MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1900

NO. 45

# Captain Braba3on

BY B. M. CROKER

A. Military - Romance - of - South - Africa

be beggary. And now his mind sometimes

solgnant, bitter regret, on the lost forty

CHAPTER XVI.

'Oh, is that it?" rejoined Miss Braba-

"The little trip you took with

forgotten long ago; you are not of such importance as you imagine; it was only

"Yes, I dare say you are right, Gussie

people have had heaps of other things to think about. Ah!" now drawing a long sigh of relief, "of course it does not mat-

'What on earth do you mean?' de

manded Augusta, sharply, turning half

round in her chair, and surveying her sis-

"I mean that the wedding dress, locked

away upstairs, will be worn, after all, when he comes home," said Esme shyly.

"Esme, you must be mad; you would not think of marrying him now?" speak-ing as it were in capital letters. "And pray, why not?" regarding her

sister with angry blushes.
"He did not say anything about it in his letter, did he?" apprehensively.

"There was no occasion; we are as much engaged as before; there is no

"No change! Oh, dear, no-certainly

are you going to live upon, you goose. Your money is being turned into bricks

and mortar at the other side of the globe

and Miles is a genteel pauper, who will find quite enough to do to keep himself,

much less you, and your excellent appe

"Not a penny unless you marry to

please Mrs. B., and she hates Miles like

ndignantly and with a suspicion of tears

in her voice. "This is not the way I take your good news, when you have any;

him; your accepting him at all was sim-

ply because you saw him do a plucky

thing at Sandborough, and, carried off

your feet by the emotion of the moment, you said yes; and then the wedding was hurried on, and the dresses and presents were such delicious novelties you had not the heart to go back! But you were nev-

er one bit in love with him; you would rather have Teddy's little finger than

"Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee. I was not

"Marry anyone you like yourself, my

"And yet, in this very room, and not so

never!"

tite," with homely candor.
"But"-hesitatingly-"but, Gussie,

not, by no means!" sarcastically.

ter critically.

change.

have some money."

not take your time? you should

What was there to ask? Had I not seen for myself? And is not seeing benever dreamed that she had another brother; never. In any case you, or any fellow, would have done just the

ly, speaking with his eyes meditatively fixed on the ground; "sorry for the money. bad business about that!" nev! it's not the money I'm think-

if you are thinking of Esme, she'll be all right," rejoined her brother, cheer-Once the mistake is known, and by the amende honorable, you need t be a bit uneasy about her; it will be all right;" which was Teddy's usual way ng up most questions.

'All right! How very likely!" returned his cousin, sarcastically. "She will never speak to me again as long as she lives, speak to me again as long as sale lives, never! Do you not understand that we were within one day and a half of being married, that the guests were bidden, the inquired Gussie, raising her eyes lastly outlandish camp in South Africa. What a worry there but the bridegroom? I was, as I

liave you had any letters?" e line since I came out. You "I hope, Miles," said Teddy, humbly, enough, but still the cause of the whole

your fault, it was no one's fault, it was self and his insane and idiotic behavior. just sheer bad luck. What evil spirit You got out of the business better than post-bag. induced me to go to Portsmouth that could have been expected, thanks to Mrs. day, of all others?" he demanded pas- B.'s presence of mind and talent for in-

"It is all chance," returned Teddy. "Do very last minute Miles had been compellyou know that once you were actually ed to go on foreign service!"

"I now remember it perfectly," inter-rupted Miles, hastily. "I suppose every-one within twenty miles of Baronsford thinks me the most finished and complete secondrel, and, goodness knows, I cannot ple are staring at me and talking about blame them. Appearances are frightfully against me. I think the best thing you can do for me, Teddy," with a grim smile,

"Stuff and nonsense! If it is Hame you are so much afraid of, I can tell you that you need not be uneasy; she will marry you all the same."

Even if she would-which I am su she wouldn't—how could I marry with scarcely anything besides my pay?" That's easily answered. Esm has never been brought up to luxuries.

She'll make a grand poor man's wife. Why, she used to turn my ties and patch "Yes, all very well for her to do those things for her brother, but I'm different. To this remark there was no answer for things her to poverty? What right have I to ask her to share my pittance? Mrs. Brabazon would never like."

"Esme, you must be mad: you would never like."

"Mrs. B. be bothered!" interpolated Teddy, rudely; "who cares for her?"
"And she will marry some rich swell.

A pretty girl like her, a face like hers, will have dozens of suitors; and, of course, she will marry one of them, and I can't blame her." "Not she!" returned Teddy, stoutly,

"and I'll tell you the reason, old fellow," taking his cousin literally by the button of his red-serge coat. "She won't look at a duke, if she's the girl I take her to be, and I ought to know her pretty well, because"—smiling and pausing for a mo-

ment.
"Yes," with feverish engerness. "Because she likes you. Can't you grasp that?"

It was about the only pleasant fact that had been placed before him this morning, and he seized it with avidity. And he did grasp it most gratefully.
"Of course, the loss of the money is

bore," said Teddy; "but I think you and Esme would have fancied one another, anyhow, without that. Old George Brabazon was certainly touched in the top story, leaving the reversion after six months to this perfectly unnecessary na-tive college in Calcutta. I think we all are a little queer-Uncle Sandy, Uncle George, Aunt Jane, myself-and you, with your rushing out here at three days' notice, have certainly qualified for being called 'eccentric.' Hullo! there's the breakfast bugle, and I must be off. Cheer up, old man! it will be all right, you'll

"Captain Brabazon, sir," said a rich Milesian accent, breathlessly; "Mr. Mitchell's compliments, and would ye oblige him with the lind of a tin

"Yes, yes, certainly!" impatiently: "go "Time for us to be moving, roo, to our morning meni; there's not much to se

"You are wrong, quite wrong; every word you have said has been wrong," eried Esme, with blazing cheeks; "be-cause Miles and I did not make an humlefore you, Teddy, but cold stew and least luxurious description."

bling exhibition of ourselves and sit hand in hand and arm in arm like other peo-"I'm not particular about quality as long as I have quantity, and I fancy you ple," expressively, "you imagine that we —that I—don't care for him. I do-very are even better off for grub than we are much.' You're sure you don't hate the sight of me, Miles?" he added diffidently, as they talking of love, I was talking of sensemy strong point, you will please to remember! This time next year, my beautiful, impulsive sister, I shall have you up

once more came near the tents.

"That's the second time you've asked me that, Teddy. No. In fact, take it all around, now that I have got my breath again, so to speak, I'm very glad to see you. After all, things are not so black as they were yesterday. I might get on the staff. I might have some luck out here; and, if Esme will only forgive me if I thought there was any chance of that, I would be all right."

It would not be necessary to describe the condition of Miles Brabazon's mine at this period, unless the term "change able" from fair to stormy might be ap-plied to it. At one time he was buoyed you might be, but become his bride never! And-ah! I see you remember the

to ask, and only one. Supposing now, for the sake of argument, that he won't marry you—what then?"

Ah! this was a phase of the matter that

Esme had never contemplated; but, although she made prompt and cheerful an-swer to herself to her sister's query, she vouchsafed no reply, beyond what might be called a superior smile, and loud and triumphant poking of a most offensive

Gussie's allusion to Mrs. Brabason was

always been antagonistic to her nephew

when he was a moneyed man, and was not likely to be any fonder of him now that he was as poor as a church mouse. Quite lately she had awakened to a due appreciation of the unusual personal gifts of her younger step-daughter, and thorough understanding of her marketable value—a coronet! Eame's visit to Brighof course it would be "all right;" but utation, and a certain young honorable, these gleams of sunshine were but rare—the eldest son of Lard Mangel-Wurzie, generally he was plunged into an abyss was constantly finding his way over to of despair. To find that he had thrown Baronsford. He was received by Gussie away a wife and fortune entirely through a case of mistaken identity, from ignorance of a somewhat transparent family would have called Teddy's "boon" comsecret, was a maddening reflection. He panions. He was a pleasant, ruddy faced hated to be alone, he hated to speculate young gentleman, with a cheery voice, on "what might have been." He wrote frank, unaffected manners, and was realto Esme, of course, and also to Mrs. ly very much enamored of the beautiful Brabazon, and he counted the very days Miss Brabason. Of course he heard that until the answers would come. He she had been engaged to her cousin, but thought with a sinking heart of the meag—it was all broken off months ago, and "the er balance at his banker's. Two hunder girl had never really cared about dred and fifty pounds a year, besides his him; it was a family business," so Mrs. pay, was the very most he could scrape together. Ample hitherto for himself and his modest wants, but for Esme it would ward to a double wedding before long, for Gussle had accepted her long-suffering dwelt for a very long time with the most Freddy, who had come in for another fortune, and already, as she remarked complacently, "the presents had been both numerous and costly." Now here was this odious, tiresome Miles Brabazon

was to be done with him? What a worry and affliction he had been from first to always am when I'm in a rage, mad. I never stopped to breathe, much less to part the seas between us."

"I've just had a letter from Miles," reliest. "What a good thing it would be if the Boers were to kill him," thought this amiable lady. Should she answer his letter, or not? After some very grave ply, and by the next mail, in a friendly are the first who has opened my eyes to pray what has he got to say for himself?" spirit, giving him largely of her forgiv "Oh, of course he is in a dreadful state ness and sympathy; but appealing to him, of mind. I believe it is really worse for forcibly, to release Esme from her pres that you won't hate the very sight of him now than it ever was for me," len- ent ridiculous engagement. The epistle "I should hope so," with a little, angry she was sitting biting the end of her pen in the threes of composition, Esme came in the threes of composition, Esme came in the three of composition, Esme came in the three of composition. No, no. Why should I? It was not was pretty thoroughly ashamed of him- into the room with her hat on, and said

> "I am not quite ready yet; but in ten minutes' time I shall have finished. I am writing a rather difficult letter to Miles." returned Esme, coloring, and oking at her interrogatively.

"Of course I forgive him freely; but the upon such a little thing as the Esme, shaking her head; "of course all engagement must not be talked of just striking of a match! It did indeed. I the servants and the villagers and the at present; as matters are it would be too don't know if you remember the last Bells knew; and the way people used to imprudent. You see, my dear, although night you were at Baronsford in August. stop on the road and look after me, or he is very nice himself, he has nothing

"Ah, yes, you are only twenty; you "Xes," holding up a letter.
"Oh, dear me! you might have inclosed mine and saved me sixpence; it is not

"Not yet; I'm taking it to the post."
"Then give it to me, it can go in mine; there is plenty of room in my envelope, and I have a stamp."

Esme handed it over with a little reluc-tance. She would have liked to have posted it herself! but she did not one moment doubt her stepmother's honesty of pur-pose, and was firmly convinced, ten minites later, as she walked down to the village with elastic, springing steps, that she was carrying it over the first stage of its long, long fourney, and that in five weeks it would be in Miles' own hands. Deluded young damsel! The instant she had left the room Mrs. Brabazon had taken up her epistle, had turned it over meditatively, and said to herself: "This billet doux will encourage him, and that would be fatal to all our hopes; probably he is telling him she will wait for him for years;" smiling contemptuously. "No, no, we cannot have any of that kind of nonsense;" so this right-minded, honorable lady deliberately walked over to the fire,

poked an open place among the coals, in-to which she carefully dropped the missive; for a second it lay, seemingly star-ing at her like some living thing, with its clear address confronting her thus: "Captain Brabazon,
"2d Battalion, Royal Marchers,
"With the army in the field,
"Bouth Africa,"

Then it became a delicate biscuit color then it curled at the edges and suddenly shot up in a bright flame, and in another moment a few black fragments, lazily sailing up the chimney, were all that re-mained of Miss Esme Brabazon's foreign

(To be continued.)

etter.

### ill these horrid things," returned Esme Notes of the Street.

your good news, when you have any; and you always pretended to like Miles so much."

"So I do, my sweet, silly sister, as a cousin, but not as a brother-in-law. Just sit down here," giving a chair a little push, "and listen, for a few minutes, to sound common sense. When Miles was an eligible parti, you would not marry him; your accepting him at all was simble. Consolidated Lake Superior commo

ind the Banco De Para.

The total net earnings of the Easton Consolidated Electric Co. for August were \$11,500, as against \$10,860 for the were \$11,500, as against \$10,500 for the corresponding month last year.

Railroad earnings continue to show satisfactory increases, and bank clearings are gaining somewhat, which indicate the usual preparation for fail

ousiness.

The annual inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad by President Cassatt and the Board of Directors, which was scheduled for October 14, has been postponed to a later date.

### Industrial.

The American Tin Plate Company announce that they will start the finishing department of the Niles, Ohio, tin
mill. The employes say they will not
return unless the scale is signed, and
an attempt will be made to start with on-union men. Five coal mines at Oak Hill, Ontario, were tied by a strike for the union scale of 80 cents per ten against 60 cents now

to London, and marry you to some very nice, rich and, if you are very good, titled young man! Think of that!" being paid.
The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, at San Francisco, has quashed the indictments against ten men who were arrested during the Coeur D'Alene dear Gussie; but, as far as I am concern-ed, I shall never marry anyone but Miles were arrised during the count of mine strike last year, for interfering with the United States mails. It was shown that the men did not know that the train which they interfered with carried the mails. very long ago, you raved and stamped and all but tore your hair out, and declared that, dragged to the foot of the altar



### AFTER THE STORM.

"You were in too great a hurry, old surance that Esme was a girl to stick to ton, her appearance at all the winter high, reprovingly. "Why a fellow through thick and thin, and that country balls, had given her quite a repsaid Mr. Barnabas Buffington. "My sentiments exactly," said Mis Patty Chickson, "and the sooner the

better, according to my way of think-Mr. Buffington was a portly individnal with a Roman nose, iron gray hair and a stout, short figure.

Miss Chickson was tall and spare with little spiral curls and the remains of a complexion, and with blue eye that had been passing bright twenty years ago.

"There is an end to all human endur ince," observed the gentleman sternly "Sir," said Miss Chickson, "I have put ip with your eccentricities until for earance has ceased to be a virtue." "A month's notice!" said Mr. Buffing on, savagely flourishing his yellow silk pocket handkerchief.

"You are quite at liberty to go at the end of twenty-four hours, for all I care!" retorted Miss Chickson with dig-

said the gentleman. "Bir, I shall congratulate myself

you will," said the lady. Mr. Barnabas Buffington had lodge with Miss Patty Chickson for ten years. He was rich and eccentric; she was poor and proud. As young people there had been certain love passages between them-or rather the buds of love passages, which had never blosomed into full perfection-and when Mr. Buffington came home from China and found his old pastor's orphan daughter trying to gain a scanty live lihood by letting apartments he en gaged her entire second floor at one and paid his way like a rajah.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" said Mr. Bar nabas Buffington. "But how thin and old-maidish she has grown! I really can't imagine how I ever could have fancied her a divinity. What fools young men are, to be sure!"

"Poor, dear Mr. Buffington! How stout and vulgar he has become!" said slender he was once! How the dreams of one's youthful days do alter!"

Mr. Barnabas Buffington was not pe fect enough to be canonized and Miss Chickson had her petty peculiarities. The consequence was that little collisions were inevitable.

And one day there came a longe neasuring of wordy words than usual, and Mr. Buffington and Miss Chickson ormally parted.

"Ten years is quite long enough to olerate this state of things," said the old bachelor. "I'm only surprised that I haven't

turned him away long ago," said the old maid. So when Mr. Buffington had gon away in a cab piled high with baggage.

Miss Chickson rang the bell for mald. "Barbara" said she

"Yes, ma'am," said Barbara "Mr. Buffington has gone at last." "So I perceive, ma'am," said Barbara 'And won't be come back again.

"Oh." said Barbara, rather surprise "It will be necessary for us to reduce expenses," remarked the mistress. "Of course I cannot afford any longer to keep so large a house as this. Mr. Buffington, whatever his faults, cannot

it least be accused of parsimony." "Certainly not, ma'am," said Bar bara. "Of all liberal, free-handed, kind poken gents---" "Barbara, you will oblige me by hold

ing your tongue!" said Miss Chickson 'Certainly, ma'am," said Barbara. "Get me a cup of tea," said Mis Chickson, "and when I have drunk it will go out to look for a cheape house in a less aristocratic neighb

Barbara brought up the cup of tea in quaint little Wedgewood teapot on apanese tray. Miss Chickson drank it in stier

ooking sadly at the fire. Tea was, so to speak, Miss Chick on's inspiration. When she was low spirited or in doubt or puzzled, or my way thrown off her mental bal

ance, she drank tea and stratehtwaecame berself again. Meanwhile, Mr. Barnabas Buffington. in the solitary splendors of the West End hotel, was scarcely less ill at ease

"I don't like this sort of thing at all." and Mr. Buffington to himself one morn ing a month later. "It isn't home-like There's no cat here. Patty Chickson always kept a cat. There's something very domestic and cozy-looking about a cat. I'll go out and look down the advertising columns of the daily paper and see what inducements they have to offer in the way of quiet, respectable nomes for elderly gentlemen So it came to pass that Mr. Barnabas Buffington sallied forth, not house

hunting, but home-hunting. It was not a so readily disposed o business as he supposed. This house was next to a livery stable; that one contained a young lady who was practicing for an opera singer; the third amelled as if the drainage were defec tive: the fourth was too splendid: the afth too shabby.

"I don't know but that I shall compelled to eleep at the station-house," gloomily remarked Mr. Barns bas Buffington, "for, come what may, nothing shall induce me to go back to that noisy hotel, where the waiters don't come until you have rung the beli forty times, and the soup is served . He was walking pensively ale

ands thrust down in his pockets and he front of his hat tilted down over his nose, when, chancing to look up, he perceived a gray cat dozing in the bay window of a modest-looking house, and

nupretentious notice: Board and lodgings at moderate

cap responded to the summons. "Please, sir. Missis ain't at home

the little damsel. "I can show 'em and I can tell you the terms." Barnabas Buffington liked the look of the rooms and he did not object to th terms. There was a bright coal fire

but I knows all about the rooms," said

burning in the grate. "Missis wanted the rooms to be well aired," said the girl, courtesying at ev ery other word.

"Your mistress, my girl, is a woman f sense," said Buffington, "This settles the matter. I'll take the apartments ping from your meat takes fire remove in the for a month, certain, with the privilege of renewal if I find myself suited." He took off his hat, unwound his con forter from about his neck and sa

"Go and tear down the bill at once. said he. "And leave the door open se bat cats-"But, sir," whispered the white proned lassie, "If my missis -- "

own before the cheery shine of the

grate.

"Never mind your mistress," said Mr Buffington, cavalierly. "She wanted a boarder and she's got one! What more would she have?" and so speaking he halled a cab in

the street, and bade the drver go for his trunk and hat boxes without delay. Miss Chickson and Barbara had been out selecting some new ple platters and pudding basins, and little Betsey was eagerly watching for them at the area

"Please, missis," said Betsey, "the com is let. And he's sitting upstairs now, with the cat in his lan "Who is it?" demanded Miss Chick

"The new boarder, ma'am." "What is his name?" "Please, ma'am. I don't know," sa

Miss Chickson walked off into he little parlor and sat down, fanning her self with her bonnet. "Betsey," said she, "go upstairs, pr

ent my compliments to this stranger and tell him I shall be glad of an inter riew at once. He may be a burglar, "Yes'm," said Betsey. And away she tripped, returning

"He's comin', ma'am," said she. And in stalked-Mr. Barnabas Buf ngton!

"Good gracious me?" said Miss Chick "It's Patty Chickson, isn't it?" said Mr. Buffington, staring with all his yes. "I might have known that it was he same cat. However, ma'am," re apsing into a belligerent attitude, "I

won't intrude; I'll leave the premises t once." "Don't," said Miss Chickson, faintly. "Eh?" said Mr. Buffington. I-I hope you don't bear malice, ald Miss Chickson. "I'm sure I was little impatient." "Don't mention it," said Mr. Buffing

on. "It was all my fault." "I was unreasonable," said Mis hickson. "I was a brute," said Mr. Buffington

'I have reproached myself bitterly,' aid the lady. ince," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington

"Shall we forget and forgive?" whis pered Miss Chickson. "I know a better plan than that,"

said Mr. Buffington. "Let's begin the world on a new basis." "I don't understand you." said Mis-

"I like you and your ways," said Mr. Buffington. "I didn't know how much intil we separated. Let us settle down together for life. Patty Chickson, Let's e married." "At our age?" said Miss Chickson.

"We shall never be any younger," ald Mr. Buffington. "If you really think people augh," hesitated the spinster. "What do we care whether they do

ot?" said the bachelor, recklessly. And the result of this conference w hat Mr. and Mrs. Barnabas Buffington are now sitting, one on either side

the hearthrug, with the gray cat in the niddle, as harmonious a trio as one will often find. And the bill is taken down perma nently.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There are very few people who do get interested in a good scrap." "That's right. I think there number of advocates of universal peace who would be somewhat disappointed at an abrupt termination of th war."—Harper's Bazaar.

Exclusive Information "Say, pa, what's a bachelor? "A bachelor, my son, is a might lucky fellow, but don't tell you that I told you!"-Der Floh.

### Odds and Ends.

Four miles from Bath, England, is mysterious monument known as the Three Shires Stone. From it you can see parts of Somersetshire, Glouces-

tershire and Wiltshire.

The French Government considers its postal system rather in the light of a postal system rather in the light of a source of revenue than as a public service, which is obvious from the fact that it cleared about 93,000,000 francs (\$17,349,000) profit through it last year. In Arkansas a man has planted red birch, native willows and soft maple for two miles along a stream to prevent the washing of the banks.

A fruit tree programator has produced A fruit tree progagator has produced a seedless apple. These new apples are superior in flavor to the ordinary kinds. High prices are being paid for the trees. From very early times Europe was astonished by the wonderful things

potatoes used as a fomentation will on the doorway thereof was placed ar A Chicago firm has set up a line of

which came from the Chinese

automobiles to carry pasengers be-tween its store and one of the railroad stations for 5 cents. "I like the look of that place," said
Mr. Buffington. "They keep a cat there
a gray cat. It's not splendid, but it
looks comfortable. I'll try it."
He rang the bell; a neat little maid
servant in a white apron and frilled
cap responded to the summons.

A Florida man has purchased 300
acres of swamp land near Swan
Bridges, and will turn it into a breeding place for alligators. These reptiles
are becoming scarce, owing to the activity of Northern hunters and as there
is a steady demand for alligator skin,
the speculator hopes to do well.

The Indians are not an important po-

The Indians are not an important political factor in this country, but there is a county in Nebraska—Thurston county—where they hold the balance of power between the parties and are cultivated accordingly by the politicians. They number about 1500, and comprise On.ahas and Winnebagoes—

Meat has been preserved in a frozer state for thirty years, and found per-tectly eatable at the end of that time.

### Among the Banks.

The Traders' Bank has been incorporated to do a general banking business in Kansas City.

The State banks of Kansas have a reserve of \$10,968,000, the largest in the history of the state.

The amount of national bank motes a circulation September 30 was \$325.

135,973, an increase of \$4,112,163 since August 31 and of \$85,045,845 since September 30, 1899.

Chicago bank clearings for September were \$516,737,035, a decrease of \$65,-187,100 from August. They were the smallest since February. As compared with last year, there was a reduction

### Personals.

Joseph Jefferson has given \$1000 tow-Joseph Jenerson has given \$1000 tow-ard the relief of the Galveston sufferers. He attended school in Galveston when i mere boy, and his earlier successes n his dramatic career were made in nat town. John Hopkins, who was for more than

John Hopkins, who was for more than corty years the organist at Rochester Cathedral, England, died recently in his sightfeth year. His last performance in the Cathedral organ was a "dead narch" on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

When Emperor William drives in Berin he is followed by two officers on bicycles, whose duty it is to arrest persons who throw letters into the imperal carriage. al carriage.

I cease to be depressed by learning slowly if I am to learn forever. You know that a little thought and You know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money. This charity of thought is not merely to be exercised toward the poor; it is to be exercised toward all men.

Persons who cheat themselves are easy victims to others. Instead of a little position in

Instead of a little position in this world exalting a man to honor, it is service that exalts man and makes him worthy of any position in this world. Away from the idea that some have that you must have position to be great. Hope is a flatterer. Nothing is truer in the experience of

Nothing is truer in the experiment of the history in the history i The kangaroos which used to be a plague in Australia, are now getting so scarce that it pays to raise them in

## SERMON

Old Without Religion a Dismal Prospect-Consoling Suggestions to Those Who Have Passed Life's Meridian.

(Copyright 1900.) WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this sermor Talmage discourses upon the invita-given to Christ to stay overnight in

the Oriental village, and makes some con-solatory suggestions. The text is Luke xxiv. 29, "Abide with us, for it is toward Two villagers, having concluded their Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As, with sad face and broken heart, they

had been basely massacred and entombed.

As, with sad face and broken heart, they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell Him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come in front of their bouse. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon Him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to be unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take The Indians are not an important political factor in this country, but there is a county in Nebraska—Thurston county—where they hold the balance of power between the parties and are cultivated accordingly by the politicans. They number about 1500, and comprise Omahas and Winnebagoes—

Useful Hints.

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Useful Hints.

Will beast, or be conged to be unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His coming in, addressing Him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialties are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of this stranger guest. He hasks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and He hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in the hought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in the bulled flame that arises. If the dripping from your meat takes fire remove from the stove to cool for a few min
The Indians are not an important portion that solemn moment when the solution soult line endsandeternity begins. We must good through that one pass. There is not roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous go through that one pass. There is not not a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out the table is spread, pleasant socialties are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of this stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the resur
In brolling meat over coals never allow them to smoke the least. After the coals have burned down somewhat the coals have burned down somewhat the coals have burned of what the coals have burned of the hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in

three coals have burned down somewhat throw on a handful of sait to deader the blue fame that arises. If the dription is the blue fame that arises, it the dription the face.

With many of us it is a bright sunshing the face.

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All vegetables are better to be seathed the face of the face of

natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us un, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal power. You feel that the devil was after you; you saw your Christian graces retreating; you fea ed that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you; you can unhorse the sin that would ride you down; you can sharpen the battleax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire?

When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came ridden the denizens of darkness came ridden to the service which have the light of the world and of beared when the legal to the stake and put out the kindling fire?

word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire?

When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey

during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted by temptation there is always some scret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble, but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it; you give it more attention, not because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No medical attendance are incomplexion light-pulse becomes feeble, the complexion light-er, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No er, the step weaker, that one through hall er, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is to-vard evening.

You have tong rejoiced in the care of a mother; you have done everything to make her last days happy; you have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet; you feel heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky; the air is chill. It is toward evening.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned we ought always to be ready, but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that derrand our attention mand our attention

there is held every three months a lot-tery in husbands and wives, who are chosen by the chance drawing of a lot-