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DOING GOOD.

Es useful where then livest, that they may Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still. liedness, good parts, great places are the way. To compass this: Find out men's wants and

And meet them there. All worldly joys go less To the one joy of doing kindnesses.—George Herbert.

DARBY AND JOAN.

A spring rain was falling gently, con tinuously, on Mrs. True's garden. The lately transplanted geraniums and petunias lifted their beads gratefully to the warm shower and the fuchsias and sweet Illyssum brightened under its influence.

If their mistress could have seen them she, too, would have rejoiced, for the flowers were her children, petted darlings, for whom no care could be too great, no attention too painstaking She had housed them in winter, set them out in summer, trimmed, guarded, hung over them year after year.

involuntarily one looked for her mild face at the window, smiling out upon them, but she was not to be seen. For the second time only in her life Mrs True lay in her chamber too ill to heed the pattering rain or to think of the plants grow ing so fast in the sweet, meist air, even though, through the open window of her room, both sounds and scents entered freely, the peaceful sounds and healthful scents of the country

It was very still in the room where she lay: very still and orderly The old fur-niture was polished and speckless, the linen, white as snow against the pillowswhich had been a part of her bridal outfit -rested the gray head, still neatly cared for, and the face, with its pallor, still wore a look of kindly patience.

At her side sat her husband, good Deacon True, with bowed head and sad eyes; and in his work hardened hand he held her

Presently a footstep sounded on the muddy aldewalk outside. Then the gate latch clicked. Some one walked up the path and tapped softly on the house door, and was as softly admitted.

But the two with their faces turned toward each other took no notice. "How is she?" said the neighbor flown

stairs who had "drouped in." "Failth", " answered Parks, Postins, the

along of her, and holdin' her hand.

lishing herself by the fire, and helding out

I'm real glad to see somebody It's dread

ful lonesome here Jest those two still

critters up stairs, and me and the cat

down stairs, and nothin' on earth to do

Why, there atn't so much as a teaspoon

ful of dirt to clean up nowhere in the

house. I never did see seeli housekeenin'.

"She was a muster hand for cleanin',

"No. there warn't, but them plants is

about as bad, to my thinkin', cluttering

up the place half the year, and Lavin't

traff around with a waterin' pot, and

"Ehe was a real good woman, Mis' True

was," sighed Mrs Clapp, speaking at

"And he's a powerful good man."

"Well, they did have one child."

most tickled to death about it. She was

as proud as an old ben with one chick, but

it didn't last long I was sent for to nurse

"No, that's so," assented Fidelia, tak

two substantial feet to the blaze.

no children to make dirt."

ready in the past tense.

"There ain't no botter."

'em though."

Boy or gir!?"

each other as they do."

afternoon had waned. The rain seemed like fast falling tears. The flowers, some of them, were closing drowstly. shadows were deepening The light green foliage of a birch tree near the house looked gray in the twilight. Through the open chambe, window above sounded the sepy trill of a bird, safely snuggled in his nest under the young leaves.

Curtously enough this tender note alone had the power to rouse the dying woman She had always been in close sympathy with all fair helpless things, flowers, young birds and infants. Now, in her extremity, this weak cry pierced to her heart and woke her.

"Where's the buby?" she whispered. Why don't they bring the baby to me?" She was living over again her only sickness. She fantied herself young once more, young, and filled with a strange great happiness.

The years between had vanished. They were happy years, too, happier than most people enjoy, for her desires had been easily gratified, her ambitions were of the simplest kind. To live within their small means; to lay aside a little each year; to keep the house immaculate and the flowers thriving; to know peaceful nights and quiet, uneventful days; to help a neigh-ber in trouble; to sit in the village church regularly on Sundays, and to be sure that he grass grew green and the white vio lets flourished over a certain small mound in the graveyard; these were the utmost imits of her hopes.

Her one great grief has grown to be a tender memory, and all the days since had been prosperous and serene, unclouded ov one barsh look or word.

Now, suddenly, she was young again, a young wife in her new home, with all her humble household treasures new about her and this thrill of expectation in her breast. "Where's the baby! Why don't they

bring the baby to me?" she repeated, Her husband leaned forward, pressing

per hand in both of his. "The baby?" he said, "what baby? For him the sad present had swallowed up the past.

"Our baby," she whispered, with a look of rapture in her faded eyes. "Oh. Lolai"

He bent his head still lower. That shadowy child of theirs seemed hardly more than a dream to him. He had never

MYSTERY.

Mystery' mystery!
All is a mystery,
Monutain and vailey, woodland and stream;
Man's troubled history, Man's mortal destiny

phase of the soul's troubled dream Mystery! mystery! All is a mystery! Reart throbs of anguish and joy's gentle dew, Fall from a fountsin Beyond the great mountain,

mits forever are lost in the blue, Mystery: mysteryt All is a mystery!
The sigh of the night winds, the song of the waves; The visons that borrow Their brightness from forrow, The tales which flowers tell us, the

Mystery! mystery! Ali is a mystery!
Ah, there is nothing we wholly see through! We are all weary, The night's long and creary—
Without hope of morning O what would we do?
—Alexander McLechlan.

graves.

Power of the Human Eye. They were at the Central park menag-

"Do you know. Miss Maude," he said, that the human eve, when fixed upon the eye of a brute, has a marvelous effect?" "Does it?" she asked.

"Yes; now watch me paralyze that Long and fixedly he gazed at the monarch of the jungle, when suddenly the frightened animal threw back its head and yawned, then licked its paws enjoya-

bly, and languidly closing its eyes, dreamed of farther India and chasing British noblemen over elephants' backs. "Marvelous!" exclaimed Miss Mande.-New York Sun.

A Parloan Echo.

Pittsburg Wooer (ardently) - Bright angel of my life! You will be mine? Sweet girl, star of my ex-Allegheny Maiden (dreamlly)-Eggsyes, two eggs, one cup of flour, half a peck of sait, a pound of cayenne pepper,

three pints of baking powder-(suddenly) Oh! pardon me, Edward, I quite forgot What were you saying? An hour later Edward's body is fished

out of Pavis Island Dam .- Pittsburg

She Couldn't Evade Him.

was sometimes a bonco when

AN IRISH WILD FLOWER.

She felt, I think, but as a wild flower can,
Through her bright, fluttering rags, the dark
the cold:
Some furthest star, remembering what man

Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold bove her, beliew eyed, long blind to tears, Oh, eastle shadow of a thousand years!

Where you have fallen, is this the thing that

-Sarah M. B. Platt.

nuts and stick caudy.

up sweet dreams of future happiness.

crisp fried meat, hard biscults and bitter

black coffee. Even these were palatable,

however, after a long day's ride through

those desolate pine wilds, and Mr. Stubbs'

fuzzy faced, silly looking young fellow,

of the stranger and could only giggle and

In Soonio's eyes, however, he was evi-

As soon as the supper things were

cleared away Mrs. Stubbs "fixed the

beds," and instructing the traveler to lie

"along with the old man," she and Soonic

the old man, rubbing his bare feet on the

floor and tumbling into bed with only so

much preparation as a bog might take,

and was soon snoring frightfully; this

effectually banished sleep so far as our

traveler was concerned. In a few mo

and Mrs. Stubbs turned in.

ments the ladles came back into the room

Soonie and John Henry were now left

alone before the great fireplace, she stand-

ing on one side of the hearth nervously

toying with a china cup and saucer of

to the imminent risk of injuring her Sun

day dress. How silly and frightened he

looked as Soonie, seating herself, began

idly picking at her frock, blushing viv

"Saw a mighty big chicken fight up to

idly, and left the opening of the even

ing's exercises entirely with him.

"You kin sleep in here with me," said

dently a very precious piece of humanity,

though she cast many pleasant looks to

who went gutte off his head at the sight

cheerfully accepted by the traveler.

look more foolish than ever-

ward the guest.

A CRACKER SKETCH.

A two room log house, with a low, dilapidated "worm" fence around it, a ragged honeysuckle vine at one side of the door, which is never closed, winter or summer, a few stunted rose bushes bordering the path of white sand that glistened blindingly in the sun of a midsummer day from the broken gate to the rickety doorstep

A traveler drew his horse up at the gate, and, after the fashion of the country, shouted, "Hel-lo!" He heard a sonorous growl from within the house, as if an immense, ill natured African lion had been disturbed from an afternoon siesta; then a shrill, shattered voice commanded, 'You, Watch, git right back thar," and the great dog immediately retired to his favorite couch beneath the high, uncurtained bedstend

A few moments later there protruded from the open door an enormous corn cob pipe, from which the smoke was curling in a lazy blue column. As the pipe with, it seemed, several sections of stem. gradually made itself visible, it became evident that the other end disappeared in an old woman's mouth-a dry, expressionless mouth, surrounded with ever widen ing circles of wrinkles, as is the center of a tree, which circles took in a long. sharp nose, a hooked chin, two bright inquisitive eyes, and finally disappeared under the folds of a cotton handkerchief bound over snowy lydr. Then the handle of the pipe was with

an effort extracted from its accustomed place between the old eracker mother's lips as she called, "Ole man, cle man, here's sum 'un as wanster see you." The pipe is replaced and the thin col

umn of bine smoke curls laztly up as the stranger sits in silence under close scruthey from the e

The ice was broken, and when the trav Presently a thick stream of dark yellow eler again looked toward them their chairs

> It may have been that the presence of E. L. BUFFINGTON were confused. the handsome and well dressed stranger prompted John Henry to unusual boldness to-night, at any rate he was soon telling his love in true backwoods heroics. If he was bashful and awkward, she was coy and shy Perhaps she, too, was thinking of the traveler and comparing his easy. unstudied grace with John Henry's heavy, lumbering manner. She held back and hesitated long before putting her promise

into words. "Oh, Scorle," he finally blurted out, "H you likes me, and don't likes to say so just squoze my hand."

This appeal was probably irresistible for the next moment there was quite a reciprocity in the hugging line between them-quite unanimous, in fact. Her heavy masses of auburn hair bung over his shoulders, and her bangs were all mussed up with his carrety forelocks. while the red ribbon at her throat and his flaming necktio were indistinguishably

The fire burned slowly out and was not eplenished, but Henry staid until the traveler, with many sad memories tag ging at his own heart, drew the cover over his head and slopt, despite the snor ing of his strange old bed fellow.

When he awake the next morning the entire family had been long up. The old man was out feeding the stock; Mrs. Stubbs sat in the doorway smoking and looking down the lonely road, thinking, perhaps, of that fair, brave hearted boy who so long ago went out that way to "fine Guv'ner Brown," as the smoke curled blue and lazily from her pipe, Sconie was making bread at a table a few feet from the bedside.

"Good mawnin;" she said, with a smile on her ripe red lips, which looked sweet and tempting until he thought of John Henry's tobacco stained mouth and shud-

"You'd better be gittin' up," she said,

"breakfas' is most ready."
Get up! It certainly was time to get up, but how was that to be done with a looming and bright eyed young lady looking caimly on at a distance of six feet How he suffered as the time flew onward and she lottered about the table, and would not go away nor turn her back upon him. The biscuits were all made and she began to set the table, calling him a "lazy boy," and again telling him it was time "to git up an' wash."

A year later the traveler returned that

Half a mile up the road he stopped at a new one roomed cabin, and in the doorway ast Soonie with a cob pipe in her mouth, and she was alternately knitting and rock ing a white haired baby. In the piny woods all the children have white hair. A dog inside the house growled heavily, but was quickly silenced. Soonle recognized the traveler and called her husband.

the traveler and called her husband.

John Henry came slowly into view from
behind the house, ejected a shower of to
bacco juice upon a flower bed, threw a
well worn "chaw" among the straggling
rose bushes and said, all in one breath:

"Goodeven'—toliable—light, mister."—
Louis Calvert in Detroit Free Press.

rived in this country in 1887 was 516,933, of whom 822,026 were males and 194,007 females. Of these there were 179,000 from Great Britain and Ireland. 104,185 males and 75,454 females. From the resulter of Europe there were 828,651, of

casting expectant glances up the sandy | B. SELHLIMER

It is Saturday afternoon, and her sweet-ELA ELD WALLE heart will soon come whistling merrily from among the pines, arrayed in a suit of new clothes, with white shirt and red Iron, Nails. necktle, and his pockets filled with pea-Steel, Leather. She is radiant in a new speckled called Paints. Oils. dress, with flowers in her hair, and a knot Coach & Saddler Ware of red ribbon at her throat that beauti AND MANUFACTURER OF fully matches her cheeks. The old road Stoves & Tinware brings no sad memories to her, but calls Supper comes at sundown-a feast of Lewisiown, Penn'a

Blanks! Blanks! Blanks! invitation to "set up and eat hearty" was The following Blanks will always Soonle's beau came in during supper, a be found on hand at the Post Print-

ing office. Ore Leases. Blank Releases Agreements, Constable Sales.

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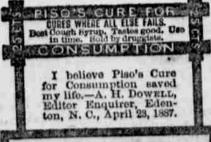
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her, and she was a dreadful sick woman out of ber head, jest ravin' about the baby; goin' on about she was meanin' to do for it She had it all planned out for a lifetime how she was agoin' to rock him to sleep nights and how, by and by, he was agoin' to set to the table in a high chair slongside of her and, finally, how he was to take the farm and live with them always My! she was ramblin' on so fast and a smiling away to berself, while the rest of us-me and the doctor and the

to show to her." "Dear, dear! Did she take on much?" said Pidelia, dropping her knitting in her

"Take on? Well, not like some folks She didn't screech, nor cry; but she jest turned awful white, and her eyes got big and had lookin': it was enough to ha'nt you to see 'em, and she never said nothin' to me; jest mouned, and caught a hold of the deacon's coat sleeve as if she needed comethin to comfort her. It did seem 's If her heart was broke sure. She never

had no more children." I guess that's why they've been so set

on each other," mused Fidelia. "Well, as to that, there ain't no tellin' a-cools' away out there on the burn."
"Hark! Wint's that? said Fidelia.

Some few folks are so, any-considerate and feelin'-but mighty tow. Most mar ried tolk get tired of livin' together, or ct any rate, they appear so, to home. But Descon and Mis' True they've been sike they was a courtin' all these years. He's done all the chores for her that a mortal man could do, and she's been as sweet to well, as sweet as one of them doves

o, or prayed with it, or tailed to imagination as she had. tinued the dying woman, trying to

ers, and looking earnestly up at him. drinkin' or nothin' Just sett...' up there "He will be little Jo. Perhaps his eyes are like yours, and he will be a good man I never did see folks set sech store by good, won't wer"
"Yes, yes, Lois." "Well, they baven't nobody else to an store by, you see," said the visitor, estab

"But why don't they bring him to me? want so much to hold him, only once. for a little while, I won't keep him long tng out her knitting "Now you just make yourself comfortable. Mis' Clapp want to feel his little hand on my face them to bring him." 'Hush, hush, Lots, dear."

"Perhaps they don't know where his om, his little blue socks, and his shirt, and the white slip-they said he must wear alips at first, not dresses. Everything a ready A boy, you said. Oh, do let me hold him now." said Mrs Cispp, shaking her head thoughfully, "and as I say, there warn't

The old man grouned aloud and tried to niet her, but without success. Out doors a wind was rising, a soft wind, fragrant with the litter-sweet breath of blossom ing peach trees It sighed at the open window, and swept a branch of the birch weedin' and stewin' over 'em the rest of

the time. She took a sight of comfort in tree against the upper panes. The deacon tried to rise to close the chass, but she moved uneasily as if to sit up in bed. He put his arms out to support her. She hardly seemed to see or feel them. Slowly her face grew radiant

with surprise and delight. "Ah, you have brought him to me at "Queer sech good folks hadn't a fam hast," she cried, with hands outstretched "Quick, give him to me here, close to my beart. Oh, how dear, how beautiful he "Do tell? I never heard of it before is! I had not thought he would be half so Boy. I believe: law. Mis' True was beautiful."

> little form, and bent her face over them to tenderest mother fashion. "My babyt my babyt" she whispered. Then, with a sigh of utter contempt, sank back upon her pillows. The women down stairs listened for

She held her arms as if they endreled a

the sound of voices to begin again, expecting to be summoned, but no such immons came. Night and darkness fell in the garden nd closed about the house. Pidelia put lamp outside the chamber door and shut the door quietly She glanced toward the bed where Mrs. True seemed to be asleep, deacon-was jest a fighting for that buly's her husband, with his face buried in the pillow, near her. She left all the necessary life. And at last, when she come to her self, there warn't nothin' but a dead body articles for the night and moved away

with a notseless step.

The hours were on slowly and silently The stars shone out in the sky at last while the flowers slept down in the shad ows, and the little bird was gently rocked in his soft cradle. All was still in the house where children's feet had never pattered up and down, nor children's

volces echoed. When morning, calm and sunny, brightned the quiet room it showed the woman's face giorified with a smile of absolute Who knows? Perhans, indeed, her mby had been broggett to ber.

Bestde ber, white and wan in the shine, lay las, faithful companion. Whether hearts do break or not I cannot tell. Heaven, at least, had mercifully let them die to gether quietly as they had lived.—Grace Winthrop in New York News.

Another Line of Work. The first woman to occupy the position of cane weigher on a sugar plantation-a place of some trust and responsibilitywas a young girl from the north. Fortune took her to the coast country, and, ask-"Hark! What's that?" said Fidelia.

telding up one hand, asmingly

it was only the sound of a weak voice
shows and a Cospar voice sying to answer
sortifierly

While the two woman had talked the

a valuable harness. As he peered into a between two logs of the cabin. "His name is Josiah, for you," con dark closet the wife of the thief remarked "That closet, sir, contains absotighten her clasp of the hand holding lutely nothing except my own wearing ap-

parel." "Then, what's this?" exclaimed the sheriff, clutching at the stolen property "My like you, I hope. We will teach him to wife don't wear any such tremendous

lookin' riggin' sa this."-Detroit Free

No foreigner has as yet solved the mystery of the German bed. The question and kiss his little check. Please tell which most often turns up is whether to sleep on the top of the mattress and sufier an equal area of cold, or to get purtially under the mattress and to remain clothes are. I laid them all ready in the cold for the night in sections. A tail man outside, looks as cool and gloomy as a top drawer of the bureau in the spare and a German bed form about as incon-

> the world of art, fiction, or mechanics can show. - Berila Letter.

Delicate Touch. "Do you know," asked the snake editor, that color can be detected by the touch?" "No," replied the horse editor. "Have

you learned the scheme?" "Not all of it, but I have learned a lit-

"Yes, I can tell when I feel blue,"-Pittsburg Telegram. In a Scaled Envelope. At a Philadelphia luncheon each guest was handed on a plate a rather thick en velope like a long letter, addressed to herself. Breaking the seal carefully, she

found a tiny tray inside holding a thick slice of delicious ice cream in various

colors.-Chicago Berald. When I go shopping, if I've any doubt as to whether a color is fast, I just ask for a pattern and slip it into my mouth and chaw it once in a while, and if the colors haint run by the time I'm ready to

eave the store, I'm certain they're fast .-Youth's Companion.

A St. Louis man says that he once had a chance to buy the patent for the Nicholson pavement for \$1,000. A year after he declined the offer the helder of the patent collected \$160,000 in royalties from

the city of St. Louis.-Chicago Herald. It's a good thing if you have any partic-

ular craze to dignify it by attending to it seriously A man may be very far wrong in his opinion; if he will assert it with sufficient emphasis he will make many people believe there is something in it.-San Francisco Chronicle. The people of Japan are greatly inter

ested in the education and elevation of women. In 1887 there were 128 new schools and societies for girls and women established in that country These are in addition to the public schools, which have long existed.—Public Opinion. Dr. Honocque, of Paris, has invented new spectroscope for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to

prove of importance in studying nutrition.

The practice of softening food for chil

dren is decried by dentists. "It is at the bottom of many a set of bad grinders," one scientist declares. The best books are within the reach of

posed that a thief had concealed starry orbs, dimly visible through a crack | she

fluid is projected from around a corner of the building with the force and volume of a lawn sprinkler, a heavy quid of tobacco is flung out among the stunted rose bushes. and an old man-dwarfed in appearance, with a lean and slender frame, yellow alda, thick gray hair locks, from which projects an aquiline nose and peer two ferret like and furtive eyes-comes slowly slouching into view Ho wears patched and darned brown jeans clothes, and, as it is summer, he does not wear any shoes at all. He

speaks first, saying in a breath "Good even -tollable-light, mister." The stranger "lights" and enters the house, which, after the glaring semi-path grotto There he came face to face with graous and wretched a combination as the girl of the starry eyes, who indeed appears, perhaps from the contrast with her homely surroundings, a rare vision of

girlish loveliness As the stranger bowed she smiled bash fully and said "Good mawnin'," though it is late in the afternoon, but no one 'makes him acqualuted " The young lady whom the mother calls "Soonie" brings him directly a drink of cool spring water in a small long handled gourd, which is white and as light as cork.

and which seems to impart an agreeable flavor and sweetness to the water; but as the weary traveler meets Soonie's hand in taking the gourd and her eyes while drink ing. It may be that the virtue did not all lie in the gourd. The mother sits beside the doorway. knitting, smoking and gazing down the lonely sandy road as she has done every day these last fifty years. Along that road, she tells the stranger, her old man brought her to this home the day they were married-only he wasn't an old

man then, but one of the finest boys in the country; along that road her only son Benny marched away to "Jine Guy nor Brown," but he never came back; along that road later on came one division of Sherman's conquering hosts as they swept over the already desolated country on to the sea, and along that road some day in the near future she will be carried in a rough pine box, on a joiting ox cart, up to the burying ground at Now Prospect church and laid to rest. Old man Stubbs, with similar thoughts, perhaps, sits near her industriously chewing a new tobacco cud and spitting with deadly precision at the lazy flies basking in the sun on the

doorstep, and asking at intervals, like minute guns "And what did you say your name mout be, mister?" though the guest had not as

yet mentioned it. "And you are from-where, misterf" falling to use the name after obtaining it. "And what mout be your business, mister" clinging still to his favorite title. "And be you a Yankee, mister?" While gratifying his host's curiosity the visitor glances curiously about the

room on his own account. About the open fireplace, at which the family cook ing is done, are ranged the only cooking essels known in crackerdom -an oven to bake bread, a frying pan in which they spoil about all ments, a deep pot to boil 'greens" and a coffee pot in which they compound a black decoction, strong and bitter, and which they drink enormously, unassisted with either augar or milk strings of red popper hang in long fes-toons from the rafters overhead, along with home raised hams, ears of popcorn and bags of unknown contents; on pegs about the walls hang the entire ward robes of all the family. Two tail beds fill the re of the cabin, and under one of these sich is growling at the stranger's voice and steeply scratching fleas.

House is presented supper, frequently

mainder of Europe there were 228,651, of whom 211,778 were males and 116,878 females.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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