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, SEPTEMBER 13, 1899. NO. 40.

CHAPTER II.

At a quarter after ten Robert Campbell left the express office with a small canvas bag under one arm containing twelve thousand five hundred dollars in gold, and made his way towards the residence of the banker, which was an imposing structure standing on the corner of Market and Sixth streets.

"Smooth sailing at last," he thought, as he passed hurriedly down Front street to Market. "I shall leave the residence of my Hattie a free man, with my note in my possession, and I trust with Mr. DeRosette's consent to make my sweetheart my bride. Now, this money I could use for the balance of the five years; but why pay eight hundred a year if it can be avoided? True, there is a way that I might retain it and I think run little risk, but I must be cautious—I have not nerve enough to try it. When I get back from Baltimore I will have time to think the matter over. There will be other opportunities, and perhaps better ones."

Thus soliloquizing, the young man hastened on up Market street, and at exactly half after ten the sounding of the door bell announced to the banker his arrival.

Mr. DeRosette was seated in the library reading a novel. The bedroom door stood wide open, and so did the door leading from that to the bathroom beyond. The two windows of the library, as well as those of the chamber, opening out on the lawn on the east side of the house, were raised to admit the slight breeze that was borne westward from the ocean, seven miles away, and yet, so warm was it that the banker had discarded his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves.

"Aunt Hannah, the door!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he heard the signal; but noticing that there was no response from the sable Hannah, he muttered: "Dozing, probably," and passed through the parlors out into the hall and opened the door himself.

"Come in! Come in, Robert. I am all alone. I think the servants, even, have gone to bed, as none responded to the bell. I presume Hattie would have remained below if I had informed her I was looking for you, but you know late hours for young people cause dull eyes the next morning, and then I thought that perhaps you would not desire her to be present. Herman entered the house not ten minutes ago. I presume he would have been in the library yet but for the fact that I told him you were coming to take up your note, and that there was a private matter about which we were to confer. He looked much annoyed—nay, excited. Do you know, he had the audacity to ask my daughter's hand to-day?"

By this time the two men had reached the library.

"I am not surprised," said Robert. "I had surmised that he would, and imagined what your answer would be. I know Miss Hattie has no affection for him."

"Ah, ha, all bestowed on you, I suppose!"

The young man's face flushed. "I think, sir," he said, "that if I am so fortunate as to gain your consent, I possess a sufficient quantity of her regard to be able to induce her to become my wife."

"I have not been blind, Robert. I have seen the trend of matters for some time, and I shall be quite content to trust my daughter's happiness to you. I am satisfied that you love each other. You have proved your ability to take care of a wife, even though adversity frown on you. I give you my consent freely, my boy."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I shall leave for Baltimore with a light heart, and now for the other matter. I must not keep you up later."

"Oh, as for that, it is not yet eleven; but on your own account, if you must leave at four. You will not be gone long, I trust?"

"I shall be home Saturday evening, four days only; and now for the note. This bag contains the coin, twelve thousand five hundred dollars. You can see the express seal is still intact. Give me credit for such sum as remains above the amount of the note and interest."

"Certainly, my boy, with pleasure, since you ask it; but you might as well have kept it. Hattie, as you know, is an only child, and the prospect is that between you, you will handle all of Alvin DeRosette's coin one of these days; that is, all but a small legacy that will go to Herman Craven, to whom a larger one, I think, would prove a curse, and remembrances to servants."

"God grant that the years before you are called away, Mr. DeRosette, may be many," said the young man, with deep feeling. "Wilmington could ill afford to lose you, and notwithstanding my love for dear Hattie, there would be a void that could never be filled."

"Well, well, we must all go, my boy; but I will try and remain with you awhile yet, and when I die you must take the helm at the bank. I founded that institution, and I desire it to live after me."

Here the banker pulled open a drawer of his desk, withdrew therefrom the note, and after writing across the face of it the words: "Satisfaction received in full, this eighteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven," to which he affixed his signature, handed it to Robert with these words:

"Keep it as a memento of what you accomplished in two years."

"I will give it to Jennie, to paste in her scrap book," was the reply.

"Let's see," said the banker, "that will leave seventeen hundred dollars to be placed to your credit. I might give you a receipt for that."

"No, no! It is needless!" exclaimed Robert. "Merely pass it to my credit tomorrow, and now I will bid you——"

He was interrupted by a jingling of the doorbell.

"Why, who can this be at this time of night," said the banker. "Robert," he continued, "you are younger than I am. Will you see—confound the sleepy servants!"

The young man hastened to the front door; sprang back the catch, and opened it.

Darkness alone confronted him.

"Who is here?" he asked.

Naught but silence.

"It is very strange. I surely heard the bell. Let me investigate," thought the young man, and leaving the door ajar he stepped out on the broad piazza.

He hastily passed from one end of the piazza to the other, but encountered no one.

"I cannot understand it," he exclaimed as he descended the steps to the graveled walk. "What could have been the object? Some one bent on mischief, perhaps."

Robert stood for a moment with one foot on the lower step and the other on the walk, listening.

Suddenly he heard a sound as of a smothered groan behind him. He hurriedly ran up the steps, pushed open the door, and in a moment's time stood in the library.

A cry of horror broke from his lips.

Still seated in his chair was the form of the banker; but his head had dropped over to his left shoulder. His glaring eyes were fixed on vacancy, and a look of horror was on his livid countenance.

He had sunk lower in the chair. A rivulet of blood was tracing its way down his shirt front, dyeing it red, and the handle of a sheath knife stood there, the keen blade buried in his bosom.

"Help! help! There has been murder done! Help! help!"

In an instant he had seized with his right hand the bloody haft of the knife, while with his left he endeavored to restrain the body from sinking to the floor.

"Help! help!" He drew the weapon forth, the red blood dyeing his sleeve as he did so.

"Uncle Alvin! Uncle Alvin! Oh, tell me! Tell me!"

There was a groan, a twitching of the limbs, a contortion of the features, and a dead man slid from the chair to the blood-soaked carpet of the library.

"Oh, God, what fiend has done this deed?" cried Robert, as he bent over the still form on the carpet.

A piercing cry answered him, and Hattie, who had been roused by the cries and hastily descended the stairs, sunk on her knees by the side of her murdered father.

At the same instant Herman Craven rushed into the room.

A cry of horror broke from his white lips as his eyes fell on the scene before him.

"Merciful God! My uncle murdered! You, Robert Campbell, you standing over his lifeless remains, and with that reeking weapon in your hand? Fiend! Assassin! I see it all! Maddened by his refusal to give you his loved daughter's hand in marriage, you have taken his life. Stand back from my loved cousin's side, or, red-handed as you are, I will attack you. Oh, my loved uncle! It was your death cry that roused me from my slumbers!"

"Herman Craven!" cried Robert, as he straightened to his full height, "has this terrible scene crazed you? You cannot believe the words you have uttered to be true; but rouse the servants and send for help. The assassin must not escape."

"Nor shall he, Robert Campbell. You are the murderer here! Little did I dream what my uncle's cries foretold!"

"Mars Alvin! Mars Alvin! Murdered! Murdered! And by you, Mars Robert!"

Old Uncle Duke, who had entered the room, walked to the side of his young mistress, who was caressing the dead form of her father.

"It was I, Herman Craven, who answered the summons of the door bell. I had been here for a half hour; was here by appointment, as you know, to take up my note. I brought with me a bag of coin and received it canceled ere the door bell rang. I——"

"Where is this bag of coin?"

"Why, there upon your uncle's desk, where I placed it."

"There is no bag of coin there! Villain, you plotted well!"

"No bag of coin there? Robbery has then been added to murder. Your mistress, Hannah, your mistress!"

Aunt Hannah stood in the door leading from the library to the banker's chamber. Her mulatto face was of an ashen tone and she was shaking as with palsy.

"Dead! Dead! My own darling papa! Murdered, murdered!"

The cries of poor Hattie were frantically resounding through the house.

"Poor darling," said Robert, and as he stooped, the bloody weapon fell from his hand and struck at her side.

What wonder that she fainted.

Robert was stooping, with a view to raising her to a sofa that the room contained.

"Hands off my cousin, murderer!" cried Herman. But already Robert had her in his strong arms, and in a second's time her white form, clad only in a wrapper she had hastily donned over her long night robe, had placed her on the sofa, where the quaking Hannah and her daughter Millie, who had joined them, were soon striving to revive her.

Uncle Duke had roused Adam, the carriage driver, whom he had sent for Dr. Norcum, two blocks away, and he now re-entered the room.

"Had we not best lay the body of your uncle on the bed in his chamber, Herman?" asked Robert.

"Murderer, leave him where he fell beneath your blow until those arrive who will take you in charge. Do not attempt flight—you are too well known. Watch him, Uncle Duke, and you, Hannah and Millie; he is your master's murderer."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle Duke, while Hannah dropped the bowl of water from which she was sprinkling her young mistress' face, and in very terror ran screaming from the room.

"Infamous wretch!" cried Robert. "You know your words are false. For aught I know yours may have been the hand that wielded this knife."

Here he stooped and raised the weapon from the floor.

"Help! Help!" cried Herman. "You would assassinate me as you did my uncle." He dashed through the door, and in an instant his slippered feet were descending the piazza steps.

"Help! Help! Murder! Murder!" resounded his voice as he sped away in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

Hardly had the outer door closed behind Herman Craven when Hattie regained consciousness, and with a long drawn sigh her eyes opened.

"My poor darling," exclaimed Robert, as he placed one hand upon her brow.

Seemingly in very terror she recoiled, and the cry escaped her lips: "Oh, God! Murdered! My dear father murdered! And—and by the man I loved!"

"Oh, Hattie, my darling!" exclaimed Robert. "You cannot believe me guilty of this terrible crime?"

The poor girl threw her hands before her eyes as if to shut out some horrid vision as she sobbed: "You were standing over him, Robert, with the bloody weapon in your hand, when I, followed by Herman, entered the room. How—how could you have murdered my father, who loved you well? No, no, I will not believe it—and yet Herman accused you."

"Hattie, dearest, a suspicion of the one who loves you is unworthy of you. Not five minutes before I found that fatal blade driven to his heart he had consented willingly to our marriage. I loved your father. Ask yourself if I could have murdered him."

"No, no, I will not believe it. Forgive me, dear Robert. But the knife? How came it in your hand—and blood—blood on your hand and sleeve?"

"I had just withdrawn it from your father's bosom, dear. I called on him at the bank to-day and made an appointment to see him here to-night after ten o'clock. I brought with me a bag of coin, and had paid a note he held. I have it cancelled in my pocket. Just as I was about to take my leave the door bell rang. Your father, remarking that it was a late hour for callers, requested me to see who was there. I opened the door. Darkness confronted me and nothing more. I walked the length of the piazza and called out, 'Who is here?' but received no response. I descended the steps, wondering at the strange occurrence; for a moment stood with one foot on the lower step, the other on the walk. Suddenly I heard a stifled groan emanating from the house. I ran up the steps, hastily entered the library, and my heart stood still at the terrible sight that confronted me. I cried out 'Help! Murder!' and withdrew the sheath-knife from your father's bosom. One gasp, and he slid from the chair to the carpeted floor, a corpse."

"Oh, my father, my father! Then it was not his voice I heard."

"You did not hear the pealing of the door bell, dearest?"

"No, Robert. I—I——"

"Fly, Mars Robert! Fly! You got no time to tarry here. You'll hang. Mars Robert, hang, jus' lik' you'd killed ole master. A nigger can save you. Go, Mars Robert—go! I—I——"

It was Aunt Hannah who had re-entered the room, who had spoken.

"Are you crazy, Hannah? The murderer of your master must be brought to justice."

"Ain't you see, Mars Robert? The evidence of Mars Herman will condemn you. The young missie saw you with the bloody knife in your hand. Mars Herman will swear that your cries were the cries of my poor ole master. Fly, Mars Robert, while you have time. I know you is not the murderer of ole master; but fly!"

"Yes, yes, Robert!" said Hattie, quickly. "I feel that you never dreamed of this terrible crime; but Hannah has told the truth. Oh, my darling, and now—now that I have only you," and the fair girl twined her arms about him.

"Poor dear," said Robert, "you are agitated, and little wonder. Robert Campbell shall be found by your side, even though he stand in danger of the gallows, and the murderer, the assassin, of your father shall meet death on the gallows. Herman Craven may not be guilty of this murder, but on my soul I believe he is. He has doubtless gone in search of an officer with the intention of denouncing me."

"No, no," sobbed Hattie. "My cousin surely would not murder one who has been so kind to him. He could not have committed the crime. Immediately after I heard the voice, which I supposed was my father's, crying 'Help, murder!' Herman knocked on my door and exclaimed: 'Your father, Miss Hattie; your father!' He had but just left his room. I had thrown my wrapper on, and together we descended the stairs."

"The murder had already been committed, dear, when you heard those cries; but, ah, I have it." Hastening to the desk of the dead banker, who lay beside it, his wan face upturned, he seized a pencil and hastily on a slip of paper wrote these words:

"Lang Sellars, Detective.

"Please come to the residence of Banker DeRosette at once. His dead face is now before me. He has been cruelly murdered. Robert Campbell."

(To be continued.)

Empty Praise.

To little men and women of the literary profession, the poetasters and witlings, there ought to be something instructive in this word from Thackeray, quoted by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. After reading such an estimate of notoriety by a man truly great, the minnows may well consider whether they are not swimming too pretentiously.

"There's no use denying the matter, or blinking at it, now I am become a sort of great man, in my way—all but at the top of the tree, indeed there, if the truth were known, and having a great fight up there with Dickens.

"I get such a deal of praise wherever I go that it is rather wearisome to hear. I don't think my head is a bit turned, please God, for I have always got my own opinion; and when men and newspapers say: 'Our sheet is the finest,' and so forth, I know a deal better, and don't disguise the truth, either.

"This London world is full of good-natured tom-fools, and directly one begins to cry 'Oh!' all the rest say, 'Prodigious!'"—Youth's Companion.

United States Forest Reservations.

The thirty forest reservations of the United States embrace an area of 40,000,000 acres in thirteen States and Territories. Seven are in the State of California, the largest of which, the Sierra forest reserve, includes 4,000,000 acres. Within the past thirty-five years it is estimated that 11,000,000,000 feet, board measure, of timber on public land has been destroyed by forest fires.

—A New Brunswick (N. J.) burglar being unable to secure any money in a house he broke into the other night, accepted a small check in lieu thereof from the owner of the premises.

—Forty-five thousand goats have been placed on a ranch at Lowney Junction, N. M. It is the largest goat ranch in the world. The intention is to produce goat skins for the tanneries in Boston and Philadelphia.

—Some of the companions of James Queereon, of Huntingdon, N. Y., dared him to hold a big fire cracker in his hand until it exploded. He held it, and the explosion shattered the second and third fingers of his right hand.

Blue eyes are generally considered effeminate, but this is a mistake, for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian nations, and the white races rule the world.

—Perhaps the most extraordinary family in the world is one now living at Arkansas City. The mother has been married five times, and for each husband she has had a child. The five children are living with her and each bears the name of its father.

INDIANS OF SCOTCH DESCENT.

Infusion of Blood from Across the Sea in Cherokee Veins.

Cherokees come well by their stubbornness, their shrewdness and their love of controversy. As Indians they had these traits to begin with. As the result of a strong infusion of Scotch blood they added to the strength of the characteristics.

It is Scotch history that after the battle of Culloden many Scotchmen left their native land rather than accept English sovereignty. It is Cherokee history that numbers of these sturdy Scots found homes and wives with the Cheroke nation before the enforced migration of the tribe from Georgia to the Indian Territory. John Ross was one of these Scotch exiles who accepted Cherokee citizenship. He became a chief and was given the name of "Coo-la-coo-ee." When the nation moved to the territory one of the districts into which the reservation was divided for government purposes was named "Coo-la-coo-ee." Ross founded a family which became powerful in Cherokee councils. He and his son were frequent visitors to Washington and had much to do with the treaty making which gave to the nation the strong legal position it holds in its relation with the United States. A descendant of Ross, the Scotch exile, is one of the officers of the nation today.

The Adairs are another influential Cherokee clan established by a Scotchman who came over after the battle of Culloden. As the descendants of Adair by his Cherokee wife grew up they were sent away to American colleges and given the best of opportunities for education. McNair is another of the familiar Scotch names introduced into the Cherokee nation by this Scotch infusion. The McNair who came over after Culloden was a Highlander. One of his descendants lives on a magnificent estate of 1,500 acres in the beautiful valley of the Grand River. Duncan is another Scotch name found among the Cherokees. The head and front of Cherokee opposition to American citizenship is a Duncan, whose claim to Cherokee citizenship would not be guessed by any physical characteristics. He is Scotch in looks and Scotch in his love of a controversy.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sensible Feats.

Since fashion has many a time decreed that some good old custom should be no more, it is only fair that now and again, by way of compensation, she should sweep out of existence a foolish prejudice.

Something like this fashion has lately set herself to do, and has succeeded, at least in New York, according to the verdict of a daily paper of that city.

The old idea that it is a disgrace for the daughter of fortune to know how to earn her living is now obsolete. The latest fad of the rich girl is to master some trade. New York girls claim originality in this respect. They have adopted the idea from the Princess of Wales, and other royal ladies, who are adepts at several useful employments.

Millinery and dressmaking are vigorously taken up by New York young ladies under the guidance of professors. Cooking classes are also well attended by girls who have no idea of going out to service.

One New York girl of the "upper circle" boasts that she has seven different accomplishments, by any one of which she could, in case of necessity, earn her living. They range all the way from a practical and extensive knowledge of housekeeping to an acquaintance with French so thorough that it enables her to tutor boys for college examinations.

Leather work, book binding, hair dressing, nursing, law business, and art in its various branches, are among the subjects that now engage the attention of the young ladies of New York. Under the loss of fortune several such ladies have actually turned their accomplishments to account.—Youth's Companion.

Pet Explosives of Many Nations.

Every great power has its own special high-power explosive with which its shells are filled, says Answers. The French pin their faith to melinite, which has been very thoroughly tested. Shells filled with this composition have been fired through ten inches of armor without exploding. The shells in this instance left the gun's muzzle with the great velocity of 2,000 feet per second.

The British Government is doubtful of the safety of melinite, and uses a composition called lyddite. It gets its name from Lydde, in Wales, where it is manufactured. The lyddite shells have been successfully fired through five inches of armor.

Ecrasite is used by Austria. Its composition is a secret known only to the two inventors, who are Austrians. This explosive has been found to have special destructive power when used against earthworks.

Sweden has decided to use in its army an explosive called bellite, the invention of a Swede. While it has not as much explosive force as many of the other compositions, yet it is claimed to be more stable. Its powers of preservation are also much greater. The United States has been making exhaustive trials of a kind of guncotton known as emmenite, a most powerful explosive.

Foe of the Trained Nurse.

A German journal is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the trained nurses actively engaged acquire and die of tuberculosis.

Public Fountains Well Patronized.

One of Boston's municipal officials, who is especially interested in the establishment of free ice water fountains in that city, hired a man to watch one of the drinking places the other day from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m., for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it was well patronized. Between the hours named exactly 9,335 persons drank at the city's expense. The fountain has four faucets.

When a family can afford to hire a man of all work, half of his time is taken up in carrying things back to the dry goods stores.

KNOWS ALL THAT'S GOING ON.

President Kruger of the Transvaal Has a Perfect Spy System.

No one ever denied that Oom Paul, president of the South African Republic, was an astute old statesman. Time and again he has beaten our British cousins in diplomacy and has proved his worth as a diplomatist.

At the time of the Jameson raid it caused Dr. Jameson and his associates considerable surprise that their plans were known to the Boers almost as soon as they were conceived. The British were met, fought and defeated by an ambushed body of men almost at the very beginning of their attack, and it was believed at the time that one of their number had turned traitor and given the plans to the Boers, but now the secret is known.

The old warrior enlisted the services of the barmaids at Johannesburg in the political secret service. Through them he learned that new men were being enlisted in the Cape police and that new guns were being shipped, week after week, from England. Through the same source he was informed of the attempts that were being made by English politicians to force the hands of the Government of the Orange Free State in case war should be declared by the British Government against his country. The Englishmen babbled all this over their cups and the barmaids' winning smiles and bright eyes never gave them the suspicion that they were telling secrets of vital importance.

No sooner had the pretty barmaids enticed from the sturdy colonists their important secrets than Oom Paul was informed. The old statesman knew how to parry blow with blow. To the amazement of the British, no sooner had they increased their force of available fighters by means of secret enlistment than they were informed that Oom Paul had enlisted a still larger number of men. No sooner had their guns arrived from England than they found out that the Boers also had obtained, from a firm in Germany, a larger number of weapons of still better manufacture. By means of always being forewarned Kruger warded off war.—New York Herald.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The owner of an unfinished building is held in Foley vs. Manufacturers' & B. F. Insurance Company (N. Y.), 43 L. R. A. 664, to have an insurable interest to the extent of its value, although under the building contract the loss, if there were no insurance, would fall on the builder.

The contract of a member of a mutual benefit association is held in Lehman vs. Clark (Ill.), 43 L. R. A. 648, to be a purely unilateral one which entitles him at any time to discontinue his payments without subjecting him to any liability for unpaid assessments, but only to the forfeiture of his interest in the association.

A suit for the cancellation and surrender of a receipt renewing a lapsed life insurance policy on the ground that it was obtained by fraud, is held in John Hancock Mutual Loan Insurance Company vs. Dick (Mich.), 43 L. R. L. 566, to be maintainable in equity, although the fraud might be a defense to a pending action at law on the policy.

State taxation of the average number of refrigerator cars used by railroads within the state, but owned by a foreign corporation which has no office or place of business in the State, is upheld in American Refrigerator Transit Company vs. Hall, U. S. Advance sheets 630, although the cars are employed as vehicles of transportation in the interchange of interstate commerce.

An insurance policy containing no stipulation as to suicide, taken out in good faith by the insured, is held in Seiler vs. Economic Life Association (Iowa), 43 L. R. A. 537, distinguishing Ritter vs. Mutual Loan Insurance Company, 169 U. S. 39, 42 L. ed. 693, not to be avoided as against the beneficiary named therein by the fact that the assured deliberately committed suicide while sane.

A statute changing the time for election of township trustees, whereby those holding over until the next election will hold for a period longer than the constitutional limit of tenure, is sustained in State, ex rel. Harrison vs. Menaugh (Ind.) 43 L. R. A. 408, on the ground that the statute does not extend the term of office, but that the extension of the term is made by requiring officers to hold over until their successors qualify.

SEARCHLIGHT.

The Three Fastest Heats of the Year Booked to His Credit.

The highest authorities on trotters and pacers consider Searchlight the most remarkable pacing horse they have ever seen. Searchlight has a record of 2:03¼, and recently won the 2:04 pace at Cleveland and Columbus. A match between Searchlight and John R. Gentry would be a grand sight and might result in two minutes being beaten in a race. In declaring Searchlight to be the greatest pacer they say they do not bar the great Star Pointer.

SEARCHLIGHT.

The Amateur Hunter.

Amateur Sportsman—What did I bring down, Pat?

Pat—Yer dog, sur; blew his head all off.

Amateur Sportsman—Where's the bird?

Pat—Picking at the dog, sur.—Harlem Life.

In the Future.

Gendarme (to the victim who has just been run over by an automobile carriage)—None of your impudence. Show me your license to walk!—Le Rire.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Music in Worship—Distinction Between Music as an Art and Music as an Aid to Devotion—National Airs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, discusses a most attractive department of religious worship—the service of song. His idea will be received with interest by all who love to lift their voices in praise in the Lord's house. The text is Nehemiah vii., 67, "And they had two hundred forty and five singing men and singing women."

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find amid all their trials two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women then in this day of gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world and should lock up the organ of Westminster abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world. You would call such a man as that a monster, and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the crainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's paean. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animalcule have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air and the sing of the firefly [illegible] which seem harsh and overbearing, but as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible being who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous. In the judgment day, that day of tumult and terror there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So when the great march of the judgment day is played under the hand of earthquake and storm and conflagration the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we should understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are understood at all the art is practiced. There are to-day 500 musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practiced the art. Pythagoras learned it. Lasus of Hermoine wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools. But I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, sweps by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festivals at Jerusalem, they brought harp and timbrel and trumpet and poured along the great Judaean highways a river of harmony until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a cymbal and at the same time sang it. David, the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes vibrating through all the ages.

There were in Bible times stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow; a harp of ten strings, responding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrum and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were 4000 Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple. These 4000 Levites were divided into two classes and officiated on different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Psalm of David? Do you know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response, "For His mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again and say, "Unto Him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For His mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response, "For His mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne gave it their mighty influence, and in our day the best musical genius is throwing itself on the altars of God! Handel and Mozart and Bach and Durante and Wolf and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Imperishable Hymn" he composed is resounding yet through all Christendom.

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ. In other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship and then with indescribable softness, while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the firs. place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall, or the opera house, or the drawing room, may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which copies the toss, the swing and the display of an opera house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been right, we would have gone away saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assemble every morning and afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other parts of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to [illegible] the hall drawing a[illegible] look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of 2000 or 3000 people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation, do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning.

Again, I remark church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshipers cannot sing is no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women."

In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse in a Presbyterian church there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have no right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now; clear your throats and get ready for this duty or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh, how the Frenchman shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of it one day and gave out the long meter doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, division by division, joined in the doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God and then, instead of falling back, as often we do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

—A baby carriage with a fan attached is the latest novelty. The wheeling of the carriage operates the fan just above the child's face.

—A Fall River (Mass.) lover has secured a writ from court to compel the parents of his sweetheart to permit the latter to wed him.

—The Bank of England destroys about 350,000 of its notes every week to replace them with freshly printed ones. One evening in each week is set apart for the making of this expensive bonfire.

—Kansas is becoming a great mineral state, the value of minerals last year being $27,000,000, of which coal was over $4,000,000 and zinc and lead almost as much.

Industrial.

Edinburgh (Scotland) glaziers now get 17 cents per hour.

Port Townsend, Wash., is shipping pig iron to San Francisco.

The German army includes more than 10,000 military musicians.

In Italy bread and sugar cost about thrice what they do in England.

Wages of unskilled labor in California have advanced 25 per cent. in the past 90 days.

At St. Thomas, Michigan, Central trackmen now earn $1.20 a day, a voluntary increase of 10 cents.

A Milwaukee firm has contracts for machinery worth about $2,000,000, to be placed in Great Britain.

At Cleveland on first-class boats engineers get $110, on second-class $95 and on third-class from $65 to $80.

In the course of the last decade the manufacture of cotton goods has become a firmly established industry in Brazil.

The warehouse men employed at the St. Paul & Duluth docks in Duluth struck for $2 a day and 25 cents an hour for overtime.

Belgium has the largest amount of railroad in comparison with its total area, the amount being 32.2 miles to each square mile of area.

At Fairibault, Minn., all laborers are asking an increase of wages. The Chicago Great Western is paying $1.75 for day laborers and $3 for teams.

The herring fishing, on the results of which so many families on the east coast of Scotland depend for a livelihood, promises to be a disastrous failure this year.

All the employers in Kilbernie, Scotland, have now conceded the men's demands for a minimum wage of $7 a week and the reduction of working hours to 55.

The National Consumers' League will issue a label to be granted for use to all employers who recognize the 10-hour rule in their shops and do not employ children below the age of 16 years.

The sawmills of Portland last year cut 130,000,000 feet of lumber, at $8 per 1000, worth $104,000,000. The cut of the State brings the total value of Oregon's lumber production to $4,398,585.43.

Large numbers of laborers are daily quitting work on the cut-offs west of Laramie, Wyo., and many teams are idle. In order to hold the men the company has increased their wages 25 cents a day and the wages of teams $5 a month.

At Ottawa, although higher