Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION---THE UNION---AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"So, so you were spying on me!" cries he, in little gasps. "What brought you, eh? That door below was locked—has been locked for fifty years. Is there a conspiracy against me, then, that you can thus force yourself into my presence, in spite of bolts and bars?"

"The lock gave way," stammers Vera; "it must have been old, broken by age, rusty. I had nothing to do. It was by the merest chance I came here. I am sorry, sorry." Her voice dies in her throat.

"I don't believe it; there is more that you keep behind. Speak, girl; speak, I command you! Who showed you the way here?"

"I have told you," says Vera, tremulously; "you must believe me. If I had known I should not have come. I—I am sorry I have so frightened you, but——"

"Who says I am frightened?" He turns upon her with a bitter scowl and a piercing glance. "Why should I care about being disturbed when I was merely idling away a dull hour by looking through my own will?"

"Yours?" asks Vera, innocently enough.

"Ay, whose else?" he asks, with a snarl of anger. "What do you mean, girl? Do you doubt my word? Whose else should it be—eh, eh? Go, leave me," cries he, furiously; "and cursed be the day you ever saw my house!"

He waves to her to leave him, and, more unnerved than she has ever been in all her life before, she retreats behind the heavy curtain and runs with all her might down the dark corridor without, down the steep stairway, and so out into the passage into the hall.

CHAPTER XV.

Going to where Tom Peyton is diligently weeding, Griselda takes him to task.

"Why didn't you tell me your sister was the sweetest woman on earth?" demands she, in quite an aggrieved tone.

"Because she isn't," says Tom, striving with a giant dock that has treacherously concealed itself beneath the spreading leaves of a magnificent dahlia; "you are that."

"Nonsense!" says Griselda; and then, "Oh, Tom! what do you think she is going to do—at once? She is going to make an effort to induce Uncle Gregory to let Vera and me stay with her at The Friars! Only fancy if she succeeds! Wasn't it perfectly lovely of her to think of it?"

"Oh, she isn't bad," says her brother, broadly; "but may I ask how she proposes tackling the old gentleman?"

"Through Seaton."

"If Seaton helps her——"

The words die on his lips, his jubilant air forsakes him—having turned a corner of the secluded pathway they had chosen, they run right into the arms of Seaton Dysart! For a moment the two men gaze blankly into each other's eyes.

"What is the meaning of this masquerade?" demands Dysart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

"You certainly have every right to ask," says Peyton, with a rueful glance at his damnatory clothing, "but surely you might guess the answer. The fact is, I'm—in love!" He makes this confession with a careful artlessness not to be surpassed.

"In love?" exclaims Dysart, frowning still more darkly.

"Quite so," amiably; "five fathoms deep. And your father being so—so—exclusive," making a hard fight for a civil word, "I couldn't manage to see her in any orthodox fashion, so I took service here."

"Her? whom?" asks Dysart, changing color. A sudden light flashes into his eyes; to him, as to Tom Peyton, there is but one "her" in the world.

"Why, Griselda," says the latter, as if amazed at the other's stupidity.

"And what do you suppose will be the upshot of all this?" sternly.

"That, my dear fellow, is what I have never yet gone into. But marriage, I hope."

"Pshaw!" says Dysart, impatiently; "and what of Griselda?"

"Griselda has confessed that she—likes me a little. I say, Dysart," with a sudden change of tone, "you won't tell your dad—eh?"

"I am much more likely to tell your sister," says Seaton, angrily.

"You needn't. She knows. She was here just now, and is full of a desire to kidnap Griselda and carry her away to The Friars. I say, Dysart, my sister depends upon you to make your governor give his consent to the girls going on a visit to her; you won't disappoint her, eh?"

"I'll do what I can," gravely; "but I shouldn't advise you to be too sanguine as to the result of my interference."

True to his word, Seaton managed, after a hard fight, to secure his father's consent that Vera and Griselda might pay a two weeks' visit to Lady Riversdale.

It is quite five o'clock when they arrive and enter the spacious hall of The Friars, that now is filled with a delicate, somber light. A crimson stream from a painted window, somewhere in the distance, casts a flood of glory, blood-red, at Vera's feet, and a comfortable tinkling of spoons clinking against china smites their ears.

At the top of the room, reclining in a rather listless fashion on some velvet cushions, are two little girls, quite lovely enough to arrest the gaze of any casual observer. They have given in to the curiosity attendant on the entrance of the new guests, and fix their large wide eyes on Vera, who, in turn, looks back on them with a certain interest.

Lady Riversdale, by a word—an intensely proud, fond word—had intimated that they were her chidren. The younger, taking her courage in both hands, slips her little slim fingers under the narrow gold bangles that adorn Vera's wrist, and begins to push them up and down with a childish, diffident gesture. "What's your name?" asks she, gravely.

"Vera."

"Vera!" Both children repeat the word with a sort of gratification. "But—tell us—you have another name, haven't you?"

"Dysart," confesses she, softly.

"Why, that's Seaton's name," cries Dolly, brightening, and looking up at the tall young man who is standing near them; "isn't it, Seaton? Why, you must be something to him. Sister—eh?"

"No," says Vera, shaking her head.

"You can't be his mother?" hazards the younger child, uncertainly.

Vera laugrs lightly. "No," she says again.

"I have it! I know it!" exclaims Dolly the wise, glancing up triumphantly; "you are—his wife!"

This innocent bombshell spreads dismay in the camp.

"Who is that pretty little girl over there?" Vera asks, with a wild longing to change this embarrassing conversation, pointing to where the girl who had first attracted her is sitting, "quite opposite, in the red-and-white gown? Do you see her?"

"Oh! that is Mary Butler. Don't you know her? Everybody knows Mary Butler. We love her, so does everybody else."

"Mamma says Seaton does," says little Flossy, mildly; "perhaps that's why he won't marry you."

"It was true, then," thinks Vera. A great sense of disgust rises up within her, swallowing all other thoughts. And yet he would have forsworn himself! Would have—nay, he would do so still. Oh, the shamelessness of it!

Perhaps something of her secret scorn communicates itself to him, because even in the midst of his apparently engrossing conversation he lifts his head abruptly and his eyes seek hers, and read them as though he would read her soul.

And then a curious light flashes into his face. He makes a movement, quick ungoverned, as though he would rise and go to her, but, even as he does so, someone steps out from the shadows behind her, and, bending over her, holds out his hand—a young man, tall, well favored, smiling, with an air about him of sudden, warm delight.

"You remember me?" he says, so distinctly that Seaton can hear him across the room. "To think that I should have the happiness of meeting you—here—today—and after so many vain inquiries. How it brings back the past to see you. Venice, Rome, that last carnival. Vera, say you are glad to see me!"

Some people walking past them, and suddenly standing still, obliterate them from Seaton's view, but when next he looks the stranger is sitting beside her, and Vera, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, full of an unmistakable welcome, is murmuring to him in low, soft tones.

"Who is the man talking to my cousin?" asks Seaton, indicating Vera's companion by a slight gesture, and speaking in a tone so changed that Miss Butler involuntarily lifts her head to look at him.

"Lord Shelton," she says. "George Sandes he was. Don't you know him? Great hunting man. He came in for the title about eight months ago. That brought him back from his big game in the East."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the last four days Peyton has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whither, except perhaps Griselda, his sister and two others. "North" he was going, he said to inquiring friends. To-day, however, he has turned up again, admirably dressed as ever, and as radiant as a good conscience should make any man.

"I'm so glad Tom has got back in time," says Griselda. "I quite feared Uncle Gregory would be too many for him. Vera, what makes you look like that, darling? Now tell me what it is that has annoyed you."

"I must be mad to be annoyed," says Vera, with angry self-contempt.

"Seaton again?"

"It is always Seaton," with an increase of her irritation, "when it isn't his father. Was there no other path into which fate could have flung me, except this? Yes, it is Seaton."

"But why think so much about him? He cannot interfere with you now, be his father never so persistent in his idea of marrying you to him, because all the world can see he is as good as engaged to Miss Butler."

"I pity her, then, with all my soul. What a family to enter! She is too good to be sacrificed so cruelly. I believe he is employed by his father to watch me, to report all that I say or— Ah!" she breaks off abruptly, and points almost triumphantly to the pathway outside, where indeed Seaton stands.

That it is one of the most public walks at The Friars, that Seaton might have, nay, indeed has, come this way without intention of any kind she does not allow herself to believe.

"I told you," she says, vehemently, "it is so spy upon my every action he is here! Oh, fool that I was, to dream of being free for even these few days!"

She has come a step or two forward; a scarlet tide of indignant humiliation has dyed her cheeks. She still points toward Seaton with one trembling hand, while he, advancing slowly, looks with some anxiety from her to Griselda, who is sorely troubled, as if to demand an explanation.

"I think you must be mistaken, darling," she says, nervously, laying her hand upon her sister's arm. "I feel sure Seaton would not undertake the part you have assigned him. Seaton, speak to her; tell her it is impossible that you should do this thing."

"What thing? Of what does she accuse me?" his brow growing dark.

"She imagines—or, of course, it is all a mistake—but she has somehow got it into her head that you are here to—to watch her."

"Is that how it strikes you?" says he, slowly; a sudden, short, miserable laugh breaks from him. "So that is how you look at it? Great heaven, to think how I have loved you—such as you—so poor a thing! It shames me now to think of it!" He draws his breath sharply, though she writhes. "No, you shall hear me! I have heard much from you, first and last—this shall be the last, I swear! Here, even now, in this moment when I find you so altogether contemptible a creature, it is my misery to know that I still love you! Day after day you have heaped insults upon me. Your every look has been an affront. I have said too much," he continues, wearily; but with a little eloquent gesture she renders him silent.

"Oh, not too much, but perhaps enough"—she smiles again, that cruel smile that hurts him like the sharpest stab—"surely it would be hard to expect you to find another insult to-day. To-morrow, perhaps. And now let me say one little word. Have I no cause to doubt you?"

"None, none!" declares he, vehemently.

She throws out her hands with a little expressive movement. "I leave that to your own conscience, to your own sense of right and wrong," she says, shrugging her shoulders, finely. "But once for all," raising her voice and throwing up her head, "I warn you. Rather than marry you," making a slight gesture of horror, "I would accept the first man that asked me!"

A faint rustle among the bushes outside, a footstep—and Lord Shelton steps into view.

"I hold you to your word," cries he, gayly; he steps lightly within the flower-crowned archway, and looks straight at Vera. He is smiling, but underneath the smile lies a longing to be taken seriously. "You give me a chance," he says; "I here, before witnesses, declare myself a suitor for your hand"—his expression is still wavering betwixt mirth and gravity, and he holds out to her both his hands.

"You are not, however, the first to ask her," says Dysart, in a voice vibrating with many and deep emotions. His brow is black, and anger fights for mastery with despair in his dark eye.

Vera, pale as death, but with a little indignant frown, steps between the two men.

"What does it all mean?" she asks, contemptuously; "would you make a tragedy out of a farce? If so, at least be good enough to assign me no part in it."

She sweeps both men out of her path by a slight imperious gesture, and passing them, walks swiftly away in the direction of the house.

(To be continued.)

Household.

RECIPES.

Veal Omelet.—Beat three eggs separately until very light. Chop to a fine paste one pint of odds and ends of cold cooked veal, and add this to the beaten yolks, with one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of finely minced onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a saltspoonful of paprika. Lastly turn in the beaten whites. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and when hot pour in the mixture. Brown and fold like an omelet and serve immediately when done on a heated platter garnished with parsley.

Apple-Butter Sandwiches.—Sweet sandwiches are now considered necessary on many luncheon and tea tables. The following is a delicious combination: Cut thin slices of the whitest and most creamy bread that your favored recipe will produce; spread with rich, sweet cream, then a thin layer of apple butter and another slice of bread spread with cream; cut in shapes to suit the taste and pile on small oblong tray covered with pretty doily. Butter may be used in place of cream, but must be perfectly fresh and beaten to a white cream.

Chestnuts and Oysters.-Hull and blanch one quart of chestnuts and boil till perfectly tender; mash fine, add lump of butter size of an egg, one tablespoonful fine-chopped celery, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, two beaten eggs (raw), one-half teaspoonful salt and saltspoonful white pepper; mix very thoroughly; have clean and dry clam shells; butter the inside and fill to edge with the mixture; make gutter in centre of each and place in it a plump oyster, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake to a dainty brown; serve in shells, with cut lemons and catsup. Deep oyster shells will do if more convenient.

Celery Sandwiches.—A sandwich that has been seen at afternoon teas this winter is made of celery and cheese. The celery used should be the whitest and crispest parts of the stalk, chopped very fine. It is then made into a paste with cream cheese, seasoned well with salt and white pepper, and used between thin slices of brown bread. If the mixture shows a tendency to crumble instead of forming into a paste a little thick sweet cream may be added.

Unity Loaf.—One quart flour, one pint milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, one egg, one saltspoonful salt, one tablespoonful white sugar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in one tablespoonful hot water, one dessertspoonful (equal to two teaspoonfuls) cream tartar sifted in flour; mix beaten egg with milk, the butter, sugar, salt and soda; next the flour; beat well, use buttered cake tins and bake in steady, hot oven; turn on white hot, send to table and cut as served; easy and excellent.

Industrial.

The manager of the Belleville Woolen mills, at North Kingston, Rhode Island, granted the demand of the operatives for a 10 per cent. advance in wages.

About 125 boiler makers, employed in four of the largest boiler making and repairing shops in Buffalo, New York, struck for a uniform scale of wages—28 cents an hour and nine hours a day.

The pay of the operatives in the employ of the Nonantum and Newton Worsted Companies was advanced 10 per cent. This means an actual increase and not a restoration. It affects about 600 hands.

The rod mill men employed by the American Steel and Wire Company, in Cleveland, struck, demanding an increase of 10 per cent., instead of the 7½ granted by the company on January 1.

At a request of the Legislative Committee of the Ohio Federation of Labor a bill has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature providing for equal wages for men and women.

A settlement of the dispute between the Buffalo Express and the Buffalo Typographical Union, which has lasted over two years, has been reached.

The Chicago Chronicle says: Now that the Federation of Railway Employes has been dissolved, it is said that the officers of the Order of Railway Conductors and of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are working on a plan to bring these organizations together in a protective and defensive alliance, to deal with the railway companies of the country on wage and other questions.

General Manager Brown, of the Pullman Company, denies the report that the Palace Car organization has decided to reduce the salaries of its conductors and porters.

Twelve hundred union cigar makers have been locked out in Boston as the result of a demand upon the manufacturers for an increase in the rate of certain kinds of hand work. The manufacturers, who have a contract with the International Cigar Makers' Union to pay a certain scale of prices, have decided to hold the men to it.

Two hundred blacksmiths' helpers of the Brooks Locomotive Works, at Dunkirk, New York, went on a strike. They receive minimum wages of $1.40 a day, and demand $1.65, with extra time.

No man is so weak you can afford to oppress him.

OUR KINSMEN, THE BOERS.

There Is a Tie Between Them and Our Country's Early Settlers.

Reminded incessantly of their kinship with the English, Americans are not often asked to remember their kinship with the Boers. And yet the tie is a close one. The Boer is a transplanted Dutchman, and the influence of Holland in shaping the destiny of this country is ranked by historians as second only to that of Britain.

In contemplating the Transvaal war it is well not to forget what the Dutch did for America.

The Pilgrim Fathers, having been driven out of England, found a refuge in Holland until they sailed for the New World. Holland was in that age the cradle of religious liberty. It was one of the world's great states, and its people had won greater freedom than those of England.

During their sojourn there the refugees learned to admire and love many Dutch institutions, and they carried these feelings with them across the Atlantic.

In the very foundation of the American commonwealth there was a stratum of the elements that are present in the fighting Boers.

Hendrick Hudson, when he sailed his boat, the Half Moon, through the Narrows, in 1609, was, through English himself, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. To Holland, therefore, belongs the honor of the discovery of the Hudson river and what is now the port of New York.

England claimed all the territory on the Atlantic coast from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, but did not oppose the colonization of the territory discovered by Hudson.

Hudson named the region New Netherland and established trading posts on Manhattan Island and at what is now Albany.

The first Dutch colonist arrived in 1623 and settled on Manhattan Island, which they named New Amsterdam. Holland claimed all the territory from the Deleware to the Connecticut.

To stimulate colonization the Dutch West India Company offered a tract 16 miles along one bank of any river or 8 miles along both banks to anybody who would transport 50 colonists from the old country.

Among these brave pioneers were the forefathers of many who now look upon themselves as the aristocracy of New York.

In just this way did the Dutch colonize South Africa. So that there is consiuship of race between many in the Four Hundred and the stern farmers who obey Oom Paul.

But intermarriage on this side has modified the original type, whereas the Boers in their jealous isolation have preserved the pure, strong, rugged race.

HOLD YOUR BREATH.

Thereby You May Avoid Being Drowned When in the Water.

"Whatever you do, hold your breath," said the swimming master, when he had half a dozen young women to look after at the beach. "No one ever was drowned without first strangling, and then filling the lungs with water in a struggle that is twice as fierce as an effort to hold the breath would be. If they can preserve their presence of mind and prevent drawing in the breath they are safe. While above water the air can be taken in little breaths, almost gasps. When the water goes over they can hold their breath and they will of a certainty come to the surface.

"Look at that girl with the red cap," he remarked, pointing to a slight young woman who was insisting on getting beyond her depth, and who was compelling her limbs to find the way of propulsion. "She will learn to swim because she is determined to, and she takes her time about it. She will not allow herself to be frightened, no matter if she puts her feet down and does not touch the ground. She knows that is the way to get herself in serious trouble and so she keeps control of herself and is calm all the time. When she cannot touch bottom she catches a little breath at a time and tries to strike out. Of course she goes under now and then, but she doesn't try to breathe under water, because she knows she is not a fish. A fish has gills and can strain the air from the water; but she has lungs, and when she fills them with water she gets some air, to be sure, for there is air in the water all the time. But she gets too much water at the same time and it doesn't do her any good.

"If people would just keep quiet and not get excited, just remain cool and collected and hold their breath unless the nose is above water, we never would hear of a death by drowning. Of course, in the case of shipwreck, or whenever one gets too much exhausted, the holding of the breath is out of the question. But I never saw anyone at these beaches when it seems to me there was any excuse for not learning to swim. There certainly is no excuse for losing control of one's self, and getting strangled, or becoming unconscious.

"Hold your breath."—Chicago Evening Post.

Filled the Requirement.

A primary teacher was hearing a recitation in grammar and the class was composed largely of the smaller students. The teacher wrote the three words, "bees, bear, boys," on the board and asked the pupils to write a sentence containing the three words. She was quite taken back a few minutes later when one of the bright boys in the class handed in the following: "Boys bees bear when they go in swimmin.' "

Pearl Fishers of Ceylon.

The pearl fishing season in Ceylon only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface by fifty divers

The so-called modest violet commands a higher price, in proportion to its size than any other flower at a green house

The magazine poet may be equal to his task, but few of his readers are.

SLAVS THREATEN ALL EUROPE.

Dark Shadow of a Race that Is Increasing Rapidly in Numbers.

Europe has less reason to fear being overrun by the Mongolian than by the Slavonic race. In its various branches this race is increasing more rapidly than that of any other on the continent. At present they are confined for the most part to Russia. The Russian empire now numbers 130,000,000, and though these numbers include Germans in the extreme west and Mongols in the extreme east, yet the mass are pure Slavs, presenting thus a homogeneity rare in history. But in addition to Russia we have Slavonic offshoots over a large European area which render the future of much more than half Europe certainly Slavonic. The troubles in Austria have brought reminders of the Slav kingdom of Bohemia, but it is not often in Bohemia only that the German is face to face with the Slav; he is so in Galicia, in Carinthia and Carniola, while the Magyar is surrounded by an ever-increasing Slav population in the land of his birth. In the Balkan peninsula it is a case of whether Slav or Greek shall inherit the lands made desolate by the Turk, and few who have studied the question in the light of recent history can doubt that it will be the Slav.

It is not necessary to quote that hackneyed saying of Napoleon—"Cossack or republican"—it is more to the point to say that, whatever the future political forms of Europe may be, her actual population will be largely if not predominately Slavonic, and that this fact may mean a different Europe from that known in history. For where, from the point of view of numbers, is the counter-balancing element to the Slav to be found? France is stationary and very nearly so are Spain and Portugal.

Germany is full, and can only maintain herself in comfort by reason of the American outlet for her surplus. Austria is actually a ground for Slav, as against German increase. Italy, like Germany, sends her surplus over the Atlantic. The great future of English-speaking people is not in Europe, but in America and the Southern seas. The Norse people are hemmed in by barren lands and are probably increasing faster in the Northwest of the United States than at home. Now, if we set against these facts the actual growth of Russia herself, the increase of Slavs in Central Europe, and the probable future of the Slavs in the Balkan peninsula, we cannot fail to see that, within a measurable period, the Slavonic element in European society will preponderate in the balance.

What effect will this radical reconstruction of Europe exert on mankind? It will be a long time before we shall realize that if we want to find the great seats of the historic peoples of Europe we shall have to look beyond Europe, to Teutonic North America, to Latin South America, to Teutonic Australasia. Yet this will, so far as one can see, certainly be the case within another century, assuming the present general drift of things to continue.—Chicago Chronicle.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S HOME.

Miss Marietta Holley, Her Daughter and Her Home.

Bonnie View, the home of Miss Marietta Holley ("Josiah Allen's Wife"), near the village of Adams, in Jefferson county, New York state, is an ideal resting place for many of the world's workers who have the advantage of the owner's friendship. Among these none have appreciated the quiet and beauty of the place and the generous hospitality which abounds there and for which Miss Holley is famous more than Miss Clara Barton, and Miss Frances Willard, both of whom have been numbered among her most cherished friends.

Miss Willard was soon to pay a visit to Bonnie View when overtaken by the illness which ended in her death.

The house, in the modern Queen Anne style, with its conservatory, beautiful rugs, works of art and books, is an evidence of the taste of its owner. Below it, in a cedar grove at the bottom of a ravine, is a veritable fairyland. Three artificial ponds, stocked with lake fish, and crossed by rustic bridges, add much to the beauty of this retreat, which is Miss Holley's favorite resting place. Her companion, when she is not writing, is her adopted daughter, a little girl of 10 years.

Just before Christmas, last year, she and the child were taking a walk in the hollow, when she noticed that the little one was carrying something in her hand, which upon examination proved to be a hatchet "to cut down the Christmas tree." When they returned, a good sized cedar trailed behind them.

"My little girl," says Miss Holley speaking of the child, "is exceedingly generous, and sometimes, upon the pretext of being outgrown, wants to give away some of her prettiest clothes to less fortunate children."

Bonnie View will always have an interest for American women, as being the birthplace of "Samantha Allen Public Adviser and Private Investigator," which has been said to be the most widely known character in American fiction.

Miss Holley has expressed a desire to erect upon her estate a summer home for working girls; and this has given rise to the widespread rumor that she has done so. It may in time be an accomplished fact, but it has not yet assumed any definite shape.

Honors Even.

He—Are you sure that I am the only man that you have ever loved?

She—Just as sure as you are that you have never loved any other girl.—Somerville Journal.

Neighborhood.

In the Clay school the other day the teacher asked the spelling class what a neighborhood was. Silence followed. Finally Lawrence broke out:

"I know," he declared.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher dubiously, for Lawrence is a very uncertain quantity in school.

"Why, a neighborhood is-is-is a place where a lot of people live and borrow things of each other."—Detroit Free Press.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Wonders of the Human Hand—Our Physical Structure Proof of Divine Wisdom—The Extended Hand the Symbol of Infinite Mercy.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the Divine meaning in our physical structure; text, I Corinthians xii., 21, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument, the hand, ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its hinged joint and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward and on the smaller axis turning nearly around. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may grasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful, as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can cluch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can impresate, it can pray.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard or unrolled in diagram or hung in medical museum is mightily illustrative of the Divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when He invented the human hand! Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the Divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or tusled in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower order of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave out the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right—yes, the duty—of self defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the Divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight or broken the skull or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril the hand has beaten it back or struck it down or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier or in barbarous lands or as an officer of the law about to make an arrest such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reinforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed! How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen! How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety! Oh, the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,600,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo de Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best in picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of His miracles He performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before Him, but most of them He performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and besought Him to put His hand upon their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily in any exigency put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it, "Stretch forth thy hand," and the record is, "He stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces, a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed the shipwrecked or wounded man in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

How often has the hand decided a destiny! Mary, Queen of Scots, was escaping from imprisonment at Lochlever in the dress of a laundress and had her face thickly veiled. When a boatman attempted to remove the veil, she put up her hand to defend it and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as certainly as the mouth. Palmistry, or the science by which character and destiny are read in the lines of the hand, is yet crude and uncertain and unsatisfactory, but as astrology was the mother of astronomy and alchemy was the mother of chemistry it may be that palmistry will result in a science yet to be born.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul, behold the hand busy in the arts! What a comparatively dull place this world would be without pictures, without statuary, without music, without architecture! Have you ever realized what ditty seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the eternal God could make a hand capable of that swift sweep of the keys or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who dreamed out the oratorios and the cantatas of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer what cavalries gallop and what batteries boom and what birds carol and what tempests march and what oceans whisper! The great architects of the earth might have thought out the Alhambras and the Parthenons and the St. Sophias and the Taj Mahals, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

In the two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalms, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" and "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strung with all its nerves and moved with all its muscles and articulated with all its joints and strengthened with all its bones and contrived with all its ingenuities! The hand hath forwarded all the arts and tunneled the mountains through which the rail train thunders and launched all the shipping and fought all the battles and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea as well as lifted to midair the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents and built all the cities and hoisted the pyramids.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a "Paradise Lost" or a "Samson Agonistes;" as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting "Conquest of Peru." Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the "Ninth Symphony." Oh, the hand! The God fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of Divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah and the Ezekiel and the David and the Micah and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying, "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of Divine mercy."

Again, the hand in the chief executive office of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers—the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur, and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul, and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Alas that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation! If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the goodbys in which your right hand has participated! Goodby at the steamboat wharf. Goodby at the rail train window. Goodby before the opening of the battle. Goodby at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such handshakings, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming goodbys, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God there will be no goodby in heaven!

If all men were to perish who did not succeed in obtaining what they wish, all mankind would die.

To take the long end of the lever against love is to pry ourselves out of existence as human beings.

Pitch in, young man! and remember this—the world don't owe you but one thing—a decent funeral.

Truth generally flashes a light on us not becoming to our style of beauty.

World's coal fields cover 471,800 square miles.

There is a certain kind of laziness that often succeeds the best.

Wind is not wisdom.

Serve and deserve.

The obedient man gains obedience.

Motives are greater than methods.

Farm Notes.

A CENSUS OF FLORICULTURE.

Washington, D. C.—Owing to the unusual intelligence of florists as a class, and the fact that the statistics of their business which the Census Office requires, relate almost entirely to the year 1899, a plan has been formed for taking an early census of floriculture by mail, on special schedules, and to tabulate and publish the returns thereof early, while other branches of the great work of enumeration are in progress.

There are approximately 10,500 florists in the United States. The names and addresses of a majority of them have been secured and classified by the Division of Agriculture in the Census Office, and each known proprietor will soon receive a copy of the special schedule devoted to this interest. It will be accompanied by a list (so far as ascertained) of all the florists in his section, to be by him corrected, added to and returned to the department for use in making the record complete and reliable.

This special schedule is not elaborate or complicated. It may be filled out easily and quickly by any florist who keeps a reasonably accurate sun of his business. It asks for the 1899 acreage devoted to floriculture and of each crop or variety of plants and flowers; the total area of square feet under glass and the area of each crop or variety of flower or plant raised thereunder; the number of persons employed and the total wages paid to them; the amount expended for catalogues, postage and fertilizers