Juniata Sentinel La and Republican.

## MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1899.

By Marion V. Hollis & C O

attage.

I should like you to come and take care of me. Weuld you?"

"I hope you will never have any illness,"

vague, quick alarm.
"If I do," he said gently, "I should ask

father to send at once for you."

Long after he was gone she pondered

her, she would have to go. How could

less dependent, to the place she had en-tered as a beautiful, blooming bride?

Winter passed, and the springtime

birds to sing; and then Lord Selwyn

the month of April they returned

schools, and Mrs. Rivers began to won-

from the Castle. And one morning early

How well she remembered that day in

"Mrs. Rivers," he said, "I have come

She looked at him agasht, the color

"We are all so pleased," he said. "Lady

teach baby lips to speak. And if he was

distinguished Violante; her heart did not

overflow with love for the helpless, inno-

cet child in her arms. But she was

proud of him, fond of him, in her stately

beautiful boy, so strong, so healthy, her

had no proud rank to sustain, no grand position to hold in the world; for him there

was no title, no estate; he would never be

anything save a younger son, with a small

income, and the thought of it was gall and

Envy is a weak word to describe the

the heir of Selwyn. Her own boy was a

"The pity of it," as my lady often said.

She detested this interloper, this grand-

son of a country attorney, this son of a plebeian mother. She hated him with all

would have tolerated Rupert; but, side by

side with her love for her own child, grew

Lord Selwyn would never have permitted

from any one living the least unkindness

wound than Lady Beatrice Selwyn. She

sarcasm, a killing contempt-that stabbed

his time, provided it was not with her. So, when his day's lessons were over,

Rupert would mount his pony and gallop

more than Rupert did.

There was one drawback. This

would please you. Come up to the Castle

going and coming in her sweet face.

'im with all my heart."

the heir of Selwyn.

'What do you mean?" she asked.

in May Rupert rode over to the cottage

CHAPTER XXI. heard more than once. Mrs. Rivers thought she had gone through the greatest pain she could even the came Christmas, and it was my know. The agony of death was not so lady's whim that Mrs. Rivers should be great, she thought, as the anguish of her almoner—should give away blankets, seeing and speaking to her son, while he i coal, wine and beef, in her name; and in knew her not. But there was even great- | all those charities Rupert assisted, until er pain in store.

She came out of the school room one afternoon, tired with the heat and the her eyes were half-blinded with the glare of the sun; she longed for rest and sleep.

of the sun; she longed for rest and sleep.

The little cottage stood all alone; no one is that, and she is, besides, a lady in ever came near it. She dreaded no in- heart, mind and manners. The beart trusion, either of friend, or visitor, or

foor which led to the garden wide open to admit a free current of air, she sat down in the pretty rocking chair, and laying her tired head on her hands, fell fast asleep. As she lay there, so unconscious so happy in her dream, so peaceful in her sleep, the sunshine playing over her, the wind sighing gently round her, a step sounded on the path that led to the door. Lord Selwyn was passing the cottage, and thought to please his wife by an act of attention to her governess. He went slowly up the garden path, and smiled when he over those words. If ever he sent for saw the open door. He entered, and there before him saw the sleeping woman, with she bear to return, as a paid, poor, name a peaceful smile on her face.

He did not recognize her. How should he, believing as he did that she slept under the white marble monument at Florence? came again; the trees began to bud, the cap, the patient lips brightened by a wrote to say that he was coming he smile that came from the peace of heaven, with her ladyship. There were grand not earth, and his kindly, noble heart preparations at Selwyn Castle, and early warmed to her.

He will never forget her cry, he will Still Lady Beatrice never came near the pever forget her terrified start, the unearthly fear that seemed for a few short | der if she had offended or displeased her; minutes to paralyze her as she awoke. She | yet that could not be, for large baskets stood before him, white, stricken with of fruit and flowers were sent continually anguish in her face and in her eyes, waiting as the criminal waits for the words of the judge who has to condemn him.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rivers," said after years. Lord Selwyn kindly; "I would not have disturbed you so cruelly for the world. I to tell you the news, because I thought it have alarmed you very much, I fear." He heard the murmur of a few inar-, and see my little baby brother!" ticulate words, and, pretending to have

"You will find life rather dull at Thorn leigh; but you must come up to the Castle sometimes. Lady Selwyn is very much attached to her schools. She would like you to be very happy. I am sure." What was she saying? He bent down she was sitting in the chair from which Selwyn had a little son. She had care-

she had risen in such mortal fright.
"He was very kind: Lady Solwyn was very good. She wanted for nothing." "You- do not seem very well, or yet very strong," he said gently. "Perhaps

ess vet?" 'No," the white lips said. "I shall nev- tle, the amusing ways. It was a de

er do that-never get over it while I Suddenly his eyes fell upon that same volume of Wordsworth. He went hastily to the little bookease and took it down. she watching him breathlessly the while. She saw his face darken, and an angry

look come into his eyes. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rivers," he said; "this book must have been sent here by mistake." "Lady Selwyn was kind enough to se own son, was not heir of Selwyn. He

lect a few for me," she replied, "and that was among them." "It was a mistake," he said, curtly. "I value it very highly. I would not part

with it on any account. You will excuse Her very heart leaped at the words.

Ah! then he did respect and even love her memory. It was by no wish of his that the book had been sent from the Castle, as not worth keepings and Lady Beattles.

She was difficult to please in selecting a name for her child. She chose Lancelot, after much consideration. Lord Lancelot set to worth keepings and Lady Beattles.

as not worth keeping; and Lady Beatrice fame as a warrior, and had made his had spoken untruthfully over that, as she name famous through all the land. did over all other things. He quietly put the volume in his pocket,

and turned to go away with an expression of deep annoyance on his face.
"It was heartless," he thought, "of Bestrice to give away anything that had belonged to poor Violante—sweet Violante!" to be tyrannical and imperious, yet loving and a deep sigh escaped him as the memory of his first wife's fair young face were over. He resembled his father even

"You must accept my apologies for having disturbed you, Mrs. Rivers," he "that he, descended from a noble line on said; "and pray remember, Lady Selwyn his mother's side, as well as his father's; will feel great pleasure in attending to that he, who resembled so closely the any request of yours."

Then for the first time he saw the sad, pleading eyes, and a puzzled look came over his face.

"Have I seen you before?" he asked the scorn of a passionate, proud soul. hastily: "your face is strangely familiar Had little Lance never been born she

She tried to smile, but the attempt was a ghastly one. That one question was a her intense and angry hate for him. She most complete and perfect parody on hu- was obliged most carefully to conceal it. man love-better than a thousand vol-

umes written to prove its vanity. "I have not been out much since I to Violante's son.
have been here," she replied evasively:

No one knew better how to inflict but he still looked puzzled and mystified. "You find school duties hard," he said had a way of speaking to him-a quiet kindly: "you do not look strong."
"I am very fond of children," she re the boy; yet careful was she that there

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rivers," he said;
ry and make yourself as harms."

was no word ever passed her lips that could be repeated to his father. plied; "I am happiest among them." "try and make yourself as happy as you

that he went oftener than ever to the cot-The next moment he was gone, and the tage. Lord Selwyn just at that time was ight of her life seemed to pass away with busily engaged in some political business, and was very often from home. Lady Beatrice cared little where the boy spent

How Mrs. Rivers managed to survive that visit and continue her work of drudgery in the school room she could never

away. He never tried to explain, even to himself, the attraction that took him to ply for herself, saw nothing of either Mrs. Rivers. He liked her gentle roice, For several weeks afterwards she, hap-Lord Selwyn or Lady Beatrice. My lady always hushed and low; her quiet, gracewas not well. Lord Selwyn thought a ful manner, her soothing words. He liked there would be beneficial to her. So her to pet him, to indulge him: to sit, they went away to the pretty estate in hour after hour, telling him tales that re-Scotland, Hudson Hall, the boy Rupert minded him of his mother—he knew not remaining with his tutor at the Castle, why or how; stories of great men and for Lady Beatrice declared herself far brave deeds, true heroism, and grand too unwell to bear any noise.

And during the time Project Lady self-devotion. Those quiet hours in the lady

summer gloaming, with the lonely lady whom he was growing to love so dearly. And during that time Rupert went often to the cottage. He could not explain to himself how or why, but he grew warmly did more toward forming Rupert's charachimself how or why, but he grew warmly did more toward forming Rupert's character of the gentle, patient lady, who always seemed so delighted to see him. He went there one day when Lady Beathe was a sign of submission, implying that the person uncovered and had always something nice waiting trice had been very unkind to him. Lord the had was a sign of submission, implying that the person uncovered placed himself at the mercy of his for him; who petted him and coaxed him Selwyn was away, and she had refused listened with loving eagerness by the hour together to his talk of his studies, his recreations, and his father. So the summer and the autumn passed, and she, sweet, simple soul, was so happy with her son that a false. simple soul, was so happy with her son that a faint color returned to her face, and

day hot tears rose to his eyes and blinded him. The trace of the tears was quite perceptible on his face when he reached the cottage. The contrast between those two women was so great; the one indulg-ed, caressed, and half-worshiped him; the other was cold, proud and disdainful. Little by little Mrs. Rivers drew from him the story of his wrongs, each word stab-bing her with deadly pain. i nen some days passed and she did not see him. The summer was drawing to a

close; the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees; the sweetest flowers were fading, the birds sang of their approach ing departure. He did not come. hour after hour, she stood at the little the sound or her silver-elect laugh was was no chestnut pony, no bright face smil-Perhaps Lady Beatrice had prevailed,

and he was sent away. Perhaps Lord Selwyn had changed his mind, and had sent him to school. She thought of a hundred different things. She woke up in the boy's attachment to the governess was smiled at everywhere.
"It will never hurt him," said his tutor the night, fancying she heard the quick "No boy of his age could be anygallop of the chestnut pony, then went to thing but better for the companionship sleep with a prayer on her lips.

Still the days passed on, and he did not come. She stood one day at the win-Jow, thinking to herself that if she heard I in by every visit he pays to the school The sound of footsteps in the little gar-"I think," said Rupert, one snowy day, den outside aroused her. There stood as he sat with Mrs. Rivers in the warm, his lordship, looking pale, scared and anxcozy little parlor of the cottage; "I think that if ever I were to have a bad lilness,

"Good morning Mrs Rivers" he said gravely. "I have come to ask a great favor. Will you grant it?" The sound of his voice always pirced she said, the mother's heart filled with

her heart like a sharp sword. "My son Rupert is very ill," he continued; "se ill that we are all frightened over him! He cries incessantly for you. Will you get some one to take your place in the school and come to nurse him?" (To be continued.)

FOUNDATIONS MADE OF DIRT.

Compressed Earth Takes the Place of Stone and Mortar. The subject of doing away entirely with stone and mortar foundations is being discussed by French engineers, compressed earth taking the place of these. The method is the conception of Louis Dulac.

It is well known that, when a stake is driven into the ground, a compression of the surrounding soil takes place, equal in volume to that displaced by the stake. In the method of Mr. Dulac an apparatus like a piledriver is erected, but instead of the ordinary hammer-head ram, a heavy cone is allowed to drop, point down, in such a manner that it makes a hole, the size and depth of which depend upon the diameter of the cone and the height from which it has fallen.

The cone generally used is from Beatrice has a beautiful little son, so that twenty-four to thirty inches in diam-I have a brother now, and I mean to love eter, weighing about 3,000 pounds, says Like wildfire the welcome news flew an article translated for the Engineerto listen, for her strength had failed, and over the neighborhood. Lady Beatrice ing Magazine, and it is dropped from a height of thirty to forty feet. With a drop of this sort a hole equal in diameter to that of the cone and twenty to fully retrained from even saying one word, and people were taken by surprise. No one was more pleased than Rupert, thirty feet deep may be made in a few hours, the time and depth depending. Lord Selwyn was very pleased. He was fond of children; he liked the music of course, upon the nature of the soil. The whole area upon which the strucof their pretty laughter, the innocent pratture is to be erected is thus treated, the holes being five to six feet apart beto him to think that once more he should hold a baby boy in his arms, once more ween centers and the result is the compression of the soil between the noles to an extent governed by the dipleased and proud, what was the happy mother? She had not the tenderness that

ameter and distance between them. After the holes have thus been made they are gradually filled with a concrete made of broken stone or cinder and hydraulic lime and cement. The concrete is thrown in shallow layers and pounded by allowing a spherical weight of about 2,000 pounds to drop from about the same height as that from which the cone was dropped. The effect of this procedure is to drive the more liquid portion of the concrete into the walls of the pits and thus, when the latter are filled and the concrete has become hard, the foundation consists not only of the buried pillars of stone and cement, but also of the compressed

earth partly charged with cement. This method of making foundations jealous anger and gnawing, bitter hatred has been used with much success in that filled the heart of Lady Beatrice for various portions of Paris, some of the locations being considered very difbeautiful child, fair of face, noble and ficult, owing to the soft nature of the generous of disposition; slightly inclined soil, and the system is now being used to prepare the ground for the erection o fsome of the buildings for the exposition of 1900.

The effect of the pounding of the earth is said not to extend to sufficient distance to disturb adjacent structures and in a number of cases the method has been used in the immediate vicinity of old and weak buildings without apparent injury.

It is possible that this system of con pression may be of service in many locations where the load is not too great, and it appears to be of especial applicability to foundations for temporary structures, avoiding the necessity of

"Lost Ball" in Court. A Detroit court has decided that a base-ball which is knocked into property adjacent to the grounds cannot be

confiscated. Don't go without the things you need

in order to get thing, you don't want. -A pneumatic corset, ' use use women learning to swim, has been invented. Great Britain and her colonies lead the world in tea drinking, allowing per year 88 ounces for each person. We use 110,000,000 pounds a year (24

We use 110,000,000 pounds a year (24 punces apiece.)

—The oldest family in the British islands is that of Mar in Scotland. which dates from 1093.

—In Abyssinia the murderer is delivered into the hands of the relatives of his victim, who kill him in the same manner in which he committed the murder.

the murder.

The eggs of a silkworm are about the size of mustar's seeds.

Coins 2000 years old are in circulation in China. -There are parts of Spain where the hat is unknown except in pictures. The men, when they need a covering, tie up their heads, and the women use

Selwyn was away, and she had relused to allow Rupert to play with little Lance, or even to see him—refused him with words that, if repeated, lost all their sting; yet the look that accompanied them was bitter as death.

It was not often that Ledy Bespice in India, where they have been in use for more than 1000 years.

made Rupert wince—he was very patient A STRANGE DINNER PARTY. under her scornful dislike; but on this lost Continues a Dinner Party While

His House Burns. There is a familiar saying that a lady hould be mistress of herself, although china fall, but to be master of himself and his dinner-table while his house is in flames is a degree of self-control granted to few. Grace Ellery Channing, in her book, "The Sisters of a Saint," tells of a certain gentleman of colonial times who appears to have been endowed with even that measure

of Puritan self-repression. The Royal Commissioners, then in Boston, were bidden to a dinner on Christmas eve at the stately Bristol gate, looking down the high road. There residence of John Wentworth, a man of great natural parts and of a noble ing under a glengarry cap. She missed and lofty bearing. The table, set forth him with a pain that frightened her. with old plate and damask, was loaded with old plate and damask, was loaded with good cheer of all kinds. The host gave the customary signal for the din ner to be served in the words: "Friends, you see your dinner!"

As the visitors' lips opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, a buy the long thin ones unless you want servant rushed in with the announcement that the house was on fire. Sternly bidding the startled guests to sit down, John Wentworth commanded nothing of him she would summon up the servants to take out the tables and courage and ask the rector for news. set them upon the lawn; then the chairs were also removed.

"The air will be keen outside. Bring hither the wraps," said John Went- ment in that direction, it suddenly beworth. But the flames had already consumed them. "Bring whatever you can find, then!" and the slaves returned with their arms heaped with curtains and the effort of the banana importer and table-cloths, and these strange wraps were hastily donned by the com-

"To the tables," commanded Wentworth, and at the word the panic-stricken guests trooped forth from the now blazing house and seated themselves about the table upon the wintry lawn The host repeated the greeting. "And a very good dinner we see!"

was the tremulous response. In vain the guests essayed nervously to eat and drink; fitful attempts at get the bananas to our market in good gayety died away in the ever-increasing roar of flames; but Wentworth kept up an easy flow of conversation, pressing upon his guests the various dainties with all the concern of a man who had naught weightier upon his mind. Now and again the sound of a falling

beam would be echoed by a falling glass from some shaking hand. As the last glass shivered to the ground it was answered by a dull crash; the last wall of the house sank and fell. Wentworth did not turn his head.



There are 110 mountains he Colorado whose peaks are over 1,200 feet above large specimen of the fruit. the ocean level.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. In the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park, New York, the skeleton of an ancient American rhinoceros, found in an old river bed in Phillips County, Kansas, has been mounted. It measures 10 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet 1 inch in height. The rare element, gallium, which

was discovered in 1875, in rock from the Pyrenees Mountains, and which takes its name from Gallia, the old Roman appellation for France, has recently been added to the list of substances occurring in the sun. Prof. Hartley and Mr. Ramage, of Dublin, have recognized its spectral lines in sunlight.

According to the results of an inquiry among the beekeepers of Germany, human beings may acquire immunity from the effects of bee stings simply by being stung a sufficient number times. In some cases thirty stings suffice to impart the desirable immunity; in other cases as many as 100 stings must be endured before the victim ceases to suffer serious inconvenience from the attack of bees. Occasionally a person is found who is naturally immune to the effects of bee stings, while others are not able to acquire immunity by any amount of heroic experience.

The experiments to be tried with liquefied air in the treatment of yellow fever will be observed with deep interest by the scientific world. The yellow fever bacillus succumbs to cold weather. It will not survive the freezing point, and when the South is scourged with the disease the prayer is for a frost. By the use of liquefied air the temperature may be reduced to any degree desired, even to 200 or 300 below zero. The cost of the operation is not excessive, and the machinery is not complicated. All that would be needed, aside from the apparatus, would be a well insulated room to keep the hear

out. The recent gift to the Peabody Mn seum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of the famous "Calaveras skull," reawakens interest in that remarkable relic of antique man. The skull was found in 1866, imbedded in gold-bearing gravel in Calaveras County. California, at a depth of 127 feet. Above it were four beds of lava that had flowed from a now extinct volcanic vent. The late Prof. J. D. Whitney (whose sister, Miss Maria Whitney, made the gift to the museum) was con vinced of the genuineness of the discovery. The owner of the skull is supposed to have lived in the Pliocene epoch, a period so remote that the most ancient dates of history seem quite re

cent in comparison. Avalanche's Roar Heard Sixty Miles An immense avalanche came tear ing and roaring down the side of Mount Ranier, near Tacoma, Wash., recently It struck the base of the mountain with a report like that of a tremendous clap of thunder, being heard distinctly in Tacoma, sixty miles away. People there thought an earthquake bad oc

curred. avalanche, which came down the backbone of a "cleaver" lying between the two branches of Mowitch Glacier. The top of this "cleaver" has an elevation of tan thousand feet. It extends several

es come together. The avalanche started near the top of this cleaver and swept the rocky approximation of the cleaver and swept the rocky approximation. thousand feet down the mountain side

swept the rocky surface to Mowitch Glacler proper. Down this it sped to where the glacler terminates with precipitous icy walls, over which it leaped into a great chasm below. A large part of this glacier was carried down with ice and snow tumbled down. Settlers about the mountain though terrific earthquake had occurred

when they heard the report and felt the jar which followed. Some watched Mount Ranier to see if there was to be an eruption. But the great snow field which had existed where the avalanche started had fallen down, and the path of the avalanche and broker glacier was plainly seen.

BEWARE THE THIN BANANA.

candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her bushand, it seems, was a godly man, but, he was entirely overshadowed by his wile's excellences; just as now you sometimes the bushand in a household the wife the centre of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature, wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs—the wife's hand on the shuttle or tained them was picked too soon. The banana grows fastest at first in length.

When it has reached its full development in that direction, it suddenly begins to swell, and in a few days will double in girth. It is at the end of this it time that it begins to ripen naturally, and the effort of the banana importer is to have the fruit gathered at the last possible moment, and yet before the ripening has progressed even the ripening has progressed even enough to tinge the bright green of the fruit with yellow. A difference of twenty-four hours on the trees at this weight of the fruit of, perhaps, 25 per cent., and all the difference in its final flavor, between a puckery sour and the sweetness and smoothness which are characteristic of the rine fruit. To time will make a difference in the are characteristic of the ripe fruit. To get the bananas to our market in good condition requires fast steamers, which must be provided with ventilation and other means of keeping the fruit from ripening too fast in the hold. Much of the finest fruit does ripen in the few days of recessory and this is sold to of Residue to the provided with ventilation and other means of keeping the fruit from ripening too fast in the hold. Much of the finest fruit does ripen in the few days of recessory and this is sold to of Residue to the print of the court of Louis XV have been forgotten and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Residue to the print of the court of Louis XV have been forgotten and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten some granddays of passage, and this is sold to hucksters for street sale.-New York

Delicious Papaws. Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West, do not hesitate to proounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a "natural custard," its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to honor

A man from the far Northeast, who

"What is that?" he asked. "Break it open and see," was the

He broke it in two, inspected it. smelt of it. "Well?" he said. "Taste It."

He did so. "Faugh!" he exclaimed. "What kind of game are you trying to play on me?" "I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world," rejoined the

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it, but that was all "You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East," said the

cousin. As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a half bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that, on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting-room, "What Is

Is very natural indeed; For no one need be told The worthy, scientific man Is acting on the premier's plan Of blowing hot and cold.

The Sailor's Personal Pride

Qualities Which Crown Noble Woman hood-Wonders Christianity Has Don

TEXT: "Elisha passed to Shunem, was a great woman."—II Kings iv., 8. The hotel of our time had no counterpart

The notes of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balmission, and ne must not ensister. A barcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon
is offered him in a private house, and it is
especially furnished for his occupancy—a
chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a
candlestick by which to read and a bed on
which to slumber, the whole establishment
belonging to a great and good woman. Her

we often see in our day, a man of large for-tune and only a modicum of brain, intense-ly quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot, if you say "Yes," responding "Yes;" if you say "No," responding "No"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a of Russia have been forgotten some grand-father will put on his spectacles, and hold-ing the book the other side the light read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a grea

woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was sout. It has been happily desert as a "natural custard," its rich, en-yellow pulp admirably carrying the simile. Many persons cannot at at all, and many others have to lire a liking for it.

man from the far Northeast, who yisting a coust in Ohlo in early ber, was shown one day a fine specimen of the fruit.

surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homereattiled it in his verse. The arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribest is not until the nimit day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" It this virtue is so to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to restrict the libit of the commands us to give any idea that I approve of that

Of course I do not mean under this over to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime, per-haps under the auspices of some benevohaps under the auspices of some benevo-lent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet-bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighauspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting; the informality of your reception, the reliteration by grasp, and by look, and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes, to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor

came forward and said to the stranger:

"Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the aitar and brought down the blessing of Ged upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Bude but glorious Christian hospitality!

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think

The Sailor's Personal Pride.

Next to the creature comforts of his inner man the naval sallor thinks most of his personal appearance. No fine jacket with any regard for himself will wear the uniform as it is issued from the paymaster's stores. Only the new recruit or the coal passer lost to all shame will appear in public in such togs. There is as much nicety of detail in the cut and trimming of the naval uniform as in the fashiosable gown of a society lady ashore.

The snug fit of the blue shirt, the careful hang of the bell-bottom trousers, and the breadth and curve of the jaunty hat, all must conform to an adomnate the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and though the had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo, it was carpeted, and there was the hatrack all ready for the canes and the umbrellas ers, and the breadth and curve of the jaunty hat, all must conform to an arbitrary naval pattern, and must also be made with the proper number of gillguys and silk-worked stars and diamonds so dear to the sailor's heart.

A great many of the men who claim to be self-made were evidently interrupted before the job was completed.

It was carpeted, and there was the hatrack and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parior, sofaed their side of the hall, and there was the hatrack and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parior, sofaed the study table in the centre of the floor with stationery upon it, bookshelves built, long ranges of new volumes, far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes. The young pastor went up stairs and

found all the sleeping apartments turnished, came down stairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices, and the coffees, and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining hail, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove, and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Patting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is apocryphal. Oh, no, that was my own experience. Oh, the kind-ness; oh, the enlarged sympathies some-times clustered around those who enter the gospel ministry! I suppose the man of Sumen had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian sympathies of the woman of Shunem that looked after

the Lord's messenger.
Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort, but trouble hath bitched up its flery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshares of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon, and the Danube, and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or the length of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families, and of communities, and of empires, foaming, withing, bolling with the agonies of 5000 years. Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering retching up from its depths the lava and scoria, and strings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded. Mythologists tell us of gorgon and centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of extinct species and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters, but greater than gorgon or megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the

nations, and history and poetry and sculp-ture, in their attempt to sketch it and de-scribe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank Ged, there are those who can conquer as this wiman of the text conquered, and say: "It is well. Though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well; it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine, and, though the winter comeout of the Northern sky, you have some-times seen that Northern sky all ablize with auroras which seem to say: "Come up this way. Up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way." Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home nicture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughtar. No faith-fulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by iude-fatigable toil has reared a large family takes the

fatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got homorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions, but what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simversal liberty a Rossuth res, this wom-an of my text was great in her sim-plicity. When this prophet wanted to re-ward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said, "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot; all I want is my family and my friends around me; I dwell among my own people."

among my own people."

Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting. all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penciling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buy-ing these libraries when they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many the month in the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptey and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries!

But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensables, and you ought not to decrease the qualities requisite for the have all the qualities requisite for the manufacture of glass, have been found about fifty miles east, of Saginaw, Mich., and specimens are now being submitted to chemical analysis.

The Cyclops Works at Sheffield, where the Queen witnessed the rolling of an armor plate, were started by Messra Cammell in 1837 when they em-

placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting-room, "What is those family sitting-room, "What is Home Without a Mother?" a similar, but smaller one: "What Is Home Without a Papaw?"

Without a Papaw?"

Two Epigrams.

Two old English epigrams were reprinted in a London paper of comparatively recent date, for the amusement of the readers. The first referred to a worthy but tedious sergeant, given to making long speeches.

He had a rubicund countenance, and in the full-dress costume of the court of his day was a notable figure. One day when he was especially long-winded, an acquaintance wrote these lines:

The sergeant pleads with face on fire, And all the court may rue it:

His arguments go to it.

The other epigram was written at the time when a certain Dr. Reed was allowed to ventilate the Houses of Parliament by a system of alternate blasts of cold and hot air. He was supported by Sir Robert Peel in this enterprise. Some wag wrote to the London Times:

Feel's patronage of Doctor Reed is very natural indeed:

For no one need be told

The worthy scientific man a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the claims of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and be-comes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Chris-tian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for women surely woman will become its for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest ex-

—In the eighteenth century Polish ladies claged their daughters to wear little bells in order to proclaim where they were all the time.

—The nails of the Chinese nobility sometimes attain the length of eigh-teen inches, being protected by long —There are 300,000 Methodists in Ohio, 200,000 in Indiana and 200,000 in Missouri.

-In Siberia, !? a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce. -The Scotch thistle is growing in Greece, although there it is called the

-The stockmen of Colorado and the adjoining states have figured it out that the wolves eat \$100 worth of their

## Household.

Cranberry Jelly.-Pick over and wash in a colander one quart of cran-berries, put them in a granite sauce-pan with one cupful of cold water and sprinkle one pint of sugar on top. Cover and cook rapidly until every berry bursts. To prevent the syrup from boiling over, uncover every now from belling over, uncover every now and then, and gently press the berries down. Pour the sauce into deep custard cups, and when ready to serve turn them out upon some delicate dist and you will have a dainty individual

Mashed Turnips.—Take off a thick paring from the outside and boil the turnips until quite tender. Drain them on a sieve, mash them in a colander, pressing and squeezing them well. Season with a little pepper and salt. Creamed Parsnips.—Boil tender, scrape and slice lengthwise. Put over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt and a little minced parsley. Shake until the mixture boils. Dish the parsnips, add to the sauce three tablespoonfuls of cream in which has been stirred a quarter spoonful of flour. Boil once and pour over the parsnips. on a sieve, mash them in a colander

Mashed Potatoes.-Boil a quantity masned Fotatoes.—Boil a quantity of potatoes and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a sauce pan with a good lump of butter and salt to taste; add a little milk and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they set of the desired consistency. they get of the desired

Chicken Ple with Oysters.—Boil a year old chicken until tender, line dish with a nice crust and put in the chicken; season with salt, pepper and butter; add a liquor, should be about a pint, in which the chicken was bolled; cover closely with a crust having a slit cut each way in the centre. Drain off the liquor from a quart of oysters: boil, skim, season with but-ter, pepper, salt, and a thickening of flour and water; add the oysters, boil up once, and lift the crust and put them in about 20 minutes before the

Deviled Oysters.-After draining and wiping the oysters.—After draining and wiping the oysters dry, pour over them a mixture made of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a dash of cayenne pepper. a saltspoonful of salt and a few drops of Worgesterships are the control of the con of Worcestershire sauce. Let them stand in the dressing for a short time stirring occasionally that all may be moistened. Fry several thin slices of salt pork and reserve the fat for cook-ing the oysters. Take the oysters from the dressing and roll in cracker dust, afterward in beaten egg, and again in cracker crumbs. Allow them again in cracker crumbs. Allow them to stand a few minutes in a cold place then fry in the hot fat, adding a little

Sweet Wafers.-Six eggs, one pint flour, two ounces melted butter, one and one-half cups powdered sugar, one cup milk, one teaspoonful nutmeg. Beat whites and yolks separately, and very stiff; rub the sugar and butter together, and work in first the yolks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake in well-buttered wafer or well-buttered wafer

Custards in Glass - Make a custard of six eggs (leaving out the white of two), one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract. Steam teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract. Steam and strain through a sleve. Take custard glasses, put a teaspoonful of firm jelly (currant or apple) into the bottom of each glass, then pour in the custards till nearly full. eat the remaining whites stiff, mix in a very little representation. little pulverized sugar and lay lightly on the top of the custards.

## Labor Notes.

The annual report of St. Paul's (Minn.) city engineer shows that over 15 miles of various street pavements have been laid in that city during the past year at a cost of \$1 593 775. Gelatoid, a mixture of gelatine with formaldehyde, is being used for unbreakable goggles to protect the eyes of workmen exposed to flying particles of stone, metal or wood.

A movement has been set on foot in Boston toward securing a combination of all the "outside" telephone interests in the country to act in op-position to the Bell Telephone Com-

Great beds of white sand, said to of an armor plate, were started by Messrs. Cammell in 1837 when they employd 300 men. The number they ployed in the works now is over The Russian Minister of War in

pany.

experimenting with aluminum horse-shoes in the cavalry service has found that these shoes, weighing 2½ ounces ics than the iron shoe, wear longer and are less affected by mud and water. The Brandywine Knitting Mill, at The Brandywine Knitting Mill, at Schenectady, N. Y., which has not been in operation since the failure of the Empire Knitting Company, several years ago, will be opened in the spring of '99, giving employment to about 400 hands.

The whole number of cotton mills in the Southern States at present, 425, about an increase of 23 mills during the service of the service

shows an increase of 23 mills during the past year; and the total takings of the se mills, 1,277,674 bales, shows an increase of 30 per cent. over the preceding year.

The most costly leather in the world is known to the trade as piano leather

The secret of tanning this leather is known only to a family of tanners in Germany, though the skins from which Germany, though the skins from which it is tanned come almost entirely from America.

The contract for furnishing oak pine and hemlock lumber for the construction of crosswalks, bridge floors, etc., in the city of Rochester. N. Y., was recently awarded to a bidder at \$20512. The contractor will furnish

\$7061.37. The contractor will furnish 106,500 feet of oak, 80,662 feet of pine and 220,000 feet of hemlock. Fowis are plucked alive in Malta, in the public markets, and in some parts of England.

In the control of the annual returns of the two great shipbuilding firms at Belfast—Harland & Wolff and Workman, Clark & Co.—16 years of the control of the same of the sa According to the annual returns of

-The pupil of the eye is so called because when looking into it a very small image of the observer may be seen, hence the term, from the Latin pupillus, or little pupil.

pupillus, or little pupil.

—The public school fund paid to white teachers in North Carolina last year was \$451,574, and to negro teachers \$227,195. The average attendance of both races at school was 110,677 whites and 58,548 negroes.

—Wooden legs are used by over 1,-000,000 English speaking men.

—Hogs are fattened on oranges in
Paraguay, and orange-fed pork is said

to be very good.

—Both Mary Queen of Scot, as George III were buried at midnight.