MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1899.



CHAPTER XXIII. ves are so heavy, Mrs. Rivers,"

were alone now, and the fight for see mad! You must be driven away from here; you are mad!" with the grim angel whose or on the fair, boyish face. "You will tell me the truth, I know," he Am I going to die?

she had been by too many to hesitate long. "We hope not," she said, quietly. "Life hate him because the husband you have and death are in God's hands. If He won by false means loves him. You hate

he replied; "it is not that. I do not think I am frightened. Heaven, they trice. say, is very fair, and God so good. I

She knelt down by his side, and drew it to him." the hot tired head on to her breast; she in her tender arms, and, ending over him, whispered such words as might have been spoken by angel lipswords so full of love, of mercy, of hopeso glowing in their grand descriptions of the land "where there is no sorrow and no wrong," that the boy listened as one en-

whispered, quietly: "she always told me "I know it, dear; I will sing it, if you will try to go to sleep. Shut your eyes

The burning eyelids closed slowly, and Rupert lay still and motionless. There heaven, who are you?" was deep unbroken silence; then the sweet, the beautiful hymn. The boy listened as

singing among the ang now; but I am sure her voice is like you I will be

While he lay thinking she knelt to pray. She prayed from the very depths of her broken heart that her son might be spared. and that she might be taken in his place. When the prayer was ended she knelt, watching him, while the dead silence grew deeper and deeper

There was a faint murmur from the wind-a low whisper, as though it had solded until it was exhausted. No other sound disturbed the profound stillness which reigned throughout that vast man sion. The stars shone in the depths of the blue skies; the pale moon gleamed and elistened: fleecy clouds passed over its face. Trees and flowers were all asleep there seemed nothing living, nothing hu watch the tragedy going on in the

And still Mrs. Rivers knelt with he face bent over the boy, watching him so intently that her very soul seemed to have passed into her eyes. His were closed in deep, restful thought, but not in sleep. So silent, so still; not even the creaking of a door, the sound of a footstep-nothing to break the charm-not even the familiar sound of a "mouse behind the wain-Silence deep and profound as death itself!

Hark! surely that is the sound of a woman's dress against the crimson hangings! Gently and noiselessly she ros from her knees, and stood with her eyes on the tapestry. Then-how was it the shock did not kill

her?—then she saw the tapestry move slightly, as though some one had touched it lightly on the other side. There was no sound, no stir. Another moment, and from between the

hangings, where two pieces of crimson tapestry met, she saw a white hand. She could neither move nor stir; she was rooted to the ground in terror too intense for any weak words to describe.

The hand was withdrawn, then it resp peared, holding this time a small vial, full of a clear liquid like cold water. That was placed noiselessly on the stand, and the bottle containing the opiate was withgently; so noiselessly done, that had Mrs.
Rivers been looking another way—had she been engaged with her patient—she could not possibly have known what had been done.

It was so in the disgrace I have unthinkingly and unconsciously brought down upon your head, I am sorry—sorry with my whole soul. I would kneel to beg your forgiveness for it; I would do anything to atoms for it; I would do anything to atoms. drawn-still without sound. It was so In one moment it flashed across her.

Who had taken the oplate that was to save the life of her son? Without it, he that word to me!" must die. Who had taken it? What was put in its place? Only a moment, then the mother's mighty love that was in her.

"I have to thank the plotting, low-born that I. the mother's mighty love that was in her came to her aid.

Casting one glance at the calm, tranquil face of her son, she opened the hangings just in time to see a figure of some kind disappear at the outer door. All nervousness, all fear died from her. Swifter than wind, she made one noiseless, rapid rush after the retreating figure, and caught it in the corridor outside the Red

Caught it, and held it fast with a grasp whose force came from her mighty love. A tall, stately figure, yet it writhed in her grasp. It seemed to shudder, to shrink; and then she said in a low, hushed voice: "Give me back that opiate! Whoever

of the silent corridor the two women could not see each other. The one was struggling with fierce force to get away; the other, with force even greater still, strug-

Down the broad corridor they went, the prisoner and the gentle woman whose mother-love gave to her soft hands the strength of a giantess. Down, struggling hard in the quiet darkness, until they came to a room where, for the convendragged rather than led her captive there.

then turned and locked the door. "Now," she cried, "Beatrice Leigh, down there-down on your knees, and thank heaven that you have been spared

"How do you dare?" she answered; "how do you dare, Mrs. Rivers, to treat me so? I will call Lord Selwyn. You

"I am sane enough, Beatrice Leigh, Sane enough to know why you have stolen Tapa cried this evening when he that bottle. Heaven watched over Rupers kissed me. Am I in danger, Mrs. Rivers? Selwyn, or you would have slain him. You had murder in your heart when you took ous points along the course of the proit away-cruel murder! You hate him face—such light and fear in the because he stands between your child and bright eyes, she knew not how to s the son of the woman you taunted, and persecuted, and drove forth to death. You

> he shall die!" "It is false all false!" said Lady Bea-"I-I thought that medicine too strong for him. and did not care to dis turb him by going into the room. If you

> "I will take it back," said Mrs. Rivers; "but none the less did you mean to murder my only son!" "To murder whom?" cried my lady; and

then the two women stood, tall, erect, and stately, looking-with scorching eyes-at each other. "My son!" repeated the clear voice.
"You want to kill him. If he were left
in your power you would kill him. To
save his life I do that which I would not

every night about God, and the angels, and heaven. She used to sing a pretty little hynn. Do you know it?—'Paradise.'"

"You do what?" asked my lady, with a "You do what?" asked my lady, with a

"I claim him," was the calm reply, "for "Yours!" she cried. "In the name of

ill hushed and low, rose, singing did you torture?—whom did you perseone soothed by an angel's song. Only once the blue-veined lips trembled, and he of husband, the esteem of friends? From whom did you take every earthly joy, every earthly pleasure even the light of heaven itself? Answer me that."

She could not; she had grown whiter and whiter-she had crouched lower and lower until she knelt now-her scared face buried in her hands.
"Did not the life of the mother or

you?" continued the clear voice; "must you take the life of the child? You-a would have slain him.

"Your son!" cried Lady Beatrice, rising uddenly and standing before her. the name of heaven, who are you?" "I am his mother-Violante Selwyn?" A low, mocking, scornful laugh was the

nly answer.
"I repeat it!" eachoed the clear voice; 'I am his mother-Violante Selwyn."

"You are speaking falsely!" cried Lady Beatrice. "What does this play-acting, this absurd ranting mean? You are most surely mad. Lady Violante Selwyn-the low-born woman who inveigled my noble husband into marrying her—is dead. I saw her dead; I saw her buried; she lies far away in Florence."

know my face? Do you not know my voice? Do you want further proof? See!" Then, with calm, quiet hands that had ceased to tremble, she removed the wid-ow's cap, the false hair that had so effectually disguised her, and then, when Beatrice mw the soft golden curls clustering, short, and wavy, she uttered a low cry, as though she stood face to face with a

"Have you risen from the dead?" she

"The dead never return," was the grave "Do you believe now that I am Violante Selwyn?" "You did it all for this one hour of engeance and of triumph," said Bea-

"It is not so: You have tried to kill my son, and my heart is full of indignation, of sorrow, and of anger; but believe me, for the disgrace I have unthinkingly and

"Disgrace!" cried Beatrice. "Oh, heaven! that any living woman should use Her tall figure was drawn to its utmost

daughter of a country attorney that I, Beatrice Leigh, am disgraced!" she cried; "that I have lived for six years with the man I love, yet am not his wife; that I have borne a child who has no right to its father's name! It is to you I owe it!" The fair head drooped before her un-

atterable sorrow. "It is all my fault," said Violante meek-"Would that I could bear the punishly. ment alone."

"It is your fault," said Beatrice. She drew herself up with the hauteur of a queen. She raised her bare white arms as though appealing to the highest tri-bunal. "Listen!" she cried. "You have you are, I know not; give me back the outwitted me. You have triumphed over medicine!" me. I curse you! I curse the fair beauty of your face; I would fain trample it out. Sleeping, waking, eating, weeping, laughing, I curse you, Violante Selwyn, and I

hate you!" Violante made no attempt to stay the

passionate torrent of words. "I must return to my child," she said. "Beatrice, Rupert's life trembles in the balance; the least excitement will kill him. Let us keep this secret yet a little longer se whom Mrs. Rivers might are if my boy dies I shall die with him: then it will not matter. If he lives, to-Silently and desperately Mrs. Rivers morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening, cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening cost what it may, I will usually black. The morrow evening cost what it may, I will usually black. presence for evermore. Will you keep my secret until then?"

"As you will," was the sullen reply.

"And, Beatrice, I have something to forgive. You have tried to kill my son; I will pardon you," pleaded Violante gently. "I will pardon and forget, if you will forgive me the wrong I have done you."

you, and hate you; but forgive you, so help me, heaven, I never will."

"You will keep my secret until to-morrow?" said Violante humbly.

"It, by the rising of my finger," said Beatrice Leigh, "I could stretch you dead at my feet, I would lay you there. Better, Violante Selwyn, to have made yourself any other enemy. You shall not trively

self any other enemy. You shall not tri-umph in the end." And so defiant, so proud, so wicked was he face turned to Violante, that she shud-

dered as with mortal cold. "Remember," hissed Beatrice, as she passed her, "my last word to you was a

She swept from the room without another look at the unhappy woman she left

Nicaragua Canal as ft fe. The Nicaragua ship canal is in the ondition of more than one great en- father had been killed by Indians terprise of similar character; the route has been surveyed and pronounced perfectly feasible, and a considerable amount of work has been done at variposed waterway. So vast, however, is wants you. Ruper if He calls you, you him; and you have mid to yourself that an income can be derived from it which will pay its running expenses and the interest on its bonds. The Nicaragus the canal at \$133,407,000, and the only possible way of raising this immense sum is for some government to guarantee that the interest on the bonds will be raid until such time as the canal company is itself able to meet its own expenses. Congress has repeatedly been asked to take action in this direction, but has not done so, its experience with the Union Pacific roads not having been so favorable as to justify the further undertaking of enterprises so great; an additional objection being found in the fact that the proposed canal lies beyond the territorial furisdiction of the United States. If It is ever finished, however, the canal will prove of almost incalculable value the commerce of the world. The

> the Horn and traverse a distance of the distance would be 4,907 miles, and the saving to our government in the shifting of vessels from the Atlantic to Pacific stations would in fuel alone be enormous, to say nothing of the economy of time.-St. Louis Globe Purpose. and hates evil, who wishes to do right,

total length of the canal, along the pro

posed route from ocean to ocean, will

be 169.4 miles, including Lake Nica-

ragus in this estimate. A steamer

starting from New York to San Fran-

cisco is now compelled to pass around

whose intentions are pure, and whose impulses are excellent, is of course a very different kind of person from one whose inclinations lead him in an opposite direction, and is far more estim Yet we cannot afford to omit in our estimate that strength of purpose which carries out the desires and con-

verts unformed hopes into actions and realities. Some persons are so constituted that this process follows on in-No sooner is a purpose formed than "Nay," interrupted the clear voice, "she is here! Look well at me; do you not ed, and set to work. Conscious of a the means to fulfill it are chosen, adoptneed, they begin at once to supply it. If they espouse a principle, they live up to it: if they favor a reform, they help

to promote it; if they are indignant at some injustice, they set about prevent Others, satisfied with a good intention, postpone its fulfilment indefinite-ly; they think the work is almost done when they have decided to do it; whereas this idea is the very hindrance which often prevents it from being done at

all. Drank a Gallon of Water. Theodore Bock, of Hamilton Ohio, aged 19, took a novel way to enter the army at Fort Thomas. Young Bock bering the old adage, a pint's a gallon of water before taking his examination. The scheme worked and

was shy eight pounds avordupols to come up to the required weight, and pound the world around, swallowed a Bock is new a full-fledged soldier. No Time Lost,

"I wonder why it is that meetings of the unemployed are always called on Sunday? "That is so the men who attend will not be forced to lose a day from their work."-Exchange.

The Belgian government offers prize of \$10,000 for the invention of a match paste containing no phospho and not otherwise dangerous to health in its manufacture. Of course, other points are required, but the object of the offer is to find a way to do away

with a dangerous employment. Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones .-

Seneca. -There are 47 Chinese temples in the

-Space has a temperature of 200 derees below zero.

Fish with white flesh are m ily digested than fish with reddish -Queen Victoria's favorite song is

said to be "And ye shall walk in silk -Cashmere shawls are made hair of a diminutive goat found in Little Thibet.

-Trains run from Pekin to Tien Tsin. China, in four hours—the distance ing 128 miles. -The tents of the Bedouin Arabs are sually black. They are made of dyed

—It is a curious fact that the honey-bee was never known in the United States till imported from England. -The heart beats ten strokes a ute less when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

-The late Mme. Carnot was fond of bueying herself with the garden and a greenhouse built by her late husband. It was Beatrice Lady Selwyn who had been caught and forced into the room, her stately figure bent with rage and shame, her beautiful face white with fear and anger.

will pardon and forced, it you."

The proud, implacable face, full of angreenhouse built by her late husband.

The proud, implacable face, full of angreenhouse built by her late husband.

It has been ascerfained that one of the mountains in the moon is 36,000 feet with the garden and a greenhouse built by her late husband.

It has been ascerfained that one of the mountains in the moon is 36,000 feet with face white with fear and a greenhouse built by her late husband.

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It has been ascerfained that one of the mountains in the moon is 36,000 feet.



indiantina in the second of th LI TAYLOR was a typical young hunter, nor that the light of frontiersman. His father had been a pioneer and his grand whenever she saw him disappearing in "away back when Missouri an' Arkan Of late Mart Estel had taken to visitsaw belonged to the French," to use

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

his own language. Whenever Ell Taylor could see smoke of a neighbor's cabin he became possessed with the idea that the counthe outlay necessary, that a single com- try was getting to be too thickly setpany, no matter how wealthy, is not tied and correspondingly unhealthy, family, and in himself. able to handle the enterprise, for years and he bundled his family into one of must elapse ere the completion of the those huge wagons known as "a prairie him, and Tom worked harder than ever work, and probably years more before schooner" and moved further west. day he found himself under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and he woke

> daughter Lena and his son Tom "about | florid man of 40 who looked much like as big as they was ever goin' to get to Young Tom Taylor had not inherited the gypsy love of change that had said Eli Taylor to Estel and his comdistinguished his ancestors. He was a sturdy, sensible fellow and wanted to

settle down on a farm, where his mother could live better than she had been doing, and where Lena could have a! chance to know more about books, as last," said Estel, "and more parwhich she had learned to read in some unaccountable way, and of which she was very fond. And so Eli Taylor in his 50th year

settled down to the cultivation of a farm not far from what is now Canyon City, but which was then a cluster of cabins where prospectors rested before going over the mountains to South Park. Here Ell Taylor and young Ton

worked with so much success that within a few years they had a comfortable house and outbuildings, a dozen 15,660 miles; by the Nicaragua Canal cows and as many horses, and, greatest of all evidences of prosperity, money laid by for a rainy day. Lena Taylor, though miles away from the nearest neighbor, was not destined to remain unknown and unreclated. The fame of her thrift and her beauty was discussed about the campfires of prospec

to this! Ask pardon from heaven, Beatrice Leigh; for most assuredly, had Providence not watched over my son, you part of it, certainly. He who loves good the man who made a successful It is a common mistake to judge of day's journey out of their way to see odds, the finest piece of property in the territory. It has been said that poverty and suf fering are the greatest tests of character, but we are inclined to think that

> withstand a change in the face of sudden prosperity than to meet reversals with philosophy. Eli Taylor, was prosperous, and with his prosperity vanished his inborn dis- drew some papers from his pocket. for settled communities. It was he who carried all the farm produce to called in, and Mart Estel, without any Canyon City and purchased there such preliminaries, went on to tell how for

Had he confined his purchases to these supplies all would have been chance to gratify his taste for strong last, seeing that he could not pay me. drink, and he yielded to it till the pas-

sion became his master. The saloons of the frontier at that time were open gambling dens, "run" by sharpers who plundered without remorse the men they had first made

drunk. One of these places was kept by a man named "Mart" Estel, who had the mother and Lena, to work hard and had up afore the beak, and we gets coveted reputation of wealth and the make a living up to this time. Father unenviable reputation of a desperado had no right to mortgage the farm

who had killed a number of men. He always denied being rich, and when making than of his, and I do not proquestioned about his shooting exploits pose to let any man interfere with my would lay his hand on his hip and rights." say, with a chilling laugh: You can bet that when Mart Estel

finds himself in a tight box he knows how to fix the lock that will let him

Estel's saloon become a favorite re sort with Eli Taylor, and he not only habit of gambling. The latter report was confirmed by the fact that he no longer accounted for the money he had thin hands. got from the sale of his produce. Lena and her brother begged their father to keep away from Canyon City. but, unheeding them and blind to the

in the course. And now the son and daughter, who had been so eager to secure a perman ent home, expressed an anxiety to mov further into the wilderness, but their father became stubborn, saying: .

"You made me settle down here and bere I'll stay." When matters were nearing their worst a young man, dressed in the garb of a hunter, but with a refinement manner that convinced Lena that

he was not "an original mountaineer. came to the valley in which the Taylor farm was situated and asked to board there while he hunted and prospected in the neighboring mountains. He gave his name as "George Herron," and as he offered \$8 a week for the accommo drtion and showed a willingness to pay in advance. Mrs. Taylor and Lena agreed to take him in.

George Herron was a handsome an rather a melancholy young man-such a one as must appeal powerfully to the virgin heart and lofty imagination of the frontier girl.

He was away a great deal-often for nights at a time, and when he returned he but seldom brought game, though he always had strange wild flowers for Lens and curious specimens of ores, which he examined with his n'icro scope and acids

Love is largely a matter of association; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Lens grew to watch the entain trail for the coming of the

gladness left her expressive face the rocky heights above the valley. ing the valley, but it chanced that he never came there except when George

Herron was away. Eli Taylor had ceased going to Canyon City; indeed, he seemed to have lost all interest in the farm, in his Lena and her mother tried to chee

to make up for his father's losses, but still Ell went about like a man whose heart was broken. The reason for this melancholy was !

broken-down old woman and his Mart Estel, accompanied by a stout, himself, came to the farm and held a long consultation with Eli Taylor. "I have kept it all from my children,"

> panion, who was known as "Lawyer "but I reckon the best way is Roggs," to have them in and make a clean breast of it." "Yes; they might as well know it first

> power to square the account. "How so?" asked Ell. "Didn't I tell you how when last you was down, and didn't you promise to speak to her about it?" asked Estel.



it requires a stronger, nobler nature to all about it, and I wish I could forget that I ever came to this settlement. said the distracted man.

"Have your family in and let us talk it over," said Lawyer Roggs, as he Mrs. Taylor, Lena and Tom wer supplies as were needed by his thrifty a year or more Ell Taylor had been getting deeper and deeper into his

"I loaned money and did all I could well, but, unfortunately, he had a for Mr. Taylor," said Estel, "and at I took a mortgage on the farm and the stock. The mortgage is due, and if Mr. Taylor or none of the family ain't able to take it up I'll sell the place or I'll take it for what's due me.'

"I don't know anything about law." said Tom Taylor, "and I don't want to know, but I've tried, and so have and the stock, for they are more of my

"Ah, my young friend," said Lawyer Roggs, opening one of the papers he held in his hand, "your father has here sworn that he owns this farm and the stock: if he has sworn to what ain't true, why, all Mr. Estel has to do is to church in Strath Spey, the pastor, after apply to the officers of the law in Dengot drunk there, but the news reached his family that he had fallen into the dling and perjury." On hearing this Eli Taylor grouned

and his wife covered her face with her "I have no more to say about it." said Tem, going to the door, "only thisthat the man who arrests my father will undertake a life job, and the man tears of his invalid wife, he persisted who carries out our little property

> After Tom had gone Lena asked: "Mr. Estel, can't you give us time to pay you? Father got only arm at your place. He was not a drunkard nor a gambler before we came here." "And I didn't make him one or the other," said Estel. "But I told him before what I tell you now-that is, that

you can say one word that'll free him from debt and make yourself rich." "What is that?" asked Leng, with forced calmness. "Be my wife," said Estel, reaching Lenu drew back and the color fled per face. Her simple life had made her unconventional, se that she spoke her

sequences "Marry you?" she said. "How could do so when I do not love you?" "But you will learn to love me," said Estel.

mind without any thought of the con-

"That is impossible." "Why so?" "Because I love another." "Who is he?" "That matters not," she said, with spirit, "you have my answer."

"But I will not take 'no' for an an

swer. Think over what I have said,

and in one week I shall return; should you then refuse me I shall take what is mine." With this ultimatum Estel and Eli Rayler and his wife tried to ma

Lena see that it would be to the ac-vantage of all if she accepted Estel's proposal, but she firmly replied: "I am ready to die to save either my father or my mother, but it is too much

to ask me to sell my soul." Tom stoutly took his sister's side and when George Herron returned, which he did that evening, they told him all that had happened and asked

"I can help you by giving you the noney," replied the young hunter, "but my belief is that these fellows are thieves and are playing a bluff game; if so, I think Tom and I can match

"It's this young Herron that Lena's in love with," said Eli Taylor to his wife. "If it wasn't for him she'd have Estel and we could keep the place. won't have him about here no longer. In his blunt way the old man told George Herron to leave, frankly explaining the reason, and George said in reply:

"If I cannot help you, Mr. Taylor, 1 will not stay in your way."

The next evening, after a long talk with Lens and her brother, the young hunter shouldered his rifle and went away, and Eli Taylor felt that his property would be now secure, in which event he compromised with his selfishness by promising himself that he would never get drunk nor gamble again.

At length the dreaded day came, and Canal Commission estimates the cost of up to the fact that his wife was a at length made manifest. One day with it Estel, Roggs and a number of men they had brought to take posses sion of the place.

They found Lena even more determined than before, for she positively refused to speak to Estel in the house. "Will you speak to me outside?" he asked.

"Yes; on the bridge over Quicksand Creek," she replied. This was the bridge on the road leading from the farm to Canyon City, and the stream which it spanned was filled with the ticularly Lena, for she's got it in her quicksand that makes traveling in that egion such a terror.

Fearing some harm, Estel's friends followed at a distance, and the moment he stood on the bridge with Lena they saw a young man in hunter's garb appear at the other end. They heard his young man cry out: "We meet at last, Belman!"

Estel seemed frozen with terror after a few seconds he laid his hand on the bridge railing and leaped over, his object being escape, but he found himself in the remorseless grasp of the

Roggs and others ran up only to see Estel or Selman," for these were costy a few of his names, disappearing.

"That weech," said George Herron, pointing to the stream, "murdered and robbed my father two years ago in Sait Lake City. I have been looking for him ever since, but I hold you to witness that he died by his own act."

the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God world without end. Ah, me! It is high time that you left handed nen, who have been longing for this gif and that eloquence and the other man's wealth, should take your hands out of your pockets. Who made all these cities? Who sat up all these cities? Who sat one the tugging and will swing round and round the throne of God world without end. Ah, me! It is high time that you left handed nen, who have been longing for this gif and that eloquence and the other man's wealth, should take your hands out of your pockets. Who made all these cities? Who sat one the tugging and without end. Sait Lake City. I have been looking for him ever since, but I hold you to With their champion gone Roggs and his companions had no further interest in his case. Eli Taylor was never troubled again. He changed his habits and made over his farm to his son. though he thinks that his son-in-law, George Herron, is quite as fine a fel ow as Tom.-New York Ledger.

Cabby's Revenge. A stipendiary magistrate in a town n Yorkshire who was not given to err on the side of leniency once had before itm a cab driver who was charged with furious driving. After some severe comments on the man's conduct a

eavy fine was imposed. A few days after the trial the magis trate, who had been detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train, when seeing an empty cab handy, he halled the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a very gen

"I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window "drive faster than this." "It can't bedone, sir," replied the driv

er. "Ye see, if we drives faster we're fined; so we has to be careful." He did not alter his pace and neither did the "beak" catch his train .- London Tid-Bits.

The following remark of a Highland clergyman, taken from the Spectator shows that a Celt is a Celt, in Scotland as well as in Ireland.

In a sermon preached in a small inveighing against slothfulness, said by "Do you think Adam and Eve wen about the Garden of Eden with their

hands in their pockets?" The Cause. Askins-What has caused the change n Mai. Stiff's appearance of late? He used to look like one born to command. Grimshaw-He is married now, and has made the discovery that he wasn't

born for any such purpose.-Puck.

The Camel as a Plow Horse. Count Skorzewski, a wealthy land owner in the province of Posen, Gerneighbors, has introduced a novel departure on his Czerniejewoei estates, which stands a fair chance of being widely imitated in agricultural districts in Western Europe. Instead of a horse or ox or a camel is yoked to the plow, and the experiment has proved success ful beyond the count's most sanguine expectations. The camel, inured to hardships and privations, does double the work of a pair of horses, is exceedingly tractable and can be kept in good dition-for a camel-on a compara tively small quantity of inferior fodder. The "Skorzewski quadrupeds," as the peasants of Posen facetiously call the aborious intruders, were soon acclimatised, and are the envy of the coun-

Grasping. Chollis-Might I give you a pocketbook as a gift?

Only Half, he day we were married. He-Only half, unfortunately

A noisy person about an office causes

more cases of nervous prostration than overwork and bad health.

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet back the door of that hovel. Look at

there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the uso of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss. Well, there was a king by the name of Egion, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came pretending that he was going to pay the tax and asked to see Egion. He was told that he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to att in the mer house, the place to which the king re-tired when it was too hot to sit in the paiace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing fountains and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer house and said to Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waived

Immediately all the attendants were waived out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Elvd, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the shaft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of liberty amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conquerer and Israel is free So, O Lord, let all Thine enemies perish So, O Lord, let all Thy friends triumphi. I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men

I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use his left. Oh the power of left handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, actually de-fective in physical and mental organiza-

and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth 'gather about them all their treasures, snuffing at the world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his scres, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right handed men worse than useless—while many a man worse than useless-while many a man worse than useless—while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and started an influence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round

running and pulling? Men of no wonder ful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed and yet they were earnest, and yet they were triumphant.

were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand could throw a stone at a hair-breadth and no hand had not be the suppose it was practice that gave miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty and be not discour-aged if, in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take anothe; aged if, in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take anothe; stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim and the next time you will strike the centre. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick he does not expect to put in a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board or driver a bit through a beam he does not expect to make perfect execution. The lirst ter sends the plane over a board or driver a bit through a beam he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme he does not expect to chime "Lalla Rookh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised iff in your first efforts at doing good you are not very largely successful Understand that usefulness is an art, a sci ence, a trade. There was an oculist per forming a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that; it don' said: "How easily you do that; it don" seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to mora eyesight and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left handed men, to the work Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim, God direct the weap on, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle
he told his troops what he wanted them to
do, and after he had described what he
wanted them to do they said, "Well, genwanted them to do they said, "Well, gen-eral, what are you going to give us for al this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds and death. How do you like it?" His men stood be-fore him for a little while in silence and fore him for a little while in silence and then they threw up their hands and eried, "We are the men! We are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to His service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and afterwards there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresenta-tions, if you have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out. "We are the men! We are the men!" we laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight the heavens, but I think if our eyesight good enough we could see a

were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the strug-gle is flerce! It is store against store house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandellers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they got what they anticipate, what have they? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry ouse against house, street against stree mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry. "Down with the traitor! down with him!" Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandellers; the chandellers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats inon the night air. The voice of reverly floats out. Amid wreaths and of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded banners a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on

writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the loor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belchazzar was no worse perhaps than hundral than the state of t ireds of people in Babylon, but his posi-ion siew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in it may net be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chief-tain," or "He was mighty in worldly at-lainment," but this may be said of you and ne. "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christain, a friend to Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all culo-riums.

riums.

I learn further from this subject that leath comes to the summer house. Egion lid not expect to die in that fine piace.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

In the ship of the series of the serie could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at the little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, istaggering around its stray bed. Oh. death there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord, Jesus, come quickly!"
Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take ter! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity.

Ab, Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their gies. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and earry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow possed. Head the bow bends, the arrow possed.

marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here is a father in middle. His coming given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, pattent industry, all consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the king dom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

Thave seen men of wealth 'gather about the second property of the second prop a place as some people describe it to be. The scene changes. Father is sick. Th The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick giancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! Death in the summer house!

Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet.

caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropand grandenildren, her country ping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane and they cry. "Grandmother's cone! children see her coming through the lane, and they erv. "Grandmother's cone!" Care for you has marked upon her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She save she is not sick, but something tells your much longer have a mother.

hearth. Her soul goes out so genured on the exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you

since before you were born. Let the pil-grim rest, She is weary. Death in the summer house!

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury. When the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor, entering, does he wait to ex-amine the pictures we have gathered on the wall, or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek or whether there is color in the cheek or gentleness in the eye or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven. The ancients used to think that the strait entering the Red sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that the wrecked that have gone through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those age as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "Gate of Tears."

After the sharpest winter the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there comes the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the water rolls up they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human troubles Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosporescent track of His feet we might all follow

and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in a rail car who There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away. taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The se ond passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the car joited the chains rattled. On his face were crime depravity and despair. The train haited, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under, far different circumstances. She was a bride, Every hour was as gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to her father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits, and they refuse to pardon. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father reads. or the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Himfor sver! That will be a marriage banquet Father's welcome! Father kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

Despondency unnerves a man, hope invigorates him. -The house of Capet has the longest unbroken succession in the male line from Hugh Capet, king of France in

987, to Louis Philippe's abdiction in -In Prussia 413 school children under 15 years of age have committed suicide within the space of ten years. Three hundred and thirty-seven of the boys and seventy-six girls.

-The most costly piece of railway ine in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate stations, in London, which required the expenditure of close upon \$10,000,000 a mile

-A recent Parisian law compels all the theatres to have in attendance a doctor or a surgeon during all the per