Ah! we never miss the sunshine Till the storm clouds roll apace, And we never miss the dear love Till we see the cold dead face; And our hearts are seldom melted Till the voice is hushed and still, Of the loved one we have walked with

Up the pathway of life's hill!

Let us linger in life's sunshine Till the last glad ray departs, Let the twilights and the dawnings Link the closer trusting hearts; Then each morrow will be brighter For the sunshine that hath been, And life's burden be the lighter For the sympathies between.

Oh! to speak some words of kindness

In the ear of human woe Is like eyes to stony blindness Of the groping ones below: So the touch of tender fingers On the throbbing brow of pain Is the sweet of life that lingers Ere we turn to earth again!

### Hans Brynjulson's Mortgage.

-John Imri, in Canadian Magazine.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

A Dakota night.

At the north the coteaux upheave their gleaming shoulders in the moonlight, while from their feet the prairie, wrapped in mysterious shadows, rolls away to the south and vanishes among the ghostly stars.

Midway between the coteaux and the southernmost shadows there is a marsh through whose sedges the night wind sighs fitfully; and the frogs, from their reedy haunts, croak a hoarse accompaniment.

For Hans Brynjulson, smoking in the door of his "shack," and looking out over the moonlit plain and coteaux, there is but one word in the heart, one song on the lips of nature. Christina!

Well, indeed, did Hans remember her braids of golden hair-her sparkling eyes-the fair beauty of her northern face.

They had parted-but that was long ago.

with you, my dear one!"

Not a day passed but these words leaped from the memory to the heart of Hans Brynjulson. They were oftener on his lips than were his prayers. Perhaps they were more fervently uttered

But had Hans really made his fort-

his homestead; in building his little the conductor on the arm. procuring horses and a few farm im- Christina by dees train, but Ay can't blizzard is over." which to plant the newly broken Hans. ground

What was the result? The first year the dreaded south- clad. land again. The second year, crops him. were backward. Harvest time was thrown so far into the fall that the shriveled and blackened in the husk. states that you're going to marry! school house to see if Bessie was the lips. It is the only animal I know were wanting, so a blowing apparatus pioneer will not remember that?- Sykeston." crops were beaten to the ground by

hail. body and soul together during these lorn Swede followed. years of trial?

By mortgaging his possessions. His claim, his horses, his farming for him. implements-everything-had been over the hard times

It was in August of "the year that brought the hail''--so runs Wells

dark and he could not read it-but and an outstretched hand. this was unnecessary. He had That handwriting! The letter was have been the result of proper busiconned it word for word until he from Christina! could have recited it by note.

her willing hands would prove a counter with a moan of anguish. meanest drudgery at his side and for that every man at once looked up. The Stockholm sailed on the 1st of ger through the door. December for New York. Could he not send her money to pay her pass. Swede?" asked Cal Higgins. age? If so, she would come third "Bad news, I guess," replied the very serious attempt to thwart that on the board was requested to place class all the way. God bless him postmaster. for the faithful lover that he was!

Poor Hans! with misfortune, but he never wrote language: her how completely wretched his sit-

"Ay skall do't," he murmured in broken English; "ay skall see Messer Yonson in da mornin' !"

arms as he addressed this sentence to Cal Higging, a farmer.

somethin' to not my teeth on aige. ing prone upon the ground.
What's the latest?"

Bending down the lawse

"Gone an' mortgaged himself to Lawyer Johnson for \$100." "Tain't possible!" "T'is, too-but it can't be legal."

"Legal nothin"! But what can Mrs. Johnson; "he's drunk, no you expect of Johnson? He don't doubt." know the first prinseeples of lawhe can't tell a search warrant from a freeze." bale of hay. He drew up a mortgage on my bay steer, once, an' how did he describe that steer? Listen to this, Chris: One bay steer, mejum hight, branded with star on lef' he's reviving. for ard shoulder with a brass knob on one weighin' twelve-hundr'd him fearfully.

pound. Huh! him a lawyer." "Pretty heavy knob on one steer,' laughed Larkin, "But about this you are?" other business. S'pose the Swede can't pay up when the mortgage is interrogatively.

due?' "Johnson'll, foreclose, I s'pose." can't sell the Swede."

"Might bid him in for the 'mount | understand why, eh?" of the mortgage," said the practical

"Then he'd own the Swede, hey?" "More'n likely. Then he c'd hire ing on, "you can sleep in my barn the Swede out by the day, ye see, an" to-night." git his money back in that way.

'Yes, but there's no one to hire him by the day-times is too allfired hard for a man to earn his own bread, say nothin' of hirin' some one else.

"Well, mebbe. When's the mortgage due?"

'New Year's day." "What did the Swede want the money for?" "Dunno. He went over to the

post office, bought a money order an' sent away ev'ry plagued cent!" Don't that beat all!" exclaimed Higgins, disgustedly; "that's jest like them Swedes. Some fool specker-

lation, I'll bet a copper."

. . . . . county there was a bare suggestion needles. season, blown into sheltered places fury. Helter skelter, here and there. and clinging to existence by grace of blew the wild flakes; rushing around You will make your fortune in the zero weather. The white flakes the corner of Lawyer Johnson's house America, Hans. Be brave. I will were unusually backward, that year, with an angry roar, the bits of snow come when you want me. God be in taking possession of the country played hide and seek among the forebodingly as they spoke of a mad gambols of a whirlwind. "green Christmas" and a "fat The blizzard had set in for good churchvard."

'we'll have a regular bender to make confusing meshes. up for this. When the snow comes,

from the old country had been spent | ain't. What's the matter, my man?" | can't see a yard away. What will in paying his passage to Dakota; The last words were spoken to become of Bessie?" in making the necessary filings on Hans Brynjulson, who had touched

plements, and in buying seed with see her, no place-" began poor "But she might. His voice quivered-probably be-

west wind scorched and withered a "Is she your wife?" asked the the school house. field almost ready for the reaper, but conductor, in a kindly voice, for the

Hans colored deeply. wheat was "nipped" by frost and with a laugh, "some girl from the suggested that Hans be sent to the

The third year-what Wells county No-there were no passengers for there, he consented. Hans turned with a sigh.

He had a vague thought that the

Half an hour later the letters and coat tightly around him and laid his laid under contribution to tide him parcels had been assorted and the hand on the door knob. postmaster began distributing them to the waiting throng.

"Here's something for you, Hans," county chronology-that Hans sat called the postmaster, and the pale a great fur coat. smoking in the door of his shack and faced man who had been lingering looking off into the purple shadows. near the door, doubtful but expect-In his hands he held a letter. It was ant, started forward with a smile out of kindness of heart, awakened

The envelope was hastily torn open The letter was from Christina. and a pair of happy blue eyes began ter thought. She told her lover, in simple words, perusing the text. Suddenly, the that she could not remain away from happy light vanished from the face, without a word. him longer. A longer absence, for Hans Brynjulson's limbs grew rigid her, was worse than death. Surely, and he lurched over against the

him would be happiness for her. Hans Brynjulson was seen to stag-

translation, are powerless to catch distance before the storm came. He had never written Christina of the pathetic vein that ran through his heroic struggle with fate. She Hans Brynjulson's letter, but here formation without comment, and the boy had been mesmerized, and records, but they cannot be worked knew, indeed, that he was battling are its contents, done into his own once more vanished into the storm. his attention was fixed on a point very often or they lie down and let

Or board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 10. what should be do now? Tell her all? Explain that he had not a penny he might call his own?

When you read this, my faithful love, she who writes it will be with you—but in the spirit. I am to die, the ship's doctor penny he might call his own?

No no His heart rebelled excitet.

My Dear One:

When you read this, my faithful love, she who writes it will be with you—but in the spirit. I am to die, the ship's doctor says, and I thank God that I have the says, and I thank God that I have the says. No. no. His heart rebelled against such a course. Fair, loyal Christina! He would send her the passage money. But where was he to get it? He started suddenly to his feet. The moonbeams, striking his haggard face, wreathed it with a strange beauty.

Says, and I thank God that I have the strength to send you the last word. I would that Our neavenly Father had finally sunk senseless and exhausted in into the snow. When found she was snugly wrapped in the lawyer's fur coat, God tempers the wind to His stricken children and He will not forget thee, my darling. My strength ebbs fast—a last farewell.

CHRISTINA.

one, the cold, clear cut stars, the Hans Brynjulson's icy face, concrazy Swede from Pony Gulch has through the doors of the little Sykes- lashes and about the mouth-mys- original color, and then the juggler

A moment later as Lawyer John- of Hans Brynjulson and whispered to son with his wife and little daughter | him the word, "Christina, Christi-"What now?" asked Higgins. came out of the church, he nearly na;" perhaps this also was the bur-'blamed if the chap ain't allus doin' stumbled over the form of a man ly-

Bending down, the lawyer peered into the man's face. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans

Brynjulson!" 'Let him lie where he is," said

that feller. I'll take my afferdavit her husband, "if he lies here he'll

'Then let him," came the answer. "What is it to you, Silas?" "It means a hundred dollars to me," said the lawyer, grimly; "Ah,

Hans sat up and looked around "Come, come, my man," muttered

Johnson; "don't you know where "Messer Yonson?" returned Hans,

"Yes, yes; get up and follow us. You'll freeze to death lying there. "What good'l that do him. He You mustn't freeze, you know. It wouldn't be treating me fair. You extensively into fur coats for driving

> Hans nodded. "Then come along," said the lawyer, taking his wife's arm and start-

> The day after New Year's dawned with a calm that would have been foreboding, had not unusual weather so far marked the winter in Wells

> Little Bessie Johnson went to school in the morning and she had been gone from home an hour when a black cloud, rifted with wind, appeared in the northwest. Like a great ominous banner, battle scarred and brushing its ragged streamers across the sky, the cloud came on with racehorse speed.

The weather was cold, but grew rapidly colder.

A fine, driving sleet was borne on ahead of the cloud, like a gusty her-In the nooks and crannies of Wells ald armed with millions of torturing

of snow-the first light fall of the And then came the blast in all its and the settlers shook their heads eaves and then skurried away in the

and the flakes that tumbled so play-"Don t worry. Chris," remarked fully in the air were likely to settle the conductor of the passenger train to earth and form a white shroud for that had thundered up to the station, the luckless pioneer caught in their

"Goodness me, Silas," said Mrs. The small sum brought with him it'll be on us all in a heap-see if it Johnson, turning from the window, "I "She'll be all right-don't worry.

The teacher will not let the scholars shack, and frugally furnishing it; in "Ay been lokin f'r mae little leave the school house until the

should!" "But our teacher is a sensible cause of the cold, for he was thinly young woman, Susan. I'd take my oath that she'll keep the children in

Fears, however, if long enough he saved enough grain to plant the haggard face of the man touched persisted in, will shake the stoutest He is the American reindeer, fitted to ner as is the black goats' milk of the confidence.

Thus it was with the lawyer, and "Ah," went on the conductor, when some moments later, his wife

Lawyer Johnson knew that Hans was imperiling his life-but what The postmaster was walking off significance was that when the How had Hans contrived to keep with the mail pouch, and the for- anxiety of Mrs. Johnson was trem-

bling in the balance? Hans was called in from the shed mail pouch might contain some news and given his commission. He bowed his head, buttoned his thin

"Hans." He halted and turned back .

The lawyer was holding in his hands "Put this on!"

This offer might have been made in the eleventh hour; or it might ness precaution. Hans did not stop to give the mat-

mighty factor in his hard life. The So full of grief was that low sob teacher and a few frightened pupils. they This is what he relates of fired simultaneously. The cats give But Bessie Johnson was not there.

He never returned.

At the first appearance of the cloud | munzil club at Lucknow: in the northwest the girl had per-

ly nothing is known. The lawyer's ly the water turned green in color storm and finally grew bewildered. came as solid as a stone. Out of the finally sunk senseless and exhausted veloped until in the place of the

den of the snowflakes as they rustled down over him and wove their spotless woof into the west of his

No one may know this, however. It is written down in no earthly record and is not for mortal eyes. But Lawyer Johnson caused it to be duly known that Hans Brynjulson "Well, drunk or sober," replied had cancelled his mortgage and it was Mrs. Johnson's own hand that gave the document to the fire.

#### BUFFALO SKINS SCARCE.

Robes Now Made of Wolf, Raccoon and Fox Fur.

"Buffalo skins?" said a clerk at a fur store in answer to an inquiry by a Sun reporter. "They are practically out of the market. No new ones come in now and the few that we have on hand are old ones that find their way to the furrier's. The price of a good buffalo skin is from \$50 to \$60. They used to be made and rough winter traveling, but such a coat now is rarely seen except in out of the way northern localities, where many old ones are still in use. Raccoon skins have taken the place overcoats, but the fur coat is not much used now anywhere except in Minnesota and the British dominions. There is some demand for fur linings, for which mink and Persian lamb are used, and sometimes Hudson Bay sable, which costs from \$400 to \$1,000 for a coat. As you will readily infer, the buffalo driving robe has become scarce and valuable. The gray wolf skins are more abundant.

'For robes and for ladies' furs the skin of the wolverine, of foxes of all kinds, raccoons, the Australian opossum of a smooth mouse gray tint, and the young kangaroo, all furnish material. Almost every thing in the way of fur may be used for boas and muffs. Here are some old skins from the Czar's dominions used in trimmings and linings; the Russian hamster, a kind of marmot yellowish brown of color, with the under part black; and the Siberian squirrel, gray, with a white underside. These are some furs used in trimming," and ples hanging against the wall, the brown; the stone marten, bluish ally sealed cans. brown; the Persian lamb, of a natural black; the astrakhans, krimmer and pinhead; the badger, a beautiful silfisher, a rare fur, a little darker than

"This bison's head is worth \$160." he went on. "These heads of the ornamental features of our place, for | yield much the better cheese. the skins scarcely come in our line of stock. But they are worth look- | several years, after being, during that ing at. Notice the moose's magnifi- period, resprinkled with salt and cent antiers and that peculiar pro- pricked with a thousand pinholes, in the caribou's antlers observe the green mold when the air circulates flat, shovellike prongs that push | through them. straight out from their base in front

of that has this peculiarity. but here is the skin of one which is and, although to day one can find rare," and the clerk held up a skin, American Roquefort upon the marsomewhat larger than a large sheep | ket, nobody would care to purchase skin, covered with long hair, deep it more than once as a substitute brown in color, beneath which was a for that made in the country that wool exceedingly thick and fine. Up- | gave it birth. on the back, between the shoulders, was a natural spot of lighter tint. 'This skin is worth \$65 for a rug," he said. "It came from the Arctic regions-Northern Asia, I think."

### Magic in India.

seen the magicians of India have re- these are stretched tightly ten thin ported that the skill of these jugglers tricks are really less wonderful than touched flies up. When the races Slipping into the coat he left Kellar, who is himself a sleight of leather collar, at the top of which is hand expert, thinks differently. He an eyelet, through which is threaded says that the Hindoo wizards perform one of the wires, so that each wire Reaching the school house in safe- tricks that he can neither duplicate has one cat on it. Firecrackers are ty, he found it occupied by the nor understand, so marvelous are attached to the tail of each cat and one whom he saw at the Chudder- a despairing howland rush away in

Of what he did after this absolute- indicated by the magician. Gradual- the fireworks have all the fun. the head with his wand the juggler colored water. Clearer and clearer

#### BAFFLES AMERICANS.

Roquefort the Only Cheese They Cannot Imitate.

It is said that Roquefort is the oldest cheese known. Pliny mentions it in his works, while Rabelais, when he wrote that hackneyed phrase, original with him, "The moon is made of green cheese," must certainly have had his mind on that tongue biting product of goats' milk.

Roquefort is the one caseous conglomeration that American imitative artists in this line have found absolutely impossible to produce with any degree of success; and if the method of making it, as practiced on its native heath, is considered, this is not surprising. The village of Roquefort is located

in a deep and narrow gorge, with high precipitous walls of limestone on either side, but holding within its embrace a valley of prodigal fertility. Here gambols that black but not fragrant goat from whose lacteal secretions this great delicacy is wrought. The milk is first heated almost to a boiling point and then set aside. In the morning this is reheated to a temperature of 98 degrees and mingled with that morning's milk for coagulation. When the curd has been cut into strips with a wooden chopping knife of buffalo skins in the making of and the whey poured off it is worked very much like a butter puddle of the present period. By the hands of the milkmaids it is pressed into moulds with perforated bottoms to let off the superfluous whey. Usually a thin layer of moldy bread is placed between the layers of curd, the object being to hasten the ripening by supplying artificially the green mold peculiar to this brand of cheese. This bread is usually made just before Christmas, of about equal parts of summer and winter barley with a large proportion of sour dough and a little vinegar. The moldiness which this produces is not sufficiently apparent for the taste of the average Parisian connoisseur, unless it is kept for at least three months, and the chemical action is hastened by heat. When the maker is satisfied that it is moldy enough the caseous matter is ground by means of hand graters worked together much in the same manner as a pair of horse brushes are secured upon the hands. he pointed out, in an array of sam- | Then it is sifted and moistened with water and kept from contact with skins of the wolverine, of a rich light | the air by the use of large hermetic-

These cans are next placed in caves and fissures of the limestone walls of the village, and even sometimes in ver gray with black dashes; and the rude vaults constructed of bricks in the caves, the ripening being carried on by the cold currents of air which are met with the whole year round, those caves in which the air blows moose, deer and caribou are merely from south to north being said to

These cheeses are often kept for tuberance shove his muzzle. There I which accelerate the forming of the

When the American started to of his forehead. These he uses as make Roquefort cheese he tried to shovels to dig away the snow from | do it with cow's milk. This latter the plants and mosses he feeds on. | was treated in much the same manget his living at all seasons in the far | town of Roquefort. The thousands porth. Look at his muzzle, how it is of minute holes were pricked by a protected from the cold by fine white | machine worked by foot power. The hair completely covering it down to soft breezes of the Alps and Pyrenees was set up to supply artificial "We have no head of the musk ox, draught. The result was a failure.

### Cat Racing.

Down at Panama the great holiday game is cat racing. In several of the gardens there are houses or sheds, about 100 yards long, and in the center of these are boarded off spaces like a bowling alley, but Some recent travelers who have wider. From end to end of each of steel wires, and at the extreme end has been overrated, and that their of each is a number, which on being they have been said to be. But Mr. | take place each cat is fitted with a the only direction possible, namely, "He took a board and placed it on straight ahead, guided by the wire "What's the matter with the sisted in a determination to start four glass goblets, thus elevating it The further they go the steadier the home. The teacher had not made a from the floor. A youngster sitting crackers explode and the faster the poor cats fly, until one of them passresolve, feeling, perhaps, that she his hands together, palms up; then es under the wire, or rather the ec-English words, even in a free would have ample time to cover the the juggler took a glass of water and centric which works the numbers poured it into the outstretched and sends up the winning signal Hans Brynjulson received the in- hands of the boy. In the meantime Some of the cats have split second

### Intelligent Teams.

The Electrical World, of New York, Struggling vainly for what seemed center of this there appeared the tells this story: "A team pulling a an interminably long time, she had head of a snake, which gradually de- loaded farmer's wagon on the way to the Wallabout market went slowly water there appeared a hissing rep- along the car tracks in Broadway. When found she was snugly tile. I was amazed, I can assure Brooklyn, the other night. The you, but the trick was not yet com- driver was asleep. A car came up pleted. Hitting the reptile upon behind the wagon. The motorman pounded the gong vigorously. The took it up carefully and placed it team turned out of the tracks, while It required strength to force asun- back in the glass. As we looked it the driver kept on slumbering. As the shades of evening crept der those stiff, protecting arms, and became transformed into a jelly, When the car passed the team reover the sky and brought out, one by when the snow was brushed from which in turn melted into a greenish turned to the tracks. You can see that every night,' said a policeman. "Say, do you know what that 'ere words of a Christmas carol floated gealed tears were found in the eye- became the fluid until it was of its The teams are just as intelligent as the driver himself. When once the ton church and settled, like so many tery unsolvable-there hovered a placed it to his lips and drank the farmer reaches Broadway, and he Chris Larkin, the blacksmith, spirits of peace, over the quiet village.

dropped the head of his hammer on the anvil and supported himself on away its cadence was broken by a perhaps the boisterous winter winds and it is as mysterious to me to-day horses know the ring of the troiley cars, and know just what it m ans.'

## Could Not Walk

Rheumatism in Hips & Back

Eyesight Affected but Hood's Sar-

saparilla Curos All. "I was troubled with pains in my back



not see for two or three days at a filme. I became so I could not walk at times. The rheumatism , had such a bold on me I never expected to get well. At last I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped my appetite and before the second

Mrs. Marion A. Burns was all gone my West Gardner, Mass. back was a great deal better and the pains had left my hips. I have now taken over rive bottles and I am as well and as

Free From Rheumatism as if I had never been afflicted with it. shall continue to use Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsa parilla for I believe I owe my life to its use."

M. A. BURNS, West Gardner, Mass.

Hood's Pilis cure all Lver ills, billousness. jaun-

dice, indigestion, sick heatache. 25 cents.

Silver Fox Fur Comes High. Next to the sea otter, for clothing purposes, the fur of the silver fox brings the highest price, and in this case the Russians are the principal buyers. The silver fox is one of the most precious denizens of the Hudson Bay territory, and as much as £120 has been paid for a single fine skin. The silver fox, however, is really not silvery, and has only a few white hairs mixed with his black ones-indeed, the most highly prized skins are entirely black. The principal use of these skins is for the collars of cloaks of Russian ladies.

> ON THE ROAD to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, wife-hood and motherhood the "Pre-scription" is a supporting tonic and nervine that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and cur-

ing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Favorite Prescription? beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use

of the "Prescription." If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general de-bility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration and sleeplessness the Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, ir regularities and kindred maladies.

### "FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAM-FIELD, of East Dickin. son, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt grati-tude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb - inflammatory and bearing down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not



Twelve bottles of Dr. MRS. CAMPIELD. Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me."

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

# KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

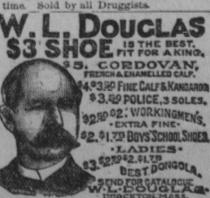
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never falled except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious if will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-



L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.