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NO. 12.



have been as—the same—as your father!" There is defiance in this sentence.

'No. no, he could not." her defiance nov

changes into a sorrowful-honesty. "Your

father has been a baronet for centuries

my father would have only been a baronet

Without any gross flattery, I consider you

"Well, never mind that. I've got you

"I know," rising to his feet, his brow darkening. "Do you think I don't suffer

loubly on your account? That I don't

feel the insolence of his behavior toward you fourfold? There is but one excuse

their terrible disappointment about my

"I know; you have told me," begins she

you are concerned. Of course my broth-

has a sore heart one is apt to be unjust,

and many other things. You know what

would have been worldly wise. I, too, dis-

"Oh!" she has sprung to her feet, and is

glance full of question. Woman-like, ev-erything has given way to the awful

unknown to him-and that perhaps he had

he, laughing in spite of himself at her ex-pression, which, indeed, is nearly tragic.

You needn't smother yourself with char-

"Do you mean that when your brothe

morning is the first I have received from

my father for four years."
"He must, indeed, hate me," says she, in a low tone. "His elder son such a fail-

ure, and you-he considers you a failure,

too."
"Well, I don't consider myself so," says

he, gayly.
"They were in want of money, and

-you married a girl without a penny.

until they have met you and learned why

CHAPTER II.

is the end of lovely May, but, though lan-

guid summer is almost with us, a suspi-

ills the air.

cion of her more sparkling sister, spring,

Miss Kavanagh has caught up the tail

ously close at her heels, armed with

ferocious looking garden fork, his face

crimson, his eyes glowing with the ardor of the chase; Mabel, much in the back-

Miss Kavanagh is growing distinctly

out of breath. In another moment Tommy

worked himself into the belief that she i

prepared to make a tomahawk of his fork,

and, having felled her, to scalp her som

ground, making a bad third.

They are a little wild still. It

"Couldn't hold a candle to you," says

ndmired-loved-

Yes, I have been more open with you

"Quite the same."

for a few years."

worth a dozen dads."

"And yet your father-"

brother-their eldest son."

quickly, but he interrupts her.

of his loyalty, that nearly cost him his life, but he refused it, thinking the old name good enough without a handle to it." "Kavanagh, we all know, is a good

"A letter from my father," says Mr. Monkton, flinging the letter in question across the breakfast table to his wife. "A letter from Sir George!" Her dark, pretty face flushes crimson. "And such a letter after eight years of obstinate silence. There! read it," says her husband, contemptuously. The contempt is all for the writer of the letter. Mrs. Monkton taking it up, with a most bonest curlosity, that might almost be termed anxiety, rends it through, and,

in turn, flings it from her, as though it had been a scorpion.
"Never mind, Jack!" says she, with a great assumption of indifference that does not hide from her husband the fact that her eyes are full of tears. "Butter that bit of toast for me before it is quite cold,

and give Joyce some ham." "Have you two been married eight whole years?" asked Joyce, laying her elbows on the table, and staring at her sister with an astonished gaze. "It seems like resterday! To look at Barbara, one would not believe she could have been

born eight years ago."
"Nonsense." says Mrs. Monkton, laugh ing, and looking as pleased as married women, even the happiest, always do when they are told they look unmarried. Why, Tommy is seven years old, and

heart-break he has been to the old peothere's Mabel, too!" "Oh! That's nothing!" says Joyce, air My, turning her dark eyes, that are lovegrows clinched. "Every spare penny they ier, if possible, than her sister's, upon the sturdy child who is sitting at his father's "Tommy, we all know, is with riches. They had set their hearts on much older than his mother. Much more learned in the wisdom of this world." Thomas!" says his father, with a rueful shake of the head; "it is a pity that 1 am not like my father!"

"Like him! Oh, no," says Mrs. Monkton, emphatically, impulsively; the latent "Oh!" she has sprung to her feet, an dislike to the family who had refused to staring at him with horrified eyes. recognize her on her marriage with their marriage! There was some one else! Did dren receive at the hands of their parents son, taking fire at this speech. Her voice sounds almost hard—the gentle voice, that in truth was only meant by her Mother name implies." says he placing her form."

Tommy, really, you know—"

"Yes: they are there" and guardians? Tommy, really, you know—"

"Yes: they are there" and guardians? Nature to give expression to all things

kind and loving. "But why not, my dear?" one Monkton, magisterially. "Surely, considering all things, you have reason to be deeply grateful to Sir George. Why, then,

abuse him? Why, he-"Grateful! To Sir George! To your father!" cries his wife, hotly and quick. "Freddy!" from his sister-in-law brings him to a full stop for a moment.

"Do you mean to tell me," says he, brought to bay, "that you have nothing to thank Sir George for?" He is addressing

coal because of her. She had made her pile, or rather her father had, at Birming-"Nothing, nothing!" declares she, veheham or elsewhere. I never took the tro mently, the remembrance of that last letter from her husband's father that still lies, within reach of her view, lending a solid in every way, but I don't care fo the female giant; and so I-you know the suspicion of passion to her voice. "Oh, my dear girl, consider!" says Mr.

Monkton, lively reproach in his tone, "Has he not given you me, the best hus-"Ah, what it is to be modest," says | Joyce, with her little quick, brilliant disheartened them that they-

Well, it's not true," says Mrs. Monkton, who has laughed also, in spite of her- The property is strictly entailed. You self and the soreness at her heart. "He did not give you to me. You made me gift of your own free will. I have,

as I said before, nothing to thank him "I always think he must be a silly old man," says Joyce, which seems to put a fitting termination to the conversation.

Monkton rises from the table, and Eton." "You are going to your study?" asks

she, a little anxiously. He is about to where, or France not far from a gaming say "no" to this, but a glance at her face table, you may be sure. But I know noth "Yes, come with me," says he, instead,

answering the lovely silent appeal in her eyes. That letter has no doubt distressed She will be happier when she has talked it over with him-they two alone. "He will always have it in his power to annoy me," says she, quickly. "That, per-haps," with a little burst of feeling, "Is why I can't forgive him. If I could forget or grow indifferent to it all, I should not have this hurt feeling in my heart. But he is your father, and though he is

gard me as he does." "There is one thing, however, you forget," says Mr. Monkton, gravely. "I don't want to apologize for him, but I would remind you that he has never seen you." "I shall never go to England to see hin. I shall stay in Ireland always. My I loved you." own land; the land he despises, the land whose people he detesta because he knows nothing about them. It was one of his chief objections to your marriage with me

that I was an Irish girl!" "Barbara," says Monkton, very gently but with a certain reproach, "you almost make me think that you regret our marof her gown and is flying as if for dear life. Behind her comes the foe, fast and furious. Tommy, indeed, is now danger

"No. I don't," quickly. "If I talked forever, I shouldn't be able to make you think that. But—" She turns to him and gazes at him through large eyes that are heavy with tears. "I shall always be sorry for one thing, and that is-that you first met me where you did."

"At your aunt's? Mrs. Burke's?" is not my aunt," with a little frown of distaste; "she is nothing to me o far as blood is concerned. Oh! Freddy!" She stops close to him and gives him s grief-stricken glance. "I wish my poor will have her. By this time ne has fully father had been all." father had been alive when first you saw me. That we could have met for the first a red Indian, and his lawful prey, and is in the old home. It was shabbyfaded"-her face paling now with intense emotion—"but you would have known at how, when Providence shows her a corner one that it had been a fine old place, and round a rhododendron bush that may save count the owner of it—" She breaks for the moment. She makes for it, flown, very slightly, almost imperceptibly, gains it, dashes round it, and all but prebut Monkton understands that even one cipitates herself into the arms of a young more word is heavend here.

man who has been walking leisurely "That the owner of it, like St. Patrick ward her. He is a tall young man, decidedly god tame of decent people," quotes he, with an his numption of gayety he is far from feel- to look at, with honest hasel eyes and a hig. "My poor child, I don't want to see shapely head, and altogether very well set iny one to know that of the most cheerone to know that of you. You carry up. As a rule he is one of the most cheerhe sign manual. It is written in large ful people alive, and a tremendous favor-haracters all over you."

"Yet I wish you had known me before just now it might suggest itself to the in-

been hardly used. A very little more haste, and that precipitation must have taken place. He had made an instinctive movement toward her with protective arms outstretched; but, though a little cry had escaped her, she had maintained her balance, and now stands looking at him with laughing eyes and panting breath, and two pretty hands pressed against her will be the property hands pressed against her will be the pressed against her will b

Mr. Dysart lets his disappointed arms fall to his sides and assumes the aggrieved air of one who has been done out of a good

"You!" says she, when at last she can He might just as well have been any one

else, or anywhere else-such a chanceand cone! "Never were you so welcome!" cries she, dodging behind him, as Tommy, fully armed, and all alive, comes tearing round the man, who says "Yes," without stirring a muscle. He would have died at his pres never lived upon this earth.

ent post willingly, because she has laid her dainty fingers on his shoulders, stand- would have been had he been less selfshe mocks at Tommy with security. Were tionable traits of character had left questions. "I see, I see," said the old the owner of the shoulders to stir, the their imprint upon his countenance doctor. "Why didn't you add a year to owner of the fingers might remove those owner of the fingers might remove those delightful members. Need it be said that, Hence the sobriquet of "Old Jim Flsk," with this awful possibility before him, Mr. Dysart is prepared to die at his post rather than budge an inch?

his shoulders, and he is now free to turn was considered the better part of valor. for your physique speaks for itself, but and look at the charming face behind him. "I've been rude, I suppose; but it is such

again," she says. "I have only been to town and back "What town?"

"Eh? What town?" says he, astonish-"London, you know." "No, I don't know," says Miss Kavafor him and my mother, and that lies in nagh, a little petulantly. "One would think there was only one town in the world, and that all you English people had the monopoly of it. There are other towns,

cants have a town or two. Dublin comes than you with me. I feel no pride where under that head, I suppose?"
"Undoubtedly. Of course," making er's conduct toward them is no excuse for their conduct toward you, but when one great haste to abase himself. "It is mere snobbery our making so much of London A kind of despicable cant, you know.' "Well, after all, I expect it is a big place

heart-break he has been to the old peo-lie, and is. A gambler, a dishonorable gambler!" He turns away from her, and his nostrils dilate a little; his right hand grows clinched. "Every spare penny they" "It's a desert," says Tommy, turning to "It's raging with wild beasts. They roam him and all their hopes, and when he fail- to and fro and are at their wits' ends ed them they fell back on me. The name is an old one; money was wanted. They had arranged a marriage for me that would have been modeled and arranged a marriage for me that

"Wild beasts!" echoes Mr. Dysart, be "Is this the teaching about their Saxon neighbors that the Irish chil-

"Yes; they are there," says Tommy, rethe aft belliously. "Frightful creatures! Bear" back in her seat. "I didn't marry that heiress, you know, which is proof that I toved you, not her." she stammers and at you. They have no reason in them, and father says. And they climb up posts and

roar at people."
"Oh! nonsense!" says Mr. Dysart. ceases suddenly, looking at him with a thought that this unknown had not been

"There is!" says Monkton, Jr., wagging his head indignantly. "Father told me."
"Father told us," repeats the small Mabel, who has just come up.

"And father says, too, that the reason they are so wicked is because they want their freedom!" says Tommy, as though this is an unanswerable argument.
"Oh, I see! The Socialists!" says Mr.
Dysart. "Yes; a troublesome pack! But
still, to call them wild beasts."

ble to inquire, and she was undoubtedly "They are wild beasts," says Tommy prepared to defend his position to the las rest-I met you; I tell you this only to They've got manes and horns and tails!" soften your heart, if possible, toward these lonely, imbittered old people of "He's romancing," says Mr. Dysart,

oking at Joyce.
(To be continued.) Queer Story of Two Lakes.

The Wetternsee in Sweden, like sc "No. They couldn't make me their heir nany other lakes, has long enjoyed the local reputation of being a bottomiess need not make yourself miserable imagin-ing you have done me out of anything more than their good will. George will in-herit whatever he has left them to leave." the measurements taken a few days to their evening meal. ago they have successfully demon-"It is sad," says she, with downcas "Yes. He has been a constant source of annoyance to them ever since he "Abroad, I believe. In Italy, som ing very exactly, as he does not correspond with me, and that letter of this

which science must be content to leave gram to her. unsolved—at least for a time. It is not quasi-scientific ground for the queen supposition that living creatures, animal and vegetable, can and do make journeys to and fro between the high northern Lake of Wettern and the South German Lake of Constance. This bold conclusion has been partly justified by the appearance of exactly the same fauna, and even of the same antmal life, in the Swedish and the Swabian seas. It is even asserted that whenever there is a storm on the Lake "I married a girl who was in herself a of Constance the Lake of Wettern bethe most unjust, the cruelest man on mine of gold," returns he, laying his earth, I still hate to think he should re- hands on her shoulders and giving her a little shake. "Come, never mind that letter, darling; what does it matter, when all is said and done? What a heart is yours!" says he, drawing her to him. "Barbara, surely I shall shall not die until ther here met and learned by any agitation in the distant northern lake. The Kleine Zeitung so berly declares this sympathetic phe nomenon to be a known fact, but con siderately adds that we have to wait

> of it.-London News. Joyce is running through the garden, all the sweet, wild winds of heaven playing A Russian Custom A Russian family, when moving to a new home, kindles the fire on the hearth with coals brought from the old res'

> > Very Appropriate. Hixon-Blowett, the pugillat, is star in a new play. Dixon-So! What's the name of Hixon-"Natural Gas."

Questions of Value. He knew that she was a clever busiess woman, and therefore he thought bis scheme a good one. But he did not realize that she was such a good judge

of values. "I have made a bet that I will marry you," he said. "Money up?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, pleased at the usinesslike way she took hold of the roposition.

"How much?" "Five hundred dollars." She looked him over critically. "Too low," she said at last. "You'll have to get it raised to \$5,000 or you'll

And at that, as she afterward ex-

plained, she was giving him a bargain-

MGREET STATE DIES SEED NE STEED NE STEED NE THE OPEN DOOR.

issued a call for more troops, and debt, and you will not say 'nay,' will volunteers from every direction you, mother mine?" responded with the unhesitating alac- But Mrs. Packard sat as if she the drafted. This was no particular you?"; credit to his fellow townsmen, for in corner. "Mr. Dysart will protect me— spite of his title (which, by the way, "How old are you, my man?" asked won't you, Mr. Dysart?" to the young was a tribute to wealth only), a meaner, the examining physician of Horace, spite of his title (which, by the way, more miserly creature than James Fisk later in the day?

He was just in the prime of life, or ing behind him, from which safe position ish, but little by little certain object clamation. This was followed by more until he appeared prematurely aged. it; that's what lots of them do. You'd which he was familiarly called by every man, woman and child-except- height, and the physician continued. "I on Scotch or English soil. We all reing on rare occasions when discretion don't need to ask you if you are strong,

a railroad magnate, and a real esa wonderful thing to see you here so soon tate man combined. In fact, he had shoulder a musket all day?" owned a large portion of the town in its early history, and he therefore considered himself of no small importance in faced around, and vaulted over the enthe financial world at least. L'ke many tire group with one bound. another, he loved his money first, himself next and his country last, as well he ran for United States Senator during vou a trial." the previous campaign, he made some thrillingly patriotic speeches, and ap-I suppose. Even the poor Irish insignifi- parently without the slightest compunction. In those days he was called "Old Sodom and Gomorrah," an appellation which he never quite outgrew. James Fisk was not the type of a man who could conscientiously sing

"America" or "The Star Spangled Banner," consequently he felt that personal insult had been directed to him when the President had the audacity to place his name with the rest of the common herd. Nevertheless, it was a creditors, and they are not overburdened about to impart to her useful information. case of compulsion, and he knew that he must either hire a substitute or go! into the army himself. The former was not very easy to accomplish, as the majority of the poor men had already enlisted, and money, at such a time, was no inducement to the rich

> He was not in an especially amiable mood, when at the close of an unsucand guardians? Oh, well, come now, cessful day spent in search of a substitute, he entered his office to attend to

harshly: "The young jackanapes reed not think that he can fool with a hornet "There isn't a word of truth in it, Tom- and not get stung. Extend their time, month ago! I'll foreclose the mortgage

A new thought seemed to occur to him, for the muscles of the stern mouth relaxed: he smiled blandly, rubbed his hands together caressingly, and said: "Mr. Fisk, you're a diplomat-a born diplomat. You're an honor to your country, but more particularly to your self. If you can only manage this thing

properly, you will be all right-yes, all At the close of the foregoing soliloguy he filled out a telegraph blank as fol-

lows: "Horace W. Packard, Carson City Iowa-Have found a way to help you out. Come to D- on first train.

"JAMES FISK." The message was soon dispatched, pit. The Swedish scientists have now and reached its destination just as Horlestroyed the venerable legend, for in see and his mother were sitting down

"Old Moneybags is getting awfully strated that the greatest depth of the considerate, all of a sudden; what do take is only 119 meters. There still re you suppose is back of it, mother?" mains, however, a series of mysteries asked the boy as he handed the tele Mrs. Packard gave a sigh which be

only a legendary belief, but there is a lied her words, but she responded hope fully, "I don't know, dear, but we will trust that his heart has softened a little toward the widow and the fatherless." "Don't you think you can go with me mother? I believe Jones will give us passes, so you can offer no objection on that score; anyway, you need a change for you look pretty tired these days." And thus it was settled that Mrs Packard was to spend the week with an old school friend, while her son attended to business matters.

Mr. Packard had been one of the first of Iowa's sons to lay down his life for his country. From the hour that his father had marched away, Horace had secretly cherished a desire to join the army. He knew that his years were against him; then, too, his mother's heart was so sore at the heavy blow which had fallen on their home nest as some time for the rational explanation the result of the war, that he never mentioned the subject, and Mrs. Pack ard little dreamed of the great struggle that was going on in the mind of her

> How his heart swelled with patriot ism the next day as he walked up Main street! All D- was astir with th news of war, and a bugle was sounding the reveille. When he passed a squad of the drafted men in their gay uniforms, the sight was almost too much suggest that he buy a cow. for him, the war fever was on him, and had it not been for the thoughts of his siready bereaved mother Horace Packar! would have gone at any cost.

An hour later he came out of the of fice of James Fisk with a determined look on his manly face, and it seemed you have to learn in golf?" Marionas if he had grown an inch taller. Mrs. Packard met him at the door. and affectionate greetings were exchanged. The boy tried to smile, but while in Paris?" He-"No; but I got when he looked into his mother's eyes, several lead francs passed on me."he made a miserable failure of it, and Truth. the tears welled up instead. They were

as quickly dried and he said, "You see. | mother, it is just like this. Fisk was going to foreclose the mortgage, but he but I did not know it."-Vanity. says he will give you a clear title if to leave you, little mother, but I do girl as a "maid," she is thinking will go as his substitute. I can't bear want to go and fight for my father's country,"-and the boy's eyes flashed. Then be added quietly, "I should go

RESIDENT LINCOLN had just one spportunity to free our home from

rity of true patriots. Some of the petrified. At last her voice came to her, States falled to furnish their full quota, and all the mother love asserted itself however, and Iowa was among the de- as she clasted the stalwart lad in her linquents. Then came the order for a arms and kissed him passionately. draft, and the name of Hon. James "Oh, my boy, my all, how can I let you Fisk of D— headed the list of go? What will mother do without

"Seventeen, sir," responded the boy. promptly.

"Um!" Was the suggestive exdoctor. "Why didn't you add a year to have stood a better chance if you had." The Hon. James Fisk was a banker, your age certainly stands in the way. Do you think you would be able to

For reply Horace placed five chairs in a row, leaped over each in turn, then

The physician smiled at the exhibit omy, waving off the Dublin beggar tion, but said, "Something of an ath- with: as least; though it is said that when lete, my man; well, I think we will give

> When Horace entered the Hon. James Fisk's office his heart smote him painfully, for boy though he was, he saw a sight that is stamped upon his memory to this day.

> The mother stood before the desk of the grim-faced man pleading for her



PLEADING FOR HER BOY.

"For God's sake, James Fisk, for the sake of the love you once professed to have for me, spare me the misery of sending my boy to the war. What is a Why, the interest was due a pairry six hundred dollars to you? Foreclose the mortgage to-morrow turn us in the street, but don't influence my child to sacrifice himself on the

altar of love for me." For an instant the woman though that she caught a glimpse of feeling in the cold eyes, but it passed as quickly is it had come.

"Mrs. Packard," responded the me tallic voice with staccato-like precision, "business is business. You are too late, for the contract is signed, and this day I have canceled the mortgage. Allow me to say, madam, that revenge, such as this, is sweet."

The woman gave him a swift sad look, her lips opened as if to speak, then she turned and left the office. That night the Hon. James Fisk was sud- did he?" denly called to join the great majority where no proxy could take his place. He had evidently not left the office only two-us two." since his interview with Mrs. Packard, for the errand boy found him the next the first person, didn't he?" morning with his legal documents scattered about him. "Heart failure!" the doctor pronounced it, that convenient was talking to you did be say, I will post-mortem phrase which covers a pay you \$50? multitude of errors.

In the tightly closed hand was a minlature picture of a fair-faced girl-a time when she is

"Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river met, Womanhood and childhood fleet."

"It must be the sister who died year ago," said Madam Grundy. However, one person knew the truth of the matter, for on his desk was note addressed to Mrs. Packard, and I

Friend Margaret: I have reconsid ered my hasty words and have decided to go myself. Have destroyed the contract, and thus release the lad. (How like you he is!) Please keep your contract for the sake of auld lang syne Obediently,

-Ohio Farmer. Ancient War Customs In the ancient wars it was the cus tom for both armies to go into winter quarters, but nowadays such a thing is

quite unknown, and several battles dur ing this century have been fought on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. When a married woman begins to exaggerate the size of the milk bills to

her husband, her next move will be The soprano threw the basso In the choir a loving glancer

She was such a pretty lass-o, And they only met by chants Brooklyn Eagle. Florence-"What is the first thin

"What to wear."-Puck. She-"Did you see the Latin quarter

Ignorance, bliss; knowledge, blistes, and the mo -She-"When you married me you is resumed. When a woman speaks of her hire

No man need expect much of a dis n he added quietly, "I should go play at his funeral, unless he is a conner or later, anyway. This is our at men, and belongs to a ledge.

ART OF APT REPLY.

Fome Examples of Felicitous Expres sions in Ticktish Places. The art of avoiding a conversation unpleasantness by a graceful way of putting things belongs, in its highest perfection, to the East. When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty was to attend the visitors at the vice regal court on their shoot ing excursions. Returning one day full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked:

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord - bad?" "Oh." replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young sahib shot divinely. but God was very merciful to the

birds." Compare this honeyed form of speech with the terms in which an English gamekeeper would convey his opinion of a bad shot, and we are forced to admit the social superiority of Lord Salisbury's "black man." But if we turn from the Orient to the Occident, and from our dependencies to the United Kingdom, the art of putting things is Hornce stretched himself to his full found to flourish better on Irish than member that Archbishop Whately is said to have thanked God on his death bed that he had never given a penny in indiscriminate charity. A successsor of the apostles might have found more suitable subjects of moribund self-congratulation, and I have always rejoiced in the mental picture of the archbishop, in all the frigid pomp of political econ-

> "Go away; go away. I never give to anyone in the street," and receiving the instantaneous rejoinder:

"Then where would your reverence have me wait on you?" A lady of my acquaintance who is a proprietress in County Galway is in the habit of receiving her own rents. One day, when a tenant farmer had pleaded long and unsuccessfully for an abatement, he exclaimed as he handed over

"Well, my lady, all I can say is that If I had my time over again, it's not a tenant farmer I'd be. I'd follow one of

the learned professions." The proprietress gently replied that ven in the learned professions there were losses as well as gains, and, perhaps, he would have found professional

life as precarious as farming. "Ah, my lady, but how can that be?" replied the son of St. Patrick. "If you're a lawyer-win or lose, you're paid. If you're a doctor-kill or cure, you're paid. If you're a priest-heaven or hell, you're paid."

Who can imagine an English farmer



bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely, relates the Detroit Pree Press. "You say the defendant offered you

\$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawver of Sam. "Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat what he said, using his exact words." "He said he would gib me

"He didn't speak in the third person, "No. sah; he tuck good care dat car were no third pusson 'round; dar was

"I know that, but he spoke to you "I was de fus' pusson myself, sah." "You don't understand me. When he

pensive countenance at that sweet got into a scrape you was de best law-

The little children of five or six years

calling to their canine friends and relatives in other little villages a mile or wo away. If the dogs fall asleep the Arabs stir and awaken in the unaccustomed silence. Then they think their dogs cannot be keeping a proper lockout, and, getting up, they arouse them, nous yap-yap-yapping

"Soft" Drink

"Oh, he has been drinking in the san

Subject: "The Housewife's Perplexities' Martha and Mary-Daily Trials Prepare One For Future Blessings. TEXT: "Lord, dost Thou not care than ny sister hath left me to serve alone? Bi-

therefore that she help me."-Luke x.,

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha, of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ's appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sisters set back the disar-ranged furniture, arrange their hair, and ranged furniture, arrange their hair, and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly appareled themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then with affected surprise come out and, pretending not to have heard the two or three previous knockings, say, "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies, and always presentable, although perhaps they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best. Otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say: "Good morning, Master! Come in and be seated!" Christ brought a company of friends with Him, and the influx any of friends with Him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not won-der, threw the country home into some der, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook and I'll sit down and Martha, you cook and I'll sit down and learn."

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided have been better for them to have divided the toll, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ, while Marths swelters before the fire. It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was bringry, and He did not often have luxurious entertainment. Alas me, if all the responsibility of that enter tainment had rested with Mary! What a tainment had rested with Mary! What a repast they would have had! But some thing went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn or the bread would not bake er something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scalded herself, and forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I would rather have Him scold me than anybody else bless me

scold me than anybody else bless me There was pothing weet in the Carlour's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get Hin something to eat, but He appreciated he kindness, and He practically said: "My dear woman, do not worry. Let the dinner go. Sit down here on this couch be side your younger sister, Mary. Let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door I look in to-day, and I see a great many household anxieties, perplexities, fatigueand trials, and about them I am going to speak if the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by His grace.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of nonappreciation

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of nonappreciation That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the eider sister's fatigue. Just as now men having annoyances of store and factory and shop, or at the Stock Exchange, come home at night and hear of some household annoyance and they say, "Oh, that's nothing! You ought to be in a factory a day and have ter or fifteen or twenty or 100 subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." Oh, man, let me thell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a conduct at the same time at a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nervey and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit in the armehair of the library all day without any anxiety, or tarry on the belated pillow and all the cares of the household are thrown upon accounts who have large.

The little children of five or six years, who come and stare at the wonderful stranger, and who get in his way, are whacked with the Frenchman's stick.

The dogs of the native villages, which for protection are trained to skeep in the daytime and keep awake in the night, know them, and haie them. At intervals through the night these dogs bark and howl in a desultory fashion, calling to their camine friends and relationary in the world learn that every kind of will the world learn that every kind of with the sight is honorable? work that is right is bonorable

As Martha opens the door I look in and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it either under the greater or less stress of circum-stances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to eostly restairants. He will be very apt to enjoin severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make \$5 do the work of \$7. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state to her mother. The mother answered: "The honeymoon lasts

"How much do you want?" A dollar."
"A dollar! Can't you get along with fifty cents? You are always wanting a dollar."
This thirty years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outgo within the income, has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such, it is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you all you would have such, it is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be just to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food, and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, like the barrel of Zarephath, the barrel would be full, and the children's shoes would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years.

Oh my friends all these tricks and

Oh, my friends, all these trials and fatigues of home life are to prepare you for heaven, for they will make that the brighter in the contrast! A dying soldier was asked by a friend, "Have you any message to send to your father?" "Yes, said he; "tell him I have gone home." "Well," said the friend, "have you any message to send to your wife?" "Yes; tell her I have gone home." "You have other thanks would you like to send a message. her I have gone Lome." "You have other friends. Would you like to send a message to them?" "Yes; give them the same message. They will understand it. Teil them I have gone home." And that heavenly home will compensate, will fully atone, for all the hardships and the trials and the annovances and the vexations of the earthly home. In that land they never hunger, and consequently there will be no nuisance of catering for appetite. In that land of the white robes they have no mending to do, and the air of that hilly country ing to do, and the air of that hilly country makes them all well. No rent to pay there Every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change to step into the chariot of the skies of the earth you rode. It will not be say if on earth you rode. It will not be so great a change if on earth you had alluxuries and satisfactions. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down or the banks of the river of life if on earth

you had a country seat. But oh, the joy of the weary feet when they step into the celestial equippage, and, oh, for the joy of those to whom home was a martyrdom on earth when they go into that home where they will never have to do anything they do not want to do! What do anything they do not want to do! What a change from the time she put down the rolling pin to the time she took up the scepter! If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt mausion were fitted into the celestial city, they would be looked at as uninhabitable rookeries, and Lazarus himself would be ashamed to be seen going in and out of them, so great are the palaces awaiting God's dear children, and so much grander, the heavenly architecture that grander the heavenly architecture that the earthly. It is often not only the tol of the housekeeping, but it is the sickness and the sorrow that go along. It is a simple fact that one-half of the women of the land are invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache or a pain may con-sider household work of no very great weariness, and at the eventide may skip out to the fleids and drive the cattie home, and until 10 o'clock at night may fill the cabin with laughing racket but, ob, to do the hard work of the house hold with a shattered constitution—after six weeks' whooping cough has raged in the household, making the nights as sleep less as the days—then it is not so easy And then this work of the house has ofter to be undertaken when the nerves are shattered with some bereavement that has put desolation in every room of the house and sent the orib into the garret because its occupant has been hushed into a slum-ber that needs no mother's luliaby. Oh, it was a great deal easier for her to brood the whole flock than to brood a part o them now that the rest have gone! You may tell her that her departed children are in the bosom of a loving God, but, mother like, she will brood both flocks, putting one wing of care over the flock in the house, putting the other wing of care over e flock in the grave. take a woman impelly through home trials

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home; no man can be happy with two wives, much less with 700, and out of his wretched experless with no, and out of his wretched experience he wrote—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers: Kings by their indigestion have lost empires and generals through indigestion have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of 1000 unmarried men thirty were criminals, and out of 1000 married men only eighteen were criminals, showing the power of home. And, ob, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal welfare of the human race. Oh, the responsibility!

That woman sits in the house of God today perhaps entirely unappreciated. She through indigestion have lost battles. One

That woman sits in the house of God for-day perhaps entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and ever and anon there is a panic. God knows the anxieties and the cares, and he knows that this is not a useless sermen. but that there are multitudes of hearts waiting for the distillation of the divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own faand their home duties and their own fa-tigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agencies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure and will until God and the judgment

will find a woman who can sit in the arm claim to the way and the say, 'I will pay you \$50?'

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' he told me ef eber It got into a scrape you was de best in town to cover up reskelity."

For a brief, breathless moment the "rial was suspended.

Egyptian Dislike of the French.

The Frenchman in Egypt is an unpleasant person from the native point of view. French artists, wandering from place to place in search of subjects for their paintings, carry with them, in addition to their artistic paraphere between the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who with dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who with dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who with dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who will dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who will dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who will dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk, who will dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk had will be a stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab Shlekk had will be a stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of the perfect of the perfect stranger to the perfect of the per did! How much sconrging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of that boy's spirit! Aye, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ; for in all our occupations and trades and businesses, and all our life—home life, foreign life—we are to re-member that the sacrifice for others will

right new stars were discovered last year and officially named. The highly poetic appellations "D. H," "D. L" "D J," "D K," "J L," "D M," "D N" and "D O" have been assigned to

them.
Of the factories in Michigan 2931 pay their employes weekly, 1077 semi-monthly and 643 monthly. The aver-

age daily wage, as ascertained by the labor commissioner, is \$1.37.

An Austrian meteorologist has proved by experiments that rainbows are conditioned by the size of tain-drops, and that while we ordinarily see only two rainbows side by side, there are as many as twenty. there are as many as twenty.

Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males. with two exceptions—the angler and the catfish.

The bones and muscle of the human body are capable of over 1200 move-