Editor and Proprietor.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1899.

NO. 23.



"But," recoiling, "what is it? What does

"It is not your death warrant, I assure

Seeing her still hesitate, he turns upon her savagely. Who shall say what hidden

boy everything-at least, as nearly every-

"It should be the other way," says she.

Take everything and leave us enough to

"Why?" says he, facing round, some

"We shall have each other," says she.

"Having happily got rid of such useless lumber as the father and husband. Well,

you will be the happier so," rejoins he,

"It is your arrangement," says she.

'If that thought is a salve to your con

wasting time." He hands her the pen:

she takes it mechanically, but makes no

"You will, at least, tell me where you

"Certainly I should if I only knew my-

toward the loose papers lying on the table

"Your son will inherit the title and the

"Let them lie there. I shall sign noth

"In that case you will probably fin

child cannot inherit until after my death

if you will. I refuse to be benefited by it."
"What a stubborn woman you are."

cries he, in great wrath. "You have for

rears declined to acknowledge me as your

usband. You have by your manner al-

most commanded my absence from you side; yet now when I bring you the joyfu

news that in a short time you will actu

ally be rid of me, you throw a thousand difficulties in my path. Is it that you de-

sire to keep me near you for the purpos

have gone a trifle too far. The hope yo

of torture? It is too late for that. You

"You are my fate! You are inexora

The sound of running, childish, patter

ing footsteps can be heard outside the

door, and a merry little shout of laughter

The door is suddenly burst open in rather unconventional style, and Bertie rushes nto the room, a fox-terrier at his heeis.

The dog is evidently quite as up to the game as the boy, and both race tempestu

ously up the room and precipitate them-

selves against Lady Baltimore's skirts. Round and round her the chase continues,

until the boy, bursting away from his mother, dashes toward his father, the ter-

yourself immersed in troubles of

"I don't care," says she, sullenly.

property without those papers."
"There are complications, however, tha

"You have your son to consider."

perhaps you do not understand."

and moves angrily away.

thing in her voice that resembles remorse

thing as will enable me to live.

you," says he, with a sneer. "Come, sign!"

t all mean?"

orst of anger?

me, no doubt."

are going?" says she.

CHAPTER XXII.

pleased by the news when Felix told her the next morning of his good luck. In all her own great unhappiness she had still a kindly word and thought for her cousin "One of the nicest girls," she says, pressing his hands warmly.

think, indeed, the nicest girl I know. You are fortunate, Felix, but," very kindly, "she is fortunate, too." "Oh, no, the luck is all on my side,"

"It will be a blow to Norman," she "I think not." with an irrepressible

touch of scorn. "Of course, I can quite understand that you do not like him," says she, with a suick sigh. "But believe me, any heart be has was really given to Joyce. Well, striking him. e must devote himself to ambition now." "Miss Maliphant can help him to that." "No, no. That is all knocked on the head. It appears—this is in strict confidence, Felix-but it appears he asked her to marry him last evening, and she re-

Felix turns to her as if to give utteronce to some vehement words, and then thecks himself. After all, why add to her Why tell her of that enr's Her own brother, too! It

To think he should have gone from her to Miss Maliphant! What a pitiful creature! Beneath contempt! Well, if his side survives those two downfalls both one day it must be made of leather. It loes Felix good to think of how Miss Malshant must have worded her refusal. She must have had a really bad time of it. "Ah, she refused?" says he, hardly knowing what to say.

afraid. He cave me the mere fact of the refusal-no more, and only that because he had to give a reason for his abrupt departure. You know he is going this even-

"No. I did not know it. Of course, un-"Yes, he could hardly stay here, Margaret came to me and said she would go, "I shall take care that my death, when but I would not allow that. After all every woman has a right to refuse or ac-

"I only wish she had not hurt him in and turns away. the refusal. He was not in his usual care-

less apirits. He struck me as being a lit-says; "but consider your son. He lover tle-well, you know, a little"—she hest you. He will desire news of you from Out of temper?" suggests Felix. "Well, yes. Disappointment takes that

course with some people. After all, it might have been worse if he had set his heart on Joyce and been refused." "Much worse," says Felix, his eyes

"She would have been a severe loss." "Severe, indeed." By this time Felix is beginning to feel like an advanced hypo-

"As for Margaret Maliphant, I am self. It is a terrible world, Felix, when all is told," says she, suddenly, crossing ber beautiful, long, white hands over her "Baltimore!" exclaims she, turning upon s, and leaning toward him. There is him passionately. She seems to struggle with herself for words. "Has marriage knees, and leaning toward him. There is that he starts as he looks at her. It is proved so sweet a thing," cries she, pres a momentary fit of emotion, however, and ently, "that I should care to try it again!

passes before he dare comment on it. With There! Go! I shall sign none of these passes before he dare comment on it. With heart nigh to breaking she still retains things!" She makes a disdainful gesture composure, and talks calmly to Felix, and lets him talk to her, as though the fact that she is soon to lose forever the man who once had gained her heart-that fatal "once" that means for always, in spite of everything that has come and gone-is as little or nothing to her. Seeing her sitting there, strangely pale, ined, but so cellected, it would be imposguess at the tempest of pass and grief and terror that reigns within her Women are not so strong to bear meaner kind after my departure. The as men, and therefore in the world's storm

"It is a lovely world," says he, smiling, thinking of Joyce; and then, remember ing her sad lot, his smile fades. "One might make-perhaps-a bad world-bet-

"Ah! teach me how," says she, with

choly glance. ere is such a thing as forgiveness rgive him!" blurts he out in a frighten way. He is horrified at hims own temerity-a second later, and rises to his feet as if to meet the inhas certainly courted. But o his surprise no such indignation betrays

have so clearly expressed in many ways that time would take me out of your path "Is that your advice?" says she, still is at last about to be fulfilled." "I have had no such hope."

"No! You can look me in the face and say that! Saintly lips never lie, however, do they? We!!, I'm sick of this with the thin white hands clasped over the knees and the earnest gaze on him. "Well, well, well?" Her eyes droop. She seems to be thinklife; you are not. I have borne a good ng, and he, gazing at her, refrains from deal from you, as I told you before. I'll eech with his heart sad with pity. Presbear no more. I give in. Fate has been too strong for me."
"You have created your own fate."

ently she lifts her head and looks at him. "There! Go back to your love," she her from me that if you had the whole orld to choose from, I should still select er as your wife. I like her; I love her She seems to grow all at very tired. Are those tears that are ising in her eyes? She holds out to him hand. Felix, taking it, holds it closeor a moment, and presently, as if mo ed to do it, he stoops and presses a warm kiss upon it.

She is so unhappy, and so kind, and so true. Heaven deliver her out of her sor-

CHAPTER XXIII. She is still sitting silent, lost in thought, after Felix's departure, when the door opens once again to admit her husband. His hands are full of papers.

There isn't so much scope for talent pair of trousers as in a mass of dainty petticoats, and presently Bertie grows tired, flings himself down upon the ground again. 'Are you at liberty?" says he. "Have and lets the dog tumble over him there. papers, "want signing. Can you give your The joust is virtually at an end. attention to them now?" "What are they?" asks she, rising.

rier after him.

Lady Baltimore, who has stood immova-ble during the attack upon her, always with that cold, white, beautiful look upon er face, now points to the stricken child ing, laughing and playing with he dog at his father's feet. says his mother, turning to

the child, "do you know this, that your father is going to leave you?" "Going?" says the boy, vaguely, for-getting the dog for a moment and glancing upward. "Where?"

'Away. Forever."

"Where?" says the boy again. He ises to his feet now, and looks anxiously at his father; then he smiles and flings uself into his arms. "Oh, no!" says he in a little soft, happy, sure sort of a way. "Forever! Forever!" repeats Isabel, in a

"Take me up," says the child, tugging at his father's arms. "What does mamma mean? Where are you going?"
"To America, to shoot bears," returns
Baltimore, with an embarrassed laugh.
How near to tears it is!

"Real live bears?" "Yes."

"Take me?" says the child, excitedly. "And leave mamma? "Ot, she'll come, too," says Bertie, con-

Where he would go-the child! But would ctorms of grief and regret lie within that she go whese the father went? Baltimore's arst of anger?

"Do you want your son to live and die "I am afraid it is out of the question."

poor man?" says he. "Come! there is he says, putting Bertie back again upon courself to be considered, too! Once I am the carpet, where the fox-terrier is barkout of your way, you will be able to begin ing furiously and jumping up and down life again with a light heart; and this," in a frenzied fashion as if desirous of detapping the paper heavily, "will enable vouring the child's legs. "The bears you to to it. I make over to you and the might eat you. When you are big and strong-

> "You will come back for me?" cries Bertie, eagerly. "Perhaps.

"He will not," breaks in Lady Baltinore, violently. "He will come back no more. When he goes you will never sehim again. He has said so. He is going forever!" These last terrible words seem to have sunk into her soul. She cannot rease from repeating them. "Let the boy alone," says Baltimore angrily.

with a laugh that hurts him more than it hurts her, though she cannot know that. The child is looking from one parent t the other. He seems puzzled, expectant, 'Two is company,' you know, according to the good old proverb, 'three, trumpery.' but scarcely unhappy. Childhood can grasp a great deal, but not all. The more You and he will get on very well without unhappy the childhood, the more it can understand of the sudden and larger ways of life. But children delicately brought up and clothed in love from their cradle science, pray think so," rejoins he. "It find it hard to realize that an end to their isn't worth an argument. We are only

happiness can ever come. vague, sweet little way. What is there to tell?' replies his fath-

er, with a most meager laugh, "except that I saw Beecher bringing in some fresh "Certainly I should if I only knew my oranges half an hour ago. Perhaps he has thave had a really bad time of it. direction, and I am afraid the tenderest has been bardly direction, and I am afraid the tenderest has been bardly direction." love letter would not reach me through it. ask him for one-When your friends ask you, say I have "I'll find him," cries Bertie, brightly.

gone to the north pole; it is as likely a destination as another."

"But not to know!" says she, lifting her dark eyes to his-dark eyes that seem to glow like feet is her white the present moment. "Come, Trixy, come," to his dog; "you shall have some, too."

"You see, there won't be much trouble

glow like fire in her white face. "That with him," says Baltimore, when the boy would be terrible. It is unfair. You has run out of the room in pursuit of or-"Don't be uneasy at out that," says he. If you won't sign these papers to-day you "I shall take care that my death, when will perhaps to-morrow. I had better go it occurs, is made known to you as soon and tell Hansard that you would like to have a little time to look them over." on that score with as little delay as I can He walks quickly down the room, opens

Frue. His heart gives an exultant manage. The welcome news shall be the door and closes it after his brought by a swift messenger."

He has not, however, gone to the door and closes it after his brought by a swift messenger." orought by a swift messenger."

He has not, however, gone three yards down the corridor when the door is again opened, and Lady Baltimore's voice calls "Insult me to the last if you will," she after him:

"Baltimore!" Her tone is sharp, highly agonized-the tone of one strung to the time to time. It is impossible that you highest pitch of despair. It startles him, can put him out of your life as you have He turns to look at her. She is standing. highest pitch of despair. It startles him. framed in by the doorway and one hand is grasping the woodwork with a hold so "It appears you can be unjust to the last," says he, flinging her own accusa firm that the knuckles are showing white. tion back at her. "Have I put you out of With the other hand she beckons him to approach her. He obeys her. He is even "Ah! was I ever in it?" says she. "But so frightened at the strange, gray look in her face that he draws her bodily into the -you will write?"

"No. Not a line. Once for all, I break room again, shutting the door with a pres-

with you. Should my death occur you sure of the hand he can best spare.
will hear of it. And I have arranged so "What is it?" says he, looking down a that now and after that event you and her. afraid be was more concerned about the loss of her bonds and scrips than of her- defined. That is all you can possibly require of me. Even if you marry again to shake him off and stand free, leaning against a chair behind her.

"Don't go," says she, hoarsely. It is impossible to misunderstand her meaning. It has nothing whatever to do with his interview with the lawyer waiting so patiently down below, but with that final wandering of his into regions unknown. She is as white as death.

"How is this, Isabel?" asks he. He is as white as she is now. "Do you know what you are saying? This is a moment of excitement; you do not comprehend what your words mean."

"Stay! Stay for his sake!" "Is that all?" says be, his eyes searching hers. "For mine, then."

The words seem to scorch her. She co ers her face with her hands and stands before him, stricken dumb, miserable confessed. "For yours!"

He goes closer to her, and ventures to take her hand. It is cold-cold as death. His is burning. "You have given a reason for my stay-ing, indeed," says he. "But what is the meaning of it?"

"This!" cries she, throwing up her head and showing him her shamed and grief stricken face. "I am a coward! In spite of everything I would not have you go-

so far! "I see. I understand," he sighs, heavily "And yet that story was a foul lie! It i all that stands between us, Isabel. Is in not so? But you will not believe." There is a long silence, during which neither of them stirs. They seem wrap-ped in thought—in silence—he still holding her hand.

"If it was a lie," says she, at last, break ing the quiet around them by an effort, "would you so far forgive my distrust of you as to be holding my hand like this?" "Yes. What is there I would not for give you?" says be. "And it was a lie!" "Cyril," cries she, in great agitation, take care! It is a last moment! Do you are to tell me that still?"

"You doubt?" says he, with a stern riance. "So be it; you shall see the letter the wrote me on her bed of death! Though how will that satisfy you? For you can always gratify your desire for suspicion by regarding it as a forgery. The woman herself is dead, so, of course, there is no one to contradict. I will bring you the letter," moving toward the door. When he does bring it—when she had read it and satisfied herself of the loyalty so long doubted, where, he asks himself, will they two be then? Further apart than ever? He has forgiven a great deal-much more than this—and yet, strange human nature he knows if he once leaves the room and

never! The door is open. He has almost crossed the threshold. Once again her voice

scalls him, once again he looks back, she CEAN CABLE LINES. s bolding out her arms to him. "Cyril! Cyril!" she cried. "I believe

She staggers toward him. Mercifully the fountain of her tears breaks loose, she flings herself into his willing arms, and sobs out a whole world of grief upon his

It is a cruel moment, yet one fraught with joy as keen as the sorrow-a fire of anguish out of which both emerge purified (The end.)

Fiddler-Yes, Boston has turned out among the number. Quiz-Well, how an you blame her?—Brooklyn Life.

this parrot. I suppose he speaks a the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, engood deal?" "No, not at all, but he un-Blatter.

Teacher (to class)-"In this stanza. what is meant by the line: "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright Scholar-"The people were pulling lown the blinds."-Ex.

The First Mate-"How clear and bright it is in the West." The Sec Mate-"Why not? The captain has been sweeping the horizon with his glass."--Indianapolis Journal. The General-"I have stood unmoved

when shells were bursting around me. had in its development. Could you?" Romeo Barnstomer-Well, that would depend a great deal upon the age of the eggs."-Life. "Some of these summer young men,"

remarked Miss Cayenne, pensively, "remind me of Dresden china." "Because they are beautiful?" "Yes. And they get broke so easily."-Washington Star. Flasher-I saw you out horseback riding this morning, old man. Dumbleton-Don't say! Well, was I in it, to to speak? Flasher-The saddle? Well at very rare intervals.—Richmond Dis patch.

"Why don't they revive that song that used to be so popular a few years ago?" I don't know what one you mean." Why, it ran like this: 'The Spanish cavaller stood in his retreat."-Phila lelphia Bulletin. Uncle Frank-"Well, Willie, what did

you see at the circus to-day?' Willie (who was especially pleased with the Shetland ponies)—"Lots and lots of things; but the best were the condensed horses."-Judge. Hogan-"Of wonder who will be the last man on earth." Grogan-"Oi dun-

no, anny more than you. But it is to be hoped that he'll be an oundertaker, so he will know how to bury himself dacently."—Indianapolis Journal. "Come on, fellows," cried a mosquito who happened to overhear a quarrel be-

tween Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck; "this is cinch. I heard the woman tell her husband he was the most thin-skinned man she ever knew."—Philadelphia Record.

foot, has become a queen of comic op-era! To think that I might have married Lottle ten years ago! Ah! if I had -if I had! Oh, well! if I had, it isn't at all likely that we'd be married now!" -Puck.

"Poor Nivins! He can't forget his early ways." "I heard some one say he handled golfsticks as if they were pickaxes." "Worse than that. Let him have his stick in the air for a stroke and he'll drop it if the noon whistle blows." Cincinnati Enquirer.

Judge-Why did you commit this unprovoked assault? Prisoner-I wanted o get my picture in the papers. Judge -Well, will you be good if I let you go? Prisoner-I am afraid not. I now want to kill the artists who made the olctures.-New York Journal.

"If I were a man," she said, "you would not find me here to-day. I'd be away fighting for my country." you were a man," he replied, "you wouldn't find me here to-day, either. I, too, would be away, fighting for my country." After that all he had to do was to gain papa's consent.—Cleveland Leader.

The Father-That young man who used to call on you and stay so late is in the navy now, I understand? The Daughter-Yes, papa; and think of it! his boat has been disabled! The last I heard of him he was being towed in. The Father-Well, don't let me see him around here at all hours of the night. or you will see him being toed out .-Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Simpkins is a great enthusiast on he subject of "chest protectors," which he recommends to people on every occasion. "A great thing!" he says. "They make people more healthy, increase their strength, and lengthen their lives." "But what about our ances tors?" some one asked. "They didn't have any chest protectors, dld they?" "They did not," said Mr. Simkins, tri- thirty-four feet high. umphantly, "and where are they now? All dead?"-Tit-Bits.

A clergyman preached a rather long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the ninister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sernon and said "That is right, gentlemen: as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon some time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

—For twenty-five years Henry Zeig-ler has owned a larm of three hundred acres in Pittston, Pa. He has always been a poor man. It has just beer dis-covered that the land contains a rich deposit of coal, and is worth about

—A boot blacking machine has appeared in London. A revolving brush removes the dirt, while another, to which blacking is automatically applied, does the polishing. —A lawyer in Danville, Ill., gave

—A lawyer in Danville, Ill., gave a spurious decree of divorce to a female client, and she, believing it genuine, married again. She has sued the lawyer and recovered \$5000 damages.

—It is estimated that England's stock of coal will last 200 years longer and North America's 600 years. It is not likely, however, that these supplies will ever be needed, as it is probable that before many decades have passed power will be gained in other ways.

—Smoked snow-water is a favorite tipple in Lapland.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPHY.

rd of Failures that Preceded th Eventual Success-Matter Was First rected by Salve, a Spaniard, at ne. in 1796.

The development of the submarin egraph from a mere gutta perch great many musicians—"yours truly" by Prof. Morse in 1842 to the great rables which now engirdle the entire earth, except in the bed of the Pacific. "I find twelve dollars a high price for is described in a statement issued by titled "Chronelogy of Submarine Telederstands everything." - Fliegende graph Construction Throughout the World and the Development of Submarine Telegraphy." This publication, which has been prepared by the Bu reau of Statistics in view of the special interest just now developed in submarine telegraph line to connect the United States with Hawaii, Guam the Philippines and the Asiatic coast. shows not only the location, number and length of the submarine telegraphs of the world, but also the history of ple of what some of its people are like this great system and the part which

American genius and enterprise have The statement credits Salva, a Span lard, with the first recorded suggestion of submarine telegraphy, made before the Barcelona Academy of Sciences in 1795. Aldini, a nephew of on of electric signals under the sea near Calais, France, in 1803; Schilling ignited gunpowder by electricity transmitted through a subaque-River Hoogly, in India, by the director of the East India Company's telegraph system in 1889, and in 1842 Prof. Morse transmitted electric currents and signals through an insulated copper wire laid for that purpose between Castle Garden and Governor's Island, in New York harbor, and in the following year my business." suggested submarine electric commu nication between the United States and Europe. In 1845 Ezra Cornell, in conjunction with Prof. Morse, laid and successfully operated submarine copper wires in the Hudson River, be tween New York and Fort Lee, and in 1847 a section of the telegraph line connecting New York and Washington was laid through the waters of a narrow creek by J. J. Craven, of New Jersey, thus demonstrating telegraphic service. In 1850 a submarine telegraph line was laid across the English Chan nel and signals exchanged, but without further success, though in the follow ing year a cable containing four cop-per wires, insulated with gutta percha ain't it?

into successful operation as a submarine telegraph line. These experiments having proved the practicability of submarine teleg raphy, the great enterprise of a tele graph line under the Atlantic was un



The average interval between high tides is twelve hours and twenty-five minutes

The dangers of using liquids con taining petroleum spirits, benzolene etc., for cleansing the hair, have been again emphasized by another death from burns in England.

From Egypt came reports of the discovery at Thebes of the tombs of Amenophis II., who reigned B. C. 1500. of Thotmes IV., of Amenophis III. and Rameses IV., V. and VI. All the bodies are said to be in a splendid state of preservation.

In one of the most complete factorie where mineral teeth are made, the thief ingredients comprise felspar silica and clay; those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides. to produce the tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation a good one.

It is well known that the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the earth is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, equivalent, that is, to a pressure at the lower end of a column mercury about thirty inches high or to the pressure of a column of water

The dimensions of the Capitol at Washington are: The length, 751 feet 4 inches: breadth, from 121 to 324 feet: it covers 153,112 square feet. From base of building to the tip of statue, 287 feet 11 inches. The height of the some above the base line on the east front is 287 feet 5 inches.

Gunboats for service on the Nile have been built at the celebrated Yarrov yards in Great Britain. They are pro pelled by a screw propeller, which turns in a sort of tunnel near the ster of the boat. The screw is set so high that only half of it is under water. But as the boat moves, water is drawn up into the cavity so that the screw is completely immersed once the boat is in motion.

All code books carried on warship have leaden backs, to make them sink if lost overboard. The letters in the book, moreover, are printed with pecomes in contact with the water. To translations and Hamilton's keys. Even make things still more safe the letters are changed every few months by the savy department. Even on the war ships few officers know their vessel's sficial signal code.

In England much interest is taken by the army and navy authorities in new method of preserving flour by neans of compression. With hydrau ic pressure apparatus the flour i experiments are reported to have

the four from the ravages of insects while it is equally secure from mold. Three hundred pounds of compressed four occupy the same space as one

The researches of Professor Milne of the cause of the breaking of te cables have revealed the fact that then are parts of the ocean-bed, particularly on steep slopes along the edges of continents, where great changes frequently occur. The importance of properly ting the location of a cable is shown by the fact, cited by Profess Milne, that "the military and naval reserves were called out in Australia in 1888, when the simultaneous interrup tion of two cables cut off communica tion with the rest of the world for nine een days, and gave rise to the feat that war had broken out in Europe."

IN THIS GLORIOUS COUNTRY. Incident in the Compaign Representative.

"This is a great and giorious country of ours," remarked a newly elected Representative from a Southern State, "and the more am I impressed by its greatness and its glory. As an examlet me give you an experience of mine while I was hustling for the responsi bilities of state which I will be called upon to assume at the next session of the House of Representatives. I had lost one day when I was far up in the back tier of mountain counties, and my only roadway had petered out into a Galvini, performed experiments in the pig-path leading down off a hill to a log cabin in the valley. Reaching the house I found a long, lank, saffron-skinned woman hanging clothes out in the yard in front, and I forthwith approached her on the subject of information as to River, near St. Petersburg, in 1812; tel- my location and how the deuce I was egraphic signals were transmitted going to change it to something with through insulated wires under the which I was more familiar. She set me right as to two or three miles of the way, whence I could find somebody who would send me further on, and then she began to ask me a question or two as to myself. I told her I was married and where I lived and a few other inconsiderable trifles, and she asked m

"'Well,' I said, a little in doubt my self, 'I'm a lawyer and a politician.' "'What air yer doin' up here in these parts? This with a strong tone of suspicion, because it was a moonshin neighborhood, and strangers were no usually there except on orders from the internal revenue department.

'Oh.' I hastened to assure her 'I'm up here running for Congress." "Runnin' frum Congers, air you? she repeated, less suspiciously.

"'Yes,' I replied, without trying to orrect her preposi "'I reckon,' she said with a puzzle but sympathetic look at me, 'that it's sumpin' like runnin' frum the revenoos

wound spirally about it, was laid that, and so I started away she said it across the English Channel and put 'her' and her 'old man' could do anything for me they would be glad to."-Washington Star.

How to Kill a Town.

Just let your subscription go. It's nly a small sum—the publisher doesn't need it. If he asks you for it get as hopping mad as you can and tell him to stop the paper—you never read it, anyhow. Go home and borrow your neighbor's. When the reporter calls al ways be busy. Make him feel as if he were intruding. When the advertising or job man calls tell him you don't eed to advertise-everybody knows you; that you will try to get along without printed stationery-it's too expensive; that business is slack and you must economize. Never drop in to see the editor unless you want a complimentary notice or a lengthy obligary for a beloved relative. Never recommend the paper to anybody; when you speak of it say, "Yes, we have a little sheet, but it doesn't amount to much. Keep it up a year or two and you will have a dead newspaper, a dead set of perchants, and a dead town.

The British Home Office report for 1897 shows that while serious crimes tend to diminish in England, there is a great increase of minor offenses. By far the larger number of criminals convicted during the year have been convicted of some crime before a facthat led the Home Office to conclude that neither penal servitude nor im prisonment serves to deter the habitual ffender from reverting to crime, and it is the habitual offender who forms the bulk of the prison population."

Monster Needle Factory. The largest needle manufactory he world is at Redditch, Worcestershire, England. Over 70,000,000 are made there weekly.

English Ladies Fifty Years Ago. In the first half of the century girls o the richer classes were sent almost ex clusively to boarding schools, or were taught by private governesses, whose educational merits could not be tested by any examinations. The school books vere Mangnall's "Questions," Pin ock's "Catechisms," Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations," Keith's "Use of the Globes," Mrs. Trimmer's "English History," and other elegant abridgments The one intellectual faculty that was trained in girls was verbal m mory, an for them knowledge existed only is

While boys read the classics, girls learned lists of the names of gods and goddesses; they were expected to be familiar with all the great names of ancient and modern history, but with the names alone. A few were suffered to read the classics through Valpy's those domestic interests which have at times been credited with educational powers were now neglected, and it was onsidered discreditable that a lady should subject herself to what little of mental discipline may be derived from cooking or making caps.-Social

The even of all the women in town are on the first clothes a man buys his wife to see if they are cheaper, or more oked snow-water is a favorite shown that the pressure destroys all expensive, than those her father bought

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

to Review the Past and Arouse Soul to Reminiscences of Dangers I caped and Sorrows Suffered.

TEXT: "While I was musing, the fire greed."—Psaims xxxix., 3. Here is David, the psaimist, with the lorefinger of his right hand against his semple and the door shut against the world sngaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nove have one day of entire quiet before I en tered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it be-came a day of tender reminiscence. I recame a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from thore to shore the sweet fen thousand

ple live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have exceed and to see the he dangers we have escaped, and to see the corrows we have suffered, and the trials sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pligrifunge, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity. when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential as now it is commercial, and Canal streat New York was for an treat Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was stand, the brothers and sisters perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with firm voice comanding a silence that lasted balf a minute. Perhaps you were brought up in the ountry. You stand now to-day in men-ry under the old tree. You clubbed it for ruit that was not quite ripe, because you souldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. Fou step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves should to the azy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one

the rafters of the barn and take just one seg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the nome again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat. You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his sweat from his brow may have gone to his sverlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on her face mellowing with the ricissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the piliow in the vailey, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for are gray Christian altar

r! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which yes were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the talle morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advertisement. You were so happy and advertisement. You were so heppy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messen-ger of God descended to incurnate an im-mortal spirit. Two little feet started on was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's languiter you were struck through with the fact that you had

struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemu reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your son! if your kindness has been ill required! soul if your kindness has been ill required! God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story mother who, in addition to her of er pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquite! Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's

I find another point in your life history I find another point in your life history You found one day you were in the wrong road. You could not sleep at night. There was just one word that seemed to sol through your banking house, or througt your office, or your shop, or your bedroom and that word was "eternity." You said "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfalls dash you heard the volce of God's love. The clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness. You came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old

minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the alsle. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost predigal!" And, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye trowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years inadow. Others had their troubles years igo; you are a mere wreek of what you mee were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life, but how shall I do it? You say that it is impossible, as you have and so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconscious-y find yourselves keeping step to the mude, so when you started life your very life was a musical time beat. The all of joy and bilarity; with the bright, slear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until, afer awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Hait" and quick as the sunshine you haited, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked around the cradle. You did not walked around that effor awhile the truth svening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with volces that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to an interest the stream, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you sould the advantages that you expect to see them again sparkle. If you sould have done it! If you sould let your property go, your houses yo, how gladly you would have let them tepart "If you could only have kept that one treasure!" near the tread, but after awhile the truth

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there santly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not eave you there. Mercy spoke. As you look up the bitter cup to put it to your ips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, is by the hand of angels, another cup was out into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation, And as you have some out into your hands. It was the cup God's consolation. And as you have son imes lifted the head of a wounded soldier imes lifted the head of a wounded soldler and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and ooked at your broken heart, and you ooked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it is emeth good in Thy sight."

Ab it was your first trouble, How did.

Ah, it was your first troubie. How did you get over it? God confronted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In he jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher rou heard the clauging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible irawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa! Good night, mammal

Meet me in Heaven! nands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul salled where two seas met, and which Paul salled where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by lire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your lays of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of which will continue after the last bank o his world has exploded, and the silver and zold are molten in the fires of world? Have you, amid all you sorid? Have you, amid all your losses ind discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and wiich has been asource of the guickest sympathy.

your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy aver since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the hought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his tremgrateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or here was your campanion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow yer a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But theer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter.

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will bel I place Napoleon's dying reminis-sence on St. Helena besides Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered; you were carnest in upplication that you might be seen to the control of the same supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be! Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence and let His mercy fall upon your give me in that day, and not to me only, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings, Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wail of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

> -The members of the Roman Club of London are all women, and it is one of the most popular clubs in the British metropolis. One of its printed notices reads thus: "Gentlemen are not allowed in the smoking room."

-Gold has been found by some Minnesota soldiers in the streams of the San Juan and Monte Blanc mountains near Manila. Our volunteers are anx-lous for peace, so that they can turn

-It is estimated that thirty or forty how thousand Russians visit the Holy Land