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, OCTOBER 11, 1899. NO. 44

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"I have just left the scene of the tragedy, madam; but knowing the torture your minds must be under, I could not go to my home until I had seen you. Your son stands not in the slightest danger. True, he may remain in custody for some weeks. The coroner's jury will to-morrow doubtless hold him for trial, on certain circumstantial evidence that to the inexperienced juror will seem conclusive. Your son may even come to trial in criminal court, but, believe me, not a hair of his head shall be injured, and he shall return to you, his entire innocence of the crime charged against him fully established, the honored name he bears untarnished, and more, he shall one day present to you as his loving wife the fair girl who even though she saw his bent form standing over the lifeless body of her father with the reeking weapon in his hand that bereft him of life, yet has full confidence in his innocence, his honor and integrity, the daughter of the murdered man."

"Poor Hattie!" exclaimed the widow. "You must go to her, Jennie, with the dawn of day. This is terrible for the poor girl. Why, Mr. Sellars, my son had two objects in visiting Mr. DeRosette's home to-night. One, as you doubtless know, was to take up his note. The other was to ask his sanction to the union of which you have referred."

"He had obtained that sanction," said Sellars. "He had also taken up his note and had it in his possession."

"I know," the widow said. "He had informed me. And then, the bag of gold. It seems incredible!"

"Did your son return to the house, madam, after he had received the bag of coin and before going to the banker's?"

"He did not. He left us at half after nine, and when he returned he was in the custody of Sheriff Cobb. You know he expected to leave for Baltimore on the four o'clock train to attend to some business matters he has there with a commission house."

"He so informed me," said Sellars.

"Mr. Sellars, I suppose we may visit my brother in the county jail?"

"Certainly, Miss Jennie, and I will try and induce Sheriff Cobb to place him in the debtor's room, which is more commodious than an ordinary cell, if he is held for trial. You had best visit him between eight and nine o'clock this morning. Tell him, of course, that when the right time comes Lang Sellars will establish his innocence and unlock his prison doors. But first, I have much to do, to fasten this crime where it belongs. There is double mystery here, at least. I have the key to one. I shall solve them all, only it will take time. And now, all that I have said was for your ears alone. A single word that my suspicion rests on other than Robert Campbell might doubly increase the difficulties of the work I have before me—might, in fact, cause guilty parties to take to flight ere I have the various links in a chain of evidence that will bring them to the gallows forged well together, and send me scouring clear across the continent; therefore——"

"Our lips shall remain sealed, Mr. Sellars, but our gratitude to you——"

"Wait, madam, until I have deserved it. Now you, Roger?"

"I's lak the grave, Mars Lang—jes' lak the grave."

"Right, Roger. And your maid here?"

"Oh, I will answer for Chloe," said Jennie.

"I dunno a ting, and never did," said the sable Chloe. "All I want is my young master back, so the bressed mistress and my Miss Jennie kin dry dar eyes."

"Why, don't you see, Chloe, mother is smiling now, and I—I am another girl already."

"Well, good-night, ladies," said the detective. "I am glad to have been able to relieve your minds of much anxiety."

"Good-night, Mr. Sellars, and may God aid you in your endeavors to bring to the bar of justice the guilty wretch who murdered my husband's old friend. Oh, if Duncan was alive, what a shock this would be to him. And his son—his boy, held for the crime!"

"Herbert Russell was held for the murder of Dr. Taylor, madam."

"True," said the widow, as Sellars passed from the room.

Jennie accompanied him to the door. bade him good-night, and watched his form as it disappeared in the darkness that so often precedes the dawn of day.

"What a reputation that man has as a detecter of crime," she thought, as she walked back through the hall. "Throughout the South, at least, he stands without a peer. Well, he deserves to."

When she joined her mother she found her preparing to retire in a chamber adjoining the sitting room, tears coursing their way down her cheeks in profusion.

"Why, mother, dear, you are weeping yet."

"But now, my child, the tears are happy ones compared to those of but a half-hour ago. Come, join me in my room for a short repose. At eight o'clock you must bear the glad tidings to your brother that he is under the watchful care of Lang Sellars, the great Southern detective, who has promised to restore him to us."

CHAPTER VII.

Sheriff Cobb, when he had taken Robert Campbell into custody, was thoroughly satisfied that the young man was the banker's murderer. Of that there can be no doubt, but it is also certain that in his haste to do so he was actuated by a fear that Sellars would rob him of the glory, as he considered it, by taking him into custody himself.

Since the rescue of Herbert Russell from the very trap of the gallows a year previous, Sheriff Cobb had been very jealous of Carolina's great detective, and he had no desire that he should have the credit of having apprehended the murderer of Banker DeRosette.

Not a suspicion of Herman Craven, the man who, in slippered feet, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, had aroused him from his slumbers at the dead hour of night by the ringing of his door bell and shouts of murder, had crossed his mind.

Herman Craven had denounced the man whom he found bent over his uncle's lifeless clay with the bloody knife in his hand, as his murderer.

Herman Craven was the dead man's nephew; the cashier of his bank; the prospective husband of his daughter. At least, Herman had told him that it was his uncle's wish that they be united.

Herman had cashed thousands of checks for him, which checks he had accepted in payment of taxes. It was plain to Sheriff Cobb that Robert Campbell had sought that night to gain the banker's consent to his marriage to his daughter.

The banker had utterly refused his sanction, and forbidden him to pay his addresses to the girl. The girl loved, or fancied she loved, him, but would not become his wife without her father's consent. Perhaps he had ordered Robert from the house. Anyway, the banker removed, the young man hoped to make Hattie his wife and obtain the fortune she would inherit.

"Nothing could be plainer," thought Sheriff Cobb. "He was prepared for such an emergency. He had the sheath knife with him. It may have been in an unguarded moment and in a fit of passion that he thrust its blade to the banker's heart, or the deed may have been coolly and deliberately executed. One thing sure, the blow fell quick and sudden, but in his anxiety to make certain that his victim was dead the young man tarried too long. The cries of the banker reached the ears of his nephew and those of his daughter, who sped down the stairs and confronted him with the evidence of his damnable crime clutched in his hand.

"A moment more and he would have been gone, the sheath knife with him. In the morning the banker's body would have been found stiff and cold. Who murdered him? Robert Campbell would have undertaken to fasten suspicion on the young cashier, as he does now, and perhaps with a greater prospect of success. But the bag of coin? He did not have it with him when he entered the house. But how did he obtain that note? He may have had it and secreted it somewhere after he struck the blow, and before he withdrew the knife blade from the banker's breast. It may be discovered in the house. Again, he may have had an accessory, who fled with the coin. At all events, I have the start of Lang Sellars on this case. I have the man who struck the fatal blow. He belongs to one of the first families in the State, but there is no 'wrong man' this time. All I will require will be a little time to find the gold. Robert Campbell is a candidate for the gallows!"

Thus thought Sheriff Cobb as he made his way home after seeing his prisoner incarcerated in jail.

The cries of the widowed mother and sister of the prisoner yet rang in his ears; but there was only one path for him to follow—the path of duty.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth Jennie Campbell entered the office of the county jail and made known her desire to see her brother.

"Follow me, Miss Campbell," said Jailer Filyaw, an undersized, corpulent little man. "There are no orders not to admit you, and if there were you should see your brother, even if he is in jail on the charge of murder. I am sorry for you, miss, indeed I am. Who would have believed it?"

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Filyaw, if you please," said Jennie. "We have every confidence that my brother will be able to establish his innocence."

"I hope he may," said the jailer. "I hope he may. But what have you there?"

"Merely my brother's breakfast in this basket," said Jennie. "He is not used to prison fare. My mother being somewhat prostrated, did not accompany me, and I did not bring my maid to-day."

"Bless you," said Filyaw, "I should not feed Robert Campbell on prison fare. The best my own table affords should be his."

"Oh, thank you, sir, but either my maid or I will come every day while my brother is here in jail."

They passed from the office through the hall into the corridor of the prison. Filyaw blew a sharp note on his whistle and a turnkey came forward and unlocked and swung open the heavy iron door of the structure, handing the jailer a bunch of keys as he did so.

They passed within and the heavy door closed with a clang that grated on poor Jennie's nerves.

Two rows of cells confronted them—one to the right, the other opposite—with a passage between them and an iron stairway at the further end of the passage.

"Hey, you jailer! Does my case come off at September court?" was the first greeting that reached their ears as they advanced.

"I think not, Wortell," was the reply; "but don't worry about it. It will come off soon enough."

"Got any 'baccer, Mars Jailer?" were the words that greeted them from another cell.

"Here, Pompy!" and Filyaw passed half of a plug through the iron bars of his cell.

"Tank you, Massa," and the negro grinned as though he was happy.

"Why do you keep negroes here, Mr. Filyaw?"

"All, Miss Campbell, who violate the law, free born or slave, white or black, are liable to imprisonment in jail. Pompy now is a free negro. His offense is not very grave. He merely stole a hog, if his accusers tell the truth."

"Da lies, Mars Jailer; da lies. I neber stold dat hog. He comed to my tater patch, an' was rootin' dem up. You reckon I gwine let someone else's hog waller in my taters, an' den 'low him to go free? Sides dat, I only got seben dollars fer de hog, an' I offer de owner half of it."

"Don't worry, Pompy; I have engaged a good lawyer to defend you."

"Tank you, Mars Jailer."

They passed on to the stairway and ascended it. It was much lighter on this floor, and the air seemed more wholesome. There were two rows of cells as below, but not extending the full length of the building. Two debtors' rooms occupied considerable space at the rear.

"Your brother is in the male debtor's room," said Jailer Filyaw. "I did not like the idea of confining him in a cell. The debtor's room is bad enough."

"Oh, thank you."

In a moment more the jailer had singled out a key from his bunch and unlocked and opened the door.

A recumbent figure, lying on a low iron bedstead, sprang to its feet, and Jennie was clasped in her brother's arms.

"I will return in fifteen minutes," said the jailer, as he hurriedly withdrew and locked the door behind him.

Filyaw had been Wilmington's jailer for twenty years; but tears stood in his eyes as he trudged back to his office.

"Something wrong somewhere," he muttered. "Lang Sellars should be called in to this case. I can't believe a son of Duncan Campbell guilty of murder."

Little did Filyaw know how deeply the great detective was already interested in the case.

"I was in sad despair all night, dear sister," said Robert, perhaps five minutes after Filyaw had taken his departure. "My reliance was on Sellars, and I thought he had abandoned me. Your good news reassures me. I am content to lie in jail until such time as he is able to place here in my stead the murderer of my dear old friend. It will take time, but he will do it, and with a network around him from which he cannot escape.

Now let us talk no more about this matter. You know the inquest takes place at ten o'clock. I do not wish mother to be there. If necessary, promise me that you yourself will remain home and keep her from attending. It would be too much for one of her years and sensitive nature. I shall surely be held to court, and I would spare her the pain of seeing me conveyed to jail again."

"She thought you would feel so, Robert, and will remain at home. Several ladies will be with her. I shall be at the inquest, my brother, and though you are returned to jail, knowing what the future will bring forth, I am content, and then I must be with Hattie, your future wife."

"Bless you, my sister!"

The brother and sister sat side by side on the iron cot when Filyaw again opened the door, and the basket of edibles had been very much depleted.

"Ready, Miss Campbell?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Filyaw, and very thankful to you."

"Entirely welcome. I just received a message from Attorney Dobbs, and am expecting him at the jail every moment. He may try to worm a confession from you, Robert. I would not see him."

"Thank you, Filyaw, but I am guilty of no crime. Please admit him."

"I don't believe you are, but these lawyers are dangerous sometimes. Won't you not like to see Lang Sellars? You remember how he saved the life of Herbert Russell at the last moment. Poor Herbert, he occupied this very room for some time."

"I have no message for Sellars," said Robert. "Of course, if he calls voluntarily and wishes to see me, admit him; but he stated last night that he thought Sheriff Cobb had apprehended the right man."

"He did! He did!" exclaimed Filyaw, moving nervously toward the door. "Then I would not give much for your life. God help you, sir!"

Robert and his sister exchanged glances. He kissed her good-by and she followed the jailer back to his office.

"Neither the brother nor sister seem heartbroken," thought Filyaw, as he watched her lithe form pass from view, "but if Lang Sellars made that statement the son of Duncan Campbell will die a felon's death on the gallows."

(To be continued.)

Household.

Goulash (Boston Cooking School Magazine)—Cut two pounds of round of beef into two-inch cubes. Saute in three tablespoonfuls of drippings, half an onion and a small carrot cut fine; add the meat and brown slightly, then add a cup of hot water or stock. Cover tightly and let stew slowly until nearly tender. Parboil potatoes, which have been cut in balls, five minutes; add to the meat with one tablespoonful of paprika, half a cup of hot water, and salt to taste. Simmer half an hour. Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and one cup of brown stock, a little salt and pepper and stir into meat. When boiling, turn out on platter and garnish with one dozen pimentoes, heated and arranged on rounds of toast and sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Cream Cheese Salad.—Make tiny balls of soft cream cheese, with butter paddles, and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with French dressing. Simple and delicious.

Perfect Peach Pie.—Line pie tin with pastry, place a sheet of paraffin paper in it and fill with pieces of stale bread. Bake quickly and then remove the filling by lifting out the paper. Have ready half a dozen peaches cut in two, and stewed slightly with a cup of water and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Thicken with cornstarch moistened with cold water, flavor with a drop of almond and pour over peaches placed cut side up, in crust. When cold cover with a meringue, or better still, a cup of cream whipped stiff, sweetened and flavored with almond.

Eggplant Olio.—This recipe has been given, but so long ago that we repeat it, for it is an uncommonly nice dish. Slice and fry crisply brown one good-sied eggplant. During the frying have three tomatoes cut in halves, baking in an oven. pulp side uppermost; spread lavishly with butter, each dusted with a saltspoonful of salt and dash of pepper and piled high with finely chopped onion. Serve one on each side of eggplant.

Tomato Butter.—Seven pounds of tomatoes, seven pounds of tart apples, four pounds of sugar, cloves, cinnamon and allspice to suit taste. Boil tomatoes and apples together until they need stirring, then add sugar and spices. Boil four hours.

Tomato Chowder.—Take twenty-four large tomatoes, one dozen green mango peppers and eight medium-sized onions; chop all fine. Then add three cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one teaspoonful of allspice. Tie the ground spices in a small muslin bag. Boil the whole mixture two hours. Before sealing, if desired, add a little grated horseradish. It can be kept either with or without sealing, but is best if kept sealed.

—There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks.

—An Oklahoma town was surveyed, lots sold, and many of them occupied by about eight hundred people within twenty-four hours.

—Now the highest of the graduating honors at Cambridge University, in England, goes to a colored man, a Brahmin from Bombay.

—The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 175 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

—Printing ink is made by mixing soot or lampblack with a transparent boiled oil that is sticky, the mass remaining fluid, but rapidly drying and adhesive even when laid in a very thin coating on a sheet of paper.

—A reminiscene of Aaron Burr was dug up in a New York street a few days ago. It was a hollow chestnut log, still in good condition, used as a water pipe and laid under a contract secured by Burr from the legislature.

—Japanese workmen are obliged to wear on their caps and backs an inscription stating their business and their employed's name.

EYES OF SOME GREAT LEADERS.

Optical Comparison of Kaiser, Kitchener, Chamberlain, Rhodes.

The eye as indicating a man's mental powers has been receiving a great deal of attention lately. It is a fact that all the great men of recent times have been endowed with what is called the "magnetic eye."

"The penetrative eye" is invariably a characteristic of the man born to exercise immense influence over his fellows. Look where you will among the ranks of modern men who wield great power, one feature of their personality impresses the beholder above all others—the bright, keen, generally "knowing" eye that, with a glance, reckons one to the last gramme of merit and seems to pierce one's very thoughts.

You can't bamboozle an eye like that; you can't throw figurative dust in it with brag or "bounce;" it would just look at you and its X-rays would penetrate the cloak of sham and show you in your true worth.

Such an eye is possessed by Mr. Rhodes. "But let me look at him," he once remarked of an influentially backed applicant for an appointment under him. Mr. Rhodes trusts his eye where he would doubt the word of potentates.

Lord Kitchener has an eye as keen as his own sword blade. A young subaltern known to the writer once had occasion to particularly notice that eye, "and I'd rather face the flash of guns

RHODES' EYE. KITCHENER'S EYE.

than go through the experience again," the culprit declared.

Everybody has heard of Mr. Chamberlain's eye—and his eyeglass. There is something very "deep" and mysterious in the appearance of that famous right optic. A clever man, indeed, is he who could fathom Mr. Chamberlain's meaning by studying his eyes. In his case they are not "the windows of the soul"—he never allows them to "give him away" to that extent. But when occasion requires that same eye can flash in a way that is positively disconcerting. A radical M. P. had a

CHAMBERLAIN'S EYE. KAISER'S EYE.

rather lively encounter with Mr. Chamberlain in the early part of the present session and in telling the story the radical M. P.—who is of a rather timorous disposition—declared that Chamberlain's glance of indignation fairly bit me." This is an eloquent tribute to the Birmingham member's eye power.

A writer tells how on one occasion he saw the Kaiser riding at the head of his favorite and magnificent guards along Unter den Linden, Berlin. The Emperor's face was a study. Hard, remorseless, terribly determined, it was a face that one could never forget. And the eye—those wonderful eyes—glittered in it like burnished steel. He would be a brave man who dared to say "No" to the Kaiser.

Love grows by what it doesn't feed on.

Love never condescends to reason; that is why it is so reasonable.

No thin girl will ever admit that there is a family skeleton anywhere around her house.

The average woman would rather have a man think less of her and think of her oftener.

You can always distract a woman's attention bw showing her a new doily pattern or a baby.

When a man has a piece of bad luck there is always some woman around to say it is a judgment.

Some of the worst gifts that Santa Claus ever put in a stocking are what women wear in them.

The first time a girl kisses a man she tries to pose just like the actress she once saw kiss in some phy.

The average woman gets about half her pleasu in life out of "misunderstandings" with people she likes.

After a girl has been engaged three or four times she feels lonesome every night a man doesn't propose to her.

The Lord probably made man first because he was afraid Eve would insist on advising Him about making Adam.

A well dressed woman looks as if her clothes were made for her, but a well dressed man looks as if he was made for his clothes.

A woman's idea of society is to talk and act before people who aren't her own family like she thought the world was nothing but a nice dish of strawberries and cream.

The Country's Physicians.

At the present rate of increase the United States will have in 1900 about 125,000 physicians.

Britain's Postal Profits.

The profits of Great Britain's postal service are $20,000,000 a year.

Youthful Dagger Wielders.

The art of self-defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children, as soon as they can walk, in the use of the dagger. First, the little ones are taught to stab water without making a splash, and; in the course of time, incessant practice gives them an extraordinary command over the weapon.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

A Washington Girl's Invention for Kissing by Mail.

A Washington girl has invented a method of sending kisses by mail—a method by which she can present to the favored one the living image of a kiss from her own rosy lips. It is a sort of sign label, incapable of forgery or successful imitation. It is the veritable documentary evidence of a kiss given and received, and it may yet prove to be of vast legal import.

Like many another good thing, the mailable kiss was discovered by accident—at least that is what the inventress says. The method of the discovery was this: It happened one day that she wished to write a letter to "him." It was a chilly day and a blustery—she says—and to protect her carmine lips from the salute of the winds she reached for a little box of salve upon her dressing table and there with liberally anointed her lips. And in that salve there was a considerable percentage of rouge.

The letter having been finished, it was adorned at the foot with the conventional brace of inky crosses. Now, she had not seen him for a long time, and the last letter he wrote was really a nice one, so that it was understandable that, the crosses having been made—and blotted—she should press her lips just once to the letter.

The rouge in the salve did the rest. It was a little greasy, but the unintentional result was a perfect picture of a pair of pursed lips. The inventress was so pleased that she tried it again, and the second picture was better than the first.

When the pictures reached their destination it did not need the inscription, "these are genuine," to tell the recipient what to do with them. They spoke for themselves.

No patent upon the process has yet been applied for, but a slight improvement in the original method has been made. It is now the fashion to slightly dampen the paper and to dust with dry powder the lips of the sender. It works just as well, and the kisses don't "run."

A PRESIDENT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Buchanan's Home Unchanged, Though Moved to Another Town.

In Mercersburg, Pa., is the old cottage in which James Buchanan, President of the United States from 1857 to 1861, was born. It was removed from Stony Batter, Peter's township, fifty years ago. It is said that James Buchanan's mother put a bell on his neck, when he was a little fellow only a few years old, in order that she could tell in just what section of the wood he was wandering.

The home of Buchanan was a trading post. It was on the line of the

BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

turnpike that ran from Chambersburg to Pittsburg, and as the father of the future President was a shrewd business man he accumulated there what was considered a large fortune in those days. He sent young James to Dickinson College, in Carlisle, from which he was graduated in 1805. The house in which Buchanan was born is now rebuilt. Before it was torn down all the logs were carefully numbered and when it was again erected it was made a facsimile of its former self. The house is a story and a half high containing two rooms. There is a single window and a door in front and one window on the alley side, with a door at the rear.

Game of Chess.

In 1396 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jussef. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured, and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the governor of the prison in which Jussef was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jussef was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jussef obtained a respite from the governor permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This cancelled the order of execution and Jussef, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

Cleansing Dishes.

When tin plates and dishes are very dirty, it is a good plan to boil them in strong soda and water before scouring and polishing them.

Where He Made His Money.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, pretty considerable," answered the farmer, "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season."

"A farmer, is he?"

"No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Industrial.

At Dawson City eggs cost 50 cents a dozen.

America makes 4,000,000,000 cigars yearly.

Tacoma cigarmakers earn $12 to $18 a week.

New York city is to pay unskilled laborers $2 a day.

London annually consumes 40,000 tons of imported meat.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

In the United States 390,000 cubic feet of pine is used annually in making matches.

Germany manufactures 70 per cent. of the world's production of coal-tar colors.

Arcola, Ill., with a population of less than 3000, leads the world in the broom-corn industry.

The government of Uruguay is about to expend $15,000,000 on harbor improvements at Montevideo.

In France advertising posters must bear revenue stamps varying in value according to the size of the poster.

At Tacoma tinsmiths and men skilled in regular tin and sheet iron work are hard to get and are getting $2.50 a day.

The City Council of Akron, O., recently passed an ordinance requiring the union plumbers' label to be affixed on all city work.

German production of pig iron in the first half of the current year was 4,000,000 tons, against 3,600,000 in the same time in 1898.

While in Washington women are in disfavor as Government employes, they are increasing in number in the British civil service.

West Virginia has become the first State for oil and lumber, the second for coke, and third for coal. It has 35 railroads projected, eight of which are under construction.

The authorities in Algeria gave $40,000 toward fighting the grasshoppers. In one section 3200 camels were employed to carry the material for burning over the place where eggs had been deposited.

The Compania General of Manila, the largest cigar-making concern in the world, employs 10,000 hands, and turns out every year 80,000,000 cigars, 40,000,000 cigarettes and nearly 3000 tons of cut tobacco.

The National Association of Master Bakers has placed itself on record in the most emphatic manner in favor of pure food legislation and the regulation of bakers in the interest of perfect cleanliness and sanitation.

Hereafter bells that can be heard a distance of 500 feet must be attached to all private scavenger wagons in Chicago, and these bells must be rung continuously while the wagons are in service, which may be between sunset and sunrise.

The machine shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad are compelled to run half a day overtime every other night in some departments in order to catch up. All the engines of the railroad company are in service.

There are 850,000 men in the world who gain a livelihood chiefly by fishing, making an annual catch of $225 worth of fish for each man. The fisheries of the United States supply 800,000 pounds annually, and those of Europe 1,800,000 pounds.

In the shipbuilding and engineering trades of Belfast, Ireland, 270 out of 3000 members of the union are employed; in the linen trades, 60 out of 1612; building trades, 43 out of 2168; furnishing and wood-working trades, 32 out of 1370; printing trades, 42 out of 833; miscellaneous, 36 out of 1284.

At Tacoma while in some lines the supply of skilled labor is equal to the demand, there are others in which employers complain of lack of help and could employ more men if the right kind offered. Men employed on scrapers and graders on the streets are paid $2.25 a day, while men in positions requiring somewhat harder work get $2 a day. Skilled artisans, such as carpenters for finishing work, get from $2.25 to $3 a day. Machinists' wages run from $2.25 to $3.50, depending largely upon the ability of the man and the nature of the work.

The machinery moulders of Pittsburg have decided to ask the manufacturers for an advance in wages of at least ten per cent, and the establishment of a minimum wage rate of not less than $2.75 per day. The attendance numbered over 300, representing every machine moulding shop in the city and almost 1000 skilled mechanics. The moulders have made no demand for a wage advance since 1889, when they won their fight after a short strike. Since that time wages have gone up and down, and all semblance of uniformity has been obliterated. Some of the shops are paying as high as $3 a day, while others pay 40 to 50 cents less.

Musical Notes.

Marie Brema will make a concert and oratorio season in this country this year.

Calve's principal success since she last appeared in this country, was made as Ophelia.

Clarence Eddy, organist, makes a trans-continental tour this season. He is now in Paris.

Van Dyck was among the many singers commanded to sing at Balmoral for the Queen last season.

Fifty-seven grand operas were given at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, last year and twenty-two ballets.

The New York Philharmonic Society for the first time in its career has elected a woman as honorary member.

A society has been organized in Berlin whose object is to study and play orchestral music. It is composed exclusively of women.

The directors of the Northeastern Saengerbund have decided to compete for the prize which Emperor William of Germany offers for competition.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra begins its nineteenth season in Boston October 13. It will give the usual twenty-four afternoon and evening concerts there.

Clara Butt comes to this country immediately after singing at the Norwich festival, England, October 11, 12, 13. She is the principal contralto of this festival.

A. M. Rihl, Jr., has returned from Europe, after an absence of more than a year, and will shortly submit the cultivation of his voice—a bass—for public approval.

Siegfried Arnoldson has just signed a contract with the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg for thirty representations, her remuneration being $1200 a performance.

During the three years which she has been before the public since her Berlin debut Leonora Jackson has become one of the most widley-known and highly approved violinists of the day.

—Germany manufactures 70 per cent. of the world's production of coal-tar colors.

—The Chinese are noted for the excellence of their razors. They are made of old horse-shoes.

—Bricks made of coal dust are used for paving in Russia. The coal dust is combined with molasses and resin.

—Lambeth Palace can show specimens of almost every style of architecture which has prevailed since 1190.

Rela Kittridge, of Belfast, Me., holds the world's record for writing by placing 46,000 words on an ordinary postal card.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Glory of the Navy—Naval Heroes Deserve Full Measure of Praise—Useful Lessons Drawn From Their Bravery and Devotion.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At a time when the whole nation is stirred with patriotic emotion at the return of Admiral George Dewey and his gallant men on the cruiser Olympia and the magnificent reception accorded to them, the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, in his sermon, preaching to a vast audience, appropriately recalls for devout and patriotic purposes some of the great naval deeds of olden and more recent times. Text, James iii., 4, "Behold also the ships."

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1872 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the drydocks for purposes of peace the Oceanic of the White Star line, the Lucania of the Cunard line, the St. Louis of the American line, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the North German Lloyd line, the Augusta Victoria of the Hamburg-American line, and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossipee, and our ironclads like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke and the Dunderberg, and those which have already been buried in the deep, like the Monitor, the Housatonic and the Weehawken, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the Oregon, and the Brooklyn, and the Texas, and the Olympia, the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Marietta of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the Constitution or the Alliance or the Constellation, that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them.

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord Christ of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all landlubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing,

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of that engagement, its decks red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up and smoke blackened and scalded corpses lying among us are gasping their last gasp far from home and kindred, when, they love us much as we love wife and parents and children.

Oh, men of the American navy returned from Manila and Santiago and Santa Cruz, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the western gulf squadron, of the eastern gulf squadron, of the south Atlantic squadron, of the north Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West India squadron, and of the Potomac flotilla, near our thanks! Take the benediction of the nation. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way, we would get you not only a pension, but a home and a princely wardrobe and an equipage and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight the flagship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flagship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and He leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banqueting the sailor patriots just now returned we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals or spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. Oh, ye veterans, I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the wartimes. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the Weehawken off Morris Island, December 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was rough. But Admiral Dahlgren from the deck of the flag steamer Philadelphia saw her gradually sinking and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve and muscle and bone and dimmed eyesight and difficult hearing and shortness of breath many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your lifeblood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river expedition or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the illustrious Weehawken. Good cheer, my boys!

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, manoeuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic sea the czar and czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire rafts, gunboats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were, "Don't give up the ship," and the Niagara of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flagship Wabash, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder, the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder, the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder, the flagship Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder, the flag steamer Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder, the flagship Hardford, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder, the Brooklyn, Rear Admiral Schley commanding; yonder, the Olympia, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder the Oregon, Captain Clark commanding; yonder, the Texas, Captain Philip commanding; yonder, the [illegible] Sampson commanding; yonder, the Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding.

All those of you who were in the naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 60. Many of you have passed into the seventies. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great admirals of the civil war were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship North Carolina and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, aboard the sloop-of-war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible, and at the end of that time [illegible] openly "henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for all His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered heaven, he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admiral will be honored on earth until the days when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
Bears a white sail
And God's soft stars to rest
Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
Old heart of oak—
Farragut, Farragut—
Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said, "David, what are you going to be anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David; "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything." And his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

Captain Pennington, an honored elder of my Brooklyn church, was with him in most of his battles and had his intimate friendship, and he confirmed, what I had heard elsewhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the Divine direction. When in Mob