Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1899.

Mr. Monkton had come back from sad journey to Nice some weeks ago, to bury his dissolute brother. He had very

little to tell on his return, and that of the

saddest. It had all been only too true

about certain iniquitous debts, and the

old people were in great distress. The

two town houses should be let at once,

and the old place in Warwickshire-the

home, as he had called it-well! there was

people who held it; and Sir George had

been so sure that this spring he would

man. "He is still holding off about doing

than the thinking about it. Poor old gov-

ernor! You wouldn't know him, Bar-

such a frightened sort of look in his eyes."

bara. He has gone to skin and bone, and

"Oh, poor, poor old man!" cried Bar-

unkindness where her sympathies were

Toward the end of February the guests

had not put in an appearance for some

weeks later. A good many new people un-

known to the Monktons had arrived there

with others whom they did not know, and

timore had made rather a point of the

girls being with her. Joyce had gone to her

but sparingly, and always in fear and

trembling. It was so impossible to know

That, up to this, neither Dysart no

was gong to arrive this night!

were expected during the week.

frown is contracting her forehead.

"There are a few people who might not

it brings you news of your poor uncle's

tion that you are heiress to about a quar-

then, "Oh, no! Oh, nonsense! there must

be some mistake."
"Well, it sounds like it, at all events.

"There must be some mistake," repeats

She steps a little bit away from him and

rests her beautiful eyes full on his.
"Have you thought," says she, slowly,

"that if there is truth in this story, how

Monkton starte as if stung, For them.

"What!" says Barbara, faintly. And

"Your uncle?"

ter of a million!"

who might not have arrived last night, or

after awhile Dicky Browne had come and

with her little son, but Baltimore

enlisted.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.) This afternoon, one of many that Barno hope now that it would ever be receased has given up to duty, finds her as deemed from the hands of Manchester usual in Lady Monkton's drawing room fistening to her mother-in-law's comments on this and that, and trying to keep her have been in a position to get back his on this and that, and trying to the old own, and have the old place once more in finds fault with her management of his possession. It was all very sad. "There is no hope now. He will have to let the place to Barton for the next ten

Dicky Browne and Felix Dysart drop in years," said Monkton to his wife when and are both surprised and glad to see her be got home. Barton was the Mancheste stay for the winter. Before Barbara re- it, but he knows it must be done, and at she has confided to Dysart all events the reality won't be a bit worse the fact that Joyce will visit the art gallery in Broad street the next day, "Well, did you like the gallery?" asks

Mrs. Monkton, throwing aside her book to greet Joyce as she returns from Dore's the next day. Barbara had let the girl bara, who could forget everything of past go to see the pictures without telling her of the meeting with Felix. She had been afraid to say anything about him lest that guilty secret of hers might transpirethat deliberate betraval of Joyce's intend ed visit to Broad street on the morrow.

"Very much. So did Tommy. He is very graphic in his remarks," says Joyce, inking listlessly into a chair, and taking off her hat. She leans back in her chair. the troubled look on her face growing Intensified. She seems glad to be silent, and with downcast eyes plays with the gloves lying in her lap.

Something has happened, Joyce," says her sister, going over to her. Something is happening always," re turned Joyce, with a rather impatient

"You are sure to make me tell you soon er or later," says Miss Kavanagh, "and even if I didn't, Tommy would. I me Mr. Dysart at that gallery to-day.' "Felix?" says Mrs. Monkton, feeling herself an abominable hypocrite, yet afraid to confess the truth. Something in the girl's whole attitude forbids a confes sion, at this moment at all events.

"He was glad to see you?" very tondar

"Was he? I don't know. He looked very ill. He said he had had a bad cough. He is coming to see you." "You were kind to him, Joyce?"

"I didn't insult him, if you mean that." "Oh, no. I don't mean that; you know what I mean. He was ill, unhappy; you did not make him more unhappy? "It is always for him!" cries the girl with jealous anger. "Is there never to drop be a thought for me? Am I nothing to lap. you? Am I never unhappy? Why don't you ask if he was kind to me?"

Was he ever unkind?" "Well, you can forget! He said dread ful things to me-dreadful. I am not like ly to forget them if you are. After all they did not hurt you."

"Do you mean to tell me, that for all that you didn't know he would be at that place to-day?" turning flashing eyes upor

her sister. "How could I know? unless a pe says a thing right out, how is one to be sure what he is going to do?"

"Oh! that is unlike you. It is unwor thy of you," says Joyce, turning from her scornfully. "You did know. And it s not," turning back again and confront ing the now thoroughly frightened Bar bara with a glance full of pathos, "it is not that-your insincerity that hurts me so much, it is-"

"I didn't mean to be insincere; you are very cruel-you do not measure your

"You will tell me next that you meant all for the best," with a bitter smile! "Let me see it," says Monkton. it all for the best," with a bitter smile That is the usual formula, isn't it? Well. never mind; perhaps you did. What I do her down on to his knees the better to see object to is that you didn't tell me. That over her shoulder. Thus satisfactorily ar-I was kept designedly in the dark both by ranged, he begins to read rapidly the lethim and you. Am I," with sudden fire, "a ter she holds before his eyes. child or a fool, that you should seek to "Yes, dead, indeed," says he, sotto voce. guide me so blindly? Well," drawing a "Go on, turn over; you mustn't fret about "I won't keep you in the that, you know, Barbara-er-er-" readdark. When I left the gallery, and your ing. "What's this? By Jove.
"What?" says his wife, anxiously.
"What?" says his wife, bearing left.

Mrs. Monktop, stunned by this intelli- "What is the meaning of this horrid letgence, remains silent for a full minute. It ter, Freddy?" that man again, it is impossible to know things have gone. His fatal influing how things have gone. His fatal influing how things have gone infatuation—all He is looking very grave. "Even though the infatuation—all the impossible to know a control of the chair. He is looking very grave." s death to her hopes. If she has met will be ruinous to poor Felix's hopes.
"You spoke to him?" asks she at last, in death, still it brings you, too, the informa-

an emotionless tone.

Was Felix with you?"

"When you met that odious man." Mr. Beauclerk? No; I dismissed Mr Dysart as soon as ever I could."

'Sad occurrence,' h'm-h'm-" reading '" 'Co-heiresses. Very considerable for-"No doubt. And Mr. Beauclerk, did you dismiss him as promptly?" He looks to the signature of the tune." letter. "'Hodgson & Fair.' Very respec-"Certainly not, There was no occasion." 'No inclination, either. You were kind table firm! My father has had dealing who is honest and sincere that you are Sydney, and has left behind him an im-"I hope I was uncivil to neither of gact, to which you and Joyce are co-heirdeliberately uncivil."

"There is no use in giving yourself that air with me, Joyce. You are angry with Barbara, in a low tone. "It seems too like me; but why? Only because Lam anxious a fairy tale."
for your happiness. On! that hateful "It does."

for your happiness. Oh! that hateful man, how I detest him! He has made you unhappy once—he will certainly make you unhappy again."

"I don't think so," says Joyce taking up the says and looks earnestly at his wife—"if it does prove true, on't think so," says Joyce, taking up t and furs with the evident inten"And you will be rich with me," she her hat and furs with the evident inten-

says, quickly, in an agitated tone. "But, tion of leaving the room, and thus putting an end to the discussion. "Yes; it does seem difficult to believe." "You will never think so, until it is too

late. You haven't the strength of mind interrupts he, slowly. "What a letter!" to throw him over, once and for all, and His eyes fall on it again, and she, draw rive your thoughts to one who is really ing close to him, reads it once more carespend your time comparing him favorably with that good and faithful Felix."

she, at last. "It sounds more like being she, at last. "It sounds more like being she, at last. with that good and faithful Felix." You should put that down. It will do all right, more reasonable, when read for his tombstone," says Miss Kavanagh, second time." with a rather uncertain little laugh.

CHAPTER XV. It is six weeks later, "spring has come up this way," and all the earth is glad much we can do for your father and mothwith a fresh birth. March bas indeed come: boisterous,

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

To do anything for them. For the two who had so wantonly offended and insult-ed her during all her married life. Is her first thought to be for them?

"Yes, yes," says she, eagerly. "We shall be able to help them out of all their diffi-culties. Oh! I didn't say much to you, but of their being obliged to give up their houses, their comforts, and in their old matters for them!"

about the extraordinary legacy left to his wife and Joyce. But further investigation proved the story true. The money ble income, and Monkton being in town, of accidents among the men who clean where the old Monktons still were, also its windows is large. It is so large, in was commanded by his wife to go to them fact, that more than once a move has and pay off their largest liabilities—debts been started to obtain State legislation contracted by the dead son, and to so ar-range that they should not be at the ne-the artists of the soan and rubber

cessity of leaving themselves houseless. The Manchester people who had taken the old place in Warwickshire were now informed that they could not have it beso far as to send her a long letter, telling her it would be the dearest wish of hers and Sir George's hearts that she should preside as mistress over the beautiful old nomestead, and that it would give them not to wait for her-Lady Monkton'sdeath to take up her position as head of the house. She was to go to Warwickshire at once, the moment those detestable Manchester people were out of it; and Lady Monkton, if Barbara would be so good as to make her welcome, would like to come to her for three months every year, to see the children, and her son, and her daughter. The last was the crowning touch. For the rest, Barbara was not to had begun to arrive at the Court. Lady hesitate about accepting the Warwick- pedestrians a block further north or was of stone, was converted into a door shire place, as Lady Monkton and Sir George were devoted to town life, and

never felt quite well when away from smoky London. This last was true. As a fact, the old people were thoroughly imbued with a desire for the turmoil of city life, and the Miss Maliphant and the Brabazons, and three months of country Lady Monkton of the perpendicular, and doing wicked

BOY'S ESSAY ON POLITENESS. ly that a man cannot stand in it. In

Delicious Philosophy in Regard to the Treatment of Girls.
Politeness is rather a difficult thing. Beaucierk had come to the Court, had especially when you are making a start, been a comfort to her; but that they might come at any moment kept her watchful says a boy, quoted by London Tit-Bits. and uneasy. Indeed, only yesterday she Many people haven't got it. I don't had heard from Lady Baltimore that both know why, unless it is the start. It is not polite to fight little boys except they That news leaves her rather unstrung throw stones at you. Then you can run and nervous to-day. After luncheon, hav-ing successfully cluded Tommy, the lynx-eyed, the decides upon soles for a long

pression to which she had become a prey. This is how she happens to be out of the simpletons, or they wouldn't do it. It is not the thing to make fun of a way when the letter comes for Barbara little chap because he is poorer than that changes the tenor of their lives.

The afternoon post brings it. The deplay with him, for he is as good as you sicious spring day has worn itself almost except the clothes. When you are in to a close when Monkton, entering his school and a boy throws a bit of bread school, and a boy throws a bit of bread wife's room, where she is busy at a sewor anything at you over the desks, it is ing machine altering a frock for Mabel, not polite to put your tongue out at him, drops a letter over her shoulder into her or to twiddle your fingers in front of your nose. Just wait till after school. "What a queer-looking letter!" says she. and then warn him what you'll do next staring in amazement at the big official time; or, if you find you are bound to hit him, be pretty easy with him.

velope, and is now scanning hurriedly the contents of the important looking docu-Some boys are very rude over their meals. Don't keep on eating after you ment within. There is a pause—a length- are tightening and you will be far more ened one. Presently Barbara rises from happier. Never eat quickly, or you her seat mechanically, as it were, always might get bones in your throat. My with her eyes fixed on the letter in her hand. She has grown a little pale—a little father knows of a boy who got killed postpones his work and the man who over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a at the janitor. Fifty miles an hour is "Freddy!" says she, in a rather strange "What?" says he, quickly. "No more my father says he was choked to death upper stories of the Temple, and in this bad news, I hope?"
"Oh, no! Oh, yes! I can't quite make there and then. Be very polite over your meals, especially when it's rabbits. it out-but-I'm afraid my poor uncle is Since my father told me that I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit

"Yes, yes. My father's brother. I think It is not polite to leave victuals on I told you about him. He went abroad years ago, and we—Joyce and I, believed your plate, especially anything you The people moving about look like years ago, and we—Joyce and I, believed him dead a long time ago, long before I married you even—but now— Come here and read it. It is worded so oddly that and read it. It is worded so oddly that the sound in the after. He sinks into an easychair and drags

Boys should always be polite to girls, should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches you on the cheek, or spits in your face, don't punch her and don't tell her mother. That would be mean.

to have adopted.

friend asked this prudent father, "have a man slips while wearing the belt he you taught your baby to eat onlons?" answered the father .- Youth's Com-

-The whirling winds of Arabia s times excavate sand pits to a depth of two thousand feet, the rim usually being three times that depth in diam-eter. A sand pit thus made may be entirely obliterated in a few hours, and than no protection at all, yet they acanother excavation made within a short distance of it.

short distance of it.

—Twenty years' study has led a certain scientist to believe that diphtheria, apoplexy and other diseases are due to a deficiency of salt in the sys-

em.

—It has been found that X-rays are fatal to bacteria. In the Hygienic In-stitute of Munich, Bavaria, they arused as a disinfecting agent.

—A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 200,000,000 nerve cells, 500,000 of which die and

this rate we get an entirely new in every sixty days. The theory that malarial fevers are brain every sixty caused by the punctures of mosquitoes is gaining more and more acceptance in European medical circles.

—In China, which has long been

PERIL OF WINDOW-WASHERS. a Employment of Janitors

on (hicago's Sky-Scrapers. The man who rents an office in one of the large buildings of Chicago pays as much attention to the man who their grief, their troubles, have gone to my very heart. I couldn't bear to think charlady who scrubs his floors. In both cases he notices them only to wonder that they can put in so much age, too! Now we shall be able to smooth time and achieve so little. The window washer, however, is worth some Monkton had to run across to London study. Like the wild duck, he lives a life of peril and harship and when he falls, as a general thing, he falls a was, indeed, there, and they were the of high structures and strong winds only heirs. From being distinctly poor good deal further. Chicago is a town they rose to the height of a very respecta. and bitter weather and the proportion its windows is large. It is so large, in

All of the window washers do not fall at once, so the public gives no heed youd the term agreed on, but about this to the number of fatalities among the old people had something to say, too. It is a fact, however, that more They would not take back the family than 400 mea lost their lives by falling place. They had but one son now, and the from window ledges in the United sooner he went to live there the better. States last year. Of these casualties Lady Monkton, completely broken down and melted by Barbara's generosity, went it is a rare week which passes without It is a rare week which passes without the chronicling of one or more of this class of accidents. Ten, or at most twenty, lines in a newspaper give information of the workman's death. Exgreat happiness to imagine the children—
the grandchildren—running riot through
the big wainscoted rooms. Barbara was
the big wainscoted rooms. Barbara was commen that the risk of a window washer's life is regarded as extra hazardous by all insurance companies.

the artists of the soap and rubber

The danger of the calling is apparent. A man earning his living by washing the windows of the Masonic Temple has to keep his wits awake. That is the windlest corner in the world. Even on still summer days, when the lake is glassy and perspiring dust into the eyes of passers, playing the bowls with their hats, wenching their serts. He devised not only the old web some others with whom Joyce was on friendly terms, but even though Lady Balthey desired of rustic felicity.



WORKING AT A DIZZY HEIGHT. these cases the window-washer wisely rents the offices goes down and swears hurry and swallowed one jaw of it; and a common rate for air travel about the sort of blow work goes on as usual. Many times in the winter the stone ledge is covered with snow, or with smooth ice an inch thick. This renders the washer's task doubly perilous. Above him is the open sky. Far below are the stones of the cruel street. eat the meat and potatoes easy enough of the window frame and passes across

the small of his back. He is compelled to use both hands in his work. If he however vexing they may be. Girls are slips he trusts to catching the bar with not so strong as boys, their hair is long his numbed fingers. It is contended and their faces are prettier; so you that some window-washers develop claws on their feet after a year or so. Those who do not are "dead when picked up." There are various safety devices, but the steel, or iron, bar is the most combabies, and thereby subjecting them to screw breaks. It all amounts to a

mon. Sometimes the bar breaks; some-The reprehensible practice of kissing | times the socket breaks; sometimes the danger of contagion as well as to discheap funeral in the end. One of the comfort and annoyance, is so hard to best of the guards is a wide heavy belt suppress that one cannot greatly mar- of webbing or leather, which passes vel at the means of combating the prac- about the man's middle. It has a strtice which a certain father is reported ple in the center of its back and through this staple a strong rope is passed and "Why, I should like to know," a booked to each side of the window. If is suspended in air and spraddles about "It keeps people from kissing him," with arms and legs until he catches hold and resumes his task.

The window washers make no complaint of the dangers to which they are subjected or of the lack of guards with which they are furnished. The steel bar crossing the small of the back is, in bad weather, but little better cept the risks calmly. Poor men in a big city will do a good deal for permission to make a living. They say, when asked about it, that nearly every death among them is traceable to the carelessness of the workman. It is not often that one of the safety devices breaks-that is, comparatively speaking. A man who has washed a hundred windows a day for three years in all sorts of weather gets to thinking succeeded by new ones every day. that he cannot fall. When he reaches this state of mind the tumble always follows. Ten are killed from careless ness where one meets his death through a fault in the bar or the belt,

In China, which has long been known as "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn round. The while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the while the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the hands stand still the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the hands stand still the hands stand still. The while the hands stand still the hands sta

all of which they admit freely.

THE FIRST WEB PRESS.

faid to Have Been Made by Josiah According to the Indianapolis News Josiah Warren of New Harmony, Ind., was the real pioneer in the modern methed of rapid printing. One Sir Rowald Hill outdated him, but Hill's machine, we are told, was, "although very ingenious in its design, imperfectly executed, and not a practical and working success." in New Harmony, then went to Cincin-nati, where proper facilities were to be had, and built it. On its completion be sent it down the river to Evansville. where it was to be utilized in turning out political literature for the famous cam-

paign of 1840. It went to the office of the Southwestern entinel, a sheet begot of that campaign, and did its work so effectively that the printers of the town made a crusade against it. One man, with the aid of a boy, could turn out forty to sixty copies per minute, which was about ten times faster than the old rate of speed; hence

the objection to it by the craft. The opposition was so strong and persist-Warren, in disgust hauled it to New

WARREN AND HIS PRESS.

south long for g breath of air, a blast step, which ignoble end, it is said, it still from the deepest lung cells of Boreas is serves; and that, so far as history and whistling around the Temple, hurling legend go, was the end of the Josiah War-

coattails, forcing them to lean far out press, but also a stereotyping process which some claim to have been the fore runner of the present process. He also dow ledges which mark the twentieth adapted his type plates to a curved or story this blast is a howling gale. Often cylindrical surface, such as is now gen in the winter time it blows so strong- erally used on the rapid presses. As preliminary to his printing experiments he learned to make types and equipped himself with an outfit by molding them like so many bullets by the side of his fire-Specimens of the work from his stereotype plates may be seen in the New with the more modern work of a perfected



An abdominal bandage should scarce ly be worn to reduce fat simply. A moderately strong bandage gives flabby abdomen a grateful support, but too much pressure results from some of the obesity bands, and uncomfortable

pressure is dangerous in all fat persons. For a cold in the head manifested by repeated sneezing, running of the nose and changed voice hot water and borny should be used to wash out the nostrils every hour or two. If circumstances do not permit this, a powder of bismuth, myrrh and acacla may be used as a snuff.

Poor soaps, improper diet, chronic diseases of the stomach and bowels and changes incidental to youthful development cause pimples. Pimples should never be squeezed upon until outered tins and bake in medium hot oven. They take about 30 minutes to take, this should lost be numerical. Then this should just be punctured with the point of a needle dipped in alcohol. After the pus is removed, the pimple should be covered with oxide of zine salve.

Pains about the heart frequently occur from the upward pressure of gas in the stomach, as the organs are only separated by a thin membranous muscle, somewhat dome-shaped. Where this pain occurs with belching of gas use some mild medicine like pe, sin, and avoid potatoes, fresh bread, corn, rice, peas, beans and cocon, and eat thin soups, lean meats and eggs.

Profuse perspiration indicates a poor condition of the body, and children who sweat excessively are apt to show joint deformities, asthmatic cough or other peculiarities which point to a poor constitution. For those afflicted thus, 30 drops of albuminate of iron before meals, and a teaspoonful of pure cod liver after meals, will be found efficarious. The inhalation of the smoke of cubebs for this ailment, as in asthmatic conditions, will be found only slightly serviceable.

Mice that Manufacture Thread. A Scottish artisan has conceived the ngenious and economic idea of employing mice in the manufacture of thread. The small quadrupeds are made to turn a wheel with their feet, and in this manner, and by means of a simple mechanical contrivance, they are able to make about 2,800 reels of 137 yards each daly. To produce this quantity it is estimated that they cover course of 18,000 vards.

Woman's Rights in China. .The boatwomen of China have no need to agitate for women's rightsthey possess them. The boatwomen, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the Useful Hints.

Lamp wicks will become clogged with the settling from the kerosens unless cleaned occasionally; it will be well to boil, dry and trim them if they give a part light, and remove of they give a poor light, and renew often
-there is no economy in using short

In mending gloves use us silk is far more apt to cut the kid if the rent is in a seam, turn the glove inside out and sew them over and over. If the tear is in the glove, so a piece of kid under it and secure with few stitches.

When packing has wrinkled or crushed the clothing, a vigorous shak-ing, after which to hang or spread it a hot room for some hours, will

People find that, though they pu plenty of sugar into a fruit-ple, it is not sweet when baked. The ordinary cane sugar is converted into graps sugar when heated with any acid, and that sugar has only about one-third the sweetening power of cane sugar. But if a little baking powder is added to the fruit, so as to neutralize the to the fruit, so as to neutralize the acid, the sugar will retain its sweet-

Harmony and de-liberately broke it iet cool in the water, then slice to

Sugar in the water for basting will add to their flavor. specially true of yeal.

Date vinegar added to the water Mayor.
When baking fish place thin slices of salt pork.

Industrial.

Our potato crop last year yilded \$80,-A new cotton mill is to be built at At Dawson City hay costs from \$500 o \$800 a ton. Texas planters have shipped cotton-eed to Manila. The Capital City Woolen Mills, Des

Moines, Ia., are to be enlarked.

The Danville (Va.) Knitting Mill Company has been organized, with W. P. Hodnet president. The success of the Manchester Ship Canal has led Belgium to consider a similar undertaking for the benefit The carpet-making industry of Japan

s of comparatively recent growth, and the chief seat of the industry at the present day is Sakai.

North Carolina is to have a textile school at Raleigh. Proprietors of the State's cotton mills have agreed to contribute the necessary funds.

In Austria one can get a high-class naircut for a sum equal to five cents. r a first-class shave for something like three cents in any part of the

ountry. Con mon laborers who get \$1 a day in he United States get \$1 an hour in Dawson City, but it is seldem any of The Fairfield (III.) Woolen Mills have been purchased by an Evansville firm for \$23,090. The mills have been shut down for three years, and the new wners will open them up at once. In 1840 there were but seven occup tions open to women in the way wage-earning, whereas now the wage-earning, whereas how the next includes several hundred branches of industry. About 61 per cent of the women of Massachusetts between the ages of 15 and 35 years are wage-earners, domestic servants forming a much smaller class than other occupations.

ions. It is reported that the Queen City Cotton Company, Burlington, Vt., will fouble its present capacity. The new nill will cost \$290,000 and will give employment to 290 more hands.

The Henrietta (N. C.) cotton mills recently made a shipment of 250 bales of goods to Aden, Arabia. The freight through to destination is to be \$1.51 per 100 pounds, shipment being made via New York.

Household.

Scotch Short Cake .- Stir twelve ounes butter (one and a half cupfuls) to a cream; add gradually one pound bowdered sugar, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one pound of flour and a little milk, about a gill; work into a smooth paste; roll out to one-third of an inch thickness; cut into cakes; put them on

Broiled Halibut,-Slice the fish, said and pepper, and lay in meited butter one-half hour, allowing one table-spoonful of the butter to one pound of fish. Then roll in flour and broil for fwenty minutes. Serve hot.

in a cloth, arrange-in a flat baking dish, after buttering both fish and dish. Season with salt and pepper and cover with bread or cracker crumbs. Place a piece of butter on each dish and bake 20 minutes. Garnish with

Sunshine Sponge Cake Separate four eggs and beat very hard. It takes two people to make this cake, one to beat the whites, the other the yolks. Beat whites stiff and add gradually one cup granulated sugar. To the well-beaten yolks add one table-spoonful vinegar, drop by drop, beating constantly. Now start at same time and beat yolks and whites minutes by the clock. Lightly mix the two and add one cus of flour very gently but quickly. Sift flour four times. Bake in moderate oven.

Vanilla Cream.—Bresk three fresh eggs into an egg bowl, add a teaspoon-ful of vanilla sugar and a wineglass Whish the eggs over an ounce of gelatine, previously soak ed in cold water, whisk the crea-until cold, then mix it with haif plnt of whipped cream and pour a at once into a wette! mould.

-Pekin is a city of dust, like Chinese towns. Nevertheless, the only stores that have glass windows ar-those of the watchmakers. -Butter and bacon are declared by

a medical writer to be the most pourishing of all foods. -It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from 30 to 40 feet.

-Amputation of the four less of each foot of a lady patient has convinced Dr. Heather Bigg, an English surgeon, that these toes have no use except for feeling, as only the great toe is of any advantage in walking or toe is of any advantage in walking or even dancing. -Glass would be a better and more

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

sons Drawn From the Sword of Eleazar

-As He Grasped His Weapon So Should We Cleave to the Old Gospel. Text: "And his hand clave unto the

here we have a stirring theme put before

here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A; great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The ery ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the paim of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallanily wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I cail magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of ithe sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fied had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they, fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weap-ons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to out our thumb on the book of Genesis and weep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the paim and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infi-del a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians, who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severis, and it is a Dammscus made. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a
sword factory is to wind the blade around
a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when
the sword is let loose it files back to its own
shape. So the sword of God's truth has,
been fully tested, and it is bent this way
and that way and wound this way and that
and that way and wound this way and that
and that way and wound this way and that
and that way and wound this way and that
and the sword the sword the sword took hold of
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and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of.
Bishop Colenso will come along and try to
wrench out of your hand the five books of
got to stop our indignation a house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up par-don and peace and life in heaven.

don and peace and life in heaven.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is Bible. This book is the irrend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime. and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, 'looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and chilthat to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there. 'I am an infidel.'" And the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, I am a Christian, every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is

all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Biblietrae? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all."
They despise what they call the apostolic creed, but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it bath sent, which nothing was born of nothing and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing and rose from bothing. and ascended to nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic dburgh and in the communion of nothingarians and in the forgiveness of nothing and the resur-rection of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God, the Father Ai-mighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Ameny Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout

conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hit might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict, with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrep-resentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is alraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistice. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them! They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory. We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success will force all physical fatigue and cess, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown in the American Revolution a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him so

Sermons of the Day violin was brought to him, and be said, "Now, go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand merch of the church militant on the way to become the church triumpohant was cannot forcet courselves.

militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Pre-cott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was year written, but some of you may not you may not ver written, but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for trescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fast-What a glorious thing to preach the Gospell Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, no. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before cnowledge and for wordly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ! How many Christians there are that go around taying, "Oh, my hand; oh, my hand, my hurt hand! Don't you see there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the bilt im-pedded in the flesh of his right hand, does

not know it. Must I be carried to the skies

On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize Or sailed through bloody seas? What have we suffered in comparison with tose who expired with suffication or were urned or were chopped to pieces for the ruth's sake? We talk of the persecution

olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. An 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in an-itelpation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my sout, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll,

While the tempest still is high Then they were dashed down to death Ob, how much others have endured for Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early, so we can seep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand

einve unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's band I come to the three companions drove back the army of -that Elenzar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took

and that way and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written nearly nineteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than 20,000 copies every week and more than 1,000,000 copies a year! I say

to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrement on Sunday and devour wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renau will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand of the infants here. Strike for God so bard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apologetic word to inequity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white paifrey under embroidered hous-ing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, deficate as a wedding card, to ask the old black glant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "Amen" and "halieluiah" a little softer. It Amen and hatesunan a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and bain of a thousand flowers when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will critigood. On, hold on it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to

> in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflet, "and his hand clave unto the sword."
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> But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he the sword be could not lrop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of his hand, hoping the shews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, but no sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his band clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were suc-cessful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hit. "His hand clave unto the sword."

> cise our sermons or criticise our prayers or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost

You and I have seen it many a time.
There are in the United States to-day
many aged ministers of the Gospel.
They are too feeble now to preach. In
the church records the word standing and in the life everlasting. Ameny Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword ingthe battle against sin and for righteousness. I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eigazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it burt him. As he went out into the occasional pulpit or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he eannot drop it. "His hand dave unto the

> -Elephants are fond of gin, but, it is said, will not touch champagne. -The anti-smoke ordinance in Kansas City was sustained in court. The court held that careful firing of fur-naces is preventative of the smoke nui-

> sance. -The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon. -The average weight of a man's brain is three pounds eight ounces.

Certain music prevents the hair from while other kinds have a disastrous ef-It is but a step from poverty to

many a man takes them both.

the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said: "No; don't fasten me to that table Get me a violin." A one of the simplest ways to try most men's faith is to ask them to subscribe to pay for fixing up the meeting-house.