MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

Juniata Sentinel Mac and Republican.

Industrial.

At Connellsville 18,236 coke ovens are active; 10,277 cars were shipped in six



5 he passed, then bent over the book.

"St-St-Here we are! St-St-Ste
phens! I should find the name here-Ste
phens Adam-Stephens Alfred-Stephens

Charles M. Stephens, wholesale grocer-

Clarence Stephens, attorney at law -Ste-

hens — Stephens — Stephens — Humph!
There is no C.A. Stephens recorded here."
hought Mr. Maltby, as he closed the book.
"Well, have you located your friends,
Mr. Maltby?" asked the clerk.

"No, I am disappointed, too. The name

of the one I most desire to find does not

Then your friend is not an old resident

of Baltimore. That book is this year's di-

ectory, and unless he has taken up his

would appear there; but perhaps I can as-

ist you. What letter were you tracing?"

'S. My friend's name is Stephens C.

"No such name here," said the clerk,"

Here is the wholesale grocer, Charles M.

und resides on Laurel street. Here are a

lozen others commencing with C, but no

"Oh, he is not a friend, merely a friend

J. A. What business is your friend en-

were not certain that he was in Balti-

nore. It does not matter in the least. If

"Pray be seated, Mr. Maltby," said the

The planter complied, and the secretary

"What can I do for you, sir. You are

cour hand. I have not seen you in a coon's

ige. What wind blows you here?

"Are you sure, Thorp?"

occasion have used the name.

Stephens committed?"

locate the man."

that description."

"Good! I will."

"And that?"

ellars.

o do you."

"There is not; but what crime has C. A

"None that I know of. I merely wish to

crime! Well, I can't help you without a

"I have never seen him, to my knowl-

"Nor have I his photograph. I under

"You might make a round of our gam-

bling houses. No one on earth would know you. True, some sharps might try

you will wait ten minutes I will go with

Two planters were soon making a round

if the gambling houses.

They explored fully a dosen, and several

scanned would have come up to Adam's lescription of C. A. Stephens, but some-

hing was lacking. Of course, Thorp knew

hat he had not yet encountered his man. "There is but one more of any note,"

bserved Thorp, as they stepped from th

"Well, it's on the way to the hotel," said

Ten minutes later our two friends enter

d the gilded dive of Abbott, which at the

me was the most notorious gambling

house in Baltimore. As late as it was, the

large rooms were yet filled with men from all stations of life. Two roulette wheels kept up a ceaseless

hum in their circles, and players were seated at three faro tables, while the old-

ashioned game of poker monopolized the

ttention of many.

The two planters laid a dollar or two

ere and there to divert any suspicion,

As they neared the door a flashily dress-

ed young sport entered it, and Sellars beard him ask an attendant if Abbott had

"He's doing the boys in Washington,"

第四个条件的数据的数据的数据的数据的

"Abbott's, on Calvert street."

all, and Sellars was fully satisfied

nen whose faces Planter Maltby cle

stand he is about six feet in height, of middle age and has a grayish mustache.

haracter-perhaps a drummer."

"I am willing," said Sellars.

He may have committed a

on are trying to locate?"

'and I never heard of a C. A. Stepher

ence here since April last his name

ppear here.'

A. Stephens."

raged

chief.

'eet.

CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) sh appearances not in the least disturbed, you must be satisfied that my loved uncle tray it. My conscience would not allow me to vote for other than Herman Craven. Until my guardianship of my dead he reins of this bank in my own hands, and to yourself and the directory I look aid and encouragement. I desire Mr. deathourn to remain our vice-president nd there shall be no change in the policy the bank. You, its able attorney and y uncle's lifelong friend, will, I know, a here to counsel me. I desire you to alk with the other directors before meeting this evening and to assure them, me, but a feeling that I shall be carrying of the wishes of my murdered uncle. You nderstand, Mr. Dobbs?"

Yes, yes, I understand," answered the "The directors will be greatly surprised. I had best see them at once, since you have fully determined on this . I cannot answer for what some f them may do. They may withdraw heir interests from the bank." "I trust not, Mr. Dobbs. You will still

our counselor-Mr. Chadbourn, our vice-president. The directory will remain enchanged, and if after my duties as to parties with whom I am acquainted, guardian and administrator shall cease, and who wished me to look him up. They he directory desire, I will gladly join themplacing any one of their number at the head of the bank. You must understand "Yes, certainly! I think I do, and I will

se no time in conferring with the direc-At 7 o'clock this evening we assemble here in this room. I may drop in and see you before that time. "Pray do; but in any event I shall rely on you, and in all matters be guided by

within the railing.
"He is engaged in his private office," ou and the directory." The old attorney arose from his chair and left the office.

"That was smooth work," thought Herman, "and it will win. I don't believe a man will vote against me after that. Chadbourn will be in and I will promise to withdraw in his favor at the expiration of two years. They may have the bank then and welcome, or what there is left of it. I think before, for I don't believe I can stand two years of this humdrum life, now that I have money. I hope Dobbs won't visit Hattie and confer with her on the matter," and Herman drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and puffed the wreaths of smoke contentedly aloft.

Attorney Dobbs had left the bank with the full intent of doing the very thing Herman Craven did not want him to donamely, of consulting the young heiress and counseling her to appeal to the courts he outer office. guardian and the administrator of her ather's estate, and straightway he bent planter, Mr. Sellars-planter! Give me his steps in the direction of the late banker's residence.

He had reached Market street and turned the corner when he saw before him the tall form of Lang Sellars. "Good morning, Mr. Dobbs," said the

desire to see you on important business. You look annoyed."
"I am, Sellars, I am, and a very impor-

tant matter takes me at once to the resi-tence of our lost friend. I go to consult ais daughter. I fear for the future, Selars. I will see you later." "Have you spoken of fears to anyone

"Not in the matter that is now agitating me. Of course, you know we are all at sea. But I must not delay. I will be at the office later."

"I must see you now, Mr. Dobbs-at once, before you visit Miss DeRosette." "The matter agitating you is that Herman Craven has decided to become president of 'The Cape Fear Bank.'"

"True, Sellars, but how--"
"Never mind now, Mr. Dobbs; but please return to your office with me and I will convince you that it is to the interest of all parties concerned that Herman Craven be not thwarted at this time."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the attor-"Well, there would in fact be but one way to thwart him." "And that one way must not be resort

"I am glad I encountered you. That you have reasons for your statement I am

well aware. Come!"

Ten minutes later the two men were seated in the lawyer's office in close conversation, and for fully an hour were they there closeted. At last Sellars arose to his feet, and the

attorney accompanied him to the door.
"You have convinced me, Sellars," said the lawyer. "There shall be no obstruction. Herman Craven shall be elected without a dissenting voice, and his every movement shall be watched." "It is well," said Sellars, as he strode

from the door.

Ten minutes later Attorney Dobbs dispatched a messenger for Directors Chadbourn, Hammond and Hoyt, and when they were arrived there was another consultation, the result of which was that at 7 o'clock, when the directors convened Herman was unanimously elected presi-dent of "The Cape Fear Bank," and when an hour later he wended his way home

there was a look of triumph on his fea-"Quite a raise in the fortunes of Ste phen Craven's son, my dear uncle," he muttered, "I have stepped into your shoes very nicely. Your foul murderer soon comes to trial and will die on the gallows. Your fortune mine, your daughter mine! So much for Stephen Craven's son!" And

onward strode the new bank president in fancied security. CHAPTER XIV.

At 8 o'clock on the night of the first of September a tall, raw-boned man, dressed in the garb of a Southern planter, entered the office of the Chesapeake Hotel in Baitimore, and on the register inscribed the name, "O. A. Maltby, South Carolina."
"Supper, Mr. Maltby?" asked the clerk. "No, no, thank you; had supper on the

boat. Save me a room on the second floor. I have some friends I wish to look up and Yes. Well, there is a directory on the counter there. If you don't know exactly where to locate them, you will find their

names and places of residence there, it hey are Baltimoreans." "Thanks," said Maltby, as he moved towards the directory. "I will avail myself

Mr. Malthy turned over the leaves of the directory, casually glancing from leaf to leaf, until he had reached a page at the lead of which appeared the letter S.

You are entirely welcome I can be am at your service at any time I can be of assistance. Good night."

At 7 o'clock on the night of the light.

After supper he entered the office, light

ed his pipe, sat back in his armchair and sent for Calban.
"I's got nothin' to 'port, Mars Lang,"
said the negro, as he entered the office.
"I has watched de banker's house ebery night close, and no one ain't gone in or come out 'ceptin' them I know."

"That was all you could do, Calban There, see who is at the door." The negro opened it, and Aunt Hannah looking much agitated, entered, followed by her daughter Millie. "Ah, you, Hannah, and Millie, too? Two

chairs, Calban! Here, set them close to the desk. You have something new, Han-"Mars Lang," said the pegress, excite Four pages of names commencing with

ly, "Millie de one what's got news, and it may be 'portant news. 1 jes fine it out to-day." "Well, Millie," said Lang, encouraging Benjamin-Stephens Bruce, and here to ly, "what is it?"

"Mars Lang," said Millie, looking wild-ly at the detective, "you won't let Mars Herman sell me?" "Sell you, Millie? No, no, he can't sell you. Your mistress, I doubt not, will soon free you, and until she does you can rest assured that she will not part with you. No, no, or after, either. Speak up, I will defend you in case of necessity. ber your murdered master. Much may

"Mars Lang, Mammy say to-day dat Mars Herman nebber bring any one 'sides hisself into de house."

epend on you."

"Mars Lang, on de night befo' de mu ler, Miss Hattie hab de haidache, and I was in her room rubbin' her haid wid camphor 'til twelve o'clock. When I come out of her room into de hall, I close de lo' behin' me, and start down de hall to my room. As I open de do' I glanced back, and I seed a light shinin as dough ody was comin' down de stairs from de flo' above. Dar was no light burnin' n de hall, and I slipped in my room; but lef' de do' ajar, and soon two men come down de stairs. "Two men?" exclaimed Sellars. "Two

"Yes, two men, Mars Lang. One was I encounter him, well and good; if not, the same," and so saying Mr. Maltby turned Mars Herman, and de odder was a taller and an older man, wid a mustache. Mars away and a half hour later entered the Herman was carryin' a lamp, and da was both in dar stockin' feet. Da looked nighty nerbous, leastwise, Mars Herman "Could I see the chief?" he asked of the roung man who was seated at the desk fid, and da walked mighty keerful. Da come on down de hall and went in Mars

"I was dat skeered I lak to fell down said the secretary, "but I will take in your First, I tought I go tell Miss Hattie. Den I was skeered, and I dassent, so I locked my room do' and laid down wid my clothes "I declare I forgot to provide myself with one," said the planter. "Just tell aim that O. A. Maltby of South Carolina on, and dar I laid 'til mawnin', when mammy called me. I nebber said nothin' kaze I was skeered of Mars Herman. Now, dat's all." The secretary vanished, but soon returned and conducted Mr. Maltby to an inner

> "Not a soul know it, Mars Lang, 'cept in' what's hyar." "Then not a word, Millie; nor you, Hannah, to a living soul. You are sure Herman Craven did not see you, and is ignorant of the fact that you saw him and his

t planter, I judge. Runaway negroes that companion? "No, sir! No, Thorp, no! I have come o interview you," said Maltby, in an en-"Certain, Mars Lang!" "You never saw this man that was with Herman before or since?" irely different voice from that the chief "Nebber, Mars Lang, dat I knows of and heard when he inquired for him in dough de light was dim and I couldn't

"Well, that is all. Return home. Your "Well, I'll be-So you have turned information may be very important. I shall be at the house at 10 o'clock to-morrow. Look for me at the rear door, and if your mistress starts to leave the house, detain her. Otherwise, say nothing to her. Remember, not a word. Good "Thorp, you sized me up about ight when I entered the office. I am Planter Malthy of South Carolina, for the ime being, and I am here to inquire if in night. Show them out, Calban."

"Good night, Mars Lang." your department you have any record of "So, so!" exclaimed the detective, as the ne C. A. Stephens."
"I can answer that without even referdaughter. "Another link in the chain-C. A. Stephens visited the banker's house ring to the books. I never heard the name pefore. Baltimore contains no man of on the night of the seventeenth, and more, he was on the second floor in company with Herman, and in his stocking feet. "Certain! To be sure, some one of the nany crooks that infest the city may on Fool that I was not to have explored it on the night of the murder. Fool! Fool! Then and there, I should have captured C. A. Stephens, the murderer of Alvin De-"I understand that. What I wished to ascertain was whether there was a man known to your department as C. A. Ste-

(To be continued.)

Rosette.

Cannon Made of Leather. According to one account, cannon were built of the most hardened leather, girt about with hoops of iron and lescription of your man, perhaps not then. brass, the honor of having invented What does he look like?" this make being a matter of dispute between Sweden and Scotland. According to another, they had a core of tin, friends? and were bound round with cordage. In neither case could they be expected to last long, though we are told That is all I know about him."
"Humph! You will find five hundred that they could be "brought to discharge" as often as ten times in sucmen in Baltimore, who would answer to cession: but when we reflect how few are the rounds that can be fired from "I know it. I imagine he is a sporting the monster guns of our own day without renewal of the inner tube we cannot afford to sneer at the shortness of their life. They were, at any rate, mobile, for they could be carried on a pony's back or stacked together by the "Yes; well, I will give you a list of the half-dozen in "barnaew houses. You know the old ones, or if borne on wheels." half-dozen in "barricades of

Useful Hints.

Mud stains can be removed from tai boots and shoes by rubbing them with a piece of raw potato, and then polish with cream or paste.

To prevent steel brooches and orna ments from rusting keep them whe not in use in a box with a little pow iered starch or arrowroot. loor of Bartridge Brothers about 12 Sponge fruit stains at once with col

Rusty marks can be taken out of linen by dipping it in hot water and squeezing the juice of a lemon over it.

To restore waterproof.-The following To restore waterproof.—The following process is said to restore to a waterproof the original softness: Dissolve a teaspoon of best gray lime in half a paliful of water; when the cloak well with a soft cloth, wrung loosely out of this mixture; hang to dry and repeat the operation in two hours.

To keep the hair in curl-Before pu ting into curlers, damp it with a solu tion of isinglass dissolved in hot water A small piece of camphor placed the oil reservoir of a lamp will make th light more brilliant and also preventhe lamp smoking.

The heart of a statesman should hin his head. was the answer.

"Thanks, Thorp," said Sellars, when they were again on the street. "I have they were again on the street to this at least accomplished all I expected to this accomplished all I expected to the I expected to this accomplished all I expected to this accomplished all I expected to this accomplished all

at least accomplished all I expected to the trip. I have learned that if C. A. Stephens is a Baltimore man he was sailing under an alias on the seventeenth of last month. That is not much, but it will help me to shape my course."

"You are entirely welcome, Lang. I markable men have had remarkable mothers.

Sellars entered the door of his home in WENAGE TO PASTURE LANDS I

iew Weed that Destroys Other Yego ties Brought from Europe. The orange hawkweed has made its tion Brought from E ppearance in and around Chicago durng the past season. It is a comparadvely new plant, having been introluced recently from Europe, and alhough not regarded in its native land is particularly noxious has become great nuisance here and threatens to

Freat nuisance here and threatens to lestroy other vegetation highly prised by gardeners and arboriculturists.

The first American appearance of the hawkweed was in Vermont. The seeds were distributed as a premium by one of the leading agricultural journals of New York State. Within the last decade the plant has been spreading as a weed in an alarming manner. linvestigations at the Vermont experiment station have shown that it is already the worst weed known and is continuing each year to invade new areas. It is easily recognized by its flame-red flowers and spreading hairy leaves. The first blossoms open in June. If these are mowed it continues to send up scattering flower stalks during the rest of the summer.

Fortunately clean cultivation will kil.

Endgren, of Daw son City, gave birth to a little daughter, so tiny ahome, in the a little daughter, so tiny and frail that no body thought it could possibly live. Man Eldorado, the little one was callittle one was callittle one was callittle one was callittle one was called because of her advent into this vale of tears in the land of gold. A few days after the baby's birth the mother disc.

A small dog sledge bore to their last resting place the remains of the girth wife. During the services, Dr. Mary looker stepped forth and gave the dead woman in her coffin the tenderest to send up scattering flower stalks during the rest of the summer.

Fortunately clean cultivation will kil.

Fortunately clean cultivation will kill wherever it is practiced. One of the Mosier, placing on the cold brow of Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of the Wisconsin bride her gentle hand. still, killed out by salt. The weed is very sensitive to sait, which should be scattered broadcast so as to reach the leaves of all plants. If not too much salt is used it may serve as a ferthizer to the grass. The salt does not act as a poison, but kills the weeds by drawing the water out of the leaves. In order to act most thoroughly, therefore, dry salt (not brine) should be applied. Da looked and this should be done during dry, hot weather.—Chicago Chronicle.

INDIANA'S BIG MAN.

Seorge Washington Walker, Who Weighed 565 Pounds.

George Washington Walker, who died few days ago at Wawaka, Ind., was the largest and heaviest man in the State. He was 38 years of age, and ten years ago began to grow corpulent. "Does your mistress know of this, Mil- His weight increased from 450 pounds to 565 at the time of his death. A spe-



al coffin had to be constructed for him, and much difficulty was experienced in conveying the body from the house to the cemetery. Mr. Walker had received numerous offers from museum and circus managers, but refused to travel or place himself on exhibition as a curiosity.

Motto of the Slamese Nation. Have you heard the motto of the govrnment of Siam? And having beard have you repeated it? And having repeated it, have you caught its purely personal application? And having caught it, have you tried it on your

This is the motto: "Ah Wa Ta Na Slam." It sounds unintelligible nonsense, but keep saying it over as long as you can and as fast as you can and you will discover at last that the Eastern patols has a Western sense that aptly classifies many a remorseful sublect of Uncle Sam. For "Ah Wa Ta Nas Slam" is easily evolved into "Ah, what an ass I am."

A Vegetarian Monarch. The King of Italy is a vegetarian, and ves entirely on vegetables and fruits. the doctors have also forbidden him to drink coffee, so his beverage is Bordeaux and plenty of water. The King never feels so well as when his fare is bread, potatoes, and oranges, although peaches are his favorite edible. The Queen has made repeated attempts to become a vegeterian, but finally has given up in despair, being fond of a generous diet. The Royal meals are served on gold plates.

Wr ting Music While on Trains. Sir Arthur Sullivan was once asked where he was able to compose best and under what circumstances his ideas flowed most freely. "There is no place," he said, "where I have so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron and in the whirring of the wheels which seems to excite the imagination and supplies material for a host of barmen-

Steam Machinery in Old Egypt. Twenty centuries before the birth of Watt Nero of Alexandria described nachines whose motive power was steam. He also invented a double force pump, used as a fire engine, and anticipated the modern turbine wheel by a machine he called "neolptie."

Invisible White. "Didn't I tell you not to shoot until you could see the whites of the ene mies' eyes?' thundered the trate officer. "Yis, sor," spoke up the Irish volum teer, "but, faith, th' inemy hod blackeach ithers' oyes so in a fist foight over rathions that we cudn't see my white at all."

A KLONDIKE BARE.

this Tiny Infant Managed to Live A tiny infant managed to live without a mother's care in the Klondike. ountry where sturdy, stout-hearted

men go under. Just before dying from typhold fever, Mrs. Jessie Endgren, of Daw-

should be promptly uprooted, or, better little house on their way to and from work. Daily the question was asked, en and daily the answer given "that it would live, please God."

When the summer came little Mae's father and foster-mother thought it wise to send the little one to its grandparents in Wisconsin, to escape the igors of another winter in the frozen north. Mrs. John MacDonald, wife of one of the wealthlest miners of the Klondike, offered herself as Baby Mae's escort, and early in July the journey was begun.

All Dawson was on hand to bid the child farewell. Gold dust and nuggets were showered as parting gifts, until a handsome sum was realized and presented to the Klondike babe. Dawson wanted to show its appreciation of the little one's pluck, and that was the only way the miners had of doing it. Baby Mae was carried by an Indian packer across the Wheto pass and over the nountain to Skaguay. Warmly clad n flannels the baby was as snug as a ug in a rug, nestling against the tall Indian's back. When Seattle was reached Mrs. MacDonald turned the baby over to Mrs. J. S. Bresse, a sister of Mrs. Endgren, who was to conduct the infant to her grandparents' bome. It is "Lare now, receiving the best of care, and thriving, in spite of its check-ered career, at the age of 6 months. Naturally, the little one is the pride of the miners at Dawson,

Mae Bennett, the baby's mother, was the daughter of a prominent Grand Army man of Madison. Her sweetheart was Jesse Endgren, a student of the State university. They wer's mar-ried in February, 1808, and on the same evening left for Dawsou City.

MEXICO'S VICE PRESIDENT.

le Phook Hands with McKinley and Laurier in Chicago. That was a notable gathering in Chicago when President McKinley. Sir Vilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, and Don Ignacio Marsical, Vice Presi-



DON IGNACIO MARSICAL dent of Mexico, met in one room at shook hands. Don Ignacio is one c the brilliant men of the Mexican republic. In addition to being Vice President he is Secretary of Foreign Affairs and is regarded as a possible successor to Diaz. He made a favorable impression during his visit in Chicago, where he attended the fall festival and postoffice corner stone laying.

Conan Doyle. Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over is mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy before him, and said, solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Antiquity of the Top. Probably the oldest toy in the world is the top. It has been used all over the world for thousands of years, and in some savage tribes is used in the performance of religious rites.

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage

Abject: Our Father's House — God's Homestead, Builded on the Hills o-Heaven, Provides Rooms For All— Vivid Picture of the Celestial Home, (Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) Washington, D. C.—In a unique way the avenly world is discoursed upon by Dr.

motherless little baby girl," sobbed Mrs. which is a little changed, so as to give the

serious difficulties is that the weed is allowed to spread along many road-sides to the menace of the adjacent and. The really great danger, however, is that it rapidly invades the pastures, and when once fully established in such places it is practically impossible to exterminate it. The owners of such fields should carefully guard them against it. Every plant found should be promptly uprooted, or, better world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they sa, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchil-

stead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is fuli.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of beaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternfities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

A- you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent themperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to bimself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the

or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusaiem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 945 sextillion 968 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that chapter, that the heavenly Jerussiem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 945 sextillion 988 quintillion mobic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a bundred thousand years, be ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic bomestead and see for ourtion. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

ECATYPING out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for our selves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly sarrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, plous Abell In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newily arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abell in that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever real about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second to see Him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of The most rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ectatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant in time, and the only hour you are sure of it the hour the clock now strikes, and the no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightlest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The souland Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the giorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so the second the one your watch is only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in wy hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically asys: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever

their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the angulah of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together sgain in the reception room of the old homestead. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that files like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would tetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together!" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wapt; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Boon to Impecunious Smokers.

Mr. Suchsland, a German scientist, has discovered that the aroma of to-bacco is due to microbes, and it is said he will patent, if he can, a process for making cheap cigars smell like expensive ones.

No man's authority is as great with his employes after they have found that his wife makes her boys wear leng curis.

Be once fasted and wept; Mary and Lasarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabelia Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house is the three more of the control of the rooms."
room in our Father's house is room. We belong to the royal

family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-Ger-man war, one eventide in the summer of Japan has 65 cotton spinning com panies.
St. Louis iron moulders now get \$2.65 per day.
Tonawanda, N. Y., moulders now get \$2.50 a day.

New York woodcarvers get \$3 for eight hours' work. A line of telegraph has been estab-lished to Dawson City. The rate for

ominion. We need not stand shivering ad cowering before it, for our Father says

we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh

will I grant to sit with Me in My throne."
You see, we are princes and princesses.
Perhaps now we move about incognito, as
Peter the Great in the garb of a ship car-

penter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after a while who we are

when we get into the thronercom. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the thronercom. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter

King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy fees.

Another roo n in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key; but, if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth,

nologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of es-

pecial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? In that music room of our Father's house

rou will some day meet the old masters, fozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and

meridian. However much we love our

children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that

they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and in-firm here, we shall be glad to find re-

stored to the most agile and vigorous im-

in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the

may wash all your sins away. Come now!
Put your weary but cleansed feet on the
upward pathway. Do you not see amid
the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops
the old famiy homestead?" "In my
Father's house are many rooms."

Pffes and friends are too often alike; they are attracted most by sunshine and sugar.

Mo 'esty and diffidence are often confounded.

Fault-finders never suspect them-

selves.

We dream of Heaven up to the very edge of hell.

He who is not true to himself is a

When the well is dry they know the worth of water.

Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them.

Friends are those people who act surprised when we tell them how old

What maintains one vice would bring

Live as though life were earnest and

up two children.

king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1970, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, how much more the throneroom! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throneroom of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flagration of brilliance the throneroom of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throneroom of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throneroom that ever saw scepter wave or crown A large number of the mills in South Carolina are making goods for the trade of China. in size the Lorain steel works, is to be located at Fairport Harbor, O. That the street railway system may be made use of to help solve the garbage and ashes problem in New York, to aid in the expedious removal of snow and ice, and to carry light freight incidentally, is the newest Farmers around Fife Lake, Mich., who are compelled to have help to get their potatoes dug in time to pay \$1.75 per day and board, and have a hard time to get enough men even at that the throneroom of our Fathers house hath a glory cellpsing all the throne-rooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or fo eign embassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal

days.

20 words is \$4.35.

price. now receive \$1.50 for nine hours work 16 2-3 cents per hour for overtime be-fore midnight and time and a half for overtime after midnight. Th tricians receive \$3 per day of nine

'Frisco hollermakers have been or eded the nine-hour day on all vessels not owned by the Government. On the latter the day's work will be eight

nours for ten hours' pay. The threatened great strike of stokers and engine men employed at the Monmouthshire, Dowlais and Methy. collieries, involving about 20,000 men, has been averted. The coal-owners agreed to an advance in wages varying from 8 to 12 cents per day, according to grade and circumstances.
In New York the tilelayers and their helpers have secured an advance in wages of 50 cents a day and \$1.25 a week, respectively, without being obliged to strike for it. The tilelayers

their helpers \$14.60 a week, w for the Saturday half-holiday. At Des Moines, Ia., dimension lum feet, and is hard to get at that price, and lath that a year ago were worth a little over \$1 a thousand are now selling at \$6. It is announced that the price of stucco and hard plasters has been advanced \$1 a thousand. It is now next to impossible to secure brick ir

now get \$4.50 a day (eight hours).

any quantity.

The agreement between the Bricklayers' Union of the Boroughs Brooklyn and Queens, and the Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in youder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abase watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas double pay for overtime and legal holi-Masons' Association continues in force days. Strikes are prohibited, lumping is done away with, and wages are to be paid weekly.

Household.

RECIPES.

Sweet potato Fritters (original)-One up of mashed sweet potatoes, one teapoonful of butter, yolk of one egg well saitspoonful of sait; mix and drop by spoonfuls on their scensed griddle over a moderately hot fire.

Economical Charlotte Russe,-Peel and sifce half a pound of apples and place them in layers in a pie dish with fresh crumbs between them. Add a little butter and sugar to each layer and bake for about three-quarters of an hour without burning the top. Turn out the pudding and serve at once with boiled custard poured around it.

Gelee de Taploca.—Choose the largest sort of tapioca, a breakfast cupful; wash it and soak it in cold water for hours. Then simmer it in the same until it becomes quite clear, add lemon juice, brandy or sherry and sugar to taste.

Crisped Pears.-Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water, add the grated rinds of two lemons and pour it boiling hot over 12 pears that have been peeled and quartered. Let them stand until cold, when they should be drained and wiped, dipped in beaten egg, then in crumbs, Serve with a sweet sauce.

Southern Muffins.-One large egg. ne-half pint of sweet milk, a generous half cupful of corn meal, three-fourths cupful of white flour, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoon-fuls of sugar, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat egg till light, add milk, then meal, sugar and salt, then the flour in which the baking powder has been stirred, and last the melted butter. Beat hard for a moment, and bake in hot muffin tins. Prussian Cutlets.-Take one and a

half pounds of lean mutton, three ta-blespoonfuls of drippings, a teaspoon-ful of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, a dessertspoonful of chopped onion and grating of nutmeg. Chop the meat finely and thoroughly mix in the other ingredients into portions and press into shape of cutlets. Brush over with egg, roll in bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat till a nice brown. Place on a hot platter and garnish with parsley.

when a little larger than an egg, boil them whole in salted water until ten-der-about 20 minutes-and serve ir cream sauce.

Creamed Carrots.-Scrape the carots and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Let them lie in cold water a little while before cooking. Boil in salted water until tender, then drain and mix with a white sauce. Cooked in this manner they are quite delicate, and are said to be most healthful.

Baked Beets.-Scrub the beets and bake until quite tender when pierced with a fork. They will require much longer cooking than when boiled and will be found to have quite a different flavor. Pare, slice, and cover with a mixture of melted butter and vinegar, well seasoned with salt and pepper. Let the beets simmer a few moments in this dressing before serving them.

He hazardeth much who depends upon learning for his experience. It is a rare privilege to have it in our

power to forgive another. An hour of careful thinking is worth nore than ten of careless talking.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

True education neves induces con-

tempt of the ignorant. The heart cannot always repress or account for the feelings which sway it.

A brave man is sometimes a desperado; but a bully is always a coward. In business three things are neces-sary, knowledge, temper and time. Rochester teamsters were conceded

If e will be so.

A Cleveland Councilman has prepared an ordinance which will require mctormen to be licensed.

\$3.50 per day (8 hours.)

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talking man having nothing to say.