Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. LIV. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1900. NO. 16.

CHAPTER VI.

It was drawing near noon. Some of the men had sought the coolness of the billiard room; some of the ladies had retired to the shade of the great cedar tree, with books and work. Leah had gone to her favorite spot, the terrace, where the passion flowers grew in such profusion.

She smiled as she gathered some of the flowers, remembering the name "passion-flower" had been given to herself.

Then her thoughts went to Hettie, who had loved the sweet white lilies best. How different life would be if that beloved sister were here, how doubly precious this grand domain if Hettie shared it! In the gleaming light on the river, in the fire of the scarlet passion-flower, in the flowers of the gay parterre, she saw the sweet, fair face with its aureole of golden hair. Would they ever meet again? Abruptly she saw Sir Arthur standing close to her, a stranger by his side.

"Leah," said the general, "our neighbor, Sir Basil Carlton, has been kind enough to waive ceremony and call upon us first. Sir Basil, my adopted daughter and dear niece, Miss Hatton."

A great hush, a great calm came over her. She saw a noble face, full of fire and impetuosity; she saw dark eyes and straight brows, a firm mouth, dark clusters of hair, and a dark mustache. Yet beauty was not the chief charm of the stranger's face; courage and dauntless truth shone there. Most people, when they first met Sir Basil Carlton, were struck by his handsome features and manly bearing, but they were attracted even more when the eyes took a tender light and the mouth a smile as sweet as any woman's.

"I like England better than Italy," said Sir Basil, suddenly, after a few remarks. "You cannot think what a picture you made, Miss Hatton, standing against this background of foliage and flowers."

"You have been in Italy for many years?" she said, quietly.

He drew just a little nearer to her. A great, trailing spray of passion-flowers lay between them; he raised it, and she thought to herself how strange a coincidence it was that she should see him with her favorite blossoms in his hand.

"I was a boy of eleven when I went away," he said, "and now I am twenty-five. Coming home is a very melancholy event for me, as you perhaps know."

"Yes; we have heard the cause of your mother's departure from England—and a very painful one it was, Sir Basil," said the general.

Leah looked up at him; all her soul shone in her eyes.

"Let us help you to forget the shadow which has fallen over your house and your life," she said; and his face brightened."

"I shall be only too happy, Miss Hatton. I dreaded my return. I remembered the Glen as one of the loveliest of homes. I have longed to be here. Yet the memory of that night will never leave me." His whole face changed. "My mother lived fifteen years after the accident happened; but the shock her system had received killed her at last."

Leah's dark eyes, full of interest and sympathy, filled with tears; and, as he saw them, his heart warmed to her. How long it was since any one had shed tears for this old sorrow of his!

"It must have been a terrible shock for you both," said Leah.

"Yes; I was only a boy, but I worshiped my sister. You cannot tell how deeply attached I was to her. I think the love of a sister is one of the greatest joys on earth."

Why did the fair face near him grow so pale? Why did the graceful figure shrink and tremble, the hand that held the scarlet flowers suddenly fall nerveless and helpless? Was it another coincidence that he should value so highly a sister's love?

"If I were in your place, Basil," said the general, "I would have plenty of friends about me. Stay with us to-day, and to-morrow we will drive over and see your gardens and conservatories. We have a pleasant party, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

He looked at Leah.

"I shall be delighted," she said, simply a faint flush dyeing her face.

"So shall I," replied Sir Basil.

And that was how the first day of Leah Hatton's earthly paradise began.

As the days passed on, the intimacy between Leah and the baronet increased. The general grew warmly attached to Sir Basil. He said—what was a great thing for him to say—that, if heaven had blessed him with a son, he should have liked him to resemble Sir Basil. All the visitors—and they were many—admired and liked him; he was a general favorite, and he spent far more of his time at Brentwood than at Glen.

It happens so often that a great love is lavished in vain. Sir Basil saw nothing of Leah's. He admired her exceedingly, but he never dreamed of loving her.

The duchess, who had said to herself that she would not interfere, did just this one thing—she told Sir Basil of the splendid triumphs that Leah had achieved, and how she had passed through three such seasons as few even of the most brilliant beauties had ever experienced. She told him of the offers of marriage made to her, and how she had refused them all.

"Why did she refuse them?" he asked. The duchess meant to do a kindly action when she answered:

"She has ideas that are peculiar for the nineteenth century; they are, I may say, obsolete."

He looked anxiously at her, she thought.

"What ideas?" he asked—"if my question may be answered?"

"I am sure I may answer it," said the duchess. "Miss Hatton has romantic ideas that are quite out of date. Marriage in these days is an arrangement. She might have been Duchess of Barberry if she had liked; but she is romantic, and will never marry until she can marry for love."

"That seems to me right," said Sir Basil.

"I am glad you think so," returned the duchess, dryly. "But Miss Hatton has another theory. It is this—that for every person in this world there are one love and one lover—half souls, she calls them, if you can understand the term. She believes that she will recognize her half soul, or lover, whenever she sees him."

"It is a very pretty theory," said Sir Basil. "I do not see why any one should object to it." He looked at her somewhat eagerly as he asked: "And has she met this ideal yet?"

That is a question she alone can answer. You must ask her yourself," laughed the duchess; and she smiled to herself as she thought she had given him a very plain hint.

The young baronet was far too modest to take it; that such a peerless beauty, such a wealthy heiress, should fall in love and find her ideal in him never occurred to him. If she had rejected many noble and great men, she was doubtless looking for some one higher. Yet what he had heard increased his affection and respect for her. He liked the idea of a girl who could make to herself an ideal, and wait patiently until she met with it. How many would have yielded to the temptation of rank and wealth, and have forgotten the belief and aspirations of early girlhood!

CHAPTER VII.

The Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, with their visitors, were at Dene Abbey within sight and sound of the ever-murmuring sea. Miss Hatton had the whole day to herself; she had no great household to manage as at Brentwood, she had no care about the entertainment of visitors; the long, bright hours were hers, to spend as she would.

Lady Maude Trevar had gladly accepted the duchess' invitation; but pretty May Luson had promised to pay a visit elsewhere, and could not break her engagement. The military element had dispersed. Sir Basil Carlton had been delighted with her grace's proposal to join the party at the Abbey. He liked the duchess; her kindly manner pleased him; he was touched by her kindness to him self, although he did not know the cause. He did not go with the party from Brentwood, but he followed them in a few days. It was a wonderful change from the green, sweet woodlands of Warwickshire to the country bordering on a sunny southern sea.

Leah was more shy and timid with Basil than she had been at Brentwood. She avoided him a little, but loved him just as much. She would have gone through fire and water for him; she would have made any sacrifice for him. The marvel was that the young baronet never dreamed of the conquest he had made. As for Leah, she had not yet begun to doubt; she felt certain that his love would be hers in the fullness of time.

Sir Arthur Hatton was a stranger to all fair love-dreams and sweet fancies. That he should understand a nature or a love like Leah's was not to be expected; but he was one day the unwilling witness of a little scene that opened his eyes.

In the library stood a large Japanese screen, and Sir Arthur enjoyed nothing more than placing this round one of the great bay windows and intrenching himself therein with his newspaper. One morning there was some Indian news in the Times which interested him greatly—letters written by fellow officers whose opinions he valued highly. He wished to be undisturbed; so he betook himself to his favorite retreat. He found the library cool and empty; the sun blinds were all drawn, the light was dim and pleasant. He placed the screen around his favorite window. "Thank goodness," he said to himself, "that I shall now be able to read in peace!"

Fate was against him this morning. The door opened. It was Leah who appeared. She was in her favorite colors of amber and white, with creamy roses at her throat. She did not observe the screen, much less wonder if anyone were behind it.

For ten minutes there was almost complete silence. Sir Arthur could hear the sound of Leah's pen. She was writing rapidly. Then, suddenly, the door opened, and Sir Arthur's smothered groan was lost in the voice of the speaker.

"Shall I disturb you, Miss Hatton?" It was Sir Basil who put the question. "I am in trouble, from which a lady alone can release me."

"I am glad you sought me," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"There is an old proverb which says that 'a stitch in time saves nine.' Will you make that first stitch now, and save the nine hereafter, Miss Hatton?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "Where is the stitch needed?"

"In this driving glove," he replied; "the button is nearly off. Would you be so good as to fasten it?"

Leah laughed blithely.

"Certainly," she said, as she took the thick yellow driving glove that he held to her. "Will you excuse me one minute while I find needle and thread?" she added.

She went away, leaving Sir Basil looking over an open volume that lay upon the table.

"I hope," thought the general to himself, "that this good fellow will not fine out, and begin to air his ideas on Indian politics to me."

But Sir Basil was in happy ignorance of the general's proximity. He read a few lines in the open volume, hummed a favorite air to himself, and then Leah returned.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I will release you now in a few minutes."

The slender fingers soon accomplished their task. She held out the glove to him, and as she did so her eyes fell on the spray of stephanotis that he wore in his coat.

"Your flower is faded," she said; "let me give you another. I have a superstition that it is unlucky to wear faded flowers."

"By all means replace it, if you will be good enough," he responded.

She took the spray of stephanotis from him and laid it upon the table. From one of the vases she chose a beautiful moss-rose bud, fresh as the dawn, and fastened it in his coat for him.

He thanked her briefly, stood talking to her for some few minutes, and then went away.

Sir Arthur, looking over the screen, was about to thank heaven that he was gone; but no word came from his lips—he was stricken dumb.

What was she doing—his proud, beautiful niece—whose love no man had been able to win, whose smiles had been sought as a priceless boon? She had never seemed to care for love or admiration, for lovers or marriage. She had moved through the brilliant world like an ice-maiden. What was she doing?

She had taken the withered flower in her hands, and was kneeling down by the table and covering the faded spray with kisses and tears.

"Oh, my love," she sighed, "my love, if you only loved me! But I am less to you than the withered flower you have thrown away."

The general would have spoken then and have let Leah know that he had overheard her, but surprise and wonder kept him silent. He saw her kiss the open volume where Sir Basil's hand had rested.

"I shall die," she sobbed, "just as this flower has died, and just as far from his heart! Oh, cruel world! I have asked but for one thing, and it has been denied me. I wish I had never been born. Oh, my love, why can you not love me? I am fair enough for others, why not for you? I can win other hearts, why not yours? I would give my life for your love!"

The low, smothered sound of her bitter sobbing mingled with the song of the birds and the whisper of the wind; it smote the heart of the old soldier with unutterable pain. He had rescued her from what he thought a shameful life, adopted her, and given her his love and protection; he had made her heiress of his vast fortune; and this was all that had come of it, this was the end of all his hopes for her. She was wearing her heart and her life away for a love that could never be hers, or at least that was not hers. From the sight of the kneeling figure, the clasped hands, the proud head so despairingly bent, the general turned with tears in his eyes.

"If I could but die," she said to herself, "and be at rest; if I could but sleep and never wake; if I could but hide my love and sorrow and pain!"

He was tempted to go to her, to take her to comfort her; but a sense of delicacy forbade him. She was so proud and sensitive, what would she think or feel if she knew that he had possession of her secret? Yet the bitter, long-drawn sobs fell on his ear and tortured him. He could not help her. He would not for the world let her know that he had overheard her; so he laid down his newspaper and passed noiselessly out through the open window on to the lawn, and not until he had walked some little distance did he feel at ease.

"I would not have her guess that I have been a witness of that scene for treble my fortune, poor child!" he murmured.

(To be continued.)

WANTED HIS GIRL.

She Had Promised to Marry Him, and He Called for Her.

A black-eyed young man came panting into the barge office the other day, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Is this the place where they keep the immigrant girls?" he asked in English so broken that even to the interpreters of the establishment it seemed to be made up of rolling r's and b's.

Receiving an affirmative nod the man turned about and beckoned in the direction of the open door. Four other men, all as black-eyed as the first, made their appearance.

"These are my witnesses," the leader of the party said, by way of introduction of two of the newcomers, and then in turn he added: "And this one is the clerk, and this gentleman is the priest. So give me my girl and I'll marry her at once, so that you need not be afraid there is any humbug about it."

The interpreters' sense of humor is drawn upon too heavily for them to laugh at a scene of this sort. They got angry instead, and asked him what he was talking about. He essayed an explanation, but all that he succeeded in making plain was that he was an Armenian, and that his English consisted in rattling r's and booming b's.

"Why don't you tell your story in Armenian?" said one of the interpreters in the young man's native tongue.

The would-be bridegroom took offense. He had been three years in America, and he spoke English better than Armenian, he said. Finally Mrs. Cticklen, the "mother of immigrants," came up and shed light on the matter. The man's name was Vahi Krihorian. He was 24 years old and made a comfortable living. At home he had a pretty girl, who now came to join him. Her name was Toshkowhi Gobedian. She was four years younger than he was, and very bashful—so bashful that when she spoke of her love for Vahi and his promise to marry her, her olive cheeks glowed and her black eyes gazed at the leg of the matron's chair.

"Have you got any money?" the clerk had asked her.

"No, sir. I have a sweetheart."

"But how do you know he'll marry you?"

"Because God would strangle him if he went back on me."

When the two were brought together Vahi offered to kiss the girl, but she blushingly held back.

"Don't you want me?" he asked in despair.

"Yes, but there are so many princes around. I am ashamed."

The wedding took place outside of the barge office, a clerk of the immigrant station being present to see that the ceremony was really performed, and then the girl was declared Vahi's wife and free to "go out into America."

Mexico has seven glass factories.

—A strong dislike to the odor of peppermint has been discovered in mice. Cotton soaked in peppermint oil caused them to go away for a considerable time, and after a second application they disappeared completely.

—A Boston physician asserts that nine-tenths of the cases of diphtheria are traceable to defective drainage and imperfect drainage and imperfect ventilation.

—Cabs are r Antwerp, Belgium, by the city. A yearly commutation ticket costs $20, nd the possessor of one can use it as often as he chooses, every day in the year.

—A copy of Queen Victoria's "Leaves From the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," presented to her majesty by Charles Dickens, was sold at auction in London the other day for $500.

—About one-half of the residents in Brooklyn live in tenement houses. There are 31,687 tenement dwellings, giving shelter to 574,959 people—an average of eighteen persons to each house.

—The efficacy of the serum treatment of diphtheria has again been demonstrated in Austria, where the mortality, in cases so treated last year, was only 15.89 per cent., while of those treated without serum 39.39 per cent. died.

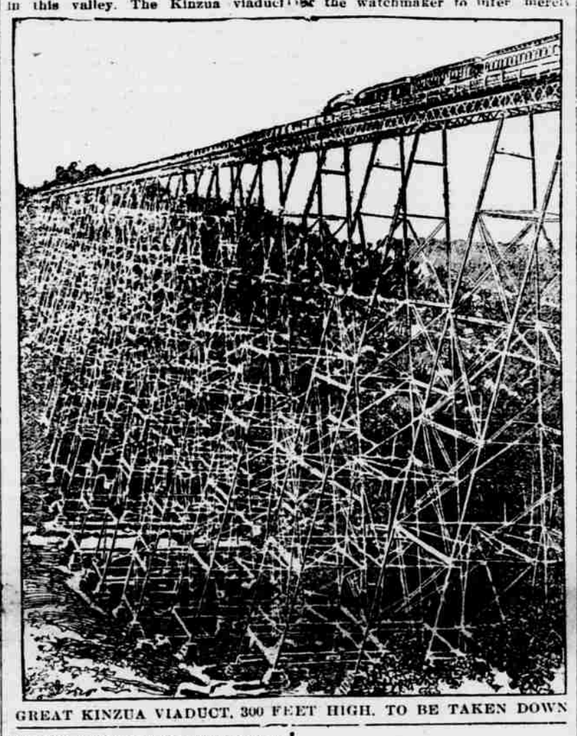
It is only fools who never have any doubts.

VIADUCT TO BE TAKEN DOWN.

Immense Work of Engineering in Pennsylvania Will Be Destroyed.

It is authoritatively stated that the famous Kinzua viaduct, the gigantic iron girder and trestle bridge in McKean County, Pennsylvania, south of Bradford, is to be replaced at an early date by a new and wholly different structure. Work on it was begun on May 5, 1882, and it was completed and opened for traffic less than four months later, on Aug. 29, 1882. It is 301 feet high at the highest point and until the completion of the Garabit viaduct was the highest bridge in the world. The Garabit spans the Truyere in the south of France, is 1,849 feet long and at the highest point the rail level is 401 feet above the river. It was designed by M. Eiffel, builder of the famous tower, and was completed in 1884.

The Kinzua bridge is 2,060 feet long. Its completion gave to the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad direct communication with the coal fields of Western Pennsylvania. The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg has a traffic arrangement with the Erie for the use of the bridge. The valley of the Kinzua, which this great trestle spans, is fifteen miles south of Bradford and one of the wildest regions yet left in Western Pennsylvania. Until recently, perhaps even yet, bear were plentiful and deer occasionally found in this valley. The Kinzua viaduct



GREAT KINZUA VIADUCT, 300 FEET HIGH, TO BE TAKEN DOWN.

has been a point of excursion and an object of curiosity for sight seers ever since it was built. Gen. Grant was taken there on one occasion.

GREAT COKE AND COAL YEAR.

Tremendous Output of Both Expected in Western Pennsylvania in 1900.

This year will witness the greatest era in the coke and coal regions of Western Pennsylvania in their history. In the Connellsville coke region more new ovens will be built than in any previous year, and the coke production will be increased fully 20 per cent. There are now projected and in the course of erection more than 2,000 new ovens, which will be put in operation by the middle of the coming summer, which will run the total of the coke region up to 21,000 ovens. At the beginning of the present year there were in operation in the region 18,904 ovens. During the past twelve months the price of coke has nearly doubled, and the demand to-day greatly exceeds the production. At the present price, $3, the business is most profitable. Two years ago coke was selling for $1 a ton. The production of the coke region for 1897 was 8,500,000 tons, while during the year 1899 9,529,000 tons was shipped from the Connellsville region. The 1897 product was valued at $14,000,000, while that of last year represented a value of $20,500,000. The enlarged capacity will increase the product for 1900 to about 13,000,000 tons, with a value of nearly $30,000,000.

Just now there is a famine in coke. The famine is not acute because coke can be had for immediate delivery, but only in small quantities. Coke makers are just now getting $3 a ton for furnace coke and $3.25 for foundry coke. Western Pennsylvania coke is now bringing $5.90 at Cincinnati and $6.50 at St. Louis. All kinds of coal have greatly advanced in prices, and to-day there is not an idle mine in all Western Pennsylvania. In many cases the wages of the miners have been advanced greatly. The coal famine has induced many large Pittsburg consumers to buy up coal lands, and many new mines will be opened soon. A large syndicate, formed of Pittsburg consumers, has obtained control of more than 1,000,000 acres of rich coal lands around the city, and will operate mines to supply their manufacturing plants.

MYSTERY OF THE MAINSPRING.

Some Breakages Not Yet Understood Despite Much Investigation.

Despite the investigations regarding the structure of mainsprings and the efforts to improve them; despite the experimentation and theorizing on the subject, some of the causes of the breaking of mainsprings remain an unsolved mystery. Many, indeed, are the known causes responsible for breaking, such as faulty construction or tempering, careless handling, leading to the formation of rust and poor fitting, but after all these which are recognized have been eliminated there still remains the fact well known to watchmakers that the best springs will, in spite of the most careful handling and proper adjustment, unexpectedly break, sometimes in a number of places. It will thus happen that of two springs made at the same time by the same process, of the same material, tempered in the same way and handled with the same care, one may last for years, while the other may break after two weeks' use, or even while being placed in the barrel.

When it is considered that the spring is but from .008 to .009 of an inch in thickness; that the material must be subjected to a process which shall give it a high state of elasticity, and at the same time enable it to do its prescribed work for years, a slight molecular disarrangement in its structure may be expected to occur from causes too insignificant for observation.

Many jewelers state that it is their experience that they have many more mainsprings to repair after a warm, humid day than at any other time. Others believe the breaking to be due to electric disturbances, stating that after an electrical storm they find that many of their customers bring their watches to them for repair. The sudden cooling and consequent contraction of the tightly wound mainspring caused by the removal of the watch from the body on a cool night following a warm day, is believed by some to account, in a measure, for the accidents mentioned. So far, however, no entirely satisfactory explanation has been suggested. The only conclusion to be drawn from the acknowledged facts of the case is that it is not safe for the watchmaker to infer merely from the breaking of a mainspring that it is of an inferior grade, nor for his customer to believe the watchmaker deficient in skill because the mainspring of his timepiece has snapped shortly after being replaced.

Lilies in the South.

An interesting experiment is now being conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture in South Carolina and in the Southern States with the Bermuda lily, so popular at Easter as a gift and for decorative purposes. Bulbs have been distributed freely in every section of Louisiana and South Carolina with a view to ascertaining if the Bermuda lily will bear transplanting to this soil.

An experiment made in the Rally experimental station in South Carolina was attended with the most satisfactory results, and if the same luck follows the general experiment the home markets can be supplied with the native-grown product. The supply in the Bermudas is still unlimited, but the stock has so deteriorated as to cause general complaint from the receiving florists in this country, and this resulted in the action of the Department of Agriculture. As a corrective method the British government has established an experimental station in Bermuda to educate the natives in the more successful growth of this, one of their principal industries.—Philadelphia Record.

Another Kipling Story.

Just before the famous writer left England he was lunching at a restaurant in Fleet street much affected by the literary and artistic set. In a fit of absence of mind Kipling got up from his seat and began walking away without paying his score. The waitress, with a readiness of wit which delighted the whole room, called out "Mr. Kipling—Pay, Pay, Pay," the well-known refrain of the "Absent Minded Beggar." It is a story that will often be told against the author of the much-discussed patriotic poem.—London Madame.

The Morals of Ants.

Sir John Lubbock has gone to the ants again, and if he keeps up his visits and others imitate him that interesting insect will become useless for Sunday school purposes. Sir John succeeded in getting fifty ants helplessly drunk and then placed them outside an ant hill. The sober ants came out, picked up their friends, and put them to bed to sleep off the effects of Sir John's liquor; the strangers, however, they sternly rolled over into the ditch.

A Reformer.

Mrs. Corncribber—I reckon our Hennery has joined the law and order league at Yale."

Mr. Corncribber—Why do you think that?

Mrs. Corncribber—Why, he writes that he's helped to break up four shows at the opera house this week. Them theaters is very pernicious things, you know.—Judge.

Science and Invention

The light which comes to us from the sun in eight minutes might journey ten thousand billion years and not reach the borderland of the universe. It has no limit. It can have none. Yet the same laws rule it throughout. And every force, all power within it, all the laws that govern it, work for harmony and happiness.

A French engineer, Jean Berlier, has worked out in detail the plans for a railroad tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar. He would run it from a point in Spain near Gibraltar to Tangier, in Morocco, the total length, including approaches, being 25 miles, of which 20 miles would lie under the sea. The estimated cost is about $25,000,000.

Prof. C. E. Bessey announces in a letter to Science that he has obtained evidence that trees, including such species as oak, hickory, willow, cottonwood, elm and box elder, are rapidly advancing in eastern Nebraska. The areas covered by them are gradually creeping up the courses of the streams and spreading out laterally. In some cases the "tree belt" along rivers has within twenty-five years, increased in width from 100 feet to half a mile and even a mile.

Prof. Arthur Thompson, in Knowledge, deals with the form of skulls and brain capacity. The average weight of a man's brain is about 50 ounces, that of a woman about 45 ounces. This difference between the sexes is less marked in savage than in civilized races, and is apparently explained by the fact that in the higher races more attention is paid to the education of the male than the female, and consequently the brain is stimulated to increased growth.

An ingenious Frenchman, M. Louis Levat, recently administered alcohol, through the soil, to a geranium plant for the purpose of observing the effect. It was sufficiently startling. The leaves of the geranium began to turn yellow and gave off a peculiar etheric odor, symptoms of poisoning appeared, the rootlets turned black and seemed to have been burnt, the leaves drooped toward the earth, and in four days the alcoholized geranium, which had been a very beautiful plant, was a tottering wreck.

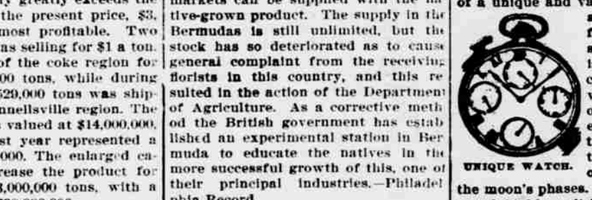
The Arctic Ocean, says Nansen, is a kind of lagoon, separated from the Atlantic by a submarine ridge, stretching from Spitzbergen to Greenland. To this ridge is due a curious condition. The Arctic is covered with a layer of slightly salt water from the Siberian rivers and Behring Strait, and under this is the normally salt Gulf Stream water. If the two layers were mixed, the average temperature would fall, but this average would not be as cold as the surface layer. This accounts for the enormous formation of polar ice.

There is a little bird in Costa Rica, a pretty black and orange oriole, who is an expert in needlecraft. Having no clothes upon which to exercise her skill she turns her talent to account in home-making. Selecting a large, fresh growing banana leaf, she carefully sews the two edges together with her bill for the needle, and some strong grass or rootlets for the thread. She even follows the grain of the leaf closely in one of the veins, and so neatly are the stitches made that only the closest examination reveals them. Inside the pocket is built a nest of soft grass or hair, and here the mother bird lays her dainty eggs and raises her family without fear of discovery.

UNIQUE WATCH FROM PARIS.

Kansas City Man the Owner of a Valuable Timepiece.

W. B. Clarke, president of the United States Trust Company, is the recipient of a unique and valuable present from a Paris banker friend, says the Kansas City Journal. It is a large yet delicately finished watch, which not only is a chronometer, but it also tells the days of the week, the month, the days of the month and the moon's phases. The case is of gun metal highly polished, and is of the "open-face" variety. It is about three inches in diameter, with a very heavy crystal.



UNIQUE WATCH.

The works of the finest Swiss watches have gold mountings, with the running parts of steel fully jeweled. The watch is about three times as heavy as the ordinary large American watch. It is not intended, of course, that the possessor will ever carry it in his pocket, but with it is a beautiful red morocco case with a bracket leg so that when the watch is in its case it resembles a small clock, the face being exposed. It is intended as a desk chronometer, yet it is too valuable a piece of bric-a-brac to be left lying around.

When Mr. Clarke was in Paris on one of his European trips he had the misfortune to lose his watch, a very valuable one, and one day in a company of Paris bankers, all of whom he knew very well, he related the circumstances of his loss. Nothing more was thought of the matter until Mr. Clarke received a letter the day before Christmas notifying him that the watch had been forwarded. It adds to the interest of the present that so good a timekeeper is it that it did not lose an hour on its long trip from Paris and arrived as promptly as though it had been forwarded by messenger from a shop in Kansas City.

There is one thing certain: the sons of the women who play cards all day will never torment their wives by boasting of the good pies their mothers used to make.

It is but natural that a breach-of-promise case should be heard in a courthouse.

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Subject: Drama Discussed—It Cannot Be Suppressed—Christianity Should Control and Reform Public Amusement—The Church Should Go to the Theater.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—At a time when the whole country is in controversy as never before concerning the theater and some plays are being arrested by the police and others are being patronized by Christian people this sermon of Dr. Talmage is of much interest. The text is I Corinthians vii., 31, "They that use this world as not abusing it."

My reason for preaching this discourse is that I have been kindly invited by two of the leading newspapers of this country to inspect and report on two of the popular plays of the day—to go some weeks ago to Chicago and see the drama "Quo Vadis" and criticise it with respect to its moral effect and to go to New York and see the drama "Ben-Hur" and write my opinion of it for public use. Instead of doing that I propose in a sermon to discuss what we shall do with the dramatic element which God has implanted in many of our natures—not in ten or 100 or 1000, but in the vast majority of the human race. Some people speak of the drama as though it were something built up outside of ourselves by the Congreves and the Goldsmiths and the Shakespeares and the Sheridans of literature and that then we attune our tastes to correspond with human inventions. Not at all. The drama is an echo from the feeling which God has implanted in our immortal souls. It is seen first in the domestic circle among the children three or four years of age playing with their dolls and their cradles and their carts, seen ten years after in the playhouses of wood, ten years after in the parlor charades, after that in the elaborate impersonations in the academies of music. Thespis and Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides merely dramatized what was in the Greek heart; Terence and Plautus and Seneca merely dramatized what was in the Roman heart; Congreve and Farquhar merely dramatized what was in the English heart; Racine, Cornellie and Alfieri only dramatized what was in the French and Italian heart; Shakespeare only dramatized what was in the great world's heart. The dithyrambic and classic drama, the sentimental drama, the romantic drama, were merely echoes of the human soul.

I do not speak of the drama on the poetic shelf or of the drama in the playhouse, but I speak of the dramatic element in your soul and mine. We make men responsible for it. They are not responsible. They are responsible for the perversion of it, but not for the original implantation. God did that work, and I suppose He knew what He was about when He made us. We are nearly all moved by the spectacular. When on Thanksgiving Day we decorate our churches with the cotton and the rice and the apples and the wheat and the rye and the oats, our gratitude to God is stirred; when on Easter morning we see written in letters of flowers the inscription, "He Is Risen," our emotions are stirred. Every parent likes to go to the school exhibition, with its recitations and its dialogues and its droll costumes. The torchlight procession of the political campaign is merely the dramatization of principles involved. No intelligent man can look in any secular or religious direction without finding this dramatic element revealing, unrolling, demonstrating itself. What shall we do with it?

Shall we suppress it? You can as easily suppress its Creator. You may direct it, you may educate it, you may purify it, you may harness it to multi-potent usefulness, and that it is your duty to do, just as we cultivate taste for the beautiful and sublime.

Now, I have to tell you not only that God has implanted this dramatic element in our natures, but I have to tell you in the Scriptures He cultivates it. He appeals to it. He develops it. I do not care where you open the Bible, your eye will fall upon a drama. Here it is in the book of Judges, the fir tree, the vine, the olive tree, the bramble—they all make speeches. Then at the close of the scene there is a coronation, and the bramble is proclaimed king. That is a political drama. Here it is in the book of Job. Enter Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu and Job. The opening act of the drama, all darkness; the closing act of the drama, all sunshine. Magnificent drama is the book of Job.

Here it is in Solomon's Song—the region, an oriental region: Vineyards, pomegranates, mountain of myrrh, flock of sheep, garden of spices, a wooing, a bride, a bridegroom, dialogue after dialogue—intense, gorgeous, all suggestive drama is the book of Solomon's Song. Here it is in the book of Luke: Costly mansion in the night. All the windows bright with illumination. The floor a-quake with the dance. Returned son in costly garments which do not very well fit him perhaps, for they were not made for him, but he must swiftly leave off his old garb and prepare for this extemporized levee. Pouting son at the back door, too mad to go in, because they are making such a fuss. Tears of sympathy running down the old man's cheek at the story of his son's wandering and suffering and tears of joy at his return. When you heard Murdock recite "The Prodigal Son" in one of his readings, you did not know whether to sob or shout. Revivals of religion have started just under the reading of that soul revolutionizing drama of "The Prodigal Son."

Here it is in the book of Revelation—crystalline sea, pearly gate, opaline river, amethyst one, sapstone, showering crowns, one vial poured out incardinating the waters, cavalrymen of heaven galloping on white horses, nations in doxology, hallelujahs to the right of them, hallelujahs to the left of them. As the Bible opens with the drama of the first paradise, so it closes with the drama of the second paradise.

Mind you, when I say drama I do not mean myth or fable, for my theology is of the oldest type—500 years old, thousands of years old, as old as the Bible. When I speak of the drama at the beginning and close of the Bible, I do not mean an allegory, but I mean the truth so stated that in grouping and in startling effect it is a God given, world resounding, heaven echoing drama. Now, if God implanted this dramatic element in our natures, and if He has cultivated and developed it in the Scriptures, I demand that you recognize it.

Because the drama has again and again been degraded and employed for destructive purposes is nothing against the drama any more than music ought to be accursed because it has been taken again and again into the saturnalian wassails of 4000 years. Will you refuse to enthrone music on the church organ because the art has been trampled again and again under the feet of the lascivious dance?

It is nothing against painting and sculpture that in Corinth and Herculaneum they were demonstrative of vulgarity and turpitude. The dreadful museum at Pompeii shall throw no discredit on Powers's "Greek Slave" or Church's "Heart of the Andes" or Rubens's "Descent From the Cross" or Angelo's "Last Judgment." The very fact that again and again the drama has been dragged through the sewers of iniquity is the reason why we should snatch it up and start it out on a grand and a holy and a magnificent mission. Let me say at this point in my sermon that the drama will never be lifted to its rightful sphere by those people who have not sense enough to distinguish between the drama and the playhouse. The drama is no more the theatre than a hymn-book is a church. I am not speaking in regard to the theatre at all. The drama is a literary expression of that feeling which God implanted in the human soul. Neither will the drama ever be lifted to its proper sphere by wholesale denunciation of all dramatists. If you have not known men and women connected with the drama who are pure in heart and pure in speech and pure in life, it is because you have not had very wide acquaintance.

Wholesale denunciation of all dramatists will never elevate the drama. Yonder stand a church and a theatre on opposite sides of the street. The church shouts over to the theatre, "You are all scoundrels!" The theatre shouts back, "You are all hypocrites!" And they both falsify. Dropping all indiscriminate jeremiads against dramatists and realizing that the drama is not necessarily connected with this institution or with that, I want to show you how the dramatic element in our natures may be harnessed to the chariot of civilization and Christianity.

Fifty essays about the sorrows of the poor could not affect me as a little drama of accident and suffering I saw one slippery morning in the streets of Philadelphia. Just ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek, the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken food under his arm—food he had begged, I suppose, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement, cautiously and carefully, I steadied him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutch under the other arm, but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I burst into tears. Fifty essays about the sufferings of the poor could not touch one like that little drama of accident and suffering.

Oh, we want in all our different departments of usefulness more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this day is to drone religion, to whine religion, to cant religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulchralize religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come snoring down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere, and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew, not the heavy bones of extinct mastatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We want to drive out the drowsy and the prosaic and the tedious and the humdrum and introduce the brightness and the vivacity and the holy sarcasm and the sanctified wit and the epigrammatic power and the blood red earnestness and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic.

But now let us turn to the drama as an amusement and entertainment.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, many years ago in a very brilliant but much criticised sermon took the position that the theater might be renovated and made auxiliary to the church. Many Christian people are of the same opinion. I do not agree with them. I have no idea that success is in that direction. What I have said heretofore on this subject, as far as I can remember, is my sentiment now. But today I take a step in advance of my former theory. Christianity is going to take full possession of this world and control its maxims, its laws, its literature, its science and its amusements. Shut out from the realm of Christianity anything and you give it up to sin and death.

If Christianity is mighty enough to manage everything but the amusements of the world, then it is a very defective Christianity. Is it capable of keeping account of the tears of the world and incompetent to make record of its smiles? Is it good to follow the funeral, but dumb at the world's play? Can it control all the other elements of our nature but the dramatic element? My idea of Christianity is that it can and will conquer everything.

Now, what we want is to hasten that time. How will it be done? By the church going over to the theater? It will not go. By the theater coming to the church? It will not come. What we want is a reformed amusement association in every city and town of the United States. Once announced and explained and illustrated, the Christian and philanthropic capitalist will come forward to establish it, and there will be public spirited men everywhere who will do this work for the dramatic element of our natures. We need a new institution to meet and recognize and develop and defend the dramatic element of our nature. It needs to be distinct from everything that is or has been.

I would have this reformed amusement association having in charge this new institution of the spectacular take possession of some hall or academy. It might take a smaller building at the start, but it would soon need the largest hall, and even that would not hold the people, for he who opens before the dramatic element in human nature an opportunity of gratification without compromise and without danger does the mightiest thing of this century, and the tides of such an institution would rise as the Atlantic rises at Liverpool docks.

There are tens of thousands of Christian homes where the sons and daughters are held back from dramatic entertainment for reasons which some of you would say are good reasons and others would say are poor reasons, but all feel held back. But on the establishment of such an institution they would feel the arrest of their anxieties and would say on the establishment of this new institution, which I have called the spectacular, "Thank God, this is what we have all been waiting for."

Now, as I believe that I make suggestion of an institution which wiser men will develop, I want to give some characteristics of this new institution, this spectacular, if it is to be a grand social and moral success. In the first place, its entertainments must be compressed within an hour and three-quarters. What kills sermons, prayers and lectures and entertainments of all sorts is prolixity. At a reasonable hour every night every curtain of public entertainment ought to drop, every church service ought to cease, the instruments of orchestras ought to be unstrung.

On the platform of this new institution there will be a drama which before rendering has been read, expurgated, abbreviated and passed upon by a board of trustees connected with this reformed amusement association. If there be in a drama a sentence suggesting evil, it will be stricken out. If there be in a Shakespearean play a word with two meanings—a good meaning and a bad meaning—another word will be substituted, an honest word looking only way. The caterers to public taste will have to learn that Shakespearean nastiness is no better than Congrevean nastiness. You say, "Who will dare to change by expurgation or abbreviation a Shakespearean play?" I dare. The board of trustees of this reformed amusement association will dare. It is no depreciation of a drama, the abbreviation of it. I would like to hear thirty or forty pages of Milton's "Paradise Lost" read at one time, but I should be very sorry to hear the whole book read at one sitting. Abbreviation is not depreciation.

On the platform of this new institution this spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the community, there shall be nothing witnessed that would be unfit for a parlor. Any attitude, any look, any word that would offend you seated at your own fireside, in your family circle, will be prohibited from that platform. By what law of common sense or of morality does that which is not fit to be seen or heard by five people become fit to be seen or heard by 1500 people? On the platform of that spectacular all the scenes of the drama will be as chaste as was ever a lecture by Edward Everett or a sermon by F. W. Robertson. On that platform there shall be no carouser, no inebriate, no cyprian, no foe of good morals, masculine or feminine.

—Although a great patron of the turf from personal taste and hereditary instincts, the late duke of Westminster was never in the ordinary sense a sporting peer.

—Gen. Miles keeps up his good horsemanship by constant practice. Wherever he may be or whatever the weather, a morning never passes but he takes a