

MY EVERLASTING HOME.

I've often thought with rapture of the time—perhaps 'tis night—When angel hands shall beckon me from mansions in the sky;

The Cloister Cask.

By Charlton Lawrence Ethelm.

INSIDE the cloister cask was a darkness, palpable as the festooned cobwebs that brushed my face, when, standing in its belly, I looked upward into obscurity.

Far, far above me glimmered a pale light, like a star veiled in mist, "And that," said the dried-up voice of the little sexton, "that is the bung-hole. It is three feet in diameter; large enough to admit a fine stout man," and he sighed like a withered leaf in the wind.

A fine, fruity smell told of the oceans of old wine that had flowed through this cavern, from bung-hole to spigot, and ah, from spigot into countless pious throats, thirsty with much prayer! for in all the time that this monastery had wielded its power over much of the Black Forest, the cloister cask, though always running, never ran dry.

"Ah, yes, once it did run dry," whispered the sexton, "and once again it was emptied into vile, profane threats. Each time it betokened great misfortune to our order, but now that it is always empty, where is our brotherhood, where our splendid buildings, our glorious church? Ruins, desolate ruins!"

"I remember when it was desecrated, that was in sixteen hundred and odd, and I was a comparatively young man, but already holding a position of trust in the monastery. I was cellar-master when Melac, with his swarm of French ruffians over-ran the whole country, burned the villages, sacked the sacred courts, and drained the great cask—may their throats be scorched for it, the filthy spongers!"

"I looked on the cask and foot, and thrown into it like a sack of rye; yes, I remember while the wash-buckler, Monsieur, and the mustard of rye, and a ladder against the side and mounted to the top of the cask, where he found the bung padlocked to the staves.

"His villains tossed him up my bunch of keys, and as he unlocked it, he noticed that this bung was a beautiful and curiously carved piece of oak; but stop, you shall see it—my own work—my masterpiece."

And he dragged me to the end of the cask, where stood a large cylinder, soaked by the wine till it had assumed a dusky purple red.

"Even in its color this is a perfect likeness of Brother Ambrose," gasped the little man. "Brother Ambrose, cellar-master before me and now a blessed saint in Paradise."

And truly, the sculptured head that grinned at me in the dusk could have been naught but that of a cellar-master; the wavering candle light threw fitting reflections over his polished cheeks that seemed to quiver and shake with good living, and the expression of supreme physical satisfaction was caught with a freshness delightful to behold.

"Brother Ambrose it is, and he lived and breathed," said the sexton with such feeling that the cask echoed sonorously and shook the ghostly draperies, "and this is his memorial, in remembrance of a strange fate that befell him even where we stand.

"But Monsieur, the pig, what knew he of art. When he saw this head on the bung he drew his long sword and struck it a blow on the pate till even the full cask protested dully. 'This was Gaminus!' cried he in his elation voice, 'whom these swine worship. Rise now, Sir Baceuch, worthy of the allegiance of gentleman of France!' and amid the guffaws of his troopers he pulled out the bung, tripped in his casque and drank a long health to the new leader.

"All this I saw, as bound hand and foot I lay in the corner like a sack of rye."

I looked at the old man suspiciously; ancient as he was, he could not have been living during the famous raid of Melac, far back in the seventeenth century.

But without noting my surprise, he went on dreamily, with half-closed eyes: "Ah, Brother Ambrose, that thou shouldst ever have come to this, thou most truly German of all the brotherhood, to be worshipped by a horde of French bandits!"

"When Brother Ambrose was cellar-master, I was a mere boy, his assistant. It was my duty to carry the flagons of wine, and he had drawn them for which he was rewarded with the drippings from the faucets that were caught in the pans.

"At that time the monastery had attained a height of prosperity which it never reached again. Some attrib-

uted it all to Father Ekkehard, the abbot, but I know well that it was Brother Ambrose, whose generous measures drew the best men from all the country into the fold. Ah, those were happy times, when each day whole hogheads of wine were served to the thirsty brothers. For the services, we had a thin, sour wine to keep in check their hot blood; the lay brothers, great plenty, but of a common vintage, for he who sowed in the fields or sows at loads of building stone knows only how much is in his gourd; and his law good; but for the pious brothers who prayed and preached and meditated, and for those who spent their days in illuminating the wise words of our most apostolic Father Ekkehard, was set aside this cask of mellow, red wine such as coddled under the tongue before it slid down. And that was right, for were not these the ones who in leisure and thoughtfulness could best distinguish good wine from bad?"

"And of all these, Brother Ambrose was the most devout, for after making the rounds of his casks and testing the contents that they had not deteriorated, he would seek the sunny niche in the warden wall, where, undisturbed he might meditate all afternoon, his eyes closed, lest the beauties of this world should distract his thoughts from those of the next, and only an occasional sigh showing how deep were his inward struggles.

"Meanwhile I worked at my wood-carving in my little cellar shop, but never did I become so absorbed in my saints and bishops as to forget my other duties of emptying the pans that caught the drippings.

"And so our lives went happily on until that fatal day when the abbot decided to make a pilgrimage to Rome, and I was selected as one of the attendants. Oh, the homesickness of it all! The days in the Alpine snows, the nights in the hard, hospice beds, and then Italy, ugh! Give me my Rhine wine and Necker and you may keep your vintage of Italy. Most of all, I yearned for Brother Ambrose, my whole-souled master and friend. How I did long for his full, round, blonde body, when surrounded by the crafty Latins in the court of his holiness.

"One night I dreamed of him, yes often he came into my dreams, but this was horrible and real as if I had seen it with waking eyes:

"Brother Ambrose was moving slowly among his casks, nodding to this one, laying a friendly hand on that, but when he came to the great tun in which we stand, he rubbed his cheek against it so affectionately that I could hear the bristles rasp against the wood.

"Presently he searched among the straw lying in the corner till he found a long, perfect tube, and then, climbing the ladder to the top, he took out the bung and gazing at the brimming red liquor as a worldly man might gaze upon the woman he adored. For several moments he squatted thus absorbed, then he contented sigh; he inserted the tube and drew unto himself this sweetness.

"I know not how long this lasted, but gradually the liquor grew lower in the cask and gradually he leaned over, following it, never once leaving hold of the straw. His eyes closed, I knew that ecstasy was his, and, poor worm that I am, I envied him. He reeled, he rolled, but still he followed the wine downward, ever downward, till finally the center of gravity was lost, he slipped, he smiled, and still smiling, slid through the bung-hole and disappeared.

"With horror I awoke, and would have run and told my dream to the abbot, but he was a stern man who looked upon me with disfavor because I loved not my Latin, so I stayed and told it to little Francesca, but she could not advise me in such matters. "How the months dragged on in that hot, weary land! If it had not been for Francesca I should have died, between long waiting in ante-chambers and long masses in the church of St. Peter.

"But after much delay we started homeward, and with what happiness did I look from the summit of the last snow mountain to where the dark, rolling hills of my own Black Forest lay beyond the Rhine.

"When the joyous monks welcomed us at the gate, I eagerly scanned each face but that of Brother Ambrose was not among them. Afraid to ask questions I disengaged myself from the curious brothers and ran to his haunt in the garden and to the cellar, but no one was there; only a scruffy boy emptying the pans, who told me that the devil had flown off with the cellar-master, body and soul.

"As I was cussing his ears, one of the lay brothers came running and panted that the abbot wanted to speak with me, so I followed him into the refectory, where the brothers sat at meat. 'My son,' said the most excellent father, smiling at me across the loaded board, 'as our unfortunate Brother Ambrose has fallen into the clutches of the evil one, body, soul and cellar keys, I appoint you cellar-master in his place, with this new bunch to hang at your girdle as a token. And now, as your first official act, you may bring us flagons from the great cask!'

"So I brought them much wine, and they sipped it slowly, with the deliberation of the true connoisseur.

"Finally, quoth the brother at the abbot's left, 'Brother Cellar-Master, me-thinks I notice a flavor of wine in this wine, 'Nay,' said he, 'it is not my fault, 'tis a tang or though very slight.' 'Not so,' said the abbot, himself, 'his nose is the taste well.' But at that instant, one at the lower end of the board exclaimed, sticking his nose into the cup, 'Brother, 'tis the Ambrose!'

"At that there was a hubbub at the table, for the abbot could not bear such words, but when they had quieted, I told them my dream.

"Then said the abbot, 'Twas a children, we will drain this cask! Together we went below into the cellar and with a siphon emptied the great tun.

"Finally the siphon choked dry, and the good father said, 'I myself will administer the evil spirit.'

"So I was let down with a rope, and there lay our blessed brother, but he was dead, his face as you can see in the hang, his body in the corner of the great tun.

"I cannot leave him here," said the abbot, "he must lie in consecrated ground, and, besides, we need the cask! But when they would have drawn him up through the bung-hole it was too small. Then squeaked the scruffy boy, my assist, 'he who afterwards became cardinal. Turn him over and open the spigots!'

"So five of us did that, and we thus caught enough wine to fill another butt for the lay brothers. After that it was easy to draw him through the bung-hole, which we did with the derick.

"Then to me said the pious Father Ekkehard, 'My son, this has been a day fraught with great consequences to the soul of our departed brother, and Beelzebub, who tried to keep him unburied is again foiled; in memory of which his likeness shall be graven upon the bung as a warning to all future cellar-masters.'

"Not until the death of the good abbot did the key come to me, and then it was that Capt. Monrepos, brat of King Louis, stole it with the others."

With a deep sigh the old man raised his candle that the light fell upon a forest of cobweb, fine and fantastic as the frost work on a window.

"Since then," rustled his spectral voice, "the cloister cask has been dry."

We crawled out of the lower opening, and as we passed through the vaults, it seemed to me that I saw a hoghead standing on end between the dim rows.

"Come quickly," he gasped; "they say that the ghost of Brother Ambrose still walks!" and we hurried in to the light.—Overland Monthly.

A PREACHER'S REBUKE.

Twice Heard in Different Places It Excited Suspicion of Pre-meditation.

"In New York several months ago I went to hear a well-known preacher, who delivered a remarkably eloquent sermon," said the traveling man, according to the Philadelphia Times. "Just as the minister was in his peroration he suddenly stopped, took off his spectacles, and in a voice of censure, remarked: 'I will be very much obliged if you will be so good as to leave the church until I have finished my sermon. He then replaced his spectacles and proceeded with his sermon. I happened to sit in the rear part of the auditorium, I felt rather surprised at the interruption, for while there were many young men present in that part of the edifice, I did not notice the least conversation.

"Not long ago, the same preacher was invited to Philadelphia to preach on a special occasion. I went again to hear him. To my surprise, he took the same text and delivered the same sermon. I was more than surprised, as he reached his peroration, to see him remove his spectacles and give expression to the same rebuke in exactly the same language as he had done in New York. I could not help arriving at the conclusion that he had a place marked somewhere in his manuscript for administering a rebuke whether it was needed or not, and that perhaps his intention was to attract particular attention to something he was about to utter."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Gentlemen," said the South American statesman, "do we revolute to-morrow?" "Why not?" queried the short senator. "Why not, indeed?" echoed the statesman. "Shall we make it before or after breakfast?" "After," replied the stout senator. "I find that it doesn't agree with me when I try it on an empty stomach."

"Very well," said the statesman. "If we are agreed we will overturn the government at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. How is it with you, Pablo?" "I am referee in a cock-fight at 11," said the man addressed, "but I'll try and get around in time to see you through."—Woman's Home Companion.

Changed Her Mind. The house was "handy to the street car line" and in good repair, there were the proper number of closets and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house-hunting matron said to the agent: "It is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys."

"That won't make any difference, ma'am," he said, with a smile. "You will find big families of boys on both sides of you."

"Oh, then I don't want the house at all!" she exclaimed. "I want to find a neighborhood where there won't be any boys but mine!" "At last accounts she was still hunting.—Youth's Companion.

His Promise. Wigg—that messenger he slowest thing alive, I would will become of him when he grows up? Wagg—Maybe he will develop into a great chess player.—Philadelphia Record.

WHERE TO CATCH PAPA.



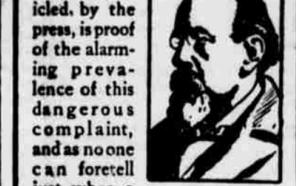
"Now, dearest, may I go to your father and ask his consent?" "Wait until the end of the quarter, when my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will be more willing to part with me then."—Ladies' Field.

A Quatrain. In musty tones the sages wrote each line. Only to sigh and sigh and find no light would shine. But I find surer roads to lead to my content; I am content if snooze I can till nine.—The Rubiyat of a Happy Man.

It Does Seem Strange. "So you advise me not to sue," said the client. "I do," said the lawyer. "Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems darned strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."—Chicago Post.

A Good Hearted Man.

or in other words, men with good sound hearts, are not very numerous. The increasing number of sudden deaths from



J. A. Kreamer. or in other words, men with good sound hearts, are not very numerous. The increasing number of sudden deaths from heart disease daily chronicled by the press, is proof of the alarming prevalence of this dangerous complaint, and as no one can foretell just when a fatal collapse will occur, the danger of neglecting treatment is certainly a very risky matter. If you are in the least afflicted with heart trouble, you should at once begin to take Mies' Heart Cure.

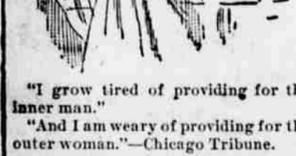
Mies' Heart Cure.

J. A. Kreamer of Arkansas City, Kans., says: "My heart was so bad it was impossible for me to lie down, and I could neither sleep nor rest. My decline was rapid, and I realized I must get help soon. I was advised to try Dr. Mies' Heart Cure, which I did, and candidly believe it saved my life."

VICTUALS VERSUS BONNETS.



"I grow tired of providing for the inner man." "And I am weary of providing for the outer woman."—Chicago Tribune.



"A neighbor ran in with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when my son was suffering with severe cramp and was given up as beyond hope by my regular physician, who stands high in his profession. After administering three doses of it, my son regained consciousness and recovered entirely within twenty-four hours" says Mrs. Mary Haller, of Mt. Crawford, Va. This remedy is for sale by Middleburgh Drug Store.

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Not Unusual. "When I'm mad," asserted the disagreeably aggressive man, "I'm a terror." "It is not surprising," was the quiet reply. "That is a common canine characteristic."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Criticism. Jay Green—Young Blowby, that's home from college, boasts that he's half-back, of his football team, doesn't he? Abner Appledy—Yes; but I think he secretly believes that he's the whole thing.—Judge.

Struck a New Note. Tommy—Uncle Henry's got the rheumatism in a new spot this morning. Dicky—How do you know? "His swearin' is different from what it generally is."—Chicago Tribune.

Entirely Rational. "Yes; he said if he had his choice he'd rather be an ex-convict than anything else." "The ideal! How eccentric!" "Not at all. You see, he's just been sent to prison for a term of ten years."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Otherwise Employed. "And you were seasick all the way over? Well, it was some relief to you to swear, I presume?" "To swear! Thunder! I didn't have any time to swear!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Play. Katharine—Papa, I'm going to do something to help cut down your heavy family expenses. Papa—What is it, daughter? Katharine—Papa, I'm going to marry our doctor.—Brooklyn Life.

A Bouquet for Her Next Day. He—Flower man a flower is born to blush unseen, you know. She—Yes; I never saw anyone who could pass a florist's as often as you can without stopping to even look in the window.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Made an Impression. "Did the evidence in the divorce suit indicate that Mrs. Flash was giddy?" "I guess so. The judge and five of the jurors wanted to marry her."—Brooklyn Life.

At the Wrong Shop. Patient—The trouble with me is that I can't sleep. Yet I am always as hungry as a wolf and I work like a horse. Doctor—You had better consult a veterinary.—N. Y. Times.

Agreed with George. George—Well, all love—at any rate, I love—the true, the beautiful and the good. Maud (blushing)—I—I thought you did, George, and I'm sure papa will consent.—Tit-Bits.

No Choice. Bleeker—Has your wife made any plans for the summer yet? Baxter—No; it's too early. Why, she hasn't even tried to find out where I don't want her to go yet!—Puck.

Art Is Long. Bill—How long was your friend, the artist, working on that canvas? Will—Eight years. Took him six months to paint it and seven years and a half trying to sell it.—Tit-Bits.

In Matrimonial Affairs. "He's a grandfather, and yet he's going to marry that young Miss Kittle Skittish." "Yes. He's old enough not to know any better."—Chicago Post.

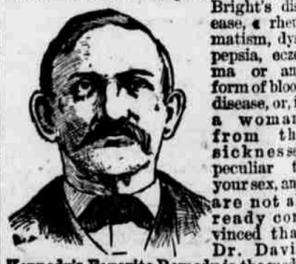
Judging Him. "Yes; an' I took up de box o' choic' luts dat cost me a hull bone; an' wantin' to do de t'ing proper, I says, when I passed 'em to her, says I: 'Sweets to de sweet,' quotin' po'ry, yuh know. An', say! wot d' yuh tink she says? Say! She didn' say a t'ing but: 'Tanks to de tank!' Say! Wot?"—Puck.

Pa Was with Them. "Do you think your father likes me, Mamie?" "I am sure he does." "What makes you sure?" "Because it was only yesterday he asked me when you and I were going to be married, as he wanted to live with us."—Tit-Bits.

A Little Too Anxious. Gladwin—I believe that girl wants to get married. Square—I begin to think so myself; I proposed to her by letter the other day and when she mailed her acceptance she put a special delivery stamp on the envelope.—Town Topics.

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