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TALMAGE The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

subject: "A Bottle of Tears."

Put those my tears into thy bob Salmaivi., 8.

Hardly a mail has come to me for twenty has not contained letters saving they comforted the writer rters. I have not this summer nor years spoken on the platform of eting but coming down I It by hundreds of people the So I think I will keep on trying

of my text was pressed out of y innumerable calamities, but propriate for the distressed of Within the past century travelers the have explored the ruins of cities, and from the ver splendors of other days ces of custom from the world. haof those ages have been or lachrymals, "hrymatories the of earthonware. ients to eatch the oir dead in a botthe in the graves of we have many specimens atorics, ortear bottles,

a way from the Holy Land one at Cyprus, we went back into and and bought tonr bot-There is nothing more ofthe me than the tear bottles which and put among my euriosi-he and of bottle that my text es That was the h in David cries, "Put thou my tears into

nes that God has an inti-The text infim mate acquaintance and perpetual rememfallour griefs, and a vial, or lachrywhich He catches and s, and I bring to you the con-s Christian sentiment. Why def? Alas, the world has its talk about gris ow, while I speak, there are blek darknesses of soul that need to be There are many who are about to reak under the assault of temptation, and ance, if no words appropriate to their I come on no ase be utte fool's errand. Fut upon your wounds no alse compounded by human quinekery ; but, resing straight to the mark, I hall you as a eries to a passing crait. invite you on board a has faith for a rudder, an-Christ for exptain, and

hit, a Prussian, keeps a rescues the drawning, on the coast, and other is to not, she puts ou drowning has such. In this iffel I put out to-day, hopdng, by ring ashore at least one soul sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were tht in the lachrymatories brought Herculaneum and Pompell are all bottle is as dry as the scoria of at submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our

comark that God keeps perpetually repentance. Many a man has avalaned in the morning so wretched from a might's debutch that he has sobbed and as in the head, aching in the eyes, rt and unfit to step into the light.

Now, I know with many of you this is the shief anxiety. You earnestly wish your shildren to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is way wardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in arony for the salvation of your chil-iren. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ir affectual. I answer, No. God un-lerstands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter to right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong pro-divities for dissipation.

livities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. Go'l heard every

I speak a cheering word. Go'l heard every sounsel you ever offered Him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have passed. Go'l has seen every sinking of your lepressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties, and in Hislachrymatory --not such as stood in an ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters besides the throne of God --holds all those erhausting tears. holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstones de-aced with the elements before the divine abes with the elements before the divina response will come, but He who hath de-elared, "I will be a God to these and to thy weed after these," will not forget, and some day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing i tek, and garlanded with glory that long i texh and garlanded with glory that long i syward one will rush into your out-t retched arms of welcome and triumph. The lifts may depart and the earth way here here. ills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stors fall, and time perish, but God still break His oath and trample upon His Armia-never! never! Armia, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red heart

men to be crushed in the wine press

and cleave the soul and throw the red heart of men to be crushed in the stine press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misropresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtroom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will east that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive ploture. You cannot fly in the presence of such fils, You go to Switzerland to get clear of them ; but, more sure footed than the mule that lakes you up the Alps, your troubles elimb to the tiptop and sit silvering on the gia-chers. You may cross the sens, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take arravan and put out across the Arabian des-ert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with sufformion. You plunge into the Mammoth cave, but they hang like sta-lation the and behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to bush you ahead. They stand before you to hrow you back. They run upon you like echless horsemen. They charge upon you the growning spear. They seem to come -phasari, scattering shots from the gun of -careless sportsman. But not so, It is good im that sends them just right, for God is

he archer. This summer many of you will especially sel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashors and will keep up with the light-ning express in which you speed away. Or, arrying at home, they will slt beside you by day and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone and that your weeping is heard n heaven.

You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top," or "This is the place where our little girl pu

flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture and you look around as much as to say "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What biast froze up these fountains of the heart?' Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness th looked out from those old, wrinkled face and spoke in such a tremulous voice, an you say it is a good picture, but all the while ou feel that, after all, it does not do justic and you would give almost anythin would cross the sea; you would walk the earth over-to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you your-self have been a parent. Now, you have done your best to hide your grist. You smile when you do not feel like weeds." it. But though you may deserve the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon th broken heart, and suys: "This is the way I thrash the whent; this is the way I scour My jewels! Chast thy burden on My arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I and 1 will sustain you. All those tears 1 have gathered into My bottle?" But what is the use of having so many tears in God's inchrymatory? In that great easket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of sternity, what use of a great collection of tears! I do not know but that in some dis-terned of double and all of double and the if they had."

LOST. BY WM. LYLE.

Speak ye, inssie, I've lost my heart, Dae ye ken ocht about it? I'm døwie noo frae morn till night An' canna do withoot it. It didna gang by slow degrees, It just gaed a' thegither. I own it was na muckle worth, But then I hae nae ither. I dinna like to cry oot thief-O' that I main be wary.
But yout the glen I met a witch— I think ye're like her, Mary.
I hardly kenned what I had lost, Or what could sae distress me, But losh! I found when I gat hame I had na heart to bless me.

Noo, Inssie, sin' ye've stown my heart

An' ye are here beside me. Gin I tak' yours to mak' it square I think ye canna chide me. Ye canna live without yer heart, Tve proven that, wee fairy, Sae noo in case ill chance befa' I'll tak' baith heart an' Mary.

JENNIE'S WITNESS.

Jennie fingered the flowers as though she loved them. She was a country girl, and used to flowers, but it seemed to her that she had never loved them that amount." so much as since she came to the city "Who, uncle?"

o live, and found that people had to ouv them.

"And pay lots of money for them." inisies.

"You just ought to see what lots of money folks will pay just for daisies! any of the others. I have turned If we had the old south meadow lot out everything upside down in the greenhere on Karnick street we could get house and made more fuss than \$40

are worth, just to get rid of the sus There was a great deal of work to be picion; but I'm afraid I can't. David one this morning in the greenhouse. suggested that you might have seen it There was to be a Fourth of July celebut if you were not out of the house bration the next day, and a festival, and a wedding, and Jennie did not yesterday of course that won't do. know what else; but she knew that saw nothing of it. If there were any lowers were to be arranged for all these, nd that, new girl though she was, she glad, but there are not. I'm afraid I cently. He remained at that depth in had been called upon to help make up shall have to tell her she cannot be his armor for 20 minutes, without inouquets. This was an honor. trusted.'

Heretofore her work had been to "Oh, my?" said Karl, and he buried water certain plants, and run of erhis head in the pillow and laughed. rands, and keep the shelves and tables "Uncle Robert, that is too funny," he tidy. She felt very happy, for Mr. said, when he had had his laugh out. reenough, when he came through the "Jennie wouldn't take a dollar that reenhouse workroom, had stopped to didn't belong to her, not if she was lmire her bouquets, and told her she starving, and could eat it. Why, she ad good taste, and would be called wouldn't even take a poor little flower oon again. which looks just like the wild ones that

Mr. Greenough was the young master | I used to gather by the bushel up home. f all the flowers, and Jennie knew she Uncle Robert, she is just awfully and been greatly honored. She was at honest.

where?"

work now on the last basket of what "Is that so?" asked Uncle Robert he called "left overs," though they his eyes tooking less troubled; "how do were as pretty as any in the gardens. you know, my boy?" and he sat down These were for Grandmamma Green on the side of the bed and heard the ough, who had a fresh basket sent to story of the Fourth of July flowers and her every morning. Jennie was ahead the bunch that Karl wanted and did of time and could afford to loiter a not get.

little and pet the blossoms. Karl was "Well," said Mr. Greenough, after there, leaning over her shoulder and he had questioned until he understood laughing at the loving way in which all about it, "that is pretty good proof; she talked to them. "Anybody would she is an excellent witness for herself. think they were a lot of live babies I it was on you to thin whom you were loving," he said. as you did, Karl, and it was splendid in Karl Shubert was Mr. Greenough's her to refuse you. I don't believe she ephew; he was spending the summer knows anything about the dollar. What with Grandmamma Greenough while can have become of it is more than his father went west on business. Karl can imagine, but I shall say nothin, liked nothing better than to take off more to her, for the present at least his coat, and roll up his sleeves, and Don't mention it, Karl; I would not push his queer little cap on the back of like to have her think I suspect his head and call himself a workman. her.' Karl was also from the country, and "I guess not!" said Karl, with em thought it very strange that people phasis; "I wouldn't tell her for : were willing to pay money for "just farm."

mean, and I know you will never be mean." SCIENTIFIC BRIEFS. "Poh!" said Karl again; but h Scientists say that if the bed of the couldn't help feeling that she had the best of the argument. On the whole he

. "No, sir," said Karl, turning over it bed and looking wonderingly at his uncle's grave face. "I wasn't in the topaz, harden the sand and petrify it in

"Is that so?" and the face of the withers all the plants on its banks as uncle grew graver. "Then I am afraid well as the roots of treets, which it dyes she has taken it, and I would not have of the same hue as its water. No fish

> Dew is the greatest respecter of colors. To prove this take pieces of glass or boards and paint them red, yellow,

"I'm afraid, Karl, that Jennie ha lipped that dollar into her pocket. green and black. Expose them at There are little circumstances connected night, and you will find that the yellow she wrote to the little girl friend with with it which makes me quite sure 1 will be covered with moisture, that the whom she had often gathered field left it there, and Jennie is the only new green will be damp, but that the red help we have, you know. I would as and black will be left perfectly dry.

The pure white lustre of snow is due surface of the thousand and more disinct and perfect crystals.

The greatest depth under water ever reached by a diver is believed to have questioned Jennie, and she says she been attained by Captain John Christiansen, who went down 196 feet below cracks for it to slip into I should be the surface at Elliott Bay, Wash., re-Monvenience.

> The ocean contains several fish which othe or adorn themselves, the most conspicuous of them being the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Saragossa Sea, which literally clothes tself with seaweed, fastening the pieces ogether with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then holding the garment on with its fore fins.

THE TUNEFUL VOICE.

There is one eminent reason why ry girl should be taught to sing; if dor. has a voice, to improve it; if she sounds are very great domestic helps in a kiss.

MONTHS. Pacific Ocean could be seen it would Oht fat; are the pearls from the depth of ole So many things still considered im-And brilliant the wealth of Peruvian mines, And changeful the light with each versule possible are possible in modern days, motion Which gleams from the heart of the Opal' wonder whether platonic friendships-

FRIENDS.

clear shrines. But the pure Water-lily with blossoms of white The Laurel, the Jassime of delicate hue, And the wax-like Camella, are surgly as bright dew description of the ocean. The sparkling description of the ocean description descrip platonic affection between men and Of course, there be those who cry dew Which collects in the Blush-tose's coral each night. Transmits like a diamond the sun shintny

through. The Violet rivals the Amethyst's purple, The Hyacinth rises with the Sapphir itre's clea

The Bay's glossy leaf and the queen of the

myrtle Outshine the bright Emerald's crystalline hus Nareissi compare with the splendor of Topaz, The Ruby will yield to the red Poppy's dye, the Aralea's blossoms as varied a show has, Unidentified.

A fanciful folk-lore has given to each month its special flowers and plants, and an accompanying gem which we give below as collected from variou sources.

January. -- Granite and Jacinth which express perfect loyalty and fidel ity. The Everlasting is the flower o this frozen month, the emblem of constant and undying love.

February .- To this month is given the Amethyst, which preserves from violent passions, and insures peace of mind, while its accompanying flower, the Snowdrop, is the symbol of purity and confidence in the future.

March .--- Jasper and Bloodstone, the stones given to this windy month, repto the fact that all the elementary resent courage in difficulty and danger, colors of light are blended together in and March Crocus and Hyacinth are the radiance that is thrown off from the the harbingers of sunshine, youth and enchantment.

April.-Diamond and Sapphire sym lize innocence or contrition, and the delicate Lily of the Valley, tells of the return of happiness with the coming of the spring

May .- The Emerald belongs to May denoting happiness in atfliction, and the pink Hawthorn speaks of rural uty, the white of hope.

June .- Agate, perfect health, Azalea temperance July .-- Carnelian, forgetfulness of

are now. They were dreamers when slights: Roses, beauty and happy love. August. - Sardonyx, unchanging appiness; Dahla, "thine forever." September.-Chrysolite belongs to

this first autumn month; it preserves 1 clever, active, vigorous spinster workfrom rash actions, while the golden ng busily and happily in our midst Chrysanthemum is an emblem of truth. who thinks much more of her occupa-October .- Opal, a soul that shrinks tion than of a possible husband, and he. not at misfortune; Michaelmas Daisy,

cheerful old age. November.—Topaz, true friendship Autumn Violet, Humility and Cap-

December .- Turquoise, or Malachite has no ear, to acquire one if possible; the realization of cherished hopes and this is, that singing and rhythmical Holly, "Am I remembered?" Mistletoe.

many crises, since listening composes | This completes the cycle of the year, the nerves of the excited and angry, and those who love these romantic othes the sorrowful, hulls the wake- fancies may select their birth-months of life than the domestic; and women the filling and its ends at the head of and largely helps in the cure of and take for their own its preciou

FLOWERS AND GEMS FOR THE CAN MEN AND WOMEN BE some? We decline to believe at. The straightforward, clean-minded woman can make a true friend of the straight

forward, clean-minded man, and al honor to both of them for their tense that many people are beginning to and sensibility.

THE BLIND BROOM MAKER.

BY JEANNETTE N. PHILLIPS.

Human nature is the same all the "Brooms made here," is a rude world over. No advance in religion, world over. No advance in religion, sign over a dingy shop which I pass in science, in fashion touches it or on occasional errands. The door stood alters it. There it remains, a rock for open one morning and carlosity ever; defying the changes that shatter. prompted me to look within. Stepping the laws that secure its surroundings. toon the threshold I saw a slender man Human nature is the one joy of the at work, and addressed him with: pessimist as it is one of the joys of the "Good morning. May I see how brooms are made?" optimist. The one clutches it like a

omb already to explode, exclaiming, The old man turned and I noticed 'Horrible human nature!'' The other that both his eyes had been destroyed herishes it as a joy for ever, murmurso that he was totally blind.

ng, "Beautiful human nature!" And "Certainly, just step this way," no doubt, whether human nature be his cordial answer. There were in the norrible or beautiful, in certain re- room piles of broom corn, rough, ragpects it does remain the same always. ged, seedy, sorted into different lengths, here are great emotions born in men and placed in box-like compartments. and women-love of country, love of A small quantity was soaking in water ove, dread of death-instinctive emo- after which it had to "dreen" tions which we may think we lack till hour, I learned, to nicks it tough our trial time comes, till circumstance enough to work well. There were also lays the whip across our souls, and the stacks of handles of different sizes care human nature we thought dead, or fully arranged. At every motion I was never in us, suddenly responds like a surprised with the readiness with which willing horse. But circumstance, the sightless worker pathis hands upon "time and the hour," can and do change tools and machinery. He made no aces very considerably, and what may be | mistakes, and I more than once forget lifficult for human nature to accom- that he was blind so deft and uncering slish or endure in one age may not be lifficult for it in another. We believe horizontal vice and attached to it the hat platonic friendship between man end of a wire from a reel held fast or and woman is not only quite possible, loose by wheels, crank, bands, weight out exists, and never more happily and and screws. He took up half a dozen successfully than at the present time. sticks of corn, held them in his hand For though human nature may be the | and cut them off with a sharp knife, same all the world over, women have, then placed them against the handle hanged very considerably of late years, under the wire and turned the vice by and the sort of change that has stolen crooking his left cloow around handles over them has fitted them to be more set in a wheel. Latchet clicked, wire receptive of friendship than they used sang, reel creaked, and corn was bound to be. There was a time when the fast to the handle

houghts of the average woman were "Could you wind that wire firmly entirely centred upon love, the love enough by hand?"

that includes passion. Women used "My sakes, no. It pulls as hard as to be far more sentimental than they a horse. Another layer of filling was selected,

they were not married, and their and the knife applied to trim off the lreams were of marriage. They sigh- thick ends of the corn stems. Said the blind man, "Kuife would

ed for love, and now very often they do not sigh for love at all. There is many work better if it was sharper.

"I'm afraid of sharp knives," said L "I'm too plaguey lazy to use a dull one. Guess I wouldn't cut me." sold

who is far more keen on getting more | Vise turned round, latchet clicked, work than on winning a man to wire sang, reel creaked, and more work for her. No doubt many good broom was bound "tight as a drum. people will exclaim at this state- The corn stood out in a circle and ment, and declare that we are dethron- looked worse than our grandmothers' ing love, and sapping the foundation oven brooms ever thought of looking. of domesticity. Not at all. It is beau- A layer of covering was next whittled tiful to be a happy wife and mother, and wired to place with more turning, but it is not unwomanly nor unworthy clicking, creaking and singing. This to be intensely interested in other sides was larger and of better quality than do exist-and we have met them-who the broom were shaved

disclose to view several mountains with was vexed with her, and went away in a huff. "Such a ridiculous idea !" he truncated tops scattered over it. These mountains would be perfectly bare at said, kicking the dust with his bare toes the base, and all around their tops as he walked. "Who would have supposed she could be so stupid as to suppose my uncle would care about he Extensive drought will cause the snail Extensive drought will cause the snail giving me some flowers?" to close its doors, to prevent evapora-In half an hour he had forgotten al tion of its bodily moisture and dry up. about it. He never thought of it sgair These little animals are possessed of asuntil a week afterward. tonishing vitality, regaining activity His uncle opened his room door one morning and spoke hurriedly : "Karl, after having been frozen in solid blocks of ice, and enduring a degree of heat my boy, did you see anything of a silver for weeks which daily crisps vegetation. dollar that I left lying on the shelf of There is in Spain a river called Tinto, the lower greenhouse yesterday ?"

greenhouse yesterday Don't you re- a most surprising manner. If a stone member I had a cold, and grandma falls into the river and rests upon would not let me go there, or any. another they both become perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. It

lost my faith in the girl for ten times live in its stream.

consequences. God makes no res-ch weeping. Of all the million tears e gushed as the result of such manot one ever got into God's ried on the fevered check down by the bloated hand o fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips, foamling with still worse intoxica-

But when a man is sorry for his past and thes to dolotter-when he mournables wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of roy, and crice amid the incerations men conscience for help out of his redicament, then God listens ; then down ; then scenters of pat es arsonight in God's bostio. I and the heavenly Shep to find his inther ; when I ing on the wharfout have his mother's pardon unkindness; when I see sing to God for shelter, and d the vile, and the sin bu s on blast d appealing for nate God. I exclaim in e "Mora tears for God's ho keeps a tender romembra. esses. How many of you and in body? Not one out toxingerate. The vast majo are constant subjects of admo-me one form of disease that resurgect to. You have a rare subject to head and lungs ensity distrists a very strong blow to so wi of the or treak the plt n. Many of you have kep in showr force of will. n understand your distresses, of strong, and it is supposed a hypoenondrine. They say upon any man or woman

an alone in your room. come. You feel an inde-ness in your sufferings, but ind feels; God compassi nts the simpless nights. He acuteness of the pain. He hardness of the breathing. out the medicine from the out the drops, God counts tears. As you look at the nauseous drafts and at the iul tonic that stand on the er that there is a larger bottle uch is filled with no mixture by aries, but it is God'sbottle, in a gathered all our tears.

ers all the sorrows of The deacons of the church he comptrollers of the alms it. It comes not to this no appropriate apparel, appeal for help, but chooses for than expose its bitterness, fail to gain a livelihoo i, so that their children submit to constant iteir children submit to constant ; sewing woman, who cannot ply ek enough to earn them shell

ther reported or uncomplaining. r in seemingly confortable parlor, o r cellur, or in hot garret, Goll'sangel are on the water. This moment streets, in all the alleys, amid shar g cabina, the work goes on. Tears sthing in summer's heat or irone r's cold-they fall not unbeeded. wels for heavon's easket. They of divine sympathy. They are

Gad's bottle, the Lord preserves the remempaternal anxieties. You see a n the most infamous surroundings into the kingdom of Ged. He has ato the kingdom of God. He has sermon. He has received no providential warning. What in to this new min17. This is the d looked over the hottle in width sith tears of His people, and He mini tear in that bottle which has on for 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go 2, how, and let Me answer that tear I' and thwith the wanderer is brought home to al.

Ob, this work of training children for God! They have never tried it. A child in the arms of the young parent. It load plaything. You look into the You examine the dimples in be an instructor of men. You wonder at its exquisite organ-autiful plaything ! But on some am. Beautiful plaything ! But 6 aightfail as you sit rocking that little olee seems to fall straight from the throne d God, saying: "That child is immortal! the stars shall die, but that is an immortal! is shall die, but that is an immortal i ins shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal !"

tears: I do not show but that in some the tant age of heaven an angel of God maylook into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of carthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the ter re gone? What sprite of hell hath been invad-ing God's palace and hath robbed the lastry-matories? None. These were sanctified matories? None. These were sanctifle sorrows, and those tears were changed int pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed. I walk up to examine this heavenly cor-

oner, groaning originer that the same were try, "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand volces reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point and inlaid in every 'scepter point and inlaid in ever 'vory stair of golden throne I behold an indescribable rishness and inster and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the volces of the elders before the throne.

and of the martyrs under the altar, and o the hundred and forty and four thousand

the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim, "Trans-mated tears from God's bottle." Let the ages of heaven roll on the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended the kohinoor diamonds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Per-sian tiara and flamed in the robes of Baby-lonian processions forgotten, the Goleonda mines charred in the last conflagration, but firm as the everiasting hills and pure as the firm as the eventasting hills and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal

rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmuted tears of God's bottle. Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Furer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say, each to each: "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of

"That is what we heard of on earth. "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tents." "That is God's bot-tie." And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven the towers of the palmee dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one an-other with these werds."

There's many a leap twix! the boat and the slip.

Burnishing gold does not add to its alue. Prudence is the lynchpin to the wheel of progress.

A full pocketbook n ay go with an empty soul. The flowers never gossip.

The union of energy and wisdom makes the completest character and the most powerful life. Make yourself complete master

what you have learned, and be always learning something new; you may then Pay as you go and save enough to come back on.

Do not permit the good luck of others to discourage you.

good that will always live,

Jt was nearly two weeks afterwar "There are flowers almost like those that Jennie came across the lawn toward which grow wild in the woods back of Mr. Greenough with a flower pot in our house," he said. "I've gathered her hand and a puzzled look on her 'em lots of times, just for fun. Nobody | face. ever thought of buying them; I guess I "What is it, Jennie?" he asked

should have thought they were erazy urning back to answer her look. "If you please, Mr. Greenough,

"Folks would think here that you did not know they ever planted money were crazy if you gave them away,' but isn't that a piece of money peeping answered Jennie. "These are not quite like the wild ones; but I guess up through the earth?" Mr. Greenough looked, and dived in his hand, and drew out a silver lev are cousins." "I believe they are just like them. dollar.

"It is money, without doubt," he said, smiling. Has that plant had fresh earth put around it lately?" Give me a bunch of these, and I'll send them to Mattie Bennett and ask her if hey aren't. She gathers them all the ime. Give me that great big one, and "Yes, sir; more than a week ag the little bits of ones next to it." Dennis turned a whole tubful on th

Jennie opened her blue eyes very table, and filled up the plants in that vide, and looked gravely at him. "You long row at the left; but I didn't think' onet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and | are just joking?" she said inquiringly. -and then Jennie stopped.

No; I'm not joking. I think it "You didn't think they ever mixe ould be great fun to send Mattie a silver dollars with the earth, ch?" Mr inch of these by mail, and tell her

Greenough said laughing. It seems hat the dunces here in the city pay Dennis does sometimes; and I must say or them. She will think I am joking, I am very glad to know it. It explain or sure. I wonder I never thought of mystery. Karl's eyes twinkled, but he kept his before. Give us a bunch." own counsel. Jennie was right; he

wouldn't be mean .- The Pansy.

eign of Edward the confessor.

eady two papers in America.

century.

THINGS OLD AND NEW

The first surname was adopted in 37

The Pekin Gazette is the oldest journal

in the world. It dates from the eighth per's Bazar.

But Jennie's face was graver than ver. "Of course you know I can't," she

said quietly. "Well, I should like to know why

not? Are you suddenly taken with rheumatism in your arms, or anything of that kind? What is to hinder you?

"Why, Karl, you don't need me to tell you that the flowers aren't mine I couldn't give you the least little blos-

som, of course; and I know you are flame just trying to tease me." "Stuff and nonsense!" said Kar

getting into a fume. "I never heard o such a dunce. Do you pretend to say that you never take one of the silly lit

tle things for yourself?" Jennie's cheeks flamed a brilliant red, and her blue eyes flashed. don't think that question'is worth an swering," she said, with dignity. "Do you suppose I would steal a flower an

ooner than I would steal anythin Damascus Gate at Jerusalem. also ??? "Oh,steal! Who is talking about stealing? What is just a few flowers? Anyhow you might give them to me., Don't you know my grandmother will

meaning. give me the whole basketful if I ask her? nd every one of them belongs to my wn uncle.'

"That doesn't make a bit of differnce," said Jennie firmly. "Your crandmother has a right to give you

the basketful, of course, if she wants to, and your uncle could give you the the ancient Celtic brooch in the posses sion of Trinity College. whole greenhouse; but that would have

othing to do with me. Not one little lower is mine, and if you think I will

ouldn't do it any more than I would ke one for myself." "Poh !" said Karl, who thought this

meh over and take the whole bunch nd leave, how will you help your self?" "You won't do that," said Jennie

Fear to die until you have done some

arious illnesses. The mother who annot sing her baby to sleep is to be mother who stones and lovely flowers. pitied; the person who was not sung to sep when a baby has something in-Rhexia, Deer-grass, or Meadow-beaumlete in his being.

All children love the lullaby, whether ty, as it is variously called, is a prettis the gentle murmur, half song, half monotone, whether it is the sweet mel- | to American swamps. ody, or whether it is a tune song in a

in a bath of some clixir of life, receiving

that a child should no more be de

prived of music than of any other food

mental.

ecessary to his well-being, physical or

We have known some patients to

old water, and others who declared

that it eased their pain to listen to it.

This idea of theirs is not fanciful, but

has had the sanction of great physicians

who all declare that music has bound

ess uses in the treatment of the insance

If the music works so well where

ong for music as fevered ones do fo

e regardless of measure and loud voice regardless of measure and loud mon species norm and grows about six in the past, and it is the working wo-and clear as a yodel. Except where a inches high with square stem, almost man who has made it so possible. No the blind man's proud reply. erson is constitutionally inept and is winged at the angles and having handrasped by the concord of sweet sounds, some, large, purple flowers. There are s sometimes happens, the effect of mu- various other pink-purple varieties, all is quieting upon the nerves. It seems only natural that the exression of pure order and the law of in North Carolina. Its flowers are numbers, which is what music is in small and numerous and do not cast

part should bring about good conseuences when applied therapeutically. If all one's growth could be surrounded by music, it might be as if one floated

through every pore. Even if this The majority of people are afraid 4 a but a notion, something of the sort is use hard water on their plants, while a cident to those who have the care of few prefer it to any other, writes a corspondent of Park's Floral Magazine. hildren, who know how often a tune will end a tuntrum, and turn tears to From my own experience I would a soon use one as the other, and never go smiles. If a mother cannot sing herelf, she can intone rhythmically, or a step out of my way, but take which the can see that her nurse is able to ever is easiest obtained.

sing; for it seems, in view of its power The well-water where I have lived on the nerves and the higher nature



that the lime floats in little cakes over the top when boiling, and it has never hurt my plants a particle. Instead of hurting them, I think soil is less apt to become sour when over-watered, for the lime helps to counteract the acidity and another thing, I fancy I have less against it. trouble with white worms in the soil, when I use hard water altogether. To those who are afraid to use hard water, let me tell them that a few drops of aqua ammonia in each pail of water used, or a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda in each two gallons, will supply the nitrogen which is the needful ele why not shoulder to shoulder, mind, ment found in rain water and lacking

in the hard or well water. amentalist who, by scandalmongering, Ammonia consists of three parts hy

drogen and one of nitrogen, while the Nitrate of Soda contains enough nitrogen to equal twenty per cent. of amnonia. Remember that the ammonia usually meant, when directions are given for using it among plants, is the qua ammonia (a watery preparation) and not the alcoholic solution which should be called Spirits of Harts. horn.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the bril liant author of "Old Kaskaskia," benile magazine.

never look upon every or, indeed, any wire. A little piece of japanned tin man as a possible lover, but who would had at one side slipped under the wire, like to look upon every nice man as a round went the vise and the tin was ossible friend. Love is beautiful, but hrmly fastened down. The wire was friendship is very beautiful too, and then slackened and with a skilled twist modern working women are beginning broken off. Two tacks were quickly to find that out, and to "act accord- driven in to hold the ends of the wir ing." Platonic friendship is, we do and tin. not hesitate to say it, quite possible in "I should surely pound my fingers,

these days, whatever it may have been I remarked.

The broom, a very crazy looking afment. We delight, frankly, in senti- fair, was placed on its handle end, and she can be a good friend to a man, and been round, and frowzy, and so unhe can be a good friend to her, and broomlike was flattened out and began there need be no fear and trembling to look like an old acquaintance. upon either side. Sentimentality is as Then the broom-maker found his agly as sentiment is beautiful. The needle, which was eight inches long one is a weed the other a flower. The and partly flattened. Pulling a pink modern woman is grinding the string from a bundle he used one end former under her heel, and so into the eye of his needle, and on the some alarmists cry out that she other end he tied a knot. He punched is throwing away the latter to fade, the hole through one edge of the But if she can find no time for idle broom and wound the pink string freams of young or old, and often quite twice around it, giving it a curved unworthy men, the woman up-to-date shaped by following the edge of the is beginning to awake to the beauty, clamp. Wearing a sort of huge thimthe charm, the comfort, the cosiness of friendship. Friendship is the hob on pushed the needle back and forth, which you put your kettle when you right hand, left hand, loft hand, right hand, clear across. Three rows of of tea. Ah! how pleasant to hear the pink threads and stitches were put in water boil! It is delightful for a and the broom was released, but it was woman to have a man friend. She can still a ragged specimen of its kind. A onsult him about her work, and two cover was removed from a set of sharp otions of different sexes-are so much | stiff wires fastened into a strong bourd, better than one. She can mix his and the broom was brought into furfrankly uttered views of life with hers, ther semblance of its proper self by and so increase her chance of taking a undergoing a "good hetcheling, proper standpoint, and regarding life through and through, this way and adly, and without too much petty that, the broom was pulled, seeds, regard for its minor and more irritating splinters and rough parts falling, leavdetails. She can rely, and, what is perhaps more helpful to the mind and the faculties, feel that she is relied straight and square. upon. To feel that she is relied upon "It is ready for use now," I observed

by a man has been the making of many with a sense of relief for the poor thing woman. It gives her so much cour-"No, not yet, see here."

age. She can boldly discard the rather Forthwith the patient worker took up a ridiculous adjective "weak," so sharp toothed iron and administered long misapplied, to the substantive further discipline in the shape of a "woman," in contradistinction to the "thorough combing down." "Now, when it is dry, it's done,"

substantive "man," for man is just as weak in many ways. It is not said he. muscles that conquer modern life

And sure enough it was really finish among the classes for whom especially ed, trim, straight, flat, smooth and we write, at all events. The mind, at ready for the clean sweeping that a east, has its muscles as well as the new broom always does; ready for its ody, and who will say that the mind areer, cleaning daintiest carpets in my muscles of men are more strongly lady's parlors, then passing on to traced than those of women. Platonic kitchen and cellar, growing distorted friendship is the right of the working tipsy, frowsy on the way, until, conwoman, and may surely be the luxury lemned as a disgrace to the house it is of her idle neighbor. The tongue of cast into the fire, unless perchar.ce it is scandal ought to be ashamed to wag whisked off on some dark night by that Many women cannot industrious old lady who from time im-Either they do not want to, memorial has made it the mission of or they have not enough money, or a an endless life to sweep the cobwebs ousand things prevent it and close from the sky. he door against matrimony. Then

"How many can you make in g t them have their work and their lay ?' ndships. Men and women are all

"Oh, two dozen if I work long ough." "How long?"

cart and body? It is the sen-"Well, from six in the morning until n or eleven at night.

> "How much do you make on s 370m 27

"Oh, about forty-five or fifty cents, e hope and believe-have had his and coording to the market."

er day. Human nature may be the "Can you always sell enough to keep ame all the world over, but who will se rash enough to say that it is against Not always. Sakes alive, wish I

numan nature for a busy woman to like mldf warmly, treat frankly, know intimately, "Rather hard life, isn't it?" a busy man. We would have every

"Yes, but we live four of us without ggin', an' that's more 'an most blind lks can do."

I ordered a dozen brooms at the lightest market price, and departed, resolved that a long list of my friends' nature to be honest and to be whole- should go and do likewise,

oman place her kettle on the friendly hob when she will, and brew herself a up of tea to refresh her tired heart, and erve her momentarily weary mind for fresh exertion. Is it against human

nerves, and indeed whole systems, are out of order and positively diseased, how effective it must be where there is al ready health in the production of the greatest result from that health-Har

When Benjamin Franklin proposed to One principle point of good breeding tart a newspaper, his mother tried to lissuade him, because there were alis to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men-our superiors our equals, and those below us. Russia contemplates building who The orange was first planted in

vill be the largest electric railway in the Southern California by the Franciscan orld; it will run from St. Petersburg fathers soon after they established their for the past eleven years, is so hard o Archangel, a distance of 450 miles first mission in the State at San Diego, The electric light has been introduced in 1769.

into a new flour mill near to the sup Every part of postage-stamp making osed site of Calvary and close to the s done by hand. The designs are en graved on steel, 200 stamps on a single The Yezidees, a secular Turkish secu plate. If a single stamp is injured the

whole sheet is burned. cut off the head of anyone who inadvertently speaks the word "devil, When the President of the United "Satin," or anything with a similar States proclaimed war against Great Britain (July 19, 1812), the navy of the

The Countess of Aberdeen has pre United States consisted of only twenty sented Princess May with a unique Irish cloak, fashioned of white Galway ressels, exclusive of gunboats. Miss Dod, the lady tennis champion flannel, and lined with white poplin

of England, only recently celebrated The mantle is fastened with a gold her twenty-first birthday. She is also fibula clasp, an exact reproduction of an excellent bicyclist and golf player, as well as singer and pianist.

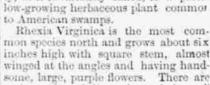
The Hebrews had no coins of their The old custom of ringing the curown until the days of the Maccabees few has been reinstated in the villages who issued shekels and half shekels, ke what belongs to other people and and towns of Canada, in accordance with the inscriptions, "Jerusalem, the

give it away, you are mistaken; I with an act passed at the last session of Holy," "Simon, Prince of Isreel." parliament. This new act is not quite These bear no images.

so strict as the old one. It requires If not absolutely the oldest, the Stoar that all children under 17 shall be off Kopparberget in Sweden is the oldest as utter nonsense; "what a fuss you the street at 9 o'clock, the hour of the copper mine of which we have any offi-cial figures. It has been worked concial figures. It has been worked con-It appears that the camel does a good tinuously for nearly 800 years, and a

deal of harm in Egypt, by eating the table is given which shows the produc trees a they are growing up. "Already tion for each year since 1633. This i the massive Cairo camel is a type distinct probably the only mine in the world gan her litarary career when a mere into her blue eyes; I'm not the least from other camels, surpassing all in its for which figures of production for 263 child as contributor to a Boston juveor identity, and a pleasant look came the massive Cairo camel is a type distinct bit afraid of it. because that would be cumbrous, massive proportions. vears can be shown.

THE RHEXIA.



growing in bogs or pine barrens. A ment. But the busy working woman two iron jaws pressed up against the solitary yellow species, R. lutea grows has no time for sontimentality, and so corn by means of a lever, and what had their petals so early as do the purple varieties, while the plant grows to the

WATER FOR FLANTS.

one ought ever to be too busy for senti-

BITY.

ginning to toil together side by side,

as often striven to rend

e sentimentalist may soon-will soon

Well

latonic friendships impossible.

height of a foot or more.