THE BEACON

From dusk to dawn a golden star, Hung steadfast between sky and sward, Sent forth across the moaning bar The smiting of its two-edged sword,

Seafaring men with babes at home Asleep and rosy in their cribs, Beat inward through the curdling form That tosses to the shivering jibs.

And wistful wives who cannot sleep Feed little hearth-fires warm and red, And comforted their vigil keep With that great star-flame overhead.

Night wears *pace; the blackest night Wanes when the womb of morning breaks. With lance and spear from heavenly height Her conquering way the new day takes.

And one by one the weary boats,
All drenched and spent, are beached

A Duel in the Gold-Fields.

They had been friends all their

There had been, in their native viltage, two vine-covered cottages side by side, and all one summer on the eranda of one or the other of these serinda of one of the other of these fittle homes two young women had sat sewing through the long afternoon on fairty white garments, setting each stitch with a prayer and weaving with the flying needle more precious things than cross-stitch and feather-edge, as they talked of their babies' future, as loving women will, and planned great things for the coming ones to complish.

Then these mothers conferred to-Then these mothers conferred together about the momentous question of "shortening," and, this decided, the baby boys had each become acquainted with the restless pink playfellows at the edge of his petticout at the identical moment. The women bore each other company during the trying period of the little ones teething. ing, their croup and measles, and, in due time, cut from one pattern their first short trousers, their little coats,

When the boys were six, they were ready for the September term of school, and the two mothers led them up to begin the second chapter, as they had done the first, together.

Red-mittened and tippeted in winter, they had a six they had been second chapter, as they had done the first, together.

they played with their sleds on the long hill on whose top the schoolhouse stood, and one day a little girl watched them as they flew down, and began

crying.

The two boys trudged up to her together.

"You can ride on my sled," said one. "I'll pull you up again on my sled,"

And so the story began.

The years went by, and Charles Paxton and Sidney Harper fulfilled their promises. Nellie Ransom rode on both sleds; and the boys were her chivalric defenders and a harmionary chivalrie defenders and champions in in every cause. If she failed in her arithmetic the teacher received black looks, and if she cried over her grammar each boy felt a personal encounter with Lindley Murray was all that could wipe out the stain. So far the old friendship was as strong as ever, and they fought, as one, the battles of the yellow-haired girl. There was the swift stranger transfer. came the swift, strange transforma-tion of the heart which makes a boy a man; these lads turned, on one day, shy, troubled eyes each to the other's face; and when their glances fell, something from within had risen to veil forever their frank and friendly

They were rivals; and the pretty, They were rivals; and the pretty, shallow little thing, pouting now, under her wide-brimmed hat, had known it all along.

Nell Ransom was the beauty of the

neighborhood; a little creature, soft-eyed and golden-haired, with youth-ful curves and dimples. She was the daughter of a farmer; one of a half dozen girls, but the only one among them with any pretensions to good looks. So the rough old man spoiled

her.
"When I'm plowin'," he said, in reply to some one who reproached him for treating Nell better than he treated her sisters, 'T run right through the bouncin' betties an' smartweed, but I vanny ef I can run over a wild That little gal of mine wan't bein' her father.

So the little girl was sheltered and petted by the rude but tender hands, and it is not strange that she grew up with no care for any one but her own pleasure and comfort. When she was When she were many moths singed by the brightness of her hair; many hearts wounded by the darts from her blue eyes; but she didn't realize that there was any harm. Hers was not a bad or cruel heart—she simply

Didn't, and wouldn't and couldn't know why, And did not understand.

The two friends whose hearts had been pushed apart by her little, un-feeling hands had grown to love her just in proportion to the way they had come to hate one another. Charles Paxton tried first; was refused and went away; no one knew whither, but a woman grew gray as she sat on the little, vine-covered veranda and turned

tening look, westward.

Then Sidney Harper put his fate to the touch; he, too, left the village, and two women again sat together praying and fearing on one of the porches through a long summer.

her eyes, with their waiting and lis-

It was midsummer in the Klondike but the air was as chill as it is when redcheeked Canadia as start journeying on snow-shoes over crisp fields of —Chicago Record.

sparkling snow. On left and right REY, TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON were stretches timbered with the REY, TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON were stretches timbered with the sturdy pines that straggled like an army over plain and hill, and sent a sturdy pines that straggled like an army over plain and hill, and sent a vanguard up the mountain from whose farther timber line it seemed to signal to the troops below. In front lay the river coiling like a twist of silver braid, and farther on the everlasting

the perfect azure of the sky.

Two men stood in this amphitheatre of the north, their rough and bearded faces turned toward each other as they had been turned in the cradle swaying on a cottage veranda so many years ago. Their eyes flashed like steel to ago. Their eyes flashed like steel to steel in the morning light, and their lips were set in lines never seen by

"It's the only way out of it," said one, at last, doggedly; as if to bring to a close a long and useless argument. "We didn't come here to meet each other, and the place isn't big enough to hold us both. We've both enough to hold us both. We've both struck it rich, and Nell Rausom owns us and our mines. One can go back to her-with all the gold of both --

The other finished the sentence: "The pistol shall decide which one it shall be."

Calmly the men paced the distance and took their places, the revolvers catching each added gleam that faltered through the pines against the eastern sky.

"One!" and the line of light rose to the level of those strong, bared

"Wait a minute, boys! Wait a minute.

An old miner stepped out of the thicket and walked leisurely between the duelists. He was known to both men as a quaint character of their own village, a man who had been among the defeated gold-seekers of '49 and '50. He had struck camp but the day previous to this meeting.

previous to this meeting.

"I've ben watchin' ye a leetle, boys," he said. "I ain't said much, but I've kep' a-thinkin." I know young blood, an' I calc'lated it was just about time fur it to bile over; but I've got a powder to cool it."

He lighted his pipe and puffed medi-

The young men turned angrily "Oh, ye needn't get riled, now. he continued, pulling a fine grass and cleaning his pipe-stem with it, "but I reckon there ain't either one of ye mean enough to fight over another man's wife!"

He stoped and looked at the rivals sidewise; the words had gone home.
"I calc'late ye don't git the papers reg'lar here; trains is sometimes late, ye know; bein' there ain't no tracks fur 'em to run on, an' like as not yer mail ain't real prompt, an' ye don't use yer dust fur telegraphin' when ye ain't got no lightnin' chained. So p'r'aps ye don't knowthat that gal of

Ransom's—there, stand still an' go with yer shootin'!—is married." Two lines of light sank suddenly downward as the pistols fell with the nerveless hands. The old man saw it with a twinkle of his faded eyes.

"That's right, boys: now come here, and I'll tell you about it."

Slowly and with shamed faces Sidney Harper and Charles Paxton near and heard the old miner'

"Yes," he said, after the whole had been recited, "she married a no-ac-count feller, an' has taken him home to the old folks. She wasn't never wuth dyin' fur lads; but when I came away I seen two other wim-min' wuth livin' fur. They're a-wait in' on their cottage porches now as I've seen 'em sit for 30 years. Only them babies, them little shavers they uster hold an' cuddle in thir arms ain't there; they-

"Stop! God bless you, you old meddler -

One man spoke, but the other's

eyes made answer.

'Those are the women we'll live for and care for and go home to see!" And, single file, with strange new looks the men went back to camp.—Grace D. Boylan, in the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Quaint Old Curacao.

Curacao is a Dutch colony, and the quaintest little island in the world. It is not bigger than the District of Columbia, but has about 40,000 inhabitants, and has played an impormeant for common folks like us. I feel a good deal like 'pologizin' to her fur that belonged at different times to bein' her father. But, seein' she's is the sours, I'm goin' to make life jest as casy as I can fur her, an' kinder keep her on the warm side of the shack."

I has belonged at different times to England, Spain and Holland, and its cozy harbor has been the scene of many a bloody battle between the navies of the old world as cozy harbor has been the scene of many a bloody battle between the navies of the old world, as well as between the pirates and buc-caneers that infested the Carribean sea for two centuries. It has been for 100 years and still is an asylum for 100 years and still is an asylum for political fugitives, and many of the revolutions that rack and wreck the republics on the Spanish main are hatched under the shelter of the pretentious but harmless fortresses that tentious but harmless fortresses that guard its port. Bolivar, Santa Anna guard its port. and many other famous men in Spanish-American history have lived there in exile, and until recently there was an imposing castle upon one of the hills called Bolivar's Tower. There the founder of five republics lived in banishment for several years and waited for rescue. ed for rescue.

The houses are built in the Dutch The houses are built in the Dutch style, exactly like those in Holland; the streets are so narrow that the peo-ple can almost shake hands through their windows with their neighbors across the way, and the walls are as thick as would be needed for a for ress. The Dutch governor lives in a colemn-looking old mansion fronting fronting the Shattegat, or lagoon, that forms the harbor, guarded by a company of stupid-looking soldiers with a few old-fashioned cannon. The entire island is of phosphates, and the government receives a revenue of \$500,000 from companies that ship them away.—

A GOSPEL MESSAGE

Subject: "Our Own Times"-How We Can Serve Our Generation—Our Responsi-bilities Chiefly With the People Now Abreast of Us—Help Your Neighbors.

TEXT: "David, after he had served his wm generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."—Acts xiii., 36.

own generation by the will of God, fell on steep." Acts xiii., 36.

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, life was longer and there was neglace.

ple living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, all the was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation. I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would asver his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all oit. Let me say, thank dod that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their canstrophies, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations down down and rejoice at our victories or as we may, by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our won generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And, mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-fou

own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."
Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common-sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have e long to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To neet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards orange groves, wheat fields, and locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of eartie. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food, Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,00 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. Bat these two contributions added tog ther made only 160,000 skulls, while in the tower of the world's wealth amo pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between sonp and amond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our paterials and eating what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers call merat, and chewing what many of our batchers.

sugar, and eating what many of our batchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put 'into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saleons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Hayana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about pelitical economy and the philosophy of clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderioin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitude of Asia Misor and out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supplies of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a seythe or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the axe from being round and duil, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put up against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us. But let hunger take full possession in us. and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and flends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in uscless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in meretini alleviations. I have read that the battiefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield on the leptic—160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage of one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist £4895, was suggested to him by the cry of

colt trough and they shouted, "Breadi Give us brea!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around and see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of the government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the

England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat, or a good bonnet, and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alsa! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fifths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those who have a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. It most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human these inprovements are insignificant corpared with the improvement in the humrace. In olden times once in a while, a greand good man or woman would come u and the world has made a great fussabo and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fussabout it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a balo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year 1898 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huatingdons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our Civil War more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4000 years before Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for your selves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his froops followed, and finally his whole firmy.

army.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the rock first, and then you will be able to help others, and then you will be able to help others, and then same rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What! Without a prayer? Yes. What! Without a tear? Yes, believe. That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and Hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into vour countenances. Welcome! welcome! Hall! Hall! Saved yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The How to get saved? Be willing to accept yourselves, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Thiladelphia the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world from Nevada arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion, and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-lay old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side, in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put; "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?" It was almost unantions, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize to you to a man and state services of the carried of the control o

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

A DISTRACTED MOTHER.

Attempted Suicide When Two of Her Boys Were Foun

William Linehart, of Coudersport, was strolling along Kettle Creek, near Cross Forks, one day last week, when he discovered a boy's clothes on the bank. He guilt a "dog raft" and rowed out into deep water where he discove

Cross Forks, one day last week, when he discovered a boy's clothes on the bank. He guilt a "dog raft" and rowed out into deep water, where he discovered the body of 7-year-old Henry Ritchie, the son of a neighbor, lying at the bottom. Two other suits of clothing were then found and a further search disclosed the bodies of another Ritchie boy, aged 4 years, and that of Harry Goodravies, a playmate, and that of Harry Goodravies, a playmate, and that of Harry Goodravies, a playmate, and that the trio went into the creek to bathe. When the mother of the Ritchie boys learned of her sons' fate she ran to the creek and threw herself in. She was rescued.

The following pensions were granted last week: John F. Lamme, Frankfort Springs, Beaver, \$8 to \$10; Daniel VanLoan, Athens, \$14 to \$17; William Milburn, Jr., Bedford, \$24 to \$30; Hannah J. Neish, New Brighton, \$8; James Swift, Woodcock, Crawford, \$8; Sarah C. Suders, McConnelsburg, \$8; John Crawford, Bennington Furnace, Blair, \$8; Winfield S. Rose, Meadville, \$6; Henry Kitner, New Bloomfield, \$8 to \$14; James Campbell, Indiana, \$6 to \$8; Samuel T. Dixon. Snowshoe, Center, \$8 to \$12; Charles Garrett, Bellefonte, \$8 to \$12; Charles Garrett, Bellefonte, \$8 to \$12; Charles Garrett, Bellefonte, \$8 to \$10; Joseph M. Miller, Brockwayville, \$6 to \$10; James Black, Pittsburg, \$6; Jeremiah B. Foulke, Monongahela, \$8; Michael J. Cooper, Lcretto, \$12; James Riley, Williamsburg, \$3; Charles W. Taft, Geneva, \$10.

Andrew Gardner, an aged Tyrona bridegroom who disobeyed an injunction issued to prohibit him from entering into a matrimonial alliance with Miss Sarah Ellen Graffius, pending an examination into his mental condition, was fined \$100 and costs by Judge Bell recontily for contents of court. Mr.

miss Saran Eilen Gramus, pending an examination into his mental condition, was fined \$100 and costs by Judge Bell recently for contempt of court. Mr. Gardner and his flancee were married in Huntingdon county, after the court's injunction had been served on them. A commission last week adjudged Gardner to be of sound mind and an eligible candidate for matrimonial honors. The injunction has been sued out by Gardner's children. A terrific cyclone swept over Springfield township last Wednesday. At Springfield Center, William Brace, aged 24, was in his barn milking. The building was destroyed and Brace was instantly killed, as were 14 cows. C. M. Comfort and Frederick A. Voorhis, of Mansfield, who were touring the country with an advertising wagon for the Tioga County Fair, sought shelter in the barn of Schuyler Gates, near Springfield Center. The building was blown down and both men were killed. Their horses were also crushed to Gates also were killed.

William T. Ward, aged about 44, head roller at the Sharon iron works, was killed Tuesday afternoon. He was engaged in straightening a piece of cold sheet iron, when he fell on the edge, striking on his neck. His throat was cut almost from ear to ear, and his windpipe and jugular vein was severed. He lived just twenty-five minutes. Mr. Ward was president of the borough council and a Republican. The westbound Erie mail train on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad was wrecked a few days ago at North Bend, near Lock Haven, caused by the loccomotive jumping the track. Engineer John M. Butler, of Harrisburg, had both legs cut off and diel soon after. Fireman John Kutz and Bagagagmaster Devictor, both of Harrisburg, were also slightly injured.

Fire and an explosion of dynamite the other night destroyed the glue and phosphate works of Hyman Ehrhart, on the banks of Conestoga Creek, east of Lancaster. Stored in one of the buildings was a considerable quantity of dynamite, used for blasting. While the fire was raging this dynamite exploded. No person was injured. Loss, \$5,000

Brownfield had been kn ckel down, he shot Braddee.
William J. Williams, aged 18, was accidentally killed while hunting on the mountain near Wilkebarre, the other day. He stood his loaded gun against a tree, and then, unthinkingly, struck the trigger with his foot. The weapon was discharged and the entire load of shot entered his side. He died an hour later.

shot entered his side. He died an hour later.

Lizzie Russell, a 7-year-old girl, was ago at Scranton, by Mary Moran, 14 years of age. The Moran girl was playing with her father's self-cocking revolver, when it accidentally went off. She was arrested, but was later released on the Coroner's advice.

Greensburg may yet secure the gift of a library offered by Andrew Carnegie. As the Council refused to accept the conditions laid down, it has been suggested that the public school board assume the responsibility of maintaining the institution, and this likely will be the result.

Grant Kitt, a former clerk in the Juniata shops at Altoona, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has been sent to jail, charged with ferging com-

ylvania Railroad Company, and ent to jail, charged with ferging company, alias "Kid,

sent to jail, charged with forging company passes. Albert, alias "Kid," Ross, and Samuel March, who were accused as accomplices, have been discharged.

Frank L. Wilson has received a letter written at St. Michaels, Alaska, which stated that George Bevington committed suicide August 5. Bevington was a son of the late Capt. James Bevington of Freedom and 36 years old. For several years he was a river steamboatman.

James Hunt, a carpenter, while working on the tipple at Oliphant furnace at Uniontown, was struck by lightning last Monday and hurled to the ground, a distance of 100 feet, being instantly killed. He was a brother of Jury Commissioner Adolphus Hunt. Charles B: Garvis, a traveling dentist, was arrested at Clarkville, near Greenville, recently to answer to a \$5,000 damage case brought against him by Samuel Bowman. Mr. Bowman alleges that Garvis extracted a tooth for him and broke his jaw bone.

A petition signed by the citizens and business men of Greenville, has been sent to the War Department and also to Governor Hastings asking that the Fifteenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, be discharged from the service.

Captain Gustave Schaaf, of Company A, Tenth Regiment, of Monongahela, writes home from Manila underdate of July 25, via Hong Kong. He states his company was the first one of the Tenth Regiment to be under actual fire.

fire.
Sheriff Chalfant, of Fayette county, has closed the Dunbar House, at Dunbar, J. J. McFarland, proprietor, and has advertised a sale to be held September 12. The seizure was made at the suit of S. E. Ewing et al.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 18.

m Text: "Captivity of the Ten Tribes," 11 Kings xvii., 9-18-Golden Text: I Chronicles xxviii., 9-Commentary on the Lesson by the Rev. D. M. Stearns

9. "And the children of Israel did secretly those things that were not right against the Lord their God." For 250 years God had borne with the continued and increasing sin of these ten tribes who persisted in following in the steps of their first king, so these ten tribes who persisted in following in the steps of their first king, leroboam, of which it is written so often that he made Israel to sin. During these years they had nineteen kings, but not one who feared God. In Deut. iv., 25-27, they had warning as to what would come upon them if they sinned against God, but in spite of all warnings and entreaties they persisted in their sins. With such words as Ps. exxxix., 1-12, before them how deceived by satan they were to think that God could not see in secret!

10. "And they set them up images and groves in every bigh hill, and under every green tree." Even Solomon did this, and Judah after Solomon's death (I Kings xi., 7, 8; xiv., 22, 23), but Israel exceeded. See the plain and express command forbidding these things in Deut. xii., 24, and xvi., 21, 22, with the added words in xii., 32. "What thing soever I command you, observe to doit; thou shalt not add thereto nor diminish from it," and the warning in Deut. yiii., 19, "If thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them and worship them, I testify against you this day, that ye shall surely perish."

11. "And there they burnt incense in all the high places, as did the heathen whom the Lord carried away before them." In the days of Samuel they highsted upon having a king that they might be like other nations (I Sam. viii., 19-23), thus rejecting their backs upon Him who loved them and had done all things for them. They sacrificed unto their net and burned incense unto their drag (Hab. i., 16), thinking that their blessings came through them instead of from God.

12. "For they served idols, whereof the Lord had said unto them, Ye shall not surely die" (Gen. ii., 17; iii., 4). One is our Master, even Christ, and we should be a

to Him, trust Him and follow Him: Why will we not?

15. "They followed vanity and began vain and went after the heathen that were round about them." In Jor. x, 8, 15, speaking of idols and their worship, the Spirit, through the prophet, says, "The stock is a doctrine of vanities; graven and molten images are vanity and the work of errors." The same chapter says that the Lord is the true God, the living God and King of eternity, the Creator of heaven and earth. In Ider, it, 13, He says that His people have forsaken Him, the fountain of living waters, and have hewnthem out cisterns that can hold no water. The whole book of Ecclesiastes teaches that all under the sun is vanity, but in the Song of Solomon we learn

and have hewn them out cisterns that can hold no water. The whole book of Ecclesiastes teaches that all under the sun is vanity, but in the Song of Solomon welearn of Him who is altogether lovely, who alone can satisty the soul.

16. "They left all the commandments of the Lord their God and made them molten images." He brought them out of Egypt that He might be their God and they Hispeople, that other nations seeing God in and through them might turn from the folly of idelatry to the God of Israel, the only living and true God. But when Israel turns away from the true God to worship the idols of the heathen what can the heathen conclude but that the God of Israel is not as good as their gods? Thus Israel dishonored their God.

17 "They sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke Him to anger." In I Kings xxi., 20, 25, Elijah said to Ahab, "Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord." See also Isaa. 1., 1; Hi., 3. There are two bidders for our souls—God and the devil. The latter offers us the pleasures of sin for a season, but tries to hide from us the awful hereafter to tell us that there is no future torment; but see Math, xxv., 41; Luke xxi., 23; Rev. xiv., 9-11. God offers peace and joy now through His redemption and ternal glory hereafter, but how many. like Israel, prefer the service of satan and the pleasures of sin and believe the devil's He about the hereafter!

18. "There was none left but the tribe of Judah orly." The very next verse say Judah also kept not the commandments of the Lord. Yet God spared them a little longer. In the last lesson of the next quarter we shall hear of their captivity also. But as truly as prophecy was fulfilled in their future restoration (Jer. xxxii., 41; Amos ix., 14, 15), when Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with Truit (Isa. Exvit., 6).—Lesson Helper.

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