Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTI

VOL. LIV. MIFFLINTOWN, JU

Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Poor Miss Jane had felt her nephew's death acutely, more than anyone would have believed. The few days he had spent with her had entirely reinstated him in her good graces. She liked him for himself; he was gentler, more considerate, and more manly, than the old, troublesome Teddy; and he evoked a memory which endeared him to her especially, for he seemed to link old memories of the past to realities of the present. A memory, notably, of a smart young officer of light dragoons, whose presence she recalled by his soldierly figure, his clinking spurs and his off-hand manners and his handsome face. This officer's epistles, on large letter paper, written in faded ink, were treasured up, along with a miniature, in the most secret recesses of Miss Jane's bureau; also a lock of brown hair, the very self-same shade as Teddy's. The smart young dragoon might have been a burly, stout, red-faced squire by this time, discussing shorthorns and turnips, addicted to snubbing his wife, had he lived. But he had not; he had died, saber in hand, on a far-away Sikh battlefield, and a halo of romance and regret forever enshrined his memory.

Time works wonders. Who can stand against him? Esme has bowed to fate at last. She has even, in a way, become reconciled to Teddy's death. She can speak of it now quite calmly; for have not three months elapsed since the day of that fatal foray, and as yet no letter has come from Captain Brabazon, and she feels more drawn to him than ever now—for her dead brother is a bond between them. Did not Teddy die in Miles' arms, with him alone beside him? She makes every excuse that a fertile brain can contrive for his unlooked-for silence. How eagerly does she scan the mail news. How early she is down the morning the South African post is due, and she is always disappointed. Even ruthless Mrs. Brabazon herself feels a little pang of remorse as, in answer to an unspoken appeal, she says, with a smile, "Nothing for you, my dear, this morning," and then there is another long week to get through; "but it will come, will surely come," she tells herself, bravely. There are so many things that may have happened. The mails have been lost, stolen or seized by the Boers. The camp may be now beyond postal communication. She reads with blanched cheeks of the battles. Miles was there; but Miles is safe, his name is not among the killed or wounded. Still he may—be ill. And with thoughts and speculations of a more or less gloomy complexion does she torture herself through seven days more.

Then the house is full of a subdued, but busy, bustle, for Gussie is going to be married. It is to be a very quiet wedding, she tells everybody, apologetically, and "Fred is so anxious to be back for the cub-hunting." The trousseau is magnificent, though many of the dresses are of a mourning type—the pretty lavenders and grays, and black and white tulles. The presents are numerous and costly, as has been previously stated. The wedding takes place without the smallest hitch in the program, one lovely September morning. There was no waiting bride, no missing bridegroom, this time. Mr. Vashon, looking very red, and very nervous, was awaiting his extremely self-possessed little bride for fully a quarter of an hour. She came at last, escorted by Flo, and followed by Esme, who was nearly as white as her dress—Esme, who should have stood at that altar herself just one year ago. Her face was thin, haggard and woe-begone, her eyes had lost their brilliancy, there were dark marks under them, and her lovely color had entirely faded from her cheeks. Truly people were beginning to whisper that the beautiful Miss Brabazon was now a positive wreck, and almost plain—being nothing more than a very thin, pale, dejected looking girl. Augusta made a charming bride and beamed and smiled graciously on all her friends, as she walked down the aisle on the bridegroom's arm. She drove away from the church to Byford, and traveled by the mail up to London. Mr. Vashon, who had a shrinking horror of being recognized as a bridegroom, indignantly rejected the coupe which was tendered by an obsequious guard, and plunged, along with his Augusta, into a Pullman car full of other passengers. Alas, poor ostrich! little did your off-hand manner, or a newspaper, avail you. At the next station the beaming Miss Clippertons were in waiting, with an enormous white bridal bouquet. Gussie saw them eagerly searching the carriages, and shuddered; she closed her eyes, to shut out, if possible, what was coming. It was this: Hatty Clipperton's smiling face at the window, saying, "Oh, there you are, Mrs. Vashon. We brought you this bouquet with our best, best wishes. Be sure you send us a piece of cake."

Over Mr. Vashon's face and the faces of the other passengers, permit us to drop a kindly veil.

CHAPTER XX.

What does this picture convey to the mind of even the most obtuse in such matters? The scene before us represents a dull December afternoon, a leaden gray sky, brown hedges, bare trees and damp country lane. The only bit of color in the landscape is the scarlet coat of the young gentleman who, in splashy top-boots and leathers, is standing at the side of the road with his horse's bridle over his arm, while with the other he endeavors to seize the hand of a tall girl in black, whose face is turned away in an opposite direction.

Emboldened by a wedding in the family, Mr. Hepburn thought that surely he might now come forward and urge his suit, his courage permitting. He was very much in love, and had more than once been on the point of asking the all-important question, when his courage failed him; and all the way home subsequently, and until the next occasion when he met the object of his adoration, he would rate himself soundly for his cowardice, and pass valiant new resolutions "to do better next time!" But Miss Esme was so unaffected, so ready to accept him as a friend, and she looked him in the face so frankly and yet so innocently with her dark blue eyes, that his tongue remained tied. This particular afternoon fate had favored him. He was returning from hunting when, in turning the corner of a road, he suddenly came upon a girl in mourning. Now was his time. Now or never! he said to himself imperatively, and trotting hastily forward before his courage had time to cool, he jumped off his horse and accosted her warmly.

She looked, as she always did, pleased to see him, and questioned him eagerly about the run, about the people who were out; but he quickly cut short all her queries by an abrupt question of his own.

"Never mind the hunt now, I want to ask you something," he said, becoming exceedingly red and miserable looking, "and I'm shot if I know how to put it. Do you know why I have been so much over at your place lately?" beating his boot with his hunting-crop as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," she replied, unhesitatingly. "Of course I do," her mind at once recurring to his friendship for Teddy, and his sympathy in their trouble. "Of course I know, and it has been very kind of you."

Mr. Hepburn stared at her in silence for nearly a minute, and then said, "I don't believe you understand what I mean; though I think you might have noticed it. I've been going to see you all along, and no one else. The more I see of you the more I like you. And—and—my father and mother and I—want to know—if you will marry me. I'm not a bad fellow, and I'm awfully fond of you."

It was now Esme's turn to stare at him in blank amazement. "Don't talk to me in this way," she said impatiently. "You are making fun; you are not in earnest."

"I should think I was in earnest. And I hope you like me, even a little, Esme," venturing her name rather shyly.

"I do, I always did, as Teddy's friend, but now—now—you have spoiled it all."

"Can't you like me as something more than a friend of Teddy's?" appealing to her with a wistful face, and endeavoring to possess himself of her hand.

"No, I can be nothing more than a friend to you always," she replied, ignoring his hand, and stepping back two paces, perilously near the edge of a ditch.

"And why? why? Tell me the reason."

"You know the reason," she returned, now averting her face, which had borrowed its complexion from his scarlet coat. "You have heard," she proceeded, in a still lower voice, "of my cousin Miles?"

"Yes, but I don't mind a bit," very eagerly, and quite misunderstanding her meaning. "He treated you vilely. He was a confounded——"

"Stop, stop, before you say anything more," cried Esme, "and listen to what I have to tell you." And thereupon, with rapid, almost incoherent, utterances, and faltering breathless sentences, she told the whole story of Teddy's secret and of Miles' mistake—a tale which the young man beside her heard with sinking heart and remarkable and various changes of countenance. When she brought her story to a close he put this one abrupt and crucial question:

"And you like him still?"

"Yes," in a very low voice.

"And would marry him after all?"

"Yes," in a whisper.

"Then there is no more to be said," giving his innocent horse an angry chuck of the bridle. "Of course, if I had known I wouldn't have made such an awful fool of myself," turning away with ill-assumed dignity.

"You are angry with me," said Esme, tearfully, "and I don't know what I am to say to you," detaining him by a gesture. "If I had known or dreamed of this, of course I would have told you; but I never dreamed of it, and now I suppose," with trembling lips, "you will hate me, and never be friends with me again?"

Mr. Hepburn was very much cut up; but at the same time he had a soft heart, and to see a very pretty girl with large tears in her eyes, deploring the loss of his friendship, considerably cooled his indignation, and he hastened to assure her that when he had got over it a bit he would still be her friend. Of course it was a facer. But he was not such a dog in the manger as to grudge the other fellow what he could not have himself.

"I don't understand it, you know, not a bit; for Mrs. Brabazon told the mater that you never had cared a straw for him, nor he for you. It was all a mere question of money, and you know, Esme, I can give you heaps of that. The governor said he'd let us start with five thousand a year. He is very much taken with you himself——"

"I don't care for money," said the young lady, hastily. "Mrs. Brabazon was quite wrong. I was not going to marry Miles for money, nor he me, and I would be proud to marry him without a shilling."

"And live on love," suggested Mr. Hepburn, whose heart was still very sore indeed, and could not refrain from this one gibe.

Esme colored painfully, and was about to make some angry retort when he added:

"Forgive me. I cannot help it. I envy that Miles of yours. He is a lucky fellow. It's not every pretty girl in these days that says she doesn't care for thousands a year, and will take a chap without a penny. Well," with one foot now in the stirrup, holding out his hand, "good-by," wringing her fingers in a vise-like grasp. "What can't be cured must be endured," taking off his hat to her as he uttered this truism; and in another moment he was trotting away down the road on his brown hunter, leaving Esme alone.

There are some things cannot be hid, especially from a lynx-eyed lady, such as Mrs. Brabazon. Mr. Hepburn's infatuation for her stepdaughter was one of them. She was alarmed about a week later to casually overhear at an afternoon tea that "young Hepburn had sent his hunters up to Tattersall's and was going abroad immediately, to Nice or Monte Carlo." What did it mean? Had he proposed or not? She must see Esme about it at once, and her mind was in a perfect ferment of impatience till she reached home and rang for Nokes to send Miss Brabazon to her in her own room as soon as possible. Esme was soon on the spot.

"Shut the door," said her stepmother the instant she appeared, "and come over here. I wish to speak to you. I want to ask you a question," she proceeded, looking fixedly at her stepdaughter. "I heard to-day that young Hepburn had suddenly sent all his hunters up to Tattersall's and gone abroad. Perhaps you know what it means? Can you tell me the reason of this unaccountable conduct?"

"I? I, Mrs. Brabazon?" stammered Esme, faintly. "Why should you ask me?"

"Come, come, this fencing is no use. The man was head over ears in love with you. Is it possible that he has gone away without speaking?" she asked in a tone of resentful wonder.

To this she received no answer. Esme sat quite still, her eyes glued on one particular pattern in the carpet, and made no reply. However, she had become extremely and painfully red.

"He proposed to you, I see. And when?" demanded Mrs. Brabazon, authoritatively.

"Last week," returned Esme, in a low voice, not daring to raise her eyes.

"And what did you say, might I be permitted to ask?" proceeded Mrs. Brabazon in convulsive tones.

"I said—no!" replied Esme, scarcely daring to speak above her breath.

"You said no!" almost screamed her stepmother, now rising to her feet. "Said no, to the heir to twenty-five thousand a year, to the finest emeralds in England! Oh!" casting her bonnet on the bed with such furious impetus that it rolled off it at the other side, "I can't believe it. You could not—not be so wicked. It is impossible."

To this harangue Esme made no reply, evidently she had been quite capable of this outrageous deed. After glaring at her down-faced companion for some seconds Mrs. Brabazon said hoarsely:

"I should like to know what you said to him, and why you refused him; in fact, I insist upon hearing your reasons," demanded the lady, with a lurid gaze.

Visions of her beautiful castle in the air, her stepdaughter's high position in the county, and her own increased importance, were now dispersing like mists before the sun.

"Your reason, miss, at once," with an imperious gesture.

"My reason was," returned Esme, tremulously, "was—was—because of Miles!"

"Because of Miles! Forsooth, and a pretty reason! Do you mean to say you would hold to your engagement still, and marry him if he would have you, you idiot?"

"I would," rejoined the victim, firmly, raising her eyes now for the first time.

"And what would you say if Miles would not have anything to do with you? What would you say if you were told that, now the money was gone, Miles was not such a fool as to marry a girl without a penny? What would you say if Miles broke off the match?"

"I would simply say nothing, for I would not believe it," returned Esme, also rising, and casting a tall, pale reflection into a mirror in an opposite wardrobe.

"I suppose if you saw it in his own handwriting you would believe it. Seeing is believing. Will that convince you?" taking a letter from her desk and handing it to Esme.

(To be continued.)

Notes of Inventions.

A Portugese inventor has secured a patent on an electrical method of hunting foxes and badgers. The scheme is to fasten a small light in the collar of the hunting dog, so as to light the way for him through the underground haunts of these animals.

James F. Bromley, of Scranton, Pa., has invented an automatic swing which needs no "working" to propel it. The start is made by touching a button, and after that the swing runs itself, each forward motion imparting the impetus for the return.

A new hard coal burning engine, which is said to have greater speed and power with less fuel, is being tried experimentally by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and if satisfactory several of them will, it is understood, be put into service on the Long Island Road.

According to the London Mail, a phonograph which shouts so loud that its words can be heard for ten miles was recently tried at Brighton. The machine is the invention of Horace L. Short, of that place, and it is designed for use in the coast service particularly. In some cases it would take the place of a light house.

A new type of reflector lamp is being placed on the market by the Edison people, and it is said to be very efficient where the light is wanted in one direction rather than diffused. The bulb is of what is known as the umbrella shape and the back is coated with a substance which reflects the rays and which is at the same time unaffected by the heat generated by the lamp.

George Lans, of the Chicago firm of Lans, Owen & Co., has devised a canteen for the use of soldiers in the tropical countries, or anywhere in fact, by the means of which water is always maintained at a pleasant temperature for drinking. This is done by means of a coating, the composition of which is Mr. Lans' secret. He has also invented a canteen for horses, to be strung on the saddle or swung on the axles of the batteries or army wagons.

Personals.

Senor Alvarez Calderon, the new Peruvian Minister at Washington, has placed two of his sons and two nephews as students at the Maryland Agricultural College at Hyattsville. They will take the regular course in agriculture and mechanics.

Miss M. E. Braddon has written over sixty novels since 1862. Previous to entering upon her literary career she appeared on the stage, having made her debut at the Brighton Theatre Royal in 1857. During the five months following her initial performance she impersonated 58 different characters. Her stage name was Mary Leyton. Though she is now known to the public as Miss Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell and a widow.

Sims Reeves is 82 years of age and still singing. Though he was a choirmaster at 14, his first appearance on the stage was in 1839.

By the recent death of Mrs. R. H. Eddy in Boston, a contingent bequest of $30,000 left by her husband becomes available for the erection of a statue of John Paul Jones in Portsmouth, N. H.

A cousin of Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. MacQueeny, who was Kate Livingstone is alive at the age of 104, at Salon, in the Isle of Mull

The World's Progress.

Five boats of the submarine type will be built for this government on the lines of the Holland. This will give this country a submarine flotilla equal in numbers to that of France, and if all reports are true, of greater efficiency.

The finest lightship afloat will be soon stationed on the Diamond Shoals. Its entire operation will be electric, although provision is made for supplying the lights with oil in case of accident to the electric plant. Her mooring tackle will be something marvelous, every precaution being taken to prevent her from being moved by the wind or waves.

ITUTION---THE UNION---AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF

UNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY,

MY CREED.

I count the day as lost that I have
done
No loving deed nor word of kindness
said,
While ever near me, wheresoe'er I go,
Are sad hearts waiting to be comforted.

May God forbid that e'er my life should
close
To judge him who in weakness goes
astray;
Nay, let me rather with a tender hand
Help him to seek and find the better way.

I hate all selfishness and greed of gain;
So may I strive to make my own life
free
From selfish deeds, and with my neighbor deal
As I would ask that he should deal
with me.

And at the last, if only I may feel
That full of helpfulness my life hath
been,
I will have peace; for this I know is
true,
He serves God best who loves his
fellow men!

A WIDOW'S FRIEND.

It cost ten thousand dollars a year more or less, to live at the Renwood. But it was worth it.

The Renwood was the most aristocratic apartment house in the city.

There may have been other buildings whose stairways were made of finer marble, whose plate glass was a trifle heavier and whose telephone wires got crossed less frequently, but they were not occupied by people with such large incomes and such irreproachable records as was the Renwood. It was a great feather in one's cap to have the name of living there.

There was nothing like it for gaining social distinction.

Families that had recently found the way to wealth and were still on the lookout for the road that led into society's exalted sphere, had been known to resort to every plan that could be devised by inventive minds for reaching the desired haven without avail; but as soon as they took rooms at the Renwood all prejudice was swept away and they sailed triumphantly on to their goal.

If a woman gave a tea and the society columns of the newspapers contained paragraphs descriptive of the "assemblage of wit and beauty at the home of Mrs. Mark, who is residing at the Renwood this winter," that good woman's reputation as a social leader was straightway established.

When somebody else was shopping and said, "Send it to the Renwood," the clerks knew at once that they were dealing with a person who scintilated as one of the most sparkling lights in that upper world of which they caught faint glimpses over the counter now and then, and they humbled themselves accordingly.

It was considered a great honor to correspond with any one who was domiciled at the Renwood, and Renwood women frequently received notes which they were compelled to answer through common courtesy. The recipients of these replies, however brief and formal they might be, always took particular pains to show them and to remark casually:

"I have received a letter from my friend, Mrs. Blank, who lives at the Renwood," and everybody, even in the fourth and fifth circles of our great complex social system, seemed to take on an air of exclusiveness from the little transaction and felt themselves raised several degrees in the estimation of the world.

But it required a great deal of wire pulling to secure accommodations at the Renwood. People who wished to reside there had to put in their applications months beforehand, just as would-be incumbents of appointive government offices and lucrative positions in corporations file their petitions and await their turn.

The Renwood contained but twenty-five apartments, and as people seldom moved and the list of applications was lengthy, it seemed a foregone conclusion that there were a good many anxious aspirants who would pass through time and eternity without finding shelter beneath the Renwood's roof.

Another thing that made admission difficult to any except recognized social lights was the rigid examination through which each new tenant was required to pass. Men who had come through civil service examinations with an average of 99 p. c., and still others who had taken their degrees at West Point, Annapolis and Yale fell down on the questions put to them by the proprietor of the Renwood.

Age, pedigree, occupation and amount of wealth possessed were sworn to before a notary public, and those interesting family histories were pasted in a folio-sized morocco-bound book which was kept on a special table in the reception room, where other residents of the Renwood might refer to it at any time and see just whom they were associating with.

It would be difficult to determine who was responsible for the ultra exclusiveness of the Renwood.

It certainly was not the proprietor. He was a plain, unassuming man, whose tastes were inclined decidedly toward simplicity rather than ostentation, and when he bought the site of the Renwood and put up his fine building he had no intention of making it other than a first-class apartment house which should rank with others of its kind.

He proposed to conduct his business in a modest, quiet way, and when he found that his house was becoming a regular Mecca for the swell set, the shock of the surprise very nearly incapacitated him for business. The first member of the fashionable clans to come to him was Mrs. Clyde Moore.

After that the Renwood seemed to grow into favor without any special effort from any one.

Mrs. Moore unconsciously served as a brilliant orb which attracted numerous satellites to circle round her, and before Mr. Merrick was aware of what was taking place his fortune was made.

The unexpected social maelstrom in which he found himself helplessly floating around was very bewildering.

The Renwood—like many another thing whose popularity can never be explained—had acquired unparalleled celebrity without any adequate cause, so far as he could see, and it took him some time to learn to accept the situation philosophically.

There were a good many times when he longed for a brief period during which he could once more assume the careless habits of former days, but his business acumen bade him cater to Fashion, who had taken him firmly within her grasp, and he stood valiantly at his post, managing his property and collecting his wonderful rentals.

Up to last November there had been no changes made in the place for a good many months. Then the family that had occupied apartment No. 19 for the past two years went to Denver and gave somebody else a chance. The lucky one who was first on the list was a woman.

She passed through the examination with one mark to her discredit; she was a widow.

Somehow the Renwood had always discriminated against widows.

The other women in the house, especially Mrs. Hannibal Wade, who had gradually grown to be regarded as a leader, and who had helped to revise the latest catechism, objected to them.

"If you can help it, Mr. Merrick," Mrs. Wade said to the proprietor one day, when she was inflicting one of her confidential talks upon him, "never take widows in the house."

"The most of them have worried one man into the grave or the divorce court, and their sole object in living is to entrap other victims. I am afraid I shall have to give you warning now, Mr. Merrick, that if you ever take a widow into the Renwood I shall be forced to leave you."

The friendly advice and admonition ought to have been sufficient cause for the instant dismissal of the case of the widow, Mrs. Raynor, but she averaged such an extraordinary percentage on other points that the genial landlord could not summon the hardihood to refuse her admission.

Mrs. Wade chanced to be away at the time and Mrs. Raynor had been occupying apartment No. 19 for more than a week when she came home.

One of Mrs. Hannibal Wade's strong points was a display of fine indignation whenever occasion demanded it, and she came out with unusual brilliancy in her chosen role when she examined the records in the morocco-bound book and learned what had been done in her absence.

She went to the proprietor about it at once.

"I see," she said, "that you have broken the rule which was tacitly agreed upon some time ago between you and your patrons and have let No. 19 to a widow. It is needless to state that I am greatly surprised at such a breach of faith on your part. Can you give me an explanation, Mr. Merrick, that will justify such a course?"

"Well, Mrs. Wade," returned the proprietor, phlegmatically, "I am sorry if I have offended you, but I fail to see how I have violated any agreement.

"This Mrs. Raynor came to see me several months ago about taking a suite of rooms here and I promised to let her know as soon as there was a vacancy. I assure you, Mrs. Wade, that even you can take no exception to her. She is good-looking—but not so handsome as yourself,"—he added, diplomatically.

"She is 45 years old, and unencumbered. She belongs to an excellent family and is rich enough to start a national bank of her own if she cared to do so. I wish you would call on her Mrs. Wade, I am sure acquaintance would banish prejudice."

But Mrs. Hannibal Wade's righteous wrath was not to be appeased by any excuses which the unlucky landlord could produce in his own defense.

"No," she returned, "I do not care to know her. She may be all right, but—she is not to be trusted and ought not to have been permitted to come here.

"However, it is not too late to remedy the evil. Surely, Mr. Merrick, you can eject her from the house on some pretext or other at the end of the month. If you don't I am afraid you will have trouble."

As a general thing the latest arrivals at the Renwood were accorded a royal welcome. Teas, dinners, and receptions were given in their honor, and they were installed in their new quarters with great eclat.

But no such hospitality marked the coming of Mrs. Raynor. To be sure, the great events of the Renwood's society calendar came and went as usual, but the handsome widow was religiously excluded from them all.

"She means mischief," said Mrs. Hannibal Wade. "She will bring discredit upon our house. It is our duty to issue a bull of social excommunication. Perhaps that will bring Mr. Merrick to his senses."

The general animosity manifested toward Mrs. Raynor became more active as the end of the first month drew near.

This intense bitterness was greatly aggravated by the outspoken admiration of the men, who wert strongly disposed to champion the cause of the woman who had apparently done nothing to merit such severe condemnation of the men who were strongly discreet remonstrance which Mr. Hannibal Wade urged against the injustice of the case which prompted his wife to seek another interview with Mr. Merrick.

"That Mrs. Raynor has now been here a month," she said, "and I trust you have hit upon some plan whereby we may get rid of her."

"No," said Merrick, slowly; "I can't say that I have."

"I hope you understand the case, Mr. Merrick," she said, severely. ""There is munity at Renwood. You have rented an apartment to a woman who has no natural protector and who smiles and flirts with our husbands, sons and brothers, who, I am sorry to say, seem to be highly gratified by such proceedings.

"Mr. Merrick, I, with the other influ-

ential families now here, have made Renwood what it is. I am proud of it —I am proud of living at Renwood. I should hate to go elsewhere. But I shall leave at once if Mrs. Raynor does not."

"As I understand it," said Mr. Merrick, cautiously. "You object to Mrs. Raynor simply because she is a widow?"

"Certainly. As I have said before, she has no natural protector. She has nothing to do but make trouble for other people. I consider her dangerous."

"Well," said Mr. Merrick, dejectedly, "I'll see what can be done about it."

A few minutes after Mrs. Hannibal Wade had left the room Mrs. Raynor came in. The widow's handsome blonde face was flushed, her eyes were swollen and the bit of a handkerchief she carried in her hand was limp and damp as if with tears.

"Mr. Merrick," she said, "I have come to complain to you about the way I am treated here. What have I done that I should be so ostracized? I never heard of anything like it. I have long wanted to live at the Renwood, Mr. Merrick, because of the unusual advantages your patrons enjoy, but if this thing is to continue. I must go away. It is breaking my heart."

She raised the web of a handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Merrick swore for a moment in silence.

"Madam," said he, at length, "I'll stand by you if every family moves out to-day and I have to put 'for rent' signs in every window. I won't see a woman imposed upon in this way. They objest to you, Mrs. Raynor, because you are a widow."

"Because I am a widow!" repeated Mrs. Raynor, applying the white web to her eyes again. "Good gracious, I can't help that."

"Of course you can't," returned the proprietor, sympathetically. "That is, you haven't helped it, although I wouldn't be afraid to wager you could have done so a score of times."

The pretty hand that held the tear-bedewed handkerchief trembled violently.

"Oh, Mr. Merrick," she said, and there was a pitiful little quaver in her soft voice that made honest Mr. Merrick sink back in his chair in a tremor of sympathy.

"You don't know what we poor widows have to bear. We are always under suspicion and the awfulest things are imputed to us, whereas we are really the kindest, most sensible, most honorable women in the world."

"I'm sure of that," replied Mr. Merrick.

"And they have trampled upon my feelings and my reputation solely because I am a widow," she went on mournfully. "Oh, Mr. Merrick, it is an awful thing to be a widow."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mr. Merrick, promptly, "and I can't keep one in my house."

"Then I'll have to leave the Renwood after all the trouble I've taken to get in here."

"I didn't say that," returned Mr. Merrick, slyly, "I said I wouldn't keep a widow."

Mrs. Hannibal Wade came down an hour later to consult Mr. Merrick again.

The widow was sitting close beside him, and Mrs. Wade looked at her scornfully. The mutiny had reached a climax and there was no longer any necessity for preserving even a semblance of forbearance.

"Mr. Merrick," she said, "have you come to a decision in the matter? Shall she go or stay?"

"Stay," was the prompt reply.

"And on what conditions, pray?"

"On the condition that she becomes my wife," said Mr. Merrick.

MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Clemens Is Home After Many Years' Stay in Europe.

Mark Twain is home after his long stay in London. During the years he has made his home abroad he has been at times reported as slowly starving to death, and at other times as banqueting sumptuously with dukes, earls and emperors. In 1897 and 1898 Mr. Clemens was feted at Vienna as no other American had been feted. On one of these occasions he addressed his audience in the German language. The great humorist is now 65, but has not yet laid aside his pen. His recent work shows no signs of decrepitude. His financial prospects are good, and his health was never better than at present.

MARK TWAIN.

How a Japanese Hero Died.

A lieutenant of engineers at Tien-tsin, with three sappers, crept up in the dark and placed a charge of guncotton at the huge gate. There was to be an electric wire to fire the gun cotton, but it failed somehow; and, as daylight was dawning already, the four Japanese felt that their maneuver was in danger of failing, so one of them fired the charge with a match, blowing himself to death and glory and giving entry to the allied army.

Easy-Going Mexican Business Men.

Most of the business houses in Mexico are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day.

SERMON

BY

Rev. Dr. Talmage

Subject: The Golden Calf of Modern Idolatry — The Spirit of Greed Destroys Those Who Are in Its Grasp — Money Got Wrongfully is a Curse.

[Copyright 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the spirit of greed destroys when it takes possession of a man and that money got in wrong ways is a curse; text, Exodus xxxii, 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up, as they did, from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools down, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance vigorously and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets angry, he is apt to break all the Ten Commandments. Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter or by the old fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Potomac and the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber. And men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo, we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American Civil War and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's Cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while, standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding diety, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden calf.

What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye, it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar! What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—one hundred and eight and a half, take it!"—until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail, or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island.

Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them.

The trouble is, when the men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families.

If a man by a wrong course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun and the golden headgear of the harness gleams until black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one occasion 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep. But that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where 200 white women and children had been slain by the sepoys. But the blood about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches. It is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething cauldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus— "More, more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and jostling and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order, order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship has to be broken up, as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in the text was hollow and merely plated with gold. Otherwise Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that. But somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted. And then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old-fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Lombard street, whether at Shoreditch or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the Government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money safes and deposit vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melting gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass into the street. But the flying populace will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London, with one cut of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and nether millstones of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down, Moloch down, Juggernaut down, golden calf down!

The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship, and I say let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall fell themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brownstone front for the penitentiary. Let the golden calf perish!

But if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we shall sell our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than an immaterial spirit.

Where are the men who tried Warren Hastings in Westminster hall? Where are the pilgrim fathers who put out for America? Where are the veterans who on the Fourth of July, 1794, marched from New York park to the Battery and fired a salute and then marched back again? And the Society of the Cincinnati, who dined that afternoon at Tontine Coffee House, on Wall street, and Grant Thorburn, who that afternoon waited fifteen minutes at the foot of Maiden lane for the Brooklyn ferryboat, then got in and was rowed across by two men with oars, the tide so strong that it was an hour and ten minutes before they landed? Where are the veterans that fired the salute, and the men of the Cincinnati Society who that afternoon drank to the patriotic toast, and the oarsmen that rowed the boat, and the people who were transported? Gone! Oh, this is a fleeting world. It is a dying world. A man who had worshiped it all his days in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool, fool, fool!"

When your parents have breathed their last and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, God will be to you a father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other. For have we not Paul's blessed hope that as Jesus died and rose again, "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him?" And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say good-by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in that glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes.

When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead

An imitation, to equal an original, must be a great deal better.

There may be no cure for love but seasickness is a good alterative.

Gentleness comes the closest to a cure for fear.

No matter how pure you are, it isn't healthy to be suspected.

Lying is the easiest of all habits to acquire, and the hardest to get rid of.

Gold is an idol worshiped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

Repentance is the result of fear more often than of love.

Cunning, at least, is either the wisdom of a fool or sharper.

Great talkers are not always the most instructive and interesting.