And enry interior me their owins the prize,
And writes his name amongst the best,
I think, 'spose I'd his chance to rise,
His edication and the rest,
I wonder if I couldn't climb
The ladder jest as quick as he,
And then it almast seems a crime
That he should feast, while, all the time,
There's but the hard, dry crusts for me.

But, then again, I think, suppose
That all our brains was same as his,
Who'd plow the furrers, plant the rows,
And do the common stints there is?
If everyone could greatness share
This world would stop, I guess we'd find:
We can't all tancy-work prepare,
The few have pleasant tasks and fair,
The many's got to git the grind.

God made us all, and put us here
As part of His almighty plan;
And each one's got his duty clear:
It's jest to do the best he can.
And if my place in life ain't what
I'd like to have it, nor as great,
Why, if I can't, whate'er I've got,
I'll try to keep my furrer straight
—Joe Lin
—Joe Lin

and kohl robies and weeding her silver-skin onions, the cockle burns and wild morning glories were flouri hing among her sweet corn and potatoes. She worked early and late, however,

She worked early and late, however, to eradicate the tenacious interlopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When lo! one unlucky night Farmer Nub.ins' pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence and played havoc among the growing crops.

Small wonder, indeed, if our heroine lost her temper at last and pelted

lost her temper at last and pelted those pigs with clods, or whatever came handlest, and even whacked one of them across the snout with the

But with all her efforts it was tate in the day when the last one of the marauders was disposed of and the fence patched up, after a fashion (I will say here, in parenthesis, that I do believe a woman could vote, and even make laws, and execute them, too as well as a man under some cir-

too, as well as a man, under some circumstances. When I say "under some circumstances," I mean if she were not hampered by prejudiced and unreasonable colleagues. But when it comes to patching rail-fences, the least said about woman's capabilities

York cabbages and marrowfat peas, the striped bugs worked destruction on her cucumbers and Cassava melons, the Colorado beetle devastated her potatoes, and the squash bugs ate up her Boston marrows and patty-pan squashes. The foxes, minks, owls and hawks, to say nothing of opossums and weasels, thinned the ranks of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks; and, to make matters worse, her cow turned out to be a "jumper" and brought disgrace on herself and trouble on her mistress by daily raids on Farmer Nubbins' cornfield.

This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smallweed. And I almost b'lieve—I—would—No, I wouldn't, either. I won't take up with a crooked stick, if I be nearly through the woods—" woods-

a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sunbrowned face.

Miss Ferobia shook hands with her visitor, and drew forth a chair for him, with a secret fluttering at her

with weeds—I couldn't keep can out.
An' what with the bugs, an' the rabits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbagehead left skeercely."

"Sho' now, you don't say! Why, if
that ain't too bad," responded Felix,

sympathetically.
"An' the varmints has took all my young chickens, "continued Miss Fero-bia. "An' Farmer Nubbine is a-goin"

much for her, and she began to sob hysterically.

"No need to hire out," put in Felix,

ness was a failure after all," she re-flected, as she washed up her supper dishes at night, with a very light heart, "but he can't say it wasn't a successful failure, anyhow."—Waver-

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAYS DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

Statistic trace closes of Heaven-cheirty
Astronomy of the Creetlation.

Service of the Creetlation.

Copyright. One for the Creetlation.

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Copyright. One for the Creetlation.

Copyright of Creetlation.

cherist's gaments smell of myrrh I Immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

Would that you all know His sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's merry and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved. "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and casais out of the ivory pnlace."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to'know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who eyer had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not will be a such as a stage of the head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour's head roles of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pligrimaged Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour's head roles of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pligrimaged Aloes! A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man Not so gouth as a taper to cheer His dying hours.

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour's hear to have a character of the prope

sympathy of a Saviour; who feel Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour; sheart going out to the leper and the adultress; but who soothed Christ? He had aft place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer His dying hours. Even the candle of the sun saufed out. Was it not al! aloes? Our sins, sorrows, tereavements, losses and it he agonies of earth and hell picked one cup, and that pressed to His lips until the aerid, nuscenting, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a marty? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted to pluck me and you for heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because He wanted us found, and He wanted us to see. Because we were sorfs, and He wanted us to see. Because we were sorfs, and He wanted us do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to a trest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous ideal ware not sick. Why do we want cassia," It suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous ideal ware not sick. Why do we want cassia," It suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous ideal ware not sick. Why do we want cassia," We are at theirte. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are little, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a row." I be got offers, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in myster

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST

An Ox on Trial-Distinguished Soldiers Who Have Been Strong Advantes of

knew an old farmer who kept a big ox, He ate a great deal but worked not a

stroke; Hen put him in pound as tight as a box, And placed on his neck a big iron yoke; Phey fed him whole fleids of the best of the

Dut he pushed like the devil with the point of his horn
And oft from his pound and his keepers he broke.

With a terrible rush the pavement he'd take,
Or sweep with his horns the thick crowded street;
All barriers and fences to check him he'd

break, And hood and run over whomever he'd meet; His nostrils were red with the blood that he shed,

he shed, His pathway was strewed with the dying and dead, From the thrust of his horns or the tread of his feet.

Of this horrible ox the townsmen all spoke, Of his pound and his keepers and vic-tims, forlorn; Some said he was safe for he wore a big

yoke,
And others said not because of his horn.
The creature, some said, deserved to be
killed;
Some argued, his pound men higher should
build, And instanced the market he made for the corn.

In spite of his yoke and his keepers 'twas

In spite of his yoke and his according found, found, Since the owner paid license and bought up the corn, That "respectable" men would open the pound, And let out the ox, with the terrible

horn;
If some would complain of terror and pain,
And point to the victims the monster had slain.

They were laughed at as "cranks" and hooted with scorn.

A wise man, at last, with this wickedness vexed.

A volume, well-worn, from his side pocket drew;
"Hear, townsmen," he said, "I'll read you

a text, Which tells with the owner and ox what

He read, and the people with merciless stones Crushed in the ox-monster, his horns and

his bones,
Then righteously slew the ox-owner, too.
-Joel Swartz, in National Advocate.

Soldiers and Drink.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a letter to Mr. John Bailey, President Granthan Temperance Society, on April 21, 1881, wrote: "The cause of temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime, and more thrift, and more comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all the crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with any army or body of troops in the fleid there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well the conduct was all that could be wished for."

On another occasion, in 1881, he wrote: "About ninety per cent, of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor crime is practically unknown among us."

After he had become Lord Wolseley he wrote, in 1894: "There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom. But the most pressing enemy is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also."

On another occasion he said: "The superstitions about grog are only maintained by those who mistake the cravings of habit for those of nature. The experiences of our armies all over the world show that the health, character and efficiency of our men are improved by substituting other beverages for strong drink." In support of the last quotation given might be used what he said in regard to his experience, which was as follows: "During the operations I conducted in South Africa, in 1879, my yny personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotallers. They had very hard mean are improved to the last quotation given might be operations I conducted in South Africa, in 1879, my yny personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotallers. They had very

was as follows: "During the operations I conducted in South Africa, in 1879, my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotaliers. They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them, and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted with, a fact I attribute to their being almost all total abstainers."

Sir Evelyn Wood, in 1892, said: "Throughout the Crimea those were the best and most healthy soldiers and sailors who did not touch intoxicating drink." He also served three years in India, including the last fifteen months of the mutiny, and he sould positively state that those who drank nothing were the best men. He went to the Gold Coast, and, during the 150 days they were in one place he put in 146 days' service, only to find himself beaten by a man who was a teetotalier. During the last three days he had rounded the Cape of Good Hope four times, and he found that the stokers who had to work in the heated stoke holes of the large ocean steamers never drank anything but barley water in the tropics.

steamers never drank anything but barley water in the troples.

Sir Henry Havelock says that "at the fall of Ghuznee, in the Afghan war, the self-deral, mercy and generosity of the solders arose from the fact that they had no spirit rations," and he added: "Since then it has been proved that troops can make forced narches of forty miles and storm a fortress in forty-five minutes, without the aid of rum, behaving after success with a for-cearance and humanity unparalleled in nistory."

Stonewall Jackson declared "He was more afald of brandy than bullets in the army."

rony."

Colonel Dawes, of the Bengal Artillery, says: "My experience is that nearly all the rime affecting our Enropean troops in India has originated in the use of spirituous liquors."

Increased Female Drunkenness

Increased Female Drunkenness.
Sir Wilfred Lawson told the meeting of the Women's Total Abstinence Union that he had come from a good stand-up fight in the House of Commons on the Drink Question. The question was, whether the Scotish people should choose whether they would have drink shops set up among their nouses or not. Appalling statistics were given to the meeting, largly composed of ladies, of female intemperance. It was shown that there were in 1878 about 500 women who had been convicted ten times and upwards; but in 1898 there were nearly 13,000.

The Crusade in Brief.
Rey. Theodore Cuyler. D. D., signed the otal abstinence pledge when ten years ild.

id.

The temperance people of Birmingham, Ala., have by agitation compelled the sacons to close on Sundays.

A movement to exclude liquor dealers rom church membership has been started in Louisville, Ky., by Rev. T. T. Eaton, D. D., pastor of one of the wealthest churches in that city.

It is stated that the banks in Kansas have larger deposits in proportion to population that any other State in the Jnion except Maine. Kansas and Maine are prohibition States.

MISS FEROBIA'S FAILURE.

RV HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light, Feroby." Timothy Filbert shook his head solemnly as he spoke. He was a large man, with small, light-blue eyes and a chronic stoop in the shoulders, suggestive of a too steady application to the plow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light, count on gittin' him, fur he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' everybuddy says they're a-goin' to mary after harvest."

It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her

to the plow. "You're a stannin' in yer own light,"

"Noure a stannin in yer own ignt," he repeated, impressively.

"Mebbe you're right, Timothy," admitted his sister, meekly. She was not naturally of a meek disposition, but there are times when the most spirited person feels crushed by circumstances, and such a moment had cumstances, and such a moment had come to Miss Ferobia. Timothy felt somewhat placated by the unexpected

admission.
"Tain't too late yet," he suggested, briskly, taking his seat at the break-fast table, where his sister was already pouring the coffee. "You jest say the word, Feroby, an' I'll give Jason Smallweed a hint that you've changed yer mind.

yer mind."

His pale-blue eyes glanced inquiringly at his sister, but Miss Ferobia's momentary meckness seemed to have vanished as unaccountably as it had

I haven't change! my mind," she 'I naven't change! my mind," she re'ortel with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobuddy else. I'll stay right here an' keep house for you the balance of my days."

Timothy wriggled uneasily. He had Timothy wriggled uneasily. He had his own reasons for not appreciating the generous offer. To fortify himself for the disclosure which must be made he swallowed half his coffee at a gulp.

'I-I-the truth is, Feroby, stammered, with a crimson counten-ance, "I felt so sartin I was a-goin' to lose you, I-I asked Nancy Garget, an'

the said she'd have me."

The cat was out of the bag now, and Timothy mopped his face handkerchief and breathed a sigh of

But Miss Ferobia, like a sensible woman, bore the shock bravely.

"And how soon am I to give up my

situation?" she asked. Timothy grew uncomfortable again. "Hey? Oh!—why-you needn't to be in a hurry. It won't come off fur a week yet," he hastened to exlain. "An', o' course, you know I couldn't hev nothin' again yer stayin' right along, same as ever, only Nancy,

she — "
"You couldn't hire me to stay," was the reassuring answer, and Timothy congratulated himself on having the matter so easily settled. "It puzzled me consider'ble to know why Timothy the matter so easily settled." othy was so sot on me changin' my mind," reflected Miss Ferobia, as she washed up the breakfast dishes and polished the knives and forks. "But it's plain as a pike-staff now. I might o'

knowed he was sayin' one word fur me an' two fur hisself." Miss Fe obia was as unlike her brother in appearance as she was in

disposition.
While he was stoop-shouldered she was straight as an arrow. And though, as she admitted, she was "getting along" in years, her bright eyes and fresh complexion contradicted the as-

At her brother's request she remained at her post until the wedding was over and the bride installed in her new home.

the two women, an Timothy Filbert was disposed to tri-timph over her sister-in-law.

"I s'pose you wasn't a-countin' on your brother marryin'," she remarkel, disagreeably, as she combed out her ink-black tresses before the square-

framed looking glass in the best room.

"He had a right to please himself," rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly.

"But what are you going to do?" persisted the bride. "As I told Timether I best in the best best of the bride."

othy before I promised to have him, the house wan't big enough fur two fam'lies, an' you couldn't expect to stay after I come."

'An' as I told him, I wouldn't stay e paid me for it," retorted Miss if he paid me for it,

Ferobia, emphatically.

"Oh, you're mighty independent," snifted Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a calculatin' to take up with Jason Smallweed. You up with Jason Smallweed. You wouldn't ketch me marryin' a widder-

wouldn't ketch me marryin' a widderer," she added, maliciously. "If I
couldn't be the tablecloth I wouldn't
be the dish rag. But I s'pose he's
Hobson's choice with you."

The truth was that she was
afraid her sister-in-law might still
manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by crook, and she was
determined to provoke an altercation
in order to prevent such a sequence.

in order to prevent such a sequence.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be drawn into a quarrel.

"He may be Hobson's choice, but he is not mine," she returned, coolly.

Nancy, however, was as persistent

as a gnat or a gadfly.

"I don't doubt but what you'd little woman declared, a "tussle" rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, slyly; "but you needn't to While she was hooing bar cabbu

count on gittin him, in ne's a-keepin comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' everybuddy says they're a-goin' to marry after harvest."

It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her sixter in law's burning cheeks that the sister-in-law's burning cheeks that the poisoned a row had struck home. Miss Ferobia deigned no reply, how-

ever, but went coolly about prepara-tions for her own departure. She had rented a small cottage and

a few acres of ground a mile or two from the old homestead, and Timothy could do no less than get out the spring wagon and drive her to the new home.

new home.

It was yet early in the springtime, and the wild plum trees were white with bloom. The tall maples and elms by the roadside swung their light tassels in the soft breeze, and myriads of buttercups and purple hued pansies dotted the grass-grown lanes.

"I dunno what you wanted of so much ground 'round your house," remarked Timothy, reflectively, as the

marked Timothy, reflectively, as the wagon rolled early along. 'Half an acre would have been enough, I should

say."
"No, it wouldn't," maintained his sister, stoutly. "I'm a-goin' into the gardenin' business, to raise truck fur the markets."
"Simpethy whiteled."

Timothy whistled. "You'll make a failure of it, sure as uns," he declared, ruthlessly. But Miss Ferobia was not to be dis-

couraged.
"There's plenty of men make a livin" at it, an' why not me?" she asked.
"I've got a little money laid by to
start on. An' I've got a stout pair of arms, and never was sick a day in my life; so way should I make a failure of

But Timothy only shook his head and remarked, vaguely, that it was "onpracticable, and she should find out," and declined to commit himself out. farther. And the conference was cut short by their arrival at the cottage.

It was a lonely place, but Miss Fero-bia was blessed with strong nerves, and

solitude had no terrors for her.

She had accumulated a few odds and ends of furniture from time to time, the gifts of various friends and relatives, which went a good way toward furnishing her diminutive

dwelling.

And when they were arranged to her satisfaction, and a square of bright rag carpet tacked down in the centre

rag carpet tacked down in the centre of the room, Miss Ferobia felt as happy as a king.

She was too tired after her day's work to do more than take a cup of tea and retire to rest. But a comfortsquare-posted bedstead restored her energies, and for the next few days she was as busy as a nailer over her

preparations. Lem Dodson was hired to plow the "truck patch," a cow with a young calf was bargained for, and a few fowls of the Plymouth Rock and Dorking species were purchased and were soon cackling vigorously around their new

quarters.

After a little more help from neighbor Dodson, and a vigorous use of the hoe on Miss Ferobia's part, the ground was in readiness for planting, and the r new home.

There was very little congeniality long past her usual bedtime looking over her stock of seeds and selecting

those requisite for immediate use.

There might still be late frosts, she reflected, and such tender plants as beans and cucumbers, summer squashes and nutmeg melons would be better out of the ground than in it for a few days to come. But beets and lettuce, spinach and marrowfat peas and ruta-bagas would stand anything short of a regular freeze, and might be safely

planted at once.

And, late though she sat up, the first pink flush of early dawn did not find Miss Ferobia napping the next morning, nor for many mornings to come. She was up with the birds, and after a hasty breakfast out she sallied, and hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freckled and her cheeks tanned. But garden-ing is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the "If I grass and weeds would creep in here buldn't and there in spite of her vigilance, e he's The purslane—"pusly" she called it— The purslane—"pusly" she called it— and horse nettles grew faster than her butter-head lettuce or white spine cu-

cumbers.

Then the weather was not always propitions, and her first planting of

prophtons, and ner mist planting or sugar corr and early rose potatoes rotted in the ground. But Miss Ferobia, nothing daunted, replanted the vacant rows with later varieties, and in due time the seeds sprouted and gave every promise of a uxuriant crop.

But from that time on it was, as the

hoe handle. But with all her efforts it was late

However, Miss Ferobia's workman-ship, if not exactly artistic, was suffi-ciently ingenious to prevent further inroads in that direction.

But for some reason, from that time on the Fates seemed to turn a cold shoulder on her efforts.

The rabbits feasted on her early

"There ain't no use a-tryin', as I e," she lamented dolefully as she set out her one cup and saucer, in readiness for her tea. "A lone woman don't have no chance at all. An' here I've spent all my money, an' my garden ain't wuth shucks. And Timothy, he'il say he told me how 'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smellwed. And Lelmost.

"Evenin', Miss Feroby," interrupted

him, with a heart as she remembered her sister-inlaw's insinuation.

But Felix was evidently bent on making himself agreeable.

"An' so you've struck out for yourself," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your garden."

"I haven't got no garden, an' you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds—I couldn't keep 'em out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rab-

to shoot my cow, an' an'——''
The thought of all her woes was too

hysterically.

"Don't cry, Miss Feroby; please don't," urged Felix. "He shan't shoot your cow, I promise you."

But Miss Ferobia shook her head and dried her eyes on the corner of her eyes.

her apron. "I'll sell the cow," she declared, soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make a garden."

eagerly. "I—want somebody to cook fur me. Say you'll marry me, Fero-But Miss Ferobia in her surprise

stared at him, then hung her head, blushing like a girl. "It's so—sudden," she whispered. "What's the odds?" asked Felix, boldly. "I wanted you long ago, only I couldn't somehow git the courage to

ask you. Say yes, won't you, Feroby?"
And after a little more urging Miss
Ferobia did say yes, and felt very well
contented with her future prospects, in
spite of her weedy garden.
"Timothy will say the truck busi-

Four Queer Names.

A man registered in a Cleveland hotel the other day, giving his place of residence as Sleepy Eye, Minn. Half an hour later another guest reg-istered from Painted Post, Iowa. The istered from Painted Post, Iowa. The clerk paid no especial attention to this, but when the next man to register boldly wrote "White Pigeon, Mich.," after his name, both the clerk and the bookkeeper began to get interested. While they were talking about the queer names that had been given to some of our western towns a dignified-looking man stepped up to the office, whirled the register around and scrawled "Horseheads, N. Y."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.