# 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 XIX.

Of that night's fatal work the countryside remains in complete ignorance. Of Mr. Dysart's sudden death it hears the following morning with a feeling of strong curiosity, but with none of regret. The funeral that takes place on the third day is small, certainly, yet, considering all things—the dead man's open hostility to his neighbors, and the dearth of hospitality that characterized his sojourn among them—larger than might have been expected, and at all events select. Among others Lord Riversdale attended—out of compliment, it was supposed, to Seaton, as he and the old man had never so much as seen each other's features.

But it was found impossible to conceal the existence of Sedley from the two girls. Peyton had undertaken to give them a rather careful account of what had happened; and in truth, when all was told, he was almost as much at sea about it as they were, as the stranger remained a stranger to him. Sedley had determined to reveal the secret hold he had had on Mr. Dysart to Seaton, thinking the latter would make good his father's promises.

It is in the old man's private den that he does this. Going up to the old-fashioned bureau he, by a subtle touch, unlocks the secret spring.

The door falls back, the hudden shelves and their contents lie all unconcealed. Seizing upon a fast yellowing parchment, Sedley draws it out, and overcome by fatigue and excitement, drops upon his knees. Eagerly he opens and scans it, and then holds it out to Dysart.

"Compare that," says he, in a high tone of triumph, "with the will of your grandfather, that left all to Gregory Dysart, cutting out the elder son. Compare it, I say, and you will see that this was executed three years later than that other—that other which is now in force, and has been these twenty years."

Mechanically Dysart takes it. No word escapes him. Speech, indeed, is impossible to him, so busy is his mind trying to take in all the miserable dishonor of the story that as yet has but the bald outlines laid before him.

"No one knew of it but me," says Sedley, feverishly, yet with an undercurrent of delicious excitement in the recital. "But me and Grunch. What she made out of it no one can tell, as the old chap's gone, but she's as knowing a file in my opinion as you'd meet in a day's walk. You can see our two signatures. Eh, can't you read 'em? We witnessed it. We alone knew, and he bought us over. Well, 'twas worth a quid or two; 'tis a fine old place."

Dysart makes no answer. He has supported himself against a table near him, and is gazing blankly, hopelessly, through the window at the dull landscape outside. He sees nothing, heeds nothing, save the voice of the man who is speaking.

"'Twas felony, mind you, besides the fact of having to give up the money, and property, and all, so I knew I could turn on the screw as tight as I liked. But," he laughs, "you see, I counted without my host. I never dreamed the old man would show fight like that. He took it hardly, my return—guess he believed me dead, and resented the breath in me—and I shouldn't wonder if, after all these years, he had got to believe the place, money and everything, was legally his own."

Still Dysart says nothing. He has indeed withdrawn his dull eyes from the scene without, and is now staring with unseeing eyes at the parchment that tells him how the property was never his father's, but was left to his uncle, and how his father suppressed the will, and kept his king. She starts slightly as he comes in.

"I am sorry to disturb you," says Dysart, with an effort at calmness, "but it was so necessary that I should come, that——"

"I am glad you have come. I, too, was anxious to see you," says Vera, a touch of nervousness in her tone. "I—you must know it is impossible that we should stay here any longer. Our uncle, who was our guardian, is gone and"—she has risen to her feet and is looking at him in sore distress—"I have wanted to speak to you about it for a long time; I thought, perhaps, you would help us to find another home." He can see that she suffers terribly in having to throw herself upon his good nature, to openly demand his assistance. "We must leave this, and at once," says she, stammering a little, and with a slight miserable break in her voice.

"You will not have to look for another home," says he; "this is your own house."

"Oh, no!" drawing back with a haughty gesture; "I have told you it is impossible. I shall certainly not stay here."

"As you will," quite as haughtily. "It will be in your power for the future to reside exactly where you please, but if the fear of seeing me here is deciding you against this place, pray be satisfied on that point; I have no longer the smallest claim to consider myself master here."

Warned by a change in his manner, Vera looks at him.

"Something has happened?" she says, abruptly.

"Yes; something I find it difficult to explain to you."

Still he manages to tell her all and to show her her grandfather's will—the will which his father had suppressed all these years.

"But this is horrible!" she says, faintly, when he had finished. "I won't have it!" She throws out her hands as though in renunciation. "Why should I deprive you of your home? Give me enough to live on elsewhere with Griselda, but——"

"You are quick to fall into error," says he, grimly. "I have begged you already to try to grasp the situation. It is I, it appears, I who"—he hesitates, and after finding it impossible to speak of his father, goes on—"who have deprived you of your home. You must see that. I beg," slowly, "that you will not permit yourself any further foolish discussion on this subject."

He turns away abruptly. There is something so solitary, so utterly alone in his whole air, that without giving herself time for thought she springs to her feet and calls to him.

"Where are you going? To sit alone? To brood over all this? Oh, do not. Why," going swiftly to him and standing before him with downcast lips and trembling fingers and quickened breath, "why not stay here with me for a little while and let us discuss all this together and try to see a way out of it?"

"My way is plain before me; it wants no discussion," says Dysart, resolutely, refusing to look at her.

"You mean," tremulously, "that you will not stay?" One white hand hanging at her side closes upon a fold of her soft black gown and crushes it convulsively.

"I mean," in an uncompromising tone, "that I fully understand your mistaken kindness—the sacrifice of your inclinations you would make—and decline to profit by it."

"You are disingenuous. What you really mean is," in a low tone, "that you will not forgive."

"There is nothing to forgive, save my presumption."

He opens the door deliberately and closes it with a firm hand behind him. Vera, left standing thus cavalierly in the middle of the room, with the knowledge full upon her that she has been slighted, spurned, her kind intentions ruthlessly flung back upon her, lets the quick, passionate blood rise upward, until it dyes cheek and brow. She presses her hand upon her throbbing heart, and then all at once it comes to her that she is no longer poor, forlorn, but rich, one of the richest commoners in England. And with this comes, too, a sense of deeper desolation than she has as yet known. Dropping into a chair, she covers her face with her hands and cries as if her heart is broken.

CHAPTER XXI.

Three months have come and gone.

Great changes have these three months brought. They have unhoused Seaton Dysart and given his inheritance into the hands, the most unwilling hands, of his cousin. Hands too small to wield so large a scepter.

But Mr. Peyton has nobly come to her rescue. It is to him that most of the innovations owe their birth. The handsome landau, the pony trap, the single brougham, all have been bought by him. He has perfectly reveled in the choosing of them, and has perforce dragged the reluctant Vera up and down to town, aided manfully by Griselda, now his wife, who has also been reveling, to view the several carriages, and give her verdict thereon.

To-day is rich in storm and rain. The heavens seem to have opened. Down from their watery home come the heavy drops, deluging the gaunt shrubberies, and beating into the sodden earth such presumptuous anemones and daffodils as have dared to show their faces. Vera has just ensconced herself coxily before the leaping fire, book in hand, having resigned all hope of seeing visitors today, when the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel outside the window, the echo of a resounding knock, startle her out of her contemplated repose.

And now there is a little quick rush through the hall, a springing step up the staircase, the rustle of silken skirts in the ante-room beyond, a voice that makes Vera start eagerly to her feet, and presently Mrs. Peyton, looking supremely happy, and, therefore, charming, flings herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh, I am too glad to be surprised," says Vera, fondly.

"You're an improvident person," says Mrs. Peyton, beaming on her from out the masses of furs that clothe her dainty form. "Grace telegraphed for us, to help her with a dinner party that is to come off to-night; so come we did. And, being so close to you, I felt I should see you or die."

"It's selfish, I know, but I'm so glad to have you. Let me take off your furs. What a delicious coat! You hadn't that when I was down with you, eh?"

"No. It's a new one. Tom gave it to me. He's absurder than ever. But I haven't braved the elements to talk about him. It is about Seaton I want to tell you."

"Seaton? To come out such a day as this to talk of Seaton! But why? It must be something very serious," says Vera, changing color perceptibly.

"Vera, I cannot help regarding us—you and me—as in part criminals. Poor, dear fellow, it must have been a blow to lose everything in one fell swoop. And yet what more could we have done than what we did do? To the half of our kingdom we offered him, but, as you know, he would none of us!"

"I know all that. We have discussed it a thousand times."

"The face is, Seaton is leaving England forever, and he has a desire, a longing he cannot subdue, and, I'm sure, a most natural one, to see his old home before he goes."

"Well?" says Vera, coldly.

"Well," in exactly the same tone, with a little mockery thrown in, "that's the whole of it. He wants to get a last look at the old place before leaving it forever. At least, that is how he puts it. Can he come? that is the question. I really think it would be only decent if you were to drop him a line and ask him. It would be the most graceful thing, at all events."

An hour later Griselda drives back to the Friars with the coveted note from Vera to Seaton in her hand.

(To be continued.)

## BREAD 1,800 YEARS OLD.

**Loaves that Were Being Baked When Pompeii Was Destroyed.**

Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread; the staler the better, they are told. There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79 A. D., in one of the curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii.

More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth in places of fifteen and even twenty feet.

Other comestibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax, nor the honey, honey.

A piece of the comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompeilan having helped himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece—whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

**Made It Herself.**

"Did you dream on Amy's wedding cake?"

"Mm—yes; I thought it was safer to put it under my pillow and dream on it than to eat it and have the nightmare."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

## Useful Hints.

You can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing.

A mote may be removed from the eye, or the pain at least alleviated, by putting a grain of flaxseed under the lid.

To clean hot water copper boilers, get three cents' worth of oxalic acid at your druggist's, put it in a pint bottle and fill it with cold water. Pour it over the boiler while it is hot, rubbing it down quickly with a cloth, and polishing it over with a dry piece of flannel. The bottle should be marked "poison."

To remove paint from cotton, silk or woolen goods, saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours, then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

A perfect method of cleaning a woolen carpet is this: Obtain from the butcher a fresh beef gall, break it into a pan, pour one-half into a pail and nearly fill the pail with lukewarm water; take a course cloth and, having brushed the carpet thoroughly, rub it hard with the cloth thoroughly wet with the gall water. Do a small piece at a time; have a dry cloth ready at hand and rub the carpet dry. So proceed until the whole carpet is cleaned.

## A BREVET-BACHELOR.

THERE are more things in the service than brass buttons and dashing cavalrymen, and dying at the post of duty, and the rest of the stock phrases of romance. There are a few fixed principles and some prejudices which it is just as well not to run up against, because the service can take revenge upon occasions. Ordinarily a moderate amount of tact and common decency will take you through until you have learned those things which are set down in neither the drill manual nor the regulations. But Miss Hadley had only beauty and pure cheek. She came from somewhere down the southern way—Los Angeles, or San Diego, or something, to visit the Strongs at Angel Island. And from the moment she set foot upon the landing she began to make herself unpopular. She had had visions of stepping ashore among a group of kneeling lieutenants, rather after the fashion of the accredited paintings of the "Landing of Columbus" or the "Jesuit Fathers." But the lieutenants were busy, or they were taking naps, or sitting on their front porches, with their feet on the railings. They crossed the bay to the city daily, and graced every cotillion and function worth speaking of, and beautiful girls were not new. They had never even heard that Miss Hadley was beautiful. They were in deep darkness concerning the local belles of—wherever it was, down south.

However, several of them met her at dinner that night, and the rest called afterwards, as is the custom. Miss Hadley did not know it was the custom. She thought it was all on her own account, and that the post was beginning to come to its senses, which made her yet more arrogant. Some dispositions thrive upon being made much of, returning courtesy with good coin; but the latent meanness of others warms to life as the snake on the wood chopper's hearth. As if there were not enough unattached men to occupy her, she turned her attention pointedly to La Roche, and when she saw his wife wince she redoubled her energies.

La Roche was French, and flirtatious, and clever. And whatever else was to be said of Miss Hadley, she was clever, too, in a worldly sort of way. But Mrs. La Roche was stupid, and blushingly aware of her stupidity. Still, she was a good-hearted little thing, and had done a kind turn to every one in the garrison at one time or another, and it resented seeing her made jealously wretched, her pale eyes filling and her lips quivering, as the beauty drew La Roche to a remote corner and leveled her batteries upon him. Everybody was scandalized—and the feelings of the bachelors were hurt. It was just a little too insolent. So they sought a punishment to fit the crime, and this is what they devised:

There was one man who had not called that first night. It was Proctor, the adjutant. He had been over in the city at a dinner. When he came back by the first boat, in the morning, a deputation met him at the wharf and carried him off to his quarters, and told him what was expected of him.

"I'm not sure that I like the part, though, you know," said Proctor, when they had explained. They impressed upon him that the dignity of the service demanded it—also that it would be very good for the girl. Proctor said it would fall through at once.

"We only want it to last a day or two," said the deputation.

On that understanding he consented. "But I won't lie you know," he told them. "You'll have to do any of that."

"It won't be necessary," they assured him "If she asks—which is unlikely—we will say with one accord that you are a brevet-bachelor." You will not find the definition of that in the tactics

So Proctor went over to the Strongs' quarters, and found Miss Hadley, gotten up in the sort of morning-robe that it is not customary to display to the gaze of several hundred soldiers, more or less, in a corner of the porch with La Roche. Proctor ousted him in about ten minutes. He fought openly, dwelling upon the charms of La Roche's four small children, the details of the cunning things they said, and of the last attack of croup of the youngest; how its "Da-da" had nursed it, and how the babies loved him. Miss Hadley laughed. That hurt La Roche's self-esteem, and he went home.

Then Proctor started in to do as he was bid. It was a pleasant game enough. Miss Hadley could be agreeable when she chose. She was the one man-at-a-time stamp of girl, and for the nonce Proctor was the man. He stayed all the morning, also to luncheon, also all the afternoon. Part of the time they played together on the mandolin and guitar, and for the rest they talked. Then he stayed to dinner, and until some time after taps. When official duties called him off he was back again surprisingly soon.

Of course there was the chance in this kind of thing that Miss Hadley might grow sick of him. But he took it. There was the better chance that she would be very much flattered, and Proctor believed that he was the sort of fellow who could be interesting for eighteen hours at a stretch.

"It's not fair," Mrs. Strong protested to her husband.

"You'd have thought it so, if it had been me instead of La Roche," he suggested.

"But it's not fair to Ella," she insisted, weakly.

"Ella will think it's a good joke, which it is. He has written her the whole thing. He told me so."

"But is it right of us? Miss Hadley is our guest."

"Oh, no, she's not; that's a mistake We are here on sufferance. You are useful to order the meals and I to guard her against intruders on their tete-a-tetes." He reminded her of episodes in proof of this.

"Has she asked you about him?" Mrs Strong wanted to know.

He said that she had. "And I told her that he was a brevet-bachelor. Proctor himself came in at the moment and she dropped it. Now you be still for a day or two and let things take their course." And they took it, at hand-gallop.

Miss Hadley might have guessed that one first lieutenant could never have afforded all the fancy boxes of flowers and candies that came over for her, in Proctor's name, by about every boat. But she did not stop to reflect probably; and she was mightily pleased, both with herself and him. Whereupon she was still more disagreeable to every one else.

But a tiny cloud began to float across her blue sky. The flowers and sweets were many and arrived regularly, and when they wanted Proctor at the adjutant's office they sent for him to the Strongs'. And yet, though the week of her visit was drawing to a close, he was no nearer to love-making than upon the first day. She grew a trifle uneasy. It was not that she wanted Proctor, but that she wanted to know she could have him. So she condescended, in the dilemma, to speak to her host. "Mr. Proctor is a desperate flirt, don't you think?" she asked. It was meant to be light, but it was a shade anxious.

That would have been Strong's chance to have put an end to a joke that was going too far. It had gotten away from them, and the man to stop it refused to arise. Strong funked. He looked mean, and said that he had never known Proctor to flirt. "He is swathed in red tape, as a general thing, has notions of duty and the rest of it." Then he went off and swore at Proctor in his own breast. Which is human nature.

Proctor for his part swore at everybody else openly. "I'm so far in it now that I don't know how to get out," he said; and they grinned and suggested that he tell the truth and shame the devil.

"And feel more of a confounded ass than I do now."

"Consider—you are avenging us," cooed the bachelors.

He said rude things about them. They asked what he would like them to do.

"Shall we come in a body the next time you are en tete-a-tete and explain, or shall we do it while you are absent and can't defend yourself? Any way you put it you will look a good deal of a fool, you know." They chuckled.

Proctor sulked. "Mrs. Strong has got to do it," he announced.

"Mrs. Strong won't. She feels about as small as you do. She goes around with the look of a stage conspirator. You might draw off gradually," they advised.

"I might make a qualified fiat of myself" said Proctor; "I've done it, as it is." He departed to keep an engagement to walk around the island with Miss Hadley.

When they started he made the solemn resolve that before they got to quarantine station she should know all. But she swung into the post as blissfully ignorant as she had left it. He had funked again.

And at this point Fate came to his aid. They sat on the steps of the Strongs' quarters, resting, when an orderly brought a telegram for him and a box for Miss Hadley. The box contained violets. Proctor was pleased to think what those little attentions were costing the other bachelors, but he glanced at his own card, lying in the purple fragrance, with loathing. Then he opened the telegram, and put it hastily in his pocket.

Miss Hadley asked what it was. He said that it was from some one he had to meet at the train to-morrow.

"Which train?" said Miss Hadley.

"The train from the East," said Proctor.

She told him that she, too, was going to the city on the early boat for a few hours. "We may strike the same one coming back."

He thought it would probably be his unmentionable luck.

And it came to pass as Miss Hadley had predicted. They struck the same boat. She came aboard hurriedly, just as the gang-plank was being drawn in, and she looked about for Proctor, calmly, possessively, as though he must, of course, be there. But he was not to be seen. So she stood and talked to a group of post people, as the boat swung out into the bay and the foggy wind blew stiffly about them. She was not sensitive, yet she was dimly aware that they were civil beyond their wont; even there seemed a vague sympathy in their manner. But she was busy and abstracted, watching for Proctor. He might be below deck, or in the cabin.

At length he appeared, from the other side of the deck, walking with—another girl. The girl glanced at her with a half-smile. She was so pretty that Miss Hadley's lips set, and she forgot what she had been saying.

Proctor and the girl strolled to the stern and stood there. Then Proctor caught Miss Hadley's amazed eye, and he raised his hat. But she beckoned. It was assurance, to say the very least, but he went to her, leaving the other girl. The group would have been glad to melt away, but some way it couldn't.

Then Miss Hadley's admirable and perfect cool cheek reached its zenith. "Who is your pretty friend?" she asked. Brummel could not have been more superb.

There was a pause. Some one might have helped Proctor out, but no one did. A snicker came from the group and turned into a cough. Then the man in Proctor came to his aid, the realization that it was all everybody else's fault, anyway—Miss Hadley's in particular. He looked at her in stern reproach. "She is my wife, Miss Hadley."

The very winds and the screw were hushed. In the silence Proctor's eyes began to shift. But Miss Hadley's own were on his face, and they never wavered. Somewhere in their limpid depths there was a twinkle. About the corners of her mouth there was an unmistakably amused twitch. She raised a bunch of violets to hide it. They were the ones that had come the day before He moved uneasily and met the eyes peering above the flowers again. This time they held him.

"I wonder"—Miss Hadley's voice came slowly, with a distinctness that must have penetrated even to the stern—"I wonder whether it is I or you—all who feels the most cheap? Take me to meet your wife, Mr. Proctor."

And he took her.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Unpleasant Bedfellows.**

The adventures of naturalists in odd corners of the globe rival the experiences of explorers in variety and interest. Dr. Maximilian Schumann, a Belgian naturalist, journeyed through Mexico, not many years ago, and here is one of the reminiscences which he brought back with him:

I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas toward the southeast to examine some ancient Toltec ruins.

I arrived at my destination late at night and lighted a fire within the ruins to make my supper. After eating I spread my blanket and lay down. When I awoke in the morning my first impulse was to stretch out my hand. I threw it out from under the blanket, and as I did so it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake, quietly coiled by my side. I escaped by the merest chance.

Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see six other rattlesnakes coiled at intervals over my body.

The reptiles did not belong to the variety commonly known in California, but were of a peculiarly poisonous species found in hot regions. When I lighted my fire in the evening it was too dark to see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls.

The altitude of the ruins is nearly 3,000 feet, and so the nights are cold. My fire had attracted the reptiles. When they approached it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled upon them and went to sleep.

I extricated myself from the blanket with infinite care. Once on my feet I was no longer afraid of the reptiles, but as I already had specimens of them in my collection, I killed them all and nailed them to the adobe wall with my card on each.

**Rifle Bullets.**

It is found that rifle bullets fired from a distance of 500 yards will rarely penetrate more than 24 inches of loose earth, while a bank of earth, free from stones, 28 inches in depth, is considered proof against bullets fired from any range. On the other hand, if the earth is beaten down, it will require a much greater depth, as rammed earth offers less resistance than loose. Next to wrought iron and steel plates gravel placed between boards is found to offer the best resistance. Wood offers the least, with the exception of clay, which, of course, depends upon the amount of moisture in it. Although a nine-inch brick wall is considered bullet proof, yet it could be breached if about 150 rounds were fired on nearly the same spot at 200 yards range. Similarly 800 rounds could breach a fourteen-inch wall if fired at the same range. This table shows the thicknesses of material required to stop a Lee-Metford bullet:

| | Inches. |
|---|---|
| Gravel between boards | 4 |
| Good brick work | 9 |
| Sack of coal | 12 |
| Hard, dry mud wall | 14 |
| Sand | 20 |
| Earth | 28 |
| Oak | 27 |
| Elm | 33 |
| Teak | 36 |
| Fir | 48 |
| Clay | 48 |

Wooden stockades are of little use unless they contain a core of gravel, brick or sand, and sandbags or boxes filled with earth should also be banked up. A bullet fired into sand will always turn to one side after it has entered a little way.

**Klondike Punishment.**

According to the Omaha Bee, the people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a monster wood-pile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender.

A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snowstorm, he is compelled to continue sawing; and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day.

When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offenses, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behavior.

**Never Suited.**

The traditional attitude of the pessimist toward all things is represented thus in a dialogue with a Georgia farmer, reported by the Atlanta Constitution:

"How do you like this weather?"

"Not much; I'm feared it's goin' to rain."

"Well, how's times with you?"

"Sorter so-so—but they won't last."

"Folks all well?"

"Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood."

"Well, you ought to be thankful you're a-livin'."

"I reckon so; but we've all got to die!"

**To Clean Paint.**

One of the best methods of cleaning ordinary paintwork is to employ whiting mixed to a paste with water. It should be rubbed on with a piece of coarse flannel, and then sponged off with warm water, in which a very small portion of soft soap has been dissolved. Paint which has a highly polished surface is best cleaned with furniture cream.

**An Unjust Accusation.**

He—You have stolen my heart.

She—That's a nice thing to say after you have been begging me for six weeks to accept it.—New York Journal

## SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

**Subject: The Responsibility of Those Who Are Well and Strong—Physical Energy Not Indicative of Spiritual Power—Fight the Battles of the Weak.**

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth the responsibility of those who are strong and well, as in a former discourse he preached to the disabled and "the shut in," text, Judges xiv., 1, "And Samson went down to Timnath."

There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the mirthful, but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibition of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath, a lion came out upon him, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare and made his bones crack and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is an evil woman livin the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you take seven green withes such as they fasten wild beasts with and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again and says, "Now, tell me the secret of this great strength." And he replies, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used, and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says, "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and by this house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says, "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skillful way of manipulating the head to this very day that, instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work. The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!

First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man—the lion found it out and the 3000 men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and outgiantedness by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.

Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of lifelong infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can and walk twice as far and work twice as long will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo, if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics," if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain, then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what He has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something saying: "Work! Work!" And lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle and with every joint and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and fully rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might and tugging away to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than one hundred volumes and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as "The Saint's Everlasting Rest;" Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory. And Robert McCheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God; Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness, not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "Rise and Progress of Religion" in the church and in the world.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and persistence; Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often in the pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work, perhaps, than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often is it that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral and spiritual stature! While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power to devote themselves to the Lord.

Behold also, in the story of my text, illustration of the fact of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil, this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by the guessing of his riddle he robs and kills thirty people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and lounging about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw poison all through our literature, the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity and bribe justice and make truth and honor bow to their golden scepter. Misguided giants—look out for them! In the middle and latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty, but they did but little mischief—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days. Who can calculate the soul havoc of a Rousseau, going on with a very enthusiasm of iniquity, with fiery imagination seizing upon all the impulsive natures of his day? Or David Hume, who employed his life as a spider employs its summer, in spinning out silken webs to trap the unwary? Or Voltaire, the most learned man of his day, marshaling a great host of skeptics and leaning them out in the dark land of infidelity? Or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—a book in which, with all the splendors of his genius, he magnified the errors of Christian disciples, while with a sparseness of notice that never can be forgiven he treated of the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy?

Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort, I want you to understand your power and I want you to know that that power devoted to God will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in heaven, but misguided, bedraggled, as administrative of evil, God will thunder against you with His condemnation in the day when millionaire and pauper, master and slave, king and subject shall stand side by side in the judgment and money bags and judicial crime and royal robe shall be riven with the lightnings.

Behold also how a giant may be slain of a woman. Delilah started the train of circumstances that pulled down the temple of Dagon about Samson's ears. And tens of thousands of giants have gone down to death and hell through the same fascinations. It seems to me that it is high time that pulpit and platform and printing press speak out against the impurities of modern society. Fastidiousness and prudery say, "Better not speak; you will rouse up adverse criticism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in glittering generalities; the subject is too delicate for polite ears." But there comes a voice from heaven overpowering the mincing sentimentalities of the day, saying, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins."

The trouble is that when people write or speak upon this theme they are apt to cover it up with the graces of belles lettres, so that the crime is made attractive instead of repulsive. Lord Byron, in Don Juan, adorns this crime until it smiles like a May queen. Michelet, the great French writer, covers it up with bewitching rhetoric until it glows like the rising sun, when it ought to be made loathsome as a smallpox hospital. There are to-day influences abroad which, if unresisted by the pulpit and the printing press, will turn our modern cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, fit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that whelmed the cities of the plain.

If, then, we are to be compelled to go out of the world, where are we to go to? This body and soul must soon part. What shall be the destiny of the former? Ashes—dust to dust. But what shall be the destiny of the latter? Shall it rise into the companionship of the white robbed, whose sins Christ has slain, or will it go down among the unbelieving, who tried to gain the world and save their souls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God! We have a Champion! He is so styled in the Bible: A Champion who has conquered death and hell, and He is ready to fight all our battles from the first to the last. "Who is this that cometh up from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?"

In the light of this subject I want to call your attention to a fact which may not have been rightly considered, and that is the fact that we must be brought into judgment for the employment of our physical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, foot—we must answer in judgment for the use we have made of them. Have they been used for the elevation of society or for its depression? In proportion as our arm is strong and our step elastic will our account at last be intensified. Thousands of sermons are preached to invalids. I preach this sermon to stout men and healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this physical organism. These invalids have comparatively little to account for perhaps. They could not lift twenty pounds. They could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. Yet how much many of them accomplished! Rising up in judgment, standing beside the men and women who had only little physical energy and yet consumed that energy in a conflagration of religious enthusiasm, how will we feel abashed! O men of the strong arm and the stout heart, what use are you making of your physical forces? Will you be able to stand the test of that day when we must answer for the use of every talent, whether it where a physical energy or a mental acumen or a spiritual power?

## Industrial.

Employes of the American Hide and Leather Company's tanneries at Lowell, Massachusetts, who have been on strike, returned to work, the differences having been settled by arbitration.

Two thousand plumbers and 6000 laborers in Chicago are either on strike or under orders to strike against the new rules of the Building Contractors' Council.

A strike of