Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION---THE UNION---AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. LIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1899. NO. 35.

A Dangerous Secret.

By FLORENCE MARYATT.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

"Parish clerk of Chilton in Berwick!" murmurs Delia; "how wonderful I should have met him here, Patsy! I was married at that church on the very day it was burned down, and your grandfather must have been present at the ceremony.

"How strange! And now I come to think of it, ma'am, he often talks in his sayings about a young lady—a 'lassie,' he calls her—who was married in the midst of the storm. Bless me! that is queer."

"Patsy, what has he got in that bundle?"

"Ah! now you beat me, ma'am! No one, not even poor mother, ever saw the inside."

"Couldn't you find out, by any means, what is in that parcel, Patsy?"

Delia has become wonderfully curious about the old clerk's worldly possessions.

"I dursn't, ma'am. Feyther would nearly kill me, and the old man would quite. I'd sooner walk up and scratch the nose of Farmer Simpson's mad bull."

"Ah, well! I dare say there's nothing of consequence in it. How did the feast go off?"

"Beautifully, ma'am; and I'm obliged to you for letting me go.

Delia hurries from the farm parlor as she speaks—her head in a whirl of excitement—her heart not knowing what it dares to hope for—her mind filled with one thought, the wish to meet and tell all to Mr. Le Mesurier. At the end of the long lane that precedes the village road she sees him, walking thoughtfully to and fro, and evidently waiting for her.

She at once tells him all she has learned, and her new-born hope that the parcel, which the old man so carefully guards, contains the parish books of the church at Chilton, and in them the registry of her marriage.

"And so you think the books must needs be tied up in his old bundle," says Mr. Le Mesurier, smiling, as she finishes the tale.

"I feel sure of it! Oh, don't laugh at me. Think what a change it will make in my whole life, if the idea only proves true. I must see the contents of that bundle. I shall never be satisfied till I have convinced myself one way or the other."

"How do you propose to accomplish it?"

"I cannot decide yet. Patsy says the old man sits in the garden when the afternoon is fine. I could get up by a ladder and smash in the glass if I find it fastened."

"You'll be indicted for housebreaking with burglarious and felonious intent, if you don't take care, Mrs. Manners. And when you have opened the bundle, at the risk of your personal safety, perhaps you will find a mass of filthy rags."

"I care nothing about my personal safety—I care only to find my unfortunate marriage certificate. Do you think I might give old Strother a glass of wine with something in it to make him go to sleep?"

Mr. Le Mesurier laughs loud at the suggestion.

"Don't kill him outright, or you may be indicted for manslaughter along with the other misdemeanors. I am laughing, Mrs. Manners, but believe me how sincerely I am interested in this new hope of yours, and how rejoiced I shall be at its fulfillment."

"And believe me, Mr. Le Mesurier, that I will not rest hand nor foot till I have reached the bottom of that mystery, be it what it may!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The most natural thing to suppose is that Delia runs straight home, after her interview with the parson, to repeat the discovery she has made to Mrs. Bond. But, strange to say, she does nothing of the sort. A hundred times during the evening is it on the tip of her tongue to tell it, and a hundred times her courage fails her, and she decides she will wait a little longer and discover a little more, before she makes her friend the recipient of her confidence.

The next day she anxiously awaits the coming of Mr. Le Mesurier, who has promised to show her the vestry books in the church so that she may know what such books look like and be better able to recognize them should she find any in old Strother's bundle.

When the parson comes she prepares to accompany him at once.

"What queer-looking things!" she says, as she examines the rough, brown leather covers in which the volumes are bound; "and the ink in which the first entries are made is quite faded and pale. Fifty years ago, Mr. Le Mesurier. Is it possible this book has lasted all that time?"

"Quite possible in Cloverfield, where we do not celebrate half a dozen marriages a year. What is it, Mrs. Webber?"

This last question is addressed to the new opener, who is employed in cleaning the church, and now beckons him mysteriously to her side from the open vestry door.

"Excuse me for a moment," Mr. Le Mesurier says, hurriedly, to Delia, as he passes into the chancel.

She continues to turn over the record of the Cloverfield marriages with a sort of undefined curiosity. As she does so a name catches her eye—one name among the hundreds she has gazed upon mechanically—and she reads the record.

"On such and such a day, "John Le Mesurier, bachelor, of Dublin, to Adelia Coombes, spinster, of Southampton."

She looks at the date; it is that of fifteen years ago—five years before the present Mr. Le Mesurier came to reside in the parish. Still, it seems strange that he should not have noticed the name being similar to his own; but perhaps, she argues, clergymen never take the trouble to read the records of marriages that occur before they had charge of the parish.

"Is this a relation of yours?" she asks, promptly, as her friend returns to the vestry. "The name is precisely the same, you see—John Le Mesurier; but he was married five years before you came here, so perhaps you never saw the certificate."

Pointing with her finger to the entry, she turns to confront the clergyman, and is amazed to see the pallor that has overspread his face.

"Mr. Le Mesurier! are you not well?"

"I am quite well, thank you! Have you finished examining this musty old book? Then I think we may as well lock it up again! About Mr. John Le Mesurier, who appropriates my lawful cognomen! Yes, I believe he must be some sort of connection of mine, because the name is not a common one; but I never knew him, and, as you say, the event happened long before I ever saw the place!"

But he is very pale still, and the muscles of his face are working nervously.

"There are no Coombes living about here now," remarks Delia, thoughtfully.

"Oh, no! There is nobody of the name here. There never was!" replies Mr. Le Mesurier, in the same agitated and uncertain manner. "Now, you are quite sure you will know a vestry book again, to swear to—won't you?" he continues, with a sickly attempt to smile; "and be able to tell at once if old Strother's possessions are the property of the church or his own?"

"Oh, I think so; and, Mr. Le Mesurier, I assure you his parcel is just the size to contain three or four of these books—making allowance for all the wrappings they are sewn in."

"When do you intend to make your first raid upon these wrappings?"

"To-morrow, I think; but I shall not go unless it is a really hot afternoon, that will tempt the old man to sit out for some time in the garden. Do you not come my way?"

"No, thanks! I have a visit to pay to the Temples. Good afternoon."

He raises his hat and strides off abruptly.

Delia is just wondering what can be the reason of his sudden alteration of manner, when he retraces his steps and overtakes her.

"Mrs. Manners, when you told me a secret that affected your daily happiness you relied on me for respecting your confidence and keeping it sacred, did you not?"

"Certainly I did."

"Have I belied your trust?"

"I am sure you have not."

"Then may I ask you a favor in return, not to mention to any one the record you saw just now of my—my—relation's marriage? He is not a person to be proud of, and the marriage was strictly private, and for many reasons it is desirable it should remain so. I know you will oblige me in this particular. Good day."

And, raising his hat once more, Mr. Le Mesurier leaves her again without waiting for the assurances he has so earnestly required.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delia does not know what to think of this little episode, but she has always considered her clergyman friend to be rather strange and erratic in his moods, and ascribes his anxiety on the subject of the marriage record not being mentioned to some fad of his own, certainly not to anything that can concern her. She has so much to think of and plan for herself at this moment that she has no leisure to speculate upon the actions of her acquaintances. She ponders hour after hour on the best means of conciliating old Strother, and rendering her voyage of discovery easy; but she reaches Kennett's farm the following day without having arrived at any definite conclusion as to what course it will be better to pursue.

It is a broiling afternoon, and Delia has felt the trudge up the long lane very trying; but she is rewarded by the first sight that meets her eyes being that of the old Scotchman sunning himself by the beehives. He looks only a trifle less offensive in the open air than he did in his close bedroom, and he receives his visitor with no greater cordiality. But she is delighted to see that he is smoking his pipe, and she has a little flask of Scotch whisky hidden away in her pocket.

"What a lovely day, Mr. Strother. I am so glad to find you out. Where is Patsy?"

"I dinna ken."

"Does she find it too hot in the garden? I almost think I do. May I go round and ask her for a glass of water?"

"You canna fash me wi' what you do."

Accepting the angracious permission extended to her, Delia walks up the gravel path to the farmhouse. Her object is twofold—first, to find out where Patsy may be, and, secondly, to obtain a glass of water in which to put the whisky. At the open door she meets a servant girl.

"Is Miss Patsy in, Jane?"

"Well, she ain't azactly in, mum, but she won't be long. She's only rin out the back way to meet a friend, and I'm keeping watch in case the maister should return and make a rumpus about it. Poor Miss Patsy's got very little time to hersel', mum, so ye meant tell the maister of her."

"To be sure not, Jane. I have only come to beg a glass of water. The day is so hot, and I am very thirsty."

The farm maiden lifts down a mug from the nail on which it hangs and makes her way out into the back garden.

"The poomp's at the back," she says in going.

Delia follows her. To examine the back of the house is her desire.

She finds that the "poomp" stands in a wilderness of currant bushes and raspberry canes, now stripped of their fruit, and the wall of the house is thickly covered with a vine of many years' growth. On either side of the back door are windows with latticed panes and broad sills; the lower one to the right is the scullery window, the one above it she believes to belong to the bedroom of old Strother, and it is fastened open by an iron hook.

"Is that the old gentleman's room?" she asks indifferently of the servant.

"Yiss, mum, that's his'n, and 'twull be a good day for all concerned when he's laid out in it."

Delia walks up to the window sill and finds it is amply wide enough to stand upon. In the scullery are a set of steps with which she could easily reach the upper window. Given ten minutes to herself, she feels sure that her work would be accomplished. She is active and lissom still, although the mother of a man. The worst difficulty will be to get the servant, who appears to be the only person within hail, out of the way. But Delia has her purse in her pocket and knows the power of money. She has no fear, when the time comes, of not being able to get rid of Jane or to make use of her.

She returns to the old clerk full of hope for the success of her project. But, to her surprise, she finds he has left his seat, and is peering in at the open front door.

"What air ye speerin' sae lang wi' the lass fur?" he asks, in his usual suspicious way.

"I was only gettin' some water to drink, Mr. Strother," replies Delia cheerfully. "I find a little weak whisky and water the most cooling drink possible on these burning afternoons."

"Whusky! What can a leddy ken aboot whusky?"

"Oh! don't I 'ken' about it? You forget I have lived in Scotland, where everyone acquires a liking for it, and my friend, Mr. Bond, has some of the finest Scotch whisky in his cellar you ever tasted."

"Ay! It's mony a day sin the like o' me tasted whusky."

"Mr. Strother, I want you to taste my whisky, and if you think it good I shall bring you a bottle for yourself."

"A hale bottle o' whisky to mysel'? Ay, but ye're the richt sort o' leddy to veesit a puir auld chiel like me."

With his old tongue he commences to lick his lips as she produces the spirit flask, and the wrinkled hand he extends for the glass trembles visibly. Delia has taken care to make the dose a potent one, and Strother took it down at a draught.

"Ay, that's summat like whusky!" ejaculates the old sinner, as the last drop trickles down his throat.

Delia placed the flask itself in his hands. Old Strother's bleared eyes light up with sensual pleasure as he applies his lips to the neck of this little bottle, and expresses his satisfaction at its contents by loud and prolonged smacks. But he does not grow sleepy so soon as Delia expected. Either he is more accustomed to drinking spirits than he will acknowledge or his head is very strong; but though he becomes less loquacious and makes absurd faces to himself in the air, his eyes do not show any disposition to close.

Finally, however, his head has fallen forward on his breast, and he has commenced to nod, with those short, uncomfortable jerks that assail one when sleeping in a chair.

Delia crawls up and down the path a little longer, and then, seeing that all is safe, skims past the sleeping old man noiselessly, and rushes to the back of the garden. There is no time to waste now; she must do her work rapidly and without delay.

"Jane," she exclaims, going at once to the point, "here is half a sovereign for you. I want that set of steps placed against this wall. I have a great fancy to gather some of the bunches of grapes that hang up there by the second window."

Jane, who probably has never possessed half a sovereign all to herself in her life, stares at the coin as if she were in a dream.

"I must have it at once; do you hear?" repeats Delia, "or it will be of no use to me."

"Sure, ma'am—but they isn't ripe yet."

"Never mind that. You bring the steps."

The girl has them in her arms as she speaks, and places them against the wall without further remonstrance.

Delia mounts them like a squirrel.

"What a quare fancy!" thinks the servant, as she watches the lady's ascent.

But she has a half-sovereign in her hand, and she cares for nothing else.

(To be continued.)

Useful Hints.

A bottle of sweet oil is the housekeeper's friend. Few know of the many uses to which it may be put. It will keep bronzes, after carefully rubbing them with oil, they should be polished with chamois skin. In laying knives away apply a little sweet oil very lightly and wrap them in tissue paper; this will prevent their rusting. For inflammatory rheumatism dissolve an ounce of sweet oil one ounce of pulverized saltpeter, and thoroughly rub the parts affected. Sweet oil will clean metals; rub the metal well with a flannel cloth and wash off in warm soap suds. A bottle containing two parts of oil to one of lime water will be found excellent for sunburn.

A Good Kalsomine.—Pour four pounds of Paris white in a pail, cover it with cold water and let it stand over night. Into a tin kettle put a handful of glue and cover with cold water; in the morning set the glue on the stove, and add enough warm water to make a quart, and stir until dissolved; add the glue to the Paris white; stir well, and add enough warm water to make a pail three-quarters full; then add blueing a little at a time; stir well until it is very slightly bluish. Use a good brush go over one place in the wall until it is thoroughly wet; if your brush dries quickly, add more warm water, as the mixture is too thick; the brush must be kept wet.

To Dye Oak Black.—Oak may be dyed black and made to resemble ebony by the following means: Immerse the wood forty-eight hours in a hot, saturated solution of alum, and then brush it over with a logwood decoction as follows: One part of the best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen, and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one-half. To every quart of this add from ten drops to fifteen drops of a saturated solution of indigo. After applying this dye to the wood rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained.

Track and Turf.

William C. F. Cornwall, of Lebanon, has purchased five hackney fillies of E. W. Twaddell, of Westtown.

The 3-year-old filly by Directum, 2.05¼, that Andy McDowell recently drove a half in 1.10, is called Emma Winters.

Prince McClurg is still held by a receiver awaiting the termination of the Applegate-Weller contention.

Congressman Bailey, of Texas, will breed Lena Hill, 2.12¾; Nannie E., 2.17¼, and Helen Fife, 2.18, to Electric Bell.

The horses of W. M. Rogers have been shipped from St. Louis to Hawthorne. They are a formidable lot of runners.

Lady Ophir, dam of Klamath, 2.07½, recently foaled a colt by McKinney, 2.11¾, and has been bred back to the same horse.

Work on the new Empire City track is progressing at a marvelous rate of speed, and everything will be ready for the opening day.

The horses of the late Robert Bonner, barring Maud S., 2.08¾, will be sold, probably in November, immediately after the National Horse Show.

Roy Miller has bought a controlling interest in the Selma, Ala., track, and he intends to hold a meeting following the one at Nashville, Tenn.

Camp Brown has resigned the position of head trainer at the Kinwood Farms, near Norristown. W. Carl Chamberlin has accepted the position, taking charge.

Parole, now in his twenty-seventh year, looks wonderfully fresh. The famous gelding occupies a stall in the yearling stable and runs in the pasture at Rancocas, N. J., with the yearling colts.

LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

Thrilling Rescues—Men, Women and Children Who Have Won Medals.

The "Heroes of Peace," celebrated by Gustav Kobbe in the Century, are the volunteer life-savers. Many deeds are recorded that equal the bravest exploits of the battlefield.

For many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews. This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is often able not only to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-savings station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time. The rivalry between these two corps been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism, displayed in saving life, have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor. * * *

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life; men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy, and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal. Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years. Frederic Kernochan was a lad when he received a silver medal for saving a woman from drowning in the Navesink River, near Highlands, New Jersey; and Marie D. Parsons, a girl of only 10 years when she rescued a child at Fireplace, Long Island. Nor was Edith Morgan, of Hamlin, Mich., much beyond girlhood when she tried, with her father and brother, to row to a vessel capsized three miles out. Beaten back by the heavy waves, she aided in clearing away the logs and driftwood from the beach so as to make a track for the surf-boat. At a previous rescue she had stood [illegible] in the snow, [illegible] the time, in landing sailors from a wreck. * * *

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brokaw Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented church-yard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

QUEER GOPHERS IN FLORIDA.

Burrowing Turtles that the Natives Eat Like Epicures Do Terrapin.

"The most interesting creature I ever saw in Florida," said a New York man who spent the winter there, "was the burrowing turtle. This turtle is peculiar to Florida, and it is an important factor in the domestic economy of the cracker population, for the Florida cracker dotes on the gopher—that's what they call this burrowing turtle—and thinks it is the finest thing in the edible line that ever existed.

"Another thing that induces the gopher to dig its burrow out of the reach of water is that in those dry and sandy places the rattlesnake and various kinds of hideous-looking lizards are most plentiful, and the gopher is never happy unless its burrow is shared by a colony of either one or the other of these, if not of both. Find a gopher hole and uncover it and you will be sure to find from half a dozen to a dozen or more rattlesnakes, and maybe fifteen or twenty lizards of various sizes and colors and degrees of ugliness occupying it with its proprietor. The gopher plainly loves the companionship of these deadly things, although it is itself as meek and harmless as a dove.

"No dweller in those parts of Florida ever goes anywhere about without a bag slung over his or her shoulder. This is to put gophers in, as some are pretty sure to be found pasturing in the wild grass patches. The moment a gopher is surprised by a person with a bag it shuts itself securely in its shell, and the cracker picks it up and tumbles it into the bag. The gopher is likewise trapped by digging a hole close to the entrance of its burrow and sinking a barrel or box into it and covering the trap with loose twigs. When the gopher comes out and starts on a foraging trip it tumbles into the trap and can't get out. What terrapin are to the high-living epicure, the gopher is to the Florida cracker."

The Woes of Golf.

"Did you see any golf players around here, boy?"

"I seen one cad, mister."

"You mean a caddy?"

"No. I don't mean de kid dat carries de sticks; I mean de guy dat uses 'em."

His Soft Spot.

Edna—Did the sentimental singer impress you, Reggy?

Reggy—Yeas; she touched a soft spot, doncherknow.

Edna—You must have been sitting quite near the stage.

A PORTO RICAN FOREST.

It Abounded with Strange Birds, Nuts and Fruits.

A war correspondent's adventures are set forth by Edwin Emerson, Jr., in the Century, in an article entitled "Alone in Porto Rico." Mr. Emerson says:

By nightfall, after I had ridden up and down some of the most unprepossessing hills, and got tangled in no end of chaparral, cactus, and other thorny undergrowth, which changed a new pongee coat I had bought in San Juan into an old rag, I found myself on a high range of sierra. From a jibaro negress I learned that I was half-way between the towns of Quemados and Jaguas, and that I would find a better trail for my horse below. So I rode down a lovely green valley, where plantations of coffee and tobacco lay side by side. As it grew darker, bats flew all about me, and I heard the evening cries of birds which sounded like our whippoorwills and mocking-birds. At last I struck the trail that the woman had mentioned. I rode on a little way, and took the horse into a clearing, where there was a spring well hidden from view, and then I hobbled his feet to the halter-rope, flung myself on the ground, and went fast asleep. The last thing I heard was the beautiful song of the solitaire singing in a copse above me.

I was awakened early the next morning by the screeching of green parrots, quarreling with other birds in the top of a cocoa-nut palm. I was drenched with dew, but forgot all as I thought of my horse. To my great relief, I found him standing behind a bit of oleander-bush red with flowers, crunching the juicy stalk of a prickly pear. I watched him with interest as he took the stalk and with his teeth ripped off the skin with all its thorns. He whinnied as if we were old friends. After bridling and watering him, I found the trail, and rode off southward. On the way I ate everything I could find, from green cherries and guava plums to juicy mangoes, which stained the front of my coat, and bell-apples, the meat of which suggested mildew. There were also custard apples, a large green fruit not unlike cream-puffs inside.

The most astonishing and the best of all was a fruit called palmo—in our language, sour-sap. It is about as large as a quart bowl, and so nourishing and full that a single fruit was enough for a good meal, although that did not deter my horse from eating four. Later I found that they are also relished by dogs. Of springs and streams there were so many that I had no fear of dying of thirst. If water was not handy, I could always climb a cocoa-nut-tree, and throw down the green nuts, which were filled with an abundance of watery milk, more than I could [illegible] were in plenty; but many were more curious than edible, even to my willing appetite. One had a delicious odor. I tasted a little, and thought it ideal for flavoring candy. But it soon dissolved in my mouth in a fine dust, absorbing all the moisture, so that I had to blow it out like flour. Nothing ever made me so thirsty in my life, and even after rinsing out my mouth I felt for a long time as if I were chewing punk or cotton. The fruit of the tamarind only added to my torments by setting all my teeth on edge. When we reached the next spring, I fell off my horse for fear he would get all the water. Only after I had satisfied my thirst would I let him drink.

"Started" Niagara Suspension Bridge

There lately died at Lincoln, Neb., a man named H. J. Walsh, who had an important part in the construction of the first suspension bridge at Niagara Falls. Mr. Walsh was born in Ireland in 1834, but was brought to this country when he was a baby, his parents going to live at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

When he was still a boy the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge were taken. The first thing of all was to stretch a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

"What boy is the best kite-flyer in town?" he asked a resident.

The Walsh boy was named, and the engineer asked that he be brought. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara River. He flew it across, and allowed to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite, and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun.

Mr. Walsh afterward moved to Nebraska, and became a prominent citizen of Lincoln.

Tree Twenty Centuries Old.

The oldest tree on earth with an authentic history is the great Bhoo tree of Burmah. For twenty centuries it has been held sacred to Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

A Neighborhood Tragedy.

"We bought a lawn-mower at the Montague auction."

"Well, that was all right, wasn't it?"

"All right? Maria says it is our old one which they borrowed and never returned."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Wrong Shelf.

A correspondent of the London Academy writes that a bookseller in a large provincial city recently discovered an assistant arranging four new copies of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" on the shelves devoted to books on gardening.

A Keen Retort.

Cardinal Manning's keen wit was often used to drive home a moral warning.

"What are you going to do in life?" he asked a flippant undergraduate at Oxford.

"Oh, I'm going to take Holy Orders," was the airy reply.

"Take care you get them, my son."

The advanced woman who sees things as they are sometimes drives her husband to seeing things double.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Glories of Heaven—Christ's Attractiveness Painted in Glowing Colors—From Ivory Palaces to the Agony of the Crucifixion.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psalms, xlv., 8, "All Thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceilings and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by Popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than those things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of the earth, King of heaven, King forever! Her garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant and jeweled and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed 100 years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankincense and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye. "They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever [illegible] to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would [illegible] a stone and bruise the tree, and th[illegible] exude a gum that would satura[illegible] ground [illegible]. This gum was [illegible] of it no larger than a chestnut [illegible] whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

Would that you all knew His sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palace."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in over and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adultress; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer His dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to His lips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not like Cæsar? No, no! All this because He wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because He wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because we were blind, and He wanted us to see. Because we were sorrowful, and He wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharin has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead and to purchase your disenthrallment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India, and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea! We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, put itself out of the way.

According to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manner of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you. For His "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it. Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of His palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the 144,000; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory and walking on floors of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The [illegible] gone. The cancer [illegible]. The [illegible] how lisk [illegible] ivory palaces! and your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No they went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while, but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them.

When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward. I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory places. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet; but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; meanwhile and now taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O, Christ, whelm all our souls with Thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace! Ride through to-day the conqueror, Thy garments smelling "of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces!"

—Hundreds of the best artisans of Finland have already left their fatherland for Sweden and Norway, and hundreds more will set sail for Canada and the United States during the summer to escape service as conscripts in the Russian army.

—The elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk alone, while a man has only 577 in his entire body.

—Ants have brains larger in proportion to the size of their bodies than any other living creature.

—The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by the Duke, is often seen walking in Hyde Park and Kensington Garden, London.

—Shirt waist lengths of exclusive silk and linen materials consisting of four different shades to the set.

Household.

Pineapple Punch.—Boil together for five minutes a quart of water and a pound of sugar, strain and add the juice of one lemon and one cupful of freshly grated pineapple. Let stand for half an hour and strain again. Serve with an abundance of fine crushed ice, some whole raspberries and strawber