CEYLON TEA

Superior to all others. Absolutely pure and delicious. Lead packets only. Black or Mixed. All grocers.

the slab, which was about eighteen

we're intended to move it. Here, captain, I'll help you. I've got a knife. tal, and made a strong cellar or mound of the Bible, the sickle that has reaptet's dig out that stuff and lift up the at the bottom of it in which to hide ed the harvest of many centuries. lid before the darkies come back. If their gold. They then let the water in Sharp, and bent into a semi-circle, we find any dead bodies inside this again, and the tradition also says that and glittering, this reaping-hook, no tomb, they will frighten those fellows this mound has never been discovered." to death, if they catch sight of them." shall be only too glad to get this slab ern is the place where the Incas stored up if I can, but I'm afraid we shall their gold?" want a crowbar and more help. It's

'This isn't stone in the middle of the slab," said Ralph; "it's a lot more re- not have been other places of concealsirous stuff. I had the lantern over it ment. This was far away from the and did not see it. Let's take it out." capital, but that would make the treaster of the stone about eight inches in would never have thought of going to diameter, which seemed to be covered such a lonely, deserted place as this, with resin. After a few minutes' work and the Incas would not have spared with the jack-knives this substance any time or trouble necessary to sewas loosened and came out in two parts, showing a bowl-like depression in the slab, which had been so cut as "this is indeed astounding! Treasure "A handle!" cried Ralph.

"That is what it is," said Capt. Horn. with the lantern and give me room." The captain now stood on the top of into the mound."
the mound, with the slab between his "And do you m the mound, with the slab between his feet, and stooping down he took hold ed Mrs. Cliff, "that that stone thing of the handle with both hands. He down there is filled with the wealth of was a powerful man, but he could not the Incas? The fabulous gold we read

lift the stone. His first effort, however, about?" sened it, and then he began to move It from side to side, still pulling upward It from side to side, still pulling upward until he at last could feel it rising. Then looked down into the hole was surely with a great heave he lifted it entirely gold.' out of the square aperture in which it had been fitted, and set it on one

In an instant, Ralph, lantern in hand, was gazing down into the opening, be sure about it. If that thing is n "Hello!" he cried, "there is something on fire in there. Oh, no," he added, "I did not think," said the capt quickly, correcting himself, "it's only the reflection from our light."

CHAPTER XII.

Capt. Horn, his face red with cart.

tion and excitement, stood gazing down is it?"

"Come! come!" said the captain; "let "Come!" shout this thing and Capt. Horn, his face red with exer- That is what I wan to know. Whose On the other edge of the opening knelt Ralph, holding the lantern so that it thinking about it. We shall all be would throw its light into the hole. In a moment, before the boy had time to little; an, besides, it cannot be long form a question, he was pushed gen- before those black fellows come back, who had clambered up the side of the mound, knelt beside him. She peered amine the mound and see what it is down into the depths beneath, and then drew back and looked up at the captain. His whole soul was in his downward gaze, and he did not even

Then there came a voice from be-"What is it?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "What are you all looking at? Do tell

With half-shut eyes Edna let herself down the side of the mound, and when her feet touched the ground she made a few tottering steps towards Mrs. Cliff, and, placing her two hands on her companion's shoulders, she whispered "I thought it was. It is gold! It is the gold of the Incas." And then she sank senseless at the feet of the older

Mrs. Cliff did not know that Miss Markham had fainted. She simply stood still and exclaimed: "Gold! What does it mean?"

"What is it all about?" exclaimed "It looks like petrified honey. This never could have been a beehive. Without answering Capt. Horn knelt at the edge of the aperture, and, taking the lantern from the boy, he let it down as far as it would go, which was only a foot or two.

"Ralph," he said hoarsely, as he drew himself back, "hold this lantern and get down out of my way. I must cov-er this up quick." And seizing the stone slab by the handle, he lifted it, as if it had been a pot lid, and let it down into its place. "Now," said he, "get down and let us all go away from this place. Those negroes may be back at any moment."

en Ralph found that his sister had fainted and that Mrs. Cliff did not know it, there was a little commotion

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-	Fancy California Prunes, - 10
-	Fancy California Lima Beans, 7

at the foot of the mound, but some water in a pool near by soon revived Edna, and in ten minutes the party were on the plateau outside the caverns. The new moon was just beginning to peep over the rocks behind them, and the two ladies had seated themselves on the ground. Ralph was pouring out question after question, to which nobody paid any attention, and Capt. Horn, his hands thrust into his pockets, walked backward and forward, his face flushed and his breath coming heavily, and with his eyes upon the ground he seemed to think himself entirely alone among those desolate

"Can any of you tell me what it means?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "Edna, do you understand it? Tell me quickly, some of you."

"I believe I know what it means," said Edna, her voice trembling as she spoke. "I thought I knew as soon as I heard of the mound covered up by the lake, but I did not dare to say anything, because if my opinion should be correct it would be so wonderful, so

astounding, my mind could hardly take "But what is it?" cried Mrs. Cliff and Ralph, almost in one breath.

Incas, the ancient rulers of Peru. This was the reason of almost all the cruel- The sculptors' chisel has come in for inches square. "It is resin," said he, ties and wickedness of the invaders. "or something like it, and it comes out The Incas tried various ways of preserving their treasures from the clutch Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's of the Spaniards, and I have read of chisel. But there is one instrument very easily; this slab is intended to be serving their treasures from the clutch Indeed it is," exclaimed Ralph, "and a tradition that they drained a lake, probably near Cuzco, the ancient capi-

"Do you believe," cried the captain,

"I do not believe it is the place I read a heavy piece of stone, and I see no about," said Miss Markham, "for that, way of getting at it." as I said, must have been near Cuzco: but there is no reason why there should There was a circular space in the cen- ure so much the safer. The Spaniards

to leave a little bar running from side in a mound of stone; a mound covered by water, which could be let off! The whole shut up in a cave which must have originally been as dark as pitch. "If it is intended to be lifted, I ought to be able to do it. Move down a little tinued excitedly, "it is an amazing hidng place, no matter what was put

"I do not know what else it can be,

"Yes," said the captain, "it was gold —gold in small bars."
"Why didn't you get a piece, captain?" asked Ralph. "Then we could "Then we could be sure about it. If that thing is near-"I did not think," said the captain.

"I could not think. I was afraid some-"And now tell me thins," cired Mrs. Cliff. "Who does this gold belong to?

us stop talking about this thing and maniacs if we don't quiet ourselves a to one side, and his sister Edna, and we do not want to be speaking about it then. Tomorrow we will exwe have discovered. In the meantime let us quiet our minds and get a good night's sleep if we can. This whole af-

fair is astounding, but we must not let it make us crazy before we understand Miss Markham was a young woman very capable of controlling herself. It was true that she had been more affected in consequence of the opening of the mound than any of the others, but that was because she understood, or thought she understood, what the discovery meant, and to the others it was something which at first they could not appreciate. Now she saw the good common sense of the captain's remarks and said no more that evening on the

subject of the stone mound.

But Mrs. Cliff and Ralph could not be quiet. They must talk, and, as the captain walked away that they might not speak to him, they talked to each

other. It was nearly an hour after this that Capt. Horn, standing on the outer edge of the plateau, saw some black dots moving on the moonlit beach. They moved very slowly, and it was a long time—at least, it seemed so to the cap-tain—before Maka and his companions reached the plateau.

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

DAILY BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST-Bananas. Hamburg Steak with Gravy. Pearl Hominy. Graham Bread. Stewed Apricots.

: DINNER-Stewed Beef. Mashed Potatoes, Turnips, Canned Succotash, Pickles, Jelly, Bread and Butter, Lemon Jelly, Wafers, SUPPER-Rolls. Cold Meat. Apple Slump. Cheese. Crackers. Tea.

APPLE SLUMP. Fill small granite pan half full of pared and quartered apples; add cup of sugar, two-thirds cup molasses, a little each of nutmeg, cin-namon and clove; cover and cook a very little. Make baking powder biscuit dough without shortening; roll one inch thick and cover the apples. Cook slowly-covered-for an hour, then place in oven for ten minutes to brown. Lift the crust, break in pieces, and pour the apples over. The quarters should be whole and clear.

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Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons from the Sickle and Its Uses.

"Put Ye in the Sickle for the Barvest is Ripe"-Gathering in the Spiritual Harvest.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 17.-A change has taken place. Dr. Talmage when first coming to Washington preached only Sunday evenings, but so great has been the demand for his services that he now preaches Sunday morning and evening, and takes charge of the Thursday evening meeting. The

throngs are immense. The subject of his sermon for yesterday was, "Bringing in the Sheaves," the text being Joel, iii., 13: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

The sword has been poetized, and "That is not mortar," said the captain; "I believe it is some sort of resin. Here, hold the lantern and be careful of it." The captain took his jack-knife out of his pocket, and with the large blade began to dig into the land and the substance which filled the land of land of the sword of lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Southey, and the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The "I scarcely know what to say," said Edna, "my mind is in such a whirl about it; but I will tell you something of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—the sickle, the sickle

the bread for thousands of years. Its "Very good," said the captain; "I "that the mound back there in the cavalled Success has produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword, and pen, and pencil, and chisel, all put to-gether. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse, as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them: "Put

> Last November there was great rejoicing all over the land. With trumpet, and cornet, and organ, and thousand-voiced psalms we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praised God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the fruits of the orchard, and all the grains of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity, and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come today to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? Suppose I owned Colorado, and Nevada, and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own today? How much of Boston property does Abbott Law-rence own today? The man who today hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you sup-pose I feel standing here surrounded by a multitude of souls, each one worth more than the material universe? If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us all at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ, the weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheaf-binders. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knee upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric, and our metaphysics, and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Ay, we have to put our knee to it, or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle in the day of

Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But, alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth in-to our stores, and shops, our banking houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath, and commend Christ to the people; but there are 168 hours to the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand, and foot -the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as he says to me: "Go, teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let

Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves

sickle at Kidderminster, and McCheyne

at Dundee, and vast multitudes came

into the kingdom of our God.

Richard Baxter swung that

the whole earth hear it.

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ-loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us, and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants, and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. At the battle of Lutzen, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them? "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian

Another mighty sickle for the reap-ing of the Gospel harvest is prayer. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigmarole of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, Amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luthdozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of body and strength of nerves.

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HOOD'S PILLS are easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. Cure all liver its. er shook the earth. And when Philip

Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food, and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melancthon, you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came and pray, and convalescence came and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends "God has saved the life of Philip Melanethon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Have you tested it?

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled, "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India which it took 20,000 men 22 years to build—that and the building surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum, and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God, and from the wings of angels, as they hover, crying: "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this Gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

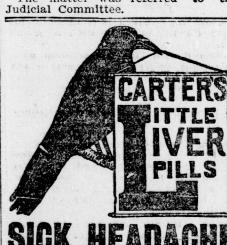
"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributer bringing in 40 or 50 souls. Here is a man you have never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with 150 souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! and that in this instant! Why not be reaped for God this hour?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for 30, 40, 50 years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime, and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. If there is a man here who feels he is all right in heart and life, I am not talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. Though you be wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and though the gangye in the sickle, for the harvest is rene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixer of divine cure your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that vou will not have struggles for that. Oh, no! but they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into that battle, and all hell is against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker, and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall, and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle, and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger, until the evil propensity goes down, and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I rattle the gates of your sepulchre today. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of these three blasts the Sarens recoiled an fled in terror. But history says that when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke. I take this trumpet of the Gospel blow the first blast: "Whosoever I blow the second blast: "Seek will." ye the Lord while he may be found."
I blow the third blast: "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down by forefathers to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that after we are dead we may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God, and that more to him than the throne on which he sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's

house. NEW HOLIDAY PROPOSED. Washington, Feb. 19.-In the House of Representatives Mr. Hoar presented a petition from Marie A. Shipley that June 24, the anniversary of the discovery of the North American coast by John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, be made a national holiday. The matter was referred to the

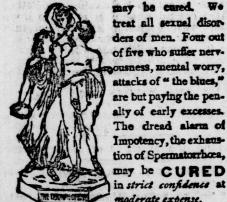


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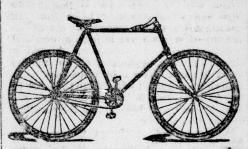
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