Juniata Sentinel state and Republican.

F. SOHWEIER.

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Propristor.

VOL LIII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

NO. 14.



The Duchess.

CHAPTER V.

When a corner near the rhododendrons concealed them from view, Dysart from his sent and goes deliberatel rises over to where Lady Swansdown is sitting. She is an old friend of his, and he has therefore no qualms about being a little brusque with her where occasion demands

"Have a game?" says he. His suggesdon is full of playfulness; his tone, however, is stern.

"Dear Felix, why?" says she, smiling up at him beautifully. There is even a sus-picion of amusement in her smile. "A change!" says he. His words this

ing post." me might mean something, his tone anything. She can read either as she pleases. " says she, laughing. "There is nothing like change. You have awakened me to a delightful fact, Lord Baltimore, turning languidly to her companion, who has been a little distrait since his wife and son passed by him. "What do you say to trying a change for just we two?"

"If you will," says Baltimore, still a little vaguely. He gets up, however, and stretches his arms indolently above his head as one might who is flinging from py. him the remembrance of an unpleasant dream.

"The sun here is intolerable," says Lady Swansdown, rising, too. "More than one can endure. Thanks, dear Felix, for your suggestion. I should never have thought of the glade if you hadn't asked me to play that game.

She smiles a little maliciously at Dysart and, accompanied by Lord Baltimore, heard it yet." moves away from the assembled groups the lawn to the dim recesses of the lesfy glude. "Sold!" says Mr. Browne to Dysart. It

always impossible for Dickey to hold "But you needn't look so cut Ms tongue. up about it. 'Tisn't good enough, my dear fellow. I know em both by heart. Bal- ly. timore is as much in love with her as he

"Hah! lucky dog, that comes he

begun. To the girl beside him, nowever, ignorant of subterfuge, unknowing of the wiles that run in and out of society like a thread, his words sound sweet-the sweeter for the very hesitation that ao anies them. "I am not so perfect as you think me," says she, a little sadly-her voice a little

"That is true," says he, quickly, as though compelled against his will to find fault with her. "A while ago you were angry with me because I was driven to waste my time with people uncongenial to me That was unfair, if you like." He throws her own accusations back at her in the gentlest fashion. "I danced with this, that and the other person, but de you know where my heart was all the time?" He pauses for a moment; just long

"By the midday train; 1 gave myse enough to make more real his question. just time to snatch a sandwich, say a but hardly long enough to let ner reply word or two to my sister, whom I found to it. To bring matters to a climax would in the garden, and then came on here to not suit him at all. ask you to play this next game with me." "Yes, you do know "Yes, you do know," says he, seeing her

"Oh! I am so sorry, but I have promised about to speak. "And yet you misjudge it tome. If I were to tell you that I would

The words are out of her mouth before rather be with you than with any other she has realized the fact that Dysart i woman in the world, you would believe listening-Dysart, who is lying at her feet, watching every expression in her mobile me, wouldn't you?"

He stoops over her, and taking her hand, presses it fondly, lingeringly. "Answer face. She colors and looks down at him, confused, lovely. me

"Don't!" says Dysart, not loudly, no "Yes," says Joyce, in a low tone. It has curtly, yet in so strange and decided a not occurred to her that his words are a way that it renders her silent. "You question rather than an assertion. That mustn's mind me," says he, a second later, he loves her seems to her certain. A soft in his usual caim tone. "I know you and Beauclerk are wonderful players. You can give me a game later on." "A capital arrangement," says Beau "I cant to be bappy, fills her "A capital arrangement," says Beau "A capital arrangement," says Beau

clerk, comfortably, sinking into a chais ways feel so strange, so surprised, so unbeside her, with all the lazy manner of a sure, when love comes? man at peace with himself and his world "Yet you did doubt," says Beaucierk, ranch. Jim, the man-of-all-work, was

man at peace with himself and his world, "especially as I shall have to go in pres siving her hand a last pressure, and now driving her out from the station, fifteen saddle as best she could. The woman ently to write some letters for the even nestling back among his cushions with all the air of a man who has fought and con-

quered and has received his reward. He beams again, and looks boldly into "Well, don't let us throw an unpleasant Miss Kavanagh's eyes. She blushes hotly, memory into this happy hour. As I have and, dropping her fan, makes a little atsaid," taking up her fan and idly, if gracetempt to pick it up again. Mr. Beauclerk makes another little attempt, and so manfully, waving it to and fro, "after all this turmoil of the fight it is sweet to be at last in the haven where one would be." ages that his hand meets her. There is slight, an almost benevolent pressure. Had they looked at Dysart as they both He is smiling at Joyce-the gayest, the

most candid smile in the world. Beauclerk indeed is enjoying himsch a light, the light at the ranch headesumed their places, they could have seen that his face was white as death. Miss Kavanagh, too, looks a little pale, a little immensely. To a man of his temperament uncertain, but, as a whole, nervously hap to be able to play upon a nature as fine as honest, as pure as Joyce's, is to know

a keen delight. That the girl is dissatis "I've been down at the old place of Two been down at the old place of mine," goes on Mr. Beauclerk. "Terrible disremair-take thousands to put it in any can read as easily as though the working: disrepair-take thousands to put it in any of her soul lay before him in broad type sort of order. And where's one to get them? That's the one question that has got no answer nowadaws. Eh. Dynast?" ings of hers is a task that suits him. He got no answer nowadays. Eh, Dysart?" "There is an answer, however," says attacks it con amore.

"How silent you are," says he, very ger-leastwise for us." Dysart, curtly, not looking at him. gently, when he has let quite a long pause "Ah, well, I suppose so. But I haven't

"I am tired. I think." "Oh, yes, I think you have," says Dy "Of me?" sart, quite politely, but grimly, neverthe-

"Of what, then?" He has found that as "Dear fellow, how? where? unless on a rule there is nothing a woman likes betdiscovers a mine or an African diamond ter than to be asked to define her own feelings. Joyce, however, disappoints him.

(To be continued.)

Before Santiago.

the tension-but it ended my fighting."

where they have wings, much less use them. This is due to the money in-vested in them generally taking wings

first. -A tax of two shillings upon every

-A contrivance to prevent snoring

he at present represents Charlotte County, Ga., in the lower house of the

-There is a rosary in the British

museum made of the vertebrae of a snake's bone. Another is composed of

-Mrs. Tan Jiok Kim, late of Singa-

pore, is buried in a \$20,000 coffin. It was decorated with silk, gold and pre-

clous stones, and was the most costly coffin ever constructed in the Straits

the islands are too small to brand.

-No bird can fly backward withou

-There are 506,000 persons

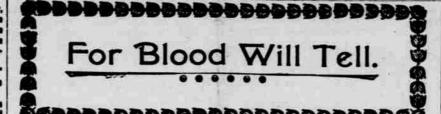
Legislature.

rats' teeth.

Settlements.

Airships seldom come to that point

"Or an heiress," says Dysart, incidental-Sitting up so late, I suppose." "Look here!" says he, in a voice so ful



n a seconde a second a second

T was rapidly growing dusk of The foam came from his teeth, and hi the wide prairie, and the stars were flanks were white. Alice leaned forjust beginning to show like glitterward in the saddle, as she urged him ing diamond points. Just the suggeson, and stroked his neck. tion of the autumn was in the cool

A moment more and they were at the night air. The stillness as Jim and creek, a shallow stream. Beyond, Alles Miss Waring drove along over the sicould see a low house silhouetted lent plain was broken now and then against a great red bank of fiame. The by a sharp, startling rattle, a sound fire was coming. Already she could once heard never to be forgotten, the | feel the intense heat. A leap and a danger signal of the deadly rattlebound; they were over the stream and snake colled up in the long, brown on again with still swifter flight. It was a matter of seconds now until the

"Hit appears to me," Jim was say- low sod house was reached. In front ing, "that that air wind don't bode any of it was the Russian peasant woman. good to the settlers 'round these parts." frantically trying to save some of her household goods by dragging them "Guess you hain't ever ben on one

with one hand further from the course of our Dakoty perairies afore, Miss of the fire, while in one arm she clutched the baby, around which she had Waring, or you wouldn't have asked thrown a wet shawl to protect it from such a question. There's two things out hyar that's more feared than the the heat. Old Nick himself-one on 'em's a perai-"Why didn't you run?" cried Alice, rie fire and another's a perarie with the as she jumped from the horse; "don't

wind a-blowin' a forty-mile-an-hour you see, the fire is almost on you? You can't save your things; run for the They rode on again in silence. Agnes creek! Run, I say, or you'll be burned Waring had come from the far great to death!" Alice caught the child from the woman's arms and sprang up into the stood as if stupefied, the red glow from

"By the long-horned spoons?" said the coming flames lighting up her stolid Jim suddenly, rising in his seat and face. The fire was coming on faster now; they could hear the roar and stopping the horses with a tremendous jerk, "look over there, will you? Thar's

bizness for us, sure's you're a foot high! Git up there?" he yelled to the horses, and, giving one of them a stinging blow with his whip, they sprang quarters nearly a mile away. To the left of it a dull, reddish glow had come up and, now and then, at the horizon line, where the darker part of the sky was lost in the prairie, sharp flames "Don't be skeered," Jim ejaculated, as he whipped the horses into a yet more furious pace; "there ain't no dan-

Alice was a self-possessed city girl crackle as it swept through the long. with a generous stock of old-fashioned common sense; but she was startled at ' man-high grass of the swale beyond the fence. Jim's actions and her face had grown

run fast enough now to get to the "Everything's all right." said Jim, as reassuring as he could under the cir- creek; jump behind me, quick! quick! or we shall all be burned. I can't leave He had seized the reins between his you here to die!" firm, strong teeth, and now with one The woman's stolid nature was

at last by the animal fear of

MUSIC IN PORTO RICO.

The National Instrument, the Guira,

Like all other Spanish-speaking peo ples, the Porto Ricans are fond of music. Every cafe has its orchestra, for a cafe could hardly do business without one. Every main street during the latof Refuge From the World's St ter part of the day has its little itiner-TEXT: "Let them learn first to show plety at home."-I Timothy v., 4. ant band of guitar and violin players, and the warm nights are made pleasant During the summer months the tendency

to the strollers along the streets by the sound of stringed instruments which foats from behind the latticed, vine-clad screen of private residences. Nearly all of the airs are pitched in a minor key, which, even when intend-ed to be joyous, contains a plaint to the Angle-Saxon fond of Sousa's robust music. To one who has traveled in Spanish lands the music of Porto Ricci at first seems very familiar, but the ear at first seems very familiar, but the ear is not long in discovering something novel in the accompaniment to the melody.

Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occa-iion in which to preach righteousness, temperanee and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and It sounds at first like the rhythmical shuffle of feet upon sanded floor, and one might suppose some expert clog dancer was nimbly stepping to the music made by the violins and guitars. there you can exhibit all that is grand and The motion is almost too quick, too complicated, for this, however, and it is the deftness of fingers, and not feet which produces it.

where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian charac-ter and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resound-ing sphere. If Peter will not help the crip-ple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 into the king-dom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salva-It comes from the only musical instrument native to the West Indies, the "guira," which word is pronounced take pains to instruct in the way of salva-tion the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, "huir-r-a." with a soft roll and twist to the tongue only possible to the native he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact The "guira" is a gourd varying in size in different instruments. On the inin different instruments. On the in-verse curve of the gourd are cut slits like those in the top of a violin. On the other side of the gourd opposite the balas is a series of deep scratches. The holes is a series of deep scratches. The

holes is a series of deep scratches. The player balances the gourd in his left hand, holding it lightly that none of the resonance may be lost. With the right hand he rapidly rubs this roughened side of the gourd with a two-tined steel fork. In the hands of a novice this produces nothing but a a novice this produces nothing but a love at the hearth, plenty at the table, in-

a novice this produces nothing but s harsh, disagreeable noise. In the hands of a native "guira" player a wonderful rhythmic sound comes from this dried vegetable shell—a sound which, in its place in the orchestra, becomes music, and most certainly gives splendid time and considerable volume to the per-formance. The player's hand moves with light-ning rapidity. The steel fork at times makes long sweeps the whole length of the gourd, and then again vibrates with incredible swiftness over but an inch or two of its surface. There seems to be a perfect method in its playing or two of its surface. There seems to be a perfect method in its playing though no musical record is before the player, and it seems to be a matter purely of his fancy and his ear as to how his part shall harmonize with the melody of the stringed instruments. The guira is found in all the Wesn

Leans the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those babels of iniquity which would overpower and de-stroy the home! The same storm that up-sets the ship in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household uten-sils are our best artillery, and the chim-neys of our dwelling houses are the grand-est monumeuts to safety and triumph. No home, no republic. SERMONS OF THE DAY et: "The Christian Home"-A Place For the Genesis and Rounding Out of racter-The Family Circle a Haven

Further, home is a school. Old ground nust be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their baart youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influonces thrown over their heart and life will come up in after iffe luxuri-antly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your iffe will come up again in the gentality of your shildren. And every ebuilition of anget and every "macantrolable display c"

indignation will be fuel to this disposition of twenty or thirty or forty years from now -fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of

trom this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectifude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls not expect the little feet to keep step to a lead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse" or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innnocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "Children Amid Flowers." and the "Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no hint of theerfulness from grasshopper's leap and amb's frisk and quail's whistle and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the st the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at and taking just to hear itself taik? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the son and every mountain stream were raving mad, froth-ing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill nor waterfail's dash, but only bear's burk and panther's scream and well's howl, and you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes

had bays and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women. Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksfight for protection? what No that's giving in the morping for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and there-fore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jers-miah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His



"Quick! quick, I say! no, you can't

Is Simple but Ingenious.

with his Irish tenants, but his imagination is his strong point, and it pleases him to think he has found at last for the twentieth time a solace for all his woes in the disinterested love of somebody, it really never matters who."

"There is more in it than you think." mys Dysart, gloomily.

'Not a fraction!" airily.

"And what of her? Lady Swansdown?" "Of her! Her heart has been in such constant use for years that by this time it must be in tatters. Give up thinking about that. Ah! here is my beloved girl He makes an elaborate gesture of delight as he sees Joyce advancing in his direction. "Dear Joyce!" beaming on her, who shall say there is nothing in animal ruin.' magnetism. Here I have been just talking about you to Dysart, and telling him what lost soul I feel when you're away, and

instantly, as if in answer to my keen desire, you appear before me." "Why aren't you playing tennis?" de mands Miss Kayanagh, with a cruel disre

gard of this flowery speech. "Because I was waiting for you." "Well, I'll beat you," says she. "I al-

Hotter and hotter grows the sun; the

evening comes on apace; a few people from neighboring houses have dropped in Mrs. Monkton among others, with Tommy in tow. The latter, who is supposed entertain a strong affection for Lady Balore's little -son, no sooner, however, sees Dicky Browne than he gives himself up to his keeping. What the attraction is that Mr. Browne has for children has

never yet been clearly defined. "I'll stay with Dicky," says Tommy finging himself broadcast on Mr. Browne's reluctant chest, that gives forth a compulsory "Wough!" as he does so "He'll tell me a story."

"Don't be unhappy, Mrs. Monkton, says the latter, when he has recovered a from the shock; Tommy is a wellgrown boy with a sufficient amount of add pose matter about him to make his descen "I'll promise to be careful. Nothing French, I assure you. Nothing that could shock the young mind or teach it how to shoot in the wrong direction. My tales are always strictly moral."

"Well, fommy, be good!" says Mrs. Monkton, with a last imploring glance at her son, who has already forgotten her eristence, being lost in a wild wrestling match with his new friend. With deep forebodings his mother leaves him and goes upon her way. Passing Joyce, she says in a low whisper:

"Keep an eye on Tommy." "Yes, I'll look after him."

And so perhaps she might have done had not a light step sounding just behind her chair at this moment caused her to start -to look round-to forget all but what

He is a very aristocratic looking man, tall, with large limbs, and big indeed in every way. His eyes are light, his nose a handsome Roman, his forchead massive, and if not grand in the distinctly intell thet? and if not grand in the distinctly intellectual way, still a fine forehead and impressive. His hands are of a goodly size, exquisitely proportioned, and very white, the skin almost delicate. He is rather like his sister, Lady Baltimore, and yet so different from her in every way that the resemblance that is there torments

erver. "Why!" says Joyce. It is the most fool ish exclamation, and means nothing, but she finds herself a little taken off her guard. "I didn't know you were here!" She has half risen. "Neither did I-how d'ye do, Dysart?-

until half an hour ago. Won't you shake bands?" He holds out his own hand to her as he

speaks. There is a quizzical light in his eyes as he wropks, nothing " offend, but one can see that he finds amusement in e fact that the girl has been so much impressed by his unexpected appearance of it is honest. "I never met anyone like

a little, as she notes her mistake.

earnest et you," says Beauclerk, giving him a playful pot on his shoulder and stooping from his chair to do it, as Dysart still sits upon the grass, Not to me."

"No? You will be modest? Well, well! honestly, mind-are you not forcing your-But, talking of that old place, I assure you, Miss Kavanagh, it worries me-it self to regard me as a monster of insincerity ?" does, indeed. It sounds like one's duty to "You are wrong," says she, slowly.

restore it, and still-" There are better things than even an lieve you a very giant of sincerity." old place," says Dysart. "Ah! you haven't one, you see," cries "And you find that difficult?" Beauclerk, with the utmost geniality. "If you had-I really think if you had you would understand that it requires a sacri-

fice to give it up to moths and rust and A lieutenant, who was among the wounded before Santiago, thus de-"I said there were better things than old places," says Dysart, never looking in his direction. "And if there are, make a for a rapid-fire gun: "We were going

forward under a scattering fire from sacrifice." "Pouf! Lucky fellows like you-gay the front, and all at once, off at the soldier lads-with hearts as light as sunright, a rapid-firing gun opened on us beams, can easily preach; but sacrifices are not so easily made. There is that There was no smoke, so we couldn'i locate the battery exactly, but we could horrid word, Duty! And a man sometimes think! Come on, Miss Kava-nagh, let us get our scalps. Dysart, will grass like spray from a hose. They must grass like spray from a hose. They didn't have the range at first, and the

you fight it out with us?" No. thanks." "A fraid?" saviy.

"Of you-no," smiling; the smile is ad-nirably done, and would be taken as the renuine article anywhere. "Of Miss Kavanagh, then?"

spray, driven by some invisible, relent-For a brief instant, and evidently gainst his wish, Dysart's eyes met those of Joyce. "The next game is ours, Mr. Dysart, re-

member," says she, glancing at Dysart watched as though we were fascinated that's a Russian woman an' her six by it. I didn't feel as if men had any. weeks' old baby. She's all alone, for over her shoulder, a touch of anxiety in thing to do with it. It was an imper I saw her husband in town when we

her eyes. "I always remember," says he, with a rather ambiguous smile. What is he re-membering now? Joyce's mouth takes a grave turn as she follows Beauciers down the marble steps that lead to the canis ground below.

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, after all, life has its compensa tions," says Mr. Beauclerk, sinking upon the satin lounge beside Miss Kavanagh, and giving way to a rapturous sigh.

It is a week later, and the ball given by Lord and Lady Baltimore is in full swing. Beauclerk is looking very big and very handsome. His close-cropped, eminently aristocratic head is thrown a little back, to aristocratic need is thrown a little black, to give full play to the ecstatic smile be is directing at Joyce. "I thought I should never be able to get a dance with you; you see"-smiling-thrown a state of two shiftings upon every chimney in England was collected for twenty-seven years, from 1662 to 1683. —The highest mountain is Mt. Ever-est, in Thibet, 29,002 feet, or 53-4

dance with you; you see"-smiling-when one is the belle of the evening one "when one is the bells of might have kept grows difficult. But you might have kept a fifth or sixth for a poor outsider like me. Wyandotte, Kan. It is a bridle of rub-Wyandotte, Kan. It is a bridle of rub-

An old friend, too." ber webbing which is fastened und "Old friends don't count at a dance. I'm the nose and keeps the mouth shut. afraid," says she with a smile as genial as his own, "though for the matter of

that."

"Oh! that first!" says he, with a gesture of impatience. "I shan't forgive Isabel in a hurry about that; she ruined my even-ing-up to this. However," throwing off, who cannot speak English. In Scot-land there are 43,000 who only speak Gaelic, and in Ireland 20.000 who speak only Irish. ing-up to this. However, throwing of, as it were, unpleasant memories by a shake of his head, "don't let me spoll my one good time by dwelling upon a bad one. Here I am now at all events; here is comfort, here is peace. The hour I have been longing for is mine at last."

"It might have been yours considerably earlier," says Miss Kavanagh, with very noteworthy deliberation, humored by his lover-like glances, which, after all, have

more truth in them than most of his declarations. She sits, playing with her fan, and with a face immorable as any sphinx, "Do you know," says Mr. Beauclerk, gently, "I think you are the one sweet character in the world." There is a great amount of belief in his tone; perhaps half

-At the annual dog show in the Crystal Palace, London, the fox terrier class was so large that it took all of one day to judge them. -Horses in the Philippines are a curiosity. The few that are raised in the islands are too small to brand impressed by his unexpected appearance that she has even forgotten the small acts of courtesy with which we greet our friends. She had, indeed, been dead to everything but his coming. "You came " followed by the second state of the second state o

"You came_____" falters she, stammering are eloquent; his tongue alone retrains little, as she notes her mistake. from finishing the declaration that he had heart.

it Joyce involum hand, now with the other, now with tarily stares at him, "I know what is the matter with you. You are fighting against your better nature. You are trying to be both, he was whipping the horses into still greater speed. "Hate-ter-lick a team-like this"-as the wagon bounce ungenerous. You are trying to believe what you know is not true. Tell meand tumbled and rattled along; "hate ter do hit-but hit-can't be helped-

hossback?"

before her.

afeerd. be you?"

losing my life, Jim?"

sake, or you'll be too late."

cheeks.

hand.

Wale

pale.

were darting up.

grass.

"Why so, Jim?"

miles from the ranch.

when there's life-depends-on it." A few moments more and the horse dashed up to the big ranch headquar am forcing myself, on the contrary, to be ters house. Jim threw the lines to the ground and seizing Alice by the waist, jumped out with her.

cumstances; "don't you be skeered."

"Sorry to be so imperlite, but ther ain't any time to wait-kin you ride

Barely waiting for an affirmative an thought to her mind that horses in swer from the girl, who was passion burning buildings would stay and die ately fond of riding, and who modestly in the flames before they would be led owned the gold medal for superio out. It would be impossible to reach horsewomanship in her city riding the creek on foot; in half a minut club, Jim ran to the barn, fung a man's more the flames would be on them saddle on a beautiful horse, and before Snatching the wet shawl from the baby Alice had time to recover from her sur with one hand, and swinging the child prise at this novel introduction to her backward to its mother with the other. brother's establishment, the horse was she threw the shawl over the horse's head. With the sight of the fire shut

out he quivered, turned as the bit gave "You say you kin ride; wa'al here' shower of bullets went swinging back the best chance to show hit you ever him a sharp twist, and, just as the and forth, clipping off the tops of the had in your life. That's the best hose flames were leaping over the sheds grass and coming nearer us with every in McLeod County-racin' blood for hard by the house, he sprang away. sweep. You can't imagine the sensa- five generations; there ain't nothin' but It was a race for life now-for three tions it gave us to watch that death a perairie fire kin ketch him. Jump lives; for the wind had increased to a him, Miss Waring, ride straight toward gale, and there is nothing more terrible less force, creeping on and on, reaching the fire yonder; thar ain't no dange out, and feeling for us. There was now till you git ter Mule Crick. Jes in this world tean such a relentless ocean of flame as was rolling over the something unnatural about it, and we over the crick a quarter of a mile or so grass-grown plain.

Alice thought of Jim's parting ad-

"He's never been licked in his life: sonal, deadly enemy that I couldn't left. They hain't backfired an inch. but if you have ter, give it to him redfight and couldn't escape. There wasn't and you've got to git the woman and hot!"

a living enemy within sight. At last, her baby over the crick. See? I'd go With a sharp cry, urging the horse with one big sweep the shower reached myself, but the wind is shifted and on under his heavy burden, she struck us. Men all around me dropped, and this hull ranch'll be in danger afor him with all her strength on the quivthen I felt a sting in my side, and down long. You'll pass your brother and a I went. I believe we were all thankful parcel o' men backfirin' along the line ering flank, not once, but many times, He jumped as if stung by a rattlesnake when that gun found us. It relieved don't stop for any explanations, bu and seizing the bit in his teeth, sprang ride fer the crick an' ride as if Old away as if shot from some mighty cata-Harry was on yer track! You been't pult. Alice had lost all control of him now

The blood had come back to the pale She could neither guide nor check nor urge him. The blood of a noble ances-"You say there's little danger of my try, the blood of a racer was on fire in his veins. Down the short hill, over "Not a bit-of you only git the brook, up the further side, on over the plain like some wild spirit of the woman across the crick in time; but

don't wait-jump quick, fer the Lord's night he ran. A cheer that you could have heard a mile, and that, mayhap. With a rude toss he threw her was heard clear up to the stars of heaven, rang out as Prince Hal, white mddle as if she had been a child, and with foam, flew by the crowd of men. handed her the reins. As he did so he "Wa'al, ef you ain't the pluckiest gal!" said Jim, as he helped Alice from thrust a short, cruel rawhide into her

the saddle; "an' you ain't agoin' ter "Don't hit him with that unless yo have to-he's never been licked in his faint, nuther; I kin tell it by your eye. ife; but he can outrun a cyclone. Ef Didn't I tell you he could outrun a have ter hit him give it to him redcyclone? But there had ter be somebody a-top o' him who knew how te It is long, sometimes, before a horse

ride."-Independent. and its rider become acquainted with

one another; but it seemed but a few Woman's Wit. He-If I had known how sarcastle seconds to Allce before she and the poble animal were old friends. Jim was you were I never would have married right, Prince Hal could run; and after you.

the first few tremendous jumps and She-You had a chance to notice it Alice had steadled herself in the saddle Didn't I say "This is so sudden" when the thrilling excitement stirred her you proposed to me after a two-years' courtship?-Cincinnati Enquirer. blood like an intoxicant, and she realused that Jim had told the truth: it

promised to be the race of her life. 'Je-ho-sa-phat!" exclaimed a man Have you noticed that the person who was plowing a fire furrow along who make records by sleeping several the edge of the ranch where the men days and nights are always women? were at work. "Mr. Waring, look, will A boy isn't given a chance to puzzle you! Look at Prince Hal!"

Mr. Waring had not more than time to look up before he saw his choicest doesn't get up on time. mount pass by him like the wind, a girl with hair flying behind her on his back, the horse going at a pace that not ; his fastest Kentucky ancester ever

turning. The dragon fly, however, can accomplish this feat and outstrip any matched. On the horse went as if he, too, knew

ger, and while the heat grew more intense every minute, she clambered up behind Alice. Prince Hal's face was toward the fire. He had not moved since he reached the spot; he seemed like some

> beautiful statue, his body motionless. his ears sharp erect, his nostrils distended; the awful fascination of the fire was upon him. Alice pulled at the bit to turn him. He paid no attention. She spoke sharply, but he only moved uneasily he would not stir from the snot. Swift er than an electric shock came the

BATHS NOT HER SPECIALTY. Hospital Patient Had Not Bad One in tix Months.

This actually occurred in one of the pospitals in the city where a number of patients from the lower walks of life are brought for free treatment. One night the police ambulance brought a young woman who was suffering from hands, and after much vain labor she vent to one of the older nurses for advice. It being a case of rheumatism, they disliked to risk putting her in a tub, but there seemed to be no help for K. so they soused her into the hot water and used soap, soda, alcohol and everything else the place afforded, and they rubbed, scrubbed and scoured with but little success. At last the elder nurse

exclaimed: "I don't believe you ever had a bath before, did you?" "Yes. I did." answered the patient in tones of indignation.

"Just before I was married." "How long ago was that?" "A little over six months."-Chicage hronicle.

Deductive Philosophy "I am quite certain that Edith inends to marry Tom." "But they are not engaged, are

"Not that I know of, but they go everywhere together. He never goes with another girl, and she never accepts attentions from another man." "That is good as far as it goes, but is t enough to make one certain that she intends to marry him? Has she told you so?"

"Oh, no; she has not said a word where we may forget our annoyances and exapperations and troubles. Forlorn earth about it to me, nor to anyone else so far pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is bet ter. The grave is brighter and grande as I know."

"Then what makes you so sure?" and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harkor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who "I have watched them a great deal, and I am convinced that Edith is taking a long look ahead, for whenever Tom tries to spend any money on her she always dissuades him."

Nutrition in Oysters

A quart of oysters contain, on th average, about the same quantity of nutritive substance as a quart of milk or a pound of very lean beef.

Daabridged.

Parke-Have you got a good list of ames to select from for your new

Lane-You bet! My wife has kept a record of all the servant girls we have had during the past month .- New York

The guira is found in all the Weat Indies, but seems especially popular in Porto Rico. The players generally make their own instruments, and apparently become attached to them, for as poor as these strolling players are they will hardly part with their guiras, even when offered ten times their real value. They are distinctly a Porto Ricon is strange as it may seem, Porto Rico is probably more destitute of tourists "loot" than any foreign country known name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your chil-dren look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off BATHS NOT HER SPECIALTY.
Ide character.
Private character is often in the island as a souvenir which is distinctly native and peculiar.—Kansas City Star.
BATHS NOT HER SPECIALTY. into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Worms, and only wish that they had som

noods and freshets. • As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tem-pestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their stime.

lounge, half awake and half asleep-I dreamed this dream: I was in a far coun-try. If was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great orni-thologist, with gun and ;pencil went through the forests of America to bring was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered about looking for thorns and nettles, but down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toll and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia and went off for a few days of young woman who was suffering from a severe case of rheumatism. The first part of the treatment accorded patients is a thorough bath before they are plac-ed between the clean sheets, and the unpleasant task of administering the scrub is a part of the duty of the proba-tioners, as the nurses are called during the first six months of their training. The one who attempted the work in this case found a hopeless job on her hands, and after much vain labor she found that none of them grew there. And I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and sweiter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire. off the holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the s who are city to find the place where the dead sleep, the loss of a and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said. "Where do the poor wor-ship and where are the hard banches on making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have \$400,000 or \$500,000 of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show plety at home. If we have it not to show plety at home. If we have it not there, we bave it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility amerely springs from the fear of the world or from the alimy, putrid pool of our own selfish-ness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not

ship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this coun-try." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found man-sions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths it or not. among the leaves and up the flowery paths Again, home is a refuge. Life is the and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew United States army on the national road to Mexico-a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we their step, and as they should I thought I know their voices, but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and our head on the knapsack we sleep until the morning bugie calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day seated by the still campfire of the home circlei Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails and hulk club ar an in a the heator of home they clapped their hands and should "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all van-ished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven, and I looked around and I said, "Are we all aleak we put in at the harbor of aleak we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock. The candle in the window is to the tolling man the lighthouse guid-ing him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is un-laden. There is the piace where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the piace where we may courge without being thought ungraceful. There is the piace where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the piace where we may forget our annovances and here?" and the voices of many generations responded. "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedar, were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their wel-come we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home."

- The yellow silk spider of Ceylon is perhaps the largest of his species. His average weight is nine ounces.

-In an article on Pekin Dr. Goldbaum declares that a pawn-shop, where he can put up his wardrobe, seems to be an indisp institution to the Chinese indispensable Inerhant.

-Untamed camels are not the docile gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home! Further, home is a political saferrard. The safety of the State must be built or the safety of the home. Why cannol France come to a placid rerubile? Mac-ation appoints ais ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambette dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. The Dreyfur case is at this moment a slumbering earth-quake under Paris. France, as a nation, has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only hearthstone for a republic. The virtuee cultured in the family circle are an abso-lute necessity for the State. If there be after months of breaking. In the wild state they are extremely vicious, and can kick harder, higher, swifter and

-Professor Process asserts that 100.-000.000 people lived and died in Ameri-ca before Columbus' discovery.

-India has perhaps a greater va riety of plants than any other coun-riety of plants than any other coun-try in the world, having fifteen thou-sand native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe embraces only about ten thousand.

oftener than a mule, and sometimes seem to use all four feet at once.

interesting for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough po-litical principle to make the State adhere, be home means the State adhere, be home means the Goths and Tandals, He home means the Goths and Tandals, He home means the State adhere, be home means the state adhere a

the scientists; every one in the family takes a turn at calling a boy if he

He-But, my dear, if she told it to / you in confidence you shouldn't tell me. She (pouting)-Oh! well, if you don't care to hear it never mind - Pack

"When was it?"

they?"