Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

"Some women are like that," says he, gloomily. "They can open wide their heart to their children, yet close it against the fathers of them. Isabel's whole life is given up to her child; she regards it as hers entirely; she allows me no share in him. Not," eagerly, "that I grudge him one inch the affection she gives him. He has a father worthless enough. Let his mother make it up to him."

"Yet he loves the father best," says Lady Swansdown, quickly.

"I hope not," with a suspicion of violence.

"He does, believe me. One can see it. That saintly mother of his has not half the attraction for him that you have. Why, look you, it is the way of the world, why dispute it? Well, well," her triumphant voice deepening to a weary whisper. "When one thinks of it all, she is not too happy." She draws her hand in a little bewildered way across her white brow.

"You don't understand her," says Baltimore, frigidly. "She lives in a world of her own. No one would dare penetrate it. Even I—her husband, as you call me in mockery—am outside it. I don't believe she ever cared for me. If she had, do you think she would have given a thought to that infamous story?"

"About Madame Istray?"

"Yes. You, too, heard of it ,then?"

"Who hasn't heard? Violet Waldron was not the one to spare you." She pauses and looks at him with all her heart in her eyes. "Was there no truth in that story?" asks she at last, her words coming with a little rush.

"None. I swear it! You believe me?" He has come nearer to her and taken her hand in the extremity of this desire to be believed in by somebody.

"I believe you," says she, gently. Her voice is so low that he can catch the words only; the grief and misery in them is unknown to him. Mercifully, too, the moon has gone behind a cloud, a tender preparation for the darkness to come, so that he cannot see the two heart-broken tears that steal slowly down her cheeks.

"This is more than Isabel does," says he, with a laugh that has something of despair in it.

"You tell me, then," says Lady Swansdown, "that you never saw Madame Istray after your marriage?"

"Never, willingly."

"Oh, willingly!"

"Don't misjudge me. Hear the whole story then—if you must!" cries he, passionately—"though if you do, you will be the first to hear it. I am tired of being thought a liar!"

"Go on," says she, in a low, shocked tone.

"Well, one day, one of the many days during which I went up to town, after a long afternoon with Goodman & Smale, in the course of which they had told me they would probably require me to call at their office to meet one of the most influential tenants at nine the next morning, I met, on leaving their office, Marchmont—Marchmont of the Tenth, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"He and a couple of other fellows belonging to his regiment were going down to Richmond to dine. Would I come? It was dull in town, toward the close of the season, and I was glad of any invitation that promised a change of program—anything that would take me away from a dull evening at my club. I made no inquiries; I accepted the invitation, got down in time for dinner, and found Madame Istray was one of the guests."

"Go on."

"You are a woman of the world, Beatrice; you will let me confess to you that there had been old passages between me and Madame Istray at one time. Nothing very special—nothing—well, I swear to you I had never so much as thought of her since my marriage—nay, since my engagement to Isabel. From that hour my life had been clear as a sheet of blank paper. I had forgotten her; I verily believe she had forgotten me, too. At that dinner I don't think she exchanged a dozen words with me. On my soul," pushing back his hair with a slow, troubled gesture from his brow, "this is the truth."

"Your wife has wronged you, terribly," says Lady Swansdown in a low tone.

"Thank you," cried he, a passion of gratitude in his tone. "To be believed in by some one so thoroughly as you believe in me, is to know happiness indeed. Whatever happens, I can count on you as my friend."

"Your friend, always," says she, in a very low voice—a voice somewhat broken. "Come," she says, rising suddenly and walking toward the distant lights in the house.

He accompanies her silently.

Very suddenly she turns to him, and lays her hand upon his arm.

"Be my friend," says she, with a quick access of terrible emotion.

Entreaty and despair mingle in her tone.

"Forever," returns he, fervently, tightening his grasp on her hand.

"Well," sighing, "it hardly matters. We shall not meet again for a long, long time."

CHAPTER IX.

"Well?" says Dysart.

He advances, and dropping on a stone close to Joyce, takes possession of one of her hands.

"Joyce," he says, "I want my answer. Will you marry me?"

Joyce grows a little pale. She had certainly been prepared for this speech, had been preparing herself for it all the long, weary, wakeful night; yet now that she hears it, it seems as strange, as terrible, as though it had never suggested itself to her in its vaguest form.

"Why should I answer?" says she at last, stammering a little and feeling somehow disingenuous. She had known, yet now she is trying to pretend that she did not know!

"Because when a man's last chance of happiness lies in the balance he will throw his very soul into the weighing of it—and, knowing this, you may have pity on me."

As though pressed down by some insupportable weight, the girl rises and makes a little curious gesture as if to free herself from it. Her face, still pale, betrays an inward struggle. After all, why cannot she give herself to him? Why can't she love him? He loves her; love, as some poor old fool says, begets love.

And he is honest. Yes, honest! A pang shoots through her breast. That, when all is told, is the principal thing. He is not uncertain—untrustworthy — double-faced as some men are. Again that cruel pain contracts her heart. To be able to believe in a person, to be able to trust implicitly in each lightest word, to read the real meaning in every sentence, to see the truth shining in the clear eyes, this is to know peace and happiness; and yet—

"You know all," says she, looking up a him, her eyes compressed, her brow frowning; "I am uncertain of myself, nothing seems sure to me, but if you wish it——"

"Wish it!" clasping her hands closer.

"There is this to be said, then. I will promise to answer you this day twelve-month."

"Twelve months," says he, with consternation; his grasp on her hands loosens.

"If the prospect frightens or displeases you, there is nothing more to be said," rejoins she, coldly. It is she who is calm and composed, he who is nervous and anxious.

"But a whole year!"

"That or nothing," says she, releasing her hands, with a little determined show of strength, from his. "It is for you to decide. I don't care!"

Perhaps she hardly grasps the cruelty that lies in this half-impatient speech, until she sees Dysart's face flush painfully.

"You need not have said that," says he, "I knew it. I am nothing to you really." He pauses, and then says again in a low tone, "Nothing."

"Oh, you mustn't feel so much!" cries she, as if tortured. "It is folly to feel at all in this world. What's the good of it? And to feel about me, I am not worth it. If you would only bear that in mind, it might help you."

"If I bore that in mind I should not want to make you my wife!" returns he, steadily, gravely. "Think as you will of yourself, you do not shake my faith in you. Well," with a deep breath, "I accept your terms. For a year I shall feel myself bound to you, while you shall hold yourself free, and try to love me."

"No, no. We must both be equal—both free while I——" she stops short, coloring warmly, and laughing. "What is it I am to try to do?"

"To love me!" replies he, with infinite sadness in look and tone.

"Yes," says Joyce, slowly, and then again meditatively, "yes." She lifts her eyes presently and regards him strangely. "And if all my trying should not succeed? If I never learn to love you."

"Why, then it is all over. This hope of mine is at an end," says he, so calmly, yet with such deep melancholy, such sad foreboding, that her heart is touched.

"Oh, it is a hope of mine, too," says she, quickly. "If it were not, would I listen to you to-day? But you must not be so downhearted; let the worst come to the worst, you will be as well off as you are this instant."

He shakes his head.

"Does hope count for nothing, then?"

"You would compel me to love you," says she, growing the more vexed as she grows the more sorry for him. "Would you have me marry you even if I did not love you?" Her soft eyes have filled with tears, there is a suspicion of reproach in her voice.

"No, I suppose not."

He half turns away from her. At this moment a sense of despair falls on him.

"Joyce," he then says, quickly, turning to her and grasping her hands, "give me my chance. Give me those twelve months; give me your thoughts now and then while they last. I brought you here to-day to say all this, knowing we should be alone. But you, Joyce—twelve months is a long time. You may see others—if not Beauclerk—others—and——"

"Money would not tempt me," says the girl, slowly. "If money were your rival, you would indeed be safe. You ought to know that."

"Still—Joyce——" He stops suddenly. "May I think of you as Joyce? I have called you so once or twice, but——"

"You may always call me so," says she, gently, if indifferently. "All my friends call me so, and you—are my friend, surely?"

The very sweetness of her manner, cold as ice as it is, drives him to desperation.

"Not your friend—your lover!" says he with sudden passion. "Joyce, think of all that I have said—all you have promised. A small matter to you, perhaps—the whole world to me. You will wait for me for twelve months. You will try to love me. You——"

"Yes, but there is something more to be said," cries the girl, springing to her feet as if in violent protest, and confronting him with a curious look—set—determined—a little frightened, perhaps.

"More?" says Dysart, startled by her expression, and puzzled as well.

"Yes!" hurriedly. "This!" The very nervousness that is consuming her throws fire into her eyes and speech. "During all these long twelve months I shall be free. Quite free. You forget to put that in! You must remember that! If—if I should, after all this thinking, decide on not having anything to do with you—you," vehemently, "will have no right to reproach me. Remember," says she, going up to him and laying her hand upon his arm, while the blood receding from her face leaves her very white; "remember, should such a thing occur—and it is very likely," slowly, "I warn you of that—you are not to consider yourself wronged or aggrieved in any way."

"Why should you talk to me in this way?" begins he, aggrieved now at all events.

"You must recollect," feverishly, "that I have made you no promise. Not one. I refuse even to look upon this matter as a serious thing. I tell you honestly," her dark eyes gleaming with nervous excitement. "I don't believe I ever shall so look at it. After all," pausing, "you will do well if you now put an end to this farce between us; and tell me to take myself and my dull life out of yours forever."

"I shall never tell you that," in a low tone. "The future—who can ever say what that great void will bring to us? I will trust to it; and if only loss and sorrow be my portion, still—— As for friendship, Joyce, whatever happens, I shall be your friend and lover."

CHAPTER X.

"I hope I'm not dreadfully late," cries Joyce, carelessly, taking off her cap, and giving her head a little light shake, as if to make her pretty soft hair fall into its usual charming order. "I have no idea what the time is."

"Broken your watch, Dysart?" asks Beauclerk, in a rather nasty tone.

"Come and sit here, dearest, and have your tea," says Lady Baltimore, making room on the lounge beside her for Joyce, who has grown a little red.

"It is so warm here," says she, nervously, that one remark of Beauclerk's having somehow disconcerted her. "If—if I might——"

"No, no; you mustn't go upstairs for a little while," says Lady Baltimore, with kindly decision. "But you may go into the conservatory if you like," pointing to an open door off the library, that leads into a bower of sweets. "It is cooler there."

"Far cooler," says Beauclerk, who has followed Joyce with a sort of determination in his genial air. "Let me take you there, Miss Kavanagh."

It is impossible to refuse. Joyce, coldly, almost disdainfully, and with her head held higher than usual, skirts the groups that line the walls on the western side of the room and disappears with him into the conservatory.

"A little foolish going for that walk, wasn't it?" says he, leading her to a low-cushioned chair over which a gay magnolia bends its white blossoms. His manner is innocence itself: ignorance itself would perhaps better express it. He has decided on ignoring everything; though a shrewd guess that she saw something of his passages with Miss Maliphant last night has now become almost a certainty. "I thought you seemed rather played out last night—fatigued—done to death. I assure you I noticed it. I could hardly," with deep and affectionate concern, "fail to notice anything that affected you."

"You are very good!" says Miss Kavanagh, icily. Mr. Beauclerk lets a full minute go by, and then:

"What have I done to merit that tone from you?" asks he, not angrily, only sorrowfully. He has turned his handsome face full on hers, and is regarding her with proud, reproachful eyes. "It is idle to deny," says he, with some emotion, half of which, to do him justice, is real, "that you are changed to me; something has happened to alter the feelings of—of—friendship—that I dared to hope you entertained for me. I had hoped still more—but—what has happened?' demands he, suddenly, with all the righteous strength of one who, free from guilt, resents accusation of it.

"Have I accused you?" says she, coldly.

"Yes. A thousand times, yes. Do you think your voice alone can condemn? Your eyes are even crueler judges."

"Well, I am sorry," says she, faintly smiling. "My eyes must be deceivers then. I bear you no malice, believe me."

(To be continued.)

DEATHS THAT NEED NOT OCCUR

One-Quarter of All Life-Destroying Disease Absolutely Preventable.

In connection with the Sanitary Institute a popular lecture was delivered by Dr. Alexander Hill, master of Downing College and vice chancellor of Cambridge University, on "Unnatural Death." He remarked that it was not the dangers of railway traveling, nor the few murders that occurred, which brought down the average longevity of human life from 100 years to fifty years. They must seek for more subtle murderers than that. Every year 900,000 babies were born in England and Wales. If they took 1,000,000 children, and saw what was likely to be the end of them, they would find that 30,000 died a violent death by accident, about the same number would succumb to the mysterious disease which they knew now to be absolutely preventable, because due to germs (tuberculosis in its many forms); about 120,000 would die from absolutely preventable causes, such as smallpox, measles and scarlet fever, only 45,000 would be allowed to live out their natural lives, and nearly one in twenty might expect to die because the machine was worn out.

One-quarter of all the diseases which destroyed life were absolutely preventable. If the practice of hygiene were only on a level with its theory the average longevity would be raised at once from fifty to sixty-five. The greater number of diseases over which the individual had control were due to mistakes in eating and drinking. He divided diseases into three classes, and said they would never succeed in preventing them until they had the co-operation of the public. Every citizen should have the same exact knowledge of the causes and properties of preventable diseases that the medical officer himself had. The infectious nature of consumption was hardly realized twenty years ago. About one-third of the cows in the country were tuberculous, and half the milk distributed the bacillus of tuberculosis. They could boil the milk, and he was no more afraid of boiled bacillus than he was of a well-cooked loin. The only natural form of death was the gentle falling asleep when the body was tired.—London Times.

Deaths by Starvation in London.

A parliamentary paper just issued states that the number of cases in which coroners' juries in London found that death was caused by starvation or accelerated by privation during the year 1897 was 41.

Trouble in the Camp.

"There seemed to be a rather acrimonious discussion going on as I went by headquarters."

"Yes," said the Salvation Army captain sadly. "Brother Jones, who beats the drum, happened to say to Brother Smith, who does most of the preaching, that actions spoke louder than words."—Indianapolis Journal.

Other Troubles.

"Doesn't your broken engagement at the beginning of a new year make you unutterably sad, Archibald?"

"No; a man can't die of a broken heart when he has to hustle for his next meal or go hungry."

"I have a splendid ear for music," said the complacent young man. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, regretfully, "but you don't sing with your ear."

Sleighing in the Old Way.

Did you ever go a-sleighing in an old wood sleigh?
I tell you when you've tried it, thar ain't no other way.
Perhaps thar's fun in ridin' up and down the avenoo,
A-sittin' up sedately as these city people do,
With a coachman on a-forard an' another in the rear,
A-seein' what you're doin' and a'tryin' for to hear—
If that's the fun they're choosin', I ain't got a word to say,
But I'd ruther go a-sleighin' in the old wood sleigh.

'Twas nigh on fifty years ago, if I remember right—
An' seems as tho' the moonlight hasn't never been so bright
As it wuz them winter evenin's, when we b'ys would get a sleigh
An' rig it up for comfort in our own pa'tiklar way,
With a good supply of blankets, an' buffalo robes an' straw,
An' a nag that knew his business, without a gee or haw.
I never hear a sleighbell, be it night or be it day,
But I think o' goin' a-sleighin' in the old wood sleigh.

About Christmas wuz the jolliest, when 'twas time to deckerate,
The b'ys an' gals wuz busy at the church till sum'at late,
But when we'd worked all evenin' jest as lively as could be
A-stringin' ropes of evergreen an' histin' up the tree,
We thought we'd earned a frolic, and we'd hev it, you kin bet—
The kind of times a feller isn't likely to ferget.
An' when I hear of sleighin' I hain't got a word to say,
But I'm doin' a plie o' thinkin' of the old wood sleigh.

Maybe I'm not as chipper as I wus in them old days,
Maybe my edication is a-wantin' as to sleighs,
An' maybe it's a pleasure to be sittin' up in state
A-drivin' before sundown instid of stayin' late,
But somehow when I see 'em, my eyes will fill with tears,
Fur I hear the sleighbells jinglin' as I did in other years,
An' I cannot help a-thinkin' of the dear ones passed away
As used to go a-sleighin' in the old wood sleigh.—Chicago Chronicle.

COSTLY CHINESE FISH.

Some of Them No Bigger than a Dollar that Are Valued at $700.

The most beautiful and costly fishes in the world come from China and the rarest and most expensive of all is the brush-tail gold fish. Specimens of these have sold for as high as $700 each and in Europe the prices range from $250 to $500. The brush-tail gold fish is so [illegible] silver dollar will cover it, and probably [illegible] is no other living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money. The fish

A BRUSH-TAIL GOLD FISH.

has a body nearly oval in form, with rainbow hues. It is stockily built and has wonderful breast and tail fins which are as beautifuly and delicately formed as lacework. Its long, drooping, brush-like tail is like silk, and while at one moment the little fish throws it around him as gracefuly as the skirt dancer envelops herself in her fluffy gown, at the next it becomes a sharp and stiff weapon of attack or defense.

In some parts of China gold fishes are held in the greatest reverence and awe. In Tai-Ping they are used as idols, and, when not obtainable, wood or clay counterfeits are used. They are painted in imitation of the living fishes. The "telescope" fish is prayed to when rain is badly needed. The dwelling places of dragons are usually resorted to by the people to pray for rain, but any fish, frog or reptile found near a dragon pool will make a good enough idol.

Average Length of a Man's Stride.

Quetelet estimates the average length of a man's stride at 31½ inches, and the distance an average traveler can cover at this rate at 7,158 yards an hour, or 119 yards a minute. The number of strides would be 7,500 an hour, or 125 a minute. The length of the stride in the various European armies is as follows: In the German army it is 31½ inches, with a cadence of 112 steps per minute; in the Austrian army 29½ inches, with a cadence of from 115 to 130 per minute; in the Italian army 29½ inches, with a cadence of 120 per minute; in the French army 29½ inches, with a cadence of 115 per minute; in the British army 30 inches, with a cadence of 116 per minute.

To Prevent Sleep-Walking.

A device to prevent sleep-walking is to lay upon the floor beside the somnambulist a sheet of iron, zinc, or other metal, wide enough to insure that he will step upon it. When the sleep-walking fit comes upon him his foot touches the cold surface of the metal and he instinctively draws that leg into bed again. After two or three attempts the somnambulist gives it up and settles down in bed.

An Atchison, Kan., woman, with a soul more for practical things than poetry, has taken down the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and put up one which reads, "Did You Wipe Your Feet Before Coming In?"

A FAMOUS LOG HUT.

Within Its Walls Was Laid the Greatness of the City of Indianapolis.

A movement is now on foot in Indiana to preserve one of the most famous and historic landmarks in the State—the old log house at Strawtown in which the capital commission seventy-eight years ago fixed upon Indianapolis as the political headquarters of Indiana.

In 1819, three years after the State had been admitted to the Union, it was decided to remove the capital from Corydon and a commission was appointed to report on a site. The commission met in a log house at Strawtown and this interesting building is still standing. It is interesting to note that Strawtown was a candidate for the honor of being the new capital and only lost by one vote.

In 1821 the Legislature acted on the report of the commission and an appropriation was made for the erection of

HISTORIC LOG HOUSE AT STRAWTOWN.

the new State House at Indianapolis, then a barren section of land. The structure put up was a ramshackle affair of four rooms. On the 28th of January, 1824, Samuel Merrill, the State Treasurer, packed the State House effects—records and books—into a wagon and pulled them out of Corydon. He traveled at the rate of twelve and one-half miles a day, and at last unloaded the State's effects into the new building, and set the State up in business again. The Legislature of 1825 met in the new State House. The town was inaccessible and was possibly the most trying place in the State to reach, especially in the dead of winter, when the Legislature met. The nearest point of real civilization was Connorsville, fifty miles away, and it is claimed men had to ride there to get their tobacco.

Strawtown is now a village of less than 300 souls. It is full of interest, however. In it lived the famous old Chief Strawbridge, from whom the town gets its name. Kikiongo, the capital of the Miami nation of Indians, was just north of Strawtown, and the chiefs and representatives of the different clans, making pilgrimage to Mecca, always went by old Chief Straw's settlement. In fact his hospitality made all Indian trails lead to his camp. Even the white traders and later settlers sojourned there and caroused with [illegible]

It was at Strawtown in March, 1821, that John Shinliffer, a French trader, roasted an Indian to death and came near causing the Indians to wipe out the entire central section of Indiana. The war fires were lit all over the Miami and kindred tribe lands, and before the Government agents could interfere one outbreak occurred near Strawtown in which Benjamin Fisher was scalped and others wounded.

The most interesting of the Indian mounds is located just out of Straw-

MAIN STREET IN STRAWTOWN.

town. It is 300 feet in diameter. To build it the aborigines had changed the course of the river. On it was found a cross, supposed to have been erected by French missionaries, and at another place was found an Indian fort.

LIFE IN SIBERIA.

Hardens the Tourist and Strengthens His Health.

The five years that I spent in Siberia were for me a great education in life and human character. I was brought into contact with men of all descriptions; the best and the worst; those who stood at the top of society and those who vegetated at the very bottom—the tramps and the so-called incorrigible criminals. I had ample opportunity to watch the ways and habits of the peasants in their daily life, and still more opportunities to appreciate how little the state administration could give to them, even though it was animated by the very best intentions. Finally, my extensive journeys, during which I traveled over 50,000 miles in carts, on board steamers, in boats and especially on horseback, had a wonderful effect in strengthening my health. They also taught me how little man really needs as soon as he comes out of the enchanted circle of conventional civilization. With a few pounds of bread and a few ounces of tea in a leather bag, a kettle and a hatchet hanging at the side of the saddle, and under the saddle a blanket, to be spread at the camp fire upon a bed of freshly cut spruce twigs, a man feels wonderfully independent, even amidst unknown mountains thickly clothed with woods and in winter time.

Siberia is not the land buried in snow and peopled with exiles only, that it is imagined to be, even by many Russians. In its southern parts it is as rich in natural productions as are the southern parts of Canada, and, besides half a million of natives, it has a population of more than 4,000,000 as thoroughly Russian as that to the north of Moscow.—Prince Kropotkin, in the Atlantic.

Cigar Stubs Put to Good Use.

A Christmas entertainment is given to nearly 2,000 poor persons in Berlin with the proceeds from contributions of cigar stubs and tip-cuttings by charitable smokers who are considerate enough to save those seemingly worthless scraps.

HOUSEHOLD.

Oysters and Macaroni. Boil four ounces of macaroni in plenty of boiling water twenty minutes. Then cut it into pieces about one inch long. Put a layer of this in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper and a few bits of butter, then another layer of macaroni, and so on until all is used, the top layer macaroni, sprinkle the top lightly with grated cheese, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which they were baked.

Oyster Saute.—Twenty-five nice, fat oysters, one-quarter pound of Irish breakfast bacon; pepper and flour. Drain the oysters and dry them with a towel, then sprinkle with pepper and roll them in flour. Put the bacon, cut into thin slices, in a frying-pan, and let all the fat fry out of it; then remove the bacon and cover the bottom of the pan with oysters; as soon as crisp and brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Cranberry Pie.—Into one heaped cup pastry flour mix one-fourth teaspoon salt, then chop in one heaped tablespoon lard. Mix with cold water into a stiff dough. Toss out and pat until flat and long. Put one heaped tablespoon butter in little dabs over the paste, sprinkle slightly with flour, fold over in three layers and pat out thin and long. Fold and pat twice, then take half of the paste and roll out to fit the plate. Roll the remainder out long and cut with a pastry jagger into narrow stripes. Put a border on the edge, fill with stewed cranberries and make a lattice work of the strips of crust across the top. Bake in a quick oven until the crust is brown.

Filling for Cranberry Pie.—Allow one half cup of water, one cup and a half of sugar for one heaping pint of cranberries. Cook 10 to 15 minutes without stirring.

Rose Doughnuts.—To one-fourth pound butter add one pound sugar and beat it to a cream. Add six eggs one by one and beat three minutes by the clock after each one. This is important. Now sift two pounds of flour four times, add one quarter teaspoon soda and sift again. Add to this one nutmeg grated. Now put one-half the flour to the first mixture, beat well and add one gill rose water and beat again. Mix to soft dough with remainder of flour, roll out and fry like other doughnuts and sift with pulverized sugar. These are something out of the ordinary and the most delicious thing in shape of a "fried cake" that I have ever tasted.

Brown Bread Rounds.—Cut very thin slices brown bread, spread with grapenut butter, put together like sandwiches and stamp out with round cookie cutter.

Boulettes. To two cups mashed potatoes add one tablespoon minced parsley, one tablespoon onion juce, one dessertspoon butter two tablespoons cream, one-half teaspoon salt, a dash each of cayenne and black pepper and one-half teaspoon lemon juice. Mix well together, put in saucepan and stir over fire till it leaves the sides of the pan. Take off, cool and form little balls the size of English walnuts. Roll in egg and cracker crumbs and cook in ox palates, using some fat.

INDUSTRIAL.

Spain exported 3,000,000 pounds of raisins to the United States last year.

More messages are sent by wire in the United States than in any other country.

The only stores in Peking that have glass windows are those of the watchmakers.

Nine-tenths of all the sewing machines used in the world are made in the United States.

Women are employed at railway points and crossings in Italy, because they do not get intoxicated.

The German ship building yards have been offered mare orders than they can possibly carry out.

Gold-plated plumbing will be used in some of the new private residences now being built in New York.

In the Connecticut woolen industry the amount of wages paid constitutes 22 per cent. of the product value.

The Chattanooga Cotton Factory has been formed at Chattanooga, Tenn., for the purpose of erecting a yarn mill.

Contracts made on Sunday may be enforced in Minnesota, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of that State.

The new Bennettsville, S. C., cotton mills, of Bennettsville, will be established in time to manufacture the next crop of cotton.

The completion of the five thousandth locomotive at the works of Messrs. Henschell and Sons, at Cassel, Germany, has just been celebrated.

Lemon culture is catching up with the orange business in California. There are 65,000 bearing trees in the state, and 250,000 non-bearing trees.

At North Yakima, Wash., hop-buyers are now offering to contract the '99 crop at 11 cents. This is the best price offered for years thus early in the season.

One hundred and ninety-three meat shops in Paris offer horse meat for sale. The prime cuts sell at about 20 cents per pound and the inferior at 10 cents.

A memorial has been presented to the English Government, urging it to deal with the registration of plumbers in the ensuing session in the interests of the public health.

A new difficulty may soon confront the Chinaman who desires British Columbia as a home. The Legislature has been petitioned to increase the per capita tax upon Chinese to $500.

New Zealand has a law in force compelling every intoxicated man to have his photograph taken. His picture is then distributed among barkeepers and innkeepers, and they must refuse to sell him liquor.

Five miles for a penny! This is the fare which is announced in connection with an extension of the all-night tram-car service in the North Metropolitan Tramways Company between Stamford Hill and Holborn, England.

The gold production of Japan since 1893 has risen almost 5000 ounces, and in 1896 reached the yield of 28,300 ounces. The 19 existing gold mines are partly in the Emperor's possession, partly in that of private parties.

To encourage the removal of old buildings the authorities of Vienna have decreed that if the owners of 1263 specified houses will replace them with new structures they will be guaranteed a release from the payment of taxes for 18 years.

Social Changes.

A hundred years ago a fashionable evening gathering was called a "drum," a figure taken from a closely packed drum of figs; a very extensive entertainment of the same nature was known as a "rout," from a Welsh word signifying a crowd, and, as the fun of such soirees "grew fast and furious," they were termed "hurricanes," in allusion to the hurry, bustle, and confusion which were their distinctive characteristics. Some say the drum was so called because rival hostesses vied with each other in beating up guests.

True love is always liberal. Order is the sanity of the mind.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Subject: "Brilliant Bitterness"—Attila the Hun Used as a Horrible Example—Is He a Type of the Wormwood Mentioned in Revelation?

TEXT: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."—Revelation x., 11.

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he imbittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the king of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, farther and farther, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators or the Merciful or the Good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him "the Scourge of God."

At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a city was captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay a heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, then a cloud or dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God," and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God.' As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-inforcing armies marched in to help against Attila. "The Scourge of God." The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource. After three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia when his army had given up the siege, a bright [illegible] of a stork and her young from the tower of t[illegible] was taken by him as a sign that he [illegible] occurence, resumed the siege and took the walls at [illegible] which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads. Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave was poured the most valuable coins and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The gravediggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed.

The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being "the scourge of God" he was the scourge of hell.

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were ports most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence over others. There are Attilas of the home, Attilas of the social circle, Attilas of the church, Attilas of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and to the laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milldam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from the silent voice, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are whacked and cuffed and ear pulled, and senselessly called to order, and answered sharply and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Nana Sahibs!

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchard. You can advance arboriculture and arrest the deathful destruction of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking 1000 bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead. There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood and you have imbittered one-third, if not three-thirds of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral in order to make the occasion respectable will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes, as there are persons occupying them. You will be in the world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity, the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute?

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah; the bazaar filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with mines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the questions. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist. Her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles, her sculptures presenting in figure of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnak and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beats in her royal sepulchers and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks, and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping among the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all the ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolations and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country around Babylon. These hanging gardens built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the wind in the foliage, the glory, looking up as a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying [illegible] great Babylon which I have [illegible]

What battering ram smote [illegible] What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancer to their fe