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, MAY 16, 1900 NO. 23.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

"And do choose a nice one this time!" says a small woman, with pleading, soft brown eyes. "Just fancy those long days and weeks—in far out-of-the-way places; I want someone who is very, very pretty, and very, very delightful, to be my companion. Never mind about her being a heroine. Everybody can't be a heroine. I want somebody who will be merry at dinner, and cozy to walk with on the moonlight nights; and I don't care twopence about her character——"

"What?"

"You know quite well what I mean. I detest strong-minded women—they should all be sitting on school boards, like a row of owls. Character! You can't kiss force of character; but you can kiss Peggy Rosslyn."

"You mean you can."

"Well?" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with a stare. "Isn't that enough?"

"H'm! However, it's Perry Rosslyn you've fixed upon? Well, I shouldn't have called her so uncommonly pretty. Pretty see. Her eyes—her eyes are rather glassy, aren't they?"

"I think they are most beautiful eyes," says this small creature, warmly. "Why, they have the clear, shining blue of the eyes of a child!"

"But when you come to her conduct, what are you to say? Why, you know she is a most outrageous and audacious and abominable flirt!"

Queen Tita condescends to smile a little.

"She is a mischievous monkey," she admits. "But it's only her fun."

"Her fun? A nice kind of fun! I call her simply a White Pestilence."

"It's all very well for you to make a joke of it; but if you would only think of those two grown-up boys, and the kind of example that is set before them——"

"I dare say the boys will be able to look out for themselves."

"If they take after their father they will."

"Come, now, about Peggy. You know she has a way of expecting a good deal of attention."

"Yes; and men are never willing to pay her all the attention she wants! Oh, no, they are quite reluctant—you especially! Well, never mind, I'll take Peggy. I dare say we shall get on excellently by ourselves. But remember, Peggy is to be mine, and mine alone. Of course she will share my cabin at night, but I mean in the day time as well—when we are walking along the bank. Peggy is to be with me; and if we go for a drive anywhere, she and I are to sit together. And won't you men be wild!"

"And won't you women be dull! But I don't know yet that I can allow a person of that kind to come with us. Look at the way she goes on at cards."

"It's only her fun."

"Why, everything is only her fun! Is she to be allowed to do whatever she pleases, so long as it amuses her? Besides, there are other considerations. She's a Yank."

"She's a dear!"

Obviously it was of no use to argue further with a woman who would make such irrelevant answers; for the sake of peace and quietness it was better to say "Very well;" and so it came about that it was resolved to ask Miss Peggy Rosslyn to accompany us when we should be ready to steal away from the busy haunts of men and begin our explorations of the devious waterways in the west to England.

And now we had to lay all our plans, before our young friend, in the hope of enticing her to go with us. It was speedily found that very little enticement was necessary. When her hostess described to her our preconcerted and sudden withdrawal from the road and turmoil and heated rooms of London; the assembling of the small party of friends on board the mysterious barge, as yet unconstructed and unnamed, that was to bear us away toward far western regions; our stealthy gliding through the silent land, in the pleasant May-time of the year; the ever-changing panorama of hill and wood and daisied meadow slowly going by; our morning walks along the banks; our moonlighted evenings on deck, with perhaps a little music, of plantation birth; or, later still, a game of cards in the lamp-lighted saloon—when all these things and many more have been put before her, the question comes:

"Now, Peggy, what do you say? Will you go with us?"

"Will I?" says Peggy. "Won't I?"

And then she seems to think this answer too abrupt; and she goes round the table and kisses that small mite of a woman.

"You are just too good to me," she says; and then she returns to her place.

"You will bring your banjo, Miss Peggy?" says one of us.

"Oh, no! A guitar sounds all right. But a banjo would be out of keeping——"

"Oh, we can't get on without 'Kitty Wells' and 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.'"

"There is a much more important thing," interposes Mrs. Threepenny-bit; and she eyes the young lady with severe and significant scrutiny. "We shall want a fourth for our party; and he may—I say he may—be a man; and even possibly a young man. Now, Peggy, I want to know if you are going to behave yourself?"

Miss Peggy turns to the third member of this trio, with appealing and innocent and injured eyes.

"Now, is that fair? Is that kind? Do I ever misbehave?"

"Never—I will swear it! But I see you know where to come in, you poor dear, when they say things about you. You know where sympathy and consolation are always waiting for you."

* * * * * * *

The first difficulty we encountered was to find a suitable name for the noble craft that was to carry us away into those sylvan solitudes.

A hundred names were examined and rejected; and we were growing desperate when Miss Peggy Rosslyn, happening to come in one evening, settled the matter in a moment.

"If that is all the trouble," said she, "why not call it the 'Nameless Barge?'"

The "Nameless Barge" was the very thing we wanted—mysterious, ghost-like, and entirely in keeping with our secret and silent gliding along those solitary highways; and the "Nameless Barge" we forthwith declared it should be.

Now, when we set about the planning and construction of the nondescript floating thing that was to be serviceable on both canals and rivers, we were greatly indebted for advice and assistance to a young friend of ours. His name was Jack Duncombe; he was the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant, who had sent the lad to Harrow and Cambridge; thereafter the young man came to London to study for the bar, took rooms in the Temple, eat his dinners, and eventually got called. He was an exceedingly clever and handy fellow, and of the most indefatigable good nature; and when he heard of this project of ours, he quite naturally assumed that it was his business to procure for us the very vessel we wanted. This he did, after a good deal of trouble, and it was agreed and undertaken that the "Nameless Barke," painted a simple white, with no touch of color or gilding at all, should be ready and waiting for us at Kingston-on-Thames, on May 1, with such stores on board as we might choose to send down beforehand.

Then says the mistress of this household:

"Mr. Duncombe has been so awfully kind and obliging over this affair that we are almost bound to ask him to go with us, if he can."

"You know the certain result. Peggy will make a hash of him within the first dozen hours."

"Oh, no, no; this time she has promised to behave; and indeed I don't think she never means very serious mischief."

Accordingly, we asked the budding dramatist to accompany us, and nothing loath was he; for he had always plenty of time on his hands and ideas in his head, that wanted an abundance of leisure for the proper working of them out.

And then we told him about Peggy Rosslyn going with us.

"I've heard a great deal about that young lady," said he. "It's odd I've never met her at your house."

"She spent all last winter in Paris," Mrs. Threepenny-bit explains. "And since she has come to England she has been mostly at Bournemouth, where she has some friends."

"And is she really the adorable angel you all make her out?" he asks, with a certain air of indifference, not to say of incredulity.

"She is a very good girl, and a very nice girl," says Queen Tita, quietly; for she doesn't like any of her young lady friends to be spoken of in a free-and-easy fashion, especially by young men."

Indeed, the next time Jack Duncombe called to see us she took occasion to drop a little hint on the subject—in the gentlest possible way, of course. He came in radiant. He had been down to Kingston. The "Nameless Barge" was nearing completion. He was himself astonished at the amount of accommodation on board, seeing that she had to be constructed so as to enter canal locks and pass under bridges; nay, he was confident of her sea-going qualities, too, when we should have to face the wide waters of the Severn channel. According to him, the project no longer looked merely hopeful; its success was assured. Our wanderings were to be purely pastoral and peaceful; the Thames, the Severn, the Kennet, the Avon, were to reveal to us their most secret haunts. He promised us that on some still evening—some warm and golden evening—perhaps dying slowly into dusk, and then reawakening into the splendor and magic of a moonlight night—we should find ourselves moored by a meadow-side, in the dim solitudes of the Forest of Arden.

CHAPTER II.

"There's my dear! There's my pretty one!" cries Queen Titania, as we drive up to Waterloo Station; forthwith one catches sight of a tall young lady, bright-eyed and smiling, coming quickly toward the cab; the next instant the two friends are together on the platform, kissing each other in the wasteful and foolish fashion peculiar to women.

"No, Peggy," says Queen Tita, gravely; "you needn't look round. He isn't here."

"Oh," says Peggy, with reproachful eyes, "as if I wanted anybody but you."

Our start, after all, was rather a haphazard affair, because some of our arrangements had broken down at the last moment. For one thing, the factotum of a steward provided by Jack Duncombe proved to be much too astute a person for simple folk like us. Doubtless he knew a great deal more about the Thames and about house-boats than we did; but when it came to innumerable conditions and half-hinted stipulations, we had to point out to him, gently but firmly, that we did not at all look upon his going with us in the light of an obligation. And then says Mrs. Threepenny-bit:

"Where do we ever get courtesy and kindness and good-will except in the West Highlands? If I were you I would send right away for Murdoch."

"A Highland steward on the Thames!"

"At all events he will be good-natured, and obliging and pleasant mannered."

It was there and then resolved to send for Murdoch Maclean of Tobermory, in the island of Mull, who came—sadly bewildered by the size and roar of London; and was at once sent on to Kingston. Thither also Jack Duncombe had gone down; for there was some little trouble about getting a man and horse to tow us up to Oxford—where more permanent arrangements were to be made. Thus it was that we three set forth by ourselves.

As the train slowed into Kingston Station we perceived a young gentleman eagerly scanning the carriages. He was a straight-limbed, slimly built young fellow, of pale complexion, with good features, intelligent gray eyes, chestnut-brown hair, and a small brown mustache. He wore a blue jacket, white ducks, and yachting shoes.

"Peggy," said the elder of the two women, as they stepped out and on to the platform, "let me introduce to you Mr. Duncombe—Miss Rosslyn."

The quick look of surprise that appeared on the young man's face! Had our familiar speaking about Peggy deceived him? Perhaps he was not prepared to find this American young lady so distinguished looking, and so calm and self-possessed, to say nothing of the observant, direct glance of her clear, shining eyes. Miss Peggy bowed complacently and not unkindly; and the young man, recovering a little from his embarrassment, turned to his hostess and explained that he had a youth below and a barrow for the transference of our luggage, and that he had left Murdoch in charge of the boat. Then these two, the luggage having been carried down, walked on ahead, leaving Miss Peggy to follow with the only companion left her.

"Well?" one says to her, by way of encouragement and inquiry. She does not care to look up in answer; you would think she was quite interested in the dusty road before her.

"Miss Peggy, are you going to let him alone?"

Again the plaintive, injured look.

"I didn't think you were going to accuse me of such things, even in fun. You are always kind to me—and—and defending me against everybody. Besides, didn't I tell you you would see for yourself, all the day long, how well I behave?"

"But you mustn't behave too well, Miss Peggy; that would never do; we might begin to think you had some definite kind of a character about you. Don't you know what made that small woman there determined to inveigle you into going with us? It was because you had no angles of character at all; because you were nothing but simply nice."

"Did she say I was nice?" she inquires, with a touch of shyness.

"She did."

"And did you agree with her?" asks this bold hussy—showing what her shyness is worth.

"I? Oh, well that's asking questions, and too soon. You know what the man said who went off in a balloon by himself; he said: 'This is very nice. I hope!' We'll see, Miss Peggy. We'll have a little scrutiny of your conduct before saying anything definite. We'll give you a written warranty afterward!"

Here we are down at the river; and there is the long white thing—an elongated Noah's ark—a whitewashed gondola it seems—that is to be our home for many a day. And here is Murdoch come ashore—a sailor-like, sunburned young fellow, who has made himself smart in his steward suit and peaked cap; he is very bashful before the young lady stranger; he waits to be spoken to by Queen Tita, who is an old friend and seafaring comrade of his.

"Well, Murdoch," says she, "and what do you think of the boat, now you have seen her?"

Murdoch glances toward the "Nameless Barge" with evident disfavor; but he is too courteous to say anything too disparaging.

"I thought, mem, it was to be a yat," he says, still regarding that long white eel of a thing.

"A yacht? Oh, no. We couldn't take a yacht away inland. Why," she says, with a smile, looking at him, "I believe you are quite disappointed."

"Oh, no, mem. May be it is a good boat for the purpose—may be it uz. But I would not like her for us to be going round Ru Hunish in that."

"Murdoch, this is Miss Rosslyn; she is an American young lady, who wants to see all about England, you know; and you'll have to do everything to make her comfortable while she is on board."

"Oh, yes, mem; but I wish the young leddy was going with us a yat, mem," says Murdoch, rather pathetically; it is clear that he regards our present expedition as a sad falling off from others he has known in former days.

Queen Tita looks at him and laughs a little.

"I do really believe, Murdoch, you are sorry you came south!"

"Oh, no, mem; indeed not that, mem," says this bashful-eyed young fellow. "I am sure I do not care what kind of a boat it uz, if you will ask me to go, mem; and it's ferry g'ad I am to be going with you, mem, whatever the kind of boat."

(To be continued.)

Human Nature.

Mrs. Neighbors—I was very sorry, indeed, to learn of your sad loss, Mr. Hayrix. You have my deepest sympathy.

Mr. Hayrix—Wall, calkerlate it was purty sadlike. I had ten uv th' finest hogs in this yer hull teownship, an eight uv 'em's deadern' a door nail.

Mrs. Neighbors (horrified)—But I was referring to the loss of your wife.

Mr. Hayrix—Yaas, misfortun's never dew 'pear to come singerly. An' I could 'a sold them thar hogs fer $20 a head dew.—Chicago News.

Household Recipes.

Orange Bavaroise.—Put the yolks of four eggs into a saucepan and add five ounces of loaf sugar and the peel of two oranges which have been steeped for three hours in three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk. Place the pan over the fire, and when the mixture thickens add three-quarters of an ounce of dissolved gelatine. Then strain the whole through a fine sieve into a bowl. Place this on ice and stir till it is quite thick, then mix in three-quarters of a pint of whipped cream. Line a cylinder mould with orange jelly, and when it is set pour in the mixture, pack the mould in ice, and when set turn out.

Fish Puff.—A delicious way of using remnants of cold cooked fish. Chop fish and mix with it an equal part of mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper and an ounce of melted butter. Stir into it two well-beaten eggs. Form into a roll and place on buttered tin. Brush over with a beaten egg. Roll in bread crumbs and bake one-half hour in hot oven.

Compte of Oranges.—Put the thin peel of six oranges into a saucepan with three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar and two breakfast cupfuls of water and boil for 20 minutes; skimming frequently as the scum rises. Scrape off the white pith from the oranges, pull them into quarters, add them to the syrup and simmer gently for six minutes longer. Take them out with a scummer, arrange in a heap on a dish; boil the syrup until quite thick and when cold pour over the oranges.

Lucanian Eggs.—Chop fine a large white onion and slowly fry in a tablespoonful of butter. When nicely browned add half a pint of milk and six hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters. Let heat slowly. When smoking hot add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, mixed with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, a pinch of cinnamon and two beaten egg yolks. Stir over a slow fire until the sauce thickens, take from the fire and add a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Baked Shad.—Take a large melt shad and fill it with a stuffing made of bread crumbs and seasoned with some cayenne pepper, salt and a little onion. Put it into a large baking pan and pour over it lumps of butter the size of a hickory nut. Pour over it a cup of cream and bake in a rather hot oven. Baste as frequently as you would a roast, watching carefully that the cream is replaced whenever there is danger of it drying up. Add more cream from time to time, so that there will be a generous cupful when the shad is sufficiently baked. About three-quarters of an hour will be required for baking. Serve with slices of lemon and parsley for garnishing.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a pubic spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men who has never loved one?

NOVEL AUTOMOBILES.

Electrically Propelled Ambulance and Patrol Wagon.

The predictions about the passing of the horse and the universal employment of the automobile are slow of fulfillment, but signs are not lacking that the change is gradually coming about and that the horseless carriage is surely, if slowly, supplanting its equine competitor in the struggle which can only end in the survival of the fittest. Motor cabs and carriages are on the increase and seem to be giving good satisfaction wherever they have been introduced; automobile fire engines have been employed for some time and mechanical power has been used to propel various other heavy vehicles; and now we have an automobile hospital ambulance and an automobile po-

NEW ELECTRIC AMBULANCE.

lice patron wagon. The first vehicles of this kind that have been built are shown in the accompanying illustrations which are reproduced from the Scientific American. The town of Akron, Ohio, claims the distinction of having constructed the first automobile patrol wagon, while the ambulance will run on the streets of New York, having been built for St. Vincent's Hospital of that city. Both vehicles are propelled by electricity, the current in each case being supplied by storage batteries. The patrol wagon has an accumulator of forty cells by means of which a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour can be attained, while in the ambulance the current is supplied by forty-four cells, which give a maximum speed of thirteen miles an hour The cost of the ambulance is not given but that of the patrol wagon was about $3,000.

There are many reasons why mechanical power is better than horse power for the propulsion of such vehi-

AUTOMOBILE PATROL WAGON.

cles. In the case of an automobile ambulance, for instance, it is capable of greater sustained speed than a horse vehicle, and when the destination is reached no care has to be paid to the steaming horse, so that both surgeon and driver can devote their attendance to the injured person. Accidents to ambulances are of frequent occurrence, owing to their speed and their right of way, but electric vehicles can be stopped in their length. Every second is of importance to an injured person, and speed and ease of riding will undoubtedly soon make them a great favorite among hospital authorities. Another feature of interest is the lower cost of maintenance. An ambulance is usually idle twenty or more hours out of the twenty-four, and this gives ample time for charging the batteries. There is no time lost in hitching up, and the stable may be in the hospital proper, without the dangers of stable odors.

They Mixed the Noise and Light.

They were little city children—not the city children who are so poor that they have never been out of sight of their hot nest of streets where they live, but little children who were well cared for and supposed to know all about the joys of the country. But it so happened that they had never been taken into the country or anything that approximated country directly from home and at night. It was only a Long Island town to which the little ones had been transported, but when the darkness closed in around them and there were no noises and no bright electric lights, and instead of a little spot of sky just over their heads a big broad expanse filled with stars, closing in all around them, and the katydids called aloud at them, they cried to go home. "I am afraid of the dark," sobbed one. "I am afraid of the katydid," cried the other, and "There are so many stars," they both cried together.—New York Times.

Pungent Remark About a President.

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, adding: "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." When some one quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked dryly: "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adam's estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he places upon 50 cents?"

Death by Anarchists.

The German Emperor is probably the only European monarch who carries a revolver. Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the bullet of an anarchist—this fate having been prophesied to him long ago—he is determined to fight for his life if necessary, and accordingly is never without his revolver. He is extremely skillful in the use of the weapon, and his jaeger, or body servant, who accompanies him everywhere, inspects it every morning to make sure that it is in perfect order.

The man who never made a failure is unable to appreciate success.

After a house has been upset three weeks, no man is good enough to admit to his wife that it looks any cleaner.

The announcement of the death of Dr. Gruby, of Paris, recalls many interesting features of his long practice among the eminent folk who were his patients. The list includes Heine, George Sand, Marshal MacMahon, the elder Dumas, Daudet, Ambroise Thomas, Chopin and Liszt. Although he cured many of them of various real or fancied maladies, he seldom administered or prescribed a dose of drugs. Exercise, abstinence and occupation were his therapeutic agents; but knowing that orders to take these simple remedies were seldom obeyed, he resorted to various little tricks to attain the end. To one patient who needed exercise, he gave a little sugar and water, with orders to walk from the Bastille to the Church of the Madeleine every morning before sunrise, and at every sixty-eighth step to crack a grape-seed between his teeth. Another nervous idler was ordered to move into four rooms on the fifth story of a house with no elevator, to have each room papered a different pattern and shade of green, and to select, himself, the rooms and the paper, and to superintend all the work. By such devices, he lured his patients into doing what they otherwise would not have done, and thus was enabled to effect many cures. It was a shrewd use of mental foibles for the cure of physical ills.

Somebody who has access to the quasi-private correspondence of a New York concern, and who is unable to keep a good thing to himself, makes public the following extract from a letter written to the house by a friendly firm in an interior town:

Upon our recommendation, Mr. and Mrs. ——, of our city, will shortly visit your New York house, with a view to making extensive purchases. If suited, they may prove to be valuable patrons. Be sure to pay particular attention to the tastes of Mrs. —— (second wife). Kindly consider this communication confidential.

It is hardly necessary to direct attention to the implication contained in this friendly hint from one business firm to another. The point which the out-of-town concern wished particularly to emphasize was that no amount of attention bestowed upon Mrs. —— would be thrown away, for the simple reason that she was Mr. ——'s second wife. Long and careful study of the relations that exist between a husband and his second wife seems to have convinced the intelligent mercantile classes that the latter is very apt to exercise greater influence over the former than any first wife possibly could. We are left in doubt as to why this should be so, but people who are engaged in vocations which demand the exercise of more than ordinary good judgment in dealing with humanity in general, and whose aim is always to please, are not likely to err greatly when they assume that, while a husband may occasionally disagree with his first wife, he seldom or never finds it pleasant to differ from his second, particularly on a shopping tour. There is in the letter quoted above a suggestion for that large and worthy element of our population which is striving constantly to explain the vagaries and idiosyncrasies of human character. It cannot be, of course, that a husband is so entirely chastened or cowed by his first wife that he submits gracefully or slavishly to the domination of his second; nor is it to be presumed that one who has passed safely through his first matrimonial venture has been so well trained that he invariably makes a better husband for the second than he did for the first woman of his choice. No amount of theorizing over this matter will result in a satisfactory conclusion. It is probable that in the present instance there were special reasons why the New York firm should be particularly pleasing to the second wife. The out-of-town concern could not safely enter into these reasons. A hint was thought to be sufficient, and, without knowing anything to the contrary, we must imagine that the New York firm acted on and profited by it.

Little Bessie's Dictionary.

A hat is an article to keep a feller from catching cold in his hair.

A coat is what we have to wear so's we won't have to cut pockets in our skins.

A necktie is a thing to keep a man's chin from dirtying his shirt front.

A vest keeps the rest of the shirt from getting dirty.

Pants—well, you've got to wear pants or stay at home; that's all. They are what make some men look bow legged.

Stockings are things a feller wears so's he won't have to go barefooted in his shoes.

Shoes are what keeps a feller from wearing his feet out.

Private Cable for the Queen.

The Queen, when at Osborne, has her own private submarine cable, which is laid from the Isle of Wight to Hurst Castle on the mainland, where Charles I. was kept for a few days before his trial and execution. Her majesty uses this cable to communicate with her ministers.

The Eternal Feminine.

Clever women often express a laughing contempt for the traditional ideal of man—the sweet, soft, clinging, affectionate type—and it is true that these qualities often appeal to a man from their very unlikeness to his own. This was the type which Thackeray lauded to the skies, rushing to the other extreme in creating Becky Sharp as his idea of a "clever woman." The truth is that a really charming woman is a cunning compound of Amelia Bedley and Becky Sharp. Either of these types without any admixture of the other would be quite insupportable.

The Savage Bachelor.

"If you had been at the Browns' golden wedding celebration last night," said the sweet young thing, "you would have altered your views on matrimony."

"I wouldn't, either," said the savage bachelor. "If matrimony were not a fake there wouldn't be such a pow-wow raised over a couple that had managed to endure each other for a few years and don't you forget it."

In the Laboring World.

All the freight conductors and brakemen on the Montana Central Railroad, Montana, went out as a protest against a new time schedule.

One hundred and twenty-five boiler men in the Standard Oil Company's Works, Bayonne, N. J., struck for an increase of wages.

One hundred boss carpenters in Brooklyn, N. Y., acceded to the demand of the United Brotherhood for an eight-hour day at 45 cents an hour.

Trackmen and section men on the Central New England Railroad in Connecticut and New York struck for $1.50 a day.

Cutters in seven granite quarries in Maine have struck on being refused a new scale of hours and wages.

Journeymen plumbers in Halifax, N. S., struck because they were refused $2.25 a day.

Sixty workmen on the Delaware & Western coal trestle at Oswego, N. Y., struck for higher pay.

Section men on the Tiffin division of the Big Four, at Tiffin, O., struck for $1.25 a day, which the company refused.

Three thousand stonemasons, bricklayers and stonecutters in Westchester County, N. Y., struck for an eight-hour day and 44 cents an hour.

Kerbs, Wertheim & Schiffer, New York cigar manufacturers, applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction restraining striking union employes from picketing their factory and threatening non-union workmen.

Union granite cutters in Cleveland, O., were granted their demand for an eight-hour day and 20 per cent. increase in pay.

Eleven hundred woodworkers in Minneapolis, Minn., struck for an increase in wages.

Five hundred carpenters and 60 plumbers in Albany, N. Y., struck for an increase in wages and an eight-hour day. The plumbers ask $3.50 a day and the carpenters $2.80 a day.

Striking union carpenters in Boston, Mass., who ask for eight hours and $2.50 a day, had their demands acceded to by 45 firms.

All the union plumbers of St. Paul, Minn., went on strike for shorter hours and better pay.

It is said that the Standard Oil Company now controls the entire output of salt of the United States.

Representative Jefferson M. Levy has introduced a bill into the House to repeal the War Revenue act.

Chicago tailors, who have been on strike for two months, have compromised and gone back to work.

A soap factory at Sheboygan, Mich., has adopted the union label so as to place its products to better advantage.

Labor is paid three cents for producing 144 boxes of matches; labor buys those matches back and pays $1.44.

A member of the San Francisco Musicians' Union has been fined $50 for violating the laws of the organization.

The Colorado State Federation of Labor is investigating the feasibility of leasing and operating a coal mine at Baldwin.

The Southern Pacific has abandoned the plan for establishing a relief department, owing to the opposition of the employes.

"For the recognition of the union and the nine-hour work-day," is the cause of the recent strike of 230 brass workers in Chicago.

That operators shall at no time withhold more than two weeks' wages from miners is a recent mandate expressed by the Iowa State Senate.

Not a union bricklayer in North America is now working more than nine hours a day, and in 130 cities the eight-hour day prevails among the members of that craft.

As a result of a recent vote, the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators of America have been changed from Baltimore, Md., to Syracuse, N. Y.

The Brooklyn refineries of the American Sugar Refining Company have reopened with 500 men at work. Trade is increasing rapidly as the season of large consumption of sugar approaches.

The warring labor factions of Louisville, Ky., have at last buried the hatchet and amalgamated under the banner of the Central Labor Union. Trouble has been continuous for two years.

Field and Farm.

The best remedy for lice in poultry houses is to add a pound of concentrated lye to a wash boiler of soapsuds and apply the suds hot on the walls, floors and roosts of the houses. All lice, with their nits, will be destroyed surely and quickly.

Drainage is not simply the carrying away of the surplus moisture. The drainage prevents the accumulation of stagnant water in the soil and deepens the soil for the work of roots, thus assisting to prevent evil effects during periods of drought. The soil is also rendered much warmer, while the penetration of the air brings oxygen to the vegetable and mineral matter in the soil and hastens chemical reaction. When a field is tile-drained it can be plowed a week or ten days earlier than wet places, which enables the crop to get a better start in the first stages of growth.

When too much land is cultivated the farmer is compelled to slight his crops to a certain extent, and what he gains in area cultivated he loses in yield. It will be more profitable to cultivate only as much land as can be given careful attention. The manure that is sufficient for a small field, and which would increase the yield, will give but little benefit on a large surface. Small farms permit of greater economy of labor and can be made more fertile every year.

It has been found that when fowls are enclosed on small areas in plum or peach orchards they serve to protect the trees to a large degree from insects. Those who have been most successful do not give the fowls a large range, but rather plant the trees in the poultry yard, thereby using them to provide shade for the fowls in summer.

Tobacco is a profitable crop, provided the grower does not allow his land to become impoverished. While the majority of growers seldom make mistakes in its cultivation, yet when it comes to selling the crop they are not as careful as may be required. Higher prices would be obtained if the tobacco is assorted, separating the short from the long, the light from the dark and the imperfect from the good, as every grade varies from the other in price. The buyer of tobacco usually makes a close examination, and if the tobacco is well assorted inspection is facilitated and the grower makes a reputation that will assist him in securing better prices in the future.

For green manurial purposes two crops of cow peas may be grown the same year. Plant the seed early, sowing broadcast, if preferred, as soon as danger of frost is over, and plow the vines under when the pods are six inches long. Then roll the land and sow for a second crop.

—An artisan in Lyons, France, has constructed a clock with a little platform and two doorways just under the dial. On the stroke of every hour the figure of a soldier comes out of the doorway, stands for a moment between the two doors, gives a military salute, and then fires a miniature pistol. At the hour of one there is one report; at the hour of six, six reports, etc.

—Six mourners who officiated as pallbearers at a funeral in Mishowoka, Ind., have sent in bills of indebtedness against the man's estate for carrying him to his grave.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: Lift Up the Fallen—A Plea For Welcome For the Prodigal—Kindness Would Reclaim Many Unfortunates Who Have Dropped by the Way.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excoriated; text, Luke xv., 28, "And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flappings of his rags in many a sermonic breeze and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph There was not enough light in the gallery or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him; not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dances are always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries; not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "Thrum!" go the harps. "Click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He had just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced and, if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottish. No. There he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt; he stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not stimulate his appetite; the lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is a terrible pout; he criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in; he scolds the father; he goes into a paroxysm against the younger brother, and he make the most uncomely scene; he says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I staid at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid. That wouldn't have cost half as much as killing a calf. But this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf, to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and sinks one door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered: "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant he said: "Myself! When I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he staid out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a home stead left, and instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion and instead of being a pauper was a prince. This senior brother with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them keep your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one is admirable, and the other is repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a-wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how his soul is, makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clean away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious to his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves. Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faltering about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property. Now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine, but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas, my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal or strike the timbrel too loud, and if you kill a calf kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject.

There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of 100,000 names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal.

And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return!

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail into the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you.

Plenty of room for elegant sinners, for sinners in velvet or satin and lace, for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leathered sinners, for sinners fixed up by hairdresser, pomatumed and lavendered and colonged and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room!

Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them up to the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet and put a gild edged prayer book in their hands and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the exquisite portemonnaie and open it and with diamonded finger push down beyond the $10 gold-pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord—of one cent! For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room!

Again I remark that the senior brother of my