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niseams. Years have passed since Lord Selwyn returned, dressed in mourning, bringing with him his He had sorrowed as one matherites chi who has no hope. His face had altered:

t bud grown grave with a gravity and andness that never died away. The only comfort he ever enjoyed was

th his son Rupert-Rupert who had he replied that it was so. his mother's eyes and golden hair. Mrs. his mother's eyes and golden hair. Mrs. Selwyn and Beatrice Leigh spent the greater part of their time with him, and Reatrice devoted herself to his boy. To ar love for this handsome, mel- heat and the oppressive day. de muster of Selwyn Castle increasanchole master of Selwyn Caster increas ed every day is to speak mildly. He was free now, and she might love him as she would: But he never seemed to know anything about it. He was kind to her. The fact being that Lady Selwyn im as he had always been; affectionate as mediately after her marriage, had built though he were her brother; attentive and and endowed a school at Thornleigh. She chivalrous, as he had ever been. But had spared neither trouble nor expense.

afterward happened-his marriage with and well ventilated-one for girls and the Miss Leigh.

one evening. She was sitting alone in the drawing tress.

room, with an expression of deep thought "I am thinking of Beatrice," she re- ing, Dr. Hearne thought the mistress of plied: "I am not happy over her. I am Creighton Hall ought to be the first conher guardian, yet I cannot help thinking sulted. that I have somehow failed in my trust."

"Why?" he asked. "I do not know," she replied. "I am annoyed that she has refused Lord Eyrton; there is not a truer, better man in England. He is very wealthy, and Beatrice would have made an admirable mistress for Eyrton Court. She has refused if you will do it yourself." him, and he is very unhappy." "Why did she do it?" he asked.

"She says she does not love him," replied Mrs. Selwyn, "and that she will only marry a man she does love."

'I married for love," said Lord Vivian, musingly, as his mother looked quickly into his face, fearing she had pained him. But why need you reproach yourself, mother? You cannot force Beatrice either to love or to marry."

I fear I have been remiss," said Mrs. Selwyn. "I believe Beatrice does love some one, and has loved him for years. ""Who is he, mother?" asked Lord Viv-

an wondering who had touched the heart

".irs. Browae, the schoolmistress CHAPTER XVII. A bright May morning, and Selwyn Cas summons to go to her brother, who is dangerously ill at Newcastle, and whether he recovers or not she will not return to her duties at Thornleigh." Lord Vivian looked slightly interested

my lady slightly bored. "Is that the important business that has brought Dr. Hearne out in the noontide heat?" she asked indifferently; and

Not one of the three had the faintest, appermost in the mind of each was the "I thought," continued Dr Hearne, look-

An accident brought about that which rooms lofty, well built, well furnished other for boys; and near the girls' school

"Why are you looking so grave, moth-er?" asked Lord Vivian of Mrs. Selwyn bowered in roses and woodbines, and that was the residence of the schoolmin Now that the schoolmistress, who had

vertise, and select from the applicants yourself. If the weather were more propitious, I would examine any number of And those few words altered the destinies of many lives.

CHAPTER XVIII.

cottage.'

wonderful."

not like wonders myself." Suddenly Lord Vivian remembered that name of the Almighty. The boy gets his name from the skies and the girl if he wished to do good for the newcomer he must propitiate, and not offend his from the earth, rather paradoxical, to am afraid she will never care for any wife. He made some laughing, compli- be sure, but I have tried in vain to conmentary reply, at which her eyes bright- vince the Indian mothers that it should ened and her face glowed. "I was thinking," he conti be the other way. When it is known "that the be

AWHEEL IN SIBERIA other hand, being born and raised in The Village Boys Had Never Befor Seen a Bicycle.

During a bicycle journey fareogh Siberia one summer I had occasion to travel several hundred miles along what is called the Great Siberian High-

and in her clear voice there was an in-flection of proud, sad tenderness that might have struck him. "Lord Selwyn worships him," was the reply: "but," he continued, laughing. "Lady Selwyn seems sometimes half jealway. You will see by glancing at the map that this road connects the Siberian capital, Irkutsk, with European A bright color came into the pale face.

"That must be nonsense," she said; thousand miles, and along its course "who could be jealous of a child? I love children so much, Dr. Hearne. I should like to see this young heir of the Sel-Wyns.

ras very lovely, and the boy has his moth-

er's hair and eyes." "I should imagine the yeang heir of

Selwyn to be terribly spoiled," she said:

"You will see plenty of him, if he tenses you as much as he did poor Mrs. Browne," aughed the rector again. "He used to ride down to the cottage several times in the week, and completely destroy her flowers by making furious efforts to in-crease their growth."

Again the tender light shone in the shadowed eyes, and the good rector, think-ing he had stayed long enough with the schoolmistress, went away with Mrs. Tat-

ous of him."

On the morrow Mrs. Rivers opened the school, and the children's hearts warmed to the sad, gentle face. The sweet voice had a charm for them, as it had for oth-

"I shall be happy in my duty, at least," said the lady, when school hours were over, and she sat among the flowers with the "travelers' room." her book.

Then down the high road came a footman in livery. He opened the little gate, and stood before her. "My lady's compliments, and she

sent Mrs. Rivers a basket of fruit. She would call with some friends to see the school on the morrow." (To be continued.)

AMERICAN INDIANS' CHILDREN.

They Have Good Times Until They

Are 15 Years Old. From the time he is born until his fifteenth year the Indian baby lives the perfect life. He knows no care and has not a want. He fares as well as the best in the tribe; his days are spent in play and the enjoyment, like the little animal that he is, of eating

"I should certainly say 'advertise,'" the little animal that he is, of eating was the advice of Lady Beatrice; "ad. and sleeping; his thoughts are not for books or work; he knows that he has a place to sleep, and that if any family has anything to eat he can share it. candidates, but in the present state of His clothing is sufficient for his needs, things, Dr. Hearne, I shall be grateful which are brought within the limits of the supply. His toys are home-made

and his games are traditional. What then could afford a better target for the camera than this perfect hu-

"I hear," said Lord Vivian to Lady man animal? He has an individuality, Beatrice, as they sat after dinner in the it is true, and a name, but his animal golden gleam of the June sunset, "I hear instincts are predominant from the bethat your new governess is something ginning. His mother gives him his name at birth-a name that is never "Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I do told, but is kept as secret as the sacred

Siberia, away from the harmful influ Genericd Arizons Station the Scene of ences of a crowded population, have in-herited natural intelligence without the incentives to misuse it. Furthermore

they know nothing about the disgrace of exile, and regard Siberia only with genuine pride as the land of their nativity.

OFFICER WORSTED FOR ONCE. Russia. The distance is some three have been built nearly all the towns

and villages of old Siberia. Ever since he joined the force Police. Through these towns and villages I man Andy Murray has made a special made my daily runs, and usually with ty of the arrest of "drunks," a line of abhorrence. It was the most important a clamoring multitude of shouting boys duty for which he seems to be peculiari station between Tuscon and Silver and yelping dogs as my escort; for a ly fitted, and in the exercise of which City, on the old Butterfield stage route bicycle was as yet a novelty in that he takes great delight. It was because that ran between San Diego and El part of the world, and in some of the of his reputation for always landing his Paso.

more remote districts even a thing un- man at the nearest patrol box unsasist. The tragic mysteries of Clenega sta known. I remember, on entering a ed that he undertook to arrest two in- tion were never entirely cleared up, for certain village just at dusk, when the toxicated individuals single-handed on murders and robberies and hold-ups streets were quite deserted. I came suddenly upon two village boys walking in the street. They did not see me Diamond streets shortly after dark never dealt with by the authorities. until I flashed abruptly past them. They threw up their hands in bewilderment and shrieked out. "Chort cediott!" (The devil's coming!) and fied in terror der the influence of liquor. One was a there in the fall of 1873. One dark o their homes. I rode on to the regu- man attired in full dress, wearing a night the Apaches gathered in silence iar post station, ordered a frugal sup- high silk hat, who was holding a big on the surrounding hills, and at dayper and prepared to pass the night in

In the meantime, the news of the "devil's" arrival had spread like wild-

are through the village, and the post yard was soon swarming with village boys, pestering the station master to box, but the prisoners wanted to argue. the station, are the mounds of eighteen let them have a peep at the marvelous. The trio came to a halt; the dog ran unknown graves, marked by a single "devil's carriage." With the "devil's" permission, the carriage was finally up the chain, and then suddenly, espyinken out to exhibit to the wondering crowd. When I had finished my meal I stole out unnoticed to observe the group of engre urchins gathered round the object of their curiosity. One of their number, more presumptuous than the rest, had taken hold of the wheel, and was endeavoring to enlighten his young congregation on bleycle philos-phy in general, and this wheel in par-ticular. The handle bars, he knew, were to catch hold of, aud the seat was to sit on, but he did not exactly know taken out to exhibit to the wondering

to sit on, but he did not exactly know how it was propelled.

An inquisitive chap raised the question of balancing-how the bicycle could stand up without being held. This juestion was immediately seconded by he rest of the assembly, and put the self-elected teacher on his mettle. He aserted at once that that feat was easy nough to perform; but the more he The breast and back are decorated with ried to show them how, the more he ealized its difficulty, until finally the on it. This is all the character the bleycle got tangled up with his legs, Chinese soldier possesses. The buil'sand both went sprawling on the ground. This was the signal for a shout of deri-

had a remarkably tragic history. It. was once the abode of a small though desperate band of cutthroats-mainly the employes of the stage companywho posed as honest hosts while operan Failed to Arrest Two ating a private graveyard for unfortunate travelers, not unlike nor inferior

MYSTERIES OF CIENEGA

to that which has clothed the name of Bender with its world-wide terror and

ers. Most of the crimes perpetrated ing a cat, made a wild dash for the oth. by the white men at Clenega were laid

An Innocent Civilian.

The Chinese peasant wears a turban, loose coat and short and very baggy ousers, all of blue. The Chinese solwears the same, with an overall sleeveless smock, or long waistcoat, buttoning on the right shoulder, edged down the neck, arms and skirt and ers. Often since then idle prospectors down the front with broad "facings." have made vain searches for the hidden treasure.-Arizona Gazette. a one-foot bull's-eye with characters

A short distance down the peninsula eye would be a very convenient mark and below Jasper is Suwannee Spring. This was the signal for a shout of deri-sive laughter from the crowd; but the little fellow was not to be defeated so ignominiously. He picked himself up, Ignominiously. He picked himself up, rubbed his head for a moment and med-liated. Finally a happy thought struck him. "Oh. I know how it is!" he ex-claimed, as he picked up, the bicycle. "You are when it falls over this wear to disappear are the enemy than he charter of the struck of the struck of the bicycle. "You are when it falls over this wear to disappear are the enemy than he charter of the struck of the bicycle. "You are when it falls over this wear "You are when it falls over this wear to disappear are the struck of the bicycle. "You are when it falls over this wear to disappear are the struck of the bicycle. "You are when it falls over this wear to disappear are the struck of the bicycle."

Bloody Robbers' Operations. Those who can remember back to 1872 and thereabouts in this part of the Territory recall that Clenega station Subject: "Different Modes of Measurin the Flight of Time"-Life Should Not

Be Wholly a Span of Years-The Curse of Wealth-The True Gauge. TEXT: "How old art thou?"-Genesis

The Egyptian capital was the focus The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from Indis frankincense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and slik; from Greece, some of the finest borsees of the world and some of the most brilliant char-iots, and from all the earth that which could best please the eye and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were tem-ples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateware that ware cuarded by pillare

of his reputation for always landing his man at the nearest patrol box unassistance of the standed or the standed ore the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day

tempted to convey them in a buckboard king, wanting to make the old country man as a case and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step. looks famillarly into his face and says to the aged man, "How old art thon?" On New Year's night the gate of eternity opened to let in amid the great throng of the source, so most of it was buried in secret. Then came the Apache avengers. Often since then idle prospectors fortunate that on this road of life there are

inst how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an in-

appropriate question that I ask to-day when I look into your faces and say, as Pharaob did to Jacob, the patriarch, "How old art thou?"

ake when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might bet er have been the Christian porter that opened his gate or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. "They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him that he should not see corruption." But I remark, there are many-I wish there were more—who estimate their life

there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not sinful excitsm for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not buse egotism for a soldier to say, "I know more about mill-tary tacties than I used to be for a topk a here were more-who estimate tary tacties than I used to be re I took a musket in my hand and learned to 'present arms' and was a pest to the drill officer." It is not ba e egotism for a sailor to say. "I know better how to clew down the mizzen topsail than I used to before I had eve seen a ship." And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battles of the Lord, or if you will have it, voyaging toward a haven of eternal rest, says, "I know more about spiritual tacties and voyaging toward heaven than I used

Now, I do not know what I do not know tages or disadvantages are. I do not know what your tast or talent is. I do not know what your tast or talent is. I do not know what your tast or talent is. what may be the fascination of your man-ners or the repulsiveness of them, but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to cultivate, a harvest to reap, a tea to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all fato the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these-neither wealth nor eloquence nor learning-you at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast injustice, a volce with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the orly bright view of death. Contrast the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quin, the actor, in his last moments said, "I hope this tragid scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep we demine to the last."

my dignity to the last." Malesherbes raid y man sard is "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style illiarly "man, Lord Chesterfield in his last moments,

when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bothered himself about the proprieties of the sick room and said, "Give Dayboles a chair." Godfrey Kneller spent his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument.

Compare the silly and horrible depar-ture of such men with the scraphic glow on the face of Edward Payson as he said in his last moment: "The breezes of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory." Or with Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour." I am ne who said in his last with Paul the apostle, who said in his last hour: "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me." Or compare it with the Christian deathbed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a faise god. It will consume you with the his his as in still consume you with the hiars in accepts our sacrifice, while the ghteous shall be held in everiasting rerighteous shall be held in everiasting re-membrance, and when the thrones have failen and the monuments have crumbled and the world has perished they shall ban-quet with the conquerors of earth and the hierarchs of heaven. This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year flas come. For what you and I have been isunched up-on ft God only knows. Now let me ask you all, have you made any preparation for the future? You have made prepara-tion for time, my dear brother. Have and the world has perished they sha you all, have you made any preparation for the future? You have made prepara-tion for time, my dear brother. Have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson River in indignation tore up the tract which was banded to him and just one word landed on his coat sleeve, the rest of the tract being pitched into the river, that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep-"Eternity." A dying wom-an, in her last moments, said, "Call it back." They said, "Call it back." Oh, it cannot be called back. We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health, and perhaps recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back, but time gone is gone forever. Now, when one can sconer get to the cenback, but time gone is gone forever. Now, when one can sooner get to the cen-ter of things is he not to be congratulated? Does not our common sense teach us that it is better to be at the center than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical insuddenly hurled into light and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical in-struments trying to peer in through the cr.cks and the keyholes of heaven-afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our en-tranced vision-rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world wondering if this is good for rheumatism and that is good for neuralgia and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never saws. I am sick! the settlings of a wine cup. It is not a ban-quet, with intoxication and roistering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts inushered into a land of everiasting health where the inhabitant never says. I am sick! What fools we all are to prefer the cir-cumference to the center! What a dread-fui thing it would be if we should be sud-denly ushered from this wintry world into the May time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains and paths, up and down which angels of God walk two and two! and down which angels of God waik two and two! In 1885 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of mu-sical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance the city trembled and the of the ordnance the city trembled and the hills shook with the triumphal march that hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence when the trumpets shall sound and the last day has come. At the sig-nal given the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal m=rch, fit to celebrate the as-cent of the stars forever and ever.

of that brilliant, beautiful girl. "I cannot answer the question," said Mrs. Selwyn; and there was something

so significant in the tone of her voice that her son looked up at her in wondering 单间间式的 Like lightning the thought flashed over him. Could it be himself? Was it possi-

hie that Beatrice had loved him all these years-that she had refused such excellent offers for his sake? He was but a moral man, and his vanity was flattered at the thought.

"Mother," he said, gently, "you should bave been less or more explicit. Tell me truly, do you mean that Beatrice cares for me in that kind of way-you know?" "I should not have spoken," she said. lieve she has loved and cared for you all gether." er life." "Very probably. You will do as I sug-"I never dreamed of such a thing," he gest, Beatrice?" said Lord Vivian. "You ber life."

said simply, and the conversation ended. But he thought again and again of his down to the cottage. mother's words. Beatrice loved him, and thought to himself that he might just is wed make her happy as not. Every heir. He was flattered to think that she she ordered a bookcase for the bright, oved him. It would make her happy, it pleasant parlor, and then went over the would make his mother happy; as for himeff-Lord Vivian shrugged his shoulders found several in the library bearing the happiness and sorrow were much alike

Two or three days afterward Lord Selwyn asked Miss Leigh if she could spare him a few minutes, he had something im- bound, and the illustrations were magnifiportant to say, and she who had long cent. On the title page was written: crased to hope that the desire of her heart "To my dearest Violante, from her de would be given to her, thought it was omething about Rupert, or the domestic affairs of the household, and told him she | was jealous of the dead, as she had been was going down to the lodge, and he might of the living. walk with her.

So they went together down the fresh, dewy glades of the park; there was a ever owned." tender green on the young larch buds, and pink May shone bright on the hedges, and then Lord Selwyn, without any show d passion or great affection, asked Beatrice Leigh if she would be his wife. There was one flash of startled joy in

her face, one gleam of love that for a ed there was no more pretty or cozy ho memory made her beauty almost divine, in all England. The rooms were all so then she answered quietly as he had cheerful and bright, with flowers peeping then she answered quietly as he had asked, and Lord Selwyn half-wondered if his mother had been mistaken.

They were married very quietly; and If Lady Beatrice Selwyn, remembering what she had called Lord Vivian's "infaturtion" for the young wife, felt any disappointment that he showed no infat- you, also, are fortunate in being unde nution for her, she made no sign. She had recured her heart's desire; she had driven ate as Lord and Lady Selwyn." the fair, loving young wife, her rival, by scorn and insult, by continual pefty persecutions, by woman's wit and woman's malice, from home-she reigned in her own place, and she was content.

The only thorn in her crown was that violante's son must one day be lord of iwyn Castle, and she began to hate the hild with a jealous hatred that exceeded. f possible, the envious dislike she had or his beautiful but hapless mother. One sunny afternoon in June Lady Beatrice Selwyn, tired and languid, has orred the blinds to be lowered, and the he clways felt some difficulty in knowing mailow light that fills the room is soft when to stop. and rose solored.

Too tired to read, too languid to think. Lady Beatrice lies upon the couch, wishog the heat of the day were over. And while the summer heat broods si-

catly over the white lilies, the rector of Thornleigh, Dr. Hearne, walked through he green park and pleasure grounds of Creighton to seek Lord Selwyn. He ound the master of the Hall at home, ted, like his lady, by the intense warmth. She. like her husband, reproached him

hat he had walked through the park on his warm June day; and to her also Dr. earne answered, with a courteous saluation, that his business could not wait

1.3

stopped. What is it?" asked my lady, with a swered her turned the current of her life. late Lady Selwyn, but not intimately. She

if this Mrs. Rivers is what they say. a father, and the girl looked upon only refined gentlewoman, we might make some few additions to the comfort of the as a chattel which will bring value later in life, it is not so paradoxical "If you wish it," replied his wife, still after all.

under the influence of that compliment. "You might send a good selection of books," he continued; "we have such a hedged about with superstition in most superabundance; a picture or two, and a cases, and avarice in others. The stand of flowers; two or three nice pieces mothers, until they learn the ways of of furniture, and anything else that you the whites, are much afraid that some think of. Teaching must be a tiresome the white a to their little ones if occupation; let her have plenty of bright they are shot with a camera, and after ness in her life out of school."

"Those kind of people-teachers, gov. they find out that it does no harm, they ernesses and tutors-are not like us," said place an extraordinary value on the Lady Beatrice, with supreme hauteur; privilege. The little ones themselves "they make what you call brightness out learn this money idea early, and it is "Do not be angry with me, Vivian. I be- of such materials as we pass over alto- not an uncommon thing to see a whole squad of them fleeing at the top of

their speed just because they were not paid as much as they thought they might occasionally send fruit and game were worth for the few minutes of posing.

"I will," she replied. Lady Beatrice did everything well. She There is one kind of game which

sent for workmen on the following day, have never been able to photograph and was tailing him that be ought to mar-ry again, that a mistress was wanted for little rooms; she ordered nice carpets for the the kind where kissing comes in as part Selwyn Castle, and a mother for his young the floors, a cozy easy chair and a couch: of the pleasure. The Indians do not kiss. Story telling is a favorite amuse rooms to make a selection of books. She ment among the Indian children, and if you see a group of them gathered name of Violante Temple. She did not about some old crone and listening care to take them all, but one, a very with rapt attention, you may be sure

that they are hearing a ghost story or beautiful edition of Wordsworth's poems especially attracted her. It was nicely that she is telling them of the "Kitchi Manitou," or bad spirit, who carries off and eats bad Indian boys, just as the mythical "bad man" that our voted husband, Vivian Selwyn." nurses used to terrorize us with was She flung the book far from her: she supposed to put bad little white boys in his sack and carry them off. The difference between the two races is,

The Wrong Town

"I believe," she said, in her anger, "that he values everything that woman however, that while the white boys soon learn to disbelieve the stories, the Then she took the book from the floor, Indian believes in the "Kitchi Manand placed it with the others. itou" until his dying day .- San Fran-'It shall go to the schoolmistress," she

cisco Call. said. "I only wish 'my dearest Violante' knew its destination." And when the little cottage was arrang-A farmer forwarded a letter to s

town, inscribed, "To any respectable attorney." The postmaster returned it, indorsed, "None here."-Tit-Bits. in at the windows. Mrs. Rivers thought, when she entered it, that she had never Mary Anderson-Navarro's youngest

seen a prettier little home. half-sister, the daughter of Dr. Ham-"You see, Mrs. Rivers," said Dr. ilton Griffin, is with the Navarros in Hearne, "that we are fortunate in secur-Germany this summer, training her ing the services of a lady like yourself; voice for the concert stage. She is just at the age when her sister made her the care of people so kind and consider first success on the stage, and is said He did not see the shiver that passed over her-the passionate grief and an to bear a striking resemblance to the former actress. guish that for one moment completely

There is no pleasure or profit that is enjoyed but is earned by the sweat of the brow. changed her face. "Lady Selwyn has sent you books and flowers," he continued; "she will probably drive over to see that you have every If there be aught surpassing thing as you wish it to be. deed or word or thought it is a moth-She thanked him in a few faint wordser's love. he did not observe how faint they were. Honesty is the greatest virtue, cause it embraces all other virtues. The gentle face, the sweet eyes an

sweet lips so charmed the rector Avarice and happiness never sa each other; how then should they be come acquainted? that when he once began to talk to Mrs. Itivers The poor man man must walk to get meat for his stomach, the rich man to get a stomach to his meat. "Dr. Hearne," she asked, "are there

any children at the Hall?" To know how to grow old is masterwork of wisdom and one o "No," he replied; and for one moment the pallor of death overspread ber face. most difficult chapters in the great art "There are no children," he continued; of living. "but there is one boy; the finest little

fellow in England." than to give one. A light, like the golden gleam of a Jun-Honesty has never found a subs sunset, came into her eyes. "Lord Vivian's heir, I presume?" she tute. The exasperating trivialities of life are little lead lines let down to fathom

"Yes, Lord Vivian's heir; and a nobler our religion. child I have never seen. He is as good as he is handsome, and that is saying something. "His own mother-" she faltered, then nade his money.

"His own mother is dead," said the

oked proudly around for approval. "Why, of course." they all murmur- ty and out of order, and wore about attempt. ed, and in a tone of self-reproof that they had not thought of it before. And so the little village wiseacre at once maintained his reputation and im pressed upon his associates how stupid hey were not to have solved the probem for themselves.-St. Nicholas.

A War-Time Hiding Place. J. H. Gore writes au article for St. licholas describing some peculiar Hiding Places in War Times." Those e tells about were all in one house in Virginia, near a town which changed hands, under fire, eighty-two times during the war. Mr. Gore says: With fall came the "fattening time" for the hogs. They were then brought in from the distant fields, where they had passed the summer, and put in a pen by the side of the road. And although within ten feet of the soldiers as they marched by, they were never seen, for the pen was completely covered by the where there was a board fence through whose cracks the corn was thrown in. Whenever the passing advance guard told us that an army was approaching, the hogs were hurriedly ed, so that the army might go by while

bey were taking their after-dinner nap and thus not reveal their presence by an escaped grunt or squeal. Fortunate- the most poisonous reptile known to inly, the house was situated in a narrow habit northern Africa, it is the favorite valley, where the opportunities for among the snake charmers. These conbush whacking were so great that the jurers know how to render this serpent

the house, and the soldier went to the iron rod. ing the break. Luckily, he found a stick been practiced in olden times may be to sis liking without tearing the pile to found in the Bible, where Aaron made straight pieces be siways left conveni-

ently near for such an emergency, in case it should occur again.

> Siberian and Russian Thomas G. Allen, Jr., writes an arti-

le on "The Boys of Siberia" for St. icholas. Mr. Allen says: To begin with, the Siberian boy is not

Russian. I insist upon that distinction, because I know he would be sure to make it if he were here to speak for himself. "No, sir; I am not a Russian." one has often said to me, in polite cor ection; "I'm a Siberian." And he peaks in a way that leaves no room to oubt the sincerity of his pride. The reader may, perhaps, think this a disinction without a difference; but, from my personal observation, I should say that there is justification of internityture of native blood with the Siberlantussian. Generally speaking, the Siberian boy, as compared with the boy of European Russia, is by far the quicker-witted, more energetic, and It is better to take many injurier more self-respecting. He has many more of the qualities that in the hour of his country's need go to make up the bero or patriotic soldier.

They say it takes a smart man to make a rascal. Whether this be true or There is a vast difference in ones not, certain it is that the class of men respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only around the neutrino set is that the class of men especially the political prisoners, have We will always find good when we generally been taken from the more in-look for it with a good heart. tellectual classes of European Russia. The most disgusting thing is a lazy The descendance of these exiles, on the

right pedal), "and when it falls that uniform smocks had evidently not been the length of the traces, which are sufway he puts down the other." Then the 'used as nightshirts for more than a few | icient to allow the animal to kick freeelf-appointed lecturer upon blcycles, weeks, the men were armed with Winchesters and a few Martinis, rusty, dir-

> their middles a belt of some sixty Suwannee Spring, like many of the rounds of solid-drawn brass cartridges Tried as a Venture.

Owls have a mission to perform h Chicago. One sent to a commission merchant proved so successful in rid ding the warehouse of rats and micehaving been freed at night with the idea of making an experiment in this

began to look for owls, and from the commission firms the idea gradually spread to the grocers, butchers and market keepers generally of the city. Now a large percentage of these mer keep an owl down in the cellar during the daylight and bring it up to the store when darkness falls. It is said that the expense and care of maintaining owls are more than repaid by their services in vanquishing the rats and mice. The owners and janitors of the large spart. direction-that other commission men owners and janitors of the large apartment houses in the city are also beginning to realize the value of possessing einter's wood-pile, except at the back, an owl when rats, mice, cockroaches

and vermin generally are to be exterminated. Changing Serpents Into Rods. The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic cousin, except in the absence of plainly seen swimming about in its the curious spectacle-like mark which sepths .- Florida Letter in Philadelphia distinguishes the latter. Although it is Ledger.

soldiers did not tarry long enough to rigidly unconscious by pressing the search unsuspected wood-piles. On one nape of its neck with a finger. This occasion we thought the hogs were act appears to throw the reptile into comed. A wagon broke down near catalepsy, in which he is as stiff as an wood-pile for a pole to be used in mend- Traces of something similar having

places. This suggested that some nice a serpent of his rod or staff .- St. Louis Republic. A Veteran. "Why should Blakesley boast about

his bravery? He has never been a sol dier, has he?" "No, but he was a member of a

church choir for several years." Sense of Justice in the Slums

Jacob A. Rlis writes of "The Passing can at least be said of it, in extenuation, that it was very human. With them all it had a rude sense of justice had begun, I watched, one day, a troop of children having fun with a see-saw that they had made of a plank laid across a lime-barrel. The whole Irish contingent rode the plank, all at once, screams of delight. A ragged little girl from the despised "Dago" colony watched them from the corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the leader by virtue of her thirteen years

and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show. "Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of the smaller girls from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed yesterday."

And the little Dago rode, and , made happy.

The cazal-boat mule would never set ong if he didn't have a pall.

he puts down the prop" (pointing to the ight pedal), "and when it falls that vay he puts down the other." Then the is and the uniform smocks had evidently not been used as nightshirts for more than a few is down the animal to kick free-"How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life ly without battering down the dasher,

iclent to allow the animal to kick free-by without battering down the dasher, should the whim selze it to make the attempt.
Suwannee Spring, like many of the other large bodies of so-called springs in Florida, is nothing more or less than the coming to the surface of a consid-itat and the tweive months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the medicinal qualities, particularly for dis-asses which affect the kidneys and bladder. The large springs of Florida are tmong its greatest curiosities, and

The waters are almort invariably warm. Besides the Suwannee Spring there are others in the near vicinity, one a few miles below, called High Springs, and till a third close beside the railroad tracks at Juliette. This one is quite arge and of such remarkable Himpld-uess that from the railroad tracks, more iess that from the railroad tracks, more ness that from the railroad tracks, more than a hundred feet away, fish may be plainly seen swimming about in its fepths.--Florida Letter in Philadelphia in ot the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not

Honesty in the Empire City.

The proprietor of one of Manhattan's to the skies or the first step on a road that most fashionable hostelries ordered \$5.-000 worth of table silverware the other thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending and how fast are you getting on

 000 worth of table silverware the other day. When the goods were delivered day. When the goods and stamped upon them. He explained his strange action by saying that people often dine at the house only to take away knives, forks and spoons as sou-venirs. "If the name of the hotel is not on them," he said. "they leave them alone, for their only reason in dintns here is to steal these stamped goods and show them to their friends to prove that they are in the habit of patronizing fashionable hostelries."
 A Serious Matter.

 Truant scholars do not abound in switzerland. If a child does not attend ochool on a particular day, the parent pets a notice from the public authority hat he is fined jo many francs; the second day the fine is increased; and sy the third day the amount becomes a serious one. In case of sickness, the pupil is excused, but, if there be any muspicion of shamming, a doctor is sent. if the suspicion proves to be well found-id, the parefit is required to pay the vost of the doctor's visit.
 Art thou? Journal wast wast used usen any of your that he doctor's visit.

 How Sound Travels.
 How Sound Travels.
 Fermark that there are many whe second the head to pay the vost of the doctor's visit.

 000 worth of table silverware the other day. When the goods were delivered toward it?

of Cat Alley" in the Century. Mr. Ris sets a notice from the public authority says: "Cat Alley had its faults, but it that he is fined to many france; the ers. When the work of tearing down is suspicion of shamming, a doctor is sent.

How Sound Travel

The whistle of a locomotive can b heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a

The bark of a dog 1,000 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a cricket chirp 800 yards, a dinner bell two miles and a call to get up in the morning 8 feet 7 inches. FiasiDwellems in London. Dwelling is flats is making great headway in London, especially in the west end, but many persons are averse to being known as residents of such. Landbords advertise them sy "mansions"

The best managed dables in Minne sota have r: duced the cost of manufac-turing a pound of butter to 1.28 cents. Obstinacy and vehemency in opin

on are the surest proofs of stupidity He that goes far to marry will eithe eceive or be deceived.

themselves happiest when o theis happiness with them.

There is a stock company in Albany that not only gives two performances a day, but changes the bill twice a week.

If you would be reveng'd of your enemy, govern yourself. The love of the good opinion of our fellow is essential to the heart of nian as breathing. Novelty is the great parent of pleas-

All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful. A young fool may outgrow his silliness, but an old one grows sillier. Men of the noblest dispositions think

troubles come to harass and annoy. Again, I remark that there are many peo-ple who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say, "The year 1866 or 1870 or 1896 was wasted." Why? "Made no money.' Now, it is all cant and insincerity to ta¹⁶ against money, as though it had no value It may represent refinement and education