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CHAPTER XVIII.

es not reappear, and though does not reappear, and though is his absence to be the greatest of day passes as though there had only passes as though there had only passes. By the time mpleted her preparations for parture, and written the let power of sting."

Power of sting."

"I am willing to take you, Delia, with the paragraphy which is paragraphy." completed her preparations for shall explain her temporary ab Angus (the epistle, by which he out learning these terrible reasons, which have no concern for me." e for him will be dispatched from Autwerp), she has fairly wept herand is waiting in her sitting than she has been all day.

given me hopes, only that you may have the delight of crushing them?"

ach hour, and every fresh footstep that anded in the marble corridor has iy. I thought—I was not aware—I did fresh disappointment to her, but not suppose—" she stammers. at she believes he has come she stands by the door, breathless, unep strides up the corridor in the ear, as she endeavors to make her understand that the Baron Gustave Saxe dehave an interview with her. I cannot see him. I cannot see any ger maims a limb or creates a wound.

"exclaims Delia, hastily, but the or-

The baron has followed the servant to our of her apartment; he is even now nding before her; she has no alterna at to receive him.

monsieur," she says, courte but all the color has forsaken he and she trembles so that she alotters back to her seat.

my regret I find madame on the eparture," says the baron, "but trust it is not for long. Your determinabeen sudden, surely. I met our Morny yesterday, and he said g of such a plan to me."

his Baron Gustave Saxe, with blue open street. eyes and brown hair, and a heavy museddish tinge, that droops ove In age he may have number ut five-and-forty years, but he carthem bravely, and has all the bearing young and gallant man. He is an heart, so much does he miss her daily offices of care and affection. But on the third day he receives her letter—a letter young and gallant man. He is an onsiderable terms of intimacy with him. And his presence has the power to make her quail at the idea of the is she is about to take as she never if he chooses, since a separation like death

before. My departure is sudden, monsieur, she falters in answer to the baron's que "I have friends in Bruges who wish me to accompany them to Antwerp for a few days. It required no consideration. is nothing, you know-only a trip

Then we shall see you back again soo day, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday? I believe my nieces return from the country on Thursday. You wi here to receive them, will you not?" You are very good, monsieur. Your ndness increases my gratitude. I am difference in ou and flaming eyes, he marches up to his stations in life, and that I have not ever uncle's side; "for I should have followed you until I had, in order to make you the commonest claim upon your consideration valuable because undeserved." You have the commonest and yet the blobast of all claims to myself and everyattitude this young man has assumed to ward me, and I appeal to your protection," thing I possess," replies the baron, woman upon the man who

abrupt, but for many weeks I have tried to say this to you, and now old my tongue. You must have Angus looks up, and sees that he is surseen my love, my devotion. You will not se me when I confess that you fill all thoughts, and that I have but one parnest desire in life-to make you my

In his ardor and foreign sense of chir he has thrown himself at her feet and Della has no escape from him. Here, on a level with her own face, are th the Baron Saxe, while both his strong arms are clasping her own as in a vise.

If this offer had but come a month be fore, from what suffering might it no have saved her! As the wife of this gallant Austrian soldier and noble, who would have dared to assail her fair fame though she had been mad enough to with it as a child plays with a vase estimable value, never caring if he

You are an Austrian noble," says Deon, and great wealth. I am a ess widow, neither young nor hand the governess of your sister's chil-You shall make no mesalliance

ny sake. Baron Saxe." who dares to say it will be a nee?" he exclaims. "You are of birth-I can read it in your voice, mpe, your manner-and I am no

has left me, or rather she has been driven away by the cruelty with which you needwith a touch of pride; "for my was an officer in the Royal Navy lessly raked up this old story against her. At this moment the door of the surgery opens, and the sunny head of Gabrielle appears in view. She has also been weepe class as you have been. I was ng, poor child, for the events of the la oft an orphan, to depend on my cources, and for many years I was few days have told hardly upon her; but ng but an actress on the public stage. at the sight of her young lover her face rightens, although she does not ventur e, dancing and playing, night after to advance further into the room. lit for the sake of the bread I put into

oth. And an actress is no fit per in the enviable position of onne de Saxe." I respect and admire you for the and stands there, encircled by her father th of mind you showed in working

or independence and that of your It is your bravery that first drew ou! Do you think I want a silly for my baroness-who shall be a new costume each day? No, is courage should break down and add another laurel to the malicious triumph of l just such a woman as you are who has the strength of purpose to do who has the strength of mind what is right, and the strength of mind to confess it! And now that that matter to confess it! And now that that matter is satisfied between us, you will tell me I "she asked me if she were the obstacle "she asked me if she were alluding to the dead as though he were the obstacle "she asked me if she were all the she asked me if she were all the she asked me if she were all the she asked me if she asked me if she were all the she asked me if she were all the she asked me if she were all the s shall have what I want?" seems very hard to refuse him-

hard to shut her ears against the pleading s voice, her eyes against the pleading of his eyes, but it must be done. So she turns her face to one side, the better to

escape his observation, and answers, sad-No, baron, it is useless for you to plea thus any longer. There is an obstacle be tween us that no arguments could over he pulls Gabrielle toward him, and strokes

cousin, you would not have suggested such an impossibility. Madame Moray would not permit me to hold my tongue. she put to me a question: Were she gonout of sight, so that her boy would never hear of nor see her again should he marry Gabrielle? I could not imagine to what she was alluding, except her death; and to pacify her I said 'Yes.'

"I cannot, because it involves others as

"Then you have ruined me!" he ex

claims, as he paces with agitation about

the room. "You have smiled upon me and

"Oh! no, no! do not judge me too hard-

"You women are all the same!" he in-

terrupted her, angrily; "you encourage

our attentions and return our glances, and

we suppose you have entitled us, you turn

about, and say, 'You thought-you were

not aware—you did not suppose—' And so is the child not aware, as he plays with

the butterfly, that each touch of his fin-

I believed you to be above the usual tri-

fling of your sex. I saw in you noble ac-

tions-unselfishness, bravery and perse

"Indeed, I have been true to you!"

verance-and I credited you also with

"Too true, I think so! But not true t

yourself. But I will go, madame; you shall no more be subjected to the discom-

fort of my presence, and I pray you to for-give me for the inconvenience I have un-

wittingly caused you. Farewell, and may

the good heaven bless you!"

And without a second look at her, the

baron seizes his bat and rushes from the

apartment, and down the corridor into the

CHAPTER XIX

to Antwerp, and tell her all that is in his

that he will never see her in this life again

is on his road to the house of Dr. de Blois.

Delia has mentioned in her letter that she

has written to her old friend to claim the

Angus makes as though he

apon him then and there.
"It is well I have met you," he

claims, angrily, as, with disordered hair

answer for the infamous lie you told me

the other day!"
"Dr. de Blois, I do not understand th

says Mr. Moray, as he gets behind a chair

calm voice of the Abbe Bertin, and then

true, and I cannot but be glad that I

have had the opportunity of saying them

"Courage, my child!" says the abbe

there is not a soul here who does not

fortunate, but she is not criminal. I for

"Thanks, mon pere, and you, too, bar-on, for the kindly expression of your feel-ing in this matter. I understand by it that Dr. de Blois has heard from my

mother, and that you know all; how she has left me, and the home to which she

is so much attached, forever, rather than

bring a stain upon my name and mar my

happiness."
"Left you forever!" exclaims William

"Yes, sir!" replied Angus, fiercely. "She

"Gabrielle, come to me," says her fath

She comes forward then, though timidit

not knowing what is about to happer

Angus turns his head away. He

his uncle.
"When your mather came here, Angus,
"When your mather came here, Angus,

to your engagement with my daughter, and I was compelled to answer 'Yes." "Then I don't think you had any right

to do so," interposes the Abbe Bertin.

the poor lady a lie upon the subject?" de-

nands the doctor with mild surprise.

"Do you mean to assert, mon consin

that I should have been justified in telling

"I think you might have held your congue altogether," grumbles the abbe, as

afraid to face the sorrowful eyes and

downcast visage of his little lost love, lest

believe your mother's story. She is

ne would stake my life upon it."

rounded by old friends.

before witnesses."

Moray.

AFDI.

"Angus! Angus! be reasonable, and re-

Moray.

fulfillment of a certain promise he has

Angus frets and fumes over Delia's ab-

well as myself. You must take my word

"I cannot be your wife."

"Then you're bound to keep your onth."

"Mon cousin! you are very hasty with me this morning. It was just what I was about to say. Of course I know I am bound to keep it. As soon as I received Madame Moray's letter I guessed the rea-son of her expatriation. She has sacri-ficed her own happiness to obtain that of her son; and I cannot go back upon my word to so good a mother. Angus, mon fils, I give you Gabrielle! She is your mother's parting gift to you. Take herand be happy! In giving her to you, I give the best thing I have.' He draws the young girl away from the

abbe's embrace as he speaks, and having kissed her fondly on the forehead, pusheher gently toward Angus. But the young the doctor thinks he could not have up derstood his meaning.

"Do you not bear me, Angus? Your oble-hearted mother's sacrifice is not made in vain. She has devoted the re mainder of her life to an expiation of the and it shall not be without its reward. You shall have Gabrielle for your wife. and may the happiness of your marries lives exceed that of your parents!" Still Angus does not move nor speak:

dancing with delight, begin to assume a At this juncture Mr. William Moray's roice makes itself once more heard.

"Gone for good is she?" he exclaims "Well, I don't wish to say anything unpleasant, but I really think it's the best thing she could have done, and I'm willing to renew the old offer, and place you in the position of my son, with a share in the partnership, on which to maintain your wife now, and a good lump in prospect when I shall be gathered to my fathers. And that's all I have to say upon

"A noble offer, monsieur!" exclaims the doctor, elated at the prospect of his faded the bony framework until the daughter's good fortune, as he shakes hands with the wool merchant, "and for which you must allow me to thank you in the name of Gabrielle, as well as that pose. Gradually, as the head, body "Let us hear what our children have

to say," says the abbe, dryly. "Speak, Angus! Your good uncle your answer," says Dr. de Biois. Gabrielle says nothing, but clings the closer to her father. Her feminine instinct warns her of what is coming. from a dream—"It is soon said—it is con-tained in one word, 'No.' " "No. No, to what?" asks his would-be

father-in-law. ease nor affluence, and I love Gabrielle de Blois more dearly than she will ever sight in the wings. nothing to make her ashamed of me." "Bravo! bravo!" cried the abbe, patting

the young man on the back. "You are a son to be proud of, Angus; and your worth raises your mother's to twice its value." "Mon cher. Angus, I honor and respecyou for your noble words," says the Bar-

made to her, and that Angus will hear all about it upon application to him. He on Saxe, grasping his hand afresh; "and rushes impetuously into his consulting room. The first sight that catches his every one of them is true. You do right to be proud of your mother. I, too, an eye is the portly figure of Mr. William proud of her-proud of her friendship-and I wish to say before all these gentle men that, had she but consented to my suit, I should have been proud to mak her my wife."

"Your wife, baron?" "My wife, Angus! I asked her, over and over again, but she refused! I now know on whose account. Judge, then, mon cher, what this mysterious disappear

ance is to me."
"Let me thank you, baron—not so much for the offer you made her as for the generous avowal you have given it here. The woman who has not been deemed un-worthy of the noble position of the Barmember where you are," interposes the onne Saxe may well afford to laugh at the meers of a William Moray." (To be continued.)

Didn't Recognize Gould.

The doctor and his cousin, the abbe, are eated together at the table with Wil Once when the late Jay Gould went liam Moray, while near them lounges the Baron Saxe, looking very thoughtful and to Margaretville, N. Y., with his phy sician and private car, he called on his perturbed, and pulling his long mustach old friend, George Decker, a retired continuously with his hand. In the docmerchant of the village, who was formtor's grasp Angus perceives an open leterly a clerk with Gould in Roxbury ter, and recognizes the writing of his Every one who knows Mr. Decker well "Dr. de Blois, and you, Monsieu calls him "G," and this was what Mr. l'Abbe, I beg your pardon if my words have appeared unreasonable; but they are Gould said to him:

"Hello, 'G,' I guess you know the this time, don't you?" A few years before Decker, while in New York on business one afternoon, was suddenly confronted on Broadway by a dapper, black-eyed little man, who grasped him by the hand, exclaiming "How are you, Mr. Decker? I am glad

to see you." Mr. Decker looked the little man over from head to foot, and hurriedly answered: "Yes, so am I; but I don't know you

sir. Good day."
"But, hold up," said the other, "aren" you George Decker, of Margaretville? "Oh, yes; that's all right," responder Decker, "but I am in too great a hurry to be interviewed to-day, my friend. You have struck the wrong man." "Yes, perhaps," said the little man. "but my name is Jay Gould; don't you

"Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Decker, took you for a confidence man."

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS

Keith's, the only theatre in Philadel phia open 52 weeks a year, is enjoying the most prosperous summer season in its history.

Te entertainment lasts from noon to

10.30 P. M. daily, and the acts that may be witnessed at 5 or 8 P. M. are as en P. M. The conservative Public Ledger says: "There is no pleasanter place of entertainment at this time of the year.. Equable temperature... Entertainment always of a high character." The audiences that gather daily include people from a hundred nearby cities. Women on shopping tours and business men, spend a delightful hour at this resort. The entertainment consists of 16 acts, and the programme consists of comedies. farces, dramas, singers, dancers, blcyclists, living pictures (biograph), trained animals, etc. The scale dancers, blcyclists, living pictures (slo-graph), trained animals, etc. The scale of prices is: Orchestra, 50c.; balcony, 25c.; second balcony, 15c. For the week of July 10th, one of the most en-joyable entertainments ever offered in

JAPANESE MAGIC

lome Tricks that Typify the Prog ress of the Country.

I strayed into a small theater in Yokohama last year following a throng o deeply interested and anxious to crowd in, drawn by the flerce ringing of an ordinary boarding-house dinner bell in the hands of a piratical-looking chap in front, who harangued the passing publie in stentorian tônes. His words seemed to catch the attention of at least half the people who heard him, and they were drawn into the building as the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin, without seeming to have voice in their own movements.

Going along with the stream I found myself in a square room, on one side of which was a rough stage. I learned afterward that I had entered in the middle of the performance, and, therefore, I saw only the latter half; but it was this second half that seemed to me almost allegorical in its application to he Japan of to-day.

All eyes were fixed upon a cellular subdivision of the stage, at the farther end of which, under a soft, pleasing light, stood a skeleton of a woman. The bones were perfectly articulated; they were not white, as they usually are in this country, but seemed like half-polished steel. I was wondering what there was in the skeleton to attract such rapt attention from the crowd, and my eyes wandered over the faces of the audience. When I again glanced at the skeleton a change seemed to have come over it. The bones were less steely and less sharply defined. Thenceforth I did not look away from the fascinating optical delusion that

More and more distinct grew the outtines of the skull, and less and less forbidding grew the color of the other bones. Then, as they seemed half fading into gloom, I became aware that around all the bones was gathering a cloud, as though a fog was clinging to them. This nimbus became more and nore noticeable, until I saw that it was taking the general human form. Still shape of a real flesh-and-blood woman could be distinguished in a graceful and limbs became more clearly defined, another dim gathering outside the figure appeared, and the kimono and oth er external raiment of the Japanese belle declared themselves. At last a wax-like statue stood before us. Then

It began to take color in the hair, eyes, cheeks, lips and dress, until without warning the figure thus evolved from the staring and grinning skeleton-a charming girl, full of life and gracewalked to the front of the stage, made two or three inimitably demure Japanese courtesies and passed out of

know, but I prize my mother's love before I felt that I had seen represented the everything else in the world, and I will do change that is going on in new Japan feudalism the flesh and blood and apparel of a new civilization have been laking form, hardly noted in the transi ional steps, yet continuing toward its goal unerringly, until a new creature will be the result.-Chicago Record.

Lesson from Gen. Jackson. A hitherto unpublished story tonewall Jackson is told by former Gov. Themas G. Jones. Gov. Jones was a student at the Virginia Military nstitute when Jackson was president here at the outbreak of the war beween the States. Jackson was a rather stern disciplinarian. Jones had been at the institute for two or three years and had come to be a sergeant of the adets. He had one day to drill an wkward sonad and he lost his temper n his work, whereupon he made the ovs "double-quick" around a tree. He ad them "going it hard" when suddenly he heard from behind him the short, sharp command "Double-quick "Double-quick," repeated the

wrathful future Governor of Alabama. "No! you, sir! Halt!" Jones looked behind him and ther stood "Old Jack," as Jackson was called by the boys.

"You, sir! You double-quick your elf!" Jones looked at his superior office mazement.

"Double-quick!" was the stern command, and instantly Sergt. Jones was rotting around the tree at a great rate, not, thoroughly indignant and furiousy angry. His awkward squad looked

Within an hour Jones had sent in his esignation. In answer he received an invitation to sup at Jackson's house. He declined. Then came an order for him to report to Jackson instantly That order was obeyed. After some talk Jones said: "But you, sir, humil lated me before my men!"

"You lost your temper," said Jack on, calmly, "and, besides, you forget hat you are not an officer at all!" Tha nded the trouble and now nobody nore reverences the memory of "Old Jack" than Gov. Jones.-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hunting Tigers in Persia. The people of different countries are different ways of hunting the tiger. Traps, pitfalls, spring-guns and ets are called into play. The Chinese are said to employ the mirror to lead the animal into a trap. The tiger's curiosity is excited when he sees his mage in the glass, and he immediately proceeds to investigate the mystery. he Persian manner of conducting the ount as this is described in Chambers ournal is more sportsman-like.

A spherical, strongly woven bambo age with intervals of a few inches be ween the bars, is erected in some spot ear the haunts of the tiger. The cage firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside, a man provided with everal sharp and powerful stabbing spears, or with a keen and pointed word, takes his post at night, with a log or a goat as his companion. There e wraps himself in his blanket and

roes to sleep. In due time the tiger makes his apsearance, the man is wakened by his our-footed companion, and after vainly snuffing and prowling round the cage to find an entrance, the tiger rears

The men instantly takes adventage of the brute's unprotected position, and with a resolute stroke of the spear or the shidd subs him to death. GYPSYING COTTAGERS.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke on the Delighte One of the digressions that are of the

ilized life comes from its smoothness and regularity. To-day is like yesterday, and we think that we can predict to-morrow. Of course we cannot really with the artificialities of life that we loce sight of them. It seems as if everything in our neat little world were arranged and provided for, and reasonably certain to come to pass. The best way of escape from this tedium vitae is through a recreation like angling, not only because it is so eviiently a matter of luck, but also lecause it tempts us out into a wilder, freer life. It leads almost inevitably to camping out, which is a wholesome

It is curious and pleasant, to my apprehension, to observe how many peo-ple in New England, which has been called, at least in part, the Land of Btendy Habits, are sensible of the joy of changing them-out of doors. They turn out from their comfortable farmamong the mountains or beside the sea. You see their white tents gleaming from the pine groves around the little lakes, and catch glimpses of their bathing clothes drying in the sun on the wiry grass that fringes the sand-dunes. Happy fugitives from the bondage of utine! They have found out that a long journey is not necessary to a good vacation. You may reach the forest of Arden in a buckboard. The Fortunate Isles are within sailing distance In a dory. And a voyage on the river Pactolus is open to anyone who can

paddle a canoe. ouses, and sleep on beds, and walk on pavements, and buy their food from butchers and bakers and grocers, are not the most blessed inhabitants of this wide and various earth. The circumstances of their existence are too mathematical and secure for perfect contentment. They live at second or third hand. They are boarders in the world. Everything is done for them by It is almost impossible for anything

very interesting to happen to them. They must get their excitement out of cold, there is a furnace in the cellar. If they are hungry, the shops are near doed at hand. It is all as dull, flat, stale nd unprofitable as adding up a co umn of figures. They might as well be

brought up in an incubator. A Curious Case of Somnabulism. The modern novelist is very prone to found his plots on the doings of sleepwalkers and hypnotists; but, as usual, "truth is stranger than fiction," and his efforts are outdone by actual occurrences. Here, for example, is a true story from France of a gentleman missing from his bedroun a packet containing more than ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterward the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was taken to a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration. The doctor, a firm believer in nd, putting two and two together, hypnotized his patient and extorted a the bonds and buried them in the garden. Thereupon search being made, they were found; but the lady is as yet quite ignorant of the fact that she

berself was the person who hid them. A Fing of Precious Stones. A New York jeweler has combined patriotism with a very fine advertise ment by making a copy of the Stare and Stripes, which is probably the most expensive flag in the whole world. It is quite small, only 7 inches by 4, but is worth at least \$17,500. It is entirely composed of precious stones. It has thirteen stripes and forty-two stars. The white stripes are of small diamonds, 800 of which go to make them up. The red stripes are rubles, the same in number and size as the diamonds. For the blue field there are about 300 sapphires, with forty-two large diamonds for stars. This unique flag is displayed in the jeweler's window on the Broadway, and attracts a constant crowd.

The Land of Ducks. There are more ducks in the Chinese Empire, says an authority, than in all the world outside of it. They are kept up by the Celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on the public roads, on the streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese boat also contains a batch of them. There are innumerable hatching establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked duck, and ducks eggs, constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.

"Gen. Grant," said Farmer Early peas, throwing down his weekly paper, was the greatest of 'em alt." "How can you say it, Hiram," ex claimed his wife, "when our boy is fightin' like sin in the Filypines?'-Philadelphia North American.

M. Ducretet, the French scienti has constructed an automatic recor ing receiver to register the interpitter atmospheric disturbances produc during storms. In one case 811 atmo pheric discharges were registered dur-ing a storm lasting one hour and te minutes. The discharges, it is stated were registered before the appearance of the lightning and the thunder day.

IMAGES ON ITS LEAVES.

Marvelous Tree That Is One of the Wonders of Mysterious Thibet. ice of the Rev. Dr. Henry Van by the Jesuit missionaries, Huc and "Fisherman's Luck," in the Gobet, during their explorations of Century, is devoted to the pleasures of Thibet, by far the strangest is what they have to say of the Tree of Ten Much of the tediousness of highly civ-Thousand Images. They had hear! about this wonderful tree long before they reached the locality of its growth. and, as they approached the spot, their curiosity regarding it increased a thoudo so. The chances are still there. But sand fold. Here is their narrative of

that we say something about this tree

itself. Does it exist? Have we seen it?

Has it any peculiar attributes? What about its marvelous leaves? Yes, this tree does exist. At the foot of the mountains on which the Lamasery stands, and not far from the principal Buddhist temple, is a great square inlosure, formed by brick walls. Upon ntering this we were able to examine at leisure the marvelous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. "Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishments at finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Thibetan characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf it-

self. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but, aftera minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portious of the leaf itelf, equally with its veins and nerves the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of forma

"The bark of the tree and its branches, which resemble that of the plane tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of the old bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of charwhat is very singular, these new characters are not infrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some traces of trickery, but we could discern noth-

The missionaries, Hue and Gobet, ith escapes and moving accidents as they wished had it not been for the might have remained in Thibet as long adventure of living? If the weather is dor there. For some reason this indibad, they are snugly housed. If it is vidual took a dislike to them, and ultimately caused them to depart. The Lamas were willing that they should remain, but it appeared to the missiondisturbance, so they quickly withdrew, taking with them some of the first facts ever gathered in that mysterious land -San Francisco Call.

Immuring Prisoners A ive. That the ancient custom of executing

prisoners by immuring them alive has een continued by the Spaniards at Manila appears evident from the following discovery reported by Martin J. Eagan, war correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, who says: immense cavern, the use of which is problematical, has been discovered in the north wall of old Fort St. Philip. Some of the members of the heavy battery detected a crink in the wall, which is nearly twenty feet thick and twentyfive feet high, and by inserting a pick hypnotism, was told of the robbery; pried out one of the large stones. Capt. Geary was sent for, and under his direction a large opening was made in confession from her that she had taken the wall. It revealed an L-shaped chamber with a depth of twelve feet. a height of fifteen feet and a greates width of ten feet. On the damp ground were found fragments of human bones. and the explorers were forced to the horrible conclusion that some unfortunate prisoners had been walled up and left to die. In the rear wall was a niche used for a light, and there were still traces of the blackening due to the flames. A meat-tin of modern make was the only thing besides the bones found in the cavern. None of the Spanish prisoners and none of the insurgents could offer any explanation as to the place. None of them had ever heard of it, and those who were permitted to enter examined it with unfeigned curiosity. The suggestion that t was barbarously made the living tomb of some unfortunate offender against the Spanish rule seems tenable as it is isolated from the other dungeons and distant from the regular burial ground. There is another uncanny place inside the stockade of Fort St. Philip. It is the wall against which condemned prisoners stood to face their executioners. It is dotted and furrowed with hundreds of bullets, and stands as an uninscribed tablet to a reign of blood. Volley after volley has been sent against it, and countless victims fell before it to die in their own blood. Near the wall stands a group of old brass mortars that were cast over a century ago, and a long row or old smooth rifles."

York and Connecticut now have laws requiring police officials to accept bicycles as security in case of arrest for violation of bicycle ordinances. The other divisions of the L. A. W. rest for violation of bleycle ordinances. The other divisions of the L. A. W. will have similar bills passed by the next Legislatures.

memberships since December 1 last.

The Nebraska Division of the L. A.
W. has succeeded in having repealed an obnoxious ordinance, which discriminated against wheelmen and favored against wheelmen against wheelmen and favored against wheelmen and favored against wheelmen against whee

He who remains tranquilly on the round and watches, often gets better pples than the man who climbs up and takes them all from the tree.

-Mrs. Eliza Lynds, of Peacham, Vt. has a cake of maple sugar that was made in 1834. The sugar is well preerved yet.

-Hail to Reina Mercedes! It is strange name for a ship of the Ameri-can Navy, but we are getting highly can Navy, but we are getting ingary cosmopolitan in these days.

—During the hearing of a case 'r 'aris arising out of a disputed milliner'.
bill it was stated, that the defendant expended £500 a year on her hats. SERMON

Rev. Dr. Calmage

ences That Surround Life in a Private -Children Get in Bad Company [Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WABHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—Home life versus hotel life is the theme of Dr. Talmage's sermon for to-day, the disadvantages of a life spent at more or less temporary stopping places being sharply contrasted with the blessings that are found in the real home, however humble. The text is Luke x., 34, 35. "And brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a

and almost killed by bandits. The good samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where to this very day depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured rian into the saddle, while this mereiful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be \$4 or \$5 a day, a penny being then a day's wages and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, be-cause the good Samaritan leaves the poor, wounded follow to his entire care, promis-ing that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got

sh given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as vite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal, as when the people were p selfive ly commanded to be given to hospitality as in many places in the east these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good land-lords and boarding bouses presided over by excellent host or hostess in all neighborby excellent nost or nosters in the our con hoods, villages and cities and it is our con gratulation that those of our land surpas such as those who ought not, for vario

I housekeeping.
But one of the great evils of this day But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taker apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-house is for most people while they are in transition has a terminus they are in many cases de-

and boarding-bouses is for most people while they are in transling had as terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments.

public establishments.

In these public caravansaries, the demon of gossip is apt to get tuil sway. All the boarders run daily the gantlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear, and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be something wrong about him or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, h's trunk explored, his letter folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest, until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business.

One of the worst damages that com One of the worst damages that come from the herding of so many people into boarding-houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts, but by twelve years of age in these public resorts they will have picked up all the bad by twelve years of age in these public resorts they will have picked up all the bad
things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will
overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels,
and get precoclous in sin, and what the
bartender does not tell them the porter or
hostler or beliboy will.

Besides that the children will go out into
this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying and all controlling memory

Besides that the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish, already surrounded by the long wide net, swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore, and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out farther and farther from Shore, five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh farther and farther from shore, five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after awhile are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, O father and mother let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semiomnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding house, or a family hotel, you can east no such glorious

or three rooms in a boarding house, or a family hotel, you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees per-petually s'enning and meats in everlast-ing stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors, along which drunken boarders come staggering at 1 oclock in the morning, rapping at the o'clock in the morning, rapping at the doe till the affrighted wife lets them in. It is said that one pound of butphemy of calling such a place a home.

A home is four walls inclosing one
family with identity of interest and a
privacy from outside inspection so comblete that it is a world in itself. no one enarring except by permission—bolted and
marred and chained against all outside inmistityeness. The phrase so often used parred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used
a the law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his
pastle, as much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, ba tion and
armed turret. Even the officer of the law
may not enter to serve a writ, except the
door be voluntarily opened unto him; burtiery, or the invasion of it. a crime so
guides.

—An electric company of New Jersey is to manufacture an automatic
hair clipper, in which the blades are
to be reciporcated by a small motor set
to the casing forming the handle of the
clipper.

—Nineteen women brave the dangers
of wilds and forests as trappers and
guides.

NO. 32.

offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family botel or boarding house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor nusband consent to such permanent readence.

The probability is that the wife will have o divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading room or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies, and, if you do not entirely lose your husband, it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have whelmed thousands of husbands, with as good intentions as your. Neither should public residences, so that they may give their entire time to operas, theatres, balls,

case it is a top, and in the other a soul.

Besides this there is an a siduous accumulation of little things around the private home, which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementos, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cozy iounge, uphoisteries, pictures and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the peari of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own and are associated with the different members of your household or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from sea voyage; that

ity. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a ism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spice, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his resoue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zacobeco is spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ,

blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality!

the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality!

Young married man, as soon as you can buy such a place even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one pudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourself all superfluitles and all luxuries until you can say, "Everything in this house is mine, thank God—every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every doorsill."

Do not have yourchildren born in a boarding house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where yourchildren can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dyspe ties. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such a daily wrestle with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life, and, though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the lessen is not well advented unless she can boil and the less she can boil and the lessen is not well advented until the can b instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broll a mutton chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

llies and nations.

Have a sitting room with at least one easy chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checkerboards, and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff, which is of all games my favorite. Bouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is amothered into a sob.

First, last and all the time have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the

harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so farreaching in its influence that down to the last moment of fluence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-six years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washing-ton—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, transatiantic and cisatlantic, public life, transatiantic and cisatiantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again, "My mother, mother, mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, grandmother and grandehid, and the entire group of precious ones of and the entire group of precious ones, o whom we must say in the words of trans porting Charles Wesley: One family we dwell in him.

One church above, b-neath, Though now div ded by the stream— To His command we bow; Part of the tost have crossed the flood

And part are crossing nov legheny and Schuylkill counties, Pa., hold sessions from tea to three o'clock, with no recess at the lunch hour.