

THEIR MEANING.

To live in shade, yet twist the sun, To bravely creep while others run, To suffer pain and still believe That just enough one will receive; To feel no envy when the best Of precious gifts are given the best, Persuaded that each lot must be The best for each eternally— Is truest faith.

To bear with wrong and wait for right, Believing that the darkest night Means only growth for timorous seeds; To see some good in rank weeds, To feel the love that watches o'er Those left behind, those gone before; To be bereft, yet know no loss. And thus the highest faith indorse— Is true content.

MISS JEMIMA'S VALENTINE.

BY RUTH MCKENRY STUART.

Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gate latch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and, as he entered the room, she bent lower over her work, her crochet-needle flew faster and she coughed a slight cough. But she did not look up.

She knew, without looking, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? He would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

If there was one for her he would presently come, and, leaning over her shoulder, he would say, as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis 'Mimie,' or, 'We'll have to find out about this,' or maybe, as he presented it, he would covertly shield her by addressing himself to the younger crowd after this fashion:

"E! I had a lot o' boys and girls, an' couldn't get bigger valentine from all my sweethearts an' beaux than my ol' auntie can set still at home an' git, why, I'd quit tryin'—that's what I would."

There was always a tenderness in the brother's manner when he handed his sister her valentine. He had brought her one each year for seven years, now, and after the first time, when he had seen the look of pain and confusion that had followed his playful teasing as he had presented it, he had never more than relieved the moment by a passing jest.

of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new, strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out, and when in the light of awakened emotion she saw once more its time-stained face and caught its misty odor, she seemed to realize again the very body of her lost love, and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up, and she sobbed her tired heart out over the old valentine.

If Miss Jemima had not found Joy, she had at least found her heart again—and sorrow. Her life had been for so long a weary, treeless plain that in the dark depth of the valley of sorrow she realized, as something upon from sparrow's deeps poor mortals may know it, the possible height of bliss.

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in death agony. But such emotion is not of death. Is it not the rebirth of feeling? So it was with Miss Jemima, and the heart stillness that had been her safety during all these years would never be hers again. There would never again be a time when her precious possession would not have a sweet meaning to her—when it would be a tangible embodiment of the holiest thing her life had known.

From this time forward, as an offset to the budding romances about her, Miss Jemima would repair for refuge and a meager comfort to that which, while in its discolored and fading face it denied none of life's younger romance, still gave her back her own.

The woman of forty never realizes her years in the presence of her contemporaries. Forty women of forty might easily feel young enough to scoff at the bald head, and deserve to be eaten by bears—but thirty-nine with a budding maid for fortieth scoff? Never!

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized young-love setting, had become, to her own consciousness, old and of date gone by. "Aunt Jemima" was naturally regarded by her blooming nephews and nieces, as well as by their intimates who wore their incipient mustaches still within their conscientious toplips or dimples dancing in their ruddy cheeks, quite in the same category as Mrs. Gibbs, who was sixty, or any of their aunts and grandmothers who sat serenely in daguerrotype along the parlor mantel.

been mailed in Simpkinsville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise. But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, without her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town of—let us call it Hope.

The extreme difficulty in the case lay in the fact that the postoffice here was kept by her old lover, Eli Taylor.

Here, for ten years, he had lived his reticent bachelor days, selling plows and garden seed and cotton prints and patent medicine, and keeping postoffice in a small corner of his store.

Everybody knows how a spot, gazed at intently for a long time, changes color from red to green and then to white.

As Miss Jemima pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the color of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

as hearty as I rent the old one eighteen years—"

"You shall never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"If you want the old one back again and me along with it."

The newest models of cape and cloaks seen in Paris have the fronts curving from the throat to the back, instead of falling straight, and making a right angle with the lower edge. The curve is not accentuated to the degree where the back would be much longer than the sides. The style is pretty, and will be much in evidence for early spring.

Straps of braid terminate on many costumes with the addition of tiny buckles or fancy buttons, and tailor vests fasten with the latter trimming. The necessary button is small, but the one for ornament only is rather large. In these, as in gimps and buckles, cut steel, jet and jeweled designs outnumber all others.

Light, tissue materials in medium qualities will be in demand another season. Chiffons, gauzes, nets, Liberty silk and mousselines in endless variety of coloring will soon be seen in the stores, and for evening wear will prove both satisfactory and stylish.

Black net, the simpler laces and all the black gauzes and tulle are worn by debutantes, but sequins or frills of plaited mousseline are considered in better taste for trimming than the jet and steel embroidery employed in the trimming of these gowns for older persons.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A leading British statistician has recently compiled a number of interesting figures bearing upon the national debts owned by the leading powers of the globe.

To make use of some of these figures it appears that in 1876 the indebtedness of the various powers ranked as follows: France, \$4,500,000,000; Great Britain, \$3,900,000,000; United States, \$2,400,000,000; Italy, \$1,950,000,000; Austria-Hungary, \$1,910,000,000; Spain, \$1,875,000,000; Russia, \$1,700,000,000; and Germany, \$1,600,000,000.

The construction of railroad lines from the Alaska coast to the Upper Yukon seems to be a doubtful enterprise at the best, says the Engineering and Mining Journal.

The difficulties of construction on all are very great, and a year is the least time required for the construction of a road. It is taking a risk, to say the least, to put so large an investment as a railroad will require into a country with a very doubtful future; especially as the investment is in a form which cannot readily be taken out when it becomes unprofitable.

Bachelors have a hard time in the Argentine Republic. There a law inflicts a fine upon any person of marriageable age who rejects a proposal. Here is the statute: "People of marriageable age of either sex who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in law shall not be permitted to marry thereafter without the permission of the government."

It appears that the Russian Government are anxious to introduce hard labor into a number of their prisons, and to extend the number of those establishments into which industrial labor has been already introduced.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

FIREBUGS AT WORK.

Incendiary Blazes at Miner's Mills Swife the Inhabitants With Terror—The Town of Morton to Assume New Dignities—The Double Affliction of a Farmer and His Crippled Wife.

Early Monday morning another attempt was made to burn down the High school at Miner's Mills. At the same time the Delaware & Hudson Depot was lighted and both fires were burning at once.

To Become a Borough. The citizens of Morton, who for some time have been working to have the town incorporated as a borough, have particularly won the contest.

Terrific Suffering. A story of great suffering comes from Lator Township. Shortly after midnight Saturday Aleck Drysdale, a farmer, discovered fire breaking through the ceiling of his bedroom.

Indian Girls Convicted. Two Indian girls were convicted of attempt at arson in the Oyer and Terminer Court at Carlisle, and were sentenced to the penitentiary by Judge Biddle.

New Trolley Line. A reliable report to the effect that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will soon erect a trolley line over the old Pennsylvania Canal route has caused a stir among citizens of the upper end of Lycoming county.

Child Burned to Death. A two-year-old son of Henry and Leola Snyder, of Carlisle, met death in a shocking manner. The child had been left in the kitchen while the mother went upon an errand.

Frozen to Death. Mrs. Augusta Gable, an aged woman residing alone on Spruce Street, Ashland, was found dead at her home. Her frozen body was lying on the floor of the kitchen when found by neighbors who had entered the house, not having seen the woman the past few days.

Appointed Assistant Postmaster. Major Elwood Grist, the new postmaster of Lancaster, announced the appointment of James H. Marshall to be assistant postmaster.

Found Death Under the Car. Charles Beltz, aged 60 years, for the past fourteen years employed as a car inspector by the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, at Lansford, was instantly killed while at work at Tanawka.

Expectation. Dunley—When may I expect you to pay that little sum that you owe me? Rake—Oh, you may expect it at any time.—Philadelphia North American.

—sending you this new valentine just