

### B, F. SCHWEIER.

## THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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## Editor and Propriets

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# CHAPTER II.

A few days after Ida Raughton had een indulging in those summer noontide reditations, Walter Cundall arrived at is house in Grosvenor place. Things were so well ordered in the en-

ablishment of which he was master, that telegram from Liverpool, dispatched a ew hours earlier, had been sufficient to anse everything to be in readiness for He walked into his handsome library,

collowed by a staid, grave man-servant, and, sitting down in one of his favorite chairs, said: "Well, West, what's the news in Lon

"Not much, sir; at least nothing that would interest you. There are a good many balls and parties going on, of course, sir. Sir Paul Raughton's man and me were a-talking together, sir, last night at our little place of meeting, and he told me as how Sir Paul was going to have quite a large party down at his place, you know, sir, to celebrate-to celebrate-I mean for Ascot, sir." "Well?"

"Well, of course, sir, you'll be wanted there, too, sir. Indeed, Sir Paul's man said as how his master had been making inquiries about the time you was a coming back, sir, and said he should like to have you there. And, of course, they want to cele-I mean to keep it up, sir. Now, I'll go and fetch you the letters that have come since I sent you the last mail." While the servant was gone Walter Cundall lay back in his chair and medi-

tated. He was a handsome man, with a dark, shapely head, and fine, well-marked features. As he sat in his chair he wondered why Providence had been so unfailingly good to him through his life; why it had

showered upon him-while he was still young enough to enjoy it-the comforts that other men spent their lives in toiling to obtain, and then often failed at last to Ret

"And now," he said to himself. "le Fortune give me but one more gift and I am content. Let me have as partner of all I possess the fairest woman in the world; let my sweet, gentle Ida tell me that she loves me -as I know she does -and what more can I ask? Ah, Ida!" he went on, apostrophizing the woman he loved, "I wonder if you have guessed how, night after night, during these long six months, I have sat on my veranda gazing up at the stars that look like moons there ondering if your dear eyes were looking at them in their feeble glory here? I wonder if you have ever thought during my long absence that not an hour went by, at night or day, when I was not thinking of you? Yes, you must have done so; you must have done so! There was everyBefore any more could be said the band began to play, and Lord Penlyn turned round to Cundall and said:

"I am engaged for this dance, though it is only a square one. Will you look after Miss Raughton until I return?" what was going on thirty years ago, he may have heard his father say something "With pleasure, or until some favored partner comes to claim her. But," turning to her, "I presume you are also enon the subject. They have been our socitors for years." Mr. Bell listened to his client's story, square one.' smilling faintly once or twice, at what seemed to his worldly mind, too much re-morse for his father's sin on the part of

she said, "you know I nevel lance them." "Shall we go round the rooms, then?"

he asked, offering her his arm. "It is in-sufferably hot here! How cool and pleas-ant the conservatory looks!" he said, as Lord Penlyn, then he said: "I never knew your father, but I should think the whole affair a simple they passed the entrance to it. "Shall one, and an ordinary version of the old we go in and sit down until you are claimed for the next dance?" "The story of a person of position-for-give me, Lord Penlyn, we are men of the world" (he said "we," though he consid-ered his client as the very reverse of "a She assented, and they went in and took

possession of two chairs that were standing beneath some great palms and cacti. "I should think that after the heat you have been accustomed to you would feel nothing in England," she said. "In Honduras we are suitably ciad,"

he answered, laughing, "and evening dropping her." "To starve with her-with his offdress suits are not in much request. But I am very glad to be wearing one again, spring!" and once more talking to you. I can do "I should not imagine it!" Mr. Bell said as I please now, I could not hitherto. I with airy cynicism. "I never saw the late Lord Penlyn, and scarcely ever heard my will tell you what I mean. Until a month ago the property I owned in Honduras refather mention him. If you like I will quired my constant attention and necessihave all the papers relative to him gone tated my visiting the place once at least in every two years. But of late this has through; but it is thirty years ago the lady is alive she would surely have turned up by now. And I may say the same of the son." secome irksome to me-I will explain why n a moment-and my last visit was made with a view to disposing of that property. "He may not even know the claim he

This I have made arrangements for do-088." ing, and I shall go no more to that part of the world. Now," and his voice became "Claim! my lord, what claim? He has no claim on you." "Has he not? Has he not the claim very low, but clear, as he spoke, "shall I tell you why I have broken forever with of brotherhood, the claim that my father Honduras? deserted his mother? I tell you, Mr. Bell, "Yes," she said. "You have told me so that if I could find that man I would often of your affairs that you know I am make his the greatest restitution in my

always interested in them. Tell me." power. Then, as the strains of the waltz were The lawyer looked upon Lord Penlyn, eard from the ball room, he said: when he heard these words, as a Quixotic "It is because I want to settle down in young idiot, but of course he did not say England and make it my home. Because want a wife to make that home welcome But he did promise to go through all

to me, because I have long loved one the papers in his possession relating to woman and have only waited until my re-turn to tell her so. Ida, you are that the late lord, and to see about this particular case. woman! I love you better than anything in this world! Tell me that you will be Two nights afterwards Penlyn received a letter from him, saying that there was my wife!" not the slightest trace in any of the Occleve papers in his possession of the per-

For answer she drew herself away from im, pale and trembling visibly, and trying to speak. "You cannot have heard," she said, "ne

one can have told you that-""
"That what! What is there to tell?" "That I am engaged." "Engaged!" he said, rising to his feet. "Engaged! while I have been away. Oh!

(To be continued.) What to Cultivate

"Certainly."

cultivate particularly?"

"A wealthy relative who is likely to

Dr. Nansen.

Squirrels Destroying Crops.

Advice to Modern Samsons

about it.'

late for you to obtain any information

s' dear'y, he thought nothing of traveling half the night from Occleve Chase to London and of appearing fresh and bright CHILDREN'S COLUMN. at the breakfast table A

For, so deeply had Penlyn's goodness to him in all taings sunk into his heart, that he never thought he had done enough to show his gratitude. They had been busy this morning-the norning after Lady Chesterton's ball-

in going over their accounts, and in mak-ing arrangements for their visit, in the forthcoming Ascot week, to Sir Paul's villa, near the Royal course.

"What old story?"

man of the world"), "and can speak plain

ing tired of a responsibility, and then-

ly; the story of a person of position grow-

Then, while they had paused for a few moments to indulge in a cigarette, the conversation had again turned upon that Nellie's Apron. Nellie had an apron Fine and clean and white liscovery at Le Vocq. "I tell you what I do mean to do," Pen-When allowed to wear it Great was her delight. tyn said; "I mean to go and see Bell. Al-though he could have known nothing of

But so much she wore it That it grew quite thin; Alasl one day she tore it, And ragbag took it in.

Then one day soon after, The ragman with his bags Along the street came calling, "Old rags! Old rags! Old rags!"

DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Ju-

venile Members of Every Household

-Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings

of Many Cute and Cunning Children

"Yes," said Nellie's mamma, "I have some rags to sell." Then went Nellie's apron His funny bags to swell.

"Good-by, then," said Nellie, "My little apron white, I would like to keep you, But you are worn out quite."

What then thought the apron Will next be done with me? Can I not be useful? Is there no place for mel

Fear not, little apron, You'll find a place to fill, Perhaps you'll know about it When you get "through the mill."

Through the mill the apron Was destined soon to go, Washed and cut and beaten And driven to and fro.

Big machines kept grinding And beating it about. Till you'd think the apron Might be glad when it got out

After little apron Thus into pulp was made, On the web of wire It carefully was laid.

Through the great big rollers The little apron passed Oh! what pretty paper-It came out at last!

Into kindergarten The paper found its way, Now I'll help the children-They paper fold to-day.

There upon the table. "And," he concluded, "I should advise your lordship to banish the whole affair The paper kept its place. But who sat down beside it With such a smiling face? forever from your mind. It is now too

Nellie? Yes, 'twas Nellie, And blushing rosy red, "I'm your own white apron," tasted before, so he bought him a straw-"Isn't that good?" he asked the black The

"Yes, it am berry nice," was the reply; "but did white man ever eat ants?" The favorite food in his country consisted of white ants pounded up into a felly and baked, and the strawberry ice latest inventions in this line is the feldwas so very good that it reminded him of this delicacy.

A Gentle Hint. "Papa," said Georgie, "I'm so sorry sometimes about all the trouble I give mamma."

"She hasn't complained." "No; she's very patient. But sh often sends me off to the shops for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."

"Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything already for bak-ing and finds at the last minute she hasn't any baking powder, or she gets a pudding all mixed and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something, and then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is ell ready and maybe company coming, you know, and I feel awfully sorry for poor mamma." "Humph! Well, what can we do about it?

"I was thinking you might get me a bicycle."-Boston Traveler.

## Courtship Among Birds

Courtships exist among the birds as well as among human beings, and in both cases form one of the most serious and necessary businesses of life; but there is at least one very remarkable difference, for while among human beings women sport the gayer and more gorgeous costume in order to attract the other sex, among birds that rule is reversed, and it is the males who are arrayed in the brighter and gayer plumage, and who take every opportunity of showing off to the best advantage before the birds they wish to mate with. In the case of the bluebird, the male lover will perch a few inches away from his enslave, and attempt to bewitch her with the sweetness of his song. His low, soft warble is a delicious bit of love-pleading, which ought to soften the most obdurate heart, but the female is coy, and flouts hlm.

Coming nearer, and slightly elevating and quivering his wings, he bows in front of her, all the while pleading in in impassioned manner, and, then raising himself, puffs out his breast and stalks in front of her.

His song then takes a more virile strain, and he boasts of his prowess in the fields. Anon he turns his back and calls her attention to his beautiful blue soat.

Again he turns and points to the beauty of his scarlet vest, and this last argument (how deadly is a red coat in

CHURCH ON WHEELS. "Gospel Car" Accommodates Large Audiences.

Discourse.

TEXT: "Moreover his mother made him a

Attle coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the y arly sacrifice."-I Samuel ii.,

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are

Folding beds, canoes, houses and coops have long been known of and many are in use, while the folding bicycle is seeking recognition. Among the Subject: "A Christian Mother." ing "gospel car." It looks like an ordinary freight car when made up in the

train, but which grows and expands



T POLDING CHURCH CAR. into a comfortable, commodious chapel, with a steeple and bell tower, when the tinerant evangelist sets up his wheeled ouse of worship on a siding.

These cars are run on parallel tracks side by side, the floor sections are swung down to fill the space between the cars, and are clamped together so as to make a solid floor. The roof sections swing out to within a short distance of

each other, and extension pieces are clamped between, and the whole is inclosed by walls which are bolted and clamped in place. These walls have windows in them, and when the entire affair is put together the railroad chapel extends over two tracks and overhange on each side.

The machinery for raising a steeple ver the queer church is capable of life ing the framework to a good height, and when this is put on there is nothing but the railroad track and car wheel to indicate the character of the house. Braces and rods strengthen the floor brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the annual sacrifice." and stiffen the walls and roofs, and everything is made so that the meeting house can be set up or taken down in a short time.

annual sacrifice." Hannah stands before you, then, to-day, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Etkanah, her hustand, was far from poor. He be-longed to a distinguished family, for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham. the son of Eilbu, the son of Tohu, the son of When railroad companies were reaching out over the prairies of the West, running new railroads through the great plains, armies of men were fed



BAILWAY BOARDING CAR. in the huge boarding cars that were im-

would not be so many fittle fest airea t TALMAGE, starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such eestasy of inferna triumph. Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as The Eminent Divine's Sunday

Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as Again, Hannah stands before you to-day as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her dutics unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the beat artist adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tastoful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with languer and innocent mitth, but there is something woefulty lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not anny prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so grow that they feel the aread of a divine hand to bein mid a divine orice to comfort and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their fittle children. There are hudreds of mothers to-day who would not have been Christians had it not been for the pratie of their little ones. Standing some lay in the nursey, they bethought them.

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourance a woman's soul. She says within herself, "it is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of charac-ter, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot excente a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the per-sons I just named. She was an ordinary coman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, prattic of their little ones. Standing some fay in the nursey, they bethought them-selves: "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how up I aver extract how to how to the source of the source to the source of the source of the source of the source to the source of the source of the source of the source to the source of an I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lor !, help me!"

This Hannah of the text differs from the per-sons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come the ideal Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herseit--unromatic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be that was Elkanah and Hanna<sup>h</sup>. The brightest time in all the history of that fam-ily was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the hravens pointing down to his birthplace. I think the angels of God steeped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in an-swer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family save Hannah started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of than sgiving. The cradle where the child slopt was altar enouch for Han-nah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks and an epah of flour and a bottle of wine and made offering of sacrifice uuto the Lord, and there, according to a previous yow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on, and every year Hannah Lor I, help me?" Every child is a bundle of tremendous pos-dollines. And whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternati-narmonies, and after a life of unsidulness on both, go to a life of joy "in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, nul after a life of wrongdoing on earth it chall go to a home of impenetral le darkness und an abyss of immeasurable plunge—is be-ing decided by nursery song and Sashath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride asson and evening prayer and walk and ride uni look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the pattlements and lifting a million voiced hobattlements and lifting a million voiced ho-sanna, brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergy-nen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry, and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on, and every year Hannah nade with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The iad would have got along well without that gar-ment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple, but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her idolized hoy. "More-over, his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year, when the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, as-signed as the means of their conver-sion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the hundred and awenty. Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. The nother thinks she is only rocking a child, out at the same time she may be rocking the f stiny of empires, rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child ame maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter ame to a worldly mother and said she was

unxious about her sins and she had been praving all night. The mother snid. "Oh, don praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I'll tive you a dress that will cost five hundred tollars, and you may wear it next week to

Bille tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Eilbu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zupb. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know, but they were distinguished peo-ple, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms and dishevelved hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read; but, when I see her making that garment and taking if over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother be-come a drudge or a slave; he would have her that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay e.rcle, the gayest of all the gay that night, and, sure enough, all the gay that night, and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after, she hand the stopped praying and the stopped praying and shat dress that cost \$500." The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the doughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." And the dress was hung there on the foot of the had. That dress on the loot of my bed. 'And the dress was bung there on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." Oh, what a momentous ining it is to be a mother! Again, and instly, Hannah stands before you to day, the rewarded mother. For all

ou ic-day, the rewarded mother.

her son Samue

"Not often, I fancy."

thing in your look, in your velce to tell me that you loved me, that you were only waiting for me to speak. And now I will speak. I will deprive myself no longer of the love that will sweeten my life." The man-servant came back with an

enormous bundle of letters that made Cundall langh when he saw them. "Why, West!" he exclaimed, "you don't

imagine that I am going to wade through these now, do you?" "I think they're mostly invitations

sir," the servant answered, "from peopl who did not know when you would be "Well, give them to me. I will open

few of those the handwriting of which I recognize, and Mr. Stuart can go through the rest to-morrow." Mr. Stuart was one of Cundall's secre

taries, who, when his employer was in town, had sometimes to work night and day to keep pace with his enormous correspondence, but who himself at Brighton. but who was now disporting

The valet came down at this moment to take his master's orders, and to say that his bath was ready.

"I shall dine quietly at the club to-night," Mr. Cundall said, "and then, torrow I will make a few calls and my friends know I have returned. Is there anything else, West?"

"No, sir. Oh, I beg pardon, sir! I had almost forgot. Lady Chesterton called the day before yesterday to ask when you would be back. When I told her ladyship you were expected, she left a note for you. It's in that bundle you have selected, I think, sir."

Cundall looked through the letters until he found the one in question, and, on opening it, discovered that it contained an invitation for a ball on that evening.

As Lady Chesterton was a hostess whom he liked particularly, he made up his mind that he would look in, if only for an hour. It was as good a way as any of letting people know that he was back in town, and his appearance at he house and at the club would be quite enough to do so.

It was eight o'clock when he entered the latter institution, and his arrival was hailed with a chorus of greeting. Two or three of them made up a table and sat down to dinner, and Cundall told them that he was going to Lady Chesterton's later on.

But neither here, nor over their coffee afterwards, did any of his friends tell him that he would meet there the girl he was thought to admire, attended probability by her future husband, Lord Penlyn.

As, at eleven o'clock, he made his way up the staircase to greet his hostess, h again met many people whom he knew, and, by the time he at last reached Lady Chesterton, it was rapidly being told about the ball room that Walter Cundall was back in town again.

"I declare you look better than ever," her ladyship said, as she welcomed him Your bronzed and sunburnt face makes all the other men seem terribly pale and ghastly. How you must enjoy roaming ocut the world as you do!" He answered with a smile and a re

mark that, after all, there was no place like London, and that he was getting very tired of rambling, when he turned roun and saw Ida Raughton coming towards him on the arm of Lord Penlyn.

"How do you do, Miss Raughton ?" h said, taking her hand and giving one swift look into her eyes. How beautiful she was, he thought; and as he looked he of how he could have gone away and left her without speaking of his love. Well, no matter, the parting was even

"How do you do, Penlyn?" he said, "How do you do, Penlyn?" he said, shaking him cordially by the hand. "When did you return?" Ida asked. Up til this moment she had no ides that he

was back in England. "I landed at Liverpool late last night."

he answered, "and came up to town to day. Lady Chesterton, hearing of my probable arrival, was kind enough to

it cannot be, it is impossible! You must "If a girl is auxious to marryhave seen, you must have known of my love for you. It cannot be true!" "It is true, Mr. Cundall." gan the maid.

"Yes?" said the woman of the world. "True!" Then he paused a moment encouragingly. and endeavored to recover himself. When "If she is anxious to marry and marry he had done so he said very quietly, but well, from the point of view of society. in a deep, hoarse voice: "I congratulate you, Miss Raughton. May I ask who is I suppose she should prepare herself as she would for a profession." the fortunate gentleman?

"I am engaged to Lord Penlyn." He took a step backward and ejaculat

"Lord Penlyn! Lord-" to which she need devote little atten-Then once more he recovered himself, and said: "Shall I take you back to the tion." "There are." ball room? Doubtless he is looking for "Well, what would advise her to

you now." "I am very sorry for your disappoint ment," she said, looking up at him with a pale face; his emotion had startled her, die soon."-Chicago Evening Post. very sorry. I would not wound you for the world. And there are so many other women who will make you happy.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen began making his experiments in the far north when "I wanted no other woman but you." he was about 21 years of age. Apart

CHAPTER III

he said.

Lord Penlyn and his friend and com-panion, Philip Smerdon, had returned from their yachting tour about a fortnight Iter Cundall arrived in Londor from Honduras. The discovery he had made at Le Vocq

need it for a livelihood or not, works had had such an effect upon his thoughts hard. She gives lessons in music and and mind that he almost dreaded meeting sings in public. Before their marriage Ida Raughton. He was an honorable, straightforward

Dr. Nansen and his fiancee agreed that man, and, with the exception of being cossessed of a somewhat violent and obtheir mode of life should not be changed-that he should not abandon his ex stinate temper when thwarted in anything he had set his heart upon, had no perplorations and that she should continue ber teaching.

ceptible failings. Above all, he hated secrecy, or secrecy's next-door neighbor, untruth; and it seemed to him that, if not Ida, at least Ida's oculating squirrels with some contagifather, should be told about the discovery ous fatal disease is offered by the Come had made. mercial Association of Pendleton, Ore., "With the result," said Philip Smer-

don, who was possessed of a cynical na-ture, "that Miss Raughton would be shocked at hearing of your father's behavior, and that Sir Paul would laugh at you.'

Philip Smerdon stood in the position te rels. him of old school fellow and playmate, of 'Varsity friend, and, later on, of companion and secretary. Had they been brothers they could method heretofore used.

scarcely have been-would probably not have been-as close friends as they were. When they were at Harrow, and after-wards at Christ Church, Oxford, they crops of hair: The famous men with had been inseparable, and, in point of long hair first made themselves famous means, entirely on an equality, Philip's father being a reputed, and, apparently, and then raised the hair. You are beginning at the wrong end.-Atchison enormously wealthy contractor in the

North. But, one day, without the least warning, without a word from his father or the slightest stopping of his allowance, he learned, by a telegram in a paper, that Food for Thought. his father had failed for a stupendour sum, and was undoubtedly rained for Selfishness is self-destruction. ever.

Turn a thinker loose, and you shake The news turned out to be true, and the world. Philip knew that benceforth he would have to earn his own living instead of The smaller the soul the bigger naving a large income to spend. dollar looks.

Lord Penlys offered his friend the pos It is not the clock that strikes the of his secretary combined with steward, which at that moment was vacant by the loudest which keeps the best time. Fortune's wheel is always overdeath of the previous holder. "But companion as well," he said, laughingly. "I am not going to have you buried alive at Occleve Chase when I loaded on the under side.

Don't form lifelong friendships in three days. want your society in London, nor vice versa, so you had better find a subordi-nate." To the brave and strong rest seems glorious and the night too long.

In proportion as we live for others, Smerdon took the post, and no on will we find life worth living. could say with any truth that his friendship for Lord Penlyn stood in the way of his doing his duty to him as his secretary. He made himself thoroughly master of sverything concerning his friend's prop-Happiness is not found in getting the world, but in giving it up. Evil is wrought by want of thought

as well as by want of heart. erty-of his tenants and his servants; he Truth may be veiled, but it endures. knew to a head the cattle belonging to him, and what timber might be marketed annually, and regulated not only his What loneliness is more lonely than annually, and regulated not only me country estate but also his town house. And, that his friend should not lose the companieuship which he evidently prized distrust?

The value of the duamond is what it does, but in what it is.

The little paper said. Jarah C. L. Baker, in Kindergarten News. Very Qucer.

Little Boy-Isn't fathers queer? Auntie-In what way? Little Boy-When a little boy does

anything for his papa he docan't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a penny.

Family Dutice. "There are some things that she Emily (playing "house")--"Now, I'n be mamma, and you'll be papa, and litshould cultivate assiduously, and others tle Ben and Bessle will be our bables.

> Willy (after a moment, anxiously)-"Ain't it about time to whip the children?"-Home Journal. fler Debut.

"Now, can any little boy tell me what the word debut means?" asked the teacher, pleasantly.

There was a dead slience. "Come, come," she continued in encouraging tone, "let me see if I canfrom his reputation as an intrepid explorer he is a recognized authority in not help you a little. You all remember when I became your teacher?" many departments of zoology, and his "Yes, ma'am," in a chorus. published papers on various anatomi-

cal subjects are of considerable inter "Well, the first day I presented myest and importance. Mrs. Nansen, like elf before you, what was it I made?" most Norwegian women, whether they "Please, ma'am, I know," from Tom my Traddles.

"That's it, Tommy," said the teacher with a pleased smile. "Tell the rest of the boys what it was I made "A bluff," said Tommy.

Infringed Upon Rules

Marion is a little girl 3 years old. She was going upstairs the other day when a lady came to the door to pay her A prize of \$250 for a method of inmother a visit, who had in her hands a great bouquet of roses. The child was delighted to be given these and told to take them to mamma. She scampered and it is believed the county authorities on upstairs with the flowers, while the and various farmers' organizations will maid ushered the caller into the drawadd to the sum offered. The farmers of ing-room. This house has several small that region are at their wits' end as to children in it, and their mother is how to mitigate the plague of squirobliged to forbld their using some Tons of strychnine have been rooms freely. When Marion started used in the effort to exterminate the down the staircase again, she saw that squirrels by poisoning them, but little the doors were opened into that sacred relief is had from this or any other apartment. She stood still and stared There sat the visitor in plain sight

"Mamma," she shricked to the hostess in her own room, "the lady has got into To the boys who are raising heavy the parlor!"-New York Times.

Fomething About Insects. The beautiful yellow and black tiger butterfly, very common in Missouri, he a wife that is as black as night. The common house fly is reported t have 16,000 eyes. This is not strictly in accordance with truth. It has two compound eyes, each provided with 8,000 facets, or "seeing lenses."

In this connection I will say that mosquitoes and butterfiles have been found in the Arctic regions, in the very highest latitudes ever penetrated by man.

The dragon flies are the champions on fast flying. Monsieur Marcy, the French scientific photographer, found that in order to photograph one of the creatures on the wing he had to make the exposure only 1-5,200th part of a

second.-St. Louis Republic. Butterflies, like some of the fish that have recently been mentioned in "Notes for the Curious," are great egg layers, averaging 65,000 to 100,000 during a single season, the season lasting but a few days.

All a Matter of Taste. A certain African king who came t this country was one day, soon after his arrival, says Chatter Box, Invited to a garden party. His host thought that he would give him something to eat unlike anything which he had ever

the fair one yields. The courting of the peacock is not so pleasing in voice, but he proceeds much in the same way in the plumage

rgument. He spreads out his beautiful tail to its reatest extent, and, holding his head far back strolls round in a circle so as

best to display its beauties from all points of view.

Rudeness Rebuked. It is human nature to rejoice when a thurl is taught a forcible lesson in politeness, and the more the rebuke is leserved the more will the lookers-on reloice at the guilty man's discomfiture. A case in point occurred at the sustom house at one of the ports of

entry on the great lakes. ing captured. The inspectors were very courteous, and had been making only superficial examinations of the trunks and bags

of the passengers, all but one of whom uppreciated this leniency enough to render the inspectors all possible aid in helr work. The exception was a young Englishman, dressed in the height of fashion, who seemed to regard the inpectors as personal enemies.

When his turn came, the inspector said: "Have you a trunk, sir?" "That's my trunk," he answered, hortly.

"Will you kindly open it?"

"Open it yourself!" As he spoke he throw his keys down on the top of the runk, and looked at the inspector with most insulting expression. The inspector said never a word, but

n ominous silence picked up the keys, pened the trunk, and began the examnation of its contents. Beginning with the tray, he went straight through the runk, taking out and opening everything he found. He unrolled and septrated every pair of socks, unfolded every piece of underwear, and shook sut and explored the pockets of all the seatly folded coats and trousers. When had completely emptied the trunk. se "checked" it and moved on to the

sext, leaving the dude's entire wardobe in a heap on the floor. The dude stood looking doubtfully at aim for a moment, and then exclaimed: Here, you, who's going to put these

hings back?" "Put 'em back yourself!" answered

he crowd laughed.

Not Expected. They rode together past a gallows. hey conversed. "Where would you be, Jim, if that allows had its due?"

"Riding alone." They parted .- French exchange.

Another Matter. Probably it is only in the old world.

incident could have taken place as one my breakfast!" which is related in a French paper. A woman was found weeping bitterly in the street and a gendarme asked her what was the matter

"Oh! -h! I've lost the haby!" "Your baby, ma'am?" "Mine? No?" answered the woman. 'If 'twas my own baby, do you think I'd be boohooing like this? It's my -woo-hool-mistress' haby!"

So far, the sweet girl graduates have tackled everything in sight except the ellver question.

ortant parts of the construction trains. These "boarding shantles" towered high over the box cars, some of them having three tiers of windows.

A Strange Rabbit Freak. Miss Bertrand, a young lady living h Tocaloma, Cal., is the owner of a rabbit that differs from any other rabbit mentioned in zoology. This particular bonnie has but one ear, and that one is lonie has but one ear, and that one is lo-cated directly on top of its head and is about twice as large as it ought to be. Miss Bertrand's father is a hotel pro-prietor, and the odd-looking rabbit is a streat ust around the hoteler. great pet around the hostelry. Accord-

ing to the San Francisco Call, the rabbit must have known that he was different from other rabbits and therefore entitled to some consideration, for he approached the hotel as if desirous of be When chased he did not run away. but hid in a clump of bushes and remained there until his captor picked

him up. Since then he has become very tame, but at no time did the little fellow evince any great amount of fear. The body of the rabbit is just like waving the carp is, making the laws, coverning the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers who in the old homestead used to spin their own yarn and weave their own carpets and plait their own doormats and flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of 100 of them, cane from such an illus-trious ancestry of hard knuckles and home-spun. And who are these people in society, light as frotb, blown every whither of temp-tation and fashion-the peddlers of flithy stories, the dancing jacks of political par-ties, the soum of society, the tavern loung-ing, store infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle and brass braastpin and rotten associations? For the most part they that of any other cotton-tail, and so is his head. The fur is the same, and the animal seems to be about the size of other members of the same species. But he has only one ear, and this gives him in uncanny appearance. He has been dubbed the "Unicorn Rabbit," and the

solitary car gives him a ferocious aspect.

While bunnle has but one outer ear there seem to be two orifices. The openings are at the sides of the ear and not far from the usual places. From around them the skin grows toward the center of the head, where it unites and forms rotten associations? For the most part they the single large ear. The opening or hollow part of the car is turned backward instead of to the sides, as is usual with rabbits' cars.

came from mothers idle and disgusting, the seandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life set-ting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson and of Al-fred the Great and of Isaac Newton and of 8t. Augustine and of Richard Cecil and of President Edwards for the most part were 'ndustrious, hard working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern The rabbit does not seem to be annoy ed by having but one ear. He hope about the hotel as contented as any rabbit could be, and when picked up and petted seems to be delighted at receiv. ing the attention. mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of

Napoleon's Despondency. Napoleon, threatened by the knife of would-be assassin, had sunk into despondency, which was the deeper because he had been wounded at Ratis-

science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her chil-dren's behavior, her children's food, her chil-dren's books, her children's companionship. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, to make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate ar to have had a lazy mother! the inspector, without looking around. This the foolish fellow had to do, while bis horse near Schonbrunn, checked at o have had a lazy mother! Aspern, compelled to expose his life like any common soldier to save the day at Wagram, and only half supported by the Czar during his last supreme effort and because Soult had been driven out f Portugal.—Century.

boxed. On, now much care and interingence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in be-ing ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics

there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and inactive liv-ers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curred spines and cramped chests, and in-flamed throats, and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art and ware in symmetry with cli that is

of art and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many chil-

dren coming out in the world with boorish prodivities. If parents knew more of Chris and practiced more of His religion, there

a child. If parents knew more of die

turing-children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having their ears Hadn't Had His Breakfast. An Englishman was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and overheard a Spanish gentlenan, who was overcome with fright,

murmuring to himself: "To die so where human life is cheap, and chil- young, to leave my wife and babies; iren are often a burden, that such an oh, it is sad! And I haven't even had to glory without ever having their ears boxed. Ob, how much care and intelligence

HIS SURE THING. "It's a sure thing this time, old fel-10w. Just imagine an automatic hand-

organ, wound up to play 'After the Ball,' and-" "But they'd smash it."

"Jus' so; jus' so-made of chilled steel three-quarters of an inch thick, time lock and-"

"But who'd pay to-"

"Jus' so; jus' so-and a sign on it: "Orop a Quarter and Hear it Stop."

pleasure. God would not have a mother be-come a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the heips possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their check, the thimble mark on their flager, at-test that they are faithful in their motherly duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood bave given place to the grander dignity and useful-ness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are the coats she has made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the dis cipline she exerted over him, she got abua-dant compensation in the piety and usefulnothers who banish themselve mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their ma-ternal duties they prove thomselves incom-petent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young im-mortals and allow them to be under influ-ences which may erinole their bodies of ness and the popularity of her son Samuel, and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life, that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago aught him to be Christian and heroic and carnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted has gone back to the old ess and the popularity of ences which may cripple their bodies, or you have exerted, has gone back to the old

homestend-for there is some one always randy to carry good tidings-and that story wakes the needle in the old mother's fremu-lous hand fly quicker and the flait in the granite stairs there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, sauey, incompetent for all the practical duties of of life, ready to be caught in the first whir Jous hand fly quicker and the flaif in the "ather's hand come down upon the barn door with a more vigorous thump. Parents ove to hear good news, from their children. Do you send them good news, always? Look aut for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squira" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal encestor" or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the rayons of the values of crime and sensuality. Indolent and un faithful mothers will make indolent and un faithful children. You cannot expect neat-ness and order in any house where the ness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but shatternliness and upside downativeness in their parents. Let Hunnah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the in-dustrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, build-ing the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpits, making the earth to governing the nations, making the earth to governing the nations, making the earth to

that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the ravens of the valley shall pick if out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But, oh, the pang of that mother whe there allie of street gadding and gossip re-alling, hanging on her children the frip-peries and follies of this world, sees those indicent tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave or nonentities in a world where only brawny and stalwart character and the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seen. Samuel and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in scena: Samuel erving at the altar; of Mother Easters in weing her limothylearned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompans...o see shildren coming up useful in the world, re-viaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, carnet and useful in every others. That throws a new light back on the old family Blick whenever the reach U. o'd family Bible whenever she reads it; and that will be ointment to soothe the ach

ing limbs of decreptude and light up the dosing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset. There she sits—the old Christian mother r pe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of

heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrin-

kie't temples. She stoops very much now un-der the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-iny, too old to find her way to the house of God; but

while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that 40 years ago trooped around her armchair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, those children are all

gone now-some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others

realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, attesting the excel-lence of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace, and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall hit and let the wornout

pligrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache and the eyes never grow dim and the staff of the exhaust-

ed and decrepit pilgrims shall become the onlin of the immortal athlete.

man you know.

makes it harder.

but hard to travel.

convictions are wrong.

we first look overhead.

come at half his foes.

till the appointed hour.

who looks below, goes down.

meanness and dishonesty.

used in doing good.

oon become a friend.

Don't have "heart talks" with every

The road to poverty is easy to find,

The man who quarrels with his lot

Conduct will never be right while

Things around us will look better, if

Who overcomes by force hath over-

Life may change, but it will not fly

Who looks above, climbs upward;

I could never draw the line between

Gold is never so bright as when it is

An enemy treated as a friend, wilt