FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As o'er life's mountains and vales
Our pilgrimage journey we take,
We add to our trouble and care,
And heavier burdens we bear,
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces are smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day,
And many a sacrifice make,
And at night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne
For somebody's sake.

Though humble our dwelling may be,
Though simple the food we partake,
Our happiness may be assured,
And poverty's ills be endured
For somebody's sake.

What wondrous tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
When all we've accomplished was done
For somebody's sake.

The struggle that's only for self
No joy among angels may wake,
But the brightest of crowns will be given
To those who have suffered and striven
For somebody's sake.

How I Saved Two Lives.

It was only a few days after my mother died that old Kate, the blind woman who lived in the next room to us, lost her little dog, and offered to share with me her scanty means of living if I could fill his place for her. I was glad enough to accept her offer, and so, day after day, I led her through the streets, and at night shared her humble cot. It was in that way, through passing so often the same houses, that I noticed and was attracted towards the inmates of one.

It was an elegant brick dwelling, with bow window, and in that window often sat a lady with the gentlest and most beautiful face I had ever seen, while leaning at her knee would be a boy of about twelve years, with eyes and brow like her own, but features in general more like the dark handsome face of one who would sometimes come and talk with them for a while.

It was all the same to old Kate where I led her so long as she knew by the sounds about her that we were in a populous neighborhood, and I would often pass and repass that house with the bow window, and its beautiful occupants, as many as a dozen times a day; and so, though they knew me not, I came to know them all.

The months went on, and summer came with its pleasant evenings. Then, when old Kate, worn out, would fall asleep, I would watch my opportunity and slip out unheard. Perhaps it was wrong in me to do so, but surely, I thought, no one would harm a little girl.

One evening drawn by the splendor within an open door, I stood looking in, when a lady who was passing left the arm of the elderly gentleman she was walking with and came up to my side.

"Come away, my child," she said, earnestly. "Do you not know that is one of the devil's most deadly traps? Come away, let me entreat you!"

I was not afraid—she spoke so kindly, but it did not seem to me what she said could be true.

"Oh, it is too beautiful to be that," I answered. "It is like fairy land."

Her voice was even more earnest as she spoke again, and there was a bitterness in it, as though she had suffered through just such a place.

"But it is so, my child. It is the straight road to destruction. True, it is beautiful, but it is so only to entice and ruin."

I walked on by her side for some distance—the gentleman all that time never saying a word, but looking, as I thought, a little amused—and then she loosened my hand and I sped away home.

Another moonlit evening came. I could not resist the temptation to once more stray out. This time my steps were turned right towards the house in which I was so much interested.

The lights were lit, but the curtains were all down; and though I crouched down by the low railings, I could see nothing, and was turning away when a light carriage suddenly drove up and stopped, and a gentleman alighted and ran up the steps. At the same moment the door opened and the lady with the beautiful face came with outstretched hands to meet him. But her face was as I had never seen it before—all stained with tears that yet fell, though with her white hands she tried to brush them away.

"Oh, George! where is Gaston? Herbert is ill—perdaps to death. I have onged so for you to come, for only you could I ask to search for him. My poor boy has done nothing but moan and call for his father for the last three hours, and the doctor says if his wish is not satisfied and his mind set at rest he fears the worst. Oh, George, I pray leave no stone unturned till you find my husband. I cannot tell you where to look, for I have not seen him since early this morning. He did not know Herbert was in any danger, for even I did not. The fever became violent for the first time at noon."

"My poor sister, I only wish for your sake I had any clue as to where Gaston is; but I will do my best."

But ere he had left her I had gone on the wings of the wind, for I knew where to look for him. Only an hour before I had seen him enter the door that I had heard called the "devil's most deadly trap."

I knocked, and no one answering, though in my heart I was frightened, I pushed open the door and entered. I saw, not this time the great crystal lights or bright pictures that lined the walls, for my eyes were fastened on two forms who in the centre of the room were confronting each other.

"You shall pay for your words—and now!" one was saying; and as he spoke he drew something glittering from his pocket.

The man who was thus threatened with the weapon was the one I sought. I sprang forward.

"Stop!" I cried, with frantic energy. "Do not kill him. Herbert, his boy, is dying, and calls for him."

All eyes turned with curiosity and surprise upon me, but I cared not. The man's hand with the knife fell to his side.

"His boy, Herbert, is ill and dying," I repeated, "and he calls for his father; and the doctor says if he does not see him he cannot possibly live."

I shall never forget the look of agony that came in the place of the anger to the dark face of Herbert's father.

"My boy dying, and I here!"

He had been beside himself with anger, but the shock of my words sobered him, and taking my hand he led me from the place. Once out in the street I tried to leave him, but he held me tightly.

"If my boy lives it will be you who saved him," he said; "you shall come with me."

Such a pathetic scene it was when the mother, hearing footsteps, came to the door and saw her husband. I cannot think of it now without tears.

A couple of hours later the doctor declared the danger past; the boy had seen his father, and his delirium quieted, had sunk into slumber.

So it was that I, Pollie Evans, saved two lives.

Mr. St. John, true to his word, never from that time neglected his family; and Herbert grew and thrived from his childhood (which they told me had always been delicate) into as stalwart a lad as ever gladdened a parent's heart.

Twelve years have passed since then, and I am Pollie Evans no longer. But I will not anticipate.

That night was the turning point of my life.

"You must stay with us, my child," Mrs. St. John said. "Henceforth your home is in this house, which but for you would be desolate indeed. I can never repay to you the benefits you have given to me, but all that is in my power I shall do. Your real name is Mary, you tell me. I had a sister Mary once, and I love the name. Mary, will you be willing to let me do what I can to make you a happy, useful woman?"

I was at once sent to school. Of course I had much to unlearn as well as to learn, but hard work accomplishes wonders; and two years ago I received kindly words from my teachers that brought a thrill of pride to my breast, for I felt that I could at last reach the ultimatum of my longing, and go forth into the world and work for myself and be independent.

One day when I thought we were entirely alone—Mrs. St. John and myself—in her boudoir, I broached, the subject for the first time.

I was little prepared for the effect of my words. I knew that she loved me, though not till then how much. But though she pleaded, yet I was firm, for I had discovered something within myself that forced me to do so. But, oh! it was hard indeed to resist those tender, earnest tones.

"Mary, do you know that to see you leave my roof would break my heart? You do not speak. Is there, then, no way in which I can induce you to give up this idea that has gained such a hold over your mind?"

"Of course there is," cried a rich voice at the door that brought the blood in a torrent from my heart to my cheeks, as pushing aside the curtains, Herbert entered.

His eyes met mine, and fell. A joyous light sprang into his handsome face—that face that I had long known I cared for with more than a sister's affection.

"Ask her to stay as your daughter, mother."

As I stood there blushing crimson, a soft hand took mine.

"Can it be possible, Mary, that you care for my son? I had not dared to hope for this. I knew that Herbert loved you, but I never dreamed you had a thought for him that was not merely sisterly." (Ah, my short sighted benefactress!) "Will you indeed stay, Mary, as my daughter—"

"And as my wife?" another voice added, while a strong young arm enfolded me.

And I stayed, and here I still am, no longer Mary Evans, but dignified Mrs. Herbert St. John. Herbert often calls me "Polly," for which I do not chide him, for I love to hear my old name spoken in his tender tones, though indeed, perhaps, it might be as well to say that everything is music to me that comes from his lips.

The Shetland Pony.

The native live stock of Shetland cannot generally be commended, but the well-known pony of that part of the world is perfect of his kind. As carts would be out of place on the steep sides of the hills, ponies are kept by every family for the purpose of carrying peat for winter use. The fuel, after being dried, is placed in baskets called "cassies," one of which hangs on each side of the animal's back, a strong, broad back, admirably adapted for the purpose of bearing heavy burdens. The "Sheltie" is an animal which for many generations has been bred and trained under special and peculiar circumstances, and hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has had to pick its zigzag way down a steep declivity during many generations must be sure-footed. By the same rule a pony, whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood, who roll about underneath him or upon his back—must be gentle, and the same pony, living on the scathold on air sometimes, rather than on herbage, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles is in fact the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab's steed under similar training. He will follow his friends indoors like a dog, and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more kick in him than a cat, and no more bite than a puppy. He is a noble example of the complete suppression of those vicious propensities that some of his kind exhibit when they are ill-treated, and of the intelligence and good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming frightened or tired, even when he has carried some stout laird from Lerwick to his house, many Scotch miles across the hills. He moves down the rugged hillsides with admirable circumspection, loaded pannier fashion with two heavy "cassies" of peat, picking his way, step by step, sometimes sideways, in crossing boggy spots, where the water is retained and a green carpet of aquatic grass migt deceive some steeds and bring them headlong to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface, and is thus enabled to circumvent the danger. In the winter the Shetland pony wears a coat made of felted hair, and specially suited for the occasion. His thick winter garment is well adapted for protecting him against the fogs and damps of the climate. It is exceedingly warm and comfortable, fits close to the wearer's dapper form, and is not bad looking when new. But when the coat grows old toward spring, at the season when the new one should appear, it becomes the shabbiest garment of the kind that you often see. Its very amplitude and the abundance of the material render it more conspicuous when it peels and hangs for awhile ragged and worn out, and then falls bit by bit till the whole of it disappears. The number of ponies bred in different districts depends on circumstances. A good breeding district must possess a good hill—that is, a hill lying well for shelter, and well clothed with native vegetation, such as heather.—*Henry Evershed in "Forestry."*

Peanut Flour.

No doubt ere long "peanut flour" will be an important product of the South. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels, Tennessee for 250,000 and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels, these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation, and those in which it was first introduced from Africa. In Virginia they are called "peanuts," in North Carolina "groundpeas," in Tennessee "goobers," and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi "pinders." Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoanut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the Southern regions that we shall soon be able to cut off the now large importation altogether.

There is no limit to combination this season. Suits, laces, ribbons, trimmings of all kinds and even gloves partake of it.

Recent Legal Decisions.

NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS—TRANSFER AFTER MATURITY—DEFENSES.—G made his promissory note to S, who indorsed it and then sold it to a bank. It was not paid, and the bank transferred it for a valuable consideration to M. As between G and S there was an agreement that each should pay half of the note; but neither the bank nor M had any notice of it. In an action for the note against G alone he set up the defence that he was liable for one half of its amount only, but the trial Court gave judgment against him for the full amount. In this case—Bank of Sonoma vs. Gove—the Supreme Court of California, on the appeal of the defendant, affirmed the judgment. Judge McKinstry, in the opinion, said: "If a party who transfers a note or other negotiable instrument after it has matured, and who had purchased it before maturity without any knowledge of any defence to it, his transferee acquires as good a title as he himself had, although it was overdue and dishonored at the time of the transfer. Here the note was discounted by the bank before it became due, without any notice of the agreement between the original parties, and its transfer carried with it a valid title to the instrument."

BANKING—PUBLIC FUNDS USED BY OFFICIALS TO PAY FALSE NOTES.—The Treasurer of a town in Connecticut made promissory notes, as such Treasurer, and had them discounted at a bank where he kept his public account. The proceeds of the discount were placed to his credit as Treasurer, and the funds of the town were from time to time deposited and placed in that account After several renewals these notes were paid by checks drawn by the Treasurer on this public account. He then became a defaulter to the exact amount of the checks drawn by him to pay these fraudulent notes. The town demanded that the bank should pay its deposits in full, but the bank insisted that it was justified in considering the notes as valid paper of the town, and refused to strike out the amount of the checks from the account. An action was then brought for the disputed sum—town of East Hartford vs. American National Bank—and the Supreme Court of Errors, of Connecticut, upon the case being carried there for adjudication, advised that judgment be entered for the town. Judge Pardee, in the opinion, said: "Only in cases where, notwithstanding violations of restrictions in charters, the corporation has received and retained for its advantage that which in good conscience it should repay or pay for; or only in cases where, if it is compelled to repay money or pay for property applied to its use by the unauthorized act of an agent, the judgment will inflict no loss upon it can a judgment be given against a municipal corporation or its money be retained, or it be compelled to pay. But, in this case, the bank having loaned money to a public agent whom it knew had no authority to borrow, it cannot invoke the aid of this principle of equity without demonstrating that, upon all the facts, a judgment in its favor will inflict no loss upon the town."

PROMISSORY NOTE — MATERIAL ALTERATION—PLACE OF PAYMENT.—A note was made payable twelve months after date, or before if certain goods were sold. No place of payment was stated in the note, but it was agreed verbally that it should be collected at the residence of the maker. The payee, however, inserted in it that it was payable at "First National Bank, Sioux City, Iowa." It was then sold before maturity, and without any notice of the agreement as to the place of payment, to C. The maker refused to pay the note, and in the action brought upon it—Charlton vs. Reed—set up the defence that the insertion of the place of payment was a material alteration and invalidated the instrument. The plaintiff in reply to this defense claimed that as the time of payment was indefinite the note was not negotiable, and that it was not a material alteration of a non-negotiable note to insert a place of payment. The defendant had a judgment, and the plaintiff appealed to the Supreme Court of Iowa, where the judgment was affirmed. The Chief Justice (Day), in the opinion, said: "It is insisted that this note was not negotiable because it is not certain as to the time of payment. This position is not sustained by the weight of authority. It has been decided in Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts and Kansas that a note payable at a certain time, whether in the event of a sale or other contingency, is negotiable. The cases relied upon by the defendant all show that the notes there in question were not payable at all except in the event of some contingency. The alteration in the note here was a material alteration, and a material alteration may be shown to invalidate a note even as against the indorser thereof for value before maturity."

PARTNERSHIP—DISSOLUTION AND SETTLEMENT—REOPENING SETTLEMENT FOR FRAUD.—After a dissolution of a partnership and a settlement of the accounts between the members one of them filed a bill in equity to open the settlement and for a new accounting on the general ground that proper entries had not been made in the firm books, in fraud of the complainant. The Chancellor, in this case—Loesser vs. Loesser—refused to give any relief, on the ground that specific charges of fraud must be made to give the Court power to act. An appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, when this ruling was sustained. Judge Prior, in the opinion, said: "In every case where a partner has obtained a fraudulent advantage of his copartner equity will give relief; but when there has been a settlement of their accounts, in order to attack that settlement for fraud or mistake the specific acts of fraud must be alleged or the manner in which the mistake occurred set forth. If the partner making the settlement and complaining has to rely on a general charge of fraud or mistake it necessitates an investigation by the Chancello of the entire partnership account to find out for the complaining partner whether or not he has suffered by the fraud or mistake of his copartner in a settlement that both at the time regarded as final. He has no right to require the Chancellor to make a discovery of fraud upon such a pleading.—*Reported for Phila. Record.*

The Most Elegant Seminary in America.

It has already been announced that the Chestnut Street Seminary of Philadelphia, conducted by the Misses Bonney and Dillaye, is henceforth to be located at Ogontz, near Chelten Hills, Pa., formerly the property of Jay Cooke. It was Mr. Cooke's own decision that the mansion and grounds should be devoted to this purpose, and several months ago he began the needful alterations in his old home to fit it for its new use. Upon these he has expended about $40,000, and is furnishing the house at a cost of $25,000. Its outdoor accessories and surroundings, comprising everything which twenty years ago Mr. Cooke deemed necessary to the completeness of his home, leave nothing to be desired. The house stands on rising ground, commanding a charming outlook in all directions over a richly cultivated rolling country, dotted with beautiful cottages and country seats. It is immediately surrounded by forty acres of fine lawns and gardens, the entire farm or grounds belonging to it comprising 200 acres. The railroad station is less than half a mile distant, the roads are all macadamized, there is a gas-house constructed of granite, by means of which not only the house but the lawns are lighted, a beautiful clear brook flowing through the grounds, a bowling-alley and a natatorium. There are conservatories, hothouses, greenhouses, graperies, and other comforts and conveniences, among which should be mentioned stabling for any horses which pupils may choose to bring, as is not unusual in such institutions.

The superb Norman Gothic building, five stories high, and containing nearly one hundred rooms, is constructed of mica-granite and iron, with layers of plaster between ceilings and floors, to make it as nearly fire-proof as a house can be; and it is supplied with a number of wide stairways, securing safe and speedy egress. Mr. Cooke has declared his intention of keeping house and grounds in their best condition and sparing no improvement that may suggest itself to make of the place everything that can be desired from a sanitary and material standpoint.

The Railroad up Pike's Peak.

The railway to Pike's Peak is progressing. The route is not fully decided upon, and surveyors are still working busily. The road will be a narrow-gauge, the length about thirty miles. Trains of three cars will be run, each carrying forty persons. The officers are making a point of running the road where the finest views can be obtained, views which will be new to the tourist, not seen from any of the old trails. The first twelve miles of the route will be of surpassing beauty. New camping-grounds will be opened high up among the mountains, where the people can live in tents, enjoying the pure air and the wild grandeur of the Rockies, sending down by rail every day for the luxuries of civilization, and even getting their daily papers regularly. Some large summer hotels and sanitariums will probably be erected on the line of the road. The Pike's Peak Railway will be looked upon as one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in America. No road, in America or abroad, has ever been laid through such a wonderful and beautiful scenery.

Joseph N. Heminway, of Troy, N. Y., was shot and wounded at Bennington station, by Charles Rockwood, his father-in-law, while endeavoring to force an entrance into Rockwood's house to see his child.

Our Palates.

FRICASSEE OF LAMB.—Take a breas of lamb and cut it into pieces about two inches square. Put the pieces into a saucepan with a quartered onion, three or four cloves, a bay leaf and one tablespoonful of butter; cover the saucepan closely and let it steam gently half an hour, shaking it occasionally.

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Choose large tomatoes and cut them in half; place them skin side down in a frying pan, with a tablespoonful of butter; sprinkle them well with pepper and salt and dredge with flour. Place the pan over a brisk fire and let them brown thoroughly; turn and brown the other side. Serve them on buttered toast.

SALLY LUNN.—Warm one pint of new milk; stir into it one tablespoonful of melted butter; when quite cool add three well beaten eggs, a little salt and one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, beat well together; stir in gradually one quart of sifted flour; add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk. Beat well and pour in buttered pans. Bake in a quick oven. Turn out and cut in slices at table. To be eaten hot.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Take the remains of a cold roast or boiled chicken and chop up fine, put in a saucepan, season with salt, pepper and the round of an onion finely minced, add a small piece of butter, one tablespoonful of cream and just enough water to cover the chicken, simmer all together fifteen minutes, break over the meat two or three raw eggs, stir all together, pour it upon nicely buttered toast and serve.

GERMAN PANCAKE SOUP.—Make a batter with half a pound of prepared flour, a little salt and half a pint of milk, stir it well and add two well-beaten eggs, mix until of the consistency of cream, make into pancakes and fry a light brown. As each one is fried lay it on a board and cut it up into narrow strips, beat up an egg and put it in the tureen, add the strips of pancake, and pour over them a quart of boiling stock, stirring all the time.

CREAM CAKE.—Sift one pint of flour into two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, add an even teaspoonful of baking soda, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, a cupful of cream that has soured a little, and two well beaten eggs. Mix the batter, pour it into a buttered and papered tin and bake in a moderate oven.

TOMATO WITH WATER CRESS.—Take three or four tomatoes, scald them a moment, remove the skin and put them in cold water a few minutes to cool; wipe the tomatoes, and cut them into slices. Make a plain English dressing, have the tomatoes and cresses (an equal quantity of cresses) in separate bowls, pour the dressing over, and after each bowl has stood for ten minutes mix them well together and serve.

A Pair of Army Shoes.

There was another poor fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings—right face, left face, right-about face—and, of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guard-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Didn't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Reproached by A Dog.

An old hunter loaned his dog to a friend, an amateur, and this is what the amateur said after returning without the dog: "I never was so disconcerted as when I caught the reproachful glance of the old dog's eye after missing as fair a shot as I ever had; and soon, as I repeated the performance, I could plainly see in his expressive countenance disgust as well as reproach. Although I have stood behind the trap and, amid the jeers and hoots of the crowd, missed my ten birds straight, I never was so utterly demoralized in my life, and of course I missed the next one, when the old dog, with a look that will haunt me to my dying day, hung his head, and curling his tail between his legs, dejectedly marched back to the wagon and actually showed his teeth when I tried to coax him out."—*Boston Globe.*