

B. F. SCHWEIER.

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By The Duchess.

CHAPTER XIX .- (Continued.) "You have told me of that already, Lady Swansdown having failed you, may I ask' -with studied contempt-"who are you going to take with you now ?"

"What do you mean ?" says he, wheeling "What do you mean by round to her. that?" laying his hands upon her shoul ders, and looking with fierce eyes into her pale face, "a man might well kill you!" "And why?" demands she, undauntedly "You would have taken her-you have confessed so much-you had the coarse courage to put it into words. If not her why"-with a shrug-"then another!"

"There! think as you will," says he, re leasing her roughly. "Nothing I could say would convince or move you. And yet, I know it is of no use, but I am de termined I will leave nothing unsaid. 1 wooden will give you no loop-hole. I asked her to sweet th go with me in a moment of irritation, of oneliness, if you will; it is hard for a man to be forever outside the pale of affection and I thought-well, it is no matter what I thought. I was wrong, it seems. for caring for her. I care so little that I now feel actually glad she had the sense to refuse my senseless proposal. She would have bored me, I think, and I should undoubtedly have bored her. The proposition was made to her in a moment of folly."

"Oh, folly !" says she, with a curious laugh.

Well, give it any other name you like And after all," in a low tone, "you are right. It was not the word. If I had said despair I should have been nearer the mark.

"There might have been another word." said she, slowly.

"Even if there were," says he. "the oc casion for it is of your making. You have thrown me over; you must be prepared. therefore, to accept the consequ "You have prepared me for anything."

We sail in about a month. I shall have to leave here almost immediately." "So soon," says she, vaguely. She has begun that absurd tattoo again, but things into the small parlor, and call for a

begun that absurd tattoo again, but i bridge, and restless little fingers, and aky and earth, and all things seem blotted out. lamp." She is smilling at Joyce as she speaks,

He is going, really going, and forever! and now, going up to her, kisses her im-How far is India away? Joyce returns the caress with pulsively. Joyce returns the caress with fervor. It is natural that she should nev-"It is always rather hurried at last. For

my part, I am glad I'm going." "Yes?" er have felt the sweetness, the comfort of Barbara so entirely as she does now, when her heart is open and full of ecstasy, and "Mrs. Monkton will-at least, I am surwhen sympathy seems so necessary. Darl-ing Barbara! But then she must love Felix now juts as much as she loves her. the will-let me have a line now and then this evening. You think she will be rood enough?" She rather electrifies Barbara and Felix

to obey.

by saying anxiously to the former: "Barbara is always kind." "Kiss Felix too." It is impossible not to laugh. Mrs. Monkton gives way to immediate and un-

"I suppose"--he hesitates, and then goes in with an effort--"I suppose it would be too much to ask of you?" "What?"

"I am a bad correspondent," says she, feeling as if she were choking. "Ah! I see. I should not have asked, of course. Yes, you are right. It was ab-surd my hoping for it." "Well, now I have got a brother at last," says she. It is indeed her first knowledge of one, for that poor suicide in Nice had never been anything to her-or to any one else in the world for the matter of that-except a great trouble. "There down below floats up to heaven, its heart "Would you really care?" says she

a pale, vague pink. The day is almost done, and already "Ah! That is the humor of it," says he. 'In spite of all, I should still really care. shadows are growing round trees and cor-Come-" He makes an effort to unclass ners. There is something mystical and the small, pretty fingers that are grasping strange in the deep murmurs that come the rails so rigidly. At first they seem to from the nestling woods, the sweet, wild resist his gentle pressure, and then they give way to him. She turns suddenly. coo of the pigeons, the chirping of Innumerable songsters, and now and then the dull hooting of some blinking owl. Through all, the sad tolling of a chapel "Feliz!" her voice is somewhat strained, somewhat harsh, not all her own voice,

do you still love me?" bell away, away in the distance, where "You know that," returns he, sadly. If the tiny village hangs over the brow of he has felt any surprise at the question he the rocks that gird the sea. has not shown it.

Joyce picks a branch or two as she goes "No, no," says she, feverishly. "That on her way, and thrusts them into the you like me, that you are fond of me, perbosem of ner gown. And now she has haps, I can still believe. But is it the reached the outskirts of the wood, where same with you that it used to be? Do the river runs, crossed by a rustic bridge, rou," with a little sob, "love me as well on which she has ever loved to rest and sow as in those old days? Just the same? dream, leaning rounded arms upon the Not," going nearer to him and laying her railings and seeing strange but hand upon his breast, and raising agonizsweet things in the bright, hurrying water ad eyes to him, "not one bit less?"

beneath her eyes. "I love you a thousand times more, She has gained the bridge now, and says he, very quietly, but with such intenleaning languidly upon its frall ramparts sity that it enters into her very soul. lets her gaze wander afield. The little 'Why?" He has laid his own hand over stream, full of conversation as ever, flows the small, nervous one lying on his breast, on unnoticed by her. Its charm seems and his face has grown very white. dead. That belonged to the old life-the "Because I love you, too!" "Because I love you, too!" "My beloved!" says he in a faint, guick

life she will never know again. It seems to her quite a long time since she felt way. He is holding her to him now with young. She has learned that life is a fail- all his might. She can feel the quick pulure after all. It takes some people a life-time to discover that great fact; it has taken her quite a short time. Suddenly she slips with her head pressed against his shoultaken her quite a short time. A step upon the bridge behind her! She der, bursts into a storm of tears. It is a

starts into a more upright position and last shower. looks round her without much interest. They are both silent for a long time, and A dark figure is advancing toward her. then he, raising one of her hands, presser Through the growing twilight it seems the palm against his lips. Looking up at abuormally large and black, and Joyce him, she smiles, uncertainly but happily, stares at it anxiously. Not Freddy-not one of the laborers-they would be all clad in finance jackets of a light color.

clad in fiannel jackets of a light color. "Oh, is it you?" says Dysart, coming knowledging its charm, cannot smile back closer to her. He had, however, known it at her. It is all too strange, too new was her from the first moment his eyes He is afraid to believe. As yet there is rested on her. No mist, no twilight could something terrible to him in this happi

says she, crimity, but with bitter meaning, "See here," says he, furiously. "There may still be one thing left for you which is have deceived him. "Yes," says she, advancing a little to "Yes," says she, advancing a little to "Yes," says she, advancing a little to "Yes," says she, and reince and. "I was coming down to Mrs. Monkton with a message—a letter—from Lady Bal-"Am I not here?" are able to min in this happi-ness that has fallen into his life. "You mean it?" he asks, bending over the "If to-morrow I was to wake and "I was coming down to Mrs. Monkton with a message—a letter—from Lady Bal-"Am I not here?" are able to min in this happi-ness that has fallen into his life. "You mean it?" he asks, bending over the "If to-morrow I was to wake and "I was coming down to Mrs. Monkton with a message—a letter—from Lady Bal-

IOW KITCHENER SECURES A | a piece of pavement of ceramo crystal

efuses to Remain for a Dinner Given in His Honor Unless Lord Roths Gordon College Fund.

"When Kitchener was starting his ist for the £100.000 he demanded for he Gordon College he was advised that

he first step he could take was to atend a lunch in the city which Lord restrained mirth and Dysart follows suit. "It is a command," says he, and Bar-bara thereupon kisses him affectionately. short conversation, and as Lord tothschild's face was somewhat fighd and his eye shone brightly, it was of that-except a great trouble. "There, go," says she. "I think I hear Freddy asily seen that the great banker was

tot pleased. And he wasn't. "For what had happened was this: They fly. She goes to the window, and seeing Monkton some way off, flings up the sash and waves to him in a frenzied ord Kitchener, with that shrewd ense he has especially where money fashion to come to her at once. There is something that almost approaches tragedy concerned-saw that the amount o he subscriptions of others would largein her air and gesture. Monkton hastens y depend on the amount with which

ord Rothschild would start the list. "Now, what-what-what do you think He fixed that amount in his own mind has happened?" cries she when he has vaulted the window sill and is standing it £5,000. When Lord Rothschild came ip to him Lord Hitchener asked with beside her, somewhat breathless and distinctly unesay, Nothing short of an acci- maracteristic bluntness what amount ie wished to subscribe. 'One thousand dent to the children could, in his opinion, have warranted so vehement a call. Yet jounds,' replied Lord Rothschild, a lit-Barbara, as he examines her features ie taken aback. 'I want £5,000,' said Groceryman Called Down by a Shrewe carefully, seems all joyous excitement Litchener: 'and, moreover, unless I get After a short contemplation of her beam-ing face he tells himself that he was an t. I sha'n't stay to lunch.' Lord Rothsshild is generous-the generosity of the

ass to give up that pilgrimage of his to the lower field, where he had been going to inspect a new-born calf. "The skies are all right," says he, with

an upward glance at them through the window. "And-you hadn't another untothschild looked angry. cle, had you?" "Oh, Freddy," she says, justly disgust-"The news spread through the room:

ed. "Well, my good child, what then? I'm all curiosity."

"Guess," says she, too happy to be able to give him the rough scolding he deserves. "Oh! if it's a riddle," says he, "you might remember I am only a little one, and unequal to the great things of life." "Ah! but, Freddy, I've something dellcious to tell you. There, sit down there,

you look quite queer, while I" "No wonder I do," says he at last, rath-er wrathfully. "To judge by your wild gesticulations at the window just now.

any one might have imagined that the house was on fire and a hostile race tearing en masse into the back yard. And now-why, it appears you are quite pleas ed about something or other. Really such hereby save the exchequer and reduce disappointments are enough to age a man xpenses. And he is just as merciles -or make him look 'queer;' that was the word you used, I think?" with the bodies and souls as with the

"Listen." says the seating herself be-ride bim and alipping her arm sround his neck. "Joyce is going to marry Felix-after all. There!" Still with her arm ras to the great work, so is a man re-parded by Kitchener. He has no favor-

ceramic stone or devitrified glass. A portion of the pavement has been laid since last October and has been subjected ever since to heavy traffic. It child Contributes \$25,000 to the is still in an admirable state of preser

vation. The glass or ceramic stone laid in the form of blocks eight inche square, each block containing sixtees parts in the form of checkers.

The density of the population of Lon don has been doubled since 1857. "It i truly wonderful," says the Lancet "that its vast population of 6,291,667 tothschild would give. The lunch was located on only 603 square miles, should luly ordered; the guests were met; the have in 1897 so low a death rate as 17.7 nbie set. In the middle there was an iwkward pause. Lord Rothschild was beerved to leave Lord Kitchener after England well deserves the name she has received as the birthplace and hom of sanitary science and practice."

The great trouble with the auto mobile carriage is the difficulty of get ting supplies or having repairs made en route. To remedy this a "poste electrique internationale" has been formed as a joint stock company it Paris, the great object being to estab lish stations on the highways where petroleum can be bought and damage notors put in order. There will a'se be restaurants and sleeping accommo dations, so that the old glories of the road may return in the coming century

SHE COULDN'T BE TRICKED

Irish Woman.

"It's no use trying to trick a woma er," said a wholesale flour deal amily is as well known, indeed, as its er of Philadelphia. "Not long ago." he wealth-but a stand-and-deliser mes continued, "when I was still in the reage of this kind was something more will trade, we had a shrewd Irish wom han even the most generous of men an for a customer. One day she ordered would liwe. And that was why Lord a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but

told her we could send her a barrel o urprise and horror were on every face, another brand equally good. A week and several of the distinguished guests or so after she came into the store and vent up to Kitchener to remonstrate, declared that she didn't like the flour Wolseley at the head. They might as and insisted on having it taken back well have talked to the Egyptian and the brand she wanted sent in sphin z. 'Five thousand pounds or I go!' stead. Well, we hauled the flour back ald Kitchener. He got the £5,000 with to the store, and being still out of the he result he had anticipated-four oth- brand wanted filled up the returned r multimillionaires had to follow Lord barrel, put in a new head and carted i Rothschild's example, and when the back to the woman again. We heard nothing more about the matter for unch was over the subscription for the fordon College was well started with three weeks, when one day she came 25,000. It is Kitchener all over. His into the store in a highly indignant

ove of money-not for himself, be it frame of mind. inderstood, but for his cause-is so con-"'I want you to send up to my hous uming that he is said to take a positive and haul that flour away,' she expleasure in 'doing' a man if he can claimed.

"'What's the matter now?' I retorted "'You sent me back the same barre had.'

sockets of men. As he is useful or use-"Of course I denied it, but she floo ed me.

"'Huh!' she retorted, 'that's all very tes any more than he has animosities. fine. But I had two bakin's out of the

SERMONS OF THE DAY. Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

has less self control, less equipoles to some per, than he used to. Why does he not dop? Becau-e he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop. and be loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop. Oh, my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inciriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop! But sometimes a man will be more frank than "The Plague of Alcohol"-The Drunkard's Woe Depicted in Strong Colors-Rum's Mission is to Destroy All Good-A Call to Christians.

TEXT: "And there shall be a great cry broughout all the land of Egypt."-Ex-dus xi., 6.

sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop. I realizeit. But if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until to-mor-row night unless I had all my fingers eat off, I would say, 'Bring on the hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear irlend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and con-fe-sed it. He confessed he could not stop. My fried said. 'You must stop.'' He said: This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped bis wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse dwasta-tion wrought by this second than by the This was the worst of the ten plagues

through these drink. Far worse that angel of strong drink. Far worse than tion wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than first. The calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number. Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came foith to our earth on four infernals came foith to our earth on add embassy of mischief. The one fiend said, add embassy of mischief. The one fiend said, add musching for the second that the people the second the second that the people the second the second that the people the second the embassy of mischief. The one fiend said, "Till take charge of the vineyards." An-other said, "Till take charge of the grain fields." Another said, "Till take charge of the dairy." Another said, "Till take charge of the dairy." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other goodby with lip of blue fiame and parted on their mission. The feand of the vineyard came in one ty, kissed each other goodby with lip of blue fiame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The flend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to camage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and lasclous. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch, and while the flend sat there in utter indignation and squeezed it in perfect spite, and, lot his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the flend said: "That re-minds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the julces of the grapes to stand until they the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and, loi his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That re-minds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermenta-tion." And there was a great vat pre-pared, and people came with their cups fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hos-pital at this moment. It went on last pital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death some of you will die un-less you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop. pared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank and went away drinking. drank until they fell in long lines of death so that when the flend of the vineyard

cannot stop. But it plagues a man also in the loss o, home. I do not eare how much he lowes his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outvanted to return to his bome in the he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of mastery over him he will do the most out-rageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink, he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no Then the second flend came into the rainfield. He waded chin deep amid the bariey and the rye. He heard all the grain taking about bread and prosperous hu-bandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled trous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made beneath it great fires-fire lighted with a spark from his own heartwith rags? There are little children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, un-combed, want written on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of lighted with a spark from his own heart-and there were a grinding and a mashing and atench, and the people came with their bottles, and they dipped up the flery liquid and they drank, and they biasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the flend of the grataggered, and the flend of the grainfield, was sc pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky bar-rel, and there he sat by the door of the bounghole isuphing in bigh merriment at the thought that out of anything so harm lease as the grain of the field he might turr this world into a seeming pandemonium. loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that The fiend of the dairy saw the cows com-ing home from the pasture field, full ud-dered, and as the maid milked he said, "I'l If we go into the fature world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us, there. I sup-pose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst dered, and as the maid milked he said, "I'l soon spoil all that mess, I'll add to it brahdy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it and some of the temperance people wil drink it, and if I can do them more harm I'll give them a h-adache, and then I'l. hand them over to the more vigorous flends of the satanic delegation." And then the clawing upon him. In this world be could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could in this world, he could begor he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst, but in refinity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inchriste get the draft he so much requires, so much de-mended by come to here it. No one to fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shell and danced until the long row of shining and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked. The field of the music entered a grog-shop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the cir-cuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew and the cymbals clapped and the drums beat and the bugles called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wineglass in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, nutil the room mands? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum. If a flend from the lost world should come If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a grogshop and, having finished the mission in the grogshop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what ex-citement it would make all through the world of the lost, and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost would in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, whill the room shook and the glasses cracked and the floor broke and the crowd dropped into hell. Then the four fiends—the flend of the wineyard and of the grainfield and of the dairy and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done, and satan rose from his throne and an-nounced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four it!" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the cry: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ab, my friends, the inebriate's sor-row in the next world will not be the abnounced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the spriter and all the fiends filled their glasses and olicked them and cried: "Let us drink-drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffie! Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!" But whether by allegory or by appaling statistic this subject is presented you know as well as I that it is impossible to exag-gerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! I A plague! In the first place the inebrinte suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his row in the next world will not be the ab-sence of God or holiness or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it blieth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an ad-der." But I must not dwell on generalities; i must come to specifie must come to specifies. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a ser-If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a ser-mon on generalities. I want personalies. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop. A plague! In the first place the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him-they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibral-tar. If a man is right, all the bombard-ment of the world for 5, 10, 20, 40 years will only strengthen him in his position. Bo that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What cherk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for a member? What dyin wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men-and I say it not in flattery-splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good sducation, or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital do not bring upon it susthe past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is pour only capital do not bring upon it sus-lishments or by an odor of your breath or by any glare of your eye or by any unnat-ural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital. The inebriate suffers also in the fact that the lose his self respect and when you dewith drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the he loses his self respect, and when you de-stroy a man's self respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he will say things flowers of spring to come over the grave-sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a baim for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted would not do otherwise, Le will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact i-, that man cannot stop or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out and made him grind in the mills of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop any time he wants to. heath of a drunkar i's sepulcher? He is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor is he in-digent that hath little, but he that craves. For we are not rich or poor, happy or unhappy, honorable or mean, thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now, do atop this. After awhile it will get the mastery of you." "Ob, no!" he says. "I can stop to at any time. I can stop now. I can stop to-morso much according to the proportion of that which we possess as of that which we desire. He who thinks better of his paigh bors than they deserve, cannot really be a bad man; for the standard by ow." His most confidential friend says; Why, I'm atraid you are losing your minnee with that habit. You are going a which his judgment is usually formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men It ttle further than you can afford to go. ou had better stop." "Oh. no!" he says. I can stop at any time. I can stop now." base, or, in other like themselves. He goes on further and further. He can-not stop. I will prove it. He loves him-self, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depieting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down; that he There is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance. Writers whose only aim is to make

I leave this place forever. Shall I answer Something in his manner terrifies he

she feels her face blanching. Words are denied her, but she makes a faint move ment of assent with her hand. What is h going to say? "What if I should decide, then, on tak

ing my son with me?" says he, violently "Who is there to prevent me? Not you or another. Thus I could cut all ties an put you out of my life at once and for

He had certainly not calculated on the force of his words or his manner. It had been a mere angry suggestion. There was no cruelty in Baltimore's nature. He had never once permitted himself to dwel up on the possibility of separating the boy from his mother. Such terrible reveas as that was beyond him-his whole nature would have revolted against it. He has spoken with passion, urged by her con tempt into a desire to show her where hh power lay, without any intention of actu ally using it. He meant, perhaps, to weaken her intolerable defiance, and she her where a hole in her armor lay. He was not prepared for the effect of hi words.

An ashen shade had overspread he face; her expression has become ghostly As though her limbs have suddenly given way under her, she falls against the man telpiece and clings to it with trembling fingers. Her eyes, wild and anguished

"The child!" gasps she, in a voice o mortal terror. "The child! Not the child Oh! Baltimore, you have taken all from me except that. Leave me my child!" "Don't look at me like that." exclaim

inexpressibly shocked-this sudder and complete abandonment of herself to her fear has horrified him. "I never meant it. I but suggested a possibility The child shall stay with you. Do yot hear me, Isabel? The child is yours When I go, I go alone!"

There is a moment's silence, and ther she bursts into tears. It is a sharp reac tion, and it shakes her bodily and mental A wild return of her love for himthat first, sweet and only love of her life returns to her, born of intense gratitude But sadly, slowly, it dies away again. It lantly. seems to her too late to dream of tha again. Yet perhaps her tears have as much to do with that lost love as with her gratitude.

Slowly her color returns. She check her sobs. She raises her head and looks at him still with her handkerchief pres to her tremulous lips.

"It is a promise," says she. "Yes; a promise." 'You will not change again"-nervou

"You-

"Ah! doubt to the last," says be. "It is a promise from me to you, and of course the word of such a reprobate as you co sider me can scarcely be of any avail." ed me of other things." "But you could not break this pron says she, in a low voice, and with a long

sigh. "What trust you place in me!" says he with an open sneer-"well, so be it. I give you home and child. You give me-no worth while to go into the magnificence of your gifts, is it?"

"I gave you once a whole heart, an un broken faith," says she. "And took them back again! Child"

play!" says he. "Child's promises. Well if you will have it so, you have got promise from me now, and I think yo might say 'thank you' for it, as the chil dren do "

"I do thank you!" says she, vehemently "Does not my whole manner speak for me?" Once again her eyes fill with tears "So much love for the child!" cries he, 15 I know you are not going to marry that

"You are going, then?" says she sharpa stinging tone; "and not one thought for fellow." "You are going, then?" says she sharp-in the provide the state of the

He opens the door abruptly, and is gone inter to her until now. "Yes, Wy are under orders for India.

making a slight but eloquent pressure on one of the arms that are round her. He bends his face to hers, and as he feels "This is a very long way round from the Court, isn't it?" says she. "Yes. But I like this calm little corner. that first glad eager kiss returned-he I have come often to it lately." knows!

Miss Kavanagh lets her eyes wander to the stream down below. To this little CHAPTER XXI. Of course Barbara is delighted. She proves charming as a confidante. Nothing spot of all places! Her favorite nook! Had he hoped to meet her there? Oh, no! impossible! And besides, she had given it an exceed the depth of her sympathy. up for a long, long time until this evening.

seems weeks to her now since last she in the darkening twilight, entering the house in a burglarious fashion through the was here. "You will find Barbara," says she, gent-

ly. "I don't suppose it is of very much consequence," says he, alluding to the mes-sage. He is looking at her, though her averted face leaves him little to study.

"You are cold." says he, abruptly. "Am I?" turning to him with a little mile. "I don't feel cold. I feel dull, perhaps, but nothing else."

There is a pause; it threatens to be an an infant, and with a laugh so frightfully everlasting one, as Miss Kavanagh plain-ly doesn't know what to say. He can see this: what he cannot see is that she is afraid of her own voice. These trouble-some tears that all day have been so close

ber seem closer than ever now. "Beauclerk came down to see you to day," says he, presently. This remark is so unexpected that it steadles her. "Yes," she says, calmly enough, but

raising her tell-tale eyes. "You expected him?"

Felix. "I-I confess I have stolen some thing belonging to you." "Oh, no: not stolen," says Joyce, in "He asked you to marry him, how-

ever?' There is something almost threat-ening in his tone now, as if he is defying rather faint tone. "Ba what you will think, but-"Barbara, I know her to deny his assertion. It overwhe "I know what I do think!" cries Bar

"Yes," she says again, and for the first bara, joyously. "Oh, is it, can it be true?" It never occurs to her that Felix now is time is struck by the meagerness of her not altogether a brilliant match for a sis-

"Well?" says Dysart, roughly. ter with a fortune-she remembers only in that lovely mind of hers that he had "I refused him," says she, at last, in a ow tone, and in a dull sort of way, as if loved Joyce when she was without a penny, and that he is now what he had al the matter is one of indifference to her.

"Ah!" He draws a long breath. "It is ways seemed to her, the one man what "ah!" He draws a long breath. "It is ways seemed to her, the one man what "and" he says, laving his hand on hers could make Joyce happy. true?" he says, laying his hand on hers "Yes; it is true!" says Dysart. He has as it lies on the top of the woodwork. given up that unsuccessful gayety now "Ouite true."

and has grown very grave; there is even "And yet-you have been crying?" a slight tremble in his voice. He comes up to Mrs. Monkton and takes both her "You can see that," says she, petu-intly. "You have taken pains to see and to tell me of it. Do you think it it a pleasant thing to be told? Most hands. "She has given herself to me. You are really glad! You are not angry about

eople," glancing angrily towards him -"every one, I think, makes it a point it? I know I am not good enough for her nowadays not to see when one has been making a fool of one's self; but Here Joyce gives way to a little out burst of mirth that is rather tremulous

ou seem to take a delight in torturing ning away from the unfriendly and coming away from the unfriendly wall, that has not been of the least use t "Did I?" says he, bitterly, ignoring, per her, brings herself somewhat shamefaced

aps not even hearing her outburst-"did ly into the only light the room receive cost you so much to refuse him?" "It cost me nothing!" with a sudden ef-fort, and a flash from her beautiful eyes. "Nothing?"

"I have said so! Nothing at all. It was "I really can't stay here," says she "and listen to my own praises being sung. And besides," turning to Felix, a lovely mere nervousness, and because-it remind-

"Did he see you cry?" asks Dysart, tightening unconsciously his grasp upon regard it as you do; she will, on the con trary, say you are a great deal too goo

her hand. "No. He was gone a long time, quite a for me, and that I ought to be pillorie long time, before it occurred to me that all the trouble I have given through not i should like to cry. I," with a frugal being able to make up my own mind for

smile, "indulged myself very freely then." so long a time." Denset draws a long breath of relief. It "Indeed, I shall say nothing but that so long a time." so long a time." so long a time." "Indeed, I shall say nothing but that you are the dearest girl in the world, and that I'm delighted things have turned out Beauclerk should take taken possession of ears. He would take taken possession of hem, as it were. They would have mere-hem, as it were. They would have mere-tainly never had said it, and had always belped to pamper his self-conceit and mooth down his ruffied pride. He would indeed been distinctly doubtful about it. nevitably have placed such and suc "Is Mr. Monkton in?" says Feliz, in onstruction on them; one entirely to his way that leads Monkton's wife to imagine that if she should chance to say he was

out, the news would be halled with rapture. "Ob, never mind him," says she, bean

ing upon the happy but awkward couple before her. "I'll tell him all about it. the will be just as glad as 1 am. There, i tary."-Indianapolis Journal. go away, you two; you will find the small parlor empty, and I dare say you have a great deal to say to each other still. Of course you will dine with us, Felix, and give Freddy an opportunity of saying something ridiculous to you." He will be just as glad as I am. There, | tary."-Indianapolis Journal.

"Thank you," says Dysart. "I suppose

mark the effect of this astonishing dis closure. (To be continued.)

Correcting Geographies

The more accessible portions of the globe having been explored, geogra phers are now correcting their imperfect records. The text books and the

When Joyce and Felix came in togethe latest maps represent the Arctic coast of Siberia as a flat, water-soaked tun ion through the dra, but this Dr. K. Hikish has just dining room window, it so happens that Barbara is there, and is at once struck by ns that pointed out to the Russian Geograph a sense of guilt that seems to surround and envelop them. They had not, indeed, anticipated meeting Barbara in that room ical Society is decidedly wrong. Only in the region of the Obi has the Arctic low, flat shores. East of the Yenesel of all others, and are rather taken aback when they come face to face with her. "I assure you we have not come after to Bering Straft, as early explorers knew, the coasts are high, and in the east of the Kolyma even hilly, and the spoons," says Felix, in a would-be careless tone that could not have deceived there are only deltas at the mouths of

the Olenek, the Lena, the Yana and the careless that it would have terrified the Indighirka.-San Francisco Chronicle "You certainly don't look like it," says Edible Oil of Egypt. Mrs. Monkton, whose heart has begun to beat high with hope. "You haven't the In Egypt and the Soudan, in India and all through the east an emormous requisite murderous expression," she says unable to resist a touch of satire. "You trade is carried on in vegetable oils, look rather frightened, you two. What have you been doing?" She is too goodwhich take the place of our butter and

margarine products. One of the principal edible oils is obtained from the natured not to give them an opening for ground nut, known in France as "aratheir confession. "Not much, and yet a good deal," says chide oil." Over 1,000,000 hundredweight of these nuts are annually imported into that country for its profuction. Belgium also takes vast quantities. Arachide oil is an excellent soan maker, besides being an edible oil, and

when cotton oll is high in price will compete well with it in this branch of industry. In France alone there is already a very large consumption of it, to be counted in tens of thousands of

A Sufferer's Opinion. "Who was it said 'All the world loves ouraging them in the breeding season nd planting colonies wherever praca lover?" lcable.

"I dunno. Some blamed fool New York has a population of 3,389, never lived next door to where the 53 and pays yearly for government 138,000,000, or \$47.10 per citizen, while was an 18-year-old girl with a steady fellow, f guess."-Gleveland Leader. ondon, with 6,291,697 citizens, pays ut \$65,000,000 for its government, or

A Punning Woman.

Doubtless the female punster, a gues not at all satisfied. at a dinner party where a bishop was present, recalled to the prelate Dr. Holmes' remark: "People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks." The Bal-

timore Sun tells the story. "By the way," said the woman, you know that there are times when it s dangerous to enter an Episcopal church?"

"What is that madam?" said the ng ships is that they are restricted to Bishop, with great dignity, straightenset of names that have already ing himself up in his chair. een borne by ships in the British navy "I say there are times when it is positively dangerous to enter the church," ime a new name was given every sigshe replied.

"That cannot be," said the Bishop Pray explain, madam." "Why," said she, "it is when there in

canon in the reading-desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging his clergy, the choir is murdering the anthem, and the organist is trying to drown the choir."-Youth's Companion.

"Then I told him what I thought of or a week after he is drunk all over him." "In good, plain language, I pre- gain."

sume?" "Well, yes. In fact, some of my expressions were positively mili-

kaguay." The paper also bears the ollowing advertisement of the hostely: "Rates, \$3 per day-sleeping-room, reakfast and supper. Guests must praish their own blankets and innet.

e altered.

icer gets ill; at once arrel before I sent it back. "'Yes,' I assented, 'and you got a ful ack. Years of service, enthusiasm in

he cause, bravery, skill, all in vain; he barrel in return. Doesn't that prove-"'Prove nothin',' she interrupted s a useless mouth, and back he goes 'The first two bakin's out of the barre This is the kind of leader to succ but not the kind of one to be loved. And

noted a passage "from the Indianapo

rom the rays of the sun while at work,

light frame being attached to the

ody by straps to support an adjust-

ble covering of rain or sun-proof ma-

ceps and increases its flavor.

ny other city in the world.

be solicited.

erial.

News, Chicago."

got the second time were all right Kitchener is not loved."-London letter But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with n Philadelphia Inquirer. saucer. When I got down to the third

akin' out of that second barrel I----' "'Yes,' I interposed weakly, 'what did you do?

"'Found my saucer,' was her answe Then she swept out."-Philadelphia Inaulrer. HIS BROTHER WAS HALF DEAD. The London Athenaeum recently

> presquently the Cilna at Wante One-Half the Life Insurance.

It is the advice of a connoisseur There is a life-insurance agent o eas to buy the leaves in considerable whom it is said that he can talk a stor juantity. Tea preserved in a chest statue into buying a policy in his com pany, "the most liberal on earth." He It is stated that the number of card wrote a policy for a Chinaman a few olders in the Boston public libraryweeks ago, the first ever written for 5.000-is greater than that claimed by man of that race. How he did it he alone knows. The Chinaman has no A modification of the church fair clear idea of it. He understood that by a plan of a Methodist Episcopal paying the premiums promptly he Thurch in Chester County, Pennsyl would be entitled to \$5,000 some time ania, to have an auction of farm stock He began bothering the agent for the nd implements, the animals and goods noney after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die be A resident of Oklahoma has patented

head canopy for protecting the head fore he could get it. The Chinaman fell down a cellarway and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend t him without calling in a doctor. Whe they did call in, one or two days later the doctor was angry. "Why didn't you call me sooner?" h

A new society of "bird restorers" ha sked. "This man is half dead now. en organized in Boston for the pur Next day the injured man's brothet ose of replacing nacive song birds in was at the insurance office with heir former haunts, protecting and enclaim for \$2,500. "You're not entitled to anything o

this," said the insurance man, "until the man is dead." "Doctol say him half dlead," answe

ed the brother. "Why he no glet la half?"-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Nests and Hats. She-Why is it, I wonder, that a bird 10.33 per citizen. And yet, with a ever uses the same nest two years in howing as favorable as this, London succession? It very frequently happens that one of last year's nests

Railway cars are easily changed from inst as good as new. He-Oh, I guess birds are like

> She-I'd like to know how you draw he connection? He-Well, I never see you wearing

one of your last year's hats, although some of them must be about as goo as new.

A New Parrot Story.

A maiden lady of a certain town Cornwall owned a parrot, which some ecause of the signal codes. Every how acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: al book in the service would have to wish the old lady would die." This an noyed the bird's owner, who spoke A Kansas boy at Manila has discov-her curate about it. "I think we ca red something new about which he rectify the matter," replied the goo iscourses as follows: "The natives man. "I also have a parrot, and he righteous bird, having been brough anke a kind of drink which they use up in the way he should go. I will len nd a fellow can get enough for 10 ents to make him howling drunk, but you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird he worst part of the game is that

route." The curste's parrot was place very time he takes a drink of water in the same room with the wicked on and as soon as the two had become a A letter recently received from Alas a is written on paper headed "Ohil-oot Pass Hotel, 1222 Icicle avenue,

remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bir rolled up his even and in solemn accent idded: "We baseeth thes to hear u-good Lord?" The stary got out in ti parish, and for several Sundays it w: necessary to cast the Library at the church arrefus.-Remobal Words.

ustomed to each other, the bad bir emarked: "I wish the old lady would

road to narrow gauge by an Austraian patent, the wheels being attached in one way. o the axle by screw threads several The excuse given by the British adairalty for lack of originality in nam-

urns in either direction drawing the rheels together or spreading them, rith lever and ratchets to lock them in ither position.