# 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, APRIL 11, 1900 NO. 18.

CHAPTER X.

"Let us repeat the happy experiment of last autumn," said the Duchess of Rosedene to Sir Arthur. "Come with us to Dene. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed anything more than your visit. I will ask Sir Basil to come, and the two lovers will be happy—that is, if such unreasonable beings as lovers are ever happy. They seem to me more often discontented."

August found them at Dene, well and happy, without the faintest knowledge of the doom that was fast drawing nigh.

Partly on account of its bracing air and partly because he at times had a few engagements in the neighboring towns, Martin Ray had for some years made this place his home.

These were the days of Martin Ray's decadence, and he could not perhaps have chosen any spot on earth where he could have been more secluded or more forgotten.

It was a strange chance that brought these two sisters so near together, yet placed them so far apart. The steep green hill that stood between Dene Abbey and Southwood was typical of the great barrier of caste which parted them. There were times when both at the same moment watched the same seas, the same skies, yet neither had the least notion of the other's presence in that part of the country.

The summer had been hot and oppressive. Martin Ray had suffered much, and it was some relief when the cool breezes of autumn came. They heard casually that Dene Abbey was filled with visitors, but that any of the visitors concerned them never occurred to them. Father and daughter would not have sat so quietly watching the heaving waters had they known that Leah was so near them.

The occupants of Dene Abbey seldom attended the pretty old Norman church at Southwood, where Hettie sang so sweetly and so clearly. There was a church nearer to them called St. Barbould's, which stood in the center of a little village near the sea. But Sir Basil liked Southwood best. He admired the quaint old Norman church, with its square tower and fine arches. So, one Sunday morning, when the whole party went over to St. Barbould's, Sir Basil went through the woods, climbed the steep hill and descended the beautiful grassy slopes, until he reached the old Norman church where his fate awaited him.

The rector read the prayers, and said a few words to the people—simple, honest words that went home to every heart and left an impression there. When the clear, earnest voice ceased, there was a slight stir in the organ loft, and then a dead silence.

What broke it? A clear, sweet voice which Sir Basil never forgot, singing a solo in a grand old anthem, every word of which was distinct and audible—beautiful words, well matched with the fine music and the angelic voice. He listened in wonder; he had heard some of the finest singers in Italy and some of the grandest music in the world, but nothing like this. He was not sentimental, and flattered himself that he took a practical view of most thinks; but as he listened he thought to himself:

"That must be how the angels sing!"

He looked up into the organ loft from which the sound came, and there he saw a picture that was photographed on his brain for evermore. A tall, slender girl stood in the midst of the choir, in a dress of pale blue—a girl with a face so fair, so rapt, so seraphic, that it awed and bewildered him. She was singing—not to the people, who listened with bated breath—not to him, whose eyes never moved from her face.

Her thoughts had pierced the old grained roof and the blue ether that lay beyond, and had gone to the land where angels dwell. Her golden hair made a halo round her head, and he could have thought that an angel had descended from "the realms of light." Then it dawned upon him slowly that this girl had been the original of the picture, "The First Glimpse of Morning," and he remembered what he had said to Leah, "That face has what yours lacks—tenderness." "I am destined to know her through the arts," he said to himself. "She dawned upon me in painting, I see her etherealized by music—yet what is she to me?"

She was nothing to him, yet during the whole of the day that rapt spiritual face seemed always before him. He would have asked who she was, but he knew no one there, and when the anthem was finished she vanished. He lingered in the old churchyard where the tall elm trees cast graceful shadows on the grass, but he caught no glimpse of her. He went home to Dene Abbey with the clear, rich voice ringing in his ears. There was a little rivulet that ran through the Dene woods; he bent over it, and, lo! the sweet face smiled at him from its clear depths! He laughed at himself. No woman's face had ever haunted him before. With all its brilliant beauty, even Leah's had not haunted him as this one did.

The week that passed before Sunday came again was a long one to Sir Basil. He had not the least intention of ever being, even in thought, untrue to Leah. If he had dreamed that there was any danger in seeing the beautiful singer again, he would have avoided her. What harm could there be in going to Southwood Church to hear a grand old anthem beautifully sung? He did not speak to Leah about it. He had one definite motive for silence, and he had twenty reasons that were not quite definite.

On that bright Sunday morning no warning came to Sir Basil that he had better not see the young singer again. He went. She sang more sweetly than ever, and looked to his enchanted eyes fairer than before.

When the people went out of church, he contrived to be among the first, and then he saw the blue dress trailing over the grass; and he noticed that every movement and action of the girl was as full of grace as her singing was full of music.

He found the old sexton. Sir Basil discovered in a moment the way to his heart; it was suggested by the almost pathetic manner in which the man said that it was a dry day. He was so completely overwhelmed when Sir Basil dropped something in his hand with which to make the day more comfortable that he would have answered any number of questions.

"Who was the lady that sung?"

She was Miss Ray—Miss Hettie Ray, daughter of the old man who lived at Rosewalk.

"Where — Rosewalk?

"It is a cottage built on the slope of the hill around there by Southwood"—a vague direction, but Sir Basil remembered every word of it.

Who was the old man?

Ah, that the sexton did not know! All that he could tell was that he had heard that he was a bit of a writer in the political line, that he was poor, and that his daughter worked very hard. He knew little of him, because he kept away from everyone and shut himself up in his little cottage.

"Rather a curious history," thought the young baronet. "Such a father and such a daughter! He cannot possibly be a political writer of any note, or I should have heard someone speak of him. Before long I will see for myself what Rosewalk is like."

One autumn day Sir Basil strolled over to Rosewalk. He told Leah that he was going for a long ramble; but he did not ask her to accompany him. There was in his mind no direct thought that he was going somewhere clandestinely. He climbed the steep hill once more, and there before him lay the pretty town of Southwood.

After walking so far his courage failed him; he passed through the lane and did not even look at the cottage he had come to see.

He felt ashamed of himself, and went back again—the lane was a long one. When he returned, he found that an elderly man was standing watching the passing of a ship at sea. The scene was so beautiful that he was charmed with it. Some instinct told him that this was Martin Ray. "This is a lovely scene, sir," Sir Basil remarked, as he paused in front of the old man.

"It is well enough," he said.

And then Sir Basil was slightly disconcerted. He hardly knew what next to say. He stood and looked, first at the blue, rippling waters and then at the stern, worn, haggard man. It was better perhaps to be frank.

"I am looking," he said, quietly, "for the house of Mr. Martin Ray. Can you tell me if this be it?"

"I am Martin Ray," answered the other, briefly.

And again Sir Basil was nonplused.

The man raised himself from his leaning attitude and looked at the handsome, dark face before him.

"You wanted to see my house and me—why?" he asked.

"My reason is very simple," replied Sir Basil, raising his hat. "I heard that you were living here, and I wished to see one who, rightly or wrongly, has been a leader among the people."

"Are you of my way of thinking?" asked Martin, abruptly.

"No, I am not," replied Sir Basil. "You carry to excess that which I believe in but little. I hold a middle path between you and those whom you would call your enemies."

"A middle path," repeated Martin. "Ah, then you will not interest me!"

"I am not sure that I wish to do so," replied Sir Basil. "It was not with a view of interesting you that I desired to see you."

"I did not intend to be rude," returned Martin Ray. "I mean this—that my life has been a fierce fight. I know but two extremes. You must forgive me—I hate all mediocrity."

"You are like an old soldier who smells gunpowder," said Sir Basil, good-temperedly. "You would enjoy a warm political argument with me; but it is not possible. I am only just beginning to understand matters. In a few months or a few years," continued Sir Basil, "I shall be better informed about politics than I am now. I intend to read, to study, to think, and then, when I have mastered both sides of the various questions, I shall be able to form clear and decided views of my own."

"That is right, said Martin. "Come and see me again. You have stirred an old pain in my heart. Good-by."

And without another word Sir Basil retraced his steps to Dene Abbey, thinking the whole way of the man he had just left.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Basil resolved to study politics; and he was well pleased that chance had made him acquainted with Martin Ray, who in his time had caused some stir in the political world. When he started for Rosewalk the next day, he honestly believed that he was going to see Martin Ray from the most honorable and the highest motives. He might, of course, see the beautiful singer again; it was not improbable; but he was not going for that purpose.

When he reached Rosewalk a young and beautiful girl was seated near the wall overlooking the sea. What, at the first sight of her, made his heart beat so fast? He had to pass close by her; but he would not look at the golden hair and sweet face. He went into the quaint flower-wreathed porch and rapped at the door. Then as one watches things in a dream, he saw the young girl arise and walk toward him with a firm, graceful step.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I want to see Mr. Martin Ray."

"My father?" she replied. "He is not at home."

The blue eyes looked into his for a moment, then they fell, and a soft color like that of the fairest petal of a rose covered her face; the dark eyes looking at her were so full of passionate admiration that she could not raise her own to his again.

"Not at home," repeated Sir Basil. "I am very sorry for that. I was to see him to-day, and I walked some distance. Have I your permission to wait until he returns?"

She looked slightly confused at first; then she felt that it would be impossible to refuse. She was only too pleased that her father should have a call from so pleasant a visitor.

"You can wait if you wish to do so," she replied; "but the hour of his return is quite uncertain."

"If you will allow me, I think I will risk it," he said. "I do not think any one could find a more beautiful spot than this in which to while away the time."

He sat down on the pretty rustic beach, which was so placed that one could see the incoming tide. The waves were rolling in grandly; the wind had freshened, and they broke in sheets of white foam. The sunlight lay on the sea and on the shore, on the white cliffs and on the green hill; it fell on the golden hair and sweet face opposite to him. A feeling of perfect rest came over him, of happiness such as in his whole life he had never known before.

"I heard you singing in church last Sunday," he said. "I have been staying in this neighborhood for some time. You have a very beautiful voice; I was quite delighted with it."

"I am fond of music," she answered—"above all things, I am fond of singing. It is the one pleasure of my life. I forget everything else when I sing."

When once Hettie had lost her shy, embarrassed manner, she talked to Sir Basil with all the ease and grace that were natural to her. He told her of the picture in the Academy, and she was amused to hear about it, and in her turn related how the artist came to Southwood in search of picturesque scenes, and saw her sitting by this same wall, and begged that he might make a sketch of her face. She did not know that the picture had been the success of the year. He told her all about it.

"You seem to be quite out of the world here," he said, when she expressed her surprise.

And then she told him of her busy life, and how, do what she would, she could not make the days long enough.

He sat by the ivy-covered wall more than an hour; and, when at last he rose, longing to stay, yet aware that he had been there long enough, they both felt as though they had been friends for years.

Sir Basil called several times at Rosewalk, and Martin Ray, who had all his life hated everyone who could not be called aristocratic, took a fancy to him. They did not agree in all respects. Sir Basil told him frankly that he thought some of his ideas terrible and hideous.

"You will see," said Martin. "You will live longer than I shall. What I now teach the world it will believe and practice when the stinging nettles are growing over my grave."

"Why do you suppose that your grave will be covered with stinging nettles?" asked Sir Basil.

Martin laughed a bitter little cynical laugh.

"I do not imagine that anyone living will care to plant flowers there," he replied.

So the weeks sped on, and Martin Ray, in his own cynical, selfish fashion, after a time became quite fond of Sir Basil. He looked for his coming; he was more gloomy than usual on the days when he did not make his appearance.

They were talking together one morning, while Hettie was away giving her lessons; and Sir Basil said laughingly that it was strange they had met so often without Martin even knowing his name.

There was something impressive in the gesture with which Martin suddenly held up his hand.

"Is it a name that you have made for yourself?" he asked.

"No; it was made for me," replied Sir Basil.

"Then I do not want to know it. As a man with good intentions, I like you; you are straightforward, honest and honorable; but, if you have one of those names with a 'handle,' probably borne by many generations of men who have lived upon their fellow-men, I do not wish to know it. The first time I saw you I thought you looked like an aristocrat. If you are one, do not tell me so; it would spoil my opinion of you."

"If you call me 'Glen,'" said Sir Basil "I shall understand; and that name will do as well as any other."

"I hope," said Martin half savagely, "that you are not a young duke in disguise."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Sir Basil, laughing. "I am neither duke nor belted earl."

"It would be hard work to hate you; but I should hate you if you were," said Martin.

From that time he always called Sir Basil "Glen;" and when Hettie spoke of him it was as "Mr. Glen."

(To be continued.)

## Farm Notes.

Trim the fruit trees so as to have the top open and free, not allowing any of the limbs to touch or cross each other. Much depends upon the first trimming of a young tree, as its shape is then fixed, and the cutting away of the small limbs can be done with less injury to the tree when it is young than at any other time.

Just as soon as the ground is ready for the plow and cultivator the spring work should begin. When the ground is plowed early it becomes warm and the seeds of weeds commence germinating, which permits of their destruction with the harrow or cultivator. The earlier the weeds can be started the more of them can be destroyed before the regular crops are planted, and the labor of cultivation during the year will be materially decreased and the crops benefited accordingly.

When fattening poultry for market the fowls will gain more rapidly if they are kept in small flocks than when they are cooped singly, as they will become lonesome and lose appetite. Feed them four times a day, allowing green food at least once a day with plenty of corn at night. The other two meals may consist of one part by weight of cornmeal, one of bran, one of ground oats, and one of crude tallow. Mix with boiling water and give as much as they will eat.

The results from feeding wheat to live stock have been satisfactory, but corn is cheaper where it is grown on the farm. During the spring and summer there is less desire and demand for grain than during the winter, and in feeding the stock advantage should be taken of the cheaper green foods.

Coal ashes possess but little value as a fertilizer, but they are excellent if broadcasted on very light, sandy soil, their effect being mechanical. They can also be utilized on roads and walkways, and serve admirably for filling up holes in the roads leading to the barn yard or to the main road.

Lime is excellent on the onion bed, as it assists in destroying worms. It will also serve to make the manure more available. The onion seems to grow on the top of the ground entirely, but it sends out roots far and deep, and is one of the heaviest feeders of the soil known. The land cannot be too rich for onions.

It is not wise farming to attempt to make an impoverished farm produce heavy crops, as the land will become poorer every year unless something is put on the land to compensate for loss. With a poor farm one should expect to incur a loss for a year or two. Take time and grow green crops to be plowed under, and use lime, fertilizers and manure, selling nothing off the farm that can be used on the farm. Any farm can be improved, but it requires time to get the land back to its original condition after it has been closely cropped for years.

## NOT A WRITING MAN.

THE boy stood and looked and looked at the girl. It was by no means the first time he had met her, and he would have been extremely glad to know that it was the last. That is to say, he would have wished, of all things in the world, never to part from her again. But this, he acknowledged to himself, was past hoping for. All her people were so clever, everybody she knew had written something or other, she was only used to the very most intellectual persons. Why, even this party that he was now at was given in the great room at the end of her father's garden where he wrote his wonderful books. And he—he was such a countrified fellow. He only had money and a ridiculously, quite intellectually useless strength of body. He could only shoot and hunt and play games and manage dogs and horses. Boorish pursuits, he thought, despairingly. Once he brightened for a moment as he looked round the crowd of nervous, narrow-shouldered men.

"I'd bet anything not one of 'em could bring down a pheasant at 100 yards," he said, and almost chuckled to himself.

Nobody took any notice of him. He felt that he had hardly any right to be there. If he had ever taken a composition prize at school, or even so much as written a letter to the papers, he felt that he need not have stood there so ashamed. Once she in her capacity as young hostess had come and spoken to him. Very shyly. And no wonder, he thought, bitterly. What single thing in common with her could such a stupid fellow as he have? And so she had left him alone, after taking him to one or two girls whom he supposed to embody genius in its most terrible form, the feminine specimen, and who therefore found, and left, him dumb.

So he wandered off into a far corner, for it was a large room, and when he had put himself behind a small grove of portfolios he could watch her without being seen in anybody's way. For a long time he gazed at her, very fair, and in white, with what he called a lump of black velvet against her shining white shoulder. Then at last she was lost to him in a throng far away at the other end of the room. He turned his back on everybody and looked with a curious, ingenious wonder at some Inca drawings which were in the corner on the wall.

He did not observe that the noise of voices grew less and less, and then ceased altogether. He was lost in a dream of her, till suddenly he was awakened by the electric lights going out altogether and the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door. He listened acutely then, and heard the gay voices growing fainter and fainter outside, as the guests went along the Chinese-lanterned path into the house to supper. He started out of his corner to rush for the door and try to make somebody hear him. But he entangled himself among the portfolio stands with a loud noise, and when he extricated himself and felt cautiously round in the darkness for landmarks he found that he had lost his bearings. The sounds outside died quite away.

He stood still and wondered what he should do. And where was she? What more worthy man was handing her to supper? His teeth came together at the thought. It had been his one final daring hope—and then to retire to vegetate and slowly die in the empty country. And even this had been denied him. He felt a chair near and sat heavily down.

Then his sharpened senses seemed to take in a breath and a soft rustle a very long way off, and there came a low, sweet voice, "Are you there, Mr. Penwin?"

Rapture. "Are you?" was all he could say, and he bounded from his chair.

She laughed gently. "Yes, I—I got left behind as—as you did, you know."

"I can't imagine how I did it," he said.

"You were dreaming something beautiful in your corner——"

"I was," he cried out eagerly, and began to make his stumbling way toward her voice.

——"something that I shall perhaps read some day in a great book?" she breathed softly.

He stopped groping with a gasp. Heavens! this was worse than anything. She took him, him, for a writer! He blushed as he stood there in the darkness. And, of course, how could she suppose that any guest of her father's had not written, or was not about to write, some world-stirring masterpiece? It thrilled him for a moment to think she had thought him capable even for an instant of writing something, anything. But the despair was all the flatter afterward. Well, it certainly was all over now, the only thing was to get away from her as quickly and with as little betrayal of his stupidity as possible. So he blundered out:

"Tell me what I can do to let you out."

"Us," she said, very gently, he thought.

"Us," he echoed, and his heart seemed to film to stop beating as he said. That she should put herself into one word with him and say "us!"

"There aren't any windows," she said, in a voice that struck him as oddly calm, coming through the tumult of his feelings. "Father has it lighted from the top, so that he shan't see anything to distract his thoughts, or we could have got out that way."

"Does he really?" said Penwin, in overflowing admiration of this iron type of genius. "Splendid man!"

"Do you think so?" she said, slowly. "I think the blue sky or the great clouds and the trees and flowers would help to make one's thoughts beautiful—and true."

He became more ashamed than ever, feeling that her reverence for poetic things was high, indeed.

The only thing he could think of to say was: "Where are the switches? Can't I turn on the light?"

"Outside." Then she laughed gayly. "I'm afraid we really are locked up till they remember us!"

"We!" "Us!" It wrought upon him so that he could hardly hear it. Surely she did not understand what she was doing to him! "If you only knew," he began, recklessly, and then pulled himself up.

"What?"

"Oh—you know everything!"

"Indeed, no; there are some things I would like very, very much to know." He heard that she sighed softly. This was torment. Why was he not a learned man, so that she could have asked him and he could have told her?

"I—I think I noticed a candle on that table," he stammered, dismally. The one with the prickly edge."

"Yes, if one only knew where it was."

"I AM QUITE LOST, AREN'T YOU?"

she said. "I'm quite lost, aren't you?"

"Quite," he said, forlornly.

"I don't know where anything is."

"I do."

"What?"

"You," he said, simply.

"That's an idea," she said, as if it were an agreeable one.

"What? How?" he cried, in delight. Was it possible, then, that he had ideas without recognizing them?

"If we find each other we shall at any rate have found something."

He was speechless. Then he said, almost trembling:

"May I come to you?"

"Ye-es," she said. And well might she hesitate in that heavenly, dainty way, he thought. To find him was but a poor hope for her, even if to find her was to him just everything.

He heard again the soft rustle.

"Are you coming to me?" he asked, incredulous of his joy.

"Of course. I must meet you half-way."

"If you could—oh, if you would——"

"I am doing it," she said, and laughed softly again.

He heard several bumps and noises close to his own knees and shins and supposed that he was making them with his own person, but he could not take account of that when she was coming half-way." Next moment his hand grasped a soft one, put out to feel its way. Before he or she could stop he had touched her, herself, and his nostrils caught up the scent of her hair.

She withdrew from him with a soft, surprised "Oh!"

He, too, could only echo the "Oh," and the hand loosed itself from his long, lingering hand that dared not keep it.

Neither spoke for awhile. He feared he should never be forgiven, and even furiously wished that he had written something. Then he would have had a right at least to want to touch her.

"I think I am standing near the table where the candle was," she said faintly at last.

"I'm afraid I do." Another silence.

"It's so annoying," he ventured.

"It is," she said, but quite softly.

"So horrid for you!"

"So tiresome for you," she was saying at the same time.

"Oh, I don't mind."

"And, you see, it's—it's my father's room," she added, in an explanatory manner, so that he could not but feel that something had been explained. He would have been glad to have been told what.

"I suppose we can talk?" she said nervously.

"Yes."

There was a long silence. He heard that she sat down, and he moved close to her silently.

"I suppose——" he began, desperately.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Yes?"

"I didn't think you were so near!"

"Did I frighten you?" How he forbore to call her "dearest" he did not know.

"Oh, no."

"Then?"

"It startled me. But I think I like to have you near. It's so dark."

"It is—very dark." He came nearer. It was delicious to think she could be afraid of the dark. He had feared she was too clever.

"What were you going to say?" she asked.

"I suppose," he said, despair coming on again, "I suppose there wasn't anybody here to-night who hadn't written a book?"

"Most of them—several." He fancied she sighed again. It must be boredom this time, to think of the brilliant people at supper while she was shut up with him. He fancied that it was with an effort she turned to him and said:

"And when's your book coming out?" She did speak wearily.

"I—I don't know," he stammered.

"You are a slow writer, then?"

"I can't even spell," he blurted out.

"Oh, I don't know that that makes any difference."

There was another silence. Then she appeared to make another effort.

"And you really can't tell me when it would be of any use putting it on my list?"

"Oh, how can I bear it?" His voice came out of a dream.

She supposed his work had not been accepted, and reproached herself for conversational clumsiness. And then somehow went on to make it worse.

"They generally don't mind," she said.

"Mind what?" he murmured.

"Being refused."

He felt himself grow burning hot.

"Have I been refused?" he stammered.

"You know."

"I didn't dream I had dared—I don't understand. How did you guess what I——"

"It's so usual," she said.

He found he was fighting for breath.

"But you mustn't mind," she said with sudden kindness. "You must be proud, and say like the others, that it's gross blindness and prejudice, and that somebody else will recognize your merit."

"The—the others?" he stammered. "What others?"

"All those who have been refused."

"Hundreds."

"Were—were there many?"

Penwin laid hold hard of the edge of her chair.

"But you mustn't mind so much. Indeed, you mustn't, dear Mr. Pepwin. Everybody begins by being refused. Please don't mind so."

"How can I help?" he demanded almost with a sob.

She put out a ministering hand and it met his cheek, which was bowed down. There was a tear on it. He seized the hand and kissed it, and then, they neither of them knew how, he was on his knees by her side.

"Make up to me for it—a little," he said. "It is as hard as death."

Her hand was still in both of his. He felt a subtle change in it. It quivered, and then seemed consciously to surrender itself to him. He kissed it again.

"After all," she said, by and by, in a new voice, "somehow I should not have thought you were a writing man."

"Why not?"

"You don't look like it, you know."

"I don't," he admitted, miserably.

"And you never ask how much So-and-So got for So-and-So, and you never seem annoyed at anybody's book being a success, and you never say a good thing and then seem to think you've wasted it, and you don't talk about form and local color, and——"

"You see," he pleaded, "I'm quite a novice!"

"And always when you came into the room there seemed to come a breath from the mountains where nobody hunts for unusual words and where one can live with real and beautiful things instead of writing and reading about them, and I—liked that."

He was so sad and so happy that he was dumb.

"D'you know, I'd—I'd rather you didn't write!"

"Dulcie! He had never dared even to think of her by her name, but now it seemed the one word in the whole world that belonged to his lips. "Dulcie!"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Don't you like writing men?"

"I'm sick to death of them."

"Could you like a man who couldn't put two words together?" he panted.

"I'm afraid I do."

"Could you—could you love him?"

"I'm afraid I do."

For one sharp moment happiness seemed a greater agony than despair. Then he leaned his face to hers, and the agony was gone.—Good Words.

### The Lost Was Found.

They fell into conversation on the Avenue street car as men will to pass away the time, and when one of them happened to mention he was from Pittsburg the other turned to him with:

"Pittsburg, eh? Dear me, but how singular!"

"How do you mean, sir?" was asked.

"Why, I was in Pittsburg twenty-one years ago and lost 10 cents in a street car. I was thinking of the incident just before you spoke to me. I suppose you couldn't inform me whether the money was ever found, could you?"

"Why, yes; I believe I can. I found a dime in a street car about twenty-one years ago and have been looking for the owner ever since. Here it is. It must belong to you."

"Thanks. You are an honest man. Here are 2 cents to reward you."

The Pittsburg man pocketed the reward as the other pocketed the dime, and then they closed the incident and opened the Philippine question.—Washington Post.

### Growing Its Own Ties.

The Big Four Railroad has planted a large tract of land in Indiana with quick-growing trees, which will be converted into cross ties.

## SERMONS OF THE DAY.

Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

**All Nature Joins in Singing His Praises—Everything Bright and Beautiful Suggests Him—Power of the Hymn as a Cradle Song is Remarkable.**

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters; text, Psalm cxviii., 14. "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. So, when in the summer time I pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell how much oftener the little ones would be gathered and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at nightfall, with no one to put to bed. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely, anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful. But would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of Him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put it there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep me from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star. Domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharpshooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus!" Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

This Sabbath day came. From the altars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel preached in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and sailors' bethel and king's chapel and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it and the factory girls and the children in the Sabbath class and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day has gone. It rolled away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches are lighted. Tiles of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

I say once more Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will after a while go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that day will be there.

Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire, and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied and others of the Jesus for whom they died.

Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos, it came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them sing. How very sweetly they sing."

Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder—and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service—will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there.

The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming.

But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus still stand before that great host to conduct the harmony with His wounded hands and His wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen!"

Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces.

Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him to-day, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!"

---

Success isn't going round looking for