Juniata Sentinel and Republican

S. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor

VOL. LIII MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1898 NO. 1

By Marion V. Hollis.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Among the other guests who were that Christmas so happy at Selwyn Castle was Lord Balecarres. Many people wondered he should be there at all, for his lordship had not the best of reputation where pretty women were concerned. He was nothing worse than a flirt, but he was a flirt of the very first water. Christmas found my lord at Selwyn Castle, and the charm that kept him there was the sweet, simple, naive beauty of Lady Violante.

He gloried in paying her homage. No sight on earth was so pleasant to him as to watch the rich crimson flushing her face, to watch the beautiful blushes mantling to the very edge of the golden hair, to watch the eyes that would fain have flashed indignation, but took in the end a beseeching, piteous expression.

One evening, dinner was over, and the visitors had all assembled in the drawing room. Lady Talmis was singing, and had drawn together a charmed audience. Some of the elders were at whist, others at chess. Lady Violante, only too happy to see every one engaged, and to find herself at leisure, had taken up her station by the side of a small table.

She was joined there in a few minutes by Beatrice Leigh, who wished to arrange about some dancing. Before they had been talking two minutes Lord Balecarres joined them.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, "but I remained at the other end of the room until I could bear it no longer. May I sit here, Lady Selwyn?"

A woman of the world would have had her answer ready; a few bright, quick, witty words, a slight exchange of repartee, and all would have ended. Violante's face flushed. She was at a loss what to say.

Then my lord drew from his pocket-book a small folded envelope.

"See, Lady Violante," he said; "I have copied these verses for you."

She would have liked best not to notice it, but he held up the paper, and she was compelled to take it.

"They are love verses," he said, sentimentally; but Lady Violante put an end to his sentiment by tearing the envelope in two, and throwing it away. It was not perhaps very well bred, it was certainly not polite, but it was the action of an honest-hearted girl tired of silly compliments.

Lard Balecarres looked up suddenly, with a gleam of animation on his handsome, inane face.

"That is too cruel," he said. "What have my poor little verses done, Lady Violante? Ah! I see, I am intruding. You will be kinder to me to-morrow, perhaps."

He turned away, and Beatrice, with haughty, cold face and curling lips, looked down on the flushed features of the young girl.

"For Vivian's sake, Lady Violante," Beatrice said, "it would be as well to refrain from such exhibitions of temper. You expose your husband as well as yourself to ridicule."

"What is it?" asked Vivian, who had joined them, unseen, and was looking in amazement from one to the other.

Up rose Violante and told her story. Lord Balecarres was always either talking nonsense or writing it, and she was tired of it. Although Vivian sympathized with his wife, he was rather scandalized at the outbreak, as Beatrice described it.

With a look that rankled in his mind, one of deep pity for him, Miss Leigh went away, leaving them together.

"My dearest Violante," he said, "if you would but try a little more—if you would but abandon some of your old-fashioned, old-world notions—and do as others do, you would make me so happy."

"I shall never allow any man to forget that I am a married lady, or to make love to me!" she cried.

His face grew dark.

"How can you mistake me so, Violante?" he said angrily. "If any man dared to do as you say, I would thrash him like a lashed hound. You mistake, Lord Balecarres is, in plain English, a 'fool.' Pray pardon the word. Women of the world know how to keep such men in their place, without any such exhibition as this."

He was vexed with her that she did not understand the difference between this merely fashionable nonsensical trifling and reality.

She was angry with him, thinking that he was indifferent on a subject on which she felt strongly. She turned away, the dark tender eyes full of tears, and so the first cloud fell between them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The bells of Thornleigh Church pealed out merrily—their sweet chime seemed to cheer and gladden the air; they rang out quaint old melodies, they clashed as though in triumph, they made merry, they dropped down sweet music, they repeated over and over again the self-same glorious harmony, and all because the heir of Selwyn was born.

It was a bright May morning, the sun shining on land and sea, the birds all singing of their love for each other, the flowers all blooming, the chestnuts budding, the hawthorn in full perfume; all nature smiling and bright; and to Lady Violante, holding her little son in her arms, it seemed as though the world had never been so bright before.

The May sunbeams peeped into the room where she lay with the little boy in her arms, and Lord Vivian Selwyn, as he looked, thought he had never seen so fair a picture as she, with her pale, sweet face and white lace draperies, presented. All the love he felt for the fair-haired young girl was as nothing to the warm, deep devotion that filled his heart for his wife—the mother of his child.

She had asked to see him, because she had something so especial to say, and Lord Vivian had gone up into her room, the clash of the gay bells ringing in his ears.

"Vivian," said a sweet, low voice, "I want to ask you something about my baby."

"What is the favor, Violante?" he asked. "I am like King Ahasuerus; ask for what you will—the half of my kingdom is yours. What more do you want?"

"My own way, in this instance," she said, "over baby. I should like so much to call him Horace, after my father. Horace Selwyn would be a beautiful name, I think. If anything could make me love my baby better it would be calling him by my father's name. Are you willing, Vivian?"

But the fond, eager look had died from Lord Vivian's face, and a great look of perplexity came there. The clear eyes looking into his noted it.

"It would please papa so much," she said; "he would think it both a compliment and an honor that the heir of the Selwyns should be named after him."

She spoke this time in a pleading voice, hard to resist.

"My darling," said Vivian gently, "you know that we have certain names that belong to our family—Huldibrand, Vivian, Rupert, Hugh; we never care to ingraft new names on the family tree."

"But my father's name—there could surely be no objection to that? Horace!—it sounds well, and there have been some grand men of that name in the world. Can you not promise me, Vivian?"

"The fact is, darling," he said gently, "that Beatrice and my mother have already talked about this matter. Beatrice declares that this wonderful boy of yours resembles one of our ancestors, Sir Rupert Selwyn, a cavalier in King Charles' time, who was famous for his loyalty and his chivalry. Our boy could resemble no better man."

She was but a simple, loving child, pure and tender of heart, slow to think evil, inclined by the goodness of her nature to all that was noble; but at those words something like a pang of jealousy came to her.

"My baby is my own," she said. "It is not Miss Leigh's Promise me. What have Mrs. Selwyn or Miss Leigh to do with my baby?—what have they to do with it? Surely, Vivian, we can please ourselves. You could not lightly put aside my wish to gratify Miss Leigh."

But, as many another man has done before him, Lord Vivian parried a question he could not decide. He was brave by nature, kindly of heart, this handsome young master of Selwyn Castle; but he was weak and impressionable, easily led, and somewhat apt to be ruled by women of strong will, as brave men often are.

So he kissed Lady Violante's flushed face and sweet, questioning eyes. He would not see that they were half filled with tears. He kissed the soft cheek nestled like a tender little bird.

"Do not trouble, Violante," he said; "I will see about it."

So he went away, and in some vague manner all the sunshine of the May morning went with him. The gay bells no longer seemed full of music, the harmony had gone from them. Lady Violante turned to the little one lying in her arms, and, bending her face over him, wept bitter tears.

Lord Vivian found his mother and Miss Leigh in the picture gallery, Beatrice looking imperially beautiful in a long, sweeping dress of black velvet made after a picturesque fashion all her own.

"I have just been to see Violante," he said, "and she wishes very much to give our young heir her father's name. What do you think, mother? Horace Selwyn would not sound badly."

Beatrice Leigh turned to him with flaming eyes.

"If I were you, my child should be called after the heroes of his race," she said.

"I quite agree with Beatrice," said Mrs. Selwyn slowly. "Mr. Temple is a most respectable man, I am sure, but I do not think your eldest son should bear his name, Vivian."

"I should like to have pleased Violante," he said, somewhat wistfully.

CHAPTER IX.

In the drawing room of Thornleigh House, in Belgravia, London, a group of three ladies stood, holding anxious consultation over a magnificent diamond tiara. Mrs. Selwyn held it in her hands, Lady Violante shrank as though half alarmed at it, and Beatrice Leigh stood by with a smile on her face—a cold, hard smile, in which there was nothing of friendly interest.

"I think it very beautiful, Violante," said Mrs. Selwyn; "I cannot imagine why you object to it."

"Lady Selwyn would probably prefer a wreath of daisies or wild flowers," said Miss Leigh.

"That I should!" cried Lady Violante. "Such magnificent ornaments as that tiara frighten me!"

"But," remonstrated Mrs. Selwyn, "you must dress according to your rank, and you must wear such jewels as your husband's position entitles you to wear. Do you not understand?"

"Yes," she replied wearily. "I quite understand," but the golden head drooped and the fair face grew sad.

"Then," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you had better decide upon this. I like it better than anything we have seen. Here is Vivian; let us have the benefit of his taste."

He joined the little group with a smile on his dark, handsome face. Mrs. Selwyn continued:

"Stoir & Mortimer have sent the tiara you ordered, and I think it simply magnificent."

"Is Violante pleased?" he asked eagerly, turning to his wife.

She made no reply. Mrs. Selwyn spoke for her.

"Violante thinks it too—too grand, I suppose!"

Lord Vivian laughed.

"My simple darling," he said, "when will you learn to love grandeur? It is not one whit too beautiful for you. If all the jewels on earth were strung upon one string, I should still think them unworthy of being offered to you," and he touched the white brow with his lips.

All this discussion arose from the fact that Lord Vivian Selwyn, with the ladies of his household, had come up to London to spend the season there, and it had been decided that Lady Selwyn and Miss Leigh should be presented at the drawing room to be held on the fourth of June.

The morning of the day Lady Violante had dreaded so long dawned at last, bright and beautiful, with sunshine that reminded one of the scent of roses and mignonette—warm and invigorating. The sky was clear and blue as the heaven that smiles on sunny Italy. Lady Violante awoke with a sigh; the day she had feared had dawned, and must somehow be got through.

They were in the library, ready at last, and Vivian, as he looked on the two ladies before him, felt proud as he had never done before. Mrs. Selwyn had declined going, and her grace the Duchess of Roxminster was to present Lady Selwyn to the Queen. They were dressed now, and waiting. Lady Violante looked, in her delicate loveliness, like "the queen of the lilies;" her dress of what Lord Vivian called May sunbeams, and her tiara of diamonds, with the white plumes, suited her to perfection. She tried to reassure herself, but the small jeweled hands trembled and the sweet lips half quivered as they smiled.

Court dress suited the imperial beauty of Beatrice Leigh as no other did. Mrs. Selwyn had presented her with a magnificent suite of diamonds and rubies. Her dress was of maize-colored velvet, and the rich, sweeping train was no trouble to her. One could see at a glance that she was at home and well at ease. The white waving plumes added to her patrician beauty. She was herself well satisfied when she saw Vivian's eyes rest admiringly on her.

They stood at last in one of the anterooms, and there her Grace of Roxminster was waiting for an introduction to them. Miss Leigh had known the duchess for some time. To Lady Selwyn she was a complete stranger. There had been one or two appointments made for an introduction, but her grace's engagements had prevented the keeping of them.

When she, Lady Violante Selwyn, stood face to face with the Duchess of Roxminster, it was with difficulty she repressed the cry of astonishment that rose to her lips.

An old woman of sixty dressed like a blushing girl of eighteen—excessively decollete; a diamond necklace round a thin, withered neck; a diamond bracelet round a shrunken arm; false hair, wreathed with jewels and plumes; false teeth gleaming white through the thin lips; painted cheeks and penciled eyebrows. Lady Violante involuntarily wondered what was false and what was not.

Her grace was always envious of new beauties. The younger they were the less she liked them. To Beatrice Leigh's superb beauty she was accustomed, therefore indifferent; the spirituelle, graceful loveliness of Lady Selwyn annoyed her.

She responded most graciously to the introduction.

"You are younger than I expected," she said to Lady Violante. "When I was younger, I took the lead among blonde beauties—a place you will occupy now, I suppose. There are few blonde belles nowadays."

"It is a place I should not care to occupy," said Lady Violante, with a smile.

"Ah, indeed!" said her grace; "simple habits, and all that kind of thing, I suppose; sorry I cannot sympathize with you. I like what is called 'life.'"

She shrugged the bare, lean shoulders, and looked at Miss Leigh for approval.

Then they passed on with the crowd, and Lady Violante's heart beat fast.

The best remark one could make on the subject of her presentation was, that it was not a success. In after years her face burned to remember it; and the worst of it was, she knew that her failure was related to Lord Vivian with malicious detail.

"I could not have imagined, Lady Selwyn, that you would have been so awkward," said the duchess, when they stood together waiting for the carriage. "You seemed to lose your senses altogether. Do you know you hardly replied when her majesty made that kind remark to you."

"I was frightened," said the young girl. "I tried to remember all that I had been told, but it died out of my mind."

"Leaving you afraid," interrupted her grace.

"I am not afraid," said Lady Violante. "They would see I was frightened."

"Ah, yes, ma chere," interrupted the duchess again; "but women of the world know no such fear."

An almost passionate cry rose to her lips—a wish that she can never cancel—taken to be that which she dreaded most of all—a woman of the world.

She saw by her husband's face that he knew she had failed. It was darker and more stern than she had ever seen it before. He made no remark. She almost wished he would have done so; but oftener than ever he wished in his heart that Violante could be more like Beatrice Leigh.

"It is my own fault," said Lady Violante to herself, as she walked alone through the long, dimly lighted conservatory. "I knew that my world and his were different; that I could never be all his wife ought to be, and I should not have married him; it is my own fault."

(To be continued.)

More Important Service.

She—You're a big, able-bodied fellow. Why aren't you away fighting for your country?

He—Gracious goodness! I guess you don't keep very well posted. Didn't you know that I had been chosen as one of the members of the team that is to represent our golf club in the match game against the Muxegos next month?"

The Difficulty.

"Of course," said Mr. Corntossel, "a politician is the servant of his country."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and that's where he's got us. He doesn't go knockin' around from one concern to another, so's you can stand 'im up an' make 'im give a recommend from his last employer."—Washington Star.

Only Case on Record.

Through all his passionate pleadings she sat absolutely unmoved.

It was the first instance ever noted where a woman sat thus who had secured possession of a piazza rocker.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Coronium is an element shown only thus far by the spectroscope, and only in the solar atmosphere. It has been found 300,000 miles from the sun's surface than hydrogen.

—A cubic foot of newly-fallen snow weighs 5½ pounds, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

—The first day of January and the first day of October of any year fall on the same day of the week unless it be leap year.

—As late as 1682 squirts were used for extinguishing fire in England, and their length did not exceed two or three feet with pipes of leather. Watertight seamless hose was first made in Bethnal Green in 1720.

—Professor Zickler, of Brunn, has carried on a series of experiments in the field of wireless telegraphy, in which he has made use of a beam of ultra-violet light to transmit signals.

—A dredging and shoveling apparatus worked by electricity has been supplied to a Colorado placer mine by a manufacturing company.

—John Hamilton, of Wilmington, Del., has a Plymouth Rock hen which catches and kills rats. The hen waits at a rathole in a stable and pounces upon an animal as it appears, usually seizing him by the leg. It then shakes him vigorously and picks out his eyes.

—The dew that is annually deposited on the surface of England is equal to five inches of rain.

—A Yarmouth (England) man was smoking a pipe when a spark dropped into the tuck of his trousers and burned a hole. He made a claim for loss under his fire insurance policy, and the company paid the damage.

THE "MAINE" AT HAVANA.

Captain Sigsbee Tells of Her Reception in Havana Harbor.

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee has written for the Century's New War Series his "Personal Narrative of the Maine." Captain Sigsbee says:

In command of the Maine at Havana, I had but one wish, which was to be friendly to the Spanish authorities, as required by my orders. I took pleasure in carrying out my orders in this respect. The first Spanish officer to come on board was a naval lieutenant who represented the captain of the port. His bearing was both dignified and polite (which, by the way, is invariably the rule with Spanish naval officers), but I thought he looked embarrassed and even humiliated in carrying out his duty. I greatly regretted that such should be the case, and did all that I could to make him feel at ease. After the arrival of a second Spanish lieutenant, who seemed to take matters more philosophically, and of a German lieutenant, the naval officer who had arrived first appeared to lose his embarrassment. I made all the visits required of me by usage, and was everywhere received with courtesy. It is hardly to the point whether there was any great amount of actual friendliness for us beneath the surface. The Spanish officials on every hand gave us absolutely all the courtesy to which we were entitled by usage, and they gave it with all the grace of manner which is characteristic of their nation. I accepted it as genuine.

It is not essential to enter here into the details of usage in connection with salutes. It is enough to say that convention required the Maine to salute the Spanish national flag and also to salute Admiral Manterola. But such salutes are given only when it is known that they will be returned. I therefore deemed it prudent to determine this point, although the visit of a Spanish officer to the ship would ordinarily be thought sufficiently convincing. In the course of conversation with the Spanish naval officer who was the first to visit the Maine, I said: "I am about to give myself the honor of saluting your national flag; from which battery will the salute be returned?" He replied: "From the Cabana." With that assurance both salutes were fired and returned. The salute to the Spanish admiral was returned by his flagship, the Alfonso XII.

Shortly after the arrival of the Maine I sent my aid, Naval Cadet J. H. Holden, ashore to report to General Lee, and announce that I would soon follow. I promptly gave orders that no officers or men of the vessel should go ashore, unless by my express order. I desired first to test the public feeling, private and official, with reference to the Maine's visit. I made my visit to Admiral Manterola in full dress, with cocked hat, epaulets, etc. I landed at the Machina, the man-of-war landing, which is virtually at the Spanish admiral's residence. There was a crowd assembled, but only of moderate size. There was no demonstration of any kind; the crowd closed in about me slightly. I thought the people stolid and sullen, so far as I could gather from an occasional glance, but I took very little notice of anybody. On my return, however, I noted carefully the bearing of the various groups of Spanish soldiers that I passed. They saluted me, as a rule, but with so much expression of apathy that the salute really went for nothing. They made no demonstration against me, however, not even by look.

The same day I made my visit to General Lee, and arranged with him for my visit to the acting captain and governor general, who at that time was General Parrado. Captain General Blanco being absent on a tour of the island. It is customary in the case of high officials to make the visit at an appointed time. When I made my visit, on Jan. 27, accompanied by General Lee, there seemed at first to be a probability of embarrassment. We called at the palace of General Blanco at the appointed time, and apparently nobody at the palace knew anything about our appointment. The ever-present American newspaper-man relieved the situation; he ascertained that General Parrado was in a residence across the way, where he was expecting us. We promptly repaired the mistake, and were received by General Parrado with great courtesy. He had a table spread with refreshments for our benefit. All of my official visits were returned promptly. General Parrado returned my visit in person, and was given the salute of a captain and governor general; that is to say, of the governor of a colony—seventeen guns, the same salute which is prescribed for the governor of one of the United States.

Model Husbands.

Whatever America may or may not have produced, it is certain that we owe to her the model husband. Any one who has observed marital ways in other lands will realize that in no country have the men effaced themselves so entirely as with us. The married man is expected to give all and receive little in return. If an American girl brings money to her marriage it is expended principally on her own toilet or pleasures. Everything is required of the benedict; he is the family purse. He leaves the house at half-past eight in the morning; when he returns at five, if his wife is entertaining one or two men at tea, it would be considered the height of indelicacy for him to intrude on that circle, for his arrival would cast a chill that only his departure could remove. When a couple dine out the husband is always a trial to the hostess, as no woman wants to sit next to a married man if she can help it. Glance around a ball-room, a dinner party or the opera if you have any doubts as to the unselfishness of our married men. How many of them are there for their own pleasure? The owner of an opera box so rarely retains a seat in his expensive quarters that you generally find him idling in the lobbies looking at his watch or repairing to a neighboring concert hall. At a ball it is even worse. One wonders why card rooms are not provided at large balls (as is the custom abroad), where the bored husbands might find a little solace, instead of yawning in the coat room or making desperate signs to their wives from the doorway, signals of distress that rarely produce any effect. And yet it is the rebellious husband who is admired and courted. A curious trait of human nature compels our admiration for whatever is harmful and forces us in spite of our better judgment to value lightly whatever is beneficial and of service to mankind. So far, however, there are no signs of a revolt among the shorn lambs in this country. They patiently bend their necks to the collar—the kindest, most loving and devoted helpmates that ever plodded under the matrimonial yoke.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 220 feet.

The moon moves through space at the rate of 3,333 feet per second. Its mean distance from the earth is 238,850 miles.

The United States has a long coast line to defend. It measures 5,715 miles, embracing 2,349 miles on the Atlantic Ocean, 1,556 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 1,810 on the Pacific Ocean.

For seven years the St. Lawrence River in Canada gradually decreases in depth. Then for seven years it gradually increases in depth, the difference in level being about five feet.

The famous thoroughfare of Berlin, Unter den Linden, is said to be the best-lighted street in the world. It is illuminated by three lines of electric arc lamps, which are separated by two lines of trees.

Prof. Bilslik says that over a large area in central Russia the magnetic needle does not point north and south. It is at one part deflected to the west, and at another part to the east, and at one place it points due east and west.

Herr Puluj calculates that the oscillations from a Leyden jar are from one hundred thousand to one million per second, depending on its size, but in order that the electric rays produced thereby should become visible as red light the number of oscillations would have to be increased to 400,000,000,000.

The amount of powder required to propel canonn projectiles is about half the weight of the projectile. A projectile four inches in diameter weighs thirty-three pounds, five-inch fifty pounds, six-inch one hundred, eight-inch 250, ten-inch 500, twelve-inch 850, thirteen-inch [illegible], sixteen-inch 2,370 pounds.

Climate has a great effect on the color of the complexion. For example, the Caucasians are of all complexions, according to the climate, but white is the natural color. Thus a native of northern Europe is fair, of central less so, of southern swarthy, a Moor more so, an Arab olive, and a Hindu nearly black. Such of the Hindu women as have never been exposed to the sun are as fair as the inhabitants of the south of Europe.

It has been shown that, while Nansen's observations prove that the north polar region is a great ocean cavity, nearly two miles deep, the south polar region, on the contrary, is, apparently, a vast solid mass of land, surrounded by a belt of water about two miles in depth. The area of the south polar continent is estimated to be about 4,000,000 square miles, 1,000,000 more than that of the United States, excluding Alaska.

A correspondent of Nature, who is associated with the observatory at Toulouse, calls attention to a very singular phenomenon, the scientific explanation of which he seeks. Take a bar of iron in the hand by one end, and plunge the other end in the fire, heating it strongly, but not so much that the hand cannot retain its hold. Then plunge the heated end in a pail of cold water. Immediately the end held by the hand becomes so hot that it is impossible to retain it by the fingers. This phenomenon, said by the correspondent to be familiar to workmen in iron, is ascribed by them to some repellent action which they suppose the sudden cold to exert upon the heat contained in the iron, which is thus driven to the opposite extremity.

Model Guests.

An idea comes from Halle, Germany which is worthy of adoption by entertainers in every land. A limited liability company has been formed for the purpose of supplying guests suited to every need, at a scale of prices graduated according to their value and general utility. The following are some of the charges mentioned in the prospectus:

Dancing men in evening dress, two to fifty marks; dancing men, good talkers, two to eighty marks; dancing men with monocle, three to ten marks; cotillion specialists, three to seventy-five marks; old gentlemen with decorations three to seventy-five marks; retired majors for chaperons, three to seven y-five marks; noblemen to take hostess in to supper, twenty marks.

A late and most lovable Edinburgh D. D. was in his study one evening when his wife rather excitedly called him by name from the foot of the stair. He put his head quietly over the banister and inquired what was wrong. His wife called out: "There's a man in the kitchen! There's a man in the kitchen!" The divine answered calmly "Well, well, Marg'ret, you won't let the girls out; what can you expect?" and silently returned to his sermon.

A little girl petitioned the Lord for fair weather, and the next morning the sun shone bright and clear. She told of her prayer to her grandmother, who said: "Well, now, why can't you pray to-night that it may be warmer to-morrow so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the response, and that night as she knelt she incorporated this request in her little prayer: "O, God, make it hot for grandma."

Preoccupied—Aren't you afraid your husband will be jealous if I talk to you so long?" Mrs. Tarrington—No. Dear old Jack! He never thinks of me when he has on his golf suit.—Brooklyn Life.

Household.

Apple Foam.—Stew four good-sized apples, peeled and sliced rather fine, in half a cup of sugar, more if apples are tart. Stir in one cup of tapioca previously cooked, clear and sweeten. It is very convenient to cook thus more tapioca than is desired for one meal. Beat one white of egg stiff and beat into hot mixture. Turn in sauce dish, and when cool set on ice. A simple dessert made in an emergency and found very appetizing.

Potato Mould.—One pound cold potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two of minced onions, one ounce butter, one-quarter pint milk. Mash the potatoes with a fork till perfectly free from lumps, stir in the milk, add onions flour and butter; press into a buttered mould, and bake till nicely brown in a moderate oven for one-half hour. Turn out of the mould and serve.

Steamed Rump of Beef.—Select nice fresh piece of rump. Put generous tablespoonful of butter in bottom of iron or granite kettle and let it melt. Put in beef, with a sprinkling of salt, pepper, half-teaspoonful finely chopped onion, half-teaspoonful finely minced sage; cover tightly and place on portion of range which is not hot enough to burn the butter. Turn it over from time to time to allow all sides to brown. By keeping it tightly covered the meat cooks in its own steam and becomes tender and juicy. Do not put any water in the kettle.

Rabbit a la Marengo.—Cut the rabbits into joints, season them with pepper and salt, then brown them nicely in a little oil, with some sliced onion and ham or bacon cup up into dice. When it is all delicately colored and partly cooked moisten it with a little stock, finish cooking it and, when completely done, pour it all on to a hot dish, squeeze a little lemon juice over it all and serve garnished with fried croutons spread with anchovy or maitre d'hotel butter and delicately poached eggs. These should be fried, but in that case are rather apt to be indigestible.

Rabbit Fritters.—Prepare some cold roast rabbit as for rabbit salad, and after marinading it dip it into some rather thick frying batter, and fry in plenty of boiling fat till of a delicate golden brown; drain well, dust with minced parsley and coraline pepper and serve garnished with fried parsley and little rolls of fried bacon, either iced tomato cream or tartare sauce being handed in a tureen.

Salmon a la Genevese.—Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, when it has melted add two chopped shallots and a small carrot cut in thin slices; toss over the fire until brown, when add a half a pint of beef stock. Put in a sprig of basil or thyme, little parsley, two bay leaves and one clove. Simmer slowly for twenty minutes when thicken the sauce with a dessertspoonful of flour rubbed to a smooth consistency in a little cold water; let boil for five minutes, when strain through a fine sieve. Return to the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of sherry, the juice of a lemon and salt and cayenne to season nicely. Pick all the bones from a can of salmon, divide into neat flakes; put into the hot sauce, and half pint of truffles (canned) and when the fish is hot, serve.

Chicken Mayonnaise in Shells.—Pick the meat from the bones of a cold-boiled or baked chicken, mince fine and cook with a little (about a spoonful to a cup of meat) thick mayonnaise. Spread the mayonnaise over the bottom of china shells, fill up with the minced chicken and smooth the surface with a knife. Arrange the shells in a large dish, cut tomato aspic into fancy shapes and put around each shell. Cover the centre with sieved yolk or hard-boiled egg and minced parsley. Serve very cold.

Labor Notes.

Our hay output last year yielded $402,000,000.

Lynchburg, Va., is to have a $100,000, yarn mill.

Men are wanted at all mines in Wyoming.

America has 1000 agricultural implement mills.

America consumes 600,000,000 pounds of coffee annually.

Colored men are being put at work in the mines in Michigan.

The Dana warp mill, at Westbrook, Me., is running night and day.

On the Bowery, New York, a shave costs 3 cents; a hair cut 5.

In Breslau glass factories "binding girls" earn $1.42 per week.

The first woolen mill in North China will be located at Tientsin.

The foundry at Chihuahua, Mex., will manufacture iron rails for mines.

Chattanooga manufacturers are going after trade in Cuba and Porto Rico.

For over a year past the Dominion Cotton Mills, of Canada, have been running their engines of the printing machines with a hydraulic air compressor.

Collectors of skins have almost exterminated monkeys in the African gold coast. In one year the exports amounted to 168,000 skins, valued at over $200,000.

An industrial league has been organized in Selma, Ala., to promote the location of factories. C. M. Howard is president. A cannery and furniture factory is especially desired.

Mitsu & Co., of Japan, have bought about 200,000 bales of American cotton this season. It was purchased in Texas and other States, and shipped by way of San Francisco.

A crusade against American chewing gum has set in in London, health authorities issuing a warning against its use and declaring that it is more dangerous than ice cream sold from the penny carts.

[illegible] cent of all the toothpicks made in the United States are formed from white birch timber in Franklin County, Me., and yet scarcely more than 100 persons are employed in the industry in that State.

England's foreign trade in 1895-96 was worth $3,413,300,000, or more than that of France and Germany put together. Her shipping in 1896-97 aggregated 13,513,202 tons, or more than that of all the rest of the world put together.

One whale will furnish from one thousand to three thousand pounds of bones. The bones is split, sorted as to color, and tied in bundles. These split pieces are called slabs, and are three to eight feet long, and weigh from three to seven pounds.

In Cuba a railroad engineer, who must also be a mechanic, is paid $130 a month in gold. The fireman is paid $30 in gold, the conductor $100 and the brakeman the same as the fireman. Section men are paid $20 a month in gold and switchmen are paid $30 a month.

It is claimed that with cotton compressed in the round bale it is possible to put 70,000 pounds in a single railway car, while but 12,000 to 14,000 pounds of uncompressed can be put in a car and 30,000 to 40,000 pounds of square-bale compressed cotton.

The Netherlanders stand in the foremost rank as coffee drinkers, using 37[illegible] ounces a year to each inhabitant. We are but fourth on the coffee-drinking list, using 725,000,000 pounds a year, or 15[illegible] ounces a piece. Russia, however, allows but 3 ounces to each person.

Paul Lavand, the French bicycle matchmaker, has wagered 1000 francs that Joyeux will win the New York six-day race, and C. W. Miller has accepted the bet.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

Subject: "The Coming Century"—What the New Cycle Will Usher In—Needs of the New Age—The-End-of-the-Century Watch Night.

TEXT: "The children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."—Chronicles xii., 32.

Great tribe, that tribe of Issachar! When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born, through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations, and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three colored flag—topaz, sardine and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times, not the times when America was thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events as He ever addressed the ancients or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology, for in our own day we have had our Sinais with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemanes that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of farreaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world 6000 years ago and sent His Son to redeem it near 1900 years ago has yet much to do with this radiant but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. I will wreathe the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings and the black flags of darkest midnights. The world will play the grand march of its heroes and sound the retreat that will cowards. Other processions may halt or break down or fall back, but the procession led by that leader moves steadily on and will soon be here. It will preside over coronations and dethronements. I hail it. I bless it. I welcome it, the twentieth century of the Christian era.

What may we expect of it, and how shall we prepare for it, are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families, human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity and kindliness and solemnity and care and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopeful[illegible] industriously, confidently prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth century on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wreck of revolutions and the superstition of ages. Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of Old World tyrannies; the "reign of terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram and Badajoz. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty struck people of America writhing under the debt of $300,000,000, which the Revolutionary War had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement; Aaron Burr, the champion libertine, becoming soon after the Vice-President. The Government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States Government had taken only twelve steps on its journey, its Constitution having been formed in 1789, and most of the nations of the earth laughed at our Government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States Navy, under Captain Truxton, commanding the frigate Constitution, was in collision with the French frigates La Vengeance and L'Insurgente, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle, and political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition, and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms and red with too many slaughters and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map so far as possible our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long lines from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. If cruel Spain expects by procrastination and intrigue to get back what she has surrendered, then the warships Iowa and Indiana and Brooklyn and Texas and Vesuvius and Oregon must be sent back to Southern waters or across to the coast of Spain to silence the insolence as decidedly as last summer they silenced the Cristobal Colon and Oquendo and Maria Teresa and Vizcaya. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong Hong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the isthmian canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On the map it must be made evident that America is to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer. Free from the national religions of Europe on the one side and from the superstitions of Asia on the other side, it will have facilities for the work that no other continent can possibly possess. As near as I can tell by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, this continent has been ordained for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are on the same platform, and the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we present to the other continents this assortment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt of their selecting this religion of mercy and kindness and good will and temporal and eternal rescue. Hear it! America is to take this world for God!

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have very soon a railroad bridge across Bering Strait, those thirty-six miles of water, not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what with America and Asia thus connected and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine and Persia and and China and Burmah intersected railroad tracks, all of which will be before the new century is grown up, way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world.

The work of this century has been ready. All the earth is now free to Gospel except two little spots, one in and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese and there flamed the fires and there tered the swords that forbade entrance many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji Islands cannibalism have given way, and all gates of all the continents are swung with a clang that has been a positive glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that attracted the attention of a few hundred or a thousand people within the church shall the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to millions. Oh, the infinite advantage the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting.

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if it allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or minify some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant and are we to let the all devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled its accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? We have wasted about twenty-five years. How long While we have been waiting for the law to put down the traffic in intoxicants we have done little to quench the thirst of appetite in the palate and tongue of a whole generation. Where