### THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

Could any power make those shoulders And hitches on, and rolls again, his soul whole? All in his small, square face. What glot Whole? Surely he may grow taller — but that stoop ! Yet what fine sport! He has found a bar-rel-hoop.

rel-hoop, And with aflittle stick he makes it roll. "Ils true it quickly passes from control, But then he plants his crutch with forward

droop, Pushing his way and bent into a loop,

ing, rare, And eager joy it is! Upon his high Poor ridge of shoulder-work of endles care-Hangs a lace collar, in abundant fall, Adjusted by some piteous, loving eye That would not see the shoulders stooped at all. Hangab Darker Kimbell

-Hannah Parker Kimball.

The Sheriff Who Shirked. Went Down to Defeat at the Polls Because He Didn't Do His

Plain Duty. 

"It isn't always an easy matter for a public official to perform his duty," said the man of experience. "By 'duty' I mean what is required of him under the law, which is sometimes widely at variance with the prompt-ings of heart and conscience. I have in mind now the difficult task im-posed upon Charley Tatman when he was sheriff of Clermont county. Tat-man had been a good friend of mine for many years. When he was elected to the office of sheriff he asked me to act as deputy. During the first year of Tatman's term nothing of impor-tance happened. But along in the second year of our service, just at the ime when Tatman began to lay his plans for re-election, we struck a asag. "The farmers in the southern part

"The farmers in the southern part small, but they were continuous and systematic. The luckless farmers had handed themselves together for the detection of the culprit and the protection of their meat and potatoes, but they made no progress in running down the thief. Once or twice, indeed, after a light fall of snow they had succeeded in tracing footsteps from

ways been considered the most worth-less white trash in the neighborhood. They were lazy, they were uncleanly, and they were ignorant. It was a well-known fact that Hiram Leach had not done a day's work in two years. Yet in spite of this protracted leisure the Leaches continued to shift along in their usual haphazard manuer instead of being packed off to the poorhouse, bag and baggage, as would have been the fate of any other family in similar circumstances. Finally the farmers appealed to Tatman to help fix the guilt, and in response to this entreaty Tatman sent me down into the south-Tatman sent me down into the southern townships to see if I could find the thieving rascals. Already the hirelings who stir up political gossip, had caused it to be bruited about over the county that Tatman was totally incompetent and that he did, not earn the adapt of a god dog, each or much incompetent and that he drift, not earn the salary of a good dog catcher, much less the fat sum paid, the sheriff of Clermont county. Judging by these reports it was quite plain that if Tat man did not soon redeem himself in the eyes of the voters he might as well w ren un his politicel hones for Tather the source of the source of the source of the source and the source of the cell w rap up his political hopes for he future and save the money he yould necessarily have to spend in the coming campaign. "I, too, was baffled when trying to

discover the purloiner of hams and similar food. Three robberies were committed in as many weeks after I took the case in hand. At last I determined to get out a warrant and search Leach's house. Before taking

river country. The roads were rough and in some places well-nigh im-passable, and although we set out early in the morning it was late in the afternoon when we turned into the afternoon when we turned into the narrow lane that led from the high-'em.' "Again Tatman hesitated. "You understand my erro way back to Leach's. This lane was long and winding, and the intricacies were hard to master, but after having passed through a barnyard, which was entered at no less than a dozen different places by as many sets of bars, we found ourselves on the crest of a steep found curseives on the crest of a steep hill at the foot of which, according to the testimony of the boy who was feed-ing the shivering animals in the sheep shed, we should find Leach's house. Tatman and I got out of the buggy and walked down the hill. We kept peering round us sharply as we went, but not until we came almost to the house. "''Come on,' she said. 'He's in but not until we came almost to the base of the hill did we see any signs of a habitation. Then suddenly a lit-tle puff of blue wood smoke was seen curling up through the denuded branches of the trees to our right. here. "Tatman and I followed her into a We went on a few steps farther, and the house itself was in sight. It was such a little house of frame and logs, and its color was so very drab and dis-couraging, that had we not had the boy's word for it that Leach lived there, we should have been in doubt as to whether Leach's house were really a house or a stable, notwith-standing the evidence of the chimney as to whether Leach's house were really a house or a stable, notwith-standing the evidence of the chimney and the smoke. "We hitched our horse to a cherry tree and went into the yard. The ing violently when we entered, and I

"The farmers in the southern part of the county gave the alarm. For some time, so they complained, they had been suffering from the depreda-tions of some petty robber or band of toblers. Most of the thefts were small, but they were continuous and systematic. The luckless farmers had banded themselves together for the detection of the culprit and the pro-to follow him. Tatman and I fell in to follow him, Tatman and I fell in with the group of boys and girls and dogs and went around to the back yard. Once in sight of this dreary spot, we came to a dead stop. The chopper was an old woman. Her fore-head was a network of multice. Her succeeded in tracing footsteps from three or four houses whose cellars had been looted to a place about a quarter of a mile distant from the scene of plunder, but at that distance the footsteps suddenly disappeared. "The farmers' suspicions were strongly aroused against a family named Leach. The Leaches had al-ways been considered the most worth-less white trash in the neighborhood. ward. "Well,' she said, 'what you want?"

"Her steady look disconcerted Tat man, too, for a minute, but he braced up and came to the point without any useless preliminaries. "Does Hiram Leach live here?' he

"'Is he at home?' continued Tat-

"'I should like to see him,' said

Tatman. "The woman grasped the axe handle tighter then and leaned over a little farther. 'What you want of him?' farther. 'W she asked.

"Tatman looked at her significantly. "I'm the sheriff,' he said, bluntly and cruelly. 'Perhaps you can guess the

"The axe dropped to the ground at that, and the woman pressed her coase red hands to her cheeks, over

to take refuge in the folds of her scant skirt. 'My name is Marthy Leach,' she added, is an afterthought. 'I've stayed here ever since the children's mother went and sort o' looked after "'You understand my errand here, I'm quite sure, Miss Leach,' he said. 'You have undoubtedly heard the ru-mors that have been current for weeks past concerning your brother. I have a duty to perform. I must search your house.' "The woman's thin, hatchet-like face grew more peaked and haggard. For a moment a look of defiance glowed in her eyes. When that died away she lifted the smallest child into her arms and started toward the

noticed that the hand he held up to his lips was almost transparent in its thinness. The woman stood silently before him until the paroxysm of coughing had ended. Then she spoke: "''Hi,' she said, 'here's two men

come to see you.' "The man raised his hollow dark

eyes and shook back his thick dark hair. Tatman looked at me appeal-ingly, but I could give him no encouragement. "They have a duty to perform,

"They have a duty to perform," the woman went on, bitterly. 'T is man,' and she pointed to Tatman, 'is the sheriff. He is going to arrest you for stealing a sack of potatoes, a bag of corn and a slice of pickle-pork from Peter Fagin night before last. The whole thing weighed a hundred pounds, mebbe. Peter Fagin lives three miles from here. There was an awful heavy rain all that night, and the mud was knee-deep, but for any-body well an' strong like you are, Hi, rain an' mud don't count.'

"There was a sneer in the woman's voice that contrasted painfully with her shrunken, withered face and fig-ure. The man laid his face in the hollow of his skeleton-like hands and ground. The man the hollow of his skeleton-like hands and groaned. The woman turned toward Tatman and me. "'1' spose,' she said, grimly, 'you'd like to search the house.' The woman turned toward

"Tatman's face was flushed, and his "Tatman's face was flushed, and his whole figure seemed to cry out an apology for our being there. ""I believe I shall have to,' he said. "The law requires it, you know."

"The woman straightened up stiff

as a rod. "''Well,' she said, 'I won't put you

to much trouble. It ain't worth while for you to go pokin' around into unis join to go the point about the there is left of the last haul. The potatoes is—'She stepped to the cupboard in the corner and threw back the door. "'Marthal' the man called out,

sharply. " "That's all right, Hi,' she said. 'I knew it'd have to come sooner or later, an' it's no use to beat about the bush

an' it's no use to beat about the bush now that the officers is here. There's the potatoes,' she repeated, 'down there in that box. The meal is in that jar on the second shelf. The meat is wrapped up in that towel. The stuff is almost gone already, for we've got a good many mouths to feed here, countin' in the dogs. It's a good thing you come when you did, for like as not there'd have been another haul tonight or the night after.'

tonight or the night after.' "The woman sat down on a stool opposite her brother, and motioned Tatman and me to chairs in front of the fireplace. I took the seat, but

the fireplace. I took the seat, but Tatman remained standing. "'I'm very sorry to find things as they are,' he said. 'I came, of course, to arrest Mr. Leach, should I find him guilty. He is evidently a very sick man. I do not see how I can take him into custod, oddar, yyt. "Solar is gellic, as you say..." as you say-' "The woman sprang to her feet like

a wounded animal. ""Who said he was guilty?' she broke in. 'I said we got the stuff from Peter Fagin's, but I didn't say Hi took it. He didn't. Why, man, where are your eyes and your common sense? Can't you see? Can't you understand? Don't you know that those weak arms couldn't carry half that load a hundred wards to show the those weak arms couldn't carry half that load a hundred yards, let alone three miles? No, if you are goin' to arrest anybody, you'll have to arrest me. I did the stealin', I've been doin' it all along. I—' "There was a catch in her voice then. The woman sank back on the stool again and gathered the young.

then. The woman same only began is est child into her arms and began to rock her body to and fro nervously. Tatman took the vacant chair be-side me and mopped his streaming forehead forehead.

" 'You wouldn't think I'd be able to do it, either, would you?' she re-sumed, pitching her voice in its highthe arch leach's house. Before taking action I went up to Batavia and con-sulted Tatman. "I suppose,' he said, doubtfully, 'that it is the only thing we can do. I've got to do something to make a record for myself or I'll be as bad off as they say this Leach is. I guess I'll go with you. My presence will, perhaps, make the maneuver more ef-fective and serve as political timber "I't was a cold, snowy day in March when Tatman and I left Batavia to make our raid on Leach's house. It was 20 miles from our town to the river country. The roads were rough more of her, and if the children was my own I couldn't think more of them. At least, it seems that way. Anyhow, I wouldn't have stole for Anyhow, I wouldn't have stole for anybody but them. I promised their mother when she was drawing her very last breath that they shouldn't want for anything if I could help it, an' I guess they never have, so far. " 'Hi never did have the knack of gettin' on very well,' she said. 'It was this little fellow that set me goin' \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ this one here in my arms. Ho me the -this one here in my arms. He was hungry for two days an' nights. He cried and cried till I couldn't stand it cried and cried till I couldn't stand it any longer and then I—well, I hustled. I took from Peter Fagin the first night. You'll say, of course, I ought to have asked for help. Well, mebbe I had, but I don't know as it would have done any good. Folks was all down on us. Somehow, they don't seem to understand that Hi's sick an' has been allin' for months. They seem to understand that fit's sick an has been ailin' for months. They still think he's sufferin' from lack of ability to get on. But it ain't that now. If I'd begged, the best they could have done would be to send us to the poorhouse, and there is so much red tape to be unwound before a body can get in even there, that the chances are we'd have starved to death before the business could be settled. That's the way it was with chances are death before

as lively as I've been doin' this win-ter. It is funny. I can't understand it myself, but somehow when I was out—stealing—I was spry as a cricket and as still as a mouse. I never felt afraid, either. I guess that's the reason I never got caught. But now that you've got me, I suppose I'll have to give in. Do you want to take me along with you now? It won't take me long to get ready. Clothes don't cut much of a figure with us. All I wish is thut yon'd kind of look after

looking at the snow-dimmed glass. By and by he came back to the fireplace He reached out and grabbed old Man tha's hand, and when he spoke I saw that his hand and voi e were both un-

steady. "'I think,' he said, '.hat you can take better care of these children than I (an. I don't want you today. My warrant is made out for Hiram Leach. My I can't change it to Martha. It is my duty to do so, I suppose, but - I can't do my duty. Here is something to keep you going for a while. Don't keep you going for a while. Don't spend any of it till Peter Fagin's meat and meal and potatoes are all gone. You might get me into trouble if you

against the child's unkempt locks. She said nothing, but she pressed Tatman's fingers, and I guess he understood '

The man of experience stopped

The man of experience stopped abruptly. The young man, who was smoking, cleared his throat. "Well," he asked, at length, "what became of Tatman? What did they

Ind., is on the side of a perpendicu-lar hill over half a mile in height. The trees grow straight out from the billside, and when an apple drops from a tree it falls nearly half a mile

A French journal tells a story about a dog which belonged to an English dontist. The dog was scarcely able to support life owing to the loss of its The dentist made an artificial set, including four canine teeth and four molars mounted on a plate in the ordinary way. The dog now eats meat and even gnaws bones without difficulty and he has gained considerably in weight.

The most curious street pavement in the world is that which has recently been put down in Lyons, France. It is of glass, the blocks being about ight inches square, each made up of sixten smaller blocks. The glass blocks as so tightly fitted together that water enot pass between them. As a pavement bass is said to have greater resistance the strene. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it

A newly married couple in New Brunswick, N. J., circumvented their mischievous friends by starting on their wedding journey by way of the roof. The friends, well supplied with rice and old slippers, stood at the foot of the stairs. The pair ascended to the roof, walked to the adjoining house, they down and through the rear door the root, walked to the adjoining house, then down and through the rear door to a back street, where they entered a waiting carriage and were driven to the railway statiou.

# Birds are furnished with a peculiar membrane, which in a state of repose lies in the inner angle of the eye, but is movable by two distinct muscles, which draw it over the corner. It is, to a certain extent, transparent, for, according to Cuvier, birds can look through it, as the eagle does when looking at the sun. This membrane is called the third eyelid. One of the most comical and grotesque animals is the "spectacled bear" which derives its chief attraction from the light-colored rings around its eyes. These—the greater part of the face being, like the body, black—have ex-actly the appearance of a pair of com-mon "goggles," through which the

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Guard Your Temper-A Sweet Disposition Adds Much to the Joy of Living-Don't Waste Health Rehears-ing Wrongs and Scheming Revenge.

ing Wrongs and Scheming Hevenge. [Copyright, Loais Klopsch, 1802.] Washukorox, D. C.-In this discourse Dr. Talmago placates the world's revenges and recommends more of the saccharine and less of the sour in human dispositions; text, Ephesians iv., 26, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." What a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The eradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which at evening it is burled.

enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoloum in which at evening it is buried. Sunset among the mountains! It almost it have one's breath away to recall the sene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and struck asiant through the foliage the more conspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson com-mingled. All the eastles of cloud in con-flagration. Burning Moscows on the sky, Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from earnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at night-fall is something to make weird and splen-did dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexan-der Smith, in his poem, compares the sun-set to "the barren beach of heil," but thi-wonderfui spectacle of nature makes mo think of the burnished wail of heaven. Paul in prison, writing my text, remembers some of the gorgoons sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the orientai days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Its also out that memory in the text when he says. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'' Sublime all suggestive duty for people then and people now ! Forgiveness before sundown ! He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbedie. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon blimself and others without finsh of check or fash of eye or agitation of nature is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-lidotic. When Ananins, the bigh priest, ordered the constables of the controm to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul if red up and said. 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall.'' In the sentence immediately before my toxt Paul commands the Ephesians. ''Be ye angry and sin not.'' It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exaperations. Saul after David, Snecoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Paquins after Augustus, the Phatisees after Christ, and every one has had bis pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresentions shall become beleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the Important Injunction of the text, ''Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'' Why that Ilmitation to one's anger?' Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? Wusht has the sunset god not it fatted upor in some wark.'' The field on the sense to to do with one's presentive on the sunset why we should not it fatte or the sing of the senset.'' for the sunset before our femper. Pour is long mough to be cross ab' all apy wrong the display the display of the sunset before, and then depressed. Besides that it sours the disposition, threas the bloid in brain and there the display of the senset.'' for the so while display the sense the display of the senset before our femper. Pours is long mough to be cross ab' all apy wrong the dister the while display the dit she shas hands with some one. Bank up the fres at the u

am dead that I forgive hms." Rolon, the confessor, said, "Her majesty had better by helt the sum of this earthly existence of down upon his wrait. "At helter for the sum of the sum to we might not his to is kall prevent history for we might not history and sum the sum of the life in the sum of the sum of the sum of the life in the sight. Derive and it of the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon the life in the sum of the sum of the sum the life in the sum of the sum of the sum the life in the sum of the sum of the sum the life in the sum of the sum of the sum the life in the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum that have been along the the rational deaxes mount of the sum of the sum of the sum that sum of the sum of the sum of the sum that sum of the sum of the sum of the sum that sum of the sum of the sum of the sum that sum of the sum of the sum of the sum out of the sum of the sum of the sum out of the sum of the sum of the sum out of the sum of the sum of the sum out of the sum of the sum

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The most curious street pavement not form upon it.

use that you'd kind of look after Hi and the children when I'm gone.' "The man in the corner sobbed aloud. Tatman arose and siaked over to the small window and stood believer to the small window and stood

did." "The woman leaned her gray head

do to him in the next campaign?"

Knocked him higher than a kite," said the man of experience. "They said he was no good because he couldn't find that robber. But I guess Tatman didn't care."-New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An apple orchard in Jefferson county, before it alights on the ground.

long, low room, and the children and dogs crowded in at our heels. The room was almost dark. T e greater part of what poor light there was was derived from a fitful flame that leaped up from the logs in the open fireplace, for the windows which were too small for the windows, which were too smal to admit much light even in their prime condition, were rendered almost

death before the basis sound be settled. That's the way it was with the Dolan family.' "Tatman remembered the Dolan episode and nodded an acquiescence. "'You may think it strange that a woman as old as I am could get around

beast seems to look with an air of mingled wisdom and imbecility. The spectacled bear is only found in the mountainous regions of Chili, South America.

Colonel Atkinson's With

One of the judges of the Wayne circuit court tells of an incident in the bar practice of the late Colonel John Atkinson that illustrates his quickness to hurl a Parthian shaft and the biting

sarcasm of his irony. He was opposed in the case on trial by all the power and resources of James H. Pound, and they were fight-ing like giants for every point of ad-vantage. Pound had won a majority of the jonsts, the colonel was nettled, and was lying low for a chance to de-liver a swinging blow.

"It came," says the judge, "when I decided a point against Pound. It I decided a point against Pointa. It had been fierce y argued by both at torneys, and in deciding it as I did I stated my reasons at length, giving authorities. I saw Pound shake his head at one of my conclusions, his lips moved, and I supposed he had made some comment so when I concluded some comment, so when I concluded my decision, I asked:

"What did you say, Mr. Pound?" "Quick as a shot and in his most

"Quick as a shot and in his most cutting tones of intense sarcasm the colonel replied: "Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor. He merely shook his head. There is nothing in it." "-Detroit Tribune.