

BITTER AND SWEET.

The apple that grows highest is the best upon the tree; The rose that is most fragrant always has the sharpest thorn; The pearl that is the purest lies within the deepest sea; And the deeds that live the longest are of hardest efforts born; The love that's won to lightly is not treasured as a gem; The words that flow too freely never have the greatest weight; Man appreciates his blessings if he has to strive for them; But he never knows their value if they're passed up on a plate. -Cleveland Leader.

THE WRONG MAN.

CHAPTER I.

An exclamation—a horrified scream—and Nellie Joyce started back with a bright blush, wishing that the earth would swallow her up then and there, while before her, like a culprit, stood an astonished young man. "Good heavens! I thought—" and then Nellie stopped short, suddenly realizing how impossible it was to explain to this stranger that it was for another man those kisses had been intended. "I am the wrong man, I perceive. You have mistaken me probably for my brother," he remarked, with a gravity that was highly commendable under the circumstances, and thinking in his own mind what a lucky fellow was Dick.

CHAPTER II.

Whatever the nature of Jack Vereker's business at Rostrevor, it was not finished quite as soon as Dick appeared to think it would be, for two weeks passed and he was still at the quiet resort. Mrs. Joyce was hospitably itself, constantly inviting the two brothers to luncheon and dinner at the little hotel where she had put up, but Jack seldom made his appearance. It was evident to Nellie that it was she whom he avoided, and considering her hatred of him, it was strange how indignant she was at the thought. His eyes hunted her continually; she found herself perpetually longing to bring that look to his face that it had worn when she told him to "forget," and then she was always comparing him, unconsciously, with his brother—a comparison in which, strange to relate, it was her fiancé that suffered. "Jack is coming to-night to say good-by," remarked Dick one evening at dinner, and Nellie was certain there was relief on his face, but she allowed her grandmother to say the necessary polite things, and only longed for the meal to be over.

It was easier far, she told herself, to climb to Rostrevor Stone in the gathering darkness than to meet the gaze of those gray eyes; easier the stiffest ascent than to utter a formal good-by to the man who had shown her her own heart! She was engaged to Dick, and Dick was Grannie's favorite, and the Joyces never broke faith—but she must be away when Jack came to-night. Rostrevor Stone is more easily climbed in broad daylight than in the dusk of a late autumn evening, and presently Nellie, whose thoughts were far distant, found herself embracing Mother Earth.

Her fall, coming so unexpectedly, together with the intense loneliness of the scene, caused her to close her eyes for a moment, and then—a most wonderful thing happened. Strong arms were suddenly placed round her, her sunburnt head was pillowed on a broad chest, and in a tone of ineffable tenderness a voice whispered in her ear three little words—but three words which made all the world seem glorified. "My little girl," it was all he said, but Nellie lay still with closed eyes wondering could heaven hold greater rapture than this.

"Jack," the violet eyes opened, and reminded him of his treachery to his brother, and the next moment the two stood facing each other in the dusk, and an anguished cry burst from him. "God forgive me—I never meant you to know," looking into the sweet young face which now reflected his own misery, "but I am going away, and I forgot myself." "It was not your fault," she murmured, while despite the pain of the awakening there thrilled through her the exquisite delight of loving and being loved, "but take me home now to Grannie and do as I shall try to do—forget."

"It is the second time you have told me to do so—then as now, I am the wrong man—it is the rate of the life of some." "Life is wrong, I think," she cried, struggling for a moment against temptation to be true to her heart at all costs, "but here—let us go home. I am tired." "Have you heard the latest?" exclaimed one gossip to another six months later; "you know the firm of Vereker & Co.; well, it turns out that one of the nephews of the head of the firm—Dick Vereker—has been for months defrauding his uncle, and trying to put it all down to his brother Jack's account, taking advantage of the likeness between them. The fellow was engaged to a pretty heiress in Ireland, and thought to have got her before anything was found out but the bomb was burst and everything is known."

"And the girl is heartbroken of course?" "By no means for this morning her marriage is in the papers; she has consigned herself with the brother." "Just the way of women all the world over" is the sententious remark of the man about town, but under a clear starry sky on the veranda of a foreign hotel, a violet-eyed girl is murmuring to her husband, as he bends fondly over her slight form: "Not the wrong man this time, Jack, thank God."—The Daughter.

Florida Palmetto Trees. It is a well-known fact that some trees live to a great age, the oak, elm, cedar, hickory, etc., but the palmetto trees of the South, and particularly those along the Indian River, Fla., are really a curiosity for their long life. The older trees are gracefully straight about forty or fifty feet high, having a diameter of eight to ten inches, and so smooth that they look as if they had been shaved with a carpenter's draw-knife up to about three feet of the green spreading fan leaves, which form a top without a single branch. They are from three to five hundred years old, according to their height, and are so tough that they will bend almost to the ground in a gale of wind, then spring back to their normal position again. A curious fact about the "cabbage palmetto," as it is called, is that it grows only from the top, having a cabbage-like head which, when young, is a palatable food for man or beast, and if a rifle ball were to penetrate the center of it, the tree would die. Any amount of hacking or girdling may be done to the trunk, however, without injury to the tree.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

It is Necessary for the Horticulturist to Know How to Combat Them. A knowledge of how insects breathe and feed is necessary to the horticulturist in devising methods to combat them. They do not breathe by means of lungs, as do the higher order of animals, but through minute openings called spiracles, that are scattered over various parts of the body. From these openings there run minute tubes that carry the air inside the blood. Not only in the manner in which they take air different, but the substances they breathe may affect them readily when they would not affect animals having lungs. It is for this reason that pyrethrum or insect powder so readily affects insects, while they are perfectly harmless to man. It is not the dust that affects the insect, but some principle in the oil that probably attacks the nervous system, as it throws the insects into spasms as soon as it is breathed. Heliothere affects insects in the same way, although not so severely.

Insects secure their food either by chewing or sucking. Those that chew their food do so in very much the same way that man does, except that their jaws move sideways instead of up and down. The greater number of insects belong to the chewing class. The caterpillars are of this class, as well as all beetles and the curculio, and, also, grasshoppers, locusts and crickets. For these chewing insects, poison is employed, in which they feed. They then soon eat enough to kill them. Of the poisons the arsenites are best, whenever they can be applied without danger to man. Heliothere is also used, but it is milder in its effects than the arsenites.

Insects that feed by sucking are not so numerous, but are more difficult to destroy. The arsenites have no effect upon this class. We, therefore, resort to methods which a knowledge of the breathing habits of the insects gives, and kill them by bringing some substance in contact with them that will either enter the circulation through the breathing spiracles, such as pyrethrum, or use kerosene emulsion or some similar preparation that will stop the spiracles and thus suffocate the insect. It is on this latter principle with oils. In all remedies of this class, there must be a direct contact with the insect, and it is because of the difficulty of covering the insect with the remedy perfectly that insecticides of this class fail more frequently than the arsenites do with those that chew.—Live Stock Indicator.

Coldest Country. Symon's monthly Meteorological Magazine gives an interesting account of "Life in the Coldest Country in the World," which has been taken from the bulletins of the Royal Geographical Society of L'Ekutsk. The name of the place is Verchojansk, in Siberia, at an altitude 133 degrees 51 minutes east, latitude 67 degrees 34 minutes north, where the lowest temperature of minus 90 degrees Fahrenheit has been observed, and the mean of January is minus 48 degrees Fahrenheit. It is inhabited by about 10,500 persons of the Yakut and Lamat races.

In the large part of this region, according to Prof. Kovalk, the air is so dry and the winds are so rare that the intensity of the cold cannot be fully realized. In the most distant part of the east there are sometimes terrible storms, which are most fatal to life in their consequences. During the summer time the temperature occasionally rises to 86 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, while it freezes at night. The latter part of the season is often marked by copious rains and extensive inundations, which invariably lay waste a vast acreage of land and prove to be a serious obstacle to the cultivation of the soil. Vegetation is very scanty. There are practically no trees—only wide, open meadows. The people hunt fur-bearing animals. It requires about eight cows to support a family, four being milked in the summer and two in the winter. Occasionally they are allowed to go out when there is the slightest break in the winter, but their tests are always carefully covered up. Milk is the principal food. This is sometimes supplemented with hares, which are quite abundant, but not very relishable.

The houses are constructed of wood covered with clay, and as a rule consist of only one room, in which the people and animals live together. The upper and wealthier class are better provided with lodging and food. As a race they are exceedingly courteous and very hospitable, and they are excessively punctilious concerning points of honor, such as the place at the table and the proper place at festivals.

Legs Lost in Battle. "I can tell almost to a certainty to which branch of the service he belonged when I see an old soldier stalking around on one leg," said Colonel Lamar Fontaine of Mississippi, the famous Confederate scout and poet. "If the left leg is missing them I am pretty certain he belonged to the infantry; and if he is minus the right leg, then I feel safe in betting that he was a cavalryman. In either case, the absence of the leg proves more conclusively than the written record that the man who lost it was fighting like a soldier when wounded."

The reason the infantrymen lose the left leg in battle is this: Infantrymen are drilled to place the left foot forward when firing, in order to balance the body, so that steadier aim can be taken. This naturally acts as a protection to the right leg, which, of course, is more or less concealed. Consequently, the bullet of the enemy is much more apt to find lodgment in the left leg than the right. Now, the cavalryman uses a pistol nearly altogether. It is handier and less cumbersome. The pistol is held in the right hand, and this causes the cavalryman when firing to place his right foot forward for support. In this way that side of him is much more likely to suffer than the left. But, as I said, either case is conclusive evidence to me that the soldiers thus maimed were facing the enemy when shot. The loss of the leg indicates almost to a certainty that the sufferer was standing in military position, and not crouching or running."

Over Studied.

A YOUNG LADY'S HEALTH RUINED PREPARING FOR GRADUATION. Was Over-ambitious and Went Beyond Her Strength. Constant Pain and Misery—Her Critical Condition. From the Democrat, Shelbyville, Ind. In one of the main streets of Shelbyville, Indiana, resides Mrs. Emily Edwards and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Cora. The young lady is one of the charming misses of the city, she being known for her beauty, and perfect health. "Although enjoying good health now," said her mother to a reporter recently, "she has not always been so fortunate. I suppose Cora, until two years ago last March, was as healthy and strong as any girl of her age. She was attending school and was studying hard. Perhaps she was too studious, for we noticed her healthy color in her cheeks was rapidly disappearing, and she was becoming pale and sallow. Dark, swollen circles began to appear under her eyes, and she rapidly became worse. We were living in Franklin, Indiana, at the time, and Cora would have graduated that Spring. She stopped attending school and endeavored to get a rest, but her health kept failing. Her blood was colorless and impure. She would also have sick headaches, could scarcely do or sleep, and was almost continually in pain. Nothing which we did for her seemed to do any good. Different physicians treated and prescribed for her, but she kept getting worse. She had formerly weighed 100 pounds, but during her illness her weight had diminished down to 75 pounds. We began to think there was nothing we could do for her benefit, when I happened to notice an article in a paper regarding the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if there was ever a pale person it was certainly Cora, so I decided to buy a box of the pills and let her try them. It was the first of last May when she began, and near the middle of June when she stopped using the pills. The first dose helped her, and after the first box had been taken, she was a different girl. She continued with this medicine and when she had taken eight boxes a complete cure had been effected. She is now stronger, can eat more, sleeps better, and weighs more than she did before she was taken sick. I am sure too much cannot be said about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in her case, as they undoubtedly saved her life. We have recommended them to a number of sufferers." To leave no doubt as to the truthfulness of her story Mrs. Edwards cheerfully made the following affidavit: SHELBYVILLE, IND., May 13, 1897. This is to certify that the above story concerning the illness and subsequent recovery of my daughter, Cora, is an exact and truthful representation of the facts in her case. Mrs. EMILY EDWARDS. SHELBYVILLE, IND., May 13, 1897. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of May, 1897. L. C. MAY, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Resolutions of Condolence on the Death of M. L. McHenry. WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by death comrade M. L. McHenry, an honored and respected member of Columbia County's Veteran Association. Therefore be it Resolved, that in the death of Com. McHenry the Association has lost an honored member, the family a good husband and father, and the town of Berwick a good citizen, a brave soldier and a soldier's friend. Com. McHenry enlisted in Co. B 210 R. G. T. P. V., Sept. 25th, 1864; discharged May 15th, 1865, by order of the War Dept. Died June 9th, 1897; age 65 years. He was a charter member of Columbia County's Veteran Association, and be it further Resolved, that while bowing in humble submission to His divine will, we fully appreciate and deplore our loss, and most sincerely sympathize with the family in their affliction. In memory of our beloved comrade be it further Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Association, and the same be published in Columbia County's papers and a copy thereof be sent to the family of the deceased who reside at Berwick, Pa. J. C. HAYMAN, A. D. SEELY, O. H. BARNARD, Com.

Sheriff Martin's Statement. Sheriff Martin was seen at Wilkesbarre in relation to the demand made upon him by the State Department at Washington for the facts in the Lattimer shooting. He said: "I will not have my statement ready before Saturday, and then I shall send it to Governor Hastings for transmission to Washington. I shall collect the affidavits of prominent citizens of Hazleton and vicinity who know what trouble I had contending with the strikers three days before the shooting occurred. I am confident that a careful investigation of the Lattimer affair will show that the United States Government is in no way responsible for the loss of life."

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