The Young Tramp. A Story Showing That Persons Are Not Always What They Seem.

W. R. ROSE in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The old man turned an ashen face ; toward his companion. "It's no use, boy," he thickly said.

"i-I can't go any further." Yes, you can," the younger man told him. "Here, brace up. None of

that: He caught the old man by the shoulders and steadied him.

That's all right," the old man said. "You're a good boy. You've stuck by the old man like a son. No son would have done as much. No son would have stuck to such a battered an' disreputable old hulk. You're a fine lad-a fine lad."

He rubbed his hand confusedly across his eyes. "Come," said the young man,

sharply, and drew him forward. "We can't stop here in this lonely place. Come.

But the old man's strength was His weary feet could not bear the collapsing frame any further. He stretched out his shaking hand.

"I can't see," he said. "Where are we, boy?"

We are on a lonely part of the highway," the young man told him. "There's no house in sight "

We should be almost there." muttered the old man. "I-I could find the way if it wasn't so dark. Where are you, boy?"

"Here," cried the young man. "My arm is about you. Try to bear up a little further. Come, lean on me. Lean hard."

He half carried the old man a few feet further. But he could put no life into the drooping form.

I-I wanted to get home," sobbed the old man. "The prodigal knocks at the gate. A vagabond, an idler, a worthless wreck, a feeder of swinethe prodigal is fainting at the gate. There is no father at whose feet I may kneel - no mother to see my shame. Boy, look to the right-is there not a tiny graveyard on the hillside?"

Yes," the young man answered. "Yes, I see the white stones."

The father is there, the mother is there. No one is left save the prodigal's brother. But I ask no odds of him-no odds."

His head drooped, his body slipped down a little in the young man's grasp

"Stand up, I tell you," cried the young man. "Come, pull yourself together. Don't give up. The house you seek can't be much further along the road. Here, here. Look at me. Now step off. One-two-three. Curse those fellows who stole my flask! Don't do that!"

His voice was almost a roar. His arm tightened about the old vagabond. He looked up and down the roadway, but no human being was in sight.

"Let me down," murmured the old man. "I'm tired, so tired." His voice suddenly grew plaintive. "It's man. a long walk-to the mill-a long walk. But father is pretty sure to pick me up on the way. Hark, I hear the wheels. He's coming, he's coming."

despairingly. Then he lifted the frail any immediate change." old form in his arms and laid it on the grass at the roadside, under a bled eyes. spreading oak. He quickly drew off his coat and folded it and placed it this man is my father's brother," she beneath the gray head.

He closed his eyes and the smile faded from his white face.

"He must be moved at once," said the girl as she quickly rose. home is just beyond the bend. Can we get him into the wagon?"

"Yes, yes," the young man an-swered. "Drive as close to him as you can."

A moment later the young stranger stooped and lifted the aged form and placed it in the box of the wagon. Then he put the coat under the gray head and straightened the feeble limbs.

"Go on," he said. "I will walk beside the wagon." She drove slowly, avoiding the bad

places in the road, and doing her beat to make the journey an easy one. Presently they reached the bend of the roadway and a substantial farm-

house was seen a little ways beyond. The girl drove up the driveway to the side porch. A stout woman ran out her eyes. from a rear door.

"Was it well for him to go?" she "Anna," said the girl, "this is a half asked. sick man who needs our help. Heat "It was well." She came a little nearer.

"My

He nodded gravely.

There was a brief silence.

pered 'home'-and was gone.'

and knew me. I saw that he wanted

smile broke across his face. He whis-

The girl turned away. Presently

"You must rest," she said, with a

catch in her voice. "You have done

breakfast you must go to bed and

"No," he protested. "After I have

my breakfast I will be myself again.

she came back. There were tears in

"Quietly?" she asked.

some water at once." The stout woman turned without word and hurried into the kitchen. The girl stepped to the porch. The too much. When you have had your young man picked up the sick wanderer and the girl led the way into the house. An airy bedroom on the ground floor was given up to the

strange guest, and the young man There is something to be done. You prepared him for the comfortable will need me. I helped to bring you bed. Then the girl brought the hot this burden, I mean to stay untilwater and a stimulant, and in a little until all is over. Tell me what to while the heavy eyelids parted and do."

the weary eyes looked around. The old man drew a deep breath days later all the arrangements being and pushed his wasted hand across completed, brief services were held the coverlid towards his companion of in the house, and then the casket was

the road. was carried by six elderly men, neigh-"Home," he whispered; "home!" bors and fellow churchmen of the Then his eyes closed again. Pres- absent father, down the lane, and ently the girl went out and a mo- across the field, and a little ways up

ment later the young man joined her. the sunny hillside, where the new "He has fallen into a stupor," he made grave awaited its tenant.

stay there.'

The Ultimate Reality.

i conceive of God, philosophically, as the bringing to-gether of thought and things. On the cosmic scale He brings together the mind and the world into the unity of knowledge. In the social and the world into the unity of knowledge. In the social and human sphere He brings men together in the bond of love. Behind mind and matter, then, I recognize this third wonder. I see that the soul can-not exist apart from the world, nor the world from the soul. I see that what requires ultimate explanation is neither the soul nor the world, but the blending together of both; and then by the clear light of this thought I read the truth that the ultimate reality is One who includes both, and by the power of a natural impulse the lips utter the name of God. A final doubt crosses the mind. What if this Ultimate Reality be otherwise unknowable? Unknowable! Of all the truths in this universe it is the very truth we know most thoroughly most intimate mean controls. thoroughly, most intimate, most constanly. It is the light of all our seeing. This blending together of thought and things unknowable? Why, we ourselves are just such a blending together of thought and things. That is accurately what it means to be a self, an ego, a person, and I know it in every moment of my self-conscious existence. The blend-ing together of a mind that thinks with something it thinks about makes a Self, and such a self am I. When, therefore, we have got so far as to believe that the Ultimate Reality in the universe is also a blending together of thought and

is a Self, a Person, a Spirit, embracing the world.-Law-rence P. Jacks, M. A.

things, it is but a step to the conclusion that this Reality

The young man looked about him said. "I do not think there will be, Ahead of the casket walked the young pastor and behind it came the girl

to do-and the doctor says it will not [As the tramp followed the others be long. And-and you must not the girl fell into step beside him. worry about my appearance." She was softly crying and they The girl's face reddened. "I should not have said what I did crossed the field in silence.

"Thank you for that-and for this morning," she murmured, "It everything," she presently murmered. was unkind. And they walked on in silence. "No, no," he protested. "I did not

As they neared the lane the young take it that way. I thought it a man started. kindness. It showed an interest in "There is a man I believe I know." my welfare. It was a gentle reproof, he said. "He must have come for

a reproof that I fully deserved-not me." "Come for you?" cried the girl, and one that I could question. But hark, I hear my patient."

she suddenly laid her hand on his For three days and nights the arm. tramp watched beside the vagabond. "Only as a friend," he quickly

They were days of weariness and sleepless nights. The old man was sald. "Walsworth!" he called. The man ahead of them turned

restless and at times delirious. But back. His face was red. He had been crying. the tramp's voice soothed him, the tramp's strong hands held him when He put out his hand to the tramp. his mind wandered.

"Jim Arden," he abruptly said. On the third morning he was on I've been crying. I followed you up the porch when the girl came downthere on the hillside, and that stairs. The sun was clearing the pathetic scene-and your talk-was fringe of woods on the eastern hills. too much for me." The girl looked at his hasgard face.

"Miss Alice Wayne," said the young man, "Mr. John Walsworth." "He passed away just at daybreak." The girl looked from the handsome and well dressed stranger to the pale and shabby tramp. "Yes. He came out of his stupor

"And now," she said to the newcomer, "will you kindly make me acquainted with your friend,"

to say something. As I bent down a The stranger stared at the girl, and then at his friend.

"Miss Wayne," he said, "permit me to present Mr. John Arden, author, essayist, painter in local colors, lover of nature, amateur tramp. He is to be the new editor of the Columbian, a place I am here to offer him. I have brought the garments of civ-

ilization with me, and when he assumes them he will put off the character of the vagabond, I hope, forever.

The girl drew a quick breath. "I am very glad," she said, with a quick glance at the young man. did my best to make him see the folly of the idle and wasteful life he was leading."

The newcomer looked at her with smiling admiration. As usual he had his way, and two

"Jim can't refuse to stay reformed, and take my editorship, after that," he said.

A little later the girl and the young man were alone. He had lingered to say goodby. "Alice," he said, "sorrow has drawn us together-joy mustn't separate us. May I come back soon?" She gave him her hand.

"Yes," she answered.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If I rest I rust, says the key .--- German.

Man's life on earth is a temptation. -Bible. The fool wanders; the wise travel.

French. We learn not at school, but in life,

-German, The finest flower will soonest fade,

-German.

Were it not for hope, the heart would break .- Irish.

- A happy heart is better than a full purse .- Italian.
- The friends of our friends are our friends.-French.
- Misfortune is the touchstone of friendship.-German.
- A villain when he seems most kind is most to be suspected .- Spanish.
 - A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman the heart .- Dutch. If you would enjoy your raiment,
 - pay for it before you wear it .--- Danish. Everything is indefinite, vague and thin.

transient; only virtue cannot be shat-



Russian Pudding.

Beat up two eggs in a pint of milk; the whites and yolks must be whisked leparately. Add to this two ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of finely chopped suct, the grated rind of one lemon, half an ounce of chopped citron peel, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, five tablespoonfuls golden sirup. Beat to a stiff cream.

the facts narrated here.) use to ask me, hors, to drink, or that I'll never do; t call me all the names you plense and say I'm foolish, too. I would seen as much as I could say the foolish one is he was took the poisoned cup. The wise one, he takes none d since you know that drink brought me to close to rain's door. Fill a well buttered dish with the mixture, cover with buttered paper And and steam for two hours and a half. Why do you ask me to go in And have a drink once more? Fill tell you this: you're not my friend To ask one to Serve with sweetened white sauce

flavored with vanilla extract .- New

Coffee,

York Press.

The following directions for preparing coffee as they prepare it at the Waldorf-Astoria, are given in the National Food Magazine: Allow one tablespoonful of coffee to each person. Then when the When all The coffee when ground should be measured, put in the pot and boiling water poured over it in the proportion of three-quarters of a pint to each tablespoonful. The instant it boils take the pot off, uncover and let it stand a minute or two; then cover, put it back on the fire and boil again. Let it stand for five minutes to settle; it is then ready to pour out.

Pressed Chickens.

Boil a chicken in as little water as possible till the bones slip out and time being a lonatic. The conductor, rather than have a fight and terrify the other passengers. the other portions are soft. Remove the skin and fat, pick the meat apart and mix white and dark meat. Seamany of whom were women, rang up the drunken man's fare. That meant son the liquor highly with salt, nepper, celery and a little lemon juice. paying it out of his own pocket. Boll down to one cupful and add a little gelatine to make it jelly. Butless passenger. It was a hopeful sign that none of the passengers ter a mold or oblong pan, turn in meat, drop in along centre slices of laughed. Forunately, drunkenness is now seldom treated as a joke. The trag-edy of it is understood. four hard boiled eggs, pour over the liquor when cool and place a weight on the top. When ready to serve, garnish with parsley or small crisp maudlin and staggering on his lettuce leaves .--- New Haven Register. home to terrify his children and dis-

Terrapin a la Newberg.

For this delicious dish a duck ing will mean; they understand the pathetic failure that he has made of roasted the day before will be required. Cut the ment into dice and life. And they would as soon laugh mix with one-half pound of boiled at a maniac, escaped from an asylum, calf's liver. Put into the chafing dish hish that bespeaks the ruined mind. As men become more intelligent a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Blend thoroughly, then light and more civilized drunkenness will the lamp and add one-half pint of die out altogether. It was once concream. When this is boiling add a sidered quite proper for United States teaspoonful of onion juice, a single Senators, eminent inwyers, even iudges on the bench, to bring on themselves the temporary insanity clove of garlic split into halves and one-half can of mushrooms. Cook that comes with interlection. Stories of their behavior when for three minutes longer and then stir in the chopped duck and liver. under the influence of liquor were told and laughed at. Slip underneath the hot water pan to keep hot for the second helping .----To-day a drunken man in public life is rare. Instead of being laughed Poston Post.

Eels a la Tartare.

his drunken conduct. In business employers have discov. Cet your fish merchant to draw and skin the cels, and cut them into brilliant, is not to be compared with a sober man. The toper is given short shrift. A second offense usually lengths of about an inch long, wash them carefully and parboil them in water to which has been added a little salt and vinegar. suits in his looking for another

Drain them carefully and let them get cold, then dip each piece in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs.

ably public speaking, could be done by some men better when a little drunk than when sober has been ut-Fry them in cooking hot fat till a golden brown and drain them on terly exploded. It has been found that if a man can make a tolerable paper. Have ready a hot dish which has speech after three or four drinks he can make a far better speech after no some tartare sauce poured in the cen-

tre; arrange the fish neatly, and drinks at all serve immediately, and the heat of the dish will make the sauce go

the tongue it loosens it too much, and the drunkard babbles things of his own or his employer's business that Tartare sauce is made as follows: makes him bitterly repent when he is To a gill of mayonnaise add ber. As for the poor dipsomaniac, who inks to forget, it would be as wrong laugh at him as it would to laugh the consumptive, tottering feebly sobe: spoonful of mustard, a little finely drinks to forget, it would be as wrong to laugh at him as it would to laugh chopped onlou, some chopped tarragon and chervil, one teaspoonful of at the consumptive, tottering feebly toward the grave. He has made a wreck of his life: worse still, he has probably wrecked the innocent lives anchovy essence, squeeze of lemon

THE GREAT DESTROYER State of Pennsylvania

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

No Friend to Me.

To ask me to go in And break my pledge and plunge in misery and sin. No, boys, I have no time for you.

I'm striving of Instead of leads

d since beg of

H

I lift them by

dge and plunge my soul

the way. -- through life but once

by day, souls to death,

haunts of sin,

init a drop. I moment comes to you are is o'cr. I be you faced about

When all the you fater allow, ow glad you'll be you fater allow. And drank the cup no more. -Edna G. Young.

We No Longer Laugh at Drunkards.

A drunken man staggored into a trolley car and sprawled on the seat.

When the conductor came for his fare he fumbled in his pockets, but found

no money. Ie was apparent that he had no clear idea of where he was

going, or why he had taken the street

He was dazed, bewildered-for the

onductor did not laugh at his help-

Men and women who see a man.

tress his wife, can see nothing funny

They think of what his home com-

gibbering his meaningless rub

at he is held in horror. Few people haugh when they hear anecdotes of

The belief that certain things, not-

In cases where liquor does loosen

of dependents, broken the heart of a

nother or wife, left children to strug-

On the stage drunkenness is no

considered ludicrous.

numerous in magazines, are now dis-

We are really making progress. A hundred years ago idiots and luna-

Swedish Temperance Education.

The Swedish Riksdar has appro

in promoting anti-alcohol instruction in the schools of 1909. The appro-priation for 1908 was used in con-

Stockholm at the Royal School of

the Fight in India,

gan of the Anglo-Indian Temperance

Leorganized Its Forces.

organized its forces in Washington that the National League directly rep-

resents the churches of the district. This gives every assurance that ad-vanced temperance legislation will be

enacted for the District next year.

The Anti-Saloon League has so re-

Eleven Reformed Ralph Gillam writes:

Association.

in his antics.

The

way

one

accepted.

(Not long ago a reformed drunkard told us the facts marrated here.)

Rev. William Heyer, Mother and Sister Again Turned Out,

Trevorton .--- Rev. William Heyer. formerly pastor of the local Lutheran Church, was ejected from the almshouse with his mother and sister, where they sought refuge after he had been evicted from the parsonage. The former minister refused to leave the institution when requested and a constable had to force him from the house.

EJECT MINISTER.

The poor directors claim the min-Isterial party was entered there without the necessary legal papers, and that it was unlawful to give them more food under the present conlition of affairs. The preacher and relatives went

to a grove near town and prepared to live in the open air. They were without provisions. A resident took them to his home and will keep them

for the present. Roy. Heyer came here seven years ago, lost his popularity and in 1907 the congregation asked for a new minister, saying they had grown tired of Heyer. He refused to leave the church until he was evicted by force.

CARNEGIE'S RIVAL DEAD.

He Married Steel Magnate's Sweetheart At Close Of War,

Pittsburg .- Andrew Carnegie's rival in love, a poor man, died here. He was "Squire" Edward Cox Negley, Alderman in the East End and husband of the girl who threw over the steel master for the poor but gallant soldier just returned from upholding the honor of his country's Bag

During the closing days of the

war Carnegle, who was then not a rich steel master, attended Central

Presbyterian Church. His attentions to one of the choir singers, pretty

Miss Crawford, grew marked and at-tracted attention. Matters progress-ed finely until word came that the

South had capitulated. Soon there-

after a handsome young fellow, wear

ing a colonel's uniform, appeared. Miss Crawford noted the gallant

subs Crawford noted the galant young soldier. An introduction soon followed and Carnegie had a rival in the person of Colonel Negley. Negley was the favored one and wag

AIMS AT DOG: HITS WOMAN.

Policeman Shoots Three Holes In

Owner Of Doomed Animal.

unlicensed dog to the happy hunting

grounds at Fayette City resulted in

Mrs. William Blakely, the dog's

owner, being shot three times by

Policeman George Eppman. Mrs. Blakely wanted the dog killed and was assisting the officer. As he discharged his weapon the woman stepped in the line of fire and was

The dog, unharmed, ran away. Charged with sending threatening

letters after accepting settlement for being knocked down by an automo-

blie. John Thompson, of Meadow Brook, was sentenced to two months

In fail. Thompson had been hit by

concluded he hadn't received enough compensation and threatened to burn

Raydell's barn if he didn't receive

STATE ITEMS.

arm blown off as a result of a dyna-mite explosion at No. 8 Colliery, Frank McCann, of Lansford, was tak-

en to Ashland Hospital in a critical

and is supposed to have become des-pondent. He was 50 years of age.

A Pennsylvania Railroad locomo-tive, which had been retired to the roundhouse at Dulersville, ran away

and went sixteen miles on its own

account with no one at the throttlo

before being captured, and then only

because its steam had been exhaust-

J. S. McFadden, of Hanover, near-ly lost his life by swallowing a quan-

tity of bichloride of mercury instead

gave ten boys the choice of giving up cigarettes and staying in after

dark or going to the Reformatory. They agreed to reform. Their ages

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Work at Beverly, Mass., on the summer home of President Taft was

William E. Corey did not dony that

Colonel John Jacob Astor is the

he was a prominent figure in a huge

owner of the largest collection in the

world of automobiles for personal use.

Jacob Riis was elected honorary president of the Playground Associa-tion of America, in session at Pitts-

Rear-Admiral Harber and the offi-ers of his squadron were received by

the Mikado and dined by Admiral

had died poor, his associates made up a fund of \$1000 for his widow, in

Professor Charles Waldstein, of Cambridge University, and Mrs. Theo-dore Seligman, of New York City,

W. K. Vanderbilt offered to pay the

expenses of uniting the fragments of John Jay Park into a practically new

Marquis de Villalobar, first secre-tary of the Spanish Embassy at Lon-

don, will succeed Don Ramon Pins, the Spanish Minister at Washington,

Rodman Griscom, brother of Lloyd C. Griscom, the American Ambassa-dor to Italy, was received in private

audience by King Victor Emmanuel.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Govern-ment's food expert, and about 150 delegates to the International Con-gress of Applied Chemistry, salled for

True to Training.

Generous Lady-"Here, little boy.

I know you are hungry forms box of

Boy-"Much obliged, indy; but my folks age, vegetarians."-Judge.

these animal crackers."

breathing spot for New York City.

Learning that Magistrate Watsh

Carbondale

of cough medicine.

range from 14 to 18

copper combination.

rushed.

burg.

D. C

at Rome.

London

"In nearly

Togo at Tokio

New York City

were married in London

dif.

Judge Stanles, in

With his face disfigured and his

more money

condition.

tive.

ed.

automobile driven by Frank Ray-L near Jenkintown. Thompson

Thompson

t through the leg, the breast and back. Her condition is serious.

Washington .- Efforts to send an

peaceful expression.

"Let me sleep," he muttered; "let me sleep."

The young man drew himself erect were here. and looked up and down the roadway once more. And now he saw someturn?" body approaching. A light wagon drawn by a single horse had appeared from around the bend in the roadway.

"The wheels," murmured the old man, "the wheels."

The younger man ran out in the roadway and waved his tattered hat. The speed of the horse was quickened, A moment later he made out the driver to be a woman and she was alone.

The woman, she was only a girl, stared at the young man sharply as she reined in the horse. He was dusty and unkempt and unshaved, a shabby figure in the yellow dust of the highway.

"What do you want?" she asked. "There is an old man lying here at the roadside," he answered, and pointing toward the vagabond. "He is exhausted and in a serious condition. He needs shelter and a doctor.

She turned the horse from the roadway, lightly leaped to the ground and ran to the recumbent figure. A spared." moment later she knelt beside it.

"Poor man, poor man," she murmured, and pushed the matted gray hair from the wrinkled forehead. Then without looking up she added, "There is a brook just beyond the fence. Fill your hat with water.

The young man was away in a moment, and he was back almost as quickly. He knelt beside her and held the dripping hat. The girl dipped her handkerchief in the liquid and gently bathed the pale face and the gray head.

Then the old man opened his eyes and stared up at the face so near him. A faint smile softened the rugged features.

Millicent," he murmured. The girl gasped. She gave the

young man a startled glance. "Millicent was my mother's name," she whispered. "Who is this old man -what is his name?"

The young man shook his head. "I don't know," he whispered in return. "I met him yesterday-on the road. He seemed very anzious

to reach a house near here. "Millicent." murmured the old man. "Don't go away. I'm coming back in a moment. Father is calling me. See, he is taking down the

The girl looked at him with trou- A group of the neighbors followed, and a few more of the church people, "No doubt you have guessed that

said. "He was always of a wayward his appearance. Renovated garments The vagabond faintly smiled. His disposition. He embittered his fa- and clean linen and the use of the against him, and I am trying to do

just what my father would do if he "And when does your father re-

"Not for ten days. He is looking at some timber lands at a considerable distance from the railroad."

upon?" "There is no one near at hand, but

He took his threadbare coat from the wagon and slipped it on. ""Then you will let me stay. "No, no," she said hurriedly. "We

"I am going to stay," he said firmly. "It will not be for long. A man is needed here. The wanderer likes

stranger could." She looked at his dusky garb, his unshaven and grimy face.

"You are very kind stranger," she slowly said, "but are haps this stranger has a message for you kind to yourself?" He flushed a little at this.

wel as I deserve to be treated," he

doctor? I think you can be better She was back with the old doctor

A liberal use of water had We are not here to pass judgment, freshened his appearance.

said, as the doctor approached. shook his gray head.

was not in sight. tramp?" he asked.

the vines that sheltered the porch. "Good," growled the old man.

"You can trust this vagabond," he

He looked back as he stepped into his

structions," he stel. When he had disappeared down the

seamed and sunken face took on a ther, he quarreled with his brother. razor, had brought an almost start-But this door has never been shut ling improvement in his looks. His

"And there is no man you can rely

we will get along somehow."

have no claim on you."

in a little while. She had met him on the roadway. They found the young man sitting beside the wanderer.

"There has been no change," he The old physician looked at him disapprovingly. Then he turned to his patient. When he went out he

He looked around. The young man friends, when you recall his barren "Where's the

"Here I am, doctor," said the home. All those wasted hours were young man. He had been hidden by bridged by memory. He saw the old

want a little talk with you." They stepped into the driveway. Pretty soon the doctor came back.

said to the girl in his gruff way.

and last of all walked the tramp. But there was a great change in

ruddy countenance had faded and his rough hair-he walked bareheaded-had been smoothed and dis-

ciplined. When the arrangements were completed he had gone to the village two miles away and there

brought about his improvement. When he returned to the farm the services were about to commence and

he waited on the porch, quite hidden from those within. When the casket was set down the

people drew a little farther away, and the young pastor uttered a fervent prayer. Then he looked about.

"It is a pitful thing," he slowly said, "that none of us knew this man. Even she who is of the same blood

had never seen him till he crossed her father's threshold, the threshold me. I can handle him better than a he was not to recross alive. The only

person present who knew aught in a personal way of the departed is the stranger who supported his frail body to this and soothed his last moments. Per-

"No doubt I treat myself quite as

comfort and find hope. speak to us, brother?" The tramp came forward and stood said. "But here, who is going for the by the open grave. He hesitated a moment

"In the face of this mystery of mysteries," he slowly began, "it would be presumption for me to suggest any lesson in this man's life, to find any moral in his garnered years.

not here to find moral comfort. We are here only to say farewell to this that was our brother. I knew him

but a little time. I knew him only as a child-a wayward child that had grown weary with straying. The heart of the child still fluttered in "It's a hopeless collapse," he said that shriveled breast. Think of this,

us, a message in which we may take

Will you

15.

life. And like the tired child when the night is coming on, he longed for

scenes, he felt the old love-and he *1 struggled on with palsied feet. I find comfort in this thought. Homeless and friendless, this seared old heart still held its childlike love for home.

And when he passed away there was a smile upon his face and a single "He's not as worthless as he looks. word upon his lips. That word was I'll take the responsibility for him." home. God grant, friends, that when He looked back as he stepped into his we, too, shall be called away, that phaeton. "I have given him full in- smile may light our faces, that tender

cry be on our lips. There was a little silence, and the "You will let me take chargo here." There was a fittle silence, and then "You will let me take chargo here." he said. "I think I know just what There was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-mere was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-mere was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-mere was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-mere was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-the group about the grave slowly dis-the group about the grave slowly dis-the said. "I think I know just what to perform the final offices. Here was a fittle silence, and then the group about the grave slowly dis-the grave

ered by any violence .- Cicero Illumination must begin in the soul. For the face catches the glow

only from that side .- The Fra.

About Milliners.

An Atchison woman who has a sinere desire to be economical took a blue feather, some velvet and a rose to a milliner, asking the milliner to furnish the shape and trim it. The woman was proud of the feather, the velvet and the rose, as they were as good as new, but the milliner cast ust one glance at them, and then the woman began to apologize. "Apologies are not necessary," said the milliner icily, "You surely don't expect me to use anything like that!" And the woman didn't.

Another woman said to her milliner bravely: "I want a hat that doesn't cost a cent over \$5." W-h-a-t!" screamed the milliner. "I mean." stammered the woman, "that doesn't cost over \$15." "Of, well, that's better," said the m'.liner .---Kansas City Journal.

A Lover of Shakespeare.

rise. Although an ardent supporter of verything Shakesperean, Mr. Sidney Lee gives no quarter to those folk who are totally ignorant of their Shakespeage, but who are filled with rapiure and awe every time his name s mentioned. Such a person, Mr. Lee declared on one occasion, found herself at Stratford-on-Avon. When she reached the railway station, where her train had not yet arrived, her enthusiasm was immense, and she looked about her with brimming eyes. "Ah," she said, "I think this place affects me more than all. Here

up to London."-M. A. P.

he must have come to take the train

A New Language.

One day while George Ade was traveling in the Orient, he came upon a fellow passenger in heated discussion with an old Arab. The lady, a school teacher from Indiana, complained to Mr. Ado that after studying Arabic for years, in preparation for this trip, she could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," said Ade, consoling-"Can't you see that he hasn't a tooth in his head? He's talking gum-Aratic."-Success Magazine.

Repartee.

Madame-"Jules, we have been married six months, and you no longer love me.'

Monsieur-"My dear! I-Madame-"Oh, it's no use attemptng to deny it. You should have married a stupider woman than I to make such a denial convincing."

enne may be added to taste if liked. -New York Press.



juice and plenty of white pepper. Cay-

Chopped olives are an addition to almost any saind. appearing. And toleration for the drunkards themselves in actual life is becoming less and less common.

An excellent wash for the mouth before retiring is milk of magnesia. Have you ever noticed the soft, agreeable tone of the light which

tics, the most horrible of human spec-tacles, were laughed at. Now they comes through the curtain of cream are cared for kindly, and given all the help that can be given while they colored cheesecloth? "I always warm the flour," said a live out their blank, dreadful liver. To-day we are beginning to think housewife, "when I make bread in cold weather. Then there is never of drunkards in the same way. Soon not even unthinking children will any danger that the bread will not

laugh at them as they reel by on the street ---Editorial by Arthur Bris-It is much newer not to put a fancy bane, in the New York Evening Jouredge on the curtains of wash fabnal. rics which you may be hanging at the windows. Let them hang straight and plain.

Table linen hems much more easily priated \$2800 to the Central Tem-berance Education League to be used if the dressing in it is first washed out, although there is no doubt but that a hem is turned more easily when new,

lucting courses of instruction in ferent centres of population, and especially a course for teachers, given When making fudge use one tablespoonful of peanut butter instead of butter and chopped nuts. This gives a much richer flavor and is pleasanter Engineering. to the tongue.

When cutting a tomato some prefer to pass the knife frequently over "The State-regulated Equor ava-tem has been demonstrated to be dethe freshly cut surface of a large structive of the highest interests of onion. The resulting flavor is indethe Indian people and opposite to scribably delicate.

their deepest convictions. The prin-ciple of local option is being recog-A quick way to bleach linen that nized, and we are confident that if the issue were left to the people of India themselves, they would speed-ily extinguish the harmful traffic," writes the editor of Abkari, the orhas become yellow from lying a long time packed away is to soak it in sour milk or buttermilk for some time before laundering.

The woman who knows how to relax and save her nervous energy sits when combing her hair or massaging her face. She does her work better because it is less tirezome to sit.

every place where I have been this winter the work has overed hard. To use more of the candle than is usually possible, fit a cork into very hard, and yet closed in wonder-ful victory. In one place eleven men, all drunkards, decided for Christ, and the candlestick, leaving about a quarter of an inch space around the top. Run a heavy needle through the cork all are still doing well. and push the candle down on that.

The new contracts alone, made last

year by the New York Edison Com-

pany, numbered 34,531, aggregating

an equivalent of 2,765,616 lamps of

sixteen candle-power, consuming fifty

watts.