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, NOVEMBER 22, 1899. NO. 50

CHAPTER XV.

At ten o'clock on the fourth, Sellars tapped lightly on the hall door at the rear of the late banker's residence.

Aunt Hannah admitted him.

"Is there anyone save your mistress and Millie in the house, Hannah?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, Miss Jennie Campbell. Da's in de parlor."

"Announce that I wish to see them."

Hannah did so, and soon returned and ushered the detective into their presence.

The two girls arose to their feet as he entered the door.

"Oh, Mr. Sellars!" cried Jennie. "We have been nearly frantic and dare not seek you. Can you bid us hope? I visited my dear brother in jail to-day. His sole reliance is on you. Oh, speak! My dear old mother is heart-broken!"

"My dear Miss Campbell, bid her be of good cheer! Your brother shall leave the custody of Sheriff Cobb without a single stain on his character and fully vindicated. More, the murderer of the banker shall swing from the gallows, nor shall he swing alone. But patience and time will be required."

"Oh, now that I have heard your voice again, I feel like another girl. Do you not, dear Hattie?"

"I have an abiding faith, Jennie, that justice will be done, and that the efforts of Mr. Sellars will be crowned with success. That Robert is innocent of my father's murder, it needs not the tongue of another to assure me, but there is much, so much, that I cannot understand."

"You scarce expected, Miss DeRosette, that your father would name Herman Craven as his administrator and your guardian?"

"How could he, Mr. Sellars, when he had no faith in him? As to a desire on his part to have me become Herman's wife, my father entertained no such wish. On the contrary, I almost think he would have preferred that I ceased to exist to seeing me the bride of the son of the one who wrecked his sister's life. I know that my loved father was pleased at my preference for Robert Campbell, who was a great favorite of his. I know, sir, that he detested Herman Craven."

"And yet he left him a goodly sum in his will, named him his administrator, without bond, and your guardian. There can be no question as to the genuineness of his signature or to those of the witnesses of his will."

"I cannot understand it, Mr. Sellars. It remains for you to unravel the mystery. That my father, who, living, had no faith in Herman Craven, should be willing that after his death he should administer on his estate, constitute the guardian of his daughter, and become the president of his bank, I for one moment do not believe."

"You know, Miss DeRosette, that prior to your father's death he had drawn a will?"

"Yes, my father stated to me on one occasion that he had done so. He further said that it almost seemed useless, as in any event I would become his heir. 'But,' he added, 'it will simplify matters in case of my death, and define my position in regard to Herman. I have left him,' my father said, 'a sum sufficient to enable him to engage in business and accumulate more. If he sees proper to dissipate it, I do not wish you to replenish his empty purse. Promise me, my daughter, that you will not. Stephen Craven's son shall not squander your inheritance.' I promised, Mr. Sellars, yet now this man has the handling of my father's estate and is my lawful guardian."

"And himself inherits a fortune by the terms of the will," observed the detective. "Fifty-five thousand dollars is no small sum. Why, a man with a fortune of that amount need not seek to augment it by engaging in business."

"True, Mr. Sellars! Now I have told you all I know about the will, aside from the fact that I recognized my father's signature, and while I at first doubted its genuineness I cannot do so longer. I am assured that the signatures of the witnesses are genuine."

"Beyond question," said Sellars, "and they were both lost at sea."

"Strange! Very strange! There is something wrong about that will, Mr. Sellars. My father, as you know, was a careful, prudent man. I recognize in many of the provisions of the will his own true nature. The manumission of Uncle Duke and that of Hannah, and the money left them, with a desire that I look after its expenditure. Also his wish that Adam and Millie should never pass into other hands, and his remembrances to them. The sum of five thousand dollars left Attorney Dobbs, his old and trusted friend. But in the matter of Herman Craven there is something wrong."

"Decidedly wrong, Miss DeRosette!" exclaimed the detective, "but act not in Herman's presence, or that of others, as though you thought so. Leave everything to me, and for the present I would much prefer that Miss Campbell do not visit your home too frequently. You must appear satisfied that the man in jail is guilty of your father's murder."

"Poor, dear Robert. I know he would have died to protect my father. His every word of the transactions of that night is true. My heart bleeds for him, yet there he is, an innocent man, with the gallows confronting him."

"Vindication, you mean, Miss DeRosette. Your sweetheart shall never stand on the gallows trap; but Her—others shall."

"Herman? Mr. Sellars, you would have said Herman Craven! Is it possible that you believe my cousin to be my father's assassin? No, no! It cannot be! It could not have been he!"

"It was not, my dear young lady, or ere this he would occupy a cell in jail, and Robert Campbell would be a free man. Calm yourself; your cousin did not strike the blow that bereft your father of life."

"A nephew murder his own uncle, and that nephew the guardian of the murdered man's daughter, the administrator of his estate, and here daily in my presence! Oh, it would be too horrible! I have not doubted that my cousin believed Robert Campbell guilty."

"Do not agitate yourself, Miss DeRosette. Leave all to me. The right men shall yet stand on the gallows trap."

"Men!" exclaimed Jennie Campbell.

Without noticing her exclamation the detective remarked: "With your permission, Miss DeRosette, I would like to visit the attic at the top of the house. I neglected to do so on the night of the murder."

"The attic? Why, you——"

"I merely wish to see whether there is any evidence that it was tenanted prior to the murder."

"Oh, I am sure it was not. I have the key in my room. I visited the attic on the eighteenth and rummaged two trunks searching for old letters. But come, Jennie. I will get the key on the floor above."

Five minutes later Miss Hattie unlocked the attic door and the party entered.

The rays of the sun streamed in through the low windows, lighting up the place sufficiently for the detective's purpose.

"If you recognize the slightest change in the location of any article in this attic, Miss DeRosette, from the position it occupied when you were last here, please note it."

"I merely examined the contents of these two trunks, Mr. Sellars."

"Well, please do so again," said the detective a she raised the trunk lids.

"It would be impossible to note any change in the contents of the trunks, Mr. Sellars. As you see, there is little else but letters, papers, and odds and ends, cast in in a miscellaneous jumble, and everything else seems as it was. It almost seems as though there was a tobacco smell pervading the garret. That was not here before."

"There certainly is now," said Jennie. "Some one must have been smoking cigars here, and quite recently."

"The windows are all closed," observed the detective. "It may have been some days ago. You notice no changes on the top of the contents of the trunks, Miss DeRosette?"

"None, Mr. Sellars. Stay! That leather one I left last, I remember, and my last act was to cast in a bundle of letters tied with a yellow ribbon. It should be on top. Why, I see nothing of it!"

"Careful, Miss DeRosette! Careful!"

"Yes, but——"

Miss Hattie had half of the contents removed from the trunk.

"Here is the package!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Why, it is buried in this corner, and I am certain I left it on top of all else. The trunk has been emptied and rifled. There is no doubt of it."

"Is the package tied as you left it?"

"Why, no. I left it tied in a bow knot."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, Mr. Sellars, the letters are not all here!"

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly, I am! This is a package of letters that my father received from Herman Craven's mother after her elopement with Stephen Craven. I read enough to ascertain that some of them were very sad. The outside one here I left in the center, and in view. It is no longer here."

"Let us empty the trunk entirely," said the detective.

They did so, but found naught in it save letters and old papers.

"Now this other one," said Sellars.

The contents was soon removed, but nothing of a startling nature was revealed.

"Replace these articles, Hannah," said Sellars, "while we make the rounds of the attic."

Every nook and corner was examined but nothing unusual was discovered.

"If cigars have been smoked here," observed the detective, as the party neared the stairway again, "neither the stubs nor matches have been left behind. Has Herman ever visited the attic to your knowledge, Miss DeRosette?"

"He has not. There is but one key, and it has never been in his possession. In fact, there is nothing in the attic of interest to him, unless indeed, it be his mother's letters, and he knows not of them."

"His father, I believe, has been dead some years? Where did he die?"

"When Herman came to my father, but little more than two years ago, he stated that his father fell a victim to yellow fever in New Orleans the year previous."

"Yes; well, let us descend, and I request you all to maintain silence in regard to our visit to the attic."

"I wish I might visit Robert in jail, and assure him of my continued faith in his integrity," said Hattie, as the party descended the stairs.

"You must content yourself in writing him, Miss DeRosette. On no account would I have you visit the jail. Miss Campbell can bear your missives."

"Oh, I have already borne several," said Miss Jennie, "and a great comfort they were to my poor brother."

"I shall visit him this evening," observed the detective; "but I would not have him appear too hopeful. And now good-by. You may not see me again for some days; but remember, you have my pledge that no harm shall come to the one you both love."

An hour later, seated in the private office of the recorder, Sellars was intently going over the last will and testament of the deceased banker, word by word.

At seven o'clock in the evening he entered the office of Jailer Filyaw and was conducted by that individual to the debtors' room, where an anxious prisoner, who had been informed by his loving sister of his contemplated visit, awaited him.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the morning of the sixth at 8:30 o'clock Sellars entered the door of the postoffice, and five minutes later was closeted with the postmaster.

"Not a thing, Sellars! Not a thing; That is, aside from the usual routine bank mail, addressed to either the cashier or the bank president. Nothing to Herman Craven, and nothing marked personal."

"And you have watched every mail, Grady?"

"Every one, and will continue to do so. Nothing shall escape me."

"Well, I am on my way south; but shall be back in a week, at most. Perhaps in less time."

"I will hold anything of a suspicious nature until your return."

"Pray do, and let nothing pass. Good-by."

Thirty minutes later the detective was being rapidly borne southward over the Manchester road.

At eleven o'clock on the eighth he entered the city hall in New Orleans, and passed into the health office, where he inquired for Dr. Duryea, the head of the health department.

A messenger conducted him to the doctor's private office.

"I wished to ascertain, doctor," said Sellars, "and to a certainty, if one Stephen Craven fell a victim to yellow fever in New Orleans during the years eighteen fifty-four or fifty-five."

The doctor had been adjusting his glasses, and he now cast a glance at the card the messenger had handed him.

"Lang Sellars of North Carolina! What, the great Southern detective?" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I am more than pleased to meet you, sir, and the records of our office will show. I have been at the head of the department for the past eight years, and flatter myself that the list is complete. Someone trying to defraud an insurance company, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," answered Sellars, "but a man whose relatives have lost track of him. The last heard of him he was here in New Orleans, in eighteen fifty-four, I believe, and rumor has reached their ears that he fell a victim to yellow fever."

"I see. Craven, Stephen Craven! I have no recollection of the name; but come, we will search the records of the office."

Together the two men were soon poring over the records of the dead; but the name Stephen Craven did not appear there.

"No such man yielded up his life in our city, Mr. Sellars, in either eighteen fifty-four or five."

"Let us turn to fifty-three," observed Sellars.

They did so.

The result was the same.

"Deaths in your hospitals are included here?"

"Yes, Mr. Sellars, all deaths. Of course you might visit the hospitals and ascertain if such a name was omitted from their reports, but I feel assured that such will not prove the case."

"I will do so," observed Sellars.

"You know where they are located, I presume?"

"Yes, certainly. I am obliged to you, doctor. Good day."

The hospitals of the city were visited by the detective, and the death roll of each scanned for the years named, but on none did the name Stephen Craven appear.

"Now for the Crescent Hotel and supper," thought Sellars, as he left St. Vincent's behind him. "Afterward a round up of all the hotels. Next a call on Chief Ramsy, then the gambling houses, and I have done the town."

"I have been the night clerk here for seven years," replied Clerk Spencer of the Crescent in answer to Sellars' question after he had come from the dining room "and I am blessed with a fairly good memory. We have never had a guest by the name of Stephen Craven. Here are the registers; you can look them over."

"The name is a strange one to you?"

"I never heard it before. There are the directories, on the end of the counter. You will find them all there, from eighteen fifty, and can ascertain if such a party had a residence here since that year."

The detective examined them every one, but in none did the sought-for name appear.

It was twelve o'clock when he had finished his round of the hotels and he decided to delay his call on Chief Ramsy until the next day.

"If I only had a photograph of Stephen Craven," he thought, "to show Ramsy, it might aid me, but I have not a thing—merely a name he might have abandoned years ago. The banker would not have allowed his picture in his house, I can well believe. Well, I will try Ramsy in the morning."

He did so, but naught did it avail.

Ramsy had been at the head of the New Orleans detective service six years, but he had no knowledge of Stephen Craven. The name did not appear on the records of his office.

"If he was a sport, as you surmise," observed Ramsy, "you may learn something of him at some of the gaming houses."

"I shall take them in," observed Sellars. "I suppose the old numbers embrace them all?"

"Nearly," said Ramsy. "There have been a few changes. The Holly is closed and Steve Abbott has sold out to Merrill brothers; but you have been here since then."

"Oh, yes," replied Sellars. "I was here only three months ago."

"Oh, well, it's three years since Abbott sold out."

"What became of him?"

"Running a house in Baltimore, I believe. We were glad to get rid of him—a smooth, slick scoundrel, is Steve Abbott. It got too hot for him here."

"Have you a photograph of Abbott, Ramsy?"

"No, we were never able to get his physiognomy in our rogues' gallery. He was too slick for us; but then, he has no connection with your man. He cursed this city with his presence for ten years at least. You must remember him, Lang, if you were ever in his place—a voice like oil, a manner as smooth as glass, and about my size."

"Beard?"

"No, not even a mustache. Smooth face, thin lips, a great dresser, and a regular 'con' man."

"I think I remember him now. I always took that two hundred pounder with a full beard for Steve Abbott."

"No, that was Dacey, his partner. He has passed in his checks."

"Well, good day."

(To be continued.)

Useful Hints.

If grass stains on white flannels or other white material be rubbed with spirits of wine before the article is washed, or rubbed with soap, the stains may be readily removed.

Always keep meat, whether raw or cooked, under wire covers or in a properly ventilated meat safe, so as to be protected from flies, which will soon pollute the freshest meat if they settle on it.

To keep a spoon in position when desirous of dropping medicine into it, and requiring both hands to hold the bottle and cork, place the handle between the leaves of a closed book lying upon the table.

A fancy work basket can be made at home by removing the seat from a large camp stool and filling its place with a pocket of cretonne lined with sateen, and letting it hang down below the seat.

Where there are a good many pictures to be hung, a paper of a soft pale green tint is pretty for the walls.

The most durable floor covering is linoleum, and the best wall decoration for kitchens, pantries and back rooms is tile. Where tiles cannot be had, painted walls or varnished papers can be employed.

—The number of locomotives now running on the world's railways is estimated to be about 160,000. Of this Europe possesses 85,000, America 55,000 and Asia 10,000, and the rest are to be found in Africa and Australia.

—When a Londoner desires to express deep grief for the loss of a relative he puts crape on his cane.

—Murder is not considered a very great crime, by the Parsees of India. According to their code, a murderer receives ninety stripes on his bare back, while the man who neglects his dog receives 200 stripes.

EARLIEST GUM SHOES

HOW UGLY AND UNGAINLY THEY WERE.

Ancestors of Our Present Trim Rubbers Were of Sorry Appearance, but They Were Made of Pure Material, and Kept Out the Wet.

India rubber shoes were first manufactured in Roxbury, Mass., in 1833, and verily they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." They really bore no resemblance whatever to a shoe. They had the appearance of having been run into molds, or blown, the same as glass bottles are made. They were made of pure rubber gum. No attempt was made to imitate the shape of the shoe or foot they were intended to cover. In shape they were hollow tubes, tapering toward the toe. At the place where the opening to pull them over the shoe should be was an irregular hole, without shape, just as they came from the mold. The hole was enlarged with a sharp pair of shears to fit the instep, or cut high or low to suit the taste or caprice of the customer. The work was done by the salesman after the buyer had selected, according to his requirements, heavy or light, thick or thin. Men's sizes were very heavy, the soles being frequently from one-fourth to a half-inch in thickness. They were tied in pairs and stuffed with straw or hay to keep them in shape for shipment. A lady's foot, incased in such a huge ill-shaped mass of India rubber gum, weighing at least a pound, presented a clumsy appearance, indeed, particularly when compared with the light and truly artistic appearance of the present styles.

The first attempt at making overshoes of India rubber did not prove a success, a large amount of capital being sunk in the experiment, as well as all the unsold stock. They answered the purpose in cold weather, but would not stand the heat, melting into a disgusting mass.

Experiments to remedy this difficulty resulted in reaching the opposite extreme, the cold weather freezing them so hard as to make them brittle, so they could not be drawn over the shoe until they were thoroughly warmed, and this obstacle to success was not overcome until Charles Goodyear discovered his process of vulcanizing rubber, which has rendered his name immortal.

Rapidly following this era of improvements, the India rubber shoe began to assume beauty of proportion and practical utility. They were lasted, and the shoe merchant threw aside his shears. One particularly popular style that had a great run for a couple of years was trimmed with fur around the tops and came well up on the ankles. Dickens has immortalized this particular style by placing them on the feet of the pretty Arabella that Mr. Winkle met and fell in love with while visiting with Mr. Pickwick at Old Wardle's.

All rubber shoes were made from the solid gum at that time, and we are safe in saying that a single pair would outweigh six pairs of those now in the market. Besides being heavy and ugly, they were often painful from being so tightly stretched over the foot. They made the wearer look club-footed, and any attempt at embellishment was a failure and made them appear clumsier still. But this condition of things was not to last. In 1844 Goodyear perfected his vulcanizing process, and his method of spreading the pure gum upon elastic textile fabrics, and the manufacture of rubber shoes has since improved from year to year, until they have become a thing of beauty. —Philadelphia Record.

UNLUCKY TO PICK UP PINS

Why One Little Man Will Carefully Avoid Them in the Future.

"Do you believe that it is lucky to pick up a pin from the ground when it's pointing toward you?" asked the little man with side whiskers.

"Well, I don't know," replied the fat man. "Do you?"

"I used to, but I don't any longer. You see, I did it once. I was walking along and happened to see a pin straight in front of me, and pointing my way. The street was crowded. I hesitated—and was lost. I stooped down for that pin. A woman carrying a 3-month-old baby fell on top of me, and an Italian with a basketful of plaster of paris images fell on top of the woman. Then the fun began. The baby yelled, the Italian swore, the woman shrieked, and I did all three. And when they pulled me to my feet the crowd was shouting, 'Lynch him! Lynch him!' The Italian wanted to fight me, and the woman was shaking her fist in my face. The crowd got bigger and bigger and began to press around me.

"'Kidnaper!' yelled somebody. 'He tried to steal the poor woman's kid!' Then the crowd took it up. 'Kidnaper!' they yelled. 'Lynch him!' Then some one, I think he was a hackdriver, tripped me up from behind and I fell suddenly and harshly on the broken remains of the statuette of Diana. Just when I thought the end had come two big policemen rushed through and got the three of us into a patrol wagon and took us to the station. Of course everything was arranged and explained in five minutes, and I squared myself with the Italian with a $2 bill. And just as I was brushing the flakes of plaster of paris from my trousers, and going down the steps, a detective came out and collared me; swore I was William Jenkins, alias 'Two-Toed Finigan,' alias 'Billy the Bum,' and showed a photograph and a description to prove his assertion. So I was taken back and held until I got three friends to come and identify me. I went home at 10 o'clock. The lieutenant said he was sorry. So was I.

"Now," concluded the little man with the side whiskers, after a moment of reflection, "I believe there are luckier things than pins to be found."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Old Joke Given a New Twist.

A man well known in professional circles was standing in the Union Depot a few days ago when a woman came up to an officer stationed at the depot, and the following conversation took place:

"Will this train take me to Detroit?"

"No, madam, but you can change cars at Toledo and get to Detroit."

"What time will that get me there?"

"Six twenty p. m."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, if it's on time it will."

"Are you sure I'll make connections at Toledo?"

"Yes'm."

The woman went away apparently satisfied, but came back a moment later, and asked all the questions over again. When she had departed the professional man walked up to the officer and inquired:

"How many durn fool questions do you have to answer in a day?"

"It's the third time to-day," said the officer, with a twinkle in his eye, "that I have answered that one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The American Girl.

The American girl has flourished and multiplied, and inherits a very large portion of the earth. An exchange reports a new instance of her apparent ubiquity.

When Mr. Conger first went as minister to Rio de Janeiro he called upon the Brazilian minister to the United States, then at home upon a visit. As his guest arose to go, the Brazilian minister said:

"Now, I want you to meet my wife."

Mr. Conger prepared to meet a stately Brazilian dame and began to furbish up his small stock of conversational Portuguese.

Madame Mendoza was a stately lady, but the first thing she said was:

"Are you Ed Conger?"

"Yes, madam."

"Don't you remember I was at a wedding with you in Galesburg, Illinois, when I was a girl?"

The American girl is everywhere now.

Oil and Gas.

According to a Philadelphia exchange there is near Franklin, Pa., a sluggish stream to the surface of which rise hundreds of bubbles, glistening like iridescent glass. Some of these float on the water, others soar away above the tree-tops like gorgeous toy balloons. The explanation of the phenomenon was discovered after considerable search.

A gas line and an oil line pass under the run at this point, and in each was a small leak. The oil spread a film over the water, which was inflated here and there by the gas. The fact that the bubbles were full of gas caused them to ascend more swiftly, and the film of oil made them unusually high-colored and tough.

The strength of the bubbles may be imagined from the fact that small twigs and leaves, floating on the surface of the water, are frequently carried up in the larger bubbles.

A Symbol of Wealth.

The Joneses did not know they were rich, or even considered so, until an [illegible] in the flat building said that the janitress had spread the report of their wealth. What's more, the janitress said she was sure of their financial standing, because she herself had seen their means. She gave out this piece of gossip on rent day: "Yer see this bit av white paper with some writin' on ut? Yes? Phwell, that's wut Mrs. Jones gev me for the rint, and it's all roight, 'cause the owner takes ut without a wurrud. That paper is wort' $35, and—would yer believe ut?—Mrs. Jones has got a little book with hundreds of thim in ut. Them Joneses is wealthy."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Original Chimney Sweepers.

The first people who employed boys for the purpose of clambering up chimneys to clean them were the French; and the greater part of chimney sweepers in Paris at the commencement of the century were Savoyards. One might then see everywhere in the streets large groups of these boys, many not above eight years of age, clad in linen frocks, and who, when called upon, would scramble up chimneys at the hazard of their lives, with their brooms and other instruments, often through a narrow funnel fifty feet in length, filled with soot and smoke, and in which they could not breathe till they got to the top, and all in order to gain but five sous. The custom was introduced into Great Britain, but put down by an act of Parliament in 1840, in consequence of the many serious accidents which attended the climbing of chimneys; and, although the use of machinery was substituted, it does not perform the operation so effectively as the old mode. As long as chimneys were simply and wisely built they were easily cleaned by servants with wisps of straw or brushwood fastened to a rope; but when, to save room, narrow flues were made, the cleaning of them became so difficult that it was necessary to have small boys for that employment. The first who thus swept chimneys were the people in the northern part of Italy, more particularly the inhabitant of Piedmont and Savoy.

Divergent Tastes.

De Young—These girls are queer creatures.

De Vote—Why?

De Young—Madge is angry because I gave her an emerald engagement ring and Florence because I didn't give it to her.—The Jewelers' Weekly.

What It Was to Be.

Gesta Typographica prints the following bit of fun, which was perpetrated in the House of Lords many years ago:

In 1861 the repeal of the paper duty was agitating the political world of England. The budget speech was preceded by a rumor that the basis of the scheme would be the repeal of the tea duty, and that this would upset the government.

Just before Mr. Gladstone rose to make his statement there was handed to Lord Palmerston, on the treasury bench, the following note from Lord Derby:

"My Dear Pam: What is to be the great proposal to-night? Is it to be tea and turn out?"

"My dear Derby," wrote the premier in reply, "it is not tea and turn out. It is to be paper and stationary."

SLIDING DOWN A VOLCANO.

A Lively Sensation in Tobogganing Down the Side of Popocatepetl.

Having reached the summit, the Indian guides look complacently around and puff unconcernedly at their eternal cigarettes, as they begin to unroll their "petates" on the snow. These petates are Indian mats of strong, tough fiber, which the guides have carried upon their backs. You realize now that they are also toboggans.

Now the guides make this toboggan trip, the most remarkable one in the world, and the only one down the side of a great volcano, week in and week out whenever the sides of the volcano are not so frozen over as to prevent it. It is nothing to them. But for you it is a different matter—and the more you look at the frail petates and at the long, glittering descent the less you like the idea.

Nervously you watch the preparations—the smoothing down of the petates, when they will persist in curling up at the corners, and the testing of the heavy palos, or alpenstocks, of which each guide carries two, with extra ones strapped on his back in case of loss.

Quakingly, you seat yourself on the rear ends of the mats. Complacently the guides brace themselves firmly in front of you, push the ragged old sombreros over their eyes, light fresh cigarettes for the down trip, caution you to sit still and have care, take a steady grip on the alpenstocks, which serve them as steering poles, and you are off. Perhaps on the way up it had been your intention to race each other down—you have no jocular thoughts now, and as the mats slip over the snow, slowly at first, then faster, gathering momentum at every inch, you grab desperately at the guide's waist and hold on for dear life.

The speed quickens until you are going faster than express train rate. Clouds of soft snow fly up, at times almost blinding you, and calling forth Indian profanity from the guides. The sensation, when you take it quietly, with closed eyes (supposing you can bring yourself to do this), is not unpleasant—there is a sense of extraordinary exhilaration, of mad recklessness. But if you dare to look up or about the sense of seasickness becomes almost overpowering.

By the time you have done half the trip the breath has completely left your body, your mouth and eyes are wide open, you can neither see nor hear. Then the end comes with a bang and a shock at the very edge of the snow, and you roll helter-skelter through the stiff, zacaton grass bruised wrecks. People take the end differently. Some sit up, rub their heads and laugh; others relieve their overstrung nerves with copious tears. For my part, I lay still and gasped.—Pearson's Magazine.

WONDERFUL FORGING.

The Westinghouse Company Secures a Fourteen-Ton Wheel.

The use of nickel steel was first [illegible] in connection with armor plate [illegible] adopted by every country in the world. Recently [illegible] field ring for a 5,000 horse-power generator at Niagara Falls was forged without a weld, and weighed, after roughing out in the machine shop, 28,840 pounds. Outside diameter, 139 inches. When finished it was larger than the capacity of the furnace at the time, so that if it had been imperfect it would have been impossible to reheat it.

14-TON WHEEL.

Who Had the Button.

There is a good story told of a magician who has passed the great divide. He was a world-traveled player, and his wanderings set him upon one occasion in faraway New Zealand. It was arranged that he should give an exhibition of mind-reading before the King of the Maoris.

After some parleying it was decided that the King himself should conceal the article which the magician was to discover. The mind-reader left the room and after a time was brought back blindfolded, as is the custom in such performances. After some time the magician declared that the hidden article was in the King's mouth. His majesty shook his head savagely in the negative. The magician insisted upon his point, and demanded that the King's mouth be opened wide. The King refused. The magician insisted, and the excitement became very great, until at last the dusky King reluctantly opened his jaws. The article was not there!

The next instant, however, the King was taken with a violent fit of coughing. He had tried to swallow the lost article, a button, but could not, and was compelled to cough it up. The Maoris were uproarious with mirth. They did not know which to admire the more—the wisdom of the magician or the heroism of the King.—London Tit-Bits.

Cost of Raising Wheat and Corn.

Statistics which have been collated in Wisconsin show the average cost of raising wheat to be 54 cents a bushel, and the cost of corn 27 cents. In both cases there is included interest on the value of the land, with the cost of implements and horses added in.

The Meanest Man.

The meanest man in the world is the husband who placed his purse in a mouse trap so that his wife could not get it in the early morning without liberating a mouse.

The Working Basis.

First Lawyer—You are a cheat and a swindler!

Second Lawyer—You are a liar and a blackguard!

The Court (softly)—Come, gentlemen, let's get down to the disputed points of the case.—Philadelphia North American.

All things come to those who are rich enough to wait.

When greatness is thrust at a man he never tries to dodge it.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Settled in Heaven—The Fate of Nations as Well as of Individuals in God's Hand—The World Not Governed in a Haphazard Way.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—The idea that things in this world are at loose ends and going at haphazard is in this discourse combated by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalms cxix., 89. "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created—mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being such as you or I have ever seen could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's centre of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropic. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor—the ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surface—upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linnæus records that in eighty-seven years a great stone was 100 feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultured by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor.

Loch Nevis of Scotland and Dingle bay of Ireland and the fiords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is 189 miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault.

The so called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable life or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled.

At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last Summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever sheathe the sword and spike the gun and dismantle the fortress the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text and find that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven."

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which are continuously and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual [illegible] and not of earthly environment; [illegible] is a school house for s[illegible] tion; that without [illegible] be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity; that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition—that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin—nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, Sabbath desecration, inebriety, sensuality, extravagance, fraud; they are all here. Elements of safety—God-worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, industry, sobriety and more religion than has characterized any nation that has ever existed; they are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy—the one class ascendant, and this United States Government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists; the other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Have you ever noticed the size of the cemetery of dead nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere le Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born 100 years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one time 16,000 miles of coast; her Hamilcar leading forth thirty myriads, or 300,000 troops; her Hannibal carrying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments at Agrigentum a ghastly heap of ruins; Carthage, her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea; Carthage—where are her splendors now? All extinguished. Where are her swords? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of transmediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a fifty-mile aqueduct.

Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the illustrious ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the cemetery of dead nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Walk on in the cemetery of nations and see the long lines of tombs—Thebes and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon and Medo-Persian and Macedonian and Roman and Saxon heptarchy, great nations, small nations, nations that lived a year and nations that lived 500 years.

Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day, every day weighed, every day approved or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balance than it is this minute. Do right, and we go up. Do wrong, and we go down.

I am not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this nation will not be decided on yonder capitoline hill or at Manila or at the presidential ballot box, for it will be settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest have gone down through roguery or panic, what must be the worriment of those having millions to invest and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four dollars a day wages are just as happy as those who have an income of $500,000 a year.

Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool and sometimes misery on the throne. All the gold of earth in one chunk cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forgive you if you have more emoluments or honor or ease than they have.

To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are. They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will hover around newspaper offices to get one mean line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

A dying President of the United States said many years ago in regard to his life-time of experience, "It doesn't pay." The leading statesmen of America in letters of advice warn young men to keep out of politics. Many of the most successful have tried in vain to drown their trouble in strong drink. On the other hand, there are millions of people who on departing this life will have nothing to leave but a good name and a life insurance whose illumined faces are indices of illumined souls. They wish everybody well. When the fire bell rings, they do not go to the window at midnight to see if it is their store that is on fire, for they never owned a store, and when the September equinox is abroad they do not worry lest their ships founder in a gale, for they never owned a ship, and when the nominations are made for high political office they are not fearful that their name will be overlooked, for they never applied for office.

There is so much heartiness and freedom from care in their laughter that when you hear it you are compelled to laugh in sympathy, although you know not what they are laughing about.

When the children of that family assemble in the sitting room of the old homestead to hear the father's will read, they are not fearful of being cut off with a million and a half dollars, for the old man never owned anything more than the farm of seventy-five acres, which yielded only enough plainly to support the household. They have more happiness in one month than many have in a whole lifetime.

Would to God I had the capacity to explain to you on how little a man can be happy and on how much he may be wretched! Get you heart right and all is right. Keep your heart wrong and all is wrong. That is a principle settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that this world is a schoolhouse or college for splendid or disgraceful graduation. We begin in the freshman class of good or evil and then pass into the sophomore and then into the junior and then into the senior, and from that we graduate angels or devils. In many colleges there is an "elective course," where the student selects what he will study—mathematics or the languages or chemistry or philosophy—and it is an elective course we all take in the schoolhouse or university of this world.

We may study sin until we are saturated with it or righteousness until we are exemplifications of it. Graduate we all must, but we decide for ourselves the style of graduation. It is an elective course. We can study generosity until our every word and every act and every contribution of money or time will make the world better, or we may study meanness until our soul shall shrink up to a smallness unimaginable.

We may, under God, educate ourselves into a self control that nothing can anger or into an irascibility that will ever and anon keep our face flushed with wrath and every nerve a quiver. Great old schoolhouse of a world in which we are all being educated for glory or perdition! [illegible] graduation [illegible] called commencement day. To [illegible] graduates it is the commencement of active life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a day commencement day on earth is! The student never sees any day like it. At any rate, I never did.

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and, entering Rome, his embazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers such as only grew under those Italian skies strewed the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed and rode by columns which told of the 1500 cities he had destroyed and the 12,000,000