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, JUNE 13, 1900 NO. 27

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Towards evening the weather improved considerably; the wind abating, the clouds banking themselves up into heavy masses overhead; while along the western skies there were silver rifts that seemed slowly and steadily widening. Indeed, the heavy darkness overhead made that white glory in the west all the more vivid and alluring; and when at length, through some sudden parting of the clouds, a flood of sunlight swept across the cornfields and the hedges and the daisied meadows, the effect was quite bewildering.

The evening drew on apace, but momentarily it became more beautiful. It really seemed as if we had come out from under those lurid storm clouds into a region of mellow radiance and perpetual calm. The still surface of the canal was a golden pathway before us; overhead such spaces of the sky as were now clear were of a pale blue, just touched here and there with a flake of saffron cloud. Of course, this brilliancy could not last. Slowly the wild fires in the west paled down. As we drew near to Radford Simele there was a wan twilight on the water, and as we stole through the outskirts of Leamington Priors the windows and lamps gleamed orange through the gathering gray dusk.

Late that night Mrs. Threepenny-bit happened to bethink her of putting postage stamps on the letters that had occupied her in the afternoon; and while doing so she pushed one of the envelopes across the little table to Miss Peggy.

"There, Peggy, do you see to whom I have been writing?"

The young lady took up the letter and read the address: "To Colonel Sir Ewen Cameron, V. C., K. C. B., Aldershot Camp, Hampshire." But with regard to the contents of the letter the astute small person chose to hold her peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Your servant, colonel!" says a tall and slim young lady, as she appears at the door of the saloon and makes a very fair imitation of a military salute.

But if Mrs. Threepenny-bit—or Colonel Anne, as she is supposed to be—has any wish to check the young person's impertinence, it so happens that she has just had the means placed at her disposal.

"Look here, Peggy," she says, "Mr. Duncombe has been over to the town, and was kind enough to ask for letters. This one is for you; and the postmark is Oxford."

"Oh, thank you," Miss Peggy says to the young man; "I'm sure I never should have thought of asking for letters at Warwick."

"But, Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "the postmark is Oxford; what friends have you in Oxford?"

"It may be a bill," she says, carelessly, as she takes the envelope in her hand and proceeds to open it. "Oh, no, it's from Mr. A'Becket."

She ran her eye over the two or three pages in a negligent fashion.

"Oh, he can't get away at present. Did I tell you he spoke of coming over to Warwick to see how we were getting along? And—and there are some inscriptions in a church in Bath that we are to look at. Then there are kind regards and remembrances to everybody That's all."

Now, Miss Peggy was in the highest of spirits, and as we walked along the pleasant country road toward the town, she appeared to have taken leave of her senses altogether. Perhaps the unaccustomed sunlight had got into her brain; perhaps she was enjoying a fierce delight in her release from the strict surveillance that hemmed her in on board the "Nameless Barge;" at all events, a dafter lassie could not that morning have been found within the shores of these three islands.

"I say," she asks, just as if this suddenly confidential appeal were the most natural thing in the world, "what is the matter with Mr. Duncombe?"

"You, most likely."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he may have been forming exalted ideas of the feminine character. Young men are soft-headed enough to do that sometimes, you know. And then he may have seen a young lady unblushingly open a letter—yes, and read the contents aloud, too—a letter from a middle-aged Oxford don whom she has bamboozled out of his senses. He may have been shocked by such a display of callousness."

"Oh, nothing of the sort. Don't you make any mistake," says Miss Peggy, with decision. "There is something troubling him—something serious. What do you think now about that letter last night?" she continues. "Do you think Queen Tita has asked Col. Cameron to come and sail with us for a bit?"

"More likely she has written to tell him we shall be returning through the southern counties, and asking him if he would care to ride over from Aldershot, when we are at some near point, and lunch with us."

"What is Col. Cameron like?"

"When you see him, you will probably call him a long, red-headed Scotchman."

"Rather blunt and overbearing, is he?"

"Overbearing! He comes of the same stock as 'the gentle Lochiel.'"

"And yet the Camerons are a fighting race, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they have done a little in that way, now and again, during the past century or two."

"I should like to see him," she says, simply; and then her attention is claimed by the buildings of the town of Warwick, which lies before us.

When we got back to the hotel the equanimity of our small party received an unexpected shock. We had discovered that the Avon is not navigable between Stratford and Tewkesbury; and so we had resolved to get around to the Severn by the Warwick and Birmingham Canal. Meanwhile we could certainly get by canal as far as Stratford; but as we should have to turn back there it was proposed, in order to avoid going over this part of the route twice, to send on the "Nameless Barge" under care of Captain Columbus, while we should run through to Stratford by rail. What was our astonishment to hear Jack Duncombe calmly say to his hostess:

"I am afraid, if it comes to that, I must ask you to leave me out. I—I am very sorry, but I fear I shall have to go back to town. Of course, it isn't like breaking up the party; you can easily get someone to take my place. I assure you I am sorry enough to go, for the trip so far has been most delightful; and you will soon be getting to even more interesting districts; but I think—yes, I think it will be safer if you count me out."

For a second there was an awkward silence; Mrs. Threepenny-bit seemed afraid to ask him the reason for this sudden resolve.

"I hope it is nothing serious?" she ventured to say, however.

"Oh, no, I think not," he said, evasively; and then he added: "I should fancy you would find it all plain sailing now until you get to the Severn; and then you'll want a steam tug or something of the kind to take you down to Bristol."

He was talking in quite a matter-of-fact fashion; but he seemed depressed a little. Then, when luncheon was over, he said he would walk along to the telegraph office, and join us subsequently at the castle, whither we were shortly bound. At the same moment Miss Peggy went away to her own room, to fetch her guide books; and the instant she had shut the door behind her Queen Tita was free to express her astonishment and her suspicions.

"Now really do you think that wretch has been at her tricks again?" she demands.

"What wretch? What tricks?"

"Why, what should he be going away for so suddenly if he hadn't quarreled with her?" she says. "Surely he can't be so hard hit that he must needs be mightily offended because she has been amusing herself a little with Mr. A'Becket, and getting a letter or two?"

"You don't imagine he is such a fool? What could it matter to him her getting twenty dozen letters from Mr. A'Becket?"

"Oh, you don't know. She is pretty clever at leading people on, even when she pretends to be most innocent. However, if he wishes to go, I suppose we must let him go. And it would be such a chance to get Col. Cameron to come alone."

When we got back to our hotel after having rummaged through one or two bric-a-brac shops, that are well known to lovers of useless furniture and cracked plates, we found a telegram lying on the table addressed to our young playwright. He took it up and opened the envelope.

"Yes," he said, "it is as I feared. I must go back to town to-morrow."

That same night was to be the last that our little party, as hitherto constituted, was to assemble together; and at the modest banquet that was meant to console us for our lack of dinner the two women folk were unmistakably inclined to be complaisant to the young man. His hostess was very kind to him, and not only renewed her expressions of regret at his going, but once more urged his return when that might be practicable for him.

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to get back if I can," said he—which he hardly would have said had he been going away in resentment of Miss Peggy's conduct; and now he was affecting to be more cheerful, though he was not in a very gay mood, we could see.

"At all events, Mr. Duncombe," Peggy says to him, "we shall hope to find you with us again soon and to have the benefit of your advice. I am sure we can't say how indebted we are to you for your help in getting us along as far as we have got."

Soon thereafter—for it had been a long and busy day—there was a general departure for our respective quarters; and the Warwick Arms subsided into the general silence that lay over the sleeping town.

CHAPTER IX.

There was a welcome bustle of preparation, for the boat had been successfully brought along to Stratford and had now to be provisioned for the resumption of our voyage; likewise we had to write our last letters before bidding good-by to civilization and once more disappearing into the unknown. In the midst of all this Miss Peggy appears, just a little breathless.

"Say, now, what is your friend like?" she asks, with some eagerness.

"What friend?" says Queen Tita.

"Why, Col. Cameron, of course. Is he very tall, and thin, and sandy-haired; with a small mustache, that has a streak of gray in it; and blue-gray eyes that look at you—well, as if they had seen you before?"

"Yes, that is rather like him. But what do you mean, Peggy? He isn't come already, is he?"

"Well, it can't be he, either," she continues. "He wouldn't think of going boating in a costume like that—a frock-coat, and a tall hat, yellow gloves, patent leather boots. Well, if it is your friend, he looks as if he had just stepped out of Pall Mall."

"But where did you see him?"

"Whoever he is, he is down below, in the hall.

"In this hotel?"

"Yes; and—and he looked at me as I passed him as if he thought I might belong to your party."

"Of course it is Col. Cameron!" Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaims at once. "Go away down and ask him to come up, Peggy."

"Me?" says the girl, in some alarm. "Oh, I couldn't. I don't know him. There might be a mistake."

"Well, I suppose I must go myself," she says, putting back her chair; and therewith she leaves the room and proceeds downstairs to receive her new visitor.

"I say," observes Miss Peggy, with some disappointment, "if that is Col. Cameron, he isn't like a soldier at all. He is just like one of those icicled creatures you see walking in St. James' street, stiff and starched and polished to the very finger tips and the toes, and looking at you with a cold, blank stare of indifference.

"Do you know this, Miss Peggy, that if you only got a glimpse of him as you came by, you managed to bring away a pretty faithful portrait."

There were voices without; the next moment Queen Tita appeared, followed by a tall, thin, sun-tanned person who carried his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other. When he was introduced to Miss Peggy, his eyes rested on her for a second with a kindly look, as if there had already been some slight acquaintance between them; no doubt he had guessed that she was of our party when she had passed him below. Then he sat down and proceeded to explain that he had received our manageress's telegram in London only the night before, and had come straight away down the first thing in the morning to see what was wanted of him.

"You know, Sir Ewen," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with much cheerfulness, "I cannot let you come with us unless you quite understand all the provisions you will have to put up with. Don't you think you ought to go and see the boat; then you would know a little better what to expect."

"Oh, I heard all about your project before you started," said he, with a kind of gentle persuasiveness, "and I envied you. I never thought I was to be so fortunate as to be asked to join you; and now that I am here, I think your difficulty will be to get rid of me. If you don't mind, I think I will go out and see if I can pick up a few boating things. I suppose in a riverside place one may find what one wants. And which did you say was the next town you would come to?"

"Worcester."

"Then I will telegraph to Aldershot when I am out. I suppose I shall find you here when I come back."

The moment he had gone Mrs. Threepenny-bit turned to her young friend.

"Well?" she said, with a kind of pride.

But Miss Peggy answered nothing.

"Well?" she said again. "What do you think of him, Peggy?"

"Of course I don't know yet," said the young lady, evasively. "I thought he would look more like a soldier; he is like—like anybody else."

"Did you expect to find him wearing his Victoria Cross? Of course he came away just as he was. It is a soldier's pride to be able to start at a moment's notice."

It was near midday when we were ready to start; but when we did get away our departure was most auspicious. There was a kind of general elation in setting forth; and then everything looked cheerful in the welcome sunlight; and there were warm, sweet airs blowing about; all promised well. Our colonel had greatly pleased his hostess with his praises of the arrangements on board; he was delighted with everything, and especially surprised that he could stand upright in the saloon. Then Captain Columbus had been duly complimented on his success in bringing the boat through; and Murdoch, who was at first rather overcome with awe on hearing the name of our new guest, had been driven out of his senses with pride and gratification when Inverfask was considerate enough to address a few words to him in his native tongue; and finally, at the very last moment, a messenger had come running down to the canal side with a parcel, for which Miss Peggy had been anxiously inquiring ever since she came to Stratford.

"And what is that, Peggy?" asks her hostess, looking at the long thing that has just been handed into the boat.

"Guess."

"Some magical kind of sunshade, is it?"

"No; it's a fishing-rod—an American one; I sent for it a long time ago, and have been wondering whether it was ever going to arrive. They say our American rods are very good; I hope this one will turn out all right."

"And since when have you taken to fishing, Peggy?" she asks.

"Oh, it isn't for myself; it's for him," the young lady answers, indicating a not uninterested bystander

"Oh, it's for him, is it? Well, he can't wear that at his watch chain!" says Mrs. Spitfire; and therewith she withdraws into the saloon, to beg Col. Cameron not to bother any more with those Ordnance Survey maps.

(To be continued.)

Household.

RECIPES.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Take some rhubarb and wipe it with a clean wet cloth, peel and cut it into pieces an inch long To each pound of rhubarb add three quarters of a pound of white sugar Put it to boil for about ten minutes or until the juice is well drawn. Strain it into a preserving pan, let it boil quickly until it clings to the spoon and pour into jam pots or moulds. The quickest way to know if it will set is to drop a little on a plate to cool.

Rhubarb Pie.—Line deep pie pans with plain crust, mix half a teacup of sugar and a spoonful of flour; sprinkle over the crust; then add the pie plant cut fine, sprinkle thick with sugar. Set in a slow oven and bake one hour, or stew the pie plant in a little thin syrup before putting in the pantry.

Egg Puffs.—With fruit soups, that are so appetizing at this time of year, the Germans serve delicious egg puffs. Let come to a boil one cup of milk, to which is added one tablespoonful of butter an a saltspoonful of salt. Stir in one cup ful of flour and cook until the mixture cleaves from the pan. When cook stir in, one at a time, three eggs, beating each one in very thoroughly. Drop walnut-sized piece into simmering (not boiling) salted water and poach three to five minutes.

Halibut Savory.—Make a sauce of one teaspoonful each of butter and flour and one cup of hot milk in which a "pea" of soda has been dissolved. Cook until smooth and then add a gill of strained tomato liquor, a half-teaspoonful of onion juice, saltspoonful of salt and dust of cayenne. Stir in last one and one-half cups of flaked cold cooked fish, toss and stir until the fish is heated through and serve on crisp buttered toast.

Mead.—One gallon of water, one pound of loaf sugar, one-half ounce of ginger, one lemon sliced and the seeds removed, one teacupful of yeast. Let it stand over night to ferment, then pour off without stirring; add to each bottle one raisin and cork tightly.

Ginger Beer.—For ginger beer take one large spoonful of pulverized ginger, one of cream of tartar, one pint of yeast, one pint of West India molasses and six quarts of water; stir thoroughly and set in a warm place. When it begins to ferment bottle and cork tight. It will make a very nice drink. If liked one can add two teaspoonfuls of essence of sassafras or wintergreen for flavoring.

Spanish Pudding.—Scald three cupfuls of milk in a double boiler; beat together four eggs, one-quarter of a cupful of granulated sugar mixed with one-third of a cupful of sifted flour and one-quarter of a teaspoon of salt, and add gradually one cupful of cold milk; pour the mixture into the scalded milk, stir until smoothly thickened, then cover and cook for fifteen minutes; take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and press through a sieve into a baking dish; mix together one-half of a cupful of sugar, two squares of chocolate grated, and one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon; spread over the top of the pudding, bake in a hot oven for ten minutes and serve.

We are altogether too dependent upon society for pleasure and profit.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Things ill-got had ever bad success.

The Arrangements for the National Turners' Festival Complete.

A Splendid Week of Amusements Provided For—Large Exhibition in the Base Ball Park—Performances in the Academy of Music—Summer Night's Festival and Excursion to Coney Island.

All details of the National Turn Fest for the week of June 18-23 in Philadelphia, are now complete and the various committees have made their final reports as to the programs and the different features of the tournament. At the general meeting last night the affairs were fully canvassed and it was found that the arrangements are far more elaborate than at any former occasion of a similar nature. The daily proceedings are now specified and as agreed upon will not only make this

HENRY D. AUER,
Chairman of the Arrangements Committee for the Twenty-Eight National Turners' Festival.

Turn Fest from a gymnastic and athletic standpoint, the most prominent of the series, but from a social point the Philadelphia Turn Fest will be long remembered by the Turners of America.

The festivities will begin on the evening of Monday, June 18, when in the Academy of Music there will take place an entertainment for the local Turners and their friends, at which will be presented an allegorical reproduction of the evolution of German Turning. The participants will be members of the local turning and the German singing societies of this city. The performance

RICHARD PERTUCH,
Conductor of the National Turners' Festival.

has been arranged by a committee well versed in such affairs, and the performance will be attractive both from a dramatic and musical standpoint. The various classes of men and women, boys and girls of the different turning societies of Philadelphia and Camden will give exhibitions in the different branches of turning, while the singing societies will be heard in choruses appropriate for the occasion.

The daily programme has been arranged as follows:

Monday, June 18.—Academy of Music at 8 P. M., Centre play of the history of Turning as developed by the Germans.

Tuesday, June 19.—Reception and entertainment of the directors of the North American Turner Bund.

Wednesday, June 20.—Reception of the visitors at the railroad depots. Welcome of the guests by the directors. Meeting of the judges of the various prize contests for agreement of points and rules to govern the contests.

Thursday, June 21.—Class competitions at Goos' Washington Park. The afternoon will be devoted to the contests in fencing, wrestling, club swinging, gymnastic exercises by the scholars of the turning schools of Philadelphia. The rehearsals for the mass exercises of the 6,000 turners from all sections of the United States will also take place during the afternoon. In the evening a genuine German Volksfest will take place.

Friday, June 22.—7 A. M., the bicycle and relay races will be started, after which the competition for individual prizes for apparatus work in gymnastics will follow, at conclusion of which the field sports will be proceeded with. The above will take place in Goos' Washington Park. At 8 P. M. the Golden Jubilee of the North American Turner Bund will be celebrated in Industrial Hall with a "Commers."

Saturday, June 23.—10 A. M., swimming contests in the Schuylkill river below the Callowhill street bridge. 12 M., assembling of all Turner Vereine of the United States, at Industrial Hall, for parade. March to begin at 1 o'clock. At 3 P. M., at the Philadelphia Base Ball Park, the grand mass exhibitions of gymnastics and calisthenics will take place, and in which 6,000 drilled scholars from all sections of the Union will participate. The different sporting contests will at that time take place. At. 8 P. M., the awarding of prizes will proceed at Washington Park, after which a Summernight's Festival will be held until midnight.

Sunday, June 24.—The attending turners will be taken to Coney Island for the day. The party will leave on a special train, and on arrival will be met by the Brooklyn and New York singing societies.

Monday, June 25.—The visiting turners will be taken on jaunts throughout the city and environs and spend the day in sight-seeing.

The most attractive feature of the Turn Fest, as far as the general public is concerned, is the exhibition of mass exercises in the Philadelphia Base Ball Park, on the afternoon of Saturday, June 23. On that occasion will be presented the largest mass exhibition of calisthenics that has ever been seen on this continent, and thereafter the prize sporting contests will take place. The technical affairs of the Turn Fest will be under the charge of Prof. Richard Pertuch, Festival Director, who is one of the most proficient and expert physical culturist in this country.

Virtue is the shoeing horn of justice.

They who have much to lose have much to fear.

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.

The testimony of a good conscience is the glory of a good name.

What we ardently wish, we soon believe.

The rage after desires unattainable is increased by the difficulty.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Science and Invention

The fact that nettle fiber has of late been found to produce the finest tissues obtainable from any vegetable source has led to a project in Germany to introduce the cultivation of nettles in the Kamerun region of Africa. If the experiment is successful, the enterprise will be undertaken on a large scale in connection with the weaving industries.

Among the most remarkable glimpses into hidden corners of nature that recent scientific advance has afforded are the frequent discoveries of micro-organisms in unexpected places, where they produce phenomena heretofore supposed to arise from other causes. For instance, Dr. A. Pettersen, of Upsala, Sweden, has ascertained that in preparations of meat and fish containing, for purposes of preservation, salt to the amount of 15 per cent., micro-organisms grow luxuriantly, and he concludes that the flavors and odors that are peculiar to various salt conserves are edue to the micro-organisms with which they are crowded.

At the latest annual meeting of the Geological Society of America, Prof. I. C. Russell called attention to the recent discovery that many of the swamps and lakes in the southern peninsula of Michigan are rich in calcareous marl, suitable for making Portland cement. Although partly composed of shells, the Michigan marl is principally a chemical precipitate which is still being formed. The precise method of its formation is not yet understood. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Large cement works have lately been constructed, others are in contemplation, and Prof. Russell says that Michigan can easily take a leading place in that industry.

In 1893 the Japanese government appointed an investigating committee on earthquakes. This committee, which has now nearly completed its labors, reports, among other things, that it seems likely that one part or another of Japan will be visited by a destructive earthquake once in every two and a half years. That portion of the land bordering the Japan Sea is seldom disturbed by other than local earthquakes, while the Pacific coast of the country frequently suffers from great shocks originating under the ocean. When a region is shaken by constantly recurring small earthquakes, it appears to be rendered safe against the occurrence of destructive shocks, because the accumulation of stress in the earth's crust at that point is prevented.

Prof. E. H. Barbour, of the University of Nebraska, after comparing his own observations in 1895 with those in 1899, and collecting the opinions of other visitors to the National Park, expresses the fear that within a decade many of the scenes now most attractive in the wonderful Yellowstone Valley will have disappeared. He gives details showing that nearly all the hot springs and geysers have declined in activity. "Old Faithful" geyser still does honor to its name, but the interval between its eruptions, formerly an hour, has increased to 75 or 80 minutes. Meanwhile there seems to be an increase of ebullition in the water of the greatest of all the geysers, the Excelsior, whose outbursts have always been separated by irregular periods, covering years at a stretch, and there is hope that it may be preparing another exhibition of its power.

QUAIL-HUNTING IN EGYPT.

Half a Million a Year Ensnared by Natives.

Much has been said lately of the capture of quail in Egypt, touching the protest made by Frenchmen against carrying the birds across French territory for English use. Until this matter rose nobody seemed to know that quail existed in Egypt, but they do—by the millions.

The passage of bands of quail over the coast of the delta of the Nile, from Port Said to Alexandria, begins in September and lasts a month and a half, the birds arriving in little groups and alighting on the dunes.

Generally the chase is made by means of nets of five meters high, which the natives extend on cords fastened to poles, in the fashion of curtains gliding on their rods.

In reality the net is double. The first near the side of the sea is of meshes very large and loose, but on the back is another net where the bird will really come and perch itself in the folds formed by this second net of small meshes. There is another method of capture which is more picturesque. Rows of dried branches are placed on the shore. At the foot of each branch is disposed a tuft of fresh herbs, in the middle of which is arranged an opening which ends in a snare. The quail, tired by its journey, takes refuge in the branch, without figuring to itself that it is going to put itself into a trap where a native will surprise it and kill it. With these perfected means of destruction, it is not astonishing that each year more than half a million of these poor little birds are taken.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

NEW FIND OF FULLER'S EARTH.

Deposits of Unusual Purity Discovered in Florida.

There has just been brought to light near the Ocklocknee River, fourteen miles west of Tallahassee, Fla., what is believed by experts to be one of the most wonderful pure veins of fuller's earth ever discovered in any country. It is said to yield, at the expenditure of very little labor, immense quantities of fuller's earth, which stands the 100 test—that is to say, there is no waste.

Nearly all mines of the kind contain, besides the valuable commodity, rock, flint gravel, sand, etc., but this is absolutely free of all such substances.

Fuller's earth is a soft clay and it has many uses. Half a century ago it was little mined in England, and was so valuable there that exportation of it was prohibited.

Twelve miles from the place of the new discovery are two fuller's earth mines that have been worked for a long time. One is known as the Ward mine and the other is owned by the Standard Oil Company. The product is used largely for refining crude oil. Hitherto these two old mines have regulated the supply and the price of the article and enormous profits are said to have been realized from them. It is estimated that the fuller's earth found in this new vein can be put on the market ready for commercial uses at one-third the cost possible from any other mine.

Some of the more important uses to which this material is now put, with excellent results, are the following:

1. In making baby's powders of great healing properties for the skin.
2. In refining all kinds of crude oils
3. For distilling whiskies and brewing beer.
4. In the manufacture of all kinds of vaselines.
5. Packing-houses use it for refining lards, oleomargarines, butterines and cottolenes. These commodities cannot be made without the use of fuller's earth.
6. As a foundation for manufacturing all kinds of laundry and toilet soaps.
7. A new use recently discovered for fuller's earth is that the wool manufacturers wash old wool with it, as it is a great absorber of all oils and refuse matter found in raw wool.

Naming the Prince of Wales.

About six hundred years ago there was a king of England—Edward I.—who subdued the people of Wales. After conquering the Welsh he was anxious to get their good-will, and so, when it happened that his first baby prince was born in Carnarvon, in Wales, he had a bright idea. He announced that his boy was a native of Wales—one who could speak Welsh just as well as any other tongue (this was true, as the baby was but a few weeks old), and he should therefore be the people's own prince, Edward, Prince of Wales.

Twenty-three years after this baby became King of England, and about fifty years later his grandson had assigned to him, as the third Prince of Wales, the crest and motto which has been borne by all the English kings' sons who have since that day had the title. The crest is three ostrich feathers, and the motto is the sentence, "Ich dien"—"I serve." It was given to the Black Prince, a boy of great promise, who fought bravely at the battle of Crecy.—Forward.

A Thrifty Habit.

"Stinginess is one thing and an observance of excessive nicety in financial details is another," said a Western man who is worth a good deal of money. "As an example I will cite a rich old uncle I once had. He was a millionaire and not stingy, but he watched the pennies like a hawk, and he was so exacting that everybody said he was the meanest man in the county; but he wasn't, for he gave away $10,000 a year in various charities that he would not let the recipients mention. But to the case in point. One day I asked him for a nickel for car fare, telling him I would return it when I got some change, but I forgot all about it. Three months after that it occurred to the old gentleman to be very nice to his five nephews and nieces, and at Christmas four of them received checks for $5,000 each, while mine was for $4,999.95. It was just his way, don't you see? I owed him that nickel and he wanted it."

Electric Fish of the Nile.

Prof. Francis Gotch describes the electric fish of the Nile, of which the Egyptians made pictures thousands of years ago, and which still inhabits the waters of that river, as being provided with an electric organ that encloses the whole body. It is situated in the skin, and when viewed with a microscope is seen to be composed of about 2,000,000 beautifully formed little disks, superposed upon connected rows of minute compartments in which are the terminals of nerves. The shock is produced by an intense current which traverses the entire organ from the head to the tail of the fish, returning through the surroundings. It stuns small fish in the neighborhood. Prof. Gotch likens its action to that of a self-loading and self-discharging gun. The electromotive force of the organ in a fish only eight inches long can, he asserts, attain the surprising maximum of 200 volts. A single giant nerve-cell at the head of the spinal column is the source of the impulses which discharge the organ.

Fortifi d.

"What're you doin' wid de new alarm clock?" asked Plodding Pete.

"I had to git it," answered Meandering Mike. "Last night I dreamed I was workin' an' I'm goin' to set dis every two or three hours so as not to take any chances."—Washington Star

Where It Won'd Do Most Good.

He—"Do you think your father has told anyone yet of our engagement?"

She—"Yes, I think I heard him say he had told some of his creditors."—Harlem Life.

From Church to Shirt Factory.

The First Baptist Church in Dover, Pa., has converted a building formerly used for social gatherings into a shirt factory, where members of the church are given preference in employment Five per cent. of the wages of the employes go into a fund for church work

Gotham's Heavy Expense Account.

Gross expenses of the State of New York in the year 1899, it is computed, amounted to $25,000,000, of which nearly 10 per cent. was necessary to pay the deficit of departments which exceeded in 1898, or in previous years, the appropriation made for them.

Four Stages of Lacemaking.

Lace-making, like its sister arts, has passed through four stages of design—the medieval, geometrical, renaissance and rococo. It attained its greatest perfection toward the end of the seventeenth century.

Even a fool gets credit for wisdom he doesn't possess when he appreciates the bright things you say.

SERMON BY Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Roll of Honor—A Tribute to Everyday Heroes—In the Final Readjustment They Will Receive the Crown of Valor.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, II Timothy ii, 3, "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in back ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations—and seraph and rapt-spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

In this roll in the first place I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth Thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out—that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile, to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot, to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temple like a razor or to put the foot into a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and naled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dull light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker and every "good night" was feebler than the "good night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness, yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism, heroes of neuralgia, heroes of spinal complaint, heroes of sick headache, heroes of lifelong invalidism, heroes and heroines! They shall reign for ever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory, it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives, it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted, but to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve! Ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. They are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life, augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storms of domestic felicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—something heavier than a stroke of the fist, unkind words, staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken and full organ played the wedding march and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a thirty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining, no bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry, no bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal, bending over the battered and bruised form of him who when he took her from her father's home promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for; no bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west, who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give twenty-five cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an external mansion and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory and all the applause of earth and the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His kingdom and to say to them, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth, and yet, looking at it, I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste, but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him a good many years in his house, the description most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "Then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she cried. He said: "Don't cry, don't cry. This isn't a thumbscrew; this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision." And he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold in this cold morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the neatest and most expeditious style to blow your brains out."

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out if you are going to pray. Steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be Thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love Thee better and serve Thee more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless, fatherless children into Thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before