

Belleville, Pa. August 17, 1906.

Silence.

Silence! That's the greatest gift Man can cultivate, Sort of thing that's sure to lift Him from trouble great. When you're in the blackest hole, Getting deeper is, That's the time to keep control Of your chin.

IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, dropping the letter in her lap and holding up both hands. "Well, I never did!" Mr. Sparrow, reclining in the rocking-chair with the burst came seat, his stockings and feet resting on the wooden chair without a back, started, opened his eyes, and gazed at his wife. Lycourus Sparrow and Editha Sparrow and Edwin and Ulysses and Margerite and Marcellus Sparrow, scattered here and there about the room, on the floor and the broken down couch, raised their eyes from school books and rag dolls, and looked at their mother. Even little Shadrach, the smallest Sparrow in the flock, seemed interested.

mend and cook and sweep and tend baby while her mother went out washing. To be obliged to live in Wellmouthport the year around is, of itself, enough to sour the most saintly disposition; but to live in Washington Sparrow's rattle-trap shanty in the woods, with the added discomfort of Mr. Sparrow's society thrown in—that Idella had done this for years and had no fault in the world is the best possible key to her character. To give up these duties and take service as maid-of-all-work with Dr. Saunders and his family, first at their summer home at East Wellmouth, and then at the city mansion in Brookline, was in comparison like sitting down to rest.

In a month Betsy actually realized that she had a month's daylight time, to "set in the rocking chair" and do the mending. Idella cooked and scrubbed and dressed the children. She and her husband paid board, so there was more money on hand than ever before. It was wonderful, but it was true. At first the invalid viewed all these changes with suspicion, but when he found that the food was better, that he wasn't asked to do anything and that, more important than all, his ailments were appreciated and understood, he became reconciled and told his wife that he could pass off in peace now because he knew that she and the children would be provided for.

The wood-bed door shut. The agitated sufferer looked at the bare walls, the head of the bed, the bed and split by Lycourus, and the lounge. "Git undressed," commanded Mr. Sparrow. "No, you won't, not yet. Anyway freezing is a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you harkening to die quick ever since I got here. Git to bed, see?" Mr. Sparrow threw off his outer garments and shiveringly encamped on the lounge Mr. Burke took up the lamp and looked at him. "Good night," observed the carpenter. Then he added: "There's one thing more I ought to say. To-morrow I'll be away to work, but you are to come in to the house. You will stay outside same as Idella tells you. If you come in or try any funny business, why—" he meditatively opened and closed a fist like a hammer—"Well, you don't die of consumption anyhow."

la. He led her to the door and pointed. There, in the rocking-chair before the cook stove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep. His feet were on the hearth, a fragment of pie crust was on the floor by his hand, his countenance was turned upward toward the ceiling and on it was an expression of perfect peace and comfort. As the Burkes stood and stared, Mrs. Sparrow came from her room and joined them. "My soul and body!" she exclaimed. "Wash' heard her and awoke. At first he merely opened his eyes and blinked at the ceiling. Then he sat upright and turned around. His jaw fell. "Well, pa," said Idella sharply, "what sort of don't is this? What do you mean?" Mr. Sparrow looked at his daughter. He essayed to speak. Then his glance fell upon his son-in-law's feet and remained fixed. He said nothing. "The idea!" cried Idella. "After all I've done to cure you. Roastin' in this red-hot kitchen and eatin'—is that mince-pie crust by your hand?" Lycourus had appeared and gone away again. Now he came back. "Ma," he said, "he's et every blessed thing in the the butty."

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THE SUNDIAL.

It should be marked for the last time in which it stands. In an old shop in lower New York a man keeps up his trade of dial making. The dials, square, octagonal or circular, are hand chased. They do not receive a high polish, and any accidental effect of weather stain or other "tone of time" is carefully preserved if not skillfully added. These dials, fitted with the gnomon, or stylus, are then artfully slipped into the show windows of uptown curiosity shops among a selected debris of Sheffield plate, prism candlesticks, inlaid tea caddies and old blue plates.

Sabbath Observance.

Editor of The Democratic Watchman. DEAR SIR: The Belleville Ministerial Association is much encouraged by your permission to open the columns of your paper for occasional scripture selections touching the vital interests of the Christian religion and helpful to the coming of "the kingdom of God." I submit brief quotations concerning Sabbath day observance. "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa: 8:20. "The Lord spake unto Moses saying: Speak thou unto the children of Israel, verily my Sabbath ye shall keep; for it is holy unto you; whosoever doeth any work therein that shall be cut off from among his people. Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord."—Exodus 31:12-16. "And Jesus said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."—Mark 2:27. "To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Luke 4:16. "Let us as an example, that ye should follow his steps."—1 Peter 2:21. "Would you believe it, auntie, two men followed us down to the plane." Marian—"Yes, auntie, every step of the way." "Auntie—"How did you know?" Mable—"We saw them every time we looked back." Marian—"Yes, auntie, and they followed us on the boat." Aunt—"What makes you think they were following you?" Mabel—"Because we noticed them watching us every time we turned our heads." Aunt—"Ab, I thought your heads were turned."

No Hurry at All.

A lazy and loquacious man whose farm lies just outside of Worcester, England, called at a neighbor's house recently. "Sit down, sit down!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I don't know as I ought," replied the farmer, but, nevertheless, he sat down. After some talk about crops, the farmer said slowly: "I don't know as I ought to be sittin' here; I came over to see if I could get a ladder: our house is afire."

Literal.

Agnes was being hurried off to bed at her usual hour, 8 p. m., despite the fact that there were guests in the house. "Why, Agnes, you go to bed with the chickens, don't you?" a visitor sympathetically remarked. "No, I don't," replied Agnes, resenting his reference to her youth. "I go to bed with mamma."

Humph!

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Sparrow, pushing a child or two out of the way and sitting down on the lounge. "That sounds lovely—no paper. Well, go ahead and read us the letter."