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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1899.



CHAPTER XVI .- (Continued.) It was the morning of the twelfth when Sellars boarded a train for Memphis, and when he left New Orleans behind he felt that Stephen Craven, as Stephen Craven, had never disgraced the city with his

Twenty-four hours was devoted to Memphis. Then Savannah was visited. Next Charleston. Then up the line and a halt at Columbia

Nothing of C. A. Stephens, nothing o Stephen Craven, could be learn. On the morning of the nineteenth the de tective again entered the postoffice in Wil-"Not a line, Sellars! Not a thing ou

of the ordinary run," said the postmaster, "and court has convened." Sellars stopped to hear no more, but paid

a hasty visit to his home, another to the office of Attorney Dobbs, and was off for Washington, where he was delayed two days. From Washington to Richmond. All in vain. No clue to C. A. Stephens,

none to Stephen Craven. Home again at eight o'clock on the night of the twenty-third, and straight to the office of Attorney Dobbs, where he found the old attorney, his son and Directors Chadbourn and Hammond in consulta-

entered their presence, but it was soon dispelled by the detective's words: "I have nothing encouraging to impart, gentlemen. You must obtain a continuance of the case against Robert Campbell to the December term. If he comes to trial now an innocent man may be sac-

"Heavens!" exclaimed Attorney Dobbs, springing to his feet. "You are too late, The case was called at noon yesterday. Robert Campbell is already on trial for my old friend's murder. The jury has been chosen that will decide his fate. The prisoner has already been confronted by the charge of murder, and the evidence

"Guilty or innocent, it is a foregone conclusion that he will be condemned to death," said Director Chadbourn. "In that event," said Sellars, "you, Mr.

Dobbs, must urge that the sentence court be deferred for sixty days at least. desk he moistened the mucliage on the Should Judge Fowler not listen to you I back of the envelope and soon held the will obtain a stay of sentence from Gov. sheet of paper it had contained before his logg. How does the prisoner bear him-

Attorney Dobbs, "and as one who has faith that he will be vindicated, but the testimony against him is overwhelming. that he beheld when he entered the library door with his cousin after being arouse from sleep by the dead man's cries of help, horror was pictured on the countenance of every juror in the box. All could but note with what reluctance Miss De-Rosette took the stand, but her evidence only fastened the coils the tighter around

"And Herman Craven?" "The coolest man in the court room, Sel lars. He sat throughout the time court was in session by the side of District Attorney Robbins, and apparently from time to time was coaching him and shuddering with horror when his eyes rested on the prisoner at the bar."

"He has undertaken no unadvised steps as yet, as president of the bank?" answered Director Hammor "but he wears his laurels with a kingly supremacy. His every act and movement is watched closely. As administrator of his uncle's estate he has already advertis ed the late banker's holdings in Wilming ton and Weldon Railroad bonds for sale An ill-advised step, and one Mr. DeRo sette would never have taken. Why, the stock last year paid fifteen per cent.'

"But the sale cannot be effected at "At the expiration of thirty days, Mr.

"Well, many things transpire in thirty

"We can only wait and hope," said Ar thur Dobbs. "Wait and hope!" observed the detec-

tive, "but above all appear to be fully satisfied with the course matters are shap-ing themselves. And now, gentlemen, good night. I have much to do. Remem-ber what I have asserted. The wrong man occupies the prisoner's box."
"But the right one, Sellars? The right

one?" exclaimed Attorney Dobbs. "Has a longer lease of fancied security. but my pledge shall be fulfilled. Alvin DeRosette's murderer shall swing a life less corpse from the gallows in your county jail. Good night, gentlemen!" The next moment the detective was

CHAPTER XVII.

A half hour after leaving the office of Attorney Dobbs, Sellars was admitted to the home of the Widow Campbell, where he found the mother and sister of the prisoner in jail bowed down with appreension and grief. Under his words of hope and encourage

ment their spirits were greatly buoyed up. "Remember, madam," said the detective, "Herbert Russell even reached the trap of the gallows, and yet was vindicated. Your son shall not stand there though he may be condemned to death. Be not despondent. And you, Miss Jennie, bid both your brother and his sweetheart be of good cheer. The darkest hour, you know, comes just before dawn. Good

The detective left the Campbell hon with the widow's "God bless you!" ringing in his ears, and repaired to his own residence, which he entered, notwithstanding his words of cheer, in a very despondent frame of mind.

"I am sorry for you, Lang!" said his ife. "Your face looks gloomy. You have not yet unraveled your mystery."

"But Mars Lang gwine to do it, Missus, Martha," observed Calban, who was oiling a brace of revolvers by the kitchen fire. "Golly!" he continued, shaking his

big head. "You chier knowed Mass La "No, Calban, never!" said Mrs. Sellars

"An' he ain' gwine commence failin "Good for you, Calban," exclaimed the detective, as he gave his wife a hearty kiss. "I am as hungry as a wolf, wife, he added, "come to think about it, I have

Sally! "Yes, Missus, I hear what Mars Lang

say, an' I gwine feed him till he carn walk." "Don't you do it, Sally," said Lang. with a laugh, "for I may have to run before I am through with this case. Where s Willie, the rascal?" asked the detec-

ive, glancing around. "Where you should be, Lang," replied his wife; "sound asleep."

"And where I will be, my dear, in about twenty minutes," said Sellars, as he seated himself at the seatest

"Calban!" he presently called out. "I wish you would have Adam, the coachman, here at six o'clock in the morning." "Yes, Mars Lang."

A half hour later, Sellars was in the land of dreams; but though for fifteen days and nights he had not known three ours' consecutive sleep, at six o'clock the following morning he was conferring with Adam in his office. "You are sure then, Adam, absolutely

certain that should you see that man again you would recognize him?" "Certain, Mars Lang! Certain!"

"Then go home and give this note to our mistress. Do not give it to her un-Hope lighted up their eyes as Sellars til after Herman Craven has left the house. She will give you a missive for man's toggery, but the suit you spark that girl of Freeman's in, and be here at twelve

"G'long, Mars Lang! Wha' you know 'bout my sparkin'?"
"Well, be here. Go now. I want no de

At nine o'clock Sellars again entered the private office of Postmaster Grady. "Sellars! By the great guns!" exclaim ed Grady, leaping to his feet. "You are just in the nick of time. I was about to send for you. Here is a letter that arriv ed this morning. You can see it is ad-dressed to Herman Craven, president of Sellars took the envelope in his hand. "Postmarked Baltimore," he observed

"If I mistake not, it is the letter I have been looking for. With a sponge from the postmaster'

"Good heavens!" he presently exclaim tures paled. days ago. One mystery is a mystery no longer! Grady, to your vigilance I owe much! The scoundrel! The murdering hound! Cool, consummate, smiling vilain though you are, ere twenty-four hours roll by I will have you in my grasp!"

"Why, Sellars, I never saw you so work-

ed up!"
"You have discretion, Grady; read

The postmaster did so, and became scarcely less agitated than was the deective.

"Not a word, Grady, and ask me no questions, I beg you; but give me the us of your desk for ten minutes, and furnish me a large envelope—not of the official kind, but one that will contain considera-ble bulk. I think I can counterfeit his hand. If not, it does not matter."

A half hour later Sellars entered the ex-

press office, bearing a large yellow envelope, on the upper left-hand corner of which were these figures, \$12,500. He looked twice at the address on the envelope before he approached the win-

dow bearing above it the words: "Valuable Packages." "I wish this package to go out on the Baltimore express at six-thirty to-night," he said to the clerk, "and without fail. I

wish no one to know of the fact that such a package is in existence save those who "Your desires shall be carefully com plied with, Mr. Sellars. You have been

of great service to our company and we will not neglect your wishes." "Thanks!" said Sellars as he pocketed his receipt. But his eyes followed the

package until it had disappeared in the ron road safe of the company before he left the office. He walked with a lighter step and a happier heart on his way to his home than he bad when but a short time before he

had left there, and his left hand often where rested the missive that had wrought this change. "Golly! Dar comes Mars Lang!" ex-

laimed Calban, who in front of the house was making a kite for Willie, while Mrs. Sellars, seated on the piazza, was looking on. "Shu's you born, Missus Martha, he got ebery ting befo' him. He got de righ clue at las', dat he is!"

"Has Adam arrived?" asked the detec tive, as he entered the gate. "Dar he comes, Mars Lang. Look at de nigger! He dressed up lak he gwine see dat gal ob Doc Freeman's." "Bring him in the office, Calban," said Sellars, as he entered the house, followed

"Lang, Lang, tell me!" "Smooth sailing, wife, from now on God bless you!"

"Here him, Mars Lang!" "Well, Adam, have you a letter for

"Yes, Mars Lang. Here it is." "Yes, well, be seated until I read it," and Sellars was soon doing so, and over his shoulder we will do likewise:

"Dear Mr. Sellars-In compliance with your request, I send Adam. Keep him as long as you desire. Herman will not know of his absence for some days at least. If he inquires for him he will be informed that I have sent him on an errand. That God may aid and direct the one who is our sole reliance at this trying time I devoutly pray. Yours sincerely, "HARRIET M. DE ROSETTE."

"God bless the girl!" exclaimed Lang, s he thrust the letter into his pocket. "Now, Adam," he continued, "do not leave the house until you do so with me at six o'clock this evening. You will accompany me on a trip up the road."

"De rairoad, Mars Lang?" "Yes, Adam, 'de rairoad.' Now you see now important I consider you, when I leave Calban behind and take you with

"Yes, Calban, this time. It is Adam's eyes that I require; but while we are gone horsewomen.

I have an important mission for you. A very important one. I wish you to keep TRADE IN HUMANITY.

told "on Foot."

your eyes on Herman Craven from the time he leaves the court house at night until he enters the door of the DeRosette residence; to watch that door until he departs therefrom, and to see him again enter the court house; to do the same tonorrow and each successive day until my

return. He must not leave the city without your knowledge. You understand?" "Yes, Mars Lang, and he sha'n't. But what I gwine do if he goes to de train?"
"Go to Lawyer Dobbs and notify him at once of what train he has departed on. But I do not think you will have that might be recorded in illustration of the trouble. Be careful that he does not suspect you are watching him. "Trus' me fer dat, Mars Lang."

"I do, Calban. I do!" exclaimed Sel lars, as he turned from the room. The balance of the day dragged by slowy to the detective; nor did he feel content until he was seated in one of the Wilmington and Weldon coaches, at six-thirty, and sped northward through the pines.

(To be continued.)

COLONY THAT FAILED.

Cultured Poles Who Didn't Make a Success of Farming.

Arden is all that remains of a Utoplan colony which was established here by a party of sentimental Polish patriots about twenty-three years ago. It was and perhaps the foremost Polish paint- ored races is always indicative of phyer; Helena Modjeska, who was then at sical distress. the zenith of her fame as an actress; Count Bozenta, her husband, who was author of "Quo Vadis," and others of

There were thirty-three of these people all told-twenty-four young men musicians and authors. Four were actartists could paint the turquoise sky tedkus process of bargaining, and the purple mountains, and the rest reaching their destination the could dream and write.

tract of land in Orange County, which other hands, until eventually, after they were induced to buy through the having been deliberately fattened, they enterprise of a Los Angeles real estate met their tragic fate, and their bodies agent, and they expended their entire were consumed. capital of \$54,000 in the purchase of the speak English, and none had ever worked on a farm before. Therefore, they were at the mercy of unscrupulous advantage of the confiding and unso-

phisticated foreigners. It is said that if the Poles had been willing to lie quietly under the orange trees and smoke their cigarettes without attempting to interfere with nature the farms would have given them a theories they had formed to the conto the end they were never able to un- of custom. derstand why their books did not contain antidotes for the misfortune which seemed the ordinary every-day fate of

farmers. But during all their afflictions and listress they never forgot their artistic tastes, and one of their neighbors now living in San Diego tells how he found the whole colony assembled in the loft of the barn one morning listening to a symphony by Sebastian Bach in D minor while the last cow was dving of colic caused by improper food.

Starvation finally compelled the coony to disintegrate. Modjeska and the other theatrical people went back upon the stage and Henryk Sienkiewicz went to Los Angeles, where he lived in an attic and cooked his own meals until he could get money to pay his passage back to Poland, while the remainder found temporary employment until they could obtain relief.

Sienkiewicz is well remembered by the old residents here. He was then about 24 years old and was always writing. He learned a little English at the boarding house where he found refuge in Los Angeles, but no one ever suspected his talent until "Quo Vadis" appeared in print.-San Diego (Cal.) letter in Chicago Record.

 Horace Greeley is editor of the En-terprise at Thornton, Ia. -Alton, Ill., has the largest glass bot-

tle factory in the world. -Women are increasing in number in the British civil service.

-One of the healthiest years ever experienced in Albany, N. Y., occurred in 1785. From December 9 to March 10, a period of three months, only one burial took place in the Dutch church-yard, and that was of a small child

-An infant boy has just come to deight the home of Mrs. William Swart-wood, of Mountain Top, near Wilkesbarre. Pa. The little stranger is her twenty-fifth child, and has twenty-one brothers and sisters, three others

naving died.

—Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, has received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Cambridge, England, in recognition of his achievements as a Shakespearean scholar and editor.

—Mining industries in the Transvaal were so profitable last year that \$25,-000,000 in dividends were forwarded to the English stockholders.

-New York City has many expert

Savagery of the Flave Traffic Between Two of the Native Tribes-Victime Led Around, and Choice Cuts

Of the numerous instances that organized traffic in human beings which exists, reference may be made to the onditions which hold in the district through which the Lulungu River passes. This river, which constitutes a considerable affluent of the Congo, emptles into the latter river, on the south bank, at a point some 800 miles from the Atlantic coast. Within a short distance of the confluence is to be found a series Adam, the coachman, was seated in the of strongly fortified villages, represent dest African in ing the headquarters of the Ngombi contraband car, the proudest African in ing the headquarters of the Ngombi, all the Sunny South, and the one thought wherein numbers of slaves are impristhat kept ringing through his head was: oned, pending the periodical visits of "I's gwine 'long wid Mars Lang to fine traders from the Ubangi country, which oned, pending the periodical visits of

is situated on the opposite side of the Congo. A visit to one of these slave depots at the mouth of the Lulungu River reveals a condition of savagery and suffering beyond all ordinary power of description. At the period to which these remarks bear reference it was no uncommon experience to witness at one time upward of a hundred captives of both sexes and of all ages, including infants, in their wretched composed of refugees and reformers, mothers' arms, lying in groups; masses artists and idealists, under the leader- of utterly forlorn humanity, with eyes ship of Vindscot, the poet, whose odes downcast in a stony stare, with bodies and lyrics have since made him fa- attenuated by starvation, and with skin mous; Michael Kroschiski, the famous of that dull gray hue, which among col-

In cases when a suspicion existed o an individual captive's intention or expelled from Poland because of his ability to escape, such unfortunate creapatriotic energy; Henryk Sienklewicz, ture was doomed to lie hobbled with who has since become famous as the one foot forced through a hole cut in the section of a log, while a spearhead similar stripe, who made a vain and was driven into the wood close beside patriotic attempt at co-operative agri- the limb, rendering it impossible to and culture, with the most unhappy results. Slove except at the expense of laceration. Other means to insure the prisoner's safe custody consisted in binding and nine young women, mostly artists, both hands above the head to the kingpost of a hut, or in binding the arms ors and two were sculptors of eminence and plaiting the hair into a braid, which in their native land. All belonged to was made fast to a branch overhead. the artistic professions and none had At intervals these villages were visited daughter has been taken. In the eyes of the public a guilty wretch occupies the prisoner's box."

daughter has been taken. In the eyes of the Cape Fear Bank, and is marked the slightest experience or knowledge by the Ubangi, who came in large dugners of farming or the practical affairs of bank business. Look at it!"

At intervals these villages were visited by the Ubangi, who came in large dugners of farming or the practical affairs of bank business. Look at it!" existence in California, like the lotus the medium of currency used in the eaters in Tennyson's poem, with much purchase of the slaves. Upon the conlove and little labor, and from the clusion of this unnatural transaction, feeces of their flocks and the fruit of the visitors retired, taking with them their olive and orange groves they ex- as many of the individuals as had been pected to find sustenance, while the transferred to their possession in the were in most cases subjected to many

> There is a prevalent belief am property, the erection of buildings and nany of the riverine tribes of the Up securing machinery, implements and per Congo that the flavor of human live stock. Only two or three could lesh is improved by submerging the prospective victim up to the neck in water for two or three days previous to the sacrifice. Indeed, upon two sepneighbors, who did not hesitate to take trate occasions it was my privilege to release several poor creatures who were bound hand and foot to stakes in he river. In certain native market places, notably in the vicinity of the Ibangi, it is an ordinary occurrence for aptives to be exposed for sale, in most ases with the sinister fate in view of living. But being unaccustomed to being killed and eaten. Proportionatemanual labor and undertaking to conduct their business upon theories which in fall victims to cannibalism, the reathey found in books the only reward son being that women who are still they reaped for their serene faith was soung are esteemed as being of greater poverty and disaster. Notwithstanding | value by reason of utility in growing all the books they had read and the and cooking food. This rule does not, however, hold good throughout, for in trary, they found that farming was not the vicinity of the Aruimi River our

as much fun as they had expected, and observations revealed a contrary order Probably the most inhuman practice f all is to be met with among the tribes who deliberately hawk the victim pieceneal while still alive. Incredible as it may appear, the fact remains justified by an only too abundant proof; captives are led from place to place in order that ndividuals may have the opportunity of indicating, by external marks upon the body, the portion they desire to acjuire. The distinguishing marks are zenerally made by means of colored clay, or strips of grass tied in a particalar fashion. The astounding stoicism of the victim, who thus witnesses the pargaining for his limbs, is only equaled by the callousness with which he walks forward to meet his fate. In explanaion of the extraordinary indifference thus displayed it can only be assumed hat death is robbed of all terror, life inder conditions of slavery offering so ittle attraction.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Mathematician Old Gent (who knows the young man's salary)-If you and my daugh ter could live respectably and comfortably on \$20 a week, I should not obect to the match. But you can't. Young man-No; but my salary \$20 a week, and that added to the \$20 week you are talking about would make \$40.—Paris Messenger.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

ditor of Century Magazine One of the Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, one of he best known of American poets, was orn on Feb. 8, 1844, in Bordentown N. J. He began his literary career a journalist, became editor of "Hours it Home" in 1869, shortly after as sumed the associate editorship of Scribner's Magazine," and upon leath of Dr. J. G. Holland, 1881, suc eeded him as editor-in-chief, the name of the magazine having been, in the meantime, changed to The Century. In this position his influence upon American literature and art has been secon to no man of his times. Mr. Gilder's first volume of vers

"The New Day," appeared in 1875, and was followed by "The Celestial Pas sion," 1887; "Lyrics," 1886 and 1887;
"Two Worlds and Other Poems," 1891;
"The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems," 1898. The contents of these

we volumes were gathered into one BLUFF WON THE DAY.

Song," and published by the Century Company in 1894. He has since put lished "For the Country," 1887, and "It 3000 AS A LETTER OF CREDIT



Palestine" last year, both by the Cen Mr. Gilder holds a distinct and hot orable position among American poets His first volume, written under the in warmly received. In later years his work has shown a wide range of themes-a broadening vision and a deepening purpose. As has been well said, however, "He remains neverthe less essentially a lyrist, a maker of songs; a thorough artist, who has se riousness, dignity and charm. His is vital contemporaneous problems and to the honey-sweet voice of the Ideal."

DONSUMPTION IN OLD BOOKS

Clerke Killed by Germs in Michigan : tate Records. Specialists in pulmonary diseases ohysicians in general and particularly clerks and office managers, whose du ties compel them to constantly examine handle documents and record



books, are intensely interested in the report sent from the Michigan Board of Health at Lansing, telling of the death from tuberculosis of twenty clerks, who contracted the disease through handling old records. It seems that the clerks were em ployed in a labor bureau, and their

work compelled them to turn over and over old volumes of records. Within a short time the men were selzed with consumption, one after another, and all

It was finally discovered that the volumes of records were full of the bacilli of tuberculosis, or consump tion, and it was decided that the men had become diseased through constant and close use of the infected volumes It was learned on careful inquiry that a consumptive clerk had been employ ed in the place, and that he had a habi of moistening his fingers in his mouth when he turned the pages of the books.

SENATOR PLATT A HUSTLER

Attention to Small Things One Reas Senator Platt, of New York, is one of the best workers that I ever saw, says a department official in Washing-Between sessions of Congress some Senators and Representatives never come to Washington. They at tend to all their business by correspond ence, half the time falling to accomplish anything. Senator Platt never does that. He comes to Washington once a week, sometimes twice, and he aways comes with many matters to attend to for constituents. He does not think he is too important or too big a statesman to visit the departments in behalf of his pary friends and constituents, and it is surprising how small



SENATOR PLATT. are the things he personally takes u He goes from one department to another and makes a strong presentation of every matter he is asked to look out for. This shows that he has given it study and that he flesires to oblige those who have called upon him for favors. There are many men in public life who consider this kind of work beneath them, and who permit their secretaries to look after requests of constituents except in cases of men of power or influence in the State. Senator Platt is a hard and successful worker, and his willingness to help his friends accounts for his marvelous con trol of politics in the Empire State.

For real genuine sarcastic commen

IN EUROPE

t Wouldn't Have Worked in Ameri ca, but in the Little Nice Hotel Iv Carried Everything Before It-As surance of a Yankee Tourist.

"Here at home bluff doesn't count to much," said a globe trotter, "but I'm telling you that a good, stiff bluff, with cheeky American behind it, is worth lot of money in Europe. When I got around to Nice last year the best hotels vere crowded and I had to take up with a small room. On the same floor was a German who was occupying a suite, though not spending much mony or putting on any great style. One lay there was a great row. The landord had asked him as a particular favor to vacate for a new-comer, and, of course, the man didn't propose to be turned out. The landlord coaxed and argued, and the German growled and muttered and I followed them down to the office to see how it would come out. At the desk was an American I had fluence of Italian studies, contained run across in Venice—a buyer for a lyrics of much imaginative beauty. Its | Chicago dry-goods house. when the fine quality and verse since has been landlord and the German began to gabble in chorus the buyer pulled a blank check from his pocket and reach-

ed for a pen and said: "'All this talk is of no use. I want rooms here. I will buy the hotel and select my suite. Sir, what is your cash

price for this hotel?" "'You would buy the hotel!' exclaiman earnest nature, sensitive alike to ad the landlord, as he threw up his hands in surprise

"Grounds and all, and I want it tolay. How much-a million-three or four? And what name shall I fill in on the check?

"Say, now," laughed the tourist, "bu 70u ought to have seen that thing work! The German had determined to be ugly about it, but when he bumped up against a man who had as soon pay four millions as one for what he fanried he felt awed and humbled and ready to gult. The iandlord figured that to turn away such a Croesus would ruin his house, and it wasn't half an hour before the bluffer was nstalled in the suite and the German was chilked out into a dog hole on the op floor. And that wasn't all, mind rou. When they sent the buyer a bill pased on his supposed millions he got ip and threatened to buy up the town and start six soap factories to running. ind they cut every item in two and begged his pardon to boot. I don't believe that chap had \$1,000 in his name, but he just walked over everything and everybody for two weeks, and it was current gossip that he owned the whole of Chicago and a good share of St. Item of the man's Christ, an invalid's Christ, an every man's Christ, an armon may be empty of Christ while severy sentence is repetitious of His titles every sentence is repetitious of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not selling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the owner of our theological seminaries says enything quaint or their part of the cological seminaries says enything quaint or their part of the cological seminaries says enything quaint or their part of the cological seminaries to charge on it. There are the professor to the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the of theological seminaries are the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the of theological seminaries says envising or unique faculty and student him and set him right and out and smooth him down off until he says everyth; body else says it. Oh, or the theological seminaries to charge on it. There are the professor the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the overy man and the professor the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the overy been of the ling young men how to preach them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the overy been of the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the overy been of the ling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that the or the ling young men how to preach the ling of the ling young men how to charge of our the look of a transfer of the ling of the ling

lend-head, but it v er of credit for \$1 Scattle Tink

FIGHTING GUY HENRY.

Van One of the Bravest Soldiers

Death mustered out of the service he country in Gen. Guy V. Henry one of the bravest soldiers and most pic turesque characters who ever wore the blue. General Henry more than any other army officer, perhaps, filled the romance writer's idea of a "beau sabreur." During his long army career he was almost constantly with the avairy, and he was always of the fore ront of a charge. At Cold Harbor he ed a brigade across an open bullet wept field. Midway of the charge he was wounded and his horse was killed. Is mounted another horse and led on His second steed was killed just as, in shedience to Henry's spur, it rose to lump over the enemy's entrenchment. The rider fell wounded within the ines of the foe. For this Congress

rave him a medal of honor. General

Henry fought the Apaches in the early



through the head in a battle with the Sloux. He recovered, and later on took the field again against the same Indians. As Lieutenant Colonel, General Henry was in command of the Ninth Cavalry in the field against the Sloux in 1890. His black troopers idolized him. One day under his leadership they had made a forced march of fifty miles from beyond the White River. They had eaten only a little bread and a cup of coffee each. Word came that the Seventh Cavalry was surrounded. Henry looked at his jaded men and asked his junior officers to sound the temper of the troopers. Would they eighty miles that day, and the Seventh was saved. General Henry wore the army's medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry. He never held any burear osition. He was a fighting soldier ure and simple, being better ac quainted with the frontier camp that with the streets of the city of Wash

Some men are of no use until they die, and their life insurance becomes SERMON

Rev. Dr. Calmag

Subject: The Coming Sermon-Inspiration Will Be Drawn From the Living Chris -Theology Must Take a Back Seat. (Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this discourse Dr Talmage addresses all Christian workers and describes what he thinks will be the modes of preaching the gospel in the future; text, Romans xii., 7, "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministration" wait on our ministering."
While I was seated on a piazza of a hotel While I was seated on a piazza of a hotel at Lexington, Kv., one summer evening a gentleman asked me, "What do you think of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was asking me in regard to some new discourse of Dr. Cumming of London, who sometimes preached startling sermons, and I replied, "I have not seen it." But I found out afterward that he meant to ask what I thought would be the characteristics of the coming sermon of the world, the sermons of the future, the word "Cumming" as a noun pronounced the same as the word "coming" as an adjective. But my mistake suggested to me a very important

mistake suggested to me a very important and practical theme, "The Coming Ser-

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artiliery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were prached now that if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes —those sound asleep and those wanting to

But there is a discourse of the future.

Who will preach it I have no idea. In what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea. In which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of exhortation may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the country meeting house on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Oregon or the Ohio or the Tombigbee or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas or in a New England farmhouse or amid the ricefields of South-ern savannas, or this moment there may be some young man in one of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or sen-lor class, shaping that weapon of power, or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watchtowers of Zion, waking to a realization of
our present efficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be
fifty years off. And let us pray God that
its arrival may be hastened while I announce to you what I think will be the chiel
characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to
make my remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.
First of all, I remark that that future religious discourse will be full of a living some of us who now stand in the watchtechnicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name,

worded system of worded worded worded worded wants below in the sickroom of a patient. The world wants below in worded wants below in worded wants below in worded worded wants below in worded wants below in worded worded wants below in worded worded wants below in worder worded wants wo

course in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this neonday firmament.

That sermon of exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day when somebody is not dying for others—as the physician saving his diphtherite patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship can ing address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day when somebody is not dying for others—as the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting its massengers into the lifebone. s getting ils passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton or Long Branch or Cape May or Lake George him-self perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some special paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it and was crushed under the wheels of the train and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say, "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now?" Vicarious suffering—the world is now?" Vicarious suffering—the world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to a better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who to save his passengers stuck to his post, and when he was found dead in the locomotive which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air-brake?" And as the engineer said it to me he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and looked at me and thought: "You

orisis."

Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living liustrations taken out from everyday life of vicatious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him, who in the high places of the field, on the cross, fought our battles and endured our street fought our battles, and endured our strug gle and died our death. A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was and the said, "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. gle and died our death. A German them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out His

but a loving Christ, spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart.

But I remark again that the religious discourse of the future will have to be short. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books, and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "sevententhly" would find them fresh and chinger. In those days there was enough time temper of the troopers. Would they follow him to the relief of the Seventh1 When the colored men found out that Henry wished them to follow they sprang to their saddles and rode after him as though, as some one expressed it, they were going to a ball. Henry and his men rode altogether about ligious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to

ome other day.

The trouble is we preach an liences into Christian frame, and then we prome a nem out of it. We forget that every andhem out of it. We forget that every and-tor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted He is restless. That ecident on the Lone I shand railroad years go came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted o stop the train they could not stop, and lence the casualty was terrific. In all re-igious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time.

tout brakes to let down at the right in-tant. It is a di-mai thing, after a hearer as comprehended the whole subject, to

has comprehended the whole subject, to near a man say, "Now to recapitulate," and "A few words by way of application" and "Once more," and "Finally," and "Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutythus got sound asleep and fell out of a vin low and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and resuscitate sim. That accident is often quoted now in elligious circles as a warning against somreligious circles as a warning against som-nolence in church. It is just as much a notence in church. It is just as much a maining to ministers against prolixity. Entychus was wrong in his somnolence, our Paul made a mistake when he kept on in it midnight. He ought to have stopped it 11 o'clock, and there would have been to accident. If Paul might have gone on to accident. If Paul might have gone on to great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles. Naposeon in, an address of seven minutes brilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not dectricity scattered all over the sky that trikes, but electricity gathered into a hunderbolt and hurled, and it is not relig-ous truth scattered over and spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious

ruth projected in compact form that lashes light upon the soul and rives its ndifference.

When the religious discourse of the luture arrives in this land and in the Unristian church, the discourse which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief

Hear it, all theological students, all ye ust entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are tolling for Christ and the salvation of immortals—

Christ and the short the religious brevity, brevity.

But I remark also that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak discourse. There are will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these crities are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw and, con-sidering the small number of the world's population, had the largest au-dience ever gathered. He never preached dience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People reshed out in the wilderness to hear Him reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated His suball understood it. He illustrated His suball understood it. He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushe measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's slight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears it will not be Prince tonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian not Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain. practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of

an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discour ing scimiters to charge on it. There are it so cany theological seminaries professor telling young men how to preach, them selves not knowing how, and I am told that

said to her, "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house and from home to home looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Siva and said: "My mission is a failure. You see, I haven't brought the mustard seed. I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh!" says the god Siva. "Understand, your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others. We all worse than the sorrows of others.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; For the sad old earth must borrow its

But has trouble enough of its own." We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and experitely are not interesting, and practihortations are not interesting and practi-

hortations are not interesting and practical and helpful.

Some one might as well tell the whole
truth on this subject, and so I will tell it.
The religious discourse of the future, the
gospel sermon to come forth and shake the
untions and lift people out of darkness,
will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will need the wees and
the weats and the anxieties of the people. the wants and the anxieties of the people. There are in all our denominations clesiastical mummles sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut, tut, tut! Sensational!" stand to day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred per ons present, and if they can-not have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the gospel is better-a col-legiate education and an apprenticeship legiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service.

The printing press is to be the great agency of gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call

reaven.

The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world, and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evange-

There are two things that a man can't lose, and can't bequeath—a vir-tuous heart and a good education. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament. The purest water runs from the

The theatre of life has no programs -whether the first act is on, or ast, who sha'l say? Dan Collyer will join Anna Held in

Crane will shelve "Peter Stuyvesant" and play only "A Rich Man's Son" on the road.