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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Generations."

Text: "One generation perseth away, and mother generation comern,"—Ecclesiaster

According to the longevity of people to their particular century has a generation been called 160 years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth

ntury a generation is fixed at twenty-five he largest procession that ever moved to the procession of years, and the greatest sray that ever marched is the army of gene-rations. In each generation there are about aims full regiments of days. These 9125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They are a second of the procession of the procession of the procession of the procession. each generation march with wonderful recision. They never break ranks. They ever growind arms. They never pitch tents. They never hait. They are never off on fursion. They came out of the eternity past, and they more on foward the eternity future. They cross rivers willout any bridge or boats. On some immortals of the Crimes dashing into the contrast of the contra

The soft immortals of the Crimea dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rankily at midnight as at midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter albest, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonoling tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can haster or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on and on and on while mountains cramble on and on and on while mountains cramble. on and on and on while mountains crumble | t shall die. Can't you think of something

giment are the only ones competent to tell sensw generation just now coming in sight partial—parhaps by wife or and they only tell the good nts of the United States make no reccan home. Antolography is written by the man himself, and no one would record for feture times his own weaknesses and moral cadelle. These who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman that ever lived would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a lifetime. We who saw and heart much of the generation marshing just ahead of the generation marshing just ahead of the generation marshing just ahead of of far more able than any book ribe accurately to our mecessors who obsessors were. Very much like our thank you. Human nature in them seves, thunk you. Human nature in them yers much like human nature in us. At our time of Bre they were very much like we now they were very much like you are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties they were very much like you are

cur twenties. Human nature got an awful twist under a fruit tree in Elen, and though the grace of God does much to strighten things every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of in her hands and dropped it, crashing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting chastisement, heard only the words, "It is a said loss, but never mind;

you did not mean to do it."

History repeats itself. Generations wenderfully alike. Among that generation cat is past, as in our own, and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded became the target, shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, as in ours, a man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. electric lights. Homespun was just as proud as is the modern fashion plate.

who think that our times monopolize all the atominations of the ages.

One minute after Adam got outside of puralise he was just like you, O man! One step after Eve left the gate she was just like you, O woman! All the faults and vices are many times cententrians. Yea, the cities solom, Gomorrab, Pompell, Herculansum. Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect from the fact that the modern cities have somewhat yielded to the re-straints of Christianity, while those ancient

Yen, that generation which passed off with-In the last twenty-five years had their be-renvements, their temptations, their strug-gles, their disuppointments, their successes, their failures, their gladnesses and their grie's, like these two generations now in s t, that in advance and that following. I at the twenty-lice years between 1863 and 1 24 blow much they saw! How much they discovered! How much they felt! Within that time have been performed the miracles of the telephone and the phonograph. From the observatories other worlds have been seen to heave in sight. Six Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated. Transatlantile voyage abbreviate! from ten-days to 5 2. Chicago and New York, once here days apart, now only twenty-four fours by the vestibule limited. Two a dif-ional ratironds have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to repub-licanism. Many of the cities have nearly I more has passed from monarchy to passed incurism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the calef surviving heroes of the Civil War have gone into the encampment of the grave. The chief physicians, alterneys, orators, merchants, have passed off the earth or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in Governors' manalons, in legislative, Senatural of Congressional halls.

There are not ten men or women on earth now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of

Dasseth away, and another generation countly."

There are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their intency. There is not one person in this church's beard of session or trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermen in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermen in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermen in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 are the wondrous architecture of India, and large the people of Ouachita, Ark., ind the other week.

—A calf with eight legs and two tails to the live stock of George Ruhl, of Fresh Ponds, N. J.

—Metal was first stamped and used as a medium of barter and exchange

to remain here a thousand winters and a

Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that ancounted thousands of the generation just do state were converted, comforted and harrested for heaven by this church, whether a the present building or the three presenting buildings in which they worships. The woo great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multitudinous songsthey led year after year were not recalled or injured. There is no sower in earth or hell to kill a halteluiah, it is impossible to arrest a hosanna. What a satisfaction to know that there are many housands in glory on whose eternal welfare this church wrought mightify! Nothing can undo that work. They have ascending the multitudes who served God in that generation. That chapter is gloriously unded. But they generation has less less that they generation has been believed.

on and on and on while mountains crumble and another generation passeth, and another generation cometa."

This is my twenty-fifth anniversary sermon—1862 and 1894. It is twenty-five years since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known—that which preceded our own, that which is now at the front, and the one causing on. We are at the heals of our predecessors, and our successors are at our heals. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front retinent are the only ones competent to tell ng sailor scoided bim and said, "Ain't you ishamed of yourself not to read your libbe?" so the boy explored the bottom of his trunk so the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought our the Bible, and his motier and marked a passage that just fitted the lying sailor's case, "The blood of Jesus Darst, His Son, cleanasth from all sin." First helped the sailor to die in peace. So me generation helps another, and good hings written or said or done are reproduced long afterward.

During the passing of the last generation nome peculiar events have unfolded. One

ork in future.

eston of blessings have gone a procession disasters. I am preaching to-lay in the urth church building since I began work in is city. My first sermon was in the old hurch on Schermerhorn street to an audi-nce chiefly of empty seats, for the church vas almost extinguished. That church filled and overflowing, we built a larger church, and overflowing, we built a larger church, which after two or three years disappeared in flame. Then we built another church, which also in a line of flery succession disappeared in the same way. Then we put up this building, and may it stand for many years, a fortress of righteousness and a lighthouse for the storm tossed, its gates crowled with vast assemblages long after we have caused to frequent them!

We have raised in this church over \$1,-320,020 for church charitable nurrosses directions.

30,000 for church charitable purposes dur-ng the present pustorate, while we have given, free of all expense, the gospel to hunireds of thousands of strangers, year by year. I record with grafitude to God that during this generation of twenty-five years I remember but two Sabbaths that I have missed service through anything like physical nelepositions. Almost a fanatic on the subat of physical exercise, I have made the trks with which our city is blessed the cans of good physical condition. A daily lik and run in the open sir have kept more any for work and in good humor with all the world. I say to all young ministers of the googel, it is easier to keep good health and to regain it when ones lost. The research n to regain it when once lost. The reason many good menthink the world is going ruln is because their own physical con-tion is on the down grade. No man ought preach who has a discussed liver or an en-

god spleen. There are two things ahead us that ought to keep us cheerful in our ork—heaven and the millennium. And now, having come up to the twenty. Ant now, naving come up to the twenty th milestone in my pastorate, I wonder to my my more miles I am to travel? Your by my my my more miles I am to travel? Your by dear people, and I would like to murch a your side until the generation with whom a re now movar; abreast and step to step all have stacked arms after the last battle, at the Lord knows best, and we ought to willing to stay or go.

willing to stay or go. Most of you are aware that I propose at sis time, between the close of my twentyth year of pastorate and before the begining of my twenty-sixth year, to be absent
is a few mouths in order to take a journey
round the world. I expect to sail from San neisco in the steamer Alameda May 3L place here on Sabbaths will be fully of inglet, while on Mondays and every Monday will continue to speak through the printing sess in this and other lands as heretofore. Wey do I go? To make pastoral visitation mong people I have never seen, but to whom I have been permitted a long while to a ten pisser. I want to see them in their own s, towns and neighborhoods. I want to now must are their prosperities, what their alvestics and what their opportunities, and were argo my work and get more adopted

now prominent who were prominent who was carried by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new ment maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new maint and heart by new scenes, new faces, new mainters and then the salt.

—Seattle, Wash., furnishes a story of a low that had been living for some image to the wrongs to be righted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to be righted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to be righted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to be righted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to understand what are the wrongs to prighted and the water to water the wrongs to the wrongs to the water the wrongs to the wrongs to the wrongs to the water the wrongs to the wrongs to the water the

but not more than one person in every 500 now present. Of the seventeen persons who live me a unanimous call when I came, only three, I believe, are living.

But this sermon is not a dirge. It is an anthem. While this world is appropriate as a temporary size, as an eternal residence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain a drawfall sentence if our race were doomed to remain a drawfall cawnore where the deschange is medium of barter and exchange are the disabled Juggernaut uniques the farm can developed and used as a medium of barter and exchange are deschange in medium of barter, perhaps, that her father fath

thousand summers. Go! keeps us here just long enough to give us an appetite for heaven. Had we been born in selectial realms we would not be able to appreciate the bliat. It needs a good many rough blasts in this world to qualify us to properly estimate the superb climate of that good land where it is never too cold or too hot, too cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more to us than to those supernal beings who were never tempted or sick or bereaved or tried or disappointed. So you may well take my sext out of the minor key and set it to some une in the major key. "One generation passeth away, and another generation that more representations before they were conquered. The someth."

Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that appropriate the property of the satisfaction that the property of the satisf

done in the last twenty-five.
And now, in this twenty-fifth anniversary
sermon, I propose to do two things—first, to
put a garland on the grave of the generation that has just passed off and then to put a palm branch in the hand of the generation just now coming on the field of action, for my text is true, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Oh, how many we revered and honored and loved in the last generation that quit the earth! Tears fell at the time of their going, and dirges were sounded, and signals of mourndirgos were sounded, and signals of mourn-ing were pat on, but neither tears nor dirgo nor somber veil told the half we felt. Their going left a vacancy in our souls that has never been filled up. We never get used to their absence. There are times when the sight of something with which they were as-sociated—a picture, or a book, or a garment, or a staff—breaks us down with emotion, but we hear it simply because we have to bear it e bear it simply because we have to bear it. a, how snow white their hair got, and how wrinkles multipliet, and the sight grew for dim, and the hearing less alert, and the p more frail, and one day they were gone of the chair by the fireside, and from the iste at the meal, and from the end of the hurch pew, where they worshipe! with us, b), my soul, how we miss them. But let us ale each other with the thought that we all meet them again in the land of saluata on and reunion.
And now I twist a garland for that de-

arted generation. It need not be costly, chaps, just a handful of clover blossom from the field through which they used to walk, or as many violets as you could hold between the thumb and the forefinger, ducked out of the garden where they use. to walk in the cool of the day. Put these old tashfoned flowers right down over the heart that never again will ache, an I the feet that

that never again will ache, and the fest that will never again be weary, and the arm that has forever ceased to told. Peace, father! Peace, mother! Everlasting peace! All that for the generation gone.

But what shall we do with the paim branch? That we will put in the hand of the generation coming on. Yours is to be the generation for victories. The last and the present generation have been perfecting the steam power, and the electric light, and the control of the forces. To these will be a ideal transport alon. It will be your mission to use During the passing of the last generation one peculiar events have unfolded. One lay wills resting at Sharon Springs, N. Y., I think it was in 1870, the year after my stlement in Brooklyn, and while walking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of that place. I found myself asking in the park of the properties of the park of the properties of the park of the secular printing press. I realized that the vast majority of people, even in Christian lands, never inter a church, and that it would be an opportunity of usefulness infinite if that doof publication were opened.

And so I recorded that prayer in a blank sook and offered the prayer day in and day out until the answer came, though in a way illiferent from that which I had expected, for it came through the misrepresentation to viculent mough and bitter enough and continuous mough and beautiful as the print of the purples. And

publication to another the work has gone on having put the garland on the grave of the having put the garland on the grave of the instit week by week, and for twenty-three gars, I have had the weeld for my andience, is no man ever had, and to-day more so than at any other time. The syndicates indicates in the hand of the coming generation, we will cher each other in the remaining onsets and go into the shining gate somewhere about the same time, and greeted by the generation that has preceded us we will have to wait only a little wille to greet the generation that will come after us. And will not that be glorious? Three generations in heaven together—the grandanter, the son and the grandson; the grandanter, the son and the grandson that we want to get the grandanter of the properties of the first generation, and having put the path is the properties. with wider range and keener faculty we thalf realize the full significance of the text,

News in Brief.

-Pythons have real legs and feet. -The mail, minute as it is, has 30,000

- In Japan you buy the dress by the eight.

-Steel rule average 180 tons to the ile; iron, 145. -Oklahama has a sheriff name.l lightmaster.

-Rats and mice are unknown in Jorch Dakota, -The word with the most syllables is

- An Englishman has invente I detachthe heels for boots and shoes. -In South America rain frequently

alls in torrents from a clear sky. -A spider's eyes are not in his head, at in the upper part of the thorax. -A whale forty-five feet long was reently captured near Beaufort, N. C. -In all countries, more marriages ke place in June than any other month. -Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national flag on June 14.

-There are 1621 counties in the nited States named after the Father f His country. -Enfants, Ala., has a curiosity in

he shape of a chicken with three bills -A evpress tree 6 10 years old was reently chopped down in a monastery

arden in Barcelona. -Mrs. W. C. Whatley, of 7 oswell, Sa., has a chicken which flatters around with only one wing. -A man whose locks are red has

about 90,000 hairs on his head, and one with fair hair has about 140,000. -In London there is a fur company which was established during the reign of Henry VIII.

-At the beginning of the eightsenth entury people were hanged in Great Britain for the illicit manufacture of

TO HIM WHO WAITS

FURS:

small torpedo.

Crooning it o'er while winged snow-shafts

With what a thrill it vivifies my heart. Clear as a zither laughs the brook set free-

Soft as a lute I hear the robin sing; Upon my ear bursts all the melody That leaps from out the lyric lips of Spring. Clinton Scollar !, in Youth's Companion.

A TALE OF A BROOM. UNT KITTY



You don't know how beautifully 1 can 'fix up'a room. I dying for want of exercise."

"Dear aunt, have you not heard of one day? They contained three thousand head of cattle, whice hadn't had their pretty children about them! any clean straw for thirty years. Well, I dare say he began with his mother's parlor, and trained his muscles this." I move the table, and ply my broom with caught the broom and performed a series

Aunt Kitty looked as if struck by a

of gymnastics, throwing it back of my head, and twisting my neck in and out of the loop, till the shade of the student ! lamp began to tremble. My aunt yielded with many cautions. "Don't break anything, but move out the furniture, and sweep the corners, and shake the table cover and the rug; and don't lift the broom high so as to

make a big dust.' such a trying time, methetics must not be forgotton."

fastened at the side with a bunch of but then he had to learn, so as to dismignocette; my dress skirt planed back, and covered with a large sprop, trimmed

with red bows. "Beauty and the Broom," sail I, as I der the soft white turban, in the small mirror. "Grace Brown, I have seen you I shouldn't mind in the least. Out here, with less becoming surroundings. Now, where I have a few companions, the doc-

My aunt well knew that rambling in the woods after flowers and insects was this place wanted to retire, and invited my delight, and that I regarded house work as a necessary evil, which, like ne was glad to come. Some of his paduties in a custom house, let those shirk | tients live off quite a distance, and he who might. I spent weeks in this charming country home every summer, him on fine days. He calls, quite unionable resorts, simply because I had enough of fashion the rest of the year -and because I was, with all my shortings, Aunt Kitty's favorite niece. Father and I hved all alone; or, rather, he lived with his grain elevators. He was very good to me. I might go anywhere draw it through my fingers. Aunt scanty pasturage for horses, cows and through my fingers. Aunt scanty pasturage for horses, cows and produced by the company of the compa pany. So I joined a Shakspeare Club to improve my mind, and took lessons in free hand drawing. Of course, I had to go a great deal to the dressmaker's, for a city girl's wardrobe takes time and attention. I had a dog cart and pony, and I took one of the girls every pleasant day to drive in Central Park. As for housekeeping, we had the best of servants, and I only had to decide whether it should be beef or mutton for dinner. No wonder Aunt Kitty regarded this freak as a new and startling development of my character. But she left me with:

"Don't sweep the dust into the hall, but to the hearth, and-" I actually kissed her and pushed the dear soul out of the room, and shut the door in her face.

Now I threw open all the windows and blinds. A flood of beautiful sunshine came in. Dark rooms are an invention of the Prince of Darkness-but then folks in the country are awfully attached to them. Never mind, I have all out doors to live. How lovely those roses are this morning! I climb over the sill to the veranda, and pick a large bunch of Baltimore Belles, which I pin to my throat. A sparrow has her nest in that honeysuckle vine. Oh, she is sitting, and I will not disturb her. I alrost wish I had gone for a walk. "But, Grace Brown, you shall not be fickle. You are going to sweep this room; so climb in again. This small round table shall be the starting point. 'A good beginning is work half done." The carpet is a modest tapestry. I will take it, one breadth at a time, narrowing ever the horizon of dust and dirt, the hearth my radiating point, enlarging the area of brightness, till all is clean-when, Enter Dust Pan, and per-

form thy mental but useful office! The table is pretty and quaint, covered with an embroidered cloth that I worked and sent last Christmas. On it lie a handsome piece of coral under plass, some rare and beautiful shells, and an illustrated book, "Poems of the Sea."

Well do I know the sad story enthrined here. Fifteen years ago, Arnold Wood sailed on his last voyage. He was Aunt Kitty's lover, and a fine scamap. But Aunt Kitty would have no sailor for a husband, and he agreed that after one more voyage-he had just been promoted to be second mate-be would settle down to farming. She could not bear that he should go, but used to climbing, he fell to the deck and thanking him for his "life-long se vices to climbing, he fell to the deck and ice to humanity and to his country." bear that he should go, but he was jubilant. New lands broke his hip. to see-rare and pretty things to bring back to the prettiest bride in town-it was but right that he should have one more taste of the wild, free crutch, but the blood taint was gone, the life car alone 200 passenge s out of 201 were saved from the emigrant several weeks letters came regularly.

The last was from Calcutta. No one ever heard of that ship again. As months passed, Aunt Kitty grew pale and silent, with a wistful look on her face. People stopped talking when she went by, and said under their breath, "Poor things!"

and his lungs were sound. He married of 201 were saved from the emigrant ship Ayrshire, wrecked off the Jersey coast in a winter storm of 1850. The old man lost his life through pe sisting in hanging to the car while his family were inside. For these and said under their breath, "Poor things!"

little by rolling her chair about. On the sick. Is there a nervous, vital force obey her, or else they go. Her cabbages are the finest, and her chickens the fattest in the neighborhood. She waget voice in dismay. This was the picture: plants. If the curculio attacks one of former, joyously swarming and buzzing, before the others surfer. "Better one dead tree than a lot of sealing ones," she Munt Kitty's best room. The what-not was partly dismantled. Peacock feathers was partly dismantled. Peacock feathers stood, with the Kitty's swelling bank account, a very and dried grasses lay on the floor among broom in her hand, nice man asked her to marry him. She a dozen or two daguerreotypes. I, Miss

In the table is a s.m. '! drawer which I Kitty's Royal Worcester vases. No wonought to open and dust. Ah! the only thing here is a painte i ambrotype of Arnold in a blue velvet case.

Kitty's Royal Worcester vases. No wonder my aunt was in a state of mind. He words came in little gasps: Besides, I am of tissue paper and open it. Oa the inside cover is pinnel a curl of rud- You are all right to tell the name of a dy brown hair. It is a boyish face, flower or a butterfly, but if you are fit laughing, pure and sweet. Till the last he must have bounded over the crests of Hercules's sweeping the Augean stables in life's wags-happy, fearless. If only they could have been married, and had

But, Grace Brown, I thought you were sweeping! I push back the dra ver,

vigor.

dropped in the shadow of the door. They are botanical specimens which the dew, and you may like to gather soms are not indigenous to this country. doctor and I were studying last night. We found a purple Gerardia, yellow Trefoil and Polygala along the roadside on our drive. We examined them through the doctor's big microscope. That Polygala was hard studying, and After the ride: "Enough, mudam, my aunt. You will soon see how accomplished in such matters I am. Wait a minute. Even at such a trying time, methods must not one bit, and I felt more and more there he sat, enjoying my poling with the microscope. He would not help one bit, and I felt more and more He says I will make a fair I can up stairs and reappeared with botanist if I persevere. The doc. about my head-I will pucket up the my hair done up in a white mult fichu, tor knows everything about plants, veil a little, just to humor him-with pense sarsaparilla, and all his other vegetable stuffs. Botanical names do so dignify medicines! Now I should hate little, beautiful culprit seated on the floor to get well of a fever on Monkshood or with things all about me, my irate aunt, saw my black eyes and dark cheeks un- one of the Deadly Nightshades. But and the broom, was one in which lights call them Aconitum and Belladonus and and shades were exquisitely blended, and aunt, exit please. The curtain rises tor is very agreeable. He began practicupon the first act." ing in New York, but it was up-hill work. So when the old physician of this young doctor to take his practice,

> heap. youth and age; but the hair softened | like Aunt Rebekah and Aunt Kitty. The bad ought to use dyes and keep their locks, like their hearts, a dirty yellow-

professionally, of course, on Aunt Kitty

ture in a small frame made of pine cones. Advertiser. There are bair flowers under a glass. Do let us look at these ancient daguerrotypes. This is Uncle Amos, more sol-

school. He went to her and said: children have her constitution. You because he doesn't think before he been an unknown disease among children have her constitution. You sneaks.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. These Indians, and the outbreak was know their doom. Come and make their short lives happy. She would be pleased. I will give you money and a home. All your wants shall be gratified. And for chamber the other day sat an intertude will be your recompense."

is! They lived from stricen to twenty Washington Post, than any one man died. All but one died in her arms. not excepting Jenner. It was not He, singularly, escaped. As a forlorn not il March 1887, that converse in hope, he was sent as common seaman on tardy recognition, passed a resolution hospital, where he lay for a year, his

wound suppurating and refusing to heal,
When he did recover he walked with a
crutch, but the blood taint was cone,
crutch, but the blood taint was cone.

noiselessly about as if she were tending wild PARSNIPS AND COWBANE. was at once organized to go out and "To him who waits-" the wise off saying warm days she enjoyed sitting on the which those who are all draw from those veranda, but that was the only change who care for them? It seems so in Aunt she knew till she took the last long Mary's case. She may yet recover. My

The door suddenly opens. "My stars! what a picture!" says releatless persecution upon worms and Chairs and tables were moved into the insects, and it seems as if the things middle of the room. Flies and dust dididn't dare to try to est her cucumber wided the siry spaces between them. The her plum trees, she cuts the tree down showed absolute delight over such an replied that her life was, indeed, for any who needs I her, but for no husband. ous activity seized ther, but for no husband, lay on the centre table, dangerously near the heart, she said, lay at the bottom of the student lamp. The dust-pan repose it upon the mantelpiece between Aunt

> take it reverently from its to it I was born? I was an idiot-yes, I was "Child alive! Did I ever sec -- since -to think you could sweep a room. for a single thing about a house, Grace Brown, I haven't found it out!"

I heard a smothered laugh in the hall, and looking up from my confusion, saw --oh, heavens and eart's! the doctor's eyes twinkling with amusement, while his face was red with suppressed mirch. postinaca saliva in scientific nomen-

"My horse and buggy are here, at our service, Miss Brown." Here are some dry leaves and flowers, lidn't I hear him drive up?) "I am going after some pite er-plant and sunspecimens. Since the pitcher-plant grows in a swamp, you might put on your rubbers. Otherwise your present costume is appropriate, as well as charm-

married with lots of white, soft stuff rosebuds everywhere on my dress. Ho said that the picture of that half-swept room, the flies, the dust, myself a poor one that he can never forget.

It was a good long ride, and we did not once think of the pitcher-plant; but it was very sweet to be thought so much of by such a splendrd fellow as my Henry. And as I am to live here all the time, I can get specimens any day. Meanwhile, I will humbly petition Aunt Kitty to give me lessons in housekeeping. - Romance.

Why Icelanders Emigrate. The interior of Iceland is a howling

very often. But come -my little driedup Garardia, you and the rest must waste of sand and ice, traversed of waste of sand and ice, traversed by capable of supporting more than a fe : scattered inhabitants. Grass is the oul, Kitty's hair turned white in the sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exfever. I love white hairs. The mixed ist. The backs of horses are the only stage suggests the struggle between means of transportation across country. Small boats carry travelers over and whitened at last means the triumph dangerous rivers, while the horses swim of wisdom, purity and peace over irrita on ahead. Hardly anything that minisbility, passion, vanity, ambition and ters to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, those other tempestuous attributes of is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an youth and middle age. I cannot associ- Iceland house, every pane of glass, every ate white hair with any but good people bit of wooden flooring, every insignifi-

That the 70,000 inhabitants of Iceland I have come to the what-not, and I are poor goes without saying. There is egard it with dismay. What not, in- little or no home market, for every Ice deed! Heans of knick-knack, shells, lander has the same products to sell as vases, daguerrotypes, picture cards, his neighbor. Money circulation is small boxes, small china figures, all waiting to and the farmer barters a certain number be dusted. On the top shelf peacook of horses or sheep or rolls of dried fish feathers and dried grass wave from an or bales of hay for a supply of groceries antique vase. Here is my mother's pic-

Terrors of the Awful Pause.

We usually talk about the weather omn even than his portrait. That is when there isn't anything else to talk father's cousin Sebastian who lives in about. This fact may tend to rob the Austrailia, and sends me something subject of its importance, yet it should rare and pretty every Christmas. not. In fact it ought to be greatly in I have never seen him, but its favor, as it is ever ready and efficient he thought a great deal of mother, who in breaking the "awful pause." Have died when I was four years old. It is you ever been overtaken by the awful for her sake, I suppose, that he sends me pause? Fortunate, indeed, if you have things. Here is a group of my own not, and entitled to heartiest sympathy cousins, five light-haired, pretty, delicate if you have. It is truly awful, especially children. Only one lives now. Their if courtesy demands that you should mother died of consumption, leaving a break it. It settles upon the best rugubaby three months old. Uncle John, a lated companies like a nightance, and brother of my father's and Aunt Kitty's, seems to paralyze the tongue and put know a Massachusetts girl, strong and thought to flight. No one can think of sweet tempered, who was teaching anything to say, or fears to attempt to of the scourge. thool. He went to her and said:
"You were my wife's best friend. Her because he doesn't think before he

Honored in Many Lands. Upon one of the sofas of the senate

the care you give my children our grati- esting figure. The slender form was She went, and took up her task, de-termined to conquer those fatal seeds of death which were the mother's heritage. broad and powerful and the eye as Sho struggled, and did indeed give them keenly intelligent as of yore. It was happiness, but she could not give them Joseph Francis, born in 1801, the health. What a fearful fact hereditary savior of more lives, according to the years, then one by one taey drooped an ! since the invention of gunpowder, until March, 1887, that congress, in He was taken to the For the life boat grew from his brain, stopped talking when she went by, and said under their breath, "Poor things!" At last she took to her bed with a slow fever. That's what they always call these broken heart troubles. But she had a strong physique, and did not die, as seemed likely, but after weeks of illness took up the briden of her life again. Well for acr, perhaps, that her father was growing too old to look after the farm, and, as he died soon with a stroke farm, and, as he died soon with a stroke in the hospital. It was one of his ways of passing the time.

When all my poor cousins were laid in Greenwood, my uncle looked at the lady who had speet the best part of her life in his children's sick room, and saw that she was old before her time. Too late he began to value her life, and hoped by making her his wife to restore some of her lost youth and energy. He took her traveling; physicians saw her; but in The congressional resolution of thanks

Was the Latter, the Hemlock of Lecra on That Poisoned the Kelly Children. A press dispatch recently stated hat the four children of John Kelly, of Fayetteville, Onondaga County,



N. Y., were poisoned by eating will parsnip. Two, aged 11 and 9, died. A reporter of the New York Sun howed the dispatch to Frof. N. L. Britton, of the department of botany, olumbia College, a man who knows the family history of every growing plant and converses fluently in the anguage of flowers. He said: "There have been authorities who

neld that wild parsnips were mildly an Indian would feel the fever which poisonous, but the latest writers say that no bl effects follow eating them. The cultivated parsnip is called lature, and the wild parsnip that (Why grows in the field is in this country the cultivated parsnip run wild, and bears the same name. Wild parsnips

ously called wild parsnip, is the water destination," said a Government hemlock or cowbane, or, to give it its official. 'Sometimes letters are Latin name, cicuta maculata. A close | written which are never received, omparison of the two plants shows but the great number of letters that nobody need mistake one for the | which go to the dead letter officer beother if he is careful, although a

WATER BEMLOCK.

course of transmission, and remained there until the making of certain rechild would be very apt to make such pairs revealed it. It was then put a mistake. The pastinaca has yellow flowers, the cicuta white. The fruit about it "-St. Louis Globe-Demoin the mail anew and nothing said of the pastinaca is larger and flatter crat. than that of the cicuta. The fruit both plants is a small nod containing two serds and these pods hang in The ermine is a queer animal. It

The accompanying drawings are thing in summer. That is a strange made by Prof. Britton, and show at statement, but it is true, for in a glance the differen e between the winter the animal's fur is as white two plants. He says that the fatal as snow and is called the ermine. In hemlock that Socrates drank by summer its fur turns reddish brown rder of the court at Athens was dis- on the upper part of the body and a illed from a plant very nearly re- light yellow on the lower part; the

lated to the cicuta maculata. A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

mallpox-Infected Blankets Destroyed

ricores of Indiana. San Antonia (Tex.) correspondent is, the veteran stage driver, who in the early 50s drove the stage on the overland soute between Independence, Mo, and Santa Fe, was relatng some of his interesting experences to a group of friends the other day when he told a story, the talled by many of the pioneer citiens of St. Louis and the Western

ountry. "The smallpox outbreak among the Comanche Indians in the year of strewn, is will lie down and subject 1855," said he, "caused a stir itself to capture and death rather througout the Western country. I carried the first news of that devastating plague to the outside world. I was making one of my regular trins from Santa Fe to Independence, when I stopped at a small trading post situated on the Neosho River. There was great excitement among the few white settlers at the post, and when I inquired the cause of the commotion I was told that smallpox had been raging for several weeks among the Indians who thickly poplated that section. I was taken to the place where the dead red-skins a d been buried, and there were hundreds of newly formed mounds, each of which represented a victim

"Smallpox had up to that time

the result of one of the most terrible chemes of revenge I have ever seen ecorded. In the spring of 1885 two oung men of wealthy families whose ames I have now forgotten, went out from St. Louis to the plains for the purpose of spending a few months, the object of the trip being for the benefit of one of the young men's health. They reached Council Grove safely and decided to remain there a short time. They decided to get a taste of the sport of hunting buffalo, which at that time came within twenty or thirty miles of Council Grove in large numbers. Actordingly they left Council Grove one morning early on a two week's hunt. They were mounted on good horses, which soon attracted the covetous eyes of straggling bands of Indians whom they met. On the third day after the young men left Council frove they came upon a large herd f buffalo, and they had an exciting chase. The invalid young man silled one of the animals and had i ismount d to view his prize when a ig, strapping Indian rode out of a Detroit Free Press. clump of cottonwood trees, and with out warning shot the white man fown and then proceeded to take his scaip. The companion of the murtered man witnessed the horrible crime and thinking that a similar fate awaited him if he tarried in that section, put spurs to his borse and headed in the direction of Counal Grove. He was closely pursued by the blood-thirsty Indian, who had physician, with something of the pride exchanged his mount for that of the of a creator; "there is really no sickness man he had just killed. After a in the town." hard and long ride the white man

bring in the remains of the murdered man, and it was led to the

spot by the survivor. The body was found to be horribly mutilated, and it had been stripped of every perticle of raiment. The companion of the murdered man vowed that he would have revenge upon the whole

> which one of the members had committed, and he kept his yow. "He returned to St. Louis, and when he arrived in that city he learned that the hospital there contained a number of cases of smallpox He made the acquaintance of one of the attendants of the hospital, and induced the latter to sell him a number of blankets which had been used to cover the smallpox patients. He then boxed these blankers up securely and shipped them to Council Grove. He went out and personally distributed the infected blankets among the Indians gratis, and received much praise from the Indians and people generally for his philanthrophy. When the necessary time had elapsed after receiving the blankets there was a general outbreak of smallpox among the Indians. The disease spread rapidly and they died by the score. As soon as

tribe of Indians for the foul deed

attends the disease coming on he would make a bee-line for the Neosho River, into which he would plunge. He would die in a short time after getting out of the water." A Thirty-four Year Old Letter. "It is an exceedingly rare thing nowadays in any civilized country "The plant that sometimes poi ons for a letter, properly stamped, scaled men and cattle, and that is errone- and addressed, to fall to reach its cause they are not properly addressed, or not addressed at all serve to explain the greater part or the e rare disappearances. Now and, hen, however, some one somewhere a this country is astonished to receive a letter that was written and posted years before. Not long ago a lady in Vermont received a letter which was written and bore evidence of having been mailed in 1860. The stamp on the letter was obsolete, but the rostoffice department forwarded it to its

destination, as the stamp was good at the time it was first maded.

Where the letter had been all these

years was never explained, but it

may be surmised that it had slipped

into some crack or c:evice in the

The Frmine is one thing in winter and another

animal is then known as the stoat. This change is quite familiar to naturalists but not to unscientific people, and the ermine and the stoat

are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals. The fur of the ermine is much valued and is in great request. At one n the Globe-Democrat: John Fer- time it was a mark of royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an em-

blem of purity. The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way arcumstances of which will be re- to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the

than smirch one of its snow-white

WAITING, ONLY WAITING. They had been married but one short week, and were down by the sea. For two days he had been wandering

about aimlessly as one in a dream. The shadow had failen upon him, and its chill had touched the gentle heart of the fair, sweet bride.

She had watched him, oh, so auxiously, and had known no peace since the clammy touch of the shadow had fallen upon them both. This morning he had gone out to a

lonely place on the rocks overlooking the wide expanse of the silent sen. The cruel green waves came beating in upon the cold, gray rocks, and they seemed to be sounding his requiem.

Far off on the rolling waves a sail proke the horizon line, and his listless eyes followed it in its course. Here she found him wrapped in his

revery. She spoke to him, but he heeded her not. His eyes were turned seaward as if they would pierce the vail of distance

and carry him on their wings to the unseen shore beyond. She touched him and he started up, bewildered at the awakening.

"Oh, Harold," she moaned, "tell me what is the matter. We were so happy, and you know we were going to Europa

on our bridal tour." "Yes, yes," he murmured. "And are we going, Harold, darling?" she whispered. His hand struck down upon his pock-

ets hysterically, and once more he looke i out upon the calm sea. "Yes, darling, yes," he answered, taking her to his breast, "just as soon as it gets dry enough for us to walk." A limp and listless form hung in his arms-his bonnie bride had fainted .-

MISERY LOVES COMPANY. A good old undertaker named Logan does business up in St. Helena. Meeting Dr. Dawson of the village one day, he mechanically inquired about the public health.

"I hear the same complaint from San

"It is remarkably good," replied the

scaped and reached Council Grove Francisco," said the good undertaker, in an exhausted condition. A party with a sigh.—San Francisco Examiner.