Juniata Sentinel Land Republican.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1899.



return; you know that you are ashamed

to ask him to your own house or intro-

duce him to your friends, and yet when I

a woman-appeal to you for protection

and help against him, you smile and turn

the subject, and say you'll take your leave. Well, then, I defy you both-

there! Keep your drunken brother, since you are so fond of his company; support

im yourself, for I am sick of it. My

money is my own-not his-and I refuse any longer to keep him in idleness and

ice, while I toil and slave. Go home and

ell that to your wife, or I may take it

into my head some day to tell her myself.

Between you both you have made me des-

She looks so as she stands there, with

the fire of indignation gleaming from her

"Most extraordinary-never heard o

such a thing!" mutters William Moray.

Then she is left alone with her hus

band, and fear succeeds to desperation.

Her vehemence has almost sobered him.

He looks as though he were about to

She puts her boy into his little bed with

nany a fervent kiss, and returns to the

sitting room, inwardly trembling, though

utwardly calm, to collect his scattered

ire to dry he will have nothing to wear

Delia glances round suddenly and meets

her husband's eyes. The semi-intoxicated

face and evil eye, advances toward her.

CHAPTER III.

ed to my vices, and yet did not con

than they have upon the table.

face hidden in her hands, but her tears have no more effect upon James Moray

"I won't have this sniveling," he says

coarsely; "stop it! do you hear? It's all

put on. An actress can pretend anything

she chooses. Whether I struck you or not, you had no right to tell William of

you've spoilt, maybe, the best day's business I ever did in my life, by blabbing of

Delia to ask why her husband and his

prother took the unusual trouble to drag

out her delicate child, in such inclement

weather, to accompany them on their round of pleasure. And she catches at

agerly. They seem to contain a glimmer

"How? by what means? has your broth

you never seem to have an idea beyond it.

I'd have you know that my family were

"The more shame for them, if they

eave their wives and children to starve

And I may slave on forever to keep you

in drunken idleness, while your brother stands and looks on and sneers at my par-

atage and my profession. But he shall

not have the opportunity to do so much

"What do you mean by that insinua

"I refuse to say. You will find out in

"By Jove! she shall tell me!" exclaim

James Moray, striding across the apart-nent to her side and grasping her by he wrist. "Now, what is it?"

"Then take the consequences of your

cursed obstinacy."

The uplifted hand comes down heavily

upon the side of her head, but she doe

not resent it further than by closing her

eives it she draws a long breath, and

pringing up from her seat, confronts her

"What do you think of that?" he says

Unlock the door, James! I must go

She comes up behind him as close as si

"James-dear James, do let me come

His answer is to throw her violently

jeeringly.
"I think, as I have always thought, that

t descends. But when she re

But Delia clinches her teeth and is

not brought up to labor, whatever your

er offered to help you get work?"
"Work! work! I'm sick of the

of hope for her.

me in that way."

All this time it has never occurred

What concern is it of his? And

as he slips past her down the stairs.

CHAPTER II.-(Continued.) "Hush! hush!" cries Delia imploringly, is she rises to her feet with the child in

"Hold your tongue, you old vixensommenced James Moray, but his brother Be quiet, Jem, and let us go upstairs, You're not in a fit state to speak to any

Mrs. Timson, witheringly; "take 'im up with you, do, sir, and a precious bargain And if you don't mean to my here all night yourself you'll be good igh to turn out again sharp, for I've saited up too long for you already, and ion't mean to trust my 'ouse to a drunken

sot like that 'ere." James Moray here makes a futile dash at the landlady's cap, but nearly upsets als balance in the attempt, and his brother with some difficulty guides his totterng feet up to the comfortless sitting room, where Delin has already preceded them

When at last they reach it they find her tneeling before the fire, taking off Willy's wet garments and chafing his feet and ands, which are as cold as ice. The ook of anxiety and reproach upon her face is quite sufficient to raise her hus-

theritatively, "and let him put himself to bed as best he may. I require your ser

But Delia can be angry, too. The meek erself does not extend to his behavior to

I cannot leave him yet," she answers ieterminedly. "He is wet through to the skin, and heaven only knows what harm out at night in such weather. If I do not see that he is thoroughly warmed and fried he will have an attack of inflammation before the morning."

"Do you mean to disobey me?" cries James Morny, as he advances toward her threateningly.

He is a slight, effeminate specimen of his race, with pale blue eyes and reddish hair; but even an effeminate man is an darming antagonist for a woman when be approaches her intoxicated and with

A sudden resolution seized Delia to ap-William Moray, for though he constantly visits her apartments it is generally durng the evening, when she is away from

burly, well-fed manner and pompous speech, but surely, she thinks, he can never stand smilingly by and listen to her husband's abuse of her.

"Mr. Moray, I beg you to interfere with your brother on my behalf. This child is exceedingly delicate, and most subject to violent attacks of cold that endanger his life. He ought never to have been taken out to-night; no father who had the least onsideration for his health would have done so; but since the error has been committed I will not be deprived of applying Pray reason with James and show him that I am right."

"Well-really-" stammers her brother-in-law, "I scarcely feel justified in-in -opposing-your-that is, my brother's claim to what he thinks best with his own

"Of course not," interposes her hu band, loudly. "One would imagine, to hear you speak, that the boy didn't beong to me. Drop those clothes, I say Drop them! Leave the brat to himself! "I shall not leave him!" replies Delia also raising her voice, as she resumes he

The men are equally amazed, "What!" exclaims Mr. William Moray "Were you speaking to me?" demands

rising and folding her arms closely round the child, as though to protect him. is I that work for this child. All the money that comes to this house come through my labor, and I do it for Willy' sake—no one else's. Therefore I refuse to give up the right to attend to his wants common right that every mother

'I'll be whipped if you shall attend to him now," says James Moray, as he seizes the child by the arm and twists out of her embrace.

'Mr. Moray!" she exclaims vehemently "if you stand by and let your brothe

treat us in this way I will never forgive you. You don't know the tyranny he ex reises over me and my poor child. Only yesterday he beat Willy cruelly-look at back and judge for yourself-and threw me from the top of the stairs to the

"Really, my dear lady, these little do mestic differences can have no interest for a third party. They are so much better

cornfully. "Would your wife call it little domestic difference if her arm was bruised as mine is?" "I should much prefer Mrs. Mo. ay's

name being kept out of the conversation

"Oh, yes! I suppose her name is to good in your estimation to be mixed up with such a disgraceful affair as a tips; man beating his wife. But my name Mrs. Moray, too and I have not only to

hear of it, but to bear it."
"I think, James," says William Moray turning to his brother, "it would be a well if I wished you good-night." "All right," replies James, in a half-

He is still leaning up against the wall, with the partially undressed and weeping

And William Moray, the well-fed, re spectable city man, who can visit and en courage his dissipated brother in his vices, but never ask him to his own home or stretch out a helping hand to aid him to a better life, prepares to return to his vul-

places herself before the door and glares "You shall not go until you have heard ilent reiterated by his father, accom-unied by a threat of punishment if he is

vides them, and screams to her husband to administer the remedles for the child's relief. The effect of her vehemence is that Mr. Moray, in a loud voice, threatens to thrash the boy if he disturbs him again. The feeble complaint is nevertheless repeated, and—what sound is that? maybe his dying child.

Among the most ardent admirers of het freedom of thought and action is her legal adviser, Mr. Bond. This little man and Mrs. Horton are always quarreling, and yet neither of them is happy without the other. Mrs. Hephzibah, armed to the teeth with an umbrella, boots and water-proof, steps into the office in Holborn and asks for Mr. Bond. The clerk in attend-ance, having given her a dusty seat, flier to inform his principal that this well-

Well, my dear Mrs. Horton, this is an inexpected pleasure," commences the so licitor as she is ushered into his pres

"Don't talk nonsense! Why shouldn't you expect me one day as well as an And here Mrs. Horton details as much

as is necessary of Delia Moray's circumstances and history, to which Mr. Bond listens attentively, lying back in his of ice chair, with his eyes closed, and his hands slowly rubbing one over the other.
"You wish me to understand," says
Mr. Bond, when she has concluded, "that
your friend is desirous to separate from er husband and to maintain herself?" "That's it. She wants to get rid of a brute who ill-treats herself and her child and squanders all her earnings."

"There is one child." "Well, it seems to me that the bes plan would be for your friend to establish erself in a home of her own, and if her husband persecutes her, then to take our

"All she wants is permission to support

"Well," he commences insolently, "and so you have chosen to insult my best "Of course your friend is aware that "Your best friend, is he? For my part, I should be ashamed to be able to call no better man 'friend' than one who pander-

nound Mrs. Moray take out a protection

Mrs. Hephzibah Horton does not speal or a few moments. If she were a man he would swear horribly—as she is s But the same choleric indignation that produces oaths is rising in her breast the while, and as soon as she thinks she has obtained sufficient command over herself o speak it bursts forth.

"So-this is your law-is it?" she exstead next Sunday and have tea with you and the boys. But let me go now, for the air of your room stifles me. Injustice and robbery! Robbery and injustice! That's what the whole system amounts to." into the street, leaving the clerks in

tate of bewilderment as to what particu-CHAPTER V.

eight o'clock the same evening, is receiv ed by Mrs. Timson with a face of such

kept a lodging 'ouse now, on and off, for the last two-and-thirty year, but never in all my borned days did I 'ave such a

Then she tells him the whole story, winding up with the statement that Delia's left her husband. Almost before she finishes Mr. Moray has reached the third landing. He turns the handle of his seated at the table, only partially sober, with his head bowed down upon his out-

stretched arms.
"Hulloa!" exclaims William Moray, "why, what's the matter now, Jem? The old woman down stairs has been giving me a garbled account of your wife having run away from you—but it isn't true,

"Cursed if I know," rejoins the other "She ain't here—that's very certain."
"How did it happen? Tell me all abou

aggravated me to that extent last night that she drove me to take a drop more than was good for me, I suppose, and I didn't wake till this afternoon, and then she had been gone for hours—so the old cat tells me." "She can't intend to remain away-

"Can't say, I'm sure! I think she threatened me with something of the kind last night. Didn't you hear her?" "Yes: but I never imagined she was i earnest. Women say so many things they don't mean when they are in a passion, She's gone off, probably, to try and fright-

own, besides every shilling we had in the infamhouse. It's cruel of her," says James, re-lapsing into the tearful state which so often succeeds drunkenness, "to leave man all alone here without a blessed coin in A married woman has no right to the cus-

William Morsy whistles suggestively.

"Listen to me, Jem," he then says; "I woman?" cried Della, quickly.

"Because, if you were not married to want to speak seriously to you. Tell me . "Because, if you were not married to the truth. Is that woman your wife or that inhuman brute you might take your

"Of course she's my wife!" "I see no 'of course' in the matter. If you were not married, you would have After that terrible scrape you got into at the sole right to keep, and love, and pro-Glasgow you disappeared altogether from tect him, and you might imprison the

and Delia can make money, and how are into a chair, is repeating in a stupefied we to live else? You wouldn't have me manner to be self: the governor hadn't been so beastly unshire, and we've got the certificate of it-

"Do you think that she can have get a inkling of where we took the boy last night, and carried him off in cons

ears all round, in my experien "Because that is rather an importan matter to decide. xou see, the case is, down that postoffice directory. Here it James, you can't afford to part with this is: 'William Moray, Esq. the Firs, Gowoman just yet."
"How do you mean?"

port yourself, and I can't support you. Therefore you must use every possible "But suppose she won't come back?" whines James. "How can I make her? any fatigue; and if she stays away and you won't make me an allowance, I shall stays or go to the workhouse, for there's othing else left for me!"

"Hush! don't talk such nonsense."

"She has no claim to him. I think old me he was seven years old on his last birthday. You can legally take him from her again."

and take away the child. The mother is

"But suppose she doesn't follow it?"

approaching the subject. But it is very premature to talk of these things. Your

penny of it shall I see. It's cruel of h leave a fellow in such a plight!" "Here! hold up, man! Don't snivel! get drunk again to-night; for the wome of the house declared she'd turn you out

into the street if you did, and she looks every inch as if she'd keep her word!" The poor wretch makes some sort of romise to do as he is advised, and so sides again into his old despondent attitude. As William crosses the threshold and looks back at him, he thinks he has seldom seen a more pitiable object.

my boy out of his very bed! Tell me how I can get him back again, or be revenged upon them, for mercy's sake, or I shall

The woman looks as if she were mad, as she paces up and down the apart ent, choking with anger and emotion; her hair hanging down her back, her hat half off her head, and the rest of her

clothes thrown on anyhow.
"Delia Moray, how can I or anybody else understand what you have to say, while you keep trotting up and down the room in that fashion? Come and sit down like a good child, and tell me all about it.

"I can't sit down. I have not sat down since I went home last night and found he was gone. The cruel, heartless After all I have suffere couldn't they have left me my poor sickly child? Oh, Mrs. Horton! I wish I could die! I wish I could fall down on the carpet this moment and remember nothing.

"That's a sensible sort of wish to have when you know your boy wants a mother more than most boys. You're talking in riddles to me, my dear, and it seems likely may. However, I know so far that you what news I had for you from my solicitor, I walked round to your place on Fri-day and heard the whole story from your andlady."

be allowed to live in peace with my

"He's over seven years old, and that old fool Bond tells me that after that age you have no legal claim to him."

"No legal claim to my own child that I brought into the world! No claim! I—his mother. No right to supply him with the necessaries of life which his father won't work to de. Oh, Mrs. Horton! It connects cannot be true!"

—Bright red spectacies accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against seasickness.

—The assessed valuation of Boston is \$1,036,690,578, and the value of the property exempt from taxation is \$172,-926,678. on! it cannot cannot be true!"
"It is true, Delia Moray, and a more

my pocket, and no one to see after me. I didn't think she could be so cruel?"

A married woman has no right to the custody of her child after it is seven years wild."

one would dare to say you 'nay'; be

torn every hair out of his head with the greatest pleasure."

Meanwhile Delia Moray, having sank

"Not mine! My Willy not mine "Mrs. Timson told me that from what she could gather of the conversation that of yours and his brother, the day you left out with them the evening before, it was to William Moray's house—and I expect that is where you will find him now."

"At Brixton?"

"Yes, at Brixton-if that is where the man lives. What is the address?" "I don't know. I have never been there The William Morays don't think me good nough to visit them."
"It is easily found! Just hand me

dalming Park, Westborough road, Brix-"But do you really think I can go

there?" asks Delia, looking half alarmed at the idea.
"Go there! Of course! What is to prevent you? You're not afraid of the wool merchant's wife? Go there boldly and

"Quite true; but you have a greater power on your side unless, which I strong by disbelieve. Mr. William Moray intends lieve, Mr. William Moray latend to charge himself with his brother's future support. He has the law, my dear but you have the money!"

CHAPTER VII. As Delia, fortified by her friend's last words, speeds upon her way to Brixton, she feels a different creature. After many errives at last before the large stucce uilding standing back from the road, with a carriage sweep in front of it, on the gates of which are inscribed, in bold characters, "The Firs."
It is Sunday, and there are not many

shabbily dressed people about. Delia fancies she sees the lace curtain at the window of one of the lower rooms move, bravely up the steps, and gives a bold, determined double knock. A footman anushers her into the drawing room, which is on the same floor.

An interval of five or ten minutes urs while Mrs. William Moray is arranging her laces and ribbons and wiping the effects of luncheon from her ample bust where the crumbs will settle, and the mother in the drawing room is wondering how much longer she is to be kept in sus-pense. But then the dining room door opens and closes, and in another minute the drawing room door has followed its example, and the lady of the house, array ed in a plain colored satin and velve ress, enters.

Delia glances at her sister-in-law an cels her heart sink and her hopes of sym athy vanish. There is nothing in Mrs Moray's face but hardness and vulgarity. She is a woman of about five-and-thirty, stout and ungraceful, with small eyes oarse features and limbs and a complete absence of good breeding.

The elder Mrs. Moray is completely tak "I don't know in the least what you're talking about," she says, looking Delia steadfastly in the face. "There hain't such a person as Mrs. James Moray—leastway not connected with hour four leastways, not connected with hour fam-

"Have they dared to tell you that story. then!" exclaims Delia, excitedly; "dared to say I am not married to him? Oh. Mrs. Moray, it is a falsehood—a wicked, cruel falsehood! I have my marriage cer-tificate at home, and can prove to you that I am James' wife. Where is your husband? He knows me well enough. Let him come and say to my face that I am not his brother's wife."
"Oh, that is heasily settled, young wom-

an," says the other, edging toward the door, and trying not to look uncomforta-"for Mr. James Moray's wife ha been dead for hever so long, as I can testify. However, if you wish to see my husband, I think it will be the best for hall parties, for I am quite hunequal my self to contending with so hextraordinary a hinterruption. And hon the Sabbath

'I am sorry I should have had to disturb you on Sunday; but how could I be ex-pected to wait? I am in the greatest disress of mind about my boy. I came hom from the theater last night to find him gone from my lodgings-taken awaystolen-und not a word even to let me know where he is."

"You came home from where?" de mands Mrs. William Moray, horrified. "From the theater where I play-the Corinthian. I am an actress. I suppor myself and Willy, and have supported my husband for years past by my own labor. It is hard that the only requital he can make me is to steal my child, and that his brother helps him in the robbery!" "Willgum; Willgum!" calls Mrs. Moray

from the open door. She has drawn her purple satin skirts closer around her as the awful truth of Delia's profession is made patent to her sensitive understanding, and now she summons her husband at once to her aid. Her ears must have deceived her. It cannot be true. The mother of the child now sitting at her luncheon table, and the wife of her husband's brother, an actress! and actually standing within a few yards of her. If Mrs. Moray were good at faint-ing, which she is not, she would certainly drop down now. But she grows red as a peony in the face instead, and bawls, "Willgum!" at the top of her voice, and in another moment William Moray answers the summons.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE JEWS.

& Splendid Tabernacle in the Flowery

The Biblical prophecy that the Jews should be scattered abroad over the face of the earth is cartainly a true one, for there is no country in the world which does not contain its pertion of these thrifty people. Even in China child away from him to-morrow, and no the seventeenth century, and shortly they have long been known. Early in after the Italian missionaries had come to Peking, one of them, Matthew Ricci, received a morning call. His visitor were the gergeous Chinese dress, insluding the queue, but the figure and face were not Mongolian, and the smilwith the dignified solemnity of a Chinaman. The gentleman's name was Ngal, and he had heard of the arrival of some foreigners who worshiped one Lord of heaven and earth, and yet who were not Mohammedans; he belonged to the same religion, be explained, and had called to make their acquaintance. Now, Master Ngal made it clear that Fung-Foo, the capital of Honan. He and come to Peking to pass an examination for a mandarin degree, and had

been led by duriosity and brotherly feeling to call at the mission house. In his native city, he said, there were ten or twelve families of Israelites, and synagogue, which they had recently estored at the expense of 10 000 crowns, and they had a roll of the law 90 or 500 years old. The missionary's letetrs described this synagogue. It occupied a space between 300 and 400 eet in length by about 150 feet in readth, and was divided into four courts. It had borrowed some decorative splendor from China. The inscription in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord, blessed be the name of the glery of His kingdom for ever and ever," and the Ten Commandments were emblazoned in gold. Silken curtains inclosed the "Bethel" which enshrined the sacred books, and which only the rabbi might enter during the time of prayer. Every detail of this place, with its incense, its furniture and all its types of good things yet to come, is interesting. There, in the last century, the children of Israel at Kae-Fung-Foo worshiped the God of their fathers with the rites that polyted to the Messiah of whose that polyted to the Messiah of whose dom for ever and ever," and the Ten that pointed to the Messiah, of whose advent, as far as it can be ascertained, they never heard until the arrival of

Learned men have entered into dis ussion as to whether these people were Jews or Israelites, whether they ome to China from the Assyrian captivity or the Roman dispersion. They themselves say that their forefathers came from the West, and it is probble that the settlers arrived by way or Sborassan and Samarcand, They must have been numerous in the ninth entury, for two Mohammedan travslers of that period describe a rebel. named Bae-Choo, taking Canton by storm in A. D. 877 and slaughtering 120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Christians and Parsees. More than one Jew of Kae-Fung-Foo is known to l:ave gained the right to wear the little, round button on the top of his cap so lear to the ambition of a Chiuntaan. The Taiping rebellion dispersed the ettlement, and the remnant who renain faithful to the memory of old traditions are chiefly poor and dis

ressed. Eccentricities Not S gas of Insari.y An Eastern physician has brouched a theory in regard to some noticeable ecentricities. Many of the foremost men of the world at present and in the past have had queer little habits which make them a laughing-stock, sometimes behind their backs only, to their friends and acquaintances. The great Samuel Johnson, for Instance, never could pass a lamp-post without touching it, and always kept a collection of lemon and orange peels under his pillow. Emile Zola has many little humors, the gratification of which form the basis of his daily happiness. These says the psychologist, are not signs of nsanity, but of overwork. The tired brain feels impelled to do certain things. The human mind is a most complicated machine, and although a nice exposition of the causes of these really insignificant matters is impossiole to a general public, it can be con fidently stated that the healthy mind, when fatigued by a day's hard work, is one the less sound for the queer things

t may impel the hand to do. Chicagoans with Short Names, The Chicago directory contains hunreds of thousands of names. The fact that there are but ten names of two letters in the book shows how rare such names are among the nations. It would seem that nearly every man born with name of two letters promptly tacks on another. The directory contains hundreds of three-lettered names. Those who boast but two letters and apparently have enough are Maurice Ax, Emily Eg, Axel Ek, David Ex, Edward Ey, William Gy, Sawg Po, George J. Py, Nicholas Re and Emil Ru. Opposed to them is William Zwierzykowkl.-Chicago Chronicle.

Groom Absent from Wedding. A Polynesian bridegroom is conspic lous by his absence during the wedding festivities. As soon as negotiations are opened with the family of the bride the young man is "sent into the bush," and there he is obliged to stay until the wedding ceremonies are completed.

Leo's Especial Honor. The Pope is the only ruler of the Vatican who has ever strolled down Pall Mall. It was early in his career, when he was simply Monsignor Peici. He was mentioned in the London papers as having attended a reception of the Queen.

Flogging has become so indispensable in Russia that some inventor has perfected a machine which saves the hu-

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage. Copyright, Louis Klopsch 1899

Weigh Our Acts With Perfect Balance -Opportunities Measured Against Siz

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) Washington, D. C.—In these days of noral awakening this pointed sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility be-fore God will be read with a deep and sol-

mm interest; text, Daniel v., 27, "Thou irt weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Babylon was the paradise of architecture. Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the svidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been digged. There were twenty-five gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight he one side, a street running straight the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and, to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and artificial lake until time of drought and the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles

around.
The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babyion, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzur so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and binezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with tower—one ners talked to the stars. There was

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it, and yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxi-cated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king: Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxi-cated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with

of the metal may be cilpped or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You can-not always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you soul is a soul and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it. "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds "What!" you say. "Is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayae and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins and away will go the opportunities and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!" ound wanting!"
So God will weigh churches. He takes a

ing to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the bal-ances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thou sands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of the scale He puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be what its devotion to all good ought to be man arm. Under the flagellation of the machine taxes and arrears are to become speedily collected.

Haif Cent.

Of the 800,000 half-cent pieces put incirculation years ago not one has been returned to the government for coin-

tions. How many times He has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it? The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elyees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the glided opera house? Then God weighed the nation, and He put on one side the scales the emperor and the boulevards and the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees and the glided opera house, and on the other side He puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This

ness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting?

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think elergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a siekroom, does he treat disease in the abstract? No. He feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

People say there is a day of judgment

People say there is the physician?
People say there is a day of judgment
soming. My friends, every day is a day of
judgment, and you and I to-day are being
canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the
balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted and we must all be weighed. Who we come and be weighed first. Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in-get into the balances now and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances I ray, "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and kindliness generally!"
"Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that!
We are going to weigh you—you. Now
stand in the scales—you, the mora ist.
Paid your debts?" "Yes," you sav, "paid
all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say; "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" have come short, have you not?" "Yes." Make 10,000 marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of the moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered. But on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales

cated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall, and then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the gloden plate, and out of the sleeve of the dearwast leaves of the flery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it some up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering on the wall the doom of the king. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into 1000 quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance for the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government, to change that state of things, appointed Commissioners, whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be cilipped or in some way the equipolse may be disturbed. You cannow, on the other side the balance in one of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all there is no such thing as a perfect balance of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all there is no such thing as a perfect balance of the condition of the wrong has been corrected. Figure 1 and of the metal may be clipped or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but, in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound and right is right and wrong is wrong and a soul is a soul and eternity is eternity. Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be god has a perfect bushel and a perfect gallon. When that were ever built, on your side the bal-

thirty days." "Get in my friend, get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How sheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admuch wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct that twenty hundredweight makes a ton and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which walch walch and the safe deposits and money nuts be "leasy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabath are an interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer! All the week he has been weighing coals, weighing coals, weighing worldly and perishable coamodities, not realizing the fact that He himself that the himself that the himself has been weighed. "On your side the banking houses, all the insurance comparies, all the factories, all the insurance comparies, all the factories, all the safe deposits and the more yoults, all the safe deposits and the factories, all the safe deposits and the factories in his life are, "How theathy that he admit a present and the provide and in the great questions in his life are, "How theathy theathy the safe and it is a lant to gold, and money must be "easy." I find, from talking with him, that religion and the Sabath are an interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer!

All the we congratulating you on your line house and upon your princely income God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: 'Weighed and found wanting!'

A launch bearing the name of Caristian Endeavor, built of steel, was recently dedi-cated by the Golden Gate Christian Eu-deavor Union at San Francisco. The launch has a seating capacity for fitty per-sons, and a speed of twelve miles au hour. It is to be used in visiting vessels in the bay, carrying persons to hold religious ser-

-The blonde type will have disappeared from Europe in two centuries, according to an English physician, who declares that of 190 blondes only 55 marry, while of 100 brunettes 75 mar-

ry. In Germany and Scandinavia also the blonde type is much less predomin-ant than it used to be. -Production of Bessemer steel in-gots in the United States during 1898 was more than four times as great as the years production in Great Britain. -An artificial sandstone is now made in Belgium which has many advantages over the natural stone, being better able to resist climatic influences and susceptible of manufacture at

boy in his grasp.

me at Brixton. But Delia will not let him pass. She

The action is violent and makes the boy scream, and the sound of his voice maddens his mother.

you are a coward and a bully. I think -what I was fool enough to deny to-day, when it was suggested to me-that the best thing you can do is to drink yourself to death, and that the sooner it happens the better for all connected with you." At this moment there comes a cough-

Delia hears it and makes a spring for the door. But it is locked, and the key "Little domestic differences!" she echoe is in Moray's pocket. to Willy—"
His reply is given in a tone of perfect

colness, although a look of his eyes be rays that he knows his power. "I prefer your remaining here!" can as he unlocks the bedroom door.

from him in the center of the room. Her tied hands prevent her being able to save nerself in the slightest degree, and she falls, first against the table and then on

the floor, striking the back of her head and hurting herself considerably. As she rises, confused and dizzy, she hears the key turned again on the opposite side of the door, and finds herself a prisoner. She rushes forward and kicks with her feet against the panels.
"James!—James!—for the love of heaven, come back and take me to my But all the answer she receives is con-

veyed by the sound of the slamming and locking of the bedroom door, and she feels that further appeals to his pity would be me speak," she says. "You come here and encourage this man in his drinking

ing; her brain seems almost to turn with the dreadful fear that oppresses her. She beats her body against the wall that di-

Delia's senses seem to forsake her. She beats, with her pinioned arms, against the wall, the door, the window, in her mad, indignant horror, until, desperate at her impotence, and worn out with conflicting emotions, she sinks unconscious on the

CHAPTER IV. The next morning dawns upon a bright cold day. Mrs. Hephzibah Horton rises with the lark. This morning, however, she intends to devote to the interests of

clothes. Poor little Willy has but one suit. If she does not hang it before the

look has faded from them; her daring has dispelled it. She knows now that she has "There is a family, then?" o encounter a man sober enough to b langerous, and sufficiently strengthenes by liquor to feel his power. Her first imulse is to secure the weapon nearest at hand, and that is a chair. She puts it in front of her and grasps it tightly, as James Moray, with his effeminate, puny a protection order against him. But if he can and will support herself and the child, there is no law by which she can

> if her husband chooses to claim the child she will have no power to oppose him?"
> "What! Can't she keep her own child?" the father will not consent to her doing

"Certainly not. The child belongs to

claims, rising from her seat. "I wonder an honest man like yourself is not ashamed to sit sniggling in your chair and veighing it out as a grocer does his sand retending to think it sugar all the while You must know what a horrid cheat and fraud it is. What! You tell me there is no chance of redress for this unfortunate voman, unless she consents to part with per child-the only creature for whom she longs to burst these unnatural bonds, and live in peace! But if she had been frail instead of honest she would at this noment have been free to quit her tasknaster and take her boy out of his clutches. Here! let me go-do! I must tell poor Delia the upshot of this as soon as possible, for I'm afraid I raised her hopes last night for nothing. I'll come and see you again, some day, when I've per; or, perhaps I'll run out to Hamp-

Saying which, in no inaudible tone, Mrs. Hephzibah stalks through the outer office

ar wrong she alludes to. Mr. William Moray, knocking at the

portentous gravity that he is fain to ob "Anything the matter?" he inquires "Matter enough," is the answer. "I've

disgraceful scene on my premises as took place 'ere last night." or and walks in. James is

surely?"

en you. She's sure to come back again if it's only to see the child—"

"But she has taken the child with her

Glasgow you disappeared altogether from society, and never communicated with father for not contributing to his support. Your family for four or five years. Then you suddenly turn up in London, and I find you living with a lady who you say is married to you, but who is not in the position from which men of our standing usually choose their wives."

"Well! how could I help is?" "Well! how could I help it?" grumbles James. "I couldn't get any employment after that cursed business in Glasgow,

starve, would you? or break stones? If forgiving, and cut me out of his will. I appose we should have been living like took place between that drunken husband other people. But anyway we were mar-ried fast enough at Chilton, in Berwickat least, Delia has, for I suppose the jade

"Well, to speak plainly—you won't sup-She earns enough money to support her-self, and she knows how ill I am, that I him, you will at all events get the chance

terrupts his brother, authoritatively, "We and we must do it by means of the child." "But she's got the child."

"But then I shall have to support him and how am I to support myself?"
"I do wish you would hear me to the end, and not keep on interrupting so. The first thing we must do is to find out your wife's present address. That is easily accomplished by having her followed home from the theater. Then you must claim

"Then I am prepared to carry out what I proposed to you last night, though I cannot say that my wife fell in very readconsent to receive him if she knew his mother was an actress, or even alive. I have represented him to her, therefore, as motherless child of yours by an early and imprudent marriage, whom I am de sirous, in the event of your death, of adopting as my son; and if she allows me him, it is as much as she will do. She's a good woman, but her opinions are de-cided; and as she has no children of her own, she is apt to be a little jealous of my

wife appears fond of the child, and I believe you have only to claim him to se cure her return to you."
"Well, what am I to do till she come back? She's taken all the money she had with her, and she'll draw her salary tocorrow evening, but not a cursed half

am going to settle the rent for you this week, and there's a sovereign to go on with," throwing it down on the table. "But for heaven's sake, Jem, don't go and

CHAPTER VI. On the fourth day after Mrs. Moray left her husband, she rushes suddenly into Mrs. Horton's room, and without preface or apology for the intrusion, gasps out:
"They have stolen my boy from me!
They have come by night and stolen away

and then perhaps I may be able to advis

and nobody ever again!" shall have to unravel them as I best man, for as you didn't come here to learn

The mention of the solicitor arrests De lia's attention.
"Oh, what did he say?" she inquires, "Is there any hope for me? Shall boy?"
"He's over seven years old, and that old

Plogging by Machine.