FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

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B. W. PECK, Editor.

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Bishop Parker of India.

India is an immense aggregation of peoples of most diverse types, languages and governments. Our church began missionary work in the northwest provinces in 1857. Dr. William Butler was the pioneer and founder of all our work in that vast peninsula. In 1859 several men went to his assistance, among whom was Rev. Edwin W. Parker, who after all these years of continuous service was elected by the general conference at Chicago in May last as missionary bishop of India. Bishop Thoburn has been overburdened with the duties of his office and suffered in

BISHOP E. W. PARKER.

health until it became necessary to give him additional help. Dr. Parker, though advanced in years, was manifestly one of the best equipped men in the world for this place. With him was elected Rev. Frank W. Warne of Calcutta, a much younger man, but one who has seen enough of missionary life and demonstrated by his grasp of matters his ability to fill the requirements of the position.

Bishop Parker was born at St. Johnsbury, Vt. He joined the church in 1853 and Vermont conference in 1857. He was educated at Newberry seminary and Concord Biblical institute. He has been presiding elder since 1864 with the exception of three years. He is president of the Epworth Leagues of India, which enroll nearly 12,000 members.

Strange Banners.

On the walls of the general conference platform in the Chicago Auditorium were hung a score of banners such as never before decorated any American meeting place. They were the silk shields, squares and pennants from faroff India and had been secured from the Epworth Leagues which used them in the great gathering in that country while Bishop Foss and Dr. Goucher were on their missionary tour of the land.

A Measure of Success.

Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter.

Doctor—I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Calves are never killed in Morocco because of a popular notion that if deprived of them the cows would cease to give milk.

Wearing Black Stockings.

A frequent cause of trouble with the feet is the wearing of black stockings. Care should be taken to select those with white soles, as the dye is extracted by the heat induced by confinement in the shoe and acts as an irritant poison. Itching, burning and swelling often are due solely to this cause. To mitigrate the evil in some degree the stockings should be changed daily in summer and at least three times during the week in winter. The feet should be bathed every night in warm water and bicarbonate of soda—a tablespoonful of the soda to a basin of water—letting them remain in the solution until it becomes cool. They must be rubbed vigorously in drying and then bathed with alcohol.—New York Tribune.

His Part In the Quarrel.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?

Witness—Yis, sor.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin the listenin."—Green Bag.

When some one remarks that a man has a bad temper, all the women present say, "Well, he looks it."

Just becaus a man who attends a drove of sheep is a shepherd, a man who attends a lot of cows isn't necessarily a coward.

One freckle on the chin of the Summer girl means one proposal before the season's over; a freckle in the middle of the forehead signifies that the possessor will be married before Christmas.

Quite a sensation has been caused at Berkeley Springs, W. Va., by the indictment by the grand jury of the County Court of County Commissioners of Morgan County on the charge of misappropriation of county funds. It is alleged the indicted officials, Eli L. Rice D. T. Householder and S. D. Moser, allowed themselves more than $2 a day, the limit by law, for their services.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic For the Week Beginning Sept. 2, "Seek Souls—Text, Luke xv, 1-10.

"This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

Nothing in the life of Jesus was more startling and revolutionary of the notions of the times than His treatment of the people who were not counted as religious. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners to hear Him" shows Him possessed of an attractive power of personality such as no other reformer, however eloquent, ever had. Nowhere do we read of the multitudes of the common people offering any opposition to Him unless first stirred up by the professedly good leaders of religion. The publicans were cordially hated as being for purposes of gain in league with the foreign conquerors and political masters of the nation. Oftentimes they were probably extortionate in their demands and violent in their methods of collecting the taxes. It is quite likely that as a class they were socially inferior and morally of low type. They are usually coupled, as in this instance, with sinners. These two classes were the openly nonreligious people of the times. They were the most needy of spiritual help, and no effort was made to reform them by those who made most profession of piety. One good thing remained true of them in all the evils of their occupation—they made no pretense of goodness, of which they were destitute. There was no sham with them. They were openly in life what they were and concealed nothing under a cloak of false profession of sanctity. If they defrauded any man, it was not under the disguise of pious duty and godly helpfulness. If they overreached any one, they did not make their evil doubly hateful by long prayers and hypocritical ejaculations. They were not given to cant.

Such people need the gospel and are much more easily reached by it than those who appear to be more righteous, but who are righteous only in appearance. A publican is an easier man to reach with truth and appeals of duty than a self satisfied Pharisee.

Jesus shows the real heart of all truth in seeking those who are most needy of His helpfulness. He reverses all false estimates of the worth of external forms of religion and centers all value in the intention and soul desires. Mechanical motion and mere ceremony belong to the realm of the unfree, but whatever is of the nature of compulsion, whatever is forced and necessitated, loses value in the sphere of the free spirit of man. Oblige a child to repeat a prayer, and as a prayer it is worthless. It may be useful, perhaps, as a lesson of obedience, but not as a religious expression of soul desire.

The publican and sinner are ignorant of their real nature and needs and, not as the Pharisee, openly defiant of known right. Jesus awakens in the evil ones the dormant desires and calls into active exertion the powers of good. He seeks those lost to right and saves them by rousing them to put forth their energies in co-operation with the spirit of holiness. Sinners recognize in Him a Saviour and, penitently forsaking their sins, follow Him in the regeneration of purity and power.

So the followers of the Christ are called not so much to a routine and ritual of worship as to the active exertion of godliness in seeking and saving the lost.

Credo—Confido.

It is the fashion with many to despise creeds as illiberal and a mark of narrowness in mind and spirit in those who hold to them. It seems so much broader and more cultured to refuse all such restrictions to thought. But there is a deal of arrant conceit and nonsense under it all. These professions of liberality cover quite frequently the utmost bigotry and lack of liberality.

All thinking persons must have some opinions and beliefs on the great basal truths of religion. They view God in some manner and hold some ideas of Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, the nature of the human soul, its capacities, duties and destiny, the nature and mission of the church and the Bible.

It resolves itself into this—whether it is nobler, more reasonable and helpful to say, "I don't believe this, that and the other," which men have for ages, after deepest search and severest testing, found to stand the test of adequacy, or to recognize such facts as rational and worthy to be used as a working basis of daily life and to say, "I believe—Credo."

Incredulity never led to strong, sustained and noble effort. "I believe and I confide in Jesus Christ" has been the keynote of all heroic endeavor for ages. Confidence in God and the ascertained facts of religious consciousness are marks of greater breadth and depth in culture than all the popular doubts of erratic though brilliant discrediters of creeds.

Find some solid rock for your foundation. If it is not on the surface, then dig for it, but find it. No life can be reared substantially on the sand of "I don't know." Bedrock of "I believe, I confide," alone can give firm basis for life work.

The Luxury of Life.

It does not consist in the abundance of things which surround one. Elegance in architecture and finishings does not constitute a home. Richness and abundance of viands cannot make a feast. Companionship is the essential element, without which life loses its attractiveness. Persons and not things make existence desirable. The luxury of life is love. With it all material things assume significance and worth, as they bear the impress of personality, speaking through them to our inner thought and feeling. Friends and friendship make up our future good.

People who are superstitious about thirteen, should pause a moment, and if they have a twenty-five cent silver coin in their pocket, take it out and count the array of thirteens. They will find out that it's the greatest kind of a thirteen hoodo. Beginning with the stars there are thirteen, and thirteen letters in the scroll, which the eagle holds in its claws; thiteen feathers are in its tail, and there are thirteen parallel lines on the shield; thirteen horizontal stripes; thirteen arrow heads and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar."

FACES ON THE WALL.

BY BOB M. CHEYNE.

My friend Topper is inclined to obesity, not to that cool, self possessed obesity that marks the man of the world, not to that good natured, rotund fullness of person that knows it can't hurry with comfort and so is content to stand serene in the throng of nervous humanity breaking out in perennial smiles of complacent indulgence on all the fuming little world around, not to well groomed portliness, but rather to the nervous, self conscious type of adiposity that characterizes the woman with the market basket one sees on street cars. Topper, in other words, is both fat and fussy.

We, Topper and I, have an unspoken understanding that brings us together every Monday night in the back row at the Grand Opera House. I was a little early last Monday night, but, crossing to the aisle at the left of the house, found Topper in his usual place. May my friends never have the pain, my foes the pleasure, of seeing me in such a state as I found Topper. His chin on his breast, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, my fat friend, the picture of abject misery, sat staring at the wainscoting of alabaster counterfeit running around the walls of the audience room and lobby. I forced my way past him, since he seemed in no way inclined to move, and, sitting down in my accustomed place, awaited his tale. I know his moods, and this one was sure to have a tale.

For some moments he sat motionless, except for the heaving of his shirt bosom, which rose and fell with his labored respiration like the Nancy Lee anchored at full tide, his starched linen creaking ominously as it strained on his gold stud buttons. Surprised at his long silence, and more at the faint odor I detected of high balls gone by, for Topper rarely indulges, I was about to speak, when Topper turned. Laying his hot, fat hand impressively on my wrist, he moaned in a sepulchral tone, "Well, Bob, it's all up with me."

I waited to hear whether it was a visit from his wife's mother or a lost bet, when, to my great surprise, he continued:

"Yes, Bob, this intemperance is a terrible thing! Cut it all out, old man, before it's too late!"

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed. "Why, you old fat fool, when it comes to bibulosity you're not even energetic, let alone ambitious."

This was actually the first time I had known him to take anything for a month.

"I know I don't often touch it, and even today I don't think I was in on the last round, but it's got me—got me dead."

"Got you?"

My friend edged over like some foolish young thing and in a horrified whisper exclaimed:

"I see things!"

This, coming from my superabstemious friend, was certainly dry humor, and only the helpless expression on his face overcame my desire to laugh. It was evident Topper was serious.

"There," said he, laying his finger on a spot on the marble baseboard of the wall. "I know you'll say I'm a fool, but I can see a face there just as plain as though it had been drawn by an artist."

"And so it has," I laughed, for a striking likeness of a young girl, decollete and charming, smiled out at me from the maze of lines beneath his finger.

"Has what?" he inquired languidly.

"Has been drawn there," I replied. "I can see it; any one can see it."

The faint smile of relief this assertion brought him faded away as he moaned:

"Yes, but I see dozens of them. Did some one draw faces all over these walls and pillars and everything else? Here and here and there and here! Don't you see them?" All this time he was thrusting and stabbing excitedly with his forefinger. "There's a man, and here's an old woman with a hooked nose, and there's a baby with a little hood on its head, and here's"—

"Sit down!" I commanded, for in his enthusiasm Topper had risen and was following the marble baseboard across the back of the house toward the lobby. Topper sank down in despair, the tide of emotion in his troubled breast still threatening the moorings of his shirt bosom.

My mind was working on a tactful scheme for drawing my friend's thoughts away from these forms of his imagination, when, my eye resting on the marble, the face of an old man met my gaze. Slightly disconcerted, I looked away, and, a pillar of this same material coming within the circle of my vision, was confronted by two faces in profile, back to back like the mythical Janus. I felt a strange sensation down the seam of my coat collar and looked again toward the slab on the wall. There was the old man's picture, unaltered. I rose, certain that it would fade away on my approach. To my surprise, it bore the closest scrutiny and returned my questioning stare with the mildest affability.

I spoke to Topper, who stood expectant at my elbow, and we walked into the lobby, where we could continue our search away from the curious stare of the now rapidly gathering audience. It was the same there—faces of every possible conception, formed by the multifarious lines veining the composition of those slabs around the lobby, stared and grinned and smirked and scowled and glared at us from whatever point we scrutinized. The attendants of the theater, noting our actions, joined us, as did one or two friends coming in, and all, with some slight effort, could discover the puzzle faces. It is all like the old picture cards that contained a fox and a goose and a crow and a man and an eagle, et cetera ad libitum, all in the mystic recesses of one leafy tree top. After seeing them the wonder grows in one's mind that they have been so long passed by unnoticed.

The orchestra struck up, and as Topper and I fell into our seats a smile of relief broke out on his face that lent an unmistakable effulgence to the back of his neck and bore unimpeachable testimony to the fact that our greatest horrors are born of the imagination.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mysterious Box.

There is a mysterious package in the keeping of the Bank of England, the contents of which will perhaps never be divulged. This is a box which was deposited with the bank in the lifetime of the first Duke of Wellington, with instructions that it was not to be opened except with his consent and that of two or three other persons of great eminence, all of whom have long ago been dead. It has always been supposed that it contained state papers of the highest importance

Since 1877 the Royal Arcanum fraternal society has paid out its beneficiaries over $60,000,000, its membership reaches nearly 250,000; its assessments are no higher than any other reliable insurance society; in two years time has accumulated an emergency fund of nearly $1,000,000; membership increasing rapidly; the order makes no claim they cannot stand by; that every wife, sister and mother should advance the interests of the order by persuading husbands, brothers and fathers to take out a benefit certificate and protect the home in time of death.

A MODERN ADAM AND EVE.

"So I must give up my tpyewriting and live out of doors?" she said.

"Yes, if you want to live at all," was the doctor's answer.

"Well, really, sometimes I don't care the snap of my finger for living. It's so monotonous and so hopeless."

"No wonder. You have made a machine of yourself. When you go back to Mother Earth—you're a country girl, are you not—you will be in love with life again, as you were a dozen years ago, when you couldn't stay out of doors enough to satisfy your craving."

"I remember!" Her eyes brightened. "I loved to work in the garden—not the flower garden, but among the vegetables, homely, useful things—like myself. No one can give me points on planting. I'm a farmer's daughter."

The doctor took up the morning paper and read, "To let, a small cottage house; modern improvements, with kitchen garden; terms easy."

"Would that suit me?" she said.

"I think so."

"I'll apply."

"Let me know the result," said the doctor as he ushered her to the door.

It was a pretty cottage, and the owner lived next door. His name was Adam Everett. She smiled when the agent told her this, for she was Eve Sherburne. "A new Adam and Eve," she said softly, scenting a romance in this untried country.

"Your husband, madam," said the agent suavely, "will be sure to like this place, and if he has a taste for farming he will find every facility to gratify it. The former tenant was an enthusiast and improved the place wonderfully."

"Indeed! Lost his money, ran away or died?"

"Married! It spoils a man's prospects. I beg your pardon a thousand times. I mean unless the woman is practical and a home body. Now, you and your husband will be contented and propserous."

"A happy prophecy. Does the owner object to letting the cottage to a single woman?"

The agent raised his eyebrows.

"Aren't you looking for yourself? I thought you seemed so pleased with everything that you were coming."

"I am. The husband you credited me with does not exist."

Miss Sherburne learned a few days later that she would be a welcome tenant, so, taking the doctor out to pass judgment, she engaged Hawthorne cottage.

She had lived there a week and had not caught a glimpse of the owner. She almost lived out of doors. She unpacked her violin and practiced music almost forgotten in the stress of daily mechanical work. She sang, too, and the song floated in through the open windows of the next cottage.

"I wonder if it would be wise to call?" thought Adam Everett. "I hardly know the etiquette."

He was a florist. He loved flowers, and their cultivation was to him a pleasure as well as profit. When he saw every available inch of his tenant's ground being planted and sowed, he succumbed to curiosity and interviewed Miss Sherburne's gardener.

"What does Miss Sherburne intend to do?" he asked carelessly. "I see you are planting."

"She wants to raise and sell vegetables," said the country man, "and, by gum, she knows more about it than a regular farmer. She can give me points. She's a worker too. She can handle the tools as well as a man. If she were only a little bit heavier—but she's gaining. Her cheeks are as red as poppies."

Eve Sherburne sat on the piazza at dusk, resting. She heard the gate click and a step on the graveled walk. A voice said:

"I'm Mr. Everett, your landlord. I came over to get acquainted. I have brought some flowers.'

"They are lovely. Oh, thank you! The country is beautiful."

Sitting in the rocking chair in the dusk, she talked and he listened; then he talked and she listened. They found much in common.

One day, returning to his 6 o'clock dinner, he found on his table some asparagus in a delicate dish, temptingly served. A card beside announced "Miss Sherburne's compliments. It will be her pleasure to supply cooked vegetables in their season."

To her door he carried every morning flowers enough to make her rooms fragrant and beautiful. The rain, the winds, the charm of the woods and fields, the quiet and the freedom, won Eve back to health again. She was in love with life once more. Was it because of the friendship that had grown between a lonely man and woman, she wondered, or because she was in better health?

Adam Everett, man fashion, wasted no time in wondering. At the gateway Eve stood one lonely night, resting her arms on the bars, singing softly. Up the path to the other side came Adam. She made a motion to unclose the gate. He stopped her, saying:

"Keep it shut, Eve, until my fate is settled. Am I to enter paradise? I found on my table tonight a plate of apples, a woman's gift. I have eaten. You have tempted me away from my solitary existence. The first Eve tempted man out of paradise. You are tempting me in."

A blush suffused her face. She stepped back and swung the gate wide in answer. Adam entered.—Boston Post.

AN UNPROFESSIONAL REMEDY.

The operation promised to be quite successful, viewed as an operation simply, and yet the great surgeon did not look entirely satisfied as he removed his operating garments and made ready to depart. The eyes of the nurse who had waited upon him gleamed with professional satisfaction as they regarded the work of the morning, but they grew troubled as they fell upon the patient. She bent over and laid her ear against the faintly beating heart.

"She is sinking, doctor," she said. The great specialist turned back from the door he was passing through and came up to the bedside. The young surgeon who had been assisting him and who had modestly stepped aside as the patient was brought into the operating room and prepared for the anaesthetic which he was to administer became as pale as his operating apron. The patient, who had borne the operation and the journey from the operating table back to her own room admirably, looked up at them suddenly, with eyes still dim and unseeing with weakness and languor. Then she lapsed back into unconsciousness, and the great surgeon shook his head gravely.

"She must be stimulated quickly," he told the assistant, "and she must be reminded of the highest possible incentive to live which you can think of as soon as she becomes conscious. This collapse is rather remarkable, considering how well she bore the operation and that she is not of an extremely nervous temperament. Revive her and see that she wishes to live just as quickly as possible."

"She has no incentive to live," the nurse told the younger surgeon as the great man hastened off to the waiting appointment which he could defer no longer. "She told me this morning that she is all alone in the world; that she would be rather glad to die than otherwise, and she only consented to undergo the operation at all because she considers it the duty of every one to make all reasonable efforts to prolong life. She hinted at an unhappy love affair," she concluded as they worked over the patient together, "and said that when the accident which necessitated this operation happened she had hoped that it was all over with her, young as she is."

The young surgeon made no reply, and the nurse, fearing that he thought her forward or unprofessional, blushed scarlet as she bent over the patient. She was a pretty woman herself and still in her first youth, although neither so young nor so beautiful as the motionless girl on the bed. But the young surgeon had no eyes for the blush which his silence had called forth. His face was as pale as hers was rosy, and the hands which lifted the unconscious head of the patient so that the nurse might administer some brandy and water trembled. When the eyelids of the fainting woman began to flicker a little, he moved so that the eyes they shaded should fall upon no one but the nurse. Standing in this position, the patient saw him no more than she had done when he stood behind her at the head of the operating table holding the cone by means of which he was administering the ether. But the young surgeon could see her perfectly, and he scrutinized the delicate, bloodless face with a care and a degree of attention not entirely due to professional interest.

"What do you mean by fainting, Miss Stanley?" exclaimed the nurse in her cheerliest, most professional accents, as the wide eyes opened fully. "Don't you know that every time you faint it weakens you a little and that you've got to grow stronger instead of weaker if you want to live?"

"I don't want to live, not really," whispered back the patient weakly. "I don't care whether I live or not. I suppose I've got to try to get better because it seems to be my duty, but I'm too tired to feel like trying hard. What have I got to live for?" she finished to herself, the faint voice trailing off into a scarcely audible murmur.

The young surgeon stepped out from behind the bed head and took firm hold of the little patient's hands.

"Live for me, Margaret," he said intensely. "I was a fool to be jealous of you, to doubt your love and goodness even for a second. I haven't known a happy or a peaceful moment since we parted. I thought my heart would break when I learned that you had been run over and so nearly killed, and it almost stopped beating when you were carried in this morning. Forgive me, Margaret, and live for my sake. We'll prove how good and happy life can be together yet."

The nurse had slipped out of the room for a moment, and they were quite alone. He stooped and kissed her lips. The little patient was still too near to the mysterious realms of unconsciousness to be astonished at anything that happened, and she took the happiness the gods provided in such unexpected fashion quite simply. When the nurse returned, she was sleeping like a baby, one frail little hand clasped in that of the young surgeon, and when the great surgeon stopped at her bedside the next morning her eyes were already bright with the hope of returning health, if no more.

"What's this I hear about your fainting yesterday?" he cried in cheery professional reproof. "Don't you know that such unreasonable conduct retards your recovery, my dear young lady, and don't you want to get well quickly?"

"Indeed I do, doctor," came the little patient's instantaneous reply. "I've so much to live for!"

And the nurse, although she maintained a discreet professional impassivity of attitude and facial expression, found it difficult to repress a sympathetic smile. —Chicago Tribune.

Laws that Should be Changed.

In thirty-seven of the United States a married mother has no right to her children. In sixteen states a wife has no legal right to her earnings outside of the home. In eight states a woman has no right to her own property after marriage. In seven there is no law to compel a man to support his own family.

Whistling, it is said, is one of the best methods of preventing wrinkles about the mouth.

A well known physician has recently declared that the time is not far distant when the man who dies under a hundred will be charged with having committed suicide by violating the laws of health and sanitation. This may be the view of an extremist; but it is a fact that within a half century the average of life has been extended over ten years. For a long time it was fixed at thirty-five years, but it is now close to forty-five.

It is a great thing to have ability, but it is no small thing to have opportunity.

A Short And A Long.

Love's a skiff and love's a song,
Lovely, gleam and glory;
Shall we float with him long—
Hear the old story?
Heights to climb and deeds to do,
Such we dream the springtime through?

Wellaway! Love pulls to May;
Through the winter's round he
Smokes in the artful way,
With a wealth he's received us.
Heights to climb and deeds to do,
Shall we dream a lifetime through?

Yes, if love is gloom and gleam
Come in sweetest seeming;
If he but direct the dream,
Sweet will be the dreaming!
Shall we only dream and go?
Yes, if love will have it so.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

It Kept John Hobbs From Marrying the Wrong Girl and Led Him to Marry the Right One.

It was just 3:30 by the dusty clock that did duty in the editor's office of The Daily Telegram, when John Hobbs, manager and general factotum for that enterprising paper, from which he derived a snug little income, suddenly remembered the day of the week. It was Thursday and on the following evening the most select concert of the season would take place, where the social set of Wrensville would be in evidence.

Now for nearly a year John had been a frequent and more or less regular caller on Miss Mabelle Whitney, the very pretty daughter of a very rich merchant.

He had intended to invite her all along, but this delay in his invitation might mean a disappointment. He would soon know and why not embody in his note a declaration of his affections, and so put to the test whether she returned his love or not. This seemed a happy thought, so he began:

My Dear Friend—May I hope for the pleasure of your company at the concert tomorrow evening by the Singers' club? I have a question to ask you, the answer to which will make me either the most miserable or happiest of men. If you accept my invitation to the concert, I shall understand your answer will not be "No" to the more momentous question, and a refusal of my invitation I shall consider as a refusal of yours, with deepest regard. JOHN ELLIOTT HOBBS.

For a man of so brilliant a mind this was really a very lame proposal, but John signed his name with a consciousness of having said just enough and not too much, feeling quite sure if the depths of his honest devotion to her that her answer would be what he hoped. With this load off his mind he turned to the perusal of his afternoon mail, with which his desk was littered.

Another story from the pen of Miss Davenport. Well, this one he had better reject, for she was really getting beyond her depth, or so it seemed to him. To be sure, she sketched her characters with an artist's skill and was decidedly original in plot and action, but the public, the public, must be pleased, and her [illegible] never seemed happy, and what was more, never married the heroes, nor any one else, for that matter. He did not want to personally say "no" to this girl, to whom unconsciously he had become so interested and whom he recognized as a career writer, sure to win for herself a name in the world. But he had already made up his mind not to accept more of her work, and so taking up the stub pen which had certainly seen better days, he dashed off as follows:

My Dear Madam—Notwithstanding our appreciation and admiration for your style we find we must decline your manuscript for the present. Trusting to be of service at some future date, I am, yours very truly, JOHN ELLIOTT HOBBS.

"I flatter myself that is neatly done," thought John, as neatly placing the notes in their respective envelopes and addressing the same he rang for the office boy.

Friday morning dawned dull and rainy, with little prospect of clearing weather, and as John sat in his office his courage and spirits were at ebb tide. It was all owing to the weather, he thought, and not a premonition of failure. Anyway he had stopped at the florist's and ordered a box of gorgeous violets sent his love, and they must be received by this time.

Just then the postman opened the door. Not a line from her in this mail, only some advertisements, a bill or two, three cards of invitation, a check, thanks for that, and last of all, a small envelope in the well known handwriting of Miss Davenport. A reply to his dismissal of the day before, he presumed, and, fearing to open the note he read:

My Dear Mr. Hobbs—The contents of your letter, although a very great surprise to me, have made me very happy. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I "accept" your invitation and shall expect you this evening. With regards from my mother and self, I am, most sincerely, MIZRAH E. DAVENPORT.

What did it mean. What invitation did she accept and why should his letter make her very happy? Quite the reverse, he had supposed. It sounded like some mystery of romance from her versatile pen, but it was no jesting matter he reflected, remembering the concert and his anxiety of mind concerning his answer from Miss Whitney. Just then, in his reflection, the door was flung open and a messenger boy sang out: "Mr. Hobbs! Very important. No answer." And depositing a package handed John his book for signature. John recognized the handwriting of the address and hastily tore it open. A large bunch of violets met his astonished gaze and a letter, which read as follows:

Mr. Hobbs:

Sir—Allow me to return your property, which by some mistake was sent to me. As to my style, I consider it presumptuous on your part to pass any comment on what cannot possibly be of interest or concern of yours. I most heartily indorse your desire to discontinue all future correspondence, as your insults are only less clever than your compliments. Yours, etc., MABELLE WHITNEY.

Poor John read it with sinking heart, too utterly miserable to express the surprise it merited. Another riddle to read, he thought. Was the whole world turning topsy turvy and with it his powers of comprehension? First, a letter of acceptance for an invitation which he had not given, and now this withering refusal and the return of his poor, despised violets. Well, good-by to his dreams of love and future bliss and the castles he had built in his vain ambition. The disappointment he would bear so bravely no one would suspect its existence. But how explain to Miss Davenport her mistake, and, picking up her letter, he carefully reread it. Her quotation of the word "accept" was a bit strange. Its blindness suggested his own use of the word. What if he had made a mistake in the letters and so had sent the wrong envelopes? In that case she would understand all but his unmitigated stupidity. Was ever such a box before, esquired by a girl he did not love and rejected a woman he did love and in a way left no chance for explanation he could see. Perhaps later he might find a way to enlighten Mabelle as to matters, but how to explain to Miss Davenport without cruelly wounding her pride and making matters worse he course he must call tonight and take her to the concert, trusting to chance to straighten out this tangle.

John Hobbs never forgot that evening, and how he avoided actually admitting himself by asking the question he presumed he was expected to ask, but in spite of his uncomfortable position and unenviable frame of mind he found himself enjoying the music and could not but notice his companion's attractive face and charming manner, and that her well bred composure was enhanced by a graciousness and seriousness of manner which he had been blind before.

Somehow John found himself promising he would call on Sunday evening, which he did, and really enjoyed the companionship of these two charming women. This call was repeated several times during the following weeks, and still John had not asked the question, but on the contrary began to wonder why he had not before noticed the many attractive traits in Miss Davenport, possessed of a word of explanation had passed between him and Mabelle Whitney it was useless to anticipate any change in this direction.

As for Mildred Davenport, he had grown to admire the many lovable qualities of her womanly character. As a daughter she was devoted, thoughtful, and then the thought came to him, would she not make a better wife to the man who should be lucky enough to win her? Had he the chance, he asked himself, a dozen times a day, and one night when he quietly told Mildred the story, saying, "And now that mistake has been the means of showing you what real love is, will you, knowing all the story, forgive my stupid blunder and happily bring to a better, truer affection, a devotion which I will prove the whole life is yours and yours alone?" and Mildred's acceptance was ready and not implied.—Boston Post.

The Rats They Eat.

"The current impression that men eat rats—I mean ordinary brown rats—is all nonsense," said James J. Mason, a well known Chinese missionary, relating some experiences in the Flowery Kingdom. "The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal, well known colloquially as the bandicoot, that is often fried especially for sick people. It infests the rice fields, and is about the size of an ordinary cat, with a longer body and a head shaped like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature and is said to be enormous numbers in all the marshy districts of great cities—nearly cleaned up and covered apart and strung in bags of 20 or 30 on bamboo rods.

"The tsui-chow is strictly an aquatic animal, and, feeding entirely on fish, naturally has very delicate and tender flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished them. They taste something like young eels, and alive or dead are about much less repulsive than many other we commonly esteem as delicacies, such as eels and frogs, for example."

A Mountain of Sulphur.

The Soufriere, or sulphur mountain, is considered to be the most natural curiosity of St. Lucia, in fact, of the West Indies. It is about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, to which it gave its name, and nearly two miles to the east of the Pitons, and at the foot of two small hills, both of which are quite bare of vegetation on the sides facing the crater. It covers a space of about three acres, and is covered over with sulphur and alum. There are several caldrons in a boiling state of ebullition. The water is black in the larger ones, but in the smaller ones it is quite clear. They never fail to boil some eggs placed in the smaller caldrons, obtaining them from one of the creole guides who keeps a supply on hand for this purpose.

Do Ants Plant?

Ants are very industrious collectors, and may be seen bringing their paths laden with seeds which are stored up in granaries in the ground. In the clear space round the nest there is frequently a patch or patches of a peculiar kind of grass that produces seeds that are much sought after by the ants. It has been said that the ants make the clearing, and that the seed of this grass on purposely sown the crop, but evidence is yet wanting to show that the grass is intentionally sown and not accidentally. The fact remains, however, that on or near many nests there are crops of this grass, and that it is not destroyed by other vegetation by the ants.

How to Get Rid of Flies.

There are many remedies offered whereby the house may be rid of flies. Almost as numerous are the devices, little posts we see feed upon them and thrive, but the butchers and farmers of Switzerland claim that a coat of bay rubbed on their shelves and about the walls rid their stables and dairies of flies. It is also used in order to protect the chandeliers and picture frames from specking. This simple preventive may be had from any druggist, is inexpensive and is said to be effectual.

How to Make Potato Yeast.

One cupful of grated potatoes, a quart of boiling water, half a cupful of salt, half a cupful of sugar, when lukewarm, add half a cupful of yeast, let raise, can and keep in cool place in cellar. Two-thirds of a cupful will make loaves of bread.

The barbers in some towns in Prussia are compelled by law to wash their hands and disinfect their combs, brushes and razors immediately after use and before they are applied to the face or head of another customer.