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THE OLD DAYS.

Old friends, old comrades, here's a health
A cup of greeting to you all,
Where'er the evening shades of life
Around your faithful spirits fall,
A hand to you, and a health to you,
And golden memory's wealth to you,
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

I scarce can think those days are gone—
And yet like dreams, they are no more,
And one by one your faces, friends,
Are turning toward the other shore.
Then hail to you, and farewell to you!
And the cups shall clink a knell to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

How few of us will ever meet
Again this side the narrow stream!
And even if our hands could touch,
We'd seem like figures in a dream.
It's youth, sweet youth, good-by to you!
And we are ghosts that cry to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

Sit quiet, friends, and think it o'er,
Aye, think how sweet the old days were
Seek not, weep not; take memory;
Let's have a loving cup with her—
A cup with her, and a song with her,
And a sitting still and long with her,
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.
—James Buckham, in Munsey's Magazine.

Lost for Love

By R. E. Young.

THIRTY years! I close my eyes and live it all again. There stood the model—complete at last. After incredible years of failure and nights of agony, I had stumbled upon the secret of balancing these levers; my windless motor-clock would tick on forever. At first I was crazy—I wanted to rush out and call the world to see; then came the crushing recollection that it had yet to be placed on the market. A step on the stairs, too, reminded me that I owed nearly £50 to Lamont, the young Frenchman in the room over mine. Lamont—no one in the house seemed to understand him; even Netta herself had whispered to me once that she shivered at the look in his eyes at times. And yet he had interested himself so in my scheme, and those small loans of his had really kept me from starvation. Yes; he was going past—something made me open my door.

"'Sh! Here!" I whispered. "There it stands. Lamont, I hope I shall be able to pay you all back with—"

"Eh? Never!" Afterward it came back to me that he whitened curiously as he walked across and bent incredulously over it. Jealous?—or was it too much for him to grasp that I might soon be rich and talked about? When he turned, it was with an expression that took away half my thrill. "You're quite certain?" he asked. "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" I was still holding out my hand. "Take out provisional rights at once—to-morrow. Certain? I gave it ten days, and then, if it failed me again, I meant to grind it to powder. No one has touched it for 12—you hear it now!"

"And what else are you going to do?" he persisted, staring past.

"Why, marry Netta—if she'll have me!" The whisper was out before I knew it.

"Ah, I thought it." He smiled—yet he looked ill. "I thought as much. But you'll make sure; your motor-clock is not in the shops yet; you—I mean, there are accounts to be settled before you could even think of—of that. Well,"—he was at the door now—"you're to be admired—is that the word? Were I you I should say not a syllable to anyone yet. You never know; suppose your model was to disappear?"

"Nonsense!" I gasped, a little coldly. "It could profit nobody unless they had my table of calculations as well. This double spring you see—"

But he had gone. Kneeling beside my precious model, I had forgotten the queer incident in a moment. The unbroken swing of that pendulum was like new life to a dying man—Heaven alone knew what wild dreams I had been rearing up in those past three years. To go forever! Why, everyone knew that the great Prof. Sabraschky, after a lifetime spent in grappling with the theory, had finally committed suicide in despair; and here— Why, I had not whispered yet of my success to Netta. She, unlike the rest, had never seemed to think me mad; wouldn't her tired brown eyes shine when she realized that my persistent experiments had really reached a great finality! Just to Netta—I must; no need for diffidence now. Nine o'clock—soon she would be carrying up supper for those whom she and her father boarded. Those eternal stairs! Poor Netta—it had often made lumps in my throat. Very soon now, I was thinking, as I listened at the door, I would take her away from the hard life.

What was that? Her father's deep voice—and then something queerly like a sob. Scarcely knowing why, I tiptoed down, holding my breath. Their parlor door was ajar—partly an invalid, Baldwin himself, I knew, spent most of his time lolling by the fire there with a cigar—and just then Netta came out. She had a hand to her forehead, and looked dazed.

"Netta!" I called, involuntarily. She started, waved me back, and passed on. But Baldwin had heard.

"That you, Mr. Marcel? Quite a stranger! Come in, do! Well, and how goes the great scheme? Still elusive? Pooh! Give it and yourself a rest."

I hesitated. Generally his intensely practical nature and good-humored sneers kept me at a distance, but my head was in a whirl that night, and I seemed to recollect for the first time that he was really Netta's father.

"Go up there," I said, "and you will find my scheme an assured fact. No, I'm not mad. In three months from now, Mr. Baldwin, you may be able to purchase one of Marcel's motor-clocks. It will cost you a guinea. That's all."

"Heavens!" he gasped. His cigar had dropped—also his jaw. "How—however much would you take for the patent?"

"Ten thousand pounds down, and a florin royalty on every clock sold." I leaned across, afraid to hesitate now. "But mind, this is in strictest confidence, because it's very possible again, that when I leave here I may ask you to let me take Netta—as my wife. There!"

It was out. And Baldwin—he could not have even suspected; he sat staring and incredulous for a time, and then swayed up unsteadily.

"Well! How queer—Netta again? Let her go? I couldn't; what on earth should I do without. . . . You're rich, and you want my girl? I—I daren't think now, Marcel; let it wait a bit. No, no, don't, don't see her yet. Shake hands—yes, indeed! Heavens, I sha'n't sleep this night!"

I went out, leaving him standing so. That kitchen door was closed; but I fancied—I was sure—I heard a suppressed sob in there. Should I—no, presently she would be bringing up my supper, and then—! Back to my room in a whirl I went, and sat down for the thousandth time to compare those precious calculations. Why, yes, the simple idea was perfect; the uncoiling of the one spring implied the tightening of the second, and so the motor-bar was bound to revolve. My last valuable must go to obtain the preliminary fees, but that . . . The softest tap.

"Your supper, Mr. Marcel—and good night!"

I stumbled to the door. Netta—she had placed the tray on the floor. I caught just a glimpse of her dress whisking round the staircase below. Ah, then, she knew there was something in the air that night! She was nervous—fluttered; the very cocoa seemed to have been spoiled in the making—for the first time. I sipped it, and then sat thinking wildly again. Tick, tick, went my darling clock over there. Now—was it wavering? No, no—only my poor, tired brain. The reaction was setting in, of course. To bed! To-morrow. A clear brain, at any price!

I must have fallen asleep before I touched the pillow. Sunshine was streaming in when, partly dressed, I sat up—sat up with a vague but terrible sensation as of something being wrong. The time? The time—I looked across to that bench, gave a half scream—and then my heart seemed to become still. My clock was—not there!

What did I do first? I hardly know; something had seemed to snap in my brain as I struggled to realize. Gone—stolen while I slept! My table of calculations—gone too. I had left it beside the model. . . . Lamont! The flash-thought sent me reeling. His manner—his jealousy—his hint at theft! Dazed, I only knew there was a nameless thing in my mind as I stepped out on to the landing and listened. The hands of the clock there pointed to seven, and Lamont left for his work at eight. He would swear to his innocence; I would simply hold him by the throat while I crashed open his box. . . . I opened his door quietly. Lamont was not there. I started round for his trunk. It was gone.

I felt my way down the stairs again like a man suddenly blinded. At the foot I met Baldwin, our landlord, and clutched his arm. Just one tense whisper: "Lamont—that man?"

"Goodness, Mr. Marcel, what's the matter? . . . Lamont? Why, he's gone—came down here an hour ago, woke me and gave me a week's money instead of notice, and left the house without another word."

A month had passed—a terrible month that I lived through in alternate fits of madness and spells of dumb stupor. One day I would tramp the streets with eyes strained for a sight of the man who had ruined my life; the next, I would sit huddled over that empty bench, seeing no one, speaking to no one. At times there would come that soft tap at the door, and Netta's whisper that she had something to tell me; then her father would call me from the stairs; but I never answered either—my interest in life was suspended.

A month; and then, one never-to-be-forgotten evening, a still stranger thing happened. Sitting there so, I heard heavy footsteps outside, and next a peremptory knock. Before I could stir, two men had walked in. I know that then I sprang up with a choke of incredulous passion. One man was a stranger to me; the other—Lamont, haggard but smiling. Lamont! He had folded his arms; he could speak coolly, sneeringly.

"So you think I made off with your precious invention, Mr. Marcel? Stand still—wait! I might have done—I should have been justified, considering that it was you who robbed me of the one woman I'm ever likely to love or want. No matter! Shall I tell you why I went from this house as I did? Can you believe me?"

Speak I could not. The very world seemed to have stopped turning.

"I wanted Netta—and you were too blind and busy to see it. Her father had said: 'Netta's husband must have £500 of his own. She will never marry without my consent.' Very well; for long enough I sweated and starved for that. I own that I lent you money from time to time just to keep you buried in what I considered a fool's dream. I knew she cared for you most, if any man; but that you would never think of a wife while your problem remained a problem. That night, sir, when you told me you had solved it, I knew the crisis had come for both. I forestalled you. I went straight to Baldwin. I got leave to speak to Netta—she refused me point-blank. There were high words. I offered to buy the house and make it over to her; but no. Finally she locked herself in the kitchen. I haven't your British phlegm; in a fit of chagrin I told Baldwin I should pack my box and go back to France the next morning—he might let her think I had committed suicide—anything he liked. I kept to that; I left the house as soon as daylight came. But you have accused me; it shall be thrashed out. This gentleman will see to that."

The other man cleared his throat. Now I saw that he had kept his back against the door.

"Mr. Marcel, I'm a detective. Rather curious information was quietly brought to us by Miss Baldwin the day following the theft. Your invention had been stolen by a man named Pierre Lamont, and you were too prostrated yourself to take any sensible steps. We were to get back the article intact without making an arrest, if possible, and she would settle expenses and—"

"Miss—Baldwin!" I whispered, a hand to my heaving brain. What were they saying? Netta—Netta had done this for me, while I had sat stupidly crushed and inactive!

"'Sh! Miss Baldwin—the young lady who let us in just now. I was told off. I went to work, and ran across my man here three weeks ago—he had not gone so far, after all. He told me something that put me on another scent altogether. You'll be rather surprised, if nothing more. It stood to reason that the thief, if he meant business, would never attempt to patent the affair here, or in his own name either. I made inquiries, and yesterday, sure enough, word came to hand that a shady agent, well known to the police, was forming a syndicate in Berlin to put your clock exclusively on the market there, keeping himself well in the background in London. I shadowed him for just two hours, and then I saw him in confab with the man we wanted—the man who, as it happened, Lamont here saw creeping down this staircase at five a. m. on the day of the theft—with your invention under his arm, no doubt. Lamont thought little of it, but there's no doubt the thief had his notion as to where the blame would be sure to lie next morning. Now!" He lowered his voice a note. "Er—Mr. Marcel, it is rather unfortunate that the man who stole your brainwork should be the father of the girl who thoughtfully put us up to the job!"

"Baldwin!" I got out, with a husky quiver. For me, the room was spinning round; one dear face looked imploringly at me out of a mist. Baldwin! Netta's father! . . . The cocoa that night—drugged by himself!

"Aye! I fancy it's not altogether his first attempt at shady work, either. We shall see. I've a warrant here for both of them, and—but you'll have your clock back, sir, with a grand advertisement, in a few days; and I hope you won't forget me. . . . Baldwin's out, the girl says, but he'll be back in a few minutes. She knows nothing, of course, and you'll like to avoid a fuss, I know. I shall have him as he steps in. If the matter hadn't gone so far—"

A faint, thrilling scream from behind the door. He threw it back, and there stood Netta. She had heard all—saw what she had done in her loving desire to help me—her face told it. White, wide-eyed, her shaking hands put out, she stood there—a picture to go to a man's heart and print itself there for ever . . . and just at that moment, to complete the unnerving tragedy of the situation, we heard the turn of a key in the halldoor below. Merciful heavens! I know I stood dumbed and thrilled as much by the nameless suspense as by the incredible thought that my life's triumph was within reach again. Baldwin? Yes, and he was going down the passage.

What really happened? It seemed afterwards like some dream. The detective took a step. Another pitiful cry—I could never forget it. Netta's arms barred the way.

"Dad! Dad! Go—go, for your life! They know! . . . Sirs, you dare not! Mr. Marcel, you couldn't—oh, for love of me, you'll never let them take him!"

And I—no! All the blood seemed to take life in me again as Netta's prayer sank into me. For love of her! her own father! It all happened in an indescribable minute; there was a rush in the passage below, and simultaneously I must have thrown both arms about the detective's waist, and held him fast. In that wild moment of revulsion I thought of nothing but sparing Netta—of sparing the man because he was what he was to her. And the door down there banged; he was gone.

"You madman! You'll lose him—everything!" panted the detective. But Netta had put me to the greatest test of man's love—I clung on as if for my own life—till suddenly the reaction came. For love of her I had lost what had seemed dearer than life itself. I slid down, and knew nothing more.

That, gentlemen, was 30 years ago. That model was lost—destroyed, no doubt, within 24 hours—we never heard of it or the man again. But here, to-night, stands its duplicate—and a duplicate of this we can see in a thousand shop-windows. Need I say that we owe it to Netta—the loving wife who has stood by me, built up my hopes again, and spurred me on to the great task, day by day, for those 30 years? Need I say what I won when it seemed I had lost everything? Left alone, I could never have brought myself to go over all that old ground again, but the patient inspiration of years has done at last what you see. And when I lost her. . . . when death took her from me, a year ago, her last whisper was . . . There, no, I can't. But here it is—and Netta knows! Netta knows!—Tit-Bits.

English Women's Jewels.

Among the wonderful collections of jewels owned by English women Baroness Burdett-Coutts' unique set of sapphires is celebrated; the marchioness of Bath's necklace of black pearls is estimated as worth $500,000, and the duchess of Westminster's Nassau diamond at nearly $200,000. The princess of Wales has a beautiful necklace which she always wears on state or gala occasions.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

International Sunday School Lesson for November 19, 1899—Text, Nehemiah 8:1-12—Memory Vs. 1-3.

[Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law."—Neh. 8: 3.

READ Nehemiah 8 and Luke 4: 16-22.

TIME.—The first day of the seventh month, i. e., the middle or last of September, A. D. 444, about two months after the arrival of Nehemiah in Jerusalem, and a week after the completion of the walls on the 25th of Elul, the sixth month (August-September). The first day of the seventh month was September 22 in 1892, September 11 in 1893, and October 1 in 1894.

EXPLANATORY.

I. The Circumstances.—The section of Nehemiah embracing Chaps. 8-10 differs from the opening and from the closing chapters in that here Nehemiah is spoken of in the third person, while in the rest of the book he himself writes in the first person. In the prayer (Chap. 9) and the covenant (Chap. 10) the first person plural is used. "It was a series of events of the greatest importance. Nehemiah's design was to renew and enlarge the reforms which Ezra had begun 13 years before. Chaps. 8-10 are an account of transactions running through 24 days or more, by which Nehemiah brought this and other reforms into active operation. Our lesson is the first section of the account, and tells what happened in one day—the first day of the seventh month (V. 2).

II. The Great Meeting.—V. 1. This chapter should begin with the last clause of the last verse of the previous chapter: "And when the seventh month was come," etc. The first day of this month was the feast of trumpets, which proclaimed a day of rejoicing, like our Christmas bells. This was a week after the walls were finished. V. 1. "All the people gathered themselves together:" From the city and from the surrounding country. "As one:" In one place, with one purpose. "Into the street:" Rather, into the broad place, the public square. "Before the water gate:" The open space south of the temple, called Ophel, lying between the temple wall and the city wall. "They spake unto Ezra, the scribe:" This is the first time Ezra's name occurs in the book of Nehemiah

III. The Text-Book.—Vs. 1-3. "Book of the law of Moses:" This "testifies to a general knowledge of the existence of a book, the contents of which, so far as they are known, agreed substantially with our Pentateuch."—Prof. H. E. Ryle. "Which the Lord, 'Jehovah,' had commanded to Israel:" This was not a merely human book, but one inspired and revealed by God. V. 2. "The law:" Hebrew, Torah, instruction, "here used in a sense which afterwards became universal."—Prof. Ryle. "Both of men and women:" Both have equal need of studying God's Word. "And all that could hear with understanding:" The children, all who were old enough." V. 3. "He read therein . . . from the morning until midday:" Or, from daylight, for six hours or more. "The ears of all the people were attentive:" Though there is no word in the Hebrew for "attentive," yet the meaning is quite correctly given.

IV. Studying the Word of God.—V. 5. Preceded by Worship. V. 5. "Opened the book:" Unrolled the scroll, or roll. "All the people stood up:" Rose to their feet as an act of respect and reverence for God and His Word. V. 6. "Ezra blessed the Lord:" Praised God in prayer. "All the people answered:" Responsive worship is no new thing. "Amen:" Lit., "That which is true." "So let it be." "Lifting up their hands:" An appeal to God that they accepted the law thus read and would obey it. "Bowed their heads and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground:" They sank down into the posture of humble, earnest prayer, first falling on their knees, and then bending forward and down till their faces came "between their knees" (1 Kings 18:42).

Two Ways of Studying the Bible.—First. V. 8. "So they read . . . distinctly:' It required clear enunciation to be heard by the many thousands assembled. The manner of reading made a great difference as to the sense.

Second. "And gave the sense:" Explaining the unusual words, expounding the meaning and the application of the law, interpreting the allusions to history and in every way possible causing "them to understand the reading." So Christ in the synagogue at Nazareth caused the people to understand Isaiah. (See Luke 4:16-22.)

V. The Fruits of Bible Study.—Vs. 9-12. 9. "The Tirshatha:" Allied to our word pasha. It was the Persian title for a local or provincial governor.—Ryle.

First Fruit—Repentance. "For all the people wept:" "In the new light of the higher truth we suddenly discover that the 'robe of righteousness' in which we have been parading is but as 'filthy rags.'"—Prof. Adeney.

Second Fruit—Joy in the Lord. "Mourn not, nor weep:" You have wept long enough; you have fastened your eyes on your sins too exclusively. V. 10. "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet:" These were expressions of joy and aids to joy. "And send portions," etc.: Another way of expressing and of increasing true joy. "Neither be ye sorry:" Sorrow and repentance are never required for their own sake, but for the better things which grow out of them. "For the joy of the Lord is your strength:" Your stronghold, R. V., margin.

PRACTICAL.

The study of the Bible has wrought wondrous changes in men and in nations. A vast cloud of witnesses testify to its renovating power. Every nation now existing is great, moral and happy in proportion as the Bible is studied and obeyed.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of David M. Swartz, late of Chapman twp., Snyder county, Pa., deceased have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement. WM. H. SWARTZ, Executor.

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