F. SOHWEIER,

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

"Week Day Religion."

thy ways acknowledge Him. a tendency in all lands and

six days sall in other before the steamer will 7 Just as soon as the

if in common South American ty, and people betion think they are service when there of lunerals and deathat tembsiones and epi-

soul, he will talk chiefly sternal world and by about the insignific and that. Yet how religion of Christ is a man full of the gospel I a hawk appears in aircle that professe I by the appearance of we have the religion of

brighter than the sun joy here and prepares appiness before the yet, if the theme of ato a circle, everyer the other and sighs grouned about, but ut and sing about, your trouble is that men pro-the gospel are often so ey are airaid their con iten find a man whose en-nconsistencies filling his

interlarding their phruses, which are inting is the worst kind If a man grace of God in his heart sem natera ut the things of Christ

sabrance was writtrist into our ordinary on say, "that's a very in my thread and need not know that a ow's hoof sounds as ention of the Lord

t be called to do anyy Simon when he Any your drawer of the Samaritan n house officers He did Matthew at the the keys of a bank h a hundred thousand

on, and what is his rmind. The deacon Sunday, Worldings

nd hatcheth them not. es and not by right al." But how many bring the religion of y occupation. They

vould go there to get ets. Then you would my and contend o only the armory and "st. Martin's"

The Sab-

and knight errantry have gobe out of life. There is but very little of it left in the world. The temples of Rouen have been changed into smithles. The classic mansion at Ashland has been cut up into walking sticks. The muses have retreated before the emigrant's ax and the trapper's gun, and a Vermonter might go over the Alleghany and the Bocky mountains and see neither an Oread nor a Sylph.

in a Sylph.

The groves where the gods used to dwell have been cut up for firewood, and the man who is looking for great spheres and great sciences for action will not find them. And yet there are Alps to scale and there are Hellesponts to swim, and they are in common life. It is absurd for you to say that you would serve God if you had a great sphere. If you do not serve Him on a small scale, you would not on a large scale. If you cannot stand the bite of a midge, how could you endure the breath of a basilisk?

Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on

th that he can afford to be week. If a steamer start taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dellars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put

And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexable has well who sails to the Sablaha which is good, and the f the week sails toward the and the deyil. You cannot he Sabbath banquet that you have the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction.

A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of Go I in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy a returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers, rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the sun of annoyances. The only way to get

earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles.

Suppose a soldier should say, "This is only a skirmish, and there are only a few enemies —I won't load my gun; wait until I get into some great general engagement." That man is a coward and would be a coward in any sphere. If a man does not serve his country in a skirmish, he will not in a Waterloo. And if you are not faithful going out against the single-handed misfortunes of this life you would not be faithful when great disasters with their thundering artillery came rolling down over the soul.

This brings me to another point. We ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our trials. If we have a bereavement, if we lose our fortune, if some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for contrict the street of the street of the same country that the sum of the same country is some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for contrict the same country that the same country that the same country is some great trouble blast like the tempest, then we go to God for contrict the same country that the same country that the same country is same country to the same country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that the country is same country to the country that blast like the tempest, then we go to God for comfort, but yesterday in the little annoy-ances of your store or office, or shop or factory, or banking house, did you go to God for comfort? You did not.

My friends, you need to take the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into the most ordi-nary trials of your life. You have your misfortunes, you have your anxieties, you have your vexations. "Oh," you say, "they don't shape my character. Since I lost my child, since I have lost my property, I have been a very different man from what I was." My brother, it is the little annoyances of your life that are souring your disposition, clipping your moral character and making your ping your moral character and making you

joss and less of a man.

You go into an artist's studio. You see him making a piece of sculpture. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" With his mallet and his chisel he goes click, click, click! and you can hardly see from stroke to stroke that there is any impression made upon the stone, and yet the work is many on. You the stone, and yet the work is going on. You say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he roplies, "that would shatter the status. I must make it in this way, stroke by stroke." And he continues on by week and month until after awhile every man that enters the studio is fascinated.
Well, I find God dealing with some man

Well, I find God dealing with some man the is shaping him for time and shaping him, for eternity. I say, "O Lord, why not with one tremendous blow of calamity shape that man for the next world?" God says, "That's not the way I deal with this man, it is stroke and men."

Not by one great stroke, but by ten thou sand little strokes of misfortune are littled for heaven. You know that large tunes can soon be scattered by being paid out in small sums of money, and the largest estate of Christian character is sometimes entirely lost by these small depletions. We must bring the religion of Jesus

We must bring the religion of Jesus Christ to help us in these little annoyances. Do not say that anything is too insignificant to affect your character, lats may sink a slip. One lucifer match may destroy a temple. A queen got her death by smelling of a poisoned fose. The scratch of a sixpenny nail may give you the lockjaw. Columbus, by Lord bearkened and psking for a piece of bread and a dring water at a Franciscan convent, came to the discovery of a new world. And there is a great connection between trifles and fernensities, between nothings and every-

> Do you not suppose that Gol cares for your insignificant sorrows? Why, my friends, there is nothing insignificant in your life. How dare you take the responsibility of saying that there is? Do you not know that the whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one violet? I say: "What are you doing down there in the grass, poor little doing down there in the grass, poor inties violet? Nobody knows you are here. Are you not afraid nights? You will die with thirst, Nobody eares for you. You will suffer; you will perish." "No," says a star, "Till watch over it to-night." "No," says the cloud, "Till give it drink," "No," says the will watch the warm it in my howard." be sun, "I'll warm it in my bosom, then the wind rises and comes bending down the grain and sounding its psalm through the forest, and I say, "Whither away, O wind, on such swift wing?" and it answers, "I am going to cool the cheek of that violet." And then I see rolleys at work in the sky, and the clouds pulleys at work in the sky, and the cloud are drawing water, and I say, "What are you doing there, O clouds?" They say, "We are drawing water for that violet." And then I look down into the grass, and I say, "Can it he that God takes care of a poor thing like you?" and the answer comes up, "Yes, yes. God clothes the grass of the field, and He has never forgotten ms, a poor violet. Oh, my friends, if the heavens bend down to such in-significant ministry as that, I tell you God is

> willing to bend down to your care, since Ho is just as careful about the construction of a spider's eye as He is in the conformation of flaming galaxies. Plato had a fable which I have now nearly orgotten, but it ran something like this : He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king and did his work. Anotherspirit cam and took the body of a post and did his work. After awhile Ulysses came, and he said: "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah, the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a com-mon work and for a common reward." A good fable for the world and just as good

> fable for the church. But, I remark again, we ought to bring the But, I remark again, we ought to bring the religion of Jesus Christ into our ordinary blessings. Every autumn the President of the United States and the governors make proclamation, and we are called together in our churches to give thanks to God for His goodness. But every day ought to bethanksgiving day. We take most of the blessings of life as a matter of course. We have had ten thousand blessings this morning for which we have not thanked God. Before the alebyt comes we will have a thousand more night comes we will have a thousand more

> dessings you will never think of mentioning We must see a blind man led along by his log before we learn what a grand thing it is to have one's eyesight. We must see a man with St. Vitus's dance before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of our physical energies. We must see some soldier cripple!, limping along on his crutch or his empty coatsleeve pinned up, before we learn what a grand thing it is to have the use of all our physical faculties. In other words, we are so stupid that nothing but the misfor-tunes of others can wake us up to an appre-

elation of our common blessings.
We get on board a train and start for Bos We get on board a train and start for Boston and come to Norwalk bridge, and the "draw" is off and crash' goes the train. Fifty lives dashed out. We escape. We come home in great excitement and call our friends around us, and they congratulate us, and we all knell down and thank God for our escape while so many perished. But to-morrow morning you get on a train of cars for Boston. You cross that bridge at Norwalk, you cross all the other bridges; you ounding work to do, application all that mit that the romance leme. Not an accident not an alarm. No mit that the romance

Hanks.

In other words, you seem to be more grateful when 50 people lose their lives and you
get off than you are grateful to God when
you all get off and you have no alarm at all.
Now, you ought to be thankful when you escape from accident, but more thankful when
they all escape. In the one case your gratitude is somewhat selfish; in the other it is
more like what it ought to be.

On, these common mercies, these common

inde is somewhat selfish: in the other it is more like what it ought to be.

Oh, these common mereies, these common blessings, how little we appreciate them and how soon we forget them! Like the or grazing, with the clover up to its eyes, like the bird pleking the worm out of the furrow—never thinking to thank God, who makes the grass grow and who gives life to every living thing from the animalcules in the sod to the seraph on the throne. Thanksgiving in the 27th of November, in the autumn of the year, but blessings hour by hour and day by day and no thanks at all.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I wronged the brute. I do not know but that among its other instincts it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know but that God is through it holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." The cow that stands under the willow by the water course chewing its cul looks very thankful, and who can tell how much a bird means by its song? The aroma of the flowers smell like incense, and the mist arising from the river looks like the smoke of a morning sacridee. On, that we were as responsive!

If you were thristy and asked me for a afrink and I gaye you this class of water.

If you were thristy and asked me for a frink and I gave you this glass of water, your sommon instinct would reply, "Thank you." and yet, how many challees of merry we get our by hour from the hand of the Lord, our father and our King and we do. Cather and our King, and we do not even hink to say, "Thank you." More just to nen than we are just to God.

men than we are just to God.

Who thinks of thanking God for the water gushing up in the well, loaming in the cascale, laughing over the rocks, pattering in the shower, clapping its hands in the sea? Who thinks to tounk God for that? Who thinks to thank God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the creat fan on a hot summer day? Who thinks to thank God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of vision, this entime of harmony strack into the ear, this erimson tide rolling through arteries and veins, this drumming of the heart on the march of immortality?

march of immortality?

I convict myself and I convict everyone of you while I say these things, that we are unappreciative of the common mercies of life. And yet if they were with irawn, the heavens would withhold their rain and the sarth would crack open under our feet, and desolation and sickness and woe would stalk erross the earth and the whole earth would cross the earth, and the whole earth would become a place of skulls.

become a place of skulls.

Oh, my friends, let us wake up to an appreciation of the common mercies of life. Let every day be a Sabbath, every meal a sacrament, every room a holy of holies. We all have burdens to bear, let us cheerfully bear item. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them.

If we want to die right, we must live right. You so hyma and attend to your little storage.

on go home and attend to your little sphere duties. I will go home and attend to my tile sphere of duties. You cannot do my work; I cannot do your work. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlast-ing soorn, while faithfulness will gather its arlands and wave its sceptre and sit upon is throne long after the world has put on shes and eternal ages have begun their

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Pigmies were once numerous in Iceland - Very full cheeks indicate great di

gestive powers. -Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

-F. G. Plummer, civil engineer, hearing at breakfast, says that Mount Tacoma is fifteen thousand feet high, just one hundred and two feet higher than Mount Whitney, sapposed to be the highest in the United

-Many small animals cat their own weight in food a day. -An iron railway lasts sixteen years: steel one lasts forty.

-One man out of every four is troubled with defective vision. -Guinea pigs allowed to roam freely

n a house will keep away rats. -Electricity trave's about 90,000 miles a second faster than light.

-A Western paper says warm weather ccelerates the growth of whiskers. -The financial crisis in Spain has seiously reduced railroad traffic, so that

early all lines are badly crippled, and some have been forced to offer new is sues of bonds on the market. -Wool warehouses in Bradford, Eng and, are being fitted with e'ectric cranes upplied with current from the city

mains. Hydraulic cranes were former ly used. -A new thing in the surgical wor'd is curious brass button recently designed y a surgeon for the purpose of joining ogether two ends of an intestine that

has been cut. —The total tonnage launched in Great Britain in 1893 was 1,300,142 tons. -Kansas farmers have discovered that kerosene will kill chinchbugs-also the

-Telephonemeter is the new instrument that registers the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the

ringing-off signal. -A thousand millions of the animalt ulae found in stagnant water do nocollectively equal the size of a grain of sand.

-Horses are said to be particularly fond of the skin of the banana. -By means of the electrical current it

is now possible to produce a higher temperature than ever before. -It is stated that the effects of im prisonment are far severer, bodi y and

mentally on women than men. -A bit of chewing-gum lodged in the

throat of a four-year-old girl in Fargo, North Dakota, and caused her death. -A barber in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives af ree shine with every shave.

-The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. -Among the industries of the United States that of paper making now holds

fifth place. -A Texas man was driven insane by swallowing a live frog while drinking from a spring. -The common frog can change its

color, to some extent, in harmony with its surroundings. -France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country;

Ireland comes next. -A farmer in Estell, Ky., owns young chicken which has four legs and

five wings. -In Middle Smithfield, Penn., there s a chestnut tree the trunk of which measures nineteen feet in circum-

ference, breast high. -The wine cups of the Assyrian. were shaped like our saucers and were of agate, other semi-precious stones gold and silver.

Heaven's gift is the imagination that flashes its way where reason often painfully gropes. The only failure a man ought to fea is failure in cleaving to the purpose he

sees to be best. Dead men tell no tales, but the ones who write their obituaries often do.

A DAMASCUS NIGHTINGALE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

On the crimson edge of the eve,
By the Barada's flutelike flow,
When the shadow shuttles began to weave
And the mountain airs to blow,
With the sight of the night's first star,
As tho' it were dumb too long,
There burst on the ear a wondrous bar
From a spirit dowered with song. And swift it swelled to a strain

That rippled and rose and ran
Through every chord of Joy or pain
That throbs in the heart of man.
It told of love lightening life
And of sorrow's bitter breath:
It pealed a pasan of peace from strife
And of triumph over death.

And I knew it for God's own bird-And I knew it for God's own bird—
A prophet voice in the dark;
The budding stars in the heaven heard.
For they could not choose but hark.
Then the worn earth hid its face
And dreamed its dream of the dawn;
The voice of man was stilled for a space,
But the bird sang on and on.

LEARNED A LESSON.

Little Mrs. Millett could cook, but she 'did not like to.' 'She knew how flounced through the door, stopping to sweep and dust, make beds and do all the work connected with housekeepng, but she "detested housework. she liked to read more novels than were good for her. She was fond of making ancy work-more than she could possibly use-and she delighted in putting on a new dress and spending a half day or a whole one with some of her numerous friends.

Now if Jack, Mrs. Millett's husband, so disastrous to her domestic happiness; bulk of the money he had saved before marriage had gone to purchase and furnish the five-room cottage to and his bank account had not incrased, while his thoughtless wife showed no signs of settling down to the study of lomestic economy and the proper care

of her house. Jack had lofty ideas about marriage and he thought his visions were shared by Clare when he wedded her. To do knocking at the door of Meg Riley, too. She found, however, as others scrubbing. have, that it is one thing to have views before marriage, and another to carry them out afterward. Mrs. Millett had been petted and spoiled all her life, ex- I want to get it all done by night. cept that her father had insisted that There are only five rooms, and all on she should be taught housework thoroughly, possibly because of certain memories connected with his own matrimonial history, so in spite of petting and spoiling, Clare was an efficient

She was not long settled in the little do it properly. Jack grew accustomed to at a restaurant to-night, Jack dear, make her mad." I'm going to spend the afternoon and

after me early.'

Jack, I was in such a hurry to get away pretty dress, smooth her hair, and meet at all. His father was a weaver in last of the unlucky boatman. I didn't have time to straighten things fond of his wife; still he gradually be-

gan to wonder if getting married is the wisest thing a young man can do. emarkably neat breakfast table and

"Clare, we have had ham and eggs, and bread and butter and coffee, tenmornings in succession. "Well, what of it?" she sharply an-

swered. For Clare was growing irri-"Don't you know a man tires of ready for dinner.

the same thing every day in the veek? lon't. I have what you have every Jack had said to Sarah Ann Jewel the

morning." "Yes, but you eat what you please

right." "Oh, nonsense, Jack! There's no

need of being so fussy. It's a perfect chalantly, nuisance to plan something different needed?" or each meal and I dislike to cook.' Jack was irritated by her careless disregard of his wishes; he said:

"I wish I had known that before we were married, then." "Indeed! We wouldn't have been

married, perhaps?''
"Perhaps." And more out of temper than he had ever been since the wedding, Mr. Millett left the table and the table. the house. Having satisfied herself that Jack

and gone without kissing her good-by, Clare proceeded to weep in the most pproved fashion. Now, Mrs. Millett ras not a fool, though she had acted like one. She was indolent and selfish. She needed waking up, and a next door neighbor did the work.

Coming softly in through the kitchen unt Jane Bigelow found the young rife in tears. Aunt Jane was one f those people who always tell you all the disagreeable things people say about you-"for your own good." "Humph! Crying?" she said with a sniff, dropping into a chair opposite

Mrs. Millett. That lady wiped her eyes and sat up. "I didn't hear you knock," she said "No, I didn't knock; the kitchen

loor was open—you're so keerless, Mrs. Millett-and I walked in. Been. squabbling, I suppose.' "What right have you to suppose any such thing?" indignantly.

"Ye needn't get mad about it; youn olks generally squabble more or less, nd after what I heered last night in't any more than I expected." "What did you hear?" with increas ng coldness.

Clare was angry, and her blue eyes fairly sparkled. "Sakes? Ye hev got a temper, hevn't ve? I shouldn't tell ye if I didn't think t was for your own good." "What was it?" in a tone that jarred the dishes.

"Why, I heered last night up to Bradstreets'-sewing society met there, Mrs. Millett said softly: e know-that your husband said if ne'd known before he was married as much as he does now he'd thought twice afore tying himself to a woman I won't do it any more." that hates to cook and likes to gad."

"Who told you this remarkable story?" demanded Clare. Her face was very pale, but there was

not a tremor of the childish lips to show how cruelly she was wounded. "Why, Sarah Ann Jewel heered him tell her brother so." "Eavesdropping!" scornfully.
"More'n likely. Sarah Ann's a

spick and span housekeeper, ye know, and they do say she'd have been Mrs. Millett if it hadn't been for you. I jest thought soon as she told me I'd come over and tell ye, and it might save ye trouble, for ye do like to gad about and read them trashy novels and sich like when ye'd a sight better be doing your work, and there ain't no man going to stand it long without saying something, and I thought that-" Clare was on her feet and holding

the door opened. "Miss Bigelow," she said, in a clear low voice, "will you kindly go home and not come to my house again until I invite you?"

long enough to say: "I guess your poor husband has more to bear than he told Tom Jewel.' She was gone, and Clare sank in a heap on the floor, sobbing:

"Oh, Jack, Jack, how could you?" A woman cannot cry forever, and presently her innate common sense asserted itself. She sat up and began thinking more earnestly than she had ever thought before in her twenty years had been a rich man, Clare's way of of life. At length her face showed that spending her time, though foolish and she had made some resolution which was narmful enough, would not have been speedily acted upon. Springing to her feet, she hastily opened every window but Mr. Millett was only confidential in the cottage, letting the September clerk in a wholesale house, and the sun stream in upon the dusty carpets. Ide him stood a good-sized yellow boys and girls throw aside their hoods She paused in every room to look | lacket. All of a sudden a great, and romp as American children do around. The prospect was not pleasing; dust on the furniture, litter on the which he brought his bride. More than a year had gone since that event, on the windows, dirty dishes in the grasp and a struggle began. The fly The nights in that part of the world are pantry and kitchen.

Clare shuddered. "I must have been blind. This house shall be cleaned before Jack gets home, but I have not time to do it

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Millett was

the little woman justice, she thought so | who, with her stout daughter went out "Oh, Mrs. Riley," said Clare, out of breath in her haste, "can you and Bet come and help me clean house to-day?

> "Do the carpets come up, mem?" "Oh, dear, no! Just to sweep and windows and woodwork, you Mrs. Riley said she and Bet would

come. So it happened that an hour ottage before discovering that it is later Aunt Jane, peering through the cottage before discovering that it is inter that Jane, peering through the easier to cook some dishes everyday in morning glory vines around her back him once more and then waddled off the week than to prepare a variety, porch, saw Mrs. Millett's house-clean-with a torn wing and a wounded leg, that it is easier to neglect work than to ing in progress, and remarked to the the fly following him. Seems't I did her good if I did

The women were gone by five o'clock, Began Life as an Attendant to a Stationevening with Madge; you can come leaving the cottage delightfully clean. By six, Clare had prepared the nicest He usually went for her as instructed dinner that her own wit and the wisdom both sides of the Atlantic whether and generally brought her home to a of the cook book could evolve. Then Andrew Carnegie's family is not condisordered house, "because you know, there was just time enough to slip on a nected with the Scotch nobility. Not puts him into his hood, and that is the spite laundresses. Jack at the door with a smile that covered a woeful heartache. He bent to kiss Jack was a patient fellow, and very the pretty face lifted to his, but before he could out into words his regret for the harshness of the morning, Clare, who had plenty of tact when she cared to use One morning he looked over the not it, was speeding away to the kitchen, call ng back as she went:

Dinner is ready when you are.' Mr. Millet went to his room. Everything was in perfect order there as else where. Fresh towels and cool water were ready, and the mystified Jack marvelled, having been in the habit of able, as Jack was growing silent and filling the pitcher at the pumpand hunting up a towel before making himself

Clare was strangely silent when they sat down to the table. She was very "I don't see why you should, I tired, and the more she thought of what more it hurt her.

"The house looks like a new one. all day, and I, confined in the store, Mr. Millett remarked between mouthhave nothing but a sandwich until fuls of rare beef. What have you done to it?"

"Oh, swept and dusted a little," non-"Don't you think it was "I guess it was," he rejoined, adding, "I have not had a dinner like this

for six months " Mrs. Millet's face flushed "I'll try to give you another as good to-morrow," she replied brightly, but then was apitiful quiver in her voice at the

last. Jack rose suddenly and went around "Clare dearest, I was a brute this

norning. Forgive me."

The little woman laid her head on his houlder as he knelt by her, and sobbed hysterically: "Oh, Jack, it isn't that-I deserved

that—but how—how could you say such a thing to Tom Jewel!" "As what?" wonderingly

"That-that you wouldn't have maried me if you had known I hated iousework. The young man's face darkened.

"Who told you such a preposterous "Miss Bigelow." "And where did that old meddler get

neard you." Jack thought a minute, then he laughed. "Darling, I didn't say that about you. It has hurt me because you neglected your work a little and didn't seem to con-

"She-she said that Sarah Ann over-

sult my wishes; but I wouldn't have said that to an outsider, as you ought to know. That remark was one Hal Harow made to me once. You remember the trouble the Harlows had-because she was such a flyaway sort of a wom-"Yes." "Tom was telling me that they have

Hal's in his own words. I suppose Sarah heard so much of the conversation and no more. Why, dear little wife, don't you know I would never speak Round. disrespectfully of you?" "Not even if I deserved it, Jack?" "Not even if you deserved it."

"Jack, dear, I've been a neglectful, careless wife; but, if you will forgive me, Then they ate their dinner.

One day, putting aside pride and anger, Clare went to the fence while Aunt Jana

was picking currants. "Miss Bigelow," she said, "won't ou come over and see how nicely I keep house now?" "Huh! Got over your have ye, Mrs. Millett?"

"Yes," with a smile

Jack.

Aunt Jane came over, "not bein' one to hold malice," as she said. As it was near dinner time, she was asked to stay; whereupon Jack improved the opportunity to explain his unlucky remark to Tom Jewel. "Dare say Sarah Ann knew you wasn't

Aunt Jane, "she's that jealous." Clare had learned her lesson, and totown than hers, no more contented wife

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. Yow a Yellow Jacket Prevented a Walk Into the Parlor.

The act of taking a fellow's part, peat the strangest stories that fall from ir helping to defend him against ap the lips of children. enemy, is not confined to man. the yellow jacket, for that worthy he enemies to deal with. The yellow, lacket seemed very careful not til story.

the fly and directed all his efforts to and again the spider sunk his fangs into the yellow jacket, and time and again was he pierced through with his enemy's terrible sword, the fly all this time buzzing over the heads of the two combatants. Finally the spider, unable to withstand the thrusts any longer, gave up the ghost

CARNEGIE'S HUMBLE ORIGIN.

ary Engine.



Dunfermline, who took his family to the United States in 1845, when Andrew was 10 years old. The lad began life as an attendant to a stationary engine; later he took up telegraphy, and was employed by the Pennsylvania Road as telegrapher and clerk to the superintendent of tele-

rraph lines. The Courage of Impudence. There are many sorts of courage

be better without, but, unfortunately, are not. There is the courage of impudence. It abounds to-day. It is all the fash- wards fell into the power of the monster ion. If you want a thing and cannot Kalopaling. The Esquimaux boys and H. Park, and Ada Rehan was the get it in any other way, try impu- girls believe in giants, and one of their model who posed for it. The statue

ance. Not long ago I was in a room! in which there was an eminent ner of the famous Colossus at Rhodes. tracted from the native ore of Monplanist. He played as, so far as I He used to stand there every morning tana. After the Exposition, the statknow, he alone can play, one of and catch whales with his hands when-chopin's masterpieces—dowering his ever they came in from the sea. One United States and possibly in Eufinger t ps with the eloquence of day the giant, tired of playing, lay rope.

Braes," with variations, opened out in front of ber. who had "not yet learned music two years," and who, naturally, had no music in her, the performance was h to say that sudden death would have eparated, and I repeated that remark of been its only adequate reward—but in the presence of that famed musi-

> Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is to eave Washington for a year's sojourn abroad. Much of her time will be spent in London, where she is well known in make a tour of Egypt and the Holy refused to sit still. This made the owl

TOLD IN AN IGLOO.

Children are natural story-tellers the world over. They delight in getting together and repeating the stories they have heard from others, and sometimes they invent very interesting tales themselves. This is true of the children of uncivilized lands. Where they have no books and no schools the boys and girls must do something to pass away the long hours of day and night, and

story-telling is popular. Night is the best time for story-tell alkin' about your wife," commented household fire, The Indian boys and ing, when all can gather round the girls sit in the wigwams and tell stories of the chase; the little ones of South day there is no better kept house in the Africa huddle in the kraals and tell about the strange things they saw in than she, and no happier husband than the great forests along the rivers; the Arab children congregate in the tents of the desert and listen to stories about the camel and the sand-storms, and the boys and girls of the Arctic circle flock to the igloos or ice houses and re-

The igloos of the far North are qui Searly all of the lower animals have warm, although built of snow. They this particular instinct, says a writer look like beehives with a white roof n the Philadelphia Times, but it is, but were you to enter one of them and I believe, an exceedingly rare occur- trawl along the passage leading to the sence to find a creature of one order main rooms of the dwelling you would 'pitching in," as the boys would say, find yourself quite comfortable, for the and exerting his efforts in behalf of a ce keeps out the cold. The walls are reature of another order. It fell to cometimes hung with the skins of bear my lot not long ago to witness an act and deer, and a lamp made of soap of this kind. Outside a grocery store stone lights up the place, and is kep there stood a sugar barrel, emptied burning all the time. It sends forth of its contents. There was one some heat, and the fire by which the particular fly near the bottom of the food is cooked helps to warm the place outside of the barrel, and right be- which is so heated at times that the

gray spider hurried out of his web when clad in their Summer garments. and spel straight for the fly. In Night, of course is the story-telling tried so hard to get away that he ong, and without the story would be must have attracted the attention of cheerless indeed. When the girls have ressed their dolls, which are made of turned around and looked right at blocks of wood dressed with fragments the contestants. Then as quick as a of deerskin, they gather in a certain flash he flew into the fray himself, art of the igloo set apart for the little and the spider found that he had two bnes, and wait until the story-teller is ready to delight them with some new Presently a boy takes off his burt the fly, but it was a "caution" jacket and sits down in the rear part of the way he put it to the spider. At the igloo. He is the chosen story-tellast the spider released his hold on ler of the evening, and expectation is subduing the yellow lacket. Then ing one another what he is going to the battle began in earnest. Time talk about. When the story-teller turns his face to the wall all whisperings rgotten anything.

"Tell us about Kalopaling!" cry some It is often asked in the journals on that he wears has a great hood, so large the size of a British general's, and its occupants into the sea, Kalopaling that sleeves like those hold sway de-

A good many years ago, the little story-teller will say, an old woman and a boy lived on a rocky island in the cold sea. Once upon a time the pair was very hungry, and the boy cried so for most that the woman told him that unless he ceased she would call Kalopding, and have him placed in the hood. The boy did not stop in time for the hag, and sure enough he summoned the monster of the sea who came and arried off the boy in the hood. When he time of plenty came the old woman epented of what she had done, and ie besought some hunters to rescue the by from the power of the ogre of the m. Whenever great cracks were to be een in the ice near the shore, the lost oy would appear near them, and his oster mother could see him playing with seaweed, but always out of reach of her hands:

The shrewd Kalopaling, ul that some one might res-ue the boy, fastened him to a ring of seaweed which he always held n his hands. When one of the huniers neared the boy playing with the seaweed, he cried out, "Two men are coming; one with a double jacket, the ther with a foxskin jacket." Then Kalopaling would jerk the seaweed, and the boy would vanish. At last, however, the hunters got between the boy and the man with the hood, and cut the which both men and women would string so that the little fellow was saved nd taken back to the old woman.

The story ends by saying that the boy became a great hunter, but never afterdence—that is a receipt which is faverite stories is about a giant with a is five feet ten inches in height and constantly being given in the papers. long name who lived in a village on a stands on a globe upheld by an eagle Then there is the courage of ignor- large fjord. He was so tall that he could straddle the fjord after the man- The metal used in its cast was exmany vo'ces.

Directly he had finished the lady of the house went sating up to him "Thank you so much. You should hear my little girl—I do so want you to tell me what you think of her. For so small a child—not yet learned music two years—we think she's wonderful."

The well of Frozen Air.

Near Dayton, Ore., there is a well locally known as the "well of frozen air." In drilling it a stratum of proached his place they should arouse him. This they promised to do, and when they did so, and the giant saw the hears, he cried out that they wern't this, numerous cavities were en-Before the astonished virtuose, whose knowledge of English is but foxes. In a little while he crushed one profound, could get a word in

Sometimes the stories become fables in hearing which the children take In a self-sufficient little nonentity, great delight. The fable is a favorite without having it frozen stiff. Acith the Esquimaux, and some of their ow the raven became black is sure to excusable, and it would be too much be called for by the children, and, of ourse, the story-teller knows it by heart. It seems that once upon a time the owl and the raven were fast friends. | vent through the opening made by cian! I do not know what he suffered They were all the time together, and the drill. I know what we felt .- All the Year had a good many things in common. one day the raven made a dress of appled white and black for the owl, id the owl, not to be outdone in genresity, made a pair of nice whalebone oots for the raven, after which he bean a white dress. When he began to society; but in the autumn she will try it on, the raven hopped about and very angry, and he threatened the signs.

nerry raven, saying, "If you don't sh still a little while, I will pour out the amp over you." But the raven was not to be frightened by a threat of this kind, and when he showed his fearless ness by hopping about and once into the owl's lap, the oil in the lamp was poured over him, and he cried out 'Qua! Qua!" and from that day he has

been black. Such are some of the queer stories with which the boys and girls of the great ice land pass the long nights unde: the Northern Lights.—Post-Dispatch.

SOME NEW SLEEVES.

Puffed, Frilled, Leg-o'-Mutton and Various

Other Styles. Here are some of the sleeves chosen by the fashionable women to disguise the contour of the arm. The particularly plain and ungraceful sleeve is the new gigot. It is cut in one piece and gathered down the front seam. Much prettier and adapted to soft stuffs is the sleeve, which con-



the upper one a little longer. A simon tiptoe, the children in whispers ask- llar style has the elbow sleeve divided into four puffs, each one narrower than the one above it. A style which the dressmaker claims is eminent y case, for that is a sign that he is about fitted for wash gowns, and which the Esquimaux children are sup- laundress vehemently declares is not, sed to know all the legends of their is shown. The sleeve is full to the ople, and when a boy tells one he elbow and tight below. Narrow doulks slowly and in a drawling tone, ble ruffles of the material, edged with ollowed closely by the children, who lace, run from shoulder to wrist, elp him out when he seems to have leaving only the narrowest stripe of the original puff visible. Still less to the laundress' liking is the other of the little ones, and the story-teller eleeve of the batch. It consists of a vening looks steadily at the wall | soft puff to elbow and a cape of ruffles and tells about the fabulous being who not more than an inch wide from wes in the sea. Kalopaling has the the shoulder scam half way to the body of a man, but his garments are elbow. In a gown with sleeves like he skins of eider ducks. The jacket those a girl's shoulders seem about that when a kayak capsizes and throws her waist correspondingly small, so

ON SILVER AND GOLD.

The Montana Statue of Justice at the World's Fair. The silver statue of Justice in the



STATUR OF JUSTICE IN THE MONTANA EX-Exposition is a remarkable work of art and is truly typical of the young and ambitious State that has produced it. The statue is of sterling silver, with a base of gold, and cost, all told, \$307,675. The statue is the the globe being two feet in diameter

countered from which cold air came edgeways, there was a small child one of the animals between his fingers, about 9 years of age planted on the music stool with "Ye Banks and placed the other in the eyelet of his great fur boot.

When the world a distance of nearly 200 yards, and it is so frigid that is not received for any one to hold his hand over the opening for more than a few minutes cording to an exchange a bucketful ibles are very queer. The story of of water set near the mouth of the well will freeze through during one night's time. It is needlessly to add that work on the well was abandoned as soon as these frigid blasts found

> An old recommendation often given young housekeepers is to use tea leaves sweeping carpets; but their use on lelicate colors should be avoided, as thep will surely stain light carpets.

Use a small brush for cleaning around the handles of cups and tureens, and for dishes with rough surfaces or raised de-