The Somerset Herald.

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"SOME OTHER DAY."

When the unpleasant things in life
Come flocking round our way,
The weaklings try to leave the strife
Until "some other day,"
While brave souls, with undaunted front,
Meet them as they appear,
And face them out, and bear the brunt
Without a show of fear.

Take trouble when it shows its head,
And crush it at one blow;
Don't give it time to thrive and spread.
Nor one hour older grow;
But face it, kill it at its birth,
Without a stop or stay,
The most fallacious thing on earth
Is that "some other day."

We never put our pleasures off
As they come passing by;
As half our troubles we could scoff
If we would only try.
When pleasures come or troubles rise
Meet them the selfsame way;
Take them when here, if you are wise,
And not "some other day."

SHINING LIGHTS.

"If there is anything that does make me fairly sick, it is to see girls who gave fair promise of developing a noble intellect, dropping down to mere domestic idiots the moment they are under the control of a man."

Miss Helen Ferguson's finely-chiseled nose and daintily curved lips executed a superb sneer, and Mrs. Hunt, who was knitting socks for a newly-arrived member of the great human family, looked up with a smile.

"Some must run the domestic affairs, Helen," she said quietly, "while the others attend the great public duties."

"Oh, it is all very well for you to laugh at me, Aunt Lizzie," Helen said, "but the fact remains there are plenty of women of average intelligence quite capable of making puddings, and running domestic affairs. But when a woman like Amabel Lowry can sit for one mortal hour saying 'cutchycon' didsy-widy' to a little pink idiot of six weeks, I am disgusted."

"Oh! You have been to see Amabel," said Mrs. Hunt. "Do you think these socks will fit her baby?"

"I am sure, I can not tell! I did not examine the proportions of that interesting young man's feet!" exclaimed Helen loftily.

A soft little laugh from her aunt answered her.

"Your time will come, my dear," she said.

"Never, Chauncey does not expect it. He understands that marriage between us is a union of souls devoted to lofty aimes, of minds eager to obtain and utilize knowledge, and he will never expect me to sink down to the level of a domestic drudge."

"How about hearts in the union you speak of!" asked Mrs. Hunt.

"Rubbish!" said Miss Helen. "We are not a pair of love-sick idiots."

She sailed out of the room as she spoke her head well up, chin out, and shoulders set back squarely. A gaunt-raw boned old maid of forty? Not a bit of it. A delicious maiden of nineteen, not too tall, gracefully slender, but well rounded, with a beautiful face, large, liquid-brown eyes, a profusion of chestnut hair, and dimples that were simply distracting. A Vassar girl, who had graduated with such honor as proved that the lovely head held brain above the average capacity. Mrs. Hunt laughed again when she was alone.

"Wh at a dear, absurd darling she is!" she thought. "And Chauncey is just a match for her."

This was fortunate, as Chauncey Browne was the promised husband of Helen Ferguson. He was a enthusiast. Having unfortunately inherited a large fortune, he had no need to exert a really fine mind, a well cultivated intellect, in any useful channel, and he took up various and sundry "causes" and threw his whole soul into them while the fever lasted.

Absolutely devoted to each other, this original pair of lovers prided themselves upon a philosophical contempt of any such nonsense as love. Not once in their dignified courting had Chauncey Browne descended to a compliment; not once had he given Helen a caress beyond a regulation kiss at meeting and parting—a kiss so strictly conventional that they would have exchanged it with as much coolness in a crowded ball-room as in the privacy of Mrs. Hunt's cozy parlor.

They never talked of their future home of the bower of love and happiness that makes the Eden of most love-dreams. They conversed upon loftier topics—their work together, the noble aims they were to persue hand in hand, the philanthropic schemes they were to make realities. It was really bewildering to listen and to look; to hear such lofty sentiments, to see such young, beatiful faces, soft tender eyes, intended to convey love's messages, kindling with fiery enthusiasm over a "Cause" with an immense C.

Helen was an orphan, with a small income of her own, and her aunt's love and wealth gave her a luxurious home. She had no duties in the home circle. Mrs. Hunt managed her own household affairs, and being in perfect health and full of energy, did not call upon Helen for any service, content to see her happy in her own way, careful only to see that her way never led her out of the confines of womanly propriety. She went with her to the lectures on "First Aid to the Injured;" she attended the "Woman's Temperance Mission," on the regular meeting evenings; she contributed to the "Flower Mission," the "Working Art Class," the "Beauty for the Masses" lectures. Wherever Helen's radiant lovely face was seen, Mrs. Hunt's more matured beauty was also to be found.

And how Helen worked! She gave a weekly lecture to the "Art Class" and hunted up all her authorities in the public libraries, reading all her manuscript to Chauncey, and accepting his criticism and suggestions, as it seemed good to her, not with any lavish submission of the femining to the masculine in intellect. She visited friends for subscriptions to all her undertakings; she took th ecorrespondence of the "Temperance Mission" into her own hands, and gave herself no rest.

But for Mrs. Hunt, it is appalling to imagine the garbs she would have assumed in sheer, unaffected indifference to anything so trifling as dress. But Mrs. Hunt, in her quiet, gentle way, saw that she was fitly und becomingly attired; and Janet, her maid, was too proud of the young mistress's beauty to neglect its adornment.

The wedding day was appointed; the calm, rational courtship flowed on in its even channels. Together Chauncey and Helen attended to their various public duties, while Mrs. Hunt superintended the preparations of the trousseau, invited the guests, and looked about for a suitable boarding-house, as Helen refused to listen to house-keeping.

But one evening, when the wedding was but two weeks distant, Chauncy came in an hour too early for the "Missionary Meeting" and after a hurried word of greeting to Mrs. Hunt, rushed on to Helen, who was calmly copying a "Treasurer's Report" in the back parlor.

"Helen," he said, "I have terrible news for you. Put away your papers for a moment. Oh, he cried, his voice quivering with pain, "how can I give you up? My darling? My darling?"

No wonder she was startled.

"Give me up?" she said, turning very pale.

"I must dear. I have lost everything! I have nothing left to offer you, Helen, but a little house and five hundred dollars a year my mother left me. My father's fortune is gone in the 'Corn & Oats Bank' failure. I must work now, dear, though I have no knowledge. Heaven help me, of any money-making art. And my wife must keep my little house, and help me live honestly by economy and house-wifely skill?"

Helen was close beside him. Her color had come back to her round cheek, her eyes were full of a soft, tender glow Chauncey had never seen before.

"I will still be that wife," she said, and her voice had no hard ring, but was gentle and caressing. "I will keep your little house, Chauncey, and help you live honestly."

"My own, my treasure, I cannot ask so great a sacrifice. We have played indifference, dearest love, but now, when we must part, let me tell you once how I love you, my life's blessing, my dearest!"

"You cannot give me up. It would break my heart, Chauncey. I cannot live without your love."

"Pretty well for philosopher!" thought Mrs. Hunt. "I knew their hearts were in the right place in spite of their nonsense."

She knitted quietly, listening to the talk so near to her, and now and again wiping her eyes. After a time they came into her, making their confessions, as blushingly as if newly betrothed.

The wedding came off at the appointed time, Chauncey having had an offer of a position in a large wholesale business. Not even Helen knew how much of the liberal salary came out of Mrs. Hunt's income, or how largely her influence with an uncle controlled the offer. But the same energy that Chauncey had thrown into a "Cause" he threw into his business, mastering the routine of duty, studing stock, figures, profits and contingencies with fervor and enthusiasm and coming home to the little house, thoroughly weary, and ready for Helen's gentle sympathy and petting. Yes, petting. Not the weakest-minded woman of Helen's acquaintance more systematically spoiled her husband.

His slippers and dressing-gown were always ready, his dinner carefully cooked and served, and Helen ever ready to talk, if he was not tired, or to caress and soothe him if he was weary.

Out of her own corps of efficient servants Mrs. Hunt had spared a "treasure" to her niece, so that the actual drudgery of the house was spared her; but just as carefully as she had conducted the affairs of her mission and societies, just so efficient did Helen manage the limited income, studying to combine comfort with economy, and avoid waste, while providing liberally. She did not drop all her outside duties, but home was first with her.

Two years after the wedding day Mrs. Hunt entered a sitting room where Helen, in a low rocking chair, was nursing a tiny mite of a baby.

"I was afraid you were not well," Mrs. Hunt said. "You were not at the hall last evening to hear Mr. Jordan! Such a splendid lecture! I am sorry you missed it!"

"Baby was not well," said Helen.

"There! there, donteeky, mamma's own precious! I think she is teething Hush, hush, tootsey-wootsey! Chauncey says I humor her too much, but auntie, how can I help petting my own baby?"

"Don't try, dear. All my darlings have gone before me to the better land, and my greatest comfort, my deepest happiness, is to know that all a mother's love could give them was theirs while I had them. I would not recall one kiss, one word of love.

"Aunt Lizzie!"

This was after a long silence.

"Yes, dear."

"What a horrid little fool I was!"

When I stuck up my conceited nose at the womanly woman, and tried to be a manly one. When I talked as if Chauncey was merely a fellow-worker in a "Cause," while I loved him better than my life. When I did not see that while women may do noble work in public duties, may use their brains for the benefit of humanity at large, the happier ones, if not the most useful, and those who use their brains and hands to make home life cheerful, to train to God's service the tender young souls committed to their charge, and keep from temptation the little feet they are permitted to guide."

"I never thought you were a fool, Helen. The work you did was noble work, and there are many who will perform it faithfully and well, having no other duties to distract them. But I am glad you realize that a woman can give her noblest aspirations, her truest wisdom to home, husband and children, and is not an idiot, even if she spends hours talking baby nonsense to her baby."

"Do you hear that Miss Lizzie Mamma can call you tooay-wootsey, precious pet, and sing Mother Goose to you now with a clear conscience."

And just then Chauncey Brown, ex-president, ex-treasurer, ex-librarian, ex-secretary to a dozen causes, the calm self-possessed lover, the energetic business man, entered hastily, asking:

"Is papa's pretty puppet better, and is its horrid old toothy pegs done aching? Oh, Aunt Lizzie, pardon me. I did not see you."

"You are forgiven. I will leave you to comfort the—what is it, Helen?—little idiot?"

"Now, Aunt Lizzie!" protested Helen.

"Well, the future president of the Woman's Emancipation from the Tyranny Man Society," then. Good-bye dears. Be sure you train that youthful maiden's mind to be a shining light in the future to her misguided sisters who prefer to be good wives and mothers."

Your Eyes and Brows.

Of course, my dear girls, you want your eyes to look clear and bright, and brows to be well shaped. About your eyes: They will never be clear unless your digestion is in good order, and they will never be bright unless you have made up your mind to give happiness to some one else, and then it is reflected in them. As to your eyebrows: If they have an aggressive way of standing up, and do not shape themselves well, just dip your finger in the vaseline every night, press them down to place, making them shape the desired curve. If they are very heavy, brush them with a tiny soft brush, but do not, under any consideration, permit anybody to induce you to cut them, for they will only grow in thick, stiff and ugly. If, through some accident, you have an absolute lack of eyebrows, I do recommend one simple deception, and that is the soft eyebrow pencil, which may be gotten in any color, only costs ten cents, and yet drawn cleverly over the brows, or the place where the brows ought to be, will give the expression to your face that was there when the brows had not disappeared. By the by, I wish that none of my girls would ask me about depilatories. I think all of them more or less injurious, and when the use of them is once commenced it has to be kept up. If you do what is right, it is going to look out straight from your eyes and tell the story to all the world; it is going to make them beautiful, bright wells of thought; it is going to make, in reality, the windows of the soul—of the soul that is good and pure. For my beauty training I recommend nothing that will do any harm; but there is plenty of time in life—plenty of time between working hours for the girl to take care of herself, and to make herself lovely, and that is what I want all my girls to do. I want them to be full of love in their hearts, and I want this love to speak out in the loveliness of their faces.—*Home Journal.*

Railways Instead of Roads.

The road-wagons and short-lived top-buggies and carriages of the farmer cost him a very pretty penny in the course of a year, or a term of years, and they represent a service which the electric railroad can largely abolish. But against this saving must of course be set the cost of the railroad, the electric-power station, the rent of electric wagons, and operating expenses. What would be the amount? An accurate estimate cannot of course be made here, because conditions differ so widely in different sections of the country; but as close a calculation as we can make in advance, founded on the cost of the electric railroads already in operation, warrants us in saying that probably 90 per cent. of the roadways in the United States could be equipped with necessary tracks, poles and wires at a cost of $3,500 per mile.

In a district 10 miles square—the surface that could be served from a single central power-station—there would be, in the larger part of the Union, about 100 miles of railway. Then the total cost of track for a district 10 miles square would be $350,000. This represents a capitalization of only $5 to the acre, and an annual interest charge of 30 cents per acre. With a central power station large enough to operate all the wagons or cars that would be called into use at one time in the district, the capitalization need not be more than $10 per acre. This would mean an annual interest charge of $60 for each 100 acres of land.

It must be conceded that this does not seem like a very heavy tax when we consider the nature of the service rendered available, the great saving in the cost and maintenance of horses and wagons, the enormous economy of time, and the greatly enhanced value of improved farm lands. If the interest charge amounted to $100 per year, and the farmers were themselves chiefly the stockholders of the electric companies, it would still represent an economy.—*Engineering Magazine.*

Judicious Reading.

Almost any one who thinks a moment upon his literary tastes, and the manner in which he has gratified them will be astonished at the vast amount of reading he has done; and, if he reads hastily, he will be surprised at the little thought he has given to his mental food.

Too much attention cannot be given to entertaining and instructive literature. From books a man may learn what the closest observers and the ablest thinkers in all past ages have learned only by painful experience and thought, he may learn what the most phenomenal geniuses of the last century never dreamed of. Or, if his tastes lie in a different direction, he may find in books and newspapers entertaing, spirited companions, illumining life with beauty, romance, wit and sympathy.

The nature, science and history of a man's occupation may be shown him by the characters which the metal types have stamped on paper. By a judicious course of reading the professional man the man in public life, the journalist, the scientist, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer,—in brief, any worker in any field—may gather stores of knowledge, which will be of the most immediate and practical value to him.

Philosophical Cogitations.

So many silly sheep go to wolves for protection.

The man who amounts to the most took the least time to hope.

Every man's definition of happiness is a description of the life of his neighbor.

No one will take advice, but every one who makes a mistake complains because none was given him.

Hindsight is like looking through a microscope at something we looked at through a telescope before it happened.

Every man who takes part in your procession expects in return that you will some day blow a horn in the band in his procession.

People are too much inclined to wait until something pleases them before they laugh, and to cry without waiting for something to cry about.

Mother's Patience.

Was there ever anything so exhaustless as a mother's patience? The pretty baby cries and squirms about just when everything is being done for its comfort, yet she does not, as an outsider feels like doing, give it an emphatic little shake or a pat that might be called a slap if bestowed by another. No, she bears with it, sings to it, murmurs sweet words into the unheeding ears and would think anyone utterly ridiculous who saw anything remarkable in her increasing goodness. It must be a part of motherhood, for it comes to the very young parent as well as to the woman who has raised many children before the last vexatious atom appeared.

The society girl who looked positively aghast when a baby was brought in for her inspection and would leave a car if any small creature commenced to cry, takes her own baby as though brought up to the situation from childhood. She does not get excited or ill-tempered when he wriggles and squirms, cries or kicks. She has learned the jargon of the nursery and whispers and sings to the tearful baby until the cries cease and the little irresponsible bit of loveliness decides that he was sleepy and cuddles down contentedly in its mother's arms that had been waiting patiently for this result all along. She will rise ten times in a night without one murmur, even when eyes are heavy with sleep and weary limbs would so much enjoy repose. It is to be regretted that fathers as a rule do not possess an unlimited supply of patience, and growl frequently at the demands of the latest arrival in the family—fatherhood is not mother-hood by a great deal. With the latter comes that great well spring of love in which abides an enduring patience that to an outsider seems positively angelic.

Take the Sunny Side of Life.

Never relinquish the great object of your ambition, whatever it may be. Let it be, more or less distinctly, ever present in your mind. Let it exert a controlling influence over all your actions. In the first place, have some definite aim to your life—some distinct and leading object of your ambition and be ambitious to accomplish it. An aimless, objectless life is a dull and dreary, waste. It lacks stimulus and piquancy and zest and enjoyment. In choosing an object of ambition choose a worthy one, in behalf of which all your strength, your higher and nobler faculties of your nature, may be enlisted. Have an aim that you may unblushingly and proudly exhibit to the light of day, and for which you may safely challenge the respect of all. Then pursue it earnestly and steadfastly. No matter what discouragements assail you or place themselves in your way, keep right on in the pursuit of your knowledge. If your progress be slow, still persevere and make it sure. Do sorrows come to you? They come to all. The continued adherence to the great plan of usefulness which you have laid out will do as much as anything to brighten your path even when grief and gloom overshadow it. Press on, through good or evil report, through darkness or through sunshine, amid storms or under peaceful skies—still press on, and never relinquish the great object of your ambition. —*Once a Week.*

Only a Coup.

The two souls with but a single thought and hearts that beat as one, had been in executive session in the front parlor since 9 o'clock, and it was now verging on the witching hour of 12.

Possibly it was the fiction of imagination, but it seemed to Harold as if a large body stirred uneasily in the room above theirs. Harold was not an athletic young man, and he listened in great consternation for a confirmation of his fears. It came. The large body fell over a chair and swore.

"Letitia!" called a voice which Harold instinctively associated with the movements and the profanity overhead.

"Yes, papa."

The brave girl strove not to betray in her voice the fact, patent to the most casual observer, that she was almost scared to death.

"Is that fellow here yet?" demanded the voice.

"Yes, papa."

Harold felt himself to be the individual to whom reference was made. He shrank from the publicity. He looked sick at heart and deeply agitated.

"When is he going?"

With a wild look in his eye the lover sprang forward and seized his hat.

"Right now, sir," he hurriedly exclaimed, "right now."

An ejaculation of impatience was wafted down the stairs.

"I say," the voice was louder now, "when is he going—"

"Directly, sir; directly. No violence, I hope, sir. No violence, please."

Harold was hastening toward the door, with an apprehensive glance at the stairway. Letitia stood rooted to the parlor carpet in agony.

"Shut up," roared the voice. "I say shut up."

Harold was having an awful time with the lock. It looked as if he might not escape without assistance.

"Letitia!"

"Ye-es, papa."

"When is that fellow going to propose? Will it be this season or not till next?"

And papa had to get into his trousers then and there and come down stairs to bless the blissful young couple. It was merely a coup on the old man's part.

Effects of Fishing.

They look pretty closely after their daily walk and conversation of their clergy down in Ohio, according to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.* A story comes from there of the deacon calling on the pastor with the complaint that he swore. The good man was dumbfounded and ask for a bill of particulars, whereupon it was explained to him that the week before he had gone fishing with a worldly man and when the latter yelled: "Parson, I've had a damn good bite!" the good man responded cheerfully, "So have I!"

Wife—I want to talk with you about some things we need in the house.

Husband—What are they.

Wife—Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pearls of Thought.

Folly's pains are wisdom's gains.

Money is rarely a substitute for mind.

What is useful is intrinsically ornamental.

Love hath no dearer privilege than his service.

An indulgent confessor makes a poor reformer.

She that wasteth crumbs throweth away pleasures.

An idea is more prolific than a grain of mustard seed.

The true philanthropist belongs to the largest brotherhood.

The value of an article varies according to stress of need.

We make our to-days of yesterdays; our to-morrows of to-days.

When a man's word is not as good as his bond, keep watch on his bond.

When marriage is anything but an equal partnership it is a mistake.

Some men convert the "brass" in their systems to gold in their pockets.

To please people with whom you talk, always know a little less than they do.

A suspicious circumstance connected with pride is that it is apt so often to be misplaced.

There are few people who do not at some time shy when they run suddenly upon the truth.

Discussion hath its purpose—that of convincing each man of the correctness of his own views.

In maturity reason sometimes builds a palace out of the ruins which the passions of youth have left.

The best maxim for the guidance of an inquiring mind, is this: Try to see in every error the deeper truth which alone can explain it.

An old man once said of a young man who had recently become his friend: "I love him for his spirit of joy." The spirit of joy is a disposition to easy delight in simple things.

Sometimes we see a maiden in the transition period between girlhood and womanhood, so innocent, so lovely, so unconsciously graceful, that we know not whether to deem her soul the transparent robe of her body or her body the dissolving dress of her soul.

The Triumph Was Hers.

There is just now a triumphant little lady on Dearborn avenue, near Chicago avenue, and only a block away is a glazier who is suffering the horrors of defeat.

In the Dearborn avenue house were two broken window panes. One of these was entirely destroyed and the other had only a small corner broken off. The glazier was sent for to replace them.

Now the lady had two small pictures in need of glass and the big pane was just the thing. She would have it cut to fit them and would be so much ahead. But when she had paid the workman the big pane of glass was gone.

She sent the domestic over for it, but the glazier refused to give it up. "It vhas der rules of der shop," he explained, blandly. Then the little woman went over.

"See here, I paid you what you asked for putting in those panes and you've carried off my own glass. I want that glass now."

"Vhell, you pay feefty cents. Der rules of der shop say so."

"I don't care anything about the rules of the shop. You've taken my glass and I want it."

"Vhell, you ged oudt," he returned, and the little woman retreated.

Later in the evening she went back, accompanied by her husband. The husband, without any preface, walked up to the counter, took up the window-pane and started out with it.

"Police! Police!" shrieked the excited workman, rushing out on the sidewalk. The husband laid the glass down as two officers from the Chicago avenue station hurried up. The situation was explained, and the police told the husband to take the glass if he was certain of the property. When he looked around however, it had disappeared.

They were outwitted. Justice Kersten was appealed to recover the property under a criminal warrant. It wouldn't stick. Then the little woman decided to bide her time. It came.

Three mornings later the glazier's boy rung the bell. Did the glazier leave a hammer there the other day?

"Oh, yes," replied the landlady, stoutly.

The glazier needed it very badly.

"That's all right. Tell him it's the rules of this house that we keep all the tools left here. If he wants his hammer tell him to return my glass."

Ten minutes later the boy was at the door with the pane of glass. The landlady took it.

"Tell your boss I was mistaken—he didn't leave his hammer here!" And the door closed with a bang.

Later it was learned that the hammer was left next door.—*Chicago News.*

Cat Worship.

In the middle ages animals formed as prominent a part in the worship of the time as they had done in the old religion of Egypt. The cat was a very important personage in religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, on the festivals of Corpus Christi, the finest tom cat of the country, wrapped in a swadding clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and Grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day. But on the festival of St. John poor Tom's fate was reversed. A number of the tabby tribe were put into a wicker basket and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honor of the sacrifice.—*The Million.*

"What is woman for?" asked a correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun.* Editor Dana lays aside his grave political problems to give this beautiful answer: "She is for soul, for thought, for love, for bewitchment, for romance, for beauty and for man. She is for this world and for other worlds. She is for all time and after time. She is for everything that is worth anything. She is for life. She is for earth and heaven."

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen somewhat below the average.

"Well," said his father, "you have fallen this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity arrived.

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of dry chips."

Suspecting nothing, the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father, they roll off; I can't put on any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half fall of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will hold only so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with cheap dirt—miserable dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said:

"Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in that house from that day to this.

Other and older persons might well see the same point. A mind filled with fiction hates and rejects truth. A person reading history, art, science or travels may grow wiser every day; but a man may read fiction a hundred years, and know no more when he finishes than when he began.

There is real sin and sorrow and suffering enough in the world for us to pity and relieve, without wasting our tears over the troubles of some fictitious "Matilda Jane," and there is work and enterprise and energy enough in real life to engage our powers, without resorting to cheap novels for inspiration and excitement.

But unfortunately, the girls who will shed as many tears over some heroine's fictitious sorrow, as they would while peeling a pauful of onions, are the very persons who would turn up their noses at a suffering beggar, and let a sick person starve unvisited, in a garret. And the boys who wax heroic over the great doings of some count, hero or cut-throat, are too lazy to earn an honest living, and are willing to let their mothers wait on them, and black their boots while they lay in bed after sunrise, or smoke cigars or swear to prove that they are men.

Epicurean Morsels.

Worcestershire sauce over hot lamb chops is held to greatly improve the palatableness of them.

Scald rhubarb before cooking it. It takes much less sugar, and yet it seems to have lost none of its acid.

Orange peel dried and grated makes a fine, yellow powder that is delicious for flavoring cakes and puddings.

Pour boiling water over raisins and let them stand a moment before seeding. It lessens the labor wonderfully.

In using melted chocolate in cooking first mix with it a part of the sugar before adding it to the other ingredients.

In making sauces that are thickened with flour mix the flour and sugar thoroughly before adding the boiling water, to prevent lumping.

A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes far richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

Figs and Thistles.

No matter what appearances may be there is no such thing as real prosperity to the wicked.

The devil cheats us out of a great many blessings by teaching us to be close with our money.

The man who is not thankful does not know half the time whether he really has any God or not.

The more house a man builds on the sand the more he will have to lose when the storm comes.

Every time we find a new promise in our Bible the angels open the windows of heaven a little wider.

The best places in heaven will be filled by those who have been the most faithful to Christ on earth.

A Sweet Revenge.

"Haven't you got anything solid to eat?" said a traveler, discontentedly eyeing the profusion of pies and small cakes on the counter of a restaurant at one of the way stations.

"Shall I give you some beans?" said the proprietor, with his most persuasive smile.

The traveler assented, and making short work of them, asked, "How much?"

"Twenty-five cents," was the bland response.

"What?" cried the traveler; "twenty-five cents for a spoonful of cold beans?"

The proprietor continuing firm in his price, the man paid it and departed.

But late that afternoon a telegram was handed to the restaurant keeper, for which he paid twenty-five cents. It ran thus:

Don't you think your price a little high on beans?" TRAVELER.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. N. SNYDER's drug store; large size, 50c. and $1.

The detective's business should be a successful following.

Teachers' Local Institutes.

The following are programmes for the Teachers' Local Institutes to be held at various places throughout the county during the present month:

PROGRAMME

for a District Institute of the ninth district, composed of Middlecreek and Upper Turkeyfoot townships and Casselman borough, to be held at the Dwire school