MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22 1899



and he buried his face in his hands with

a low moan. "Vivian, do not be frighten-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The wonder and mercy were that he did not fall dead in that moment. He sprang

from his seat with a cry of terror on his

lips; and there, standing under the limes,

"Vivian, do not be frightened. May I

He stood rooted to the spot. Had it

been to save his life he could not have ut-

tered one word. Remember, he believed

he had seen her buried—and—she stood

"May I come to you?" she repeated. "Say only one word."

But that one word he could not utter;

ne opened his arms, and the next moment

passionate tears, with passionate cries

with passionate prayers for pardon. He

could not realize it-could not understand

it. He was like a man stricken blind, deaf

and dumb. He only felt the clinging

touch of the white hands-he only saw

the golden head bowed in deepest humil-

Then he recovered himself; he bent over

her, he raised her from the ground, he took

the name of heaven, what does this mean

risen from the dead or did you not die?

-is-is it you? Speak to me. Have you

She stretched out her hands imploringly

"Will you ever forgive me, Vivian?"

she asked; "will you forgive me, if I tell you all the truth?"

from him and looked earnestly at her.

His half-formed superstitious fancy died

"Violante!" he cried. "Have you been

"Yes," she replied. "I hungered and thirsted so for one look at you and my

Seated by him in the warm, sweet even

the plain, unvarnished truth. She con-cealed nothing but the wrong that Bea-trice had intended to her son. An bour passed, and still the clear, sweet voice never tired nor faltered. She

told him of her love for Rupert, and of

"Could all this be, and I not know it"

"It was an error, Violante," he cried:

"but, my darling, it was a woman's error,

negligent, you could not have suffered so, Violante. Oh, my darling, thank heaven

for sending you back to me; my heart lay

away, the moon rose, the stars came out,

and still they lingered among the flowers. Hand in hand they walked back to the

Castle, and there Lord Selwyn assembled

the whole household, and told them of the

face smiled upon them once more, there was nothing but joy.

Rupert had always declared that Mrs.

Rivers had his mother's soul. How he ca-

ressed her, and hung over her, and could

not bear to leave her; how he tensed her about the black hair, and the blue glasses;

For once the world was fairly astonish

ed. Nothing so romantic had happened for a long time. The story went the

People wondered at it, then forgot.

The last news heard from Selwyn Cas-

tle—the happiest home in England—was that Rupert, the heir of Selwyn, who dis-tinguished himself so greatly at Oxford,

and afterward in Parliament, was about to marry the beautiful daughter of the

Countess Sitani.

For Vivian and Violante peace has com

at last. There is no happier or more pros-perous man in England than the master of

Selwyn Castle; and his fair, gentle wife

(The end.)

Bagpipe Music.

Except to Scotchmen the sounds usu

ally evoked from a bagpipe are not

highly musical. A humorist in the

Clarion attempts an analysis of them:

cats on sidnight tiles-11% per cent.

voices of infant pupples-6 per cent.

grunting of hungry pigs in the morn

A Pressing Invitation

He hugged her awfully ther and there,

Just the Place for Him.

"Say, Weary, I think th' Sandwick

"'Cause I'd be free from tempta

"Why, the papers says th' climate's so enervatin' thet there's no temptation to work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She said he was a great big bear,

And she was glad she said .c.

And be it to his credit,

Islan's is the place for me."
"Why so, chappie?"

"Wot kind o' temptation?"

tion."

Big flies on windows-72 per cent.

only sighs when she remembers the single

error of her life.

how he cried and laughed!

what I thought to be your grave."

The last of the golden sun

"Violante!" he cried, looking at her. "In

her white hands in his.

to him.

angry with me."

come to you?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was not until the first bewilderment ed; look up-look at me!" of his sorrow passed away that Lord Vivan Selwyn thought of asking how it hap ened. No one could tell him. The lady's mid teld him all that Lady Beatrice had sid, and he could not understand why his wife had been so determined upon vishis wife had been so decled have induced with the sunlight on her hair and dress, hearth what touch and anger, to with the suningst on her hair and was Violante, his loved, lost wife. disphey his commands, to disregard his his commands, to disregard his.
There must be some reason why.
There must be some reason why.
The secret of the girl he had loved? t he never discovered it. The secret of that journey, for which she had been willing to risk her life, perished with her. epest gloom seemed that day to have Callen on Selwyn Castle. Every one was stunned and bewildered. By the doctor's advice all knowledge of the accident was

obliged, in his son's presence, to carefully onceal all emotion That same day his lordship visited the groom's cottage. The man left a wife and she was kneeling, clasping his knees with hase little children to lament his loss. Lord Vivian did all he could for the woman. He gave her the cottage, and settled upon her a pension that would forever keep gram want from her door. There was an inquest, but no one had

carefully concealed from Rupert. What-

ever Lord Selwyn thought or felt, he was

anything to say, and the verdict was, as ity at his feet. a matter of course, "accidental death." On Mrs. Rivers the sad, sudden death produced a strange effect. It gave her time for thought. She had dreaded the revelation of her secret; she had dreaded the terrible scene that must have ensued when it became known; and now it was once more her own. She deplored Beatrice's sad death more, perhaps, than any one, for she alone knew the secret of the terrible crime the dead woman had plan ned. She mourned not only for the lost life, but for the sin-laden soul so swiftly, so suddenly summoned before its Judge. away. He put her at some little distance

She was miserably undecided what to do. There were times when it seemed to da There were times the could make Mrs. Rivers in disguise?" her error was to confess her fault to her husband to tell him every motive which had actuated her and let him pun- son. I could not help it, Vivian; do not be ish her as he would. That idea would take possession of her until she was nearby throwing herself at his feet and telling ing light, she told him her story, word for

Then came the reaction. The same mofice existed still. They were rather deep-ened by the thought of how her son would listen to such a story and how it would

She resolved at last upon keeping silent a short time longer.

The day came when Rupert was able to

the boy's passionate affection for her. She laid her whole life bare before him. He so here a battle with the grim King lought only spoke once, and then it was to cry both and so down stairs. Soon we be was able to travel his father asked him if When she had finished, Violante, Lady Selwyn, knelt again at her husband's feet. he would like to go to Scotland, and the boy was delighted with the idea.

Lord Selwyn and Rupert went to Sco land. There in the clear, bracing north only thought of sacrificing myself; now see that I wronged others. Only believe me, Vivian," she cried passionately, "I did it for your sake and for my son's." era air, health and strength came back of Selwyn. He grew randly his farher's eyes rested upon him in admiring love. Rupert was a noble, ely boy, and his father gloried him. There, in the long walks by mountals and glen, they spoke of Violante, and the boy day by day loved more dearly th after all, and I pardon it."
"You forgive me?" she said.
"Yes," he replied; "for I, too, need your pardon. If I had not been so careless and

emery of his gentle mother. Mrs. Rivers went to Brighton with little Lance; his nurse accompanied her. A profit house was taken for them on the arade, and the patient, gentle lady, wh itterly of her error, sat herself to work bravely to fill a mother's place to the motherless child. She lav shed care and tenderness upon him; she taught him all night and all day-she nev lked him one moment out of her sight and it seemed to her that by this devo tion to the boy she made some slight atonement to the mother for the wron;

sudden and bewildering event. There was at first some alarm; then, when the sweet she had unwittingly done to her. What she should do in the future, Vio lante did not know. The summer and autumn wore away, winter and spring came round, and as yet no news had been

heard from Lord Selwyn, The month of June came, with the re toses all in warm bloom. Then Lord Sei wyn wrote to say that he was returning with Rupert to Selwyn Castle, and would be glad to have little Lance at hom

So, when the chestnuts were all in blo for a long time. The story went the rounds of all the English and continental and the limes in blossom, Mrs. Rivers repapers. There was no use in attempting any disguise. The plain truth was told. turned with the little child to the home It seemed, that evening when Lord Sel

wyn returned, as though every memory of his former life came over him. He hought of the fair-haired boy who had died in his arms-his last word a message of love to his sister; he thought of hi journey to Woodeaves, and the sweet face of Violante Temple as it first dawned upthe glorious golden time that had followed it-had ever man been loved as Violante

Then he began to wonder if Beatrice had really been unkind to Violante, or whether it was but a jealous fancy. The memory of Violante seemed to possess him this evening. How well he remem ered the graceful, gentle, half-timid man ner, the abeen of the golden bair, the light of the violet eyes, the sweet lips whose smile warmed and gladdened his heart-his gentle, beautiful, lost love. He said her name aloud-"Violantel" and it seemed to him that the wind took it up and the birds repeated it. Ab, if he

ould but live his life over again, how differently he would act; how he would love ing 5 per cent.; steam-whistles-3 and charged the steam of the steam and cherish his first, his only love, Vioe. And Lord Vivian Selwyn, master of Selwyn Castle, lord of that splendid lomain, head of a gallant race, sat down apon one of the iron seats, perhaps more desolute and lonely in heart than any man n England.

Then, clear, sweet and soft on the warm evening air he heard his own name, "Vivan!" and the voice that uttered it was that of the fair-haired girl he had loved so tenderly.

"Vivian!" Never was sigh of the wind so soft of so sweet. He did not stir or move. He had foved her so foully, he had thought of her so continually, that he may pardoned for the superstitious fancy that overpowered him. He had loved her so well that, even should her sweet, pure spirit return to comfort him he would feel

no surprise.
"Vivian!" cried the sweet voice again.

Fruit rolls or balls may be made of dates, figs, raisins, citron, etc. Chop the fruit, knead into the fondant, roll out in a sheet put a layer of plain fondant under and another on top, press them all well together, and after standing 24 hours cut in squares. To make balls place the fruit in the centre and roll the fondant around it. Small squares of citron or pineapple are delicious placed in the centre of the fondant ball.

Mousehold.

Croquettes of Calves' Brains.—One sup full of bread crumbs, butter size of an egg, yoik of one egg. one table-spoonful of minced parsely, one table-spoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, a grating of nutmeg and half a pound of brains which have been prepared and cooked the day before. Mix all together thoroughly, form inch balls, dip in beaten egg and crumbs and fry. Garnish with parsley and serve with a cream sauce.

Kromeskies of Fish.— Flake into small pieces cold boiled fish. To each cupful add the grated yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a grate of nutmeg and one beaten egg. Mix carefully, 'orm into tiny rolls, wrap each in a thin slice of bacon, dip in fritter batter and fry in hot fat.

Dumplings.—Soak one baker's roll in one cup milk; add two eggs, salt, grated boiled potato. Stir well, ad-ding flour enough for stiff batter. Hastily add small squares of fried roll. Shape into balls and throw into boiling water for 20 minutes. Tear boiling water for 20 minutes. It at them apart, pour hot butter over them ling water for 20 minutes. Tear

Coffee Cake.—Melt a generous table-spoonful of butter in two cups of milk; add two eggs, pinch of salt, one table-spoonful sugar, a little mace (powderadd two eggs, pinch of salt, one tablespoonful sugar, a little mace (powderd). Take previously prepared sponge
(of one-half cup milk flour and yeast),
add flour and gradually stir in above
mixture, alternating with flour until
well worked into light batter. Let
aise. Put in long shallow pans, the
batter about an inch thick: spread
op with beaten egg and sprinkle with
grated cocoanut, cinnamon and sugar.

Baltimore Penned Oysters.—Have a pint of oysters washed and drained Melt a large tablespoonful of butter in your cutlet pan. Then turn in the oysters and allow them to cook until the gills begin to curl. Then pour over them two tablespoonfuls of Madeiria or sherry, and serve at once on thin buttered toast.

Rice Cream.—Whip a pint of cream and flavor with both sherry and vanilla. Add sugar to taste. Beat in an ounce of rice which has been boiled soft and tender in a quart of milk and allow it to get cold. Add before serving half a cup of preserved ginger which has been chopped into pieces not larger than the grains of rice.

Rice Snowballs.—A pretty dish for juvenile suppers. Boil six ounces of rice in a quart of milk and a flavoring essence of almonds till quite tender; when the rice is quite soft put into small cups, and let it remain until quite cold; turn all out in a deep glass lish, pour round (but not over) a good custard, and on the top of each ball lees a string of height-colored jelly. word, sparing Beatrice where and when its it was possible, but telling her husband cus place a stripe of bright-colored felly. This dish will be found much more wholesome and digestible than the usual pastry and sweets used at chiliren's parties.

Balls of cocoanut, almond, hickory or other chopped nuts can be made by kneading them in with the fondant then forming into balls, rolling them in granulated sugar and drying on paraffine paper.

Chocolate Creams.-Simply make the fondant into small balls, melt an equa-quantity of formany and chocolate flavor with vanilla, and coat the balls "Judge me," she said; "I have told you the plain, unvarnished truth. I can see the great wrong I did. At the time I in this, drying as above.

## Labor Notes.

United States contain 900,000 tele-He stooped over her and kissed her with tears in his eyes. In Cuba 2,000,000 acres are under cultivation.

Mallable glass is now used to fill de

Mallable glass is now used to hit decayed teeth.

Earthenware sleepers are in use on some of the Japanese railroads.

The Sterling Cotton Mills, of Franklinton, N. C., will double its equipment.

Several New York bakers were fined \$25 each for violating the sanitary bake shop laws.

An employer of German clerks says that they work 20 per cent, slower than English ones.

English ones.

The manufacture of jewelry in Bir

mingham gives constant employment

mingham gives constant employments to 14,000 persons.

Coffee forms about 60 per cent. of Porto Rico's exports, sugar 20 per cent. and tobacco 5 per cent.

On German rallways freight brings in 68 per cent. of all receipts, and costs only 33 per cent. of all expenses.

Toronto grocers are fighting a proposed law that will give druggists the exclusive right to sell patent medicines.

A Mexican mining company, which owns 300 mules, keeps a dentist on its staff simply to look after the mules'

Since the introduction of pneumatic rubber tires on the London cabs many of the cab horses wear large Swiss cowbells on their necks. of the can horses of the cowbells on their necks.

Scented tea is very largely drunk in China. This is made by mixing orange blossoms with the tea, and letting it remain tightly shut up for 24 hours.

In Denmark it is the law that all drunken persons shall be taken to their homes in carriages provided at the expense of the publican who sold them

the last glass.

It has been calculated that the loss It has been calculated that the loss from illness averages 200,000,000 weeks of work in the year, or 2½ per cent. of the work done by the whole population between 15 and 65 years of age.

tion between 15 and 65 years of age.

There are eight large cigar and cigarette factories in Manila, which employ 400 to 2,000 operatives each. Beyond these houses, which confine themselves mainly to the higher grades of the market, there are nearly 100 smaller factories.

The Standard Oil enterprises give employment to upward of 25,000 men. or

The Standard Oil enterprises give employment to upward of 25,000 men. or a number equal to the United States army before the last war. The pipelines controlled by the Rockefeller concerns amount to more than 20,000 miles. Placed end to end they would reach almost around the earth. In addition to the pipe lines, 200 steamers and 3500 tank cars are employed in transporting the product.

## Bicycle.

At the close of 1898 there were 281 sicycle clubs in Vienna.

The Vienna Bicycle Club will build a 20-kilometre cycle path this year.

A milkman on a bicycle is the latest form of milk delivery in some of the Melbourne suburbs.

The cushion frame still has lots of reed and many are being ordered for the company season.

reends and many are being ordered for the coming season.

The attendance at the Paris cycle show, which closed December 28, was almost 70,000, the greatest attendance having been 22,000, admitted on Wednesday, December 18.

During the horse fair at Verone Italy, netx March, an automobile exposition will be held. The vehicles exhibited will take part in a race from verona to Millan and return, a distance of about 186 miles.



## Mollie's \* Lovers.

THEN James Redfield, of Indian Agent he moved to clothes," the Irish girl called out. Nebraska, taking with him his wife, a The cowboy led his mustang away baby girl and a young Irish maid of the name of Mollie. Mr. Redfield enloyed frontier life, it being an agreeable change from office work. But Mrs. Redfield did not like living in a log house at a small trading post on the prairies. She declared that she would have died of homesickness if the blithe, light-hearted Mollie had not always

been cheering her with: "Ah, but this is a foine country, Mis' Redfield. Jist look at the big ocean of iand a-stretchin' to the end of the

"But it looks so lonesome, Mollie, to see neither hills nor trees," Mrs. Red- | wife?" field would reply.

"Tis the better widout thim, I'm thinkin'; they'd be for obstructin' our foine view," said the Irish girl. "And both day and night it is so still,"

Mrs. Redfield said, sighing. "Do ye say it's still? Whin every night of our loife we hear buffalos a-bellowin' an' wolves a-howlin' an' wild Injins a-hootin' widin gunshot of enough for any livin' sowi?" declared Mollie O'Flynn.

One Sunday morning in early spring Mrs. Redfield stood at the open door, looking out across the prairie. The skulis and whitening bones of slain buffaloes glittered in the sunlight. Crows, ravens and turkey-buzzards "I'll not be standin' it no longer. That floated lazily between the blue sky and the brown prairie. Mollie, seeing her mistress' woeful gaze, began singing. "Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen." But Mrs. Redfield did not eed the Irish girl's song. Then Mollie suddenly recollected that it was Sunday, so she said: "An' 'tis meself that knows that ye're listenin' fer, Mis' Redfield: it's thim church bells in Chicago. They was always remindin' me of me duty; but away out here I can't help meself, and so the bells do not trouble me at all, and they've left me moind

on the prairies," Mollie confessed. The secret of the matter was that Mollie had three admirers: a mountain trapper, a cowboy and an Indian. At suppet of that same day the mountain trapper, on horseback, drew rein at the Indian Agent's quarters. Mollie was in the log stable, milking the cow. She heard her lover call, "Whoa!" but she did not come out to greet him for fully ten minutes, then she walked leisurely across the yard, balancing a milk-pail on her head and humming an Irish melody, seemingly unaware of her admir-

"Good-evening, Mollie," said the trapper, walking toward her, leading his horse by the bridle.

"Evenin', Jim," Mollie returned, with flourish of her free arm.
"Let me carry the pail," he said. "Go 'way wid ve. I'm no weaklin'."

the girl answered. Mollie went into the house. Parker waited patiently outside until she returned, then he seated himself

by the side of her on the doorstep and anid: "I'm hearin' you have another beau

cowboy, Charlie Rankin by name." "It's many a beau I have: the prairies is full of thim-' "Nonsense, Mollie; be honest. Do you think more of Charlie than you do

of me?" Jim asked. "I'm fond of thim all. 'Tis hard choosin'." Mollie answered.

"But I'm the one you like best, eh. Mollie?" Jim queried, nudging her with

"Go 'long wid ye. Don't be so famil lar." Mollie quickly said, moving away from her wooer.

"But, say, Mollie, who air the fellers what comes courtin' you?" Jim wanted

"It's not fair to be tellin' on thim But there's one I'm havin' nowadays I don't be lolkin'; he creeps around like a snake in the grass: an' 'tis niver wunst I can git a good sight of him: Oh! there he is now, a-peekin' from be hind the hen-coop."

"It's an Indian," said Jim, jumping up.
"Sure as faith it's one of thim hathen crathers," Mollie said.

"I'll shoot him down," declared Jin Parker, running toward the hen-coop. Mollie sat quietly on the doorsten Jim came back in three minutes. "An

did ye kill him?" Mollie asked. "Nah, he wasn't thar," Jim answere "He's a sly fox. I can niver ketch sight of him." Mollie said. In a few minutes Jim said good-nigh to Mollie, mounted his horse and rode

away. The Irish girl watched the trap-

per gallop eastward, saying aloud: 'Tis strange, but the feller what's furtherest away I'm fer loikin' the As Mollie turned to go into the hous a shadow fell across the doorstep. "Ow -ow! ye Ingin, git away wid ye!" she screamed, hurrying in and banging the

door behind her. The next morning when Mollie was hanging out the family wash Charlie Rankin rode by. Mollie saw him, but of a white heron an' the breast of two she was too busy to take time to notice the cowboy. He rode by again; still Mollie did not look at him. The third time he came in sight Mollie nodded her head. This gave the cowboy courage to speak.

"Fine mornin', Miss O'Flynn," he said, raising his broad-brimmed hat. "I s'pose it is; but I'm too busy to be heedin' the weather." Mollie replied. "I thought I'd call in the mornin' seein' a mountain trapper takes your time every evenin'," the cowboy said, Neshoba raised his eyes and said to winging himself off his mustang.

"Hey, thar! don't be lettin' that crazy Chicago, was appointed baste of yourn bedrabble me clean

> corner of the cow stable; then he asked: "How many lovers have you, Miss Mollie O'Flynn?" "I don't be bothered countin' thim, Mollie answered. "Ain't you ever goin' ter choose a hus

> from the clothesline, and tied it to a

band? Women are scarce in these parts. Won't you be my wife?" Charle Rankin boldly sald to her. "Don't be a-botherin' me on a Mon day mornin' wid such nonsense. Have ye no better work to do thin to be ridin' yer wild horse around the country

a-askin' every girl ye see to be yer "Hold on, Mollie O'Flynn! I don't ask every girl to be my wife," the cowboy

said indignantly. "Sorra, I've no toime to be botherin wid ye now, so be off, I say," Mollie said, waving her bare arms around her

head. The cowboy jumped on his mustang

and sped over the prairie. Mollie, with her arms akimbo, laugh our door. Sorra! an' ain't that noise ed a good, hearty Irish laugh. "He'll be back afore many days, or me nam ain't Mollie O'Flynn," she said aloud. Then she went into the house.

"Squaw." Mollie ran to the farthermost corner Mr. Redfield's office was a lean-to or f the room and climbed upon a rough one side of the log house. One afterbeam and there she cringed upon ber noon he was busy at work in there perch like a terrified bird, while the when Mollie came rushing in, saying: Indian fixed his hawk-like glance upon sneakin' Injin follows me loike me Mr. Redfield heard the commotion



THEN AT MOLLIE, SAYING, "SQUAW. shadow. I see his hathinish eyes a-peekin' at me round the cow stable whan I'm milkin'; he's lurkin' 'bout the hen-coop whan I'm huntin' eggs; an' whan I'm washin' dishes he comes an'

me face." "Do you think he's an Indian?" Mr Redfield calmly inquired. "Yes; au Indian wid a buckskin shirt on, an' fedders in his snaky hair," Mol

looks in the window roight in front of

lie exclaimed. "Oh, Neshoba; he's a good, peace

able fellow; you needn't fear him; he'll do vou no barm " "Thin why do he be a-followin' me the girl asked. "I'm sure I don't know, but I'll find

out," Mr. Redfield said, taking his hat to go out of doors. Mollie waited in the office. In ten minutes Mr. Redfield returned. "Mol-

lie." he said, smiling, "Neshoba, wants you to be his squaw." "Squaw!" Mollie screamed. "That's what he told me," Mr. 'Red

field answered. "The black hathen! Sorra! wha does he take me fer?" the Irish girl

wanted to know. "He's waiting outside for an answer, Mollie," Mr. Redfield said. "Tell him to skedaddle. I'll have nothing to do wid the loikes of him."

Mollie scornfully replied. Mr. Redfield went out to talk again with the Indian boy. When he returned he said: "Neshoba insists on having you for his squaw. He offers me two borses

and a cow, if I'll give you to him-" "Am I a slave?" the Irish girl said in a fury. "No. no. Mollie; you're a free woman You must decide the question. I'll call

hlm in." Neshoba came and stood at the threshold of the door. "Do ye think I'd marry ye?" Mollie

ing to marry Leopoldine Hofman against the will of the Emperor, hi asked him. "Three horses, two cows," the Indian upon the expedient of arranging fo neekly said, with downcast eyes. the "passive assistance" of a priest "Ye're a pretty man for a husband!" who dared not celebrate a marriag under pain of the Emperor's anger

Mollie screamed. "Four horses, three cows, five buffalo skins, two white wolf skins," the Indian offered. "Away wid ye!" Mollie exclaimed

stamping her feet, violently. "Four horses, three cows, five buffalo skins, two white wolf skins, four caribou skins," the Indian bid for his bride. Mollie's quick Irish wit came

assistance. "I'll tell ye what I'll do," she said, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "I'll be yer squaw if ye'll bring me fifty gray squirrel skins, a dozen mink skins, a half a dozen white wolf hides, an' the hides of two leopards, an' the hides an' antlers of four reindeer; an' ye moight bring me the wings grebe." Then Mollie added, laughing, bring me a couple of the right-hand wings of the wild turkey to brush me Companion. harth whan I'm a-keepin' me own The Honey Moon.

The Indian boy ejaculated: | "Ught An early Anglo-Saxon custom, strict Heh!" Mr. Redfield said: "Neshoba promi

to get all you ask for." "All right, thin be about it, ye wild Injin," Mollie said, shooting Neshobs with her gingham apron.

ly followed by newly married couples was that of drinking diluted honey for thirty days after marriage. From this custom comes the word honeymoon or honeymonth.

A man hates to have another s Mr. Redfield: "Before snow faills." who owes him, show him money,

Then he turned quickly and walked be promises to return before

"It will take him all his loife to git all thim hides," Mollie said, laughin

"You've asked a good deal of the poor

door to watch her lover depart. The In-

dian mounted his shaggy pony and galloped westward. Mollie gazed stead-

rider were a mere speck on the horizon

Then she gave a sigh of relief and went

All summer Mollie played the co-

cowboy and another admirer, a Mexi-

can ranchman, who had traveled many

mile on hearing of the Irish girl's

ing: "Arrah, some day I'll choose me

was busy at work in the kitchen. She

flung open the door, exclaiming: "An'

There stood Neshoba. Mollie could

arcely see him because of the pelts

and feathers that hung from his body.

in!" the girl screamed.

"Ow-ow-ow! Begone, ye wild In-

Neshoba stepped across the threshold

and threw down at the feet of Mollie

fifty squirrel skins, a dozen mink skins,

half a dozen white wolf hides, two leop-

ard pelts, the hides and antiers of four

reindeer, the wings of a white heron

the breasts of two grebe and two wild

the trophles, then at Mollie, saying:

and hastened to the kitchen. When he

saw Neshoba he said: "Oh, Mollie,

we've played a serious joke on the poor

"Tell him to be dacint an' go away

loike a gintleman. I'll give him money

The Indian understood Mollie's pro-

posal. He said, persistently: "Squaw,

"Sind him off, Mr. Redfield; sind him

fr. Redfield argued with Neshoba,

it the I dian stood resolute saying

"Squaw promise."

Mr. Redfield offered him money, but

the Indian would not take it. Mollie

kept crying out: "Sind him away or

his pelts and walked slowly out of the

loor. Mollie descended from the beam

nd fell all in a heap at Mr. Redfield's

eet, crying: "Be me sowl, I've sinned!"

From that moment all the blithesome

great cloud overshadowed her gay

urn to a lump of lead; she could

neither laugh nor sing. Her three lovers

marry no man." Mrs. Redfield tried te

omfort the girl, but Mollie answered

I hate the big prairie; it reminds me

sh loife. Oh, poor Neshoba! I've

filled the honest Injin's sowl. I must

go away to a convent to find comfort."

So Mollie went back East and enter-

ed an order of the Sisters of Mercy.

where she spent the rest of her life do

ing deeds of kindness to atone for her

sins. Every night she prayed at her

vindow, which faced westward, for

Mr. Redfield never saw Neshol

again. It was reported that he rushed

marmed into one of the Indian battler

and was killed.—New York Ledger.

Saved Her Scalp.

A remarkable surgical operation has

een recently performed in Paris. A

aundress had her scalp torn off from

he nape of the neck to the eyebrows

by her hair catching in some belting

She was taken to the Broussals Hos

pital, where Dr. Malherbe, after seeing

her, sent for her scalp. He obtained !

ifter a delay of several hours, shaved

off the hair, washed it with antiseptics

and applied it in place again.

London's Unfortunate Births.

"Passive Assistance,

Archduke Heinrich of Austria, desti

This marriage is recorded as one of the

most peculiar ceremonies ever witness

The Archduke gave a banquet,

which he invited the priest. After th

soup had been served he rose in hi

place, on which the guests expected

toast. But the Archduke, pointing to

Over 1,000 children are born yearly

scalp has grown on to the head.

London workhouses.

he soul of her Indian lover.

of Neshoba. I hate this wild, hathen-

ess died out of the Irish girl's life.

spirit. Her merry heart seemed

alled daily. Mollie told them:

eart is broke fer the poor Injin.

I'll die!" At last Neshoba gathered

Indian. What shall I say to him?"

fer all his hides," said Mollie.

squaw."

off!" Mollie said.

turkey wings. The Indian pointed at

who comes a-courtin' me to-night?"

the favored one.

to work with a merry heart.

school by Roy, Dr. Talmage

indian, I think," said Mr. Redfield. Subje "Sure, I did. I want to keep him ousy a-shootin' wild beasts the rest of his loffe, so he'll not be botherin' me all the toime," said Mollie.

The winsome Irish girl stood at the Taxr: "Whose trust shall be a spider's web."—Job viii. 14.

The two most skillful architects in all the

The two most skillful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for files. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. Fut along for the root fix which in the fastly after him until the horse and pension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. Fut alas for the poor fly which in the latter part of that very day ventures on it and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toil paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away go the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes \$000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastille, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of quette with the mountain trapper, the charms. But she baffled them all. "Away wid ye! Yer blarney I'll not listen to" she would say. At another time she would encourage them, sayhusband." So the three lovers waited patiently, each thinking that he was One evening in early autumn Mollie heard footsteps in the vard, so she

> world has so many designing spiders and victimized files!
>
> There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptey of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates and the disordered accounts offulfied States officials have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the plague? There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask my-self if it would not be better for men mak-ing wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses

thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof when they, the published directors, are doing noth-ing for the safety of the institution. It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use although it may be a little further on in-dispensable are without friends competent dispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraign-

Miss Hofmann, pronounced slowly an worth as in any class of men, perhaps solemnly the words, "Most reverend this is my wife."

worth as in any class of men, perhaps more. How netarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God honored in-

of the Crying Evils of Modern Life is the Abuse of Trust-Reware of the Web of Peculation-Advice to Business Men.

dolin it every day came for its meal of lies. The author of my text, who was a eading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another and saw spider and fly

fore the fallure, and in many of the set fallure is only a stratagen to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the truck while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

off the truck while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that thesethings are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft on they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty for which God will hold them as reaponsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money it or buy the serip thereof when they, the

stood with idiotic state, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public, had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was any thing wrong going on." It was their duit to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. Th. y had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do sof. Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that 500 bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They have to be added to the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They hus they compare the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They have the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They have the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They have the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of the president and secretary of a bank for t

their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State and national relief. At their head and in their management there are as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men perheas the cape will be side and icebergs on that the control of the control of the control of the cape. They stand for accommodation is the control of the cape. They stand for accommodation is the cape. They stand for accommodation is the cape. They stand is the cape is the cape is the cape. They stand is the cape is the cape is the cape is the cape is the cape. They stand is the cape is the cap

Miss Hofmann immediately after ward rose in her turn and said, "This is my husband."

According to the theory of "passive assistance" in Germany and Austria these words spoken before a priest rendered the marriage of the pair valle and sacramentally concluded. The Emperor was said to be extremely aston ished, but could do nothing.—Youth' whole nation like princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything and get it at all hazards, keeps everything snaxing with uncertainty and everybody saking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other neople's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbeelle silence, letting the perfluy go on the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got nerr the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5000 years off found it in 1898

or 187 or 1876. And this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on berrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men will learn never have their land.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital—if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it into kites to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your beliess children into the poorhouse for the fublic to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for all the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consternations of the last swenty years. When executors of the last swenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do

When a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft;

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all, but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract mind, soul—stand off, stand off. Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. "Render to all their dues." "Owe no man anything." And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the ance, more and more to preact them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittles and Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and wom-en for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peer-less Paul—wrote to the Romans, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians,
"Whatsoever things are honest;" wrote to
the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live
honestly," The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally

translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug. Gathered in all religious assemblages there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the pres-ence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep yourown private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or men sailing yachts and driving fast horses and members of expensive clubhouses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regret, and the press denounces, and the church to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their cousent you invest their property as well as you can and it is all lost, you are not to blame. You did the best you could. But do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is their. You have a solemn trust that God has prived the failure, and in many of the trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make ship-wreck. They get the property of others

gods that we have been worshiping permit us to steal; but according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this. So we bring back all these goods and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach seraons on the abuse of trust funds and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God and regulations were made

from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic man-Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishenesty will never
pay. An abbit wanted to buy a piece of
ground and the owner would not sell it,
but the owner finally consented to let it
to him until he could raise one crop, and
the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of 200
years! And I tell you, young man, that
the dishonesties which you plant in your
neart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they
will overshadow you with horrible darkBess, overshadow all time and all eternity.
It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a

that, you will in due time reach Cape Fare God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the wear, are s. rest."

First Time. Miss Sharpe-I celebrate my 24th

rthday to-morrow. Miss Oldage-Indeed! And isn't it inenlar? So do I. . Miss Sharpe-Oh, but I celebrate nine for the first time!-London Tit-

Bits. Patent Cash Carrier. "It runs from here to the rear of the tore and thence to the fifth story, where the cashler receives it," the clerk

xplained. "I gosh! I guess Mandy was right when she told me this was the store

whur a little money went a long ways. -Indianapolis Journal