ing fear which grew upon him, the hope lessness and sinking of the heart, At last Jack Goold said sullenly and coarsely, "We'd best get back, sir, I hoarsely, "We'd best get back, sir. I lon't see how we can do any good. We'd best speak this tug I see coming along or our tack. If you promise something o a reward, they'll keep a lookout. 'There' no knowing where the boat's drifted." "The boat, man!" cried Standish, is much agitation. "You don't mean to say you do not think Col. Callander is in her? 'I don't mean nothing, Mr. Standish only it looks baddish seeing no sign of

The old man presently hailed the tug, which ran down to them. Standish clambered on board, but the old boatman thought it better to return to his station in case they had, by any accident, missed the object of their search, hoping to fine his boat and its occupant alike beaches

It would take much time and space to describe the growing fears with which Standish paced the tug's dirty deck, or stood eagerly scanning the face of the vaters, as they steamed slowly to and fro At length the skipper remarked that i they stayed thereabouts till night they ould find nothing, adding, not without eeling, that he would not give much for he gentleman's chances if some craft has

ot picked him up before this. Standish agreed with him, and the maer, bringing his vessel to as near the Head as he could safely go, sent his pas senger ashore in one of the tug's bonts. The spot he landed on was a small ocky projection, not far from a stretch f fine sand which filled a slight indentation of the shore, where Standish has ften found Dorothy, with Nurse and the hildren, hunting for shells and scawced, long walk, however, was before him, nd his mind was too profoundly disturbed to allow of tender memories. He pressed on at a good pace, thinking hard what was best to be done if Callander had disppeared, or if he returned alive. Both

ontingencies had their difficulties. It was a long, painful progress. common, he diverged from his di eet road to pass Jack Goold's hut. The id man was on the lookout, and, per elving his approach, came rapidly to

"What news?" shouted Standish, before hey were within speaking distance. Jack shook his head, and as soon a hey stood face to face said, in a low "Bad-couldn't be worse. A chap

stood still and silent. Was

stands stood still and stient. Was
this the end of the story—the last act of
a pitful tragedy to which two innocent
sufferers had been driven by blind fate?
"I suppose it is folly to hope?" he forced himself to say at last.
"Ay! no good at all, sir. I don't see as

there is a spark of hope, nohow!"

As there was no more to be done at present, Standish, though greatly shaken, was obliged to think of his own duties, public and private. His temporary leave was nearly expired, and his chief had shown him se much consideration, that he was anxious not to outstay it. Then no one save himself must break the sad news Dorothy. How would she bear this

He therefore telegraphed to Col. Callander's solicitor to come down himself, or send some capable employe to be on the spot, should action of any kind prove nec-essary, adding that be would wait his

last blow?

A reply wire soon reached him, to the effect that Mr. Brierly himself would come down by the 3:10 train. Standish was thus enabled to confer with the greatly distressed lawyer (who was also a personal friend of Callander's

before he started for town, It was nearly nine o'clock when reached his rooms, and he debated with himself whether he should attempt to see Dorothy that night or no. "No," was his conclusion; "she shall have this night, at least, undisturbed." Indeed, after the

tremendous strain of that trying day, he felt quite unequal to meet her. Before tasting food he penned a few lines to Henrietta, which he marked private, saying that he would be with her mediately after breakfast next day, and entreating her to keep all newspapers from Dorothy till after he had seen her. Then he rang for the man of the hous

im to deliver the note at once. Very well, sir," replied the man; "and beg to say Mr. Egerton called this afternoon. He said, as he could not find ou at the club, he came on here. He emed surprised to hear you had gone lown to Fordsea, sir." "Mr. Egerton?" repeated Standish, his row contracting; there was another task. I shall probably meet him to-morrow."

The man left the room, but returned al nost immediately. show him up?"

"Any answer to these, sir?" taking the

"Yes; show him up," said Standish, sudlen vigor and fire replacing his exhaustion at the sound of his name.

He remained standing, and the next noment Egerton entered. (To be continued.)

VETERAN AMONG BRIDGES.

Its Peculiarities of Construction Make It a Great Curiosity. The triangular bridge at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, is probably not only the most ancient bridge in England. but, on account of its peculiar construction, one of the greatest curlosities in Europe. It is built in the midof the town at the confluence of Welland and the Nene. The plan of the bridge is formed by three squares and an equilateral triangle, about which they are placed. It has three fronts, three thoroughfares over and three under it. There are the same number of abutments at equal The rich and thoroughbred Miss arches, each composed of three rtbs meeting in the center at the top. Seen from any point of view a pointed arch

appears in front. Antiquaries-often fanciful writershave suggested that the piece of maonry was built as an emblem of the Holy Trinity; for, though the bridge ssesses three arches, it yet properly has but one groined arch. More matter-of-fact archaeological authors hold the structure to have been designed as startling place for measuring ecclesiastical boundaries, with the additional utility of forming a support for a mar

An exceptionally interesting feature f the bridge is a much-weather-worn effigy, traditionally said to be a repesentation of King Ethelbald. The ordeness of the design, the uncouthness of the headdress and drapery, ead to the conclusion of the effigy being a genuine Saxon sculpture. Placed in a sitting posture at the end of the telekets over a railroad that took him in southwest wall, the figure is embelished with a crown. In one of Eldred's charters the triangular bridge at and a half north of Peterborough, should greatly interest artists and lovers of antique . sociations .- Lloyd's Jewspaper.

## Usetul Hints.

To take paint out of linen use potash thinned to the consistency paint; apply it with a brush, roll up for a little while, then wash

flour sacks by soaking them in butter-milk before washing.

When the stove is burned red and the blacking won't stick to it, a lit-tle fat fried from salt pork put into the water in which the blacking is dissolved will prove helpful.

The best way to brighten copper is to rub hard with a woolen cloth dip-ped in a strong solution of oxalic acid then rub off with a dry cloth and be-fore it dries rub briskly with silver powder, being very careful of the acid, as it is a poison.

To take out all stains which

not metallic, mix two teaspoonfuls of water with one of spirits of salt (muriatic acid). Let the stain lie in It for one or two minutes; then rinse the article in cold water. This will be found particularly useful in removing

-The field at Waterloo is covered

-Imitation ivory is now being exinterior kernel.

## The poor gentleman is lost, that s plans enough. Likely got cramp and went down for he was a strong swimmer." STORY OF A STATESMAN.

**医肠膜炎的复数形式的现在分词的现在分词形式的现在分词** 

"Well, I'm not ashamed of 'em, any-

closely rolled umbrella, though he had

exchanged his silk hat for a Derby.

After some whispering the knot of

Smith; got back, have yo'?" slapping

him on the back. "My, but yo' look

leave it to the crowd, now, did 'e?"

Smith tried to take it as a joke. He

followed. They removed their hats and

stared at the lady like a lot of bump-

kins; but this diversion continued only

until the most loud-spoken constituent

was intended for a compliment to Mrs.

Brownlee, but which ricochotted upon

her husband in the form of another

rude sally at the metamorphosis of his

condition, when they all hawhawed in

from the merciless persiflage of his ill-

passengers; and a hoarse shout that

ed perceptive faculties of Mrs. Brown

had never contemplated even as a last

"Daisy," said he, in a boarse volce

as the 'bus splashed through the mire

of the road; "Dalsy," softly taking her

hand in his. "are you prepared to make

a sacrifice for me-greater, I hope, than

any I shall ever ask you to make for

She said "yes" wearlly, with he

nead swaying loosely on her shoulders

like a sick child's; "what do you ask

when I introduce you to my father and

"They are poor, then?" she asked i

"They are the commonest people i

the State; they are so common that

when everybody in town had the chol-

era it passed them by as not worth no-

"My!" she exclaimed; "how did you

"By my own efforts, and not with

the help of anybody in the world. I

The parental Brownlees lived in

plain, yellow, frame house, colonial in

style in that it shot upward on four

sides like a big box, but without any

ornate adornments under the eaves,

and without even a veranda, except a

small one that afforded a view of the

cabbage patch and a pig sty in the

farther perspective at the back of the

Brownlee's mother smoked a cornco

pipe and had whiskers. Brownlee's

father ate his supper in his shirt sleeves, and wore cowhide boots out-

side of his pants while he was eating

it. The furniture was scant, and they

rented the house; that is, they rented it,

but Brownlee, M. C., paid the rent. The

greeting that the Brownlees, first edi-

lon, extended to the Brownlees, second

edition, was cordial to demonstrative-

ness. The maternal Brownlee was

something of a cook, and soon had a

mast steaming on the table. It wasn't

a bad supper, but Mrs. Brownlee didn'

have her Washington appetite with

her, and her slight headache had grown

worse, and she asked to be shown to

her room. The room had no comforts

except a patched carpet, a pine bed-

stead and an upright packing box with

a curtain drawn around it for a wash

stand, and a portable mirror of the

species often seen at cheap auction

When she arose the next morning her

"Well." she said "let it come.

"That you will not hate or despise

resort-stop at his home.

me again in all our lives?"

mother," he said, tenderly.

that same weary tone.

ever get into Congress?"

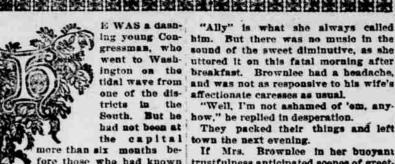
just simply hustled for it!"

house.

away.

"Dog my oats, Bill," called out one

loungers gravitated toward them.



had not been at the capital town the next evening.

They packed their things and left town the next evening.

If Mrs. Brownlee in her buoyan trustfulness anticipated scenes of greet ing in which mingled the picturesque fore those who had known trustfulness anticipated scenes of greet-Washington on business effects of a summer residence on the scarcely recognized him as banks of Lake Como, as described by the same man. A great Claude Melnotte, with the other details phange had come over Algernon Smith of romantic stage illusions, which be-Brownlee, M. C. At home he had guile the senses of a girl-who has seen never amounted to much, socially. He only the fashionable side of life, her came of very poor parents-"white anticipations were somewhat dampen trash," the colored verdict said. Mr. ed when they stepped off the train in Brownlee's pedigree, however, began the dark and found themselves on a with Mr Brownies and what he lack- platform where some rough-looking ed in aristocracy of blood he made up men were lounging about under the canopy of a projecting roof that was With his keen energy and upward sheltering them from a dreary rainfall. tendency of mind, he had the good for- They seemed to recognize the member of Congress, despite his disguise, fo he wore a fashionable overcost and s

by his predigious hustling abilities. tune to combine an affable disposition, an accommedating manner, a pleasant smile and a certain good address. When he entered the race for Congress none imagined for a minute that he had the slightest prospect of success, but the average political weather prophet has a dangerous tendency to pin his faith to the infallibility of his own opinions and standing put upon them; and that is why it happens so often that young men like Mr. Brownlee beat out an old race horse and go to Congress on a ti- a dark road? Say, Smith, yo' must dal wave. Unlike the ravens who croaked his doom. Brownlee did some characteristic hustling, snatched the nomination from a tired old campaignr and was elected.

When he reached Washington he wore the conventional soft black hat and long black skirt coat of the South, "Mr. Egerton is below, sir. Shall I but before he had been there six months he looked like a Broadway



swell, with a silk hat black cutaway coat and gray trousers. And that's why his constituents scarcely recogmized him.

distances, from which rise three half Dalsy Vernen, who had smiled with ky scorn upon the suits of a dozen soclety men casting themselves at her feet, tegether with their fortunes and pedigrees, felt her beart disselve before the insidious attention of Mr. Brownlee, M. C. There may have been something in that M. C., a mistaken idea, perchance, that a man who is sent to Congress must be the cock of the walk in his district-an idea that some persons have—and that, altogether, the suit of a member of the House who combined as many attractive qualities as her Brownlee was preferable to that of any other mortal.

And so, to cut things short, after a dashing courtship, they were married at one of the fashionable churches, with a great display of pomp, the attendance of her distinguished relatives and his Congressional friends, members of the press, etc. Then, after a brilliant reception, they departed on their bridal trip, but not to Brownlee's home. On the contrary, he purchased a diametrically opposite direction, just

as far from his district as he could go. The trip came to an end, and then Croyland was mentioned, but that now Brownlee and his wife returned to existing is supposed to be, from its Washington, installing themselves at tyle of architecture, of the time of lone of the leading hotels. Brownlee Edward I. The statue must be of had seen enough of the world to discovmuch greater antiquity. Croyland, at the secret of making an impression ten miles south of Spalding and eight in society. With the aid of his wife's social standing and his \$5,000 income, the way was open to him, and be made the best of his chances. He was received everywhere with open arms, and if one man ever hit it rich it was

that same energetic young M. C. On the whole, Brownlee deserved it. He had no influential friends to thank for his rise in the world; no family infinence had stood back of him to direct his efforts; no money had been used to buy him a seat in Congress. He had just invested what mother wit nature had endowed him with in such opportunities as came to hand, and when fortune, in her timid way, had knocked at his door, as she is said to do at every man's door once in a lifetime, he had said, "Come in!" in his loudest tones. And he was honest and sincere. He had not deceived Miss Vernon about his pedigree. She had taken him for better or worse, and the fault was hers if she should feel disappointed.

Brownlee was a good working member of Congress. He made friends rapidly with the leaders, and watched that they never lost sight of him a single day. All this young man wanted was epportunity. He would rise to the occasion, for that he vouched.

The session came to an end. The election was near at hand, and every member hastened home to look after his fences. It was the hardest struggle of his life to decide upon a course of actensively manufactured from the fruit of a palm-like shrub called Phytelephas macrocarpa, which is about the size of an apple and possesses a hard here? He suggested the latter course. tion with regard to his aristocratic wife. Take her home? Leave her "I have been thinking a good deal —The oldest steam engine in the world has just gone off duty after working 120 years. It was built in know, dear, I have never seen your papa and mamma. I have formed my erioo Station. He was rather too soon for the eight-thirty train to Eastport, so be set in the corner of the waiting room, clothes, his watch and chain and purse,

from the house of her husband's pag ents than at that moment. She sipper a little coffee and then withdrew again to her room, just to be alone. When Brownlee, M. C., entered, she was lying on the bed fully dressed, weeping.

What passed between them in the in terview that took place is a matter of conjecture. The result became eviden



"DOG MT GATS, BILL," CRIED OUT ONS

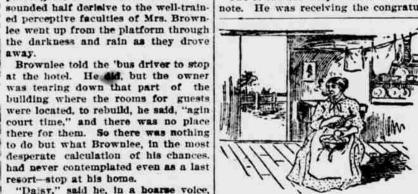
when the bus drove up to the Brownley mansion that evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, the younger, got in and rede to the depot. Brownlee saw hir wife safely aboard the Pullman car, and then stood on the platform and watched the train disappear in the dis-

The same set of ruffian constituents who greeted him on his arrival were occupying their accustomed place on the platform, and indulged in their favorite pastime of heaving fossilized jokes at their representative in Congress. Brownlee swallowed it all in good part, and then turned his back to the station and sauntered toward the parental mansion with the weary step "if this ain't Smith Brownlee, Hello, of a man who has a load on his con-

But that did not deter Brownlee from putty! Come 'ere, Jim; look at 'im. getting out and hustling. If he had Would ye know 'im ef yo' met 'im on worked like a Trojan the first time for his nomination, he threw the energy of a-struck it rich when we sent yo' to a double dose of Trojan devotion inte Congress. When yo' left yar yo' didn't his efforts now, and the result of it at have an overcoat to yo' back, an' I'll was that he was renominated and elected, and went back to Washingtor to finish his unexpired term of service laughed softly and introduced his wife in the House. in the ill-lighted waiting-room whither His wife sat in the gallery one day the delegation of his constituents had unseen by him when a great debau

was on. Brownlee had prepared him self for the master effort of his life He had got the consent of the leaders on his side to make a speech. He as could think of saying something that tracted little attention as he rose, and with his genial smile glanced over the house drow a deep breath and launchhis subject, and here and there a member on the other side interrupted him, Then suddenly Brownlee's genius Mrs. Brownlee was beginning to get flashed forth in all its originality. Sevshocked. The smell of the coal oil made eral members who had tried to trip at every straw that promised him relief | craftiness. Before he sat down Brownlee had scored a triumph that insured bred constituents. He finally managed | him a place on one of the big committo get his wife and himself into a foul- tees of the house when the next Consmelling little country 'bus that carried gress should organize.

One of the doorkeepers handed him a



BOWNLEE'S MOTHER SMOKED A CORN-

lations of his side of the house, and he did not open it for several minutes, holding it almost forgotten in his closed hand. When he opened it he read: "Dear Ally: I am ready to beg your DAISY." pardon now-any time. Come. heartbroken.

A Logical Deduction In August of the year 1825 a blasting town, and two men were injured, one of whom was killed and the other was supposed to be dead. A physician was summoned, and one of the victims, named Babb, was resuscitated and he fully recovered and lived many years. At the house to which Mr. Babb's unborn in September of 1825. Some months afterwards the child's mother told her boy the Bible story of Jesus raising a dead person to life, adding that He alone could do that. The little fellow listened very attentively, and then broke out with the joyous exclamation: "I've seen Jesus. His other name is Dr. Davis; and I know Mr.

The Gulf Stram's Course Recent investigations have shown

the region between and beside the islands of the West Indies. At Binioni the volume of this warm water is sixty times as great as the combined volume of all the rivers in the world at their mouths.

Wood for Lead Pencils.

Two thousand two hundred acres of cedars are cut down every year on the continent in order to make wood cases for lead pencils. There are twenty-six pencil works in Bavaria, of which twenty-three are in Nuremburg, the great center of the lead pencil trade. These factories employ from 8,000 to

week.- Lloyd's Weekly.

headache had not abated. The smell

sill of the Dwelling House is the Foundation of Church and State—Let Christian Love Abide Therein.

TEXT: "The disciples went away again into their own home."—John xx., 10. anto their own home."—John xx., 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gots higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar Domestic life overarches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel piece. I there-fore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your

As individuals we are fragments. God

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race into parts, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the social mechanicism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the rightly months. tience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or is made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, qualls in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing beart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist and the houses. and a water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon staylog in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should oc-

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again , sisters, busband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the hus-band be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her nt, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martna; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organiza-tion is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his shocked. The smell of the coal oil made her ill, and she pinched her husband's arm as a signal to break away and hie to the bosom of his family. Brownlee cursed himself and the crowd, and for the first time in his life felt sorry that he ever married. Outwardly, however, he gave no token of his chagrin, but the made him resemble an expert conhegance no token of his chagrin, but the contemplates the aston-her gave no token of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but the result of the house of his chagrin, but there are a man and wife; they agree they will have a spleadid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a spleadid house, while plan, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a spleadid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a spleadid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a spleadid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects male the made him resemble an expert conherence of the house of his chagrin, but the real members who had tried to trip him and that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and sting, and growled panther at panther at panther, and sting, and growled panther at panther and sting, and growled panther at panther and sting, and growled panther at panther, and sting, and growled panther at panther and sting, and growled Paradise. It is the marriage institution. This institution of marriage has been de famed in our day. Socialism and polyga-my, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the

white frosts of eternal death that kill the

your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your eves hope and plan and

rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blueher coming up at night-fail to de-cide the conflict. Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let

pupits have been comparatively silent, noivels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate,



tories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have rouse up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thou sand divorces in Paris in one year precede the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and

day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who bave just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home and it is right that I accident occurred in a Massachusetts conscious body was taken, was a boy Babb, too, that he made alive after he got killed blowing rocks?"

have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go picasantiy, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic that the principal source of the Gulf stream is not the Florida channel, but the region between and beside the isldisaster, or estrangement. Why? They

These factories employ from 8,000 to 10,000 workers, and produce 4,300,000 lead and colored chalk pencils every

Little Sister-"What's the diff'rence tween 'lectricity and lightnin'?' Little Brother-"You don't have to pay nothin' fur lightnin'."-Tit-Bits.

until she is so mad that she can't see

morning I rebuked you very unfairly. a am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy.

On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one your interests are one. at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to many she trials. It is a very sal thing

v. non the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sail thing for a pinnist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sail thing when a wife is not suited unless her huswhen a what is called a "genteel bust-ness." So far as I understand a "genteel bust-bustness," it is something to which a man That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning ters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and going down in the manistrom taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the necommodation trains going on toward destruction. and they stop very often and let a man get out when be wants to. But genteel ille-ness is an express train; Statan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in iront of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shrek erash, crash! There are two classes of peo-ple sure of destraction: first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy

or too proud to do it.

I have one more wor I have one more word of advice to give to those who have a happy home, and that is, let love proside in it. Wiren your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happi-ness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of tem-per, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you com-mit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again.

dollars. It is done. The carpets are sprend; lights are holsted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. Th hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand which the wealth and the fashion and the mirth the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amid the pictured walls. Hal this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it in the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parior floor a throne to Happiness; let their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this med dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage gardance! Alas for the venom of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; lot all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pryamid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and all chalices lifted, we will say "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back riage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the orange-blessoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to as-sall what is wrong. Attempt has been and the twain of the household come back made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parior floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have failed, the elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of come back, the flowers have failed, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sanken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wingsiling restilies. houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the come wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the slienced instruments of music,

thrumbed on by invisible fingers, answer,
"Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen
lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on
the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans, "It those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your ever hope and plan and to the day; love talks over the work of the love talks over the love talk That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thou-sand—goes to his home, set up three expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time and then kneel down and commend yourselves way, but out of gariants of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on a of the day; love takes down the Bible, and read a few verses in the evening-time and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solltary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come ered not with the passing years; and the ered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair feit stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on

> It is good to begin well, better to end Of all poverty, that of - mind is most pitiable An outraged friend is wase than a

payements of love, and to live together in

the truth that God is love.

dozen enemies. Woman can smile in the face of the world when her hearf is breaking. Reason helps the wise and cudgels the foolish. Many talk like philosophers and like

have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuke lone of his children, he himself having lost his pattence, and, perhans, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and taild "Now. I have one explanation to Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow. To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue. Gun metal belts with steel ornamen-

said, "Now, I have one explanation to Gun metal belts with st make, and one thing to say. The res. this tation are very effective.