

There are only about 1000 Germans in the whole of Mexico.

Chicago has a penny savings bank for school children, inaugurated by the Civic Federation.

The chemist of the agricultural department in Washington thinks that the oil made of sunflower seed, which he says is a perfect substitute for olive oil, is the coming salad oil.

Southern California has a population of about 320,000—comprising 64,000 families—and the railroad mileage is equal to one mile of road to about forty families.

By the provisions of a new Texas law, bond and investment companies doing business in the state must deposit with the state treasurer \$5000 and ten per cent. of net premium receipts yearly until the amount to their credit shall reach to \$100,000.

According to the government returns just issued there are in Scotland 9237 agricultural holdings of one acre and under, 20,150 of from one to five acres, 33,921 of from five to fifty acres, 25,568 of above fifty acres and seventy-six of more than 1000 acres.

“Within the last twenty-two years our southern iron product has increased 800 per cent.,” declares the Atlanta Constitution, “while that of the north and east has increased less than 400 per cent.

The local branch of the Boston loan and trust company in Kansas City has received notice from its head office that hereafter loans may be taken on first-class properties in northeastern Kansas.

Though the tomb of General Grant in New York city is now practically completed, there yet remains some work of ornamentation to be done. It is intended to place upon the cap of the pyramidal top of the monument a colossal statue of peace.

Vaccination against typhoid fever seems to be an assured resource in the war on disease. Two professors connected with the Army Medical School at Netley, England, have elaborated a process of antityphoid vaccination.

On a railroad siding four miles above Hollidaysburg, Penn., stand thirty-two Pullman palace cars, closely guarded day and night by watchmen whose only duty it is to see that no one interferes with the process of decay and despoliation which the elements have inaugurated.

The sun dazzled her eyes and her head felt a little giddy. It was long since she had walked so far; but she persevered.

She raised her hand suddenly to her head. “I’ve got on Selina’s old shade hat,” she murmured.

“Across the railway-track, along the pasture-wall, there’s where the black-berreries grow,” she said to herself.

When the average man is not engaged in talking too much he is engaged in whistling too much.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

By SOPHIE SWETT.



“I should like to go as far as the pasture wall once more. I expect the black-berreries are beginning to be ripe; and how thick they used to be along that wall!”

Mrs. Leafy Todd, as she spoke, leaned back in her rocking chair on the vine-shaded piazza and looked wistfully across the summer fields.

“Perhaps you could go if you tried, mother,” said her daughter Penelope, hopefully. “You walked as far as the clump of sumacs, you know, last week.”

Mrs. Todd shook her head until her wavy black ringlets quivered. “I’ve failed since then. ‘Pears strange to me that you don’t see it, Penelope. But there’s considerable Todd to you; you don’t feel for folks like some.”

“La, Leafy, you just spunk up and go! Take the short-handled dipper and bring home a mess of black-berreries for tea. You’ll feel a sight better for it,” spoke Mrs. Selina Todd, the invalid’s sister-in-law, fat, comfortable and blunt of speech, as she laid a shining tin dish on the piazza seat at Leafy’s hand and disappeared within doors, after winking slyly at Penelope, who sat upon the doorstep.

Penelope did not respond to the wink; instead, the pucker deepened between her brows—a deeper pucker than it was pleasant to see between eighteen-year-old brows.

Penelope was dutiful and conscientious, and she was not so sure as her Aunt Selina that nervous prostration was, in her mother’s case, only a new-fashioned synonym for being spleeny.

“Perhaps you’d better wait till I can go with you, mother,” she said, anxiously. “Now I must go and give little Persis Dowd her music lesson.”

“I’m used to waiting,” said the invalid, with bitter patience. “I haven’t any real expectation of getting as far as the pasture wall again. That walk I took last week came near bringing on a numb spell; and I felt considerable as if I was going to have one just after I got up this morning.”

The pretty pink color drifted out of Penelope’s cheeks. Those “numb spells” were the terror of her life. Her mother was sure they meant heart disease, and Penelope had thought that the doctor had looked grave over them.

Penelope kept watch and ward to prevent the occurrences which were sure to bring them on, such as a visit from old Mrs. Polly Nesbit, who told her mother that “she looked full older’n her mother did at her age,” and “if she was pindlin’ she ought not to be surprised, for the Pingrees, her mother’s folks, wa’n’t apt to live to be more’n forty-five.”

Then there had been a numb spell after the call of Penelope’s friends, Sam and Lizzie Nute, from Orinoco. Penelope couldn’t understand why these callers should conduce to numb spells, but her mother explained vaguely that there had been some trouble about a mortgage between the Nutes and the Todds, in olden times, and that with her sensitiveness she knew she should never be able to bear the sight of a Nute.

“Cat’s foot! Are you as blind as a bat, Penelope Todd?” was the remark which Aunt Selina had made when the explanation was repeated to her.

But Penelope would have felt undutiful to harbor the least comprehension of what Aunt Selina meant. Of course Sam Nute was not quite like anybody else, and they had thought a good deal of each other ever since they were children. That was the way in which Aunt Selina connected Sam Nute with the numb spells.

Perhaps Aunt Selina was, as Penelope’s mother said, a trifle hard, and lacking in fine feelings.

Penelope went off heavily burdened to little Persis Dowd’s music lesson. She wished she could have helped her mother, now that the rare impulse was upon her to take a little walk that might do her good.

But everything depended on her music teaching, and she must not neglect a pupil.

The invalid lay back with her eyes closed; then she opened them suddenly and looked again wistfully across the summer fields.

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“Run, Aaron, to every house in this neighborhood and ask if my mother has been there or been seen!” said Penelope, imperatively.

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I’ve been, and she baint,” answered little Aaron, concisely. “Nobody saw her go berryin’ but just me. Mebbe a bear eat her,” he said, cheerfully; “only there ain’t none.”

“I suppose I better climb across one of them cars instead of going around the end of ’em all. It’s just scandalous the way railroad folks leave cars standing on this siding most every day till they want them for the suburban folks evenings and mornings.”

The sun glinted through the chinks in Selina’s battered hat—a man’s hat bought at the store for ten cents in the haying season—and Leafy was near-sighted at the best.

Penelope had gone with a heavy heart, as has been said, to little Persis Dowd’s music lesson.

Old Doctor Bemis, a little puzzled by nervous prostration, which was less common in North Goshen than in places where people have more leisure for it, had said very gravely that his patient must not be crossed; and Penelope felt guilty that she had even been tempted to cross her.

He had required many pages to tell Sam that what he had asked her could never be, because her duty to her mother forbade it.

Penelope had to go a little out of her way to reach the postoffice, and at the turning of the road she halted, her resolution weakened by the tugging at her heart-strings.

It seemed queer that I should have carried off so to the county conference, that I never expected to go to again.

Penelope laughed a little and cried a little, sitting by herself on the grass beside the road.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

Penelope felt the letter in her pocket, and she thought that her mother had probably discovered that Sam had written to her, and anxiety for the result had driven her to some dreadful deed.

felt that this was good advice, and waited; but the monotonous “one, two, three” of her small piano pupils seemed to pound upon her brain.

But her mother did not return, and the next day Penelope set out for Orinoco. There was no train until afternoon. On her way to the station she stopped at the postoffice to mail her letter to Sam Nute.

Without it her mother would not be returned to her. Before she could slip the letter into the box the postmistress handed her one, addressed in the loose, wavering hand that had been her mother’s since her illness, and she went directly out with it.

Penelope sat down upon the grass by the wayside and opened it, her heart leaping at the dear, familiar words.

“My dear daughter: I want you to send me my best bonnet, right off. And you might send, too, your little lace cap that you think is so becoming to me.

I forgot that you don’t know how I came here, but I suppose you must have kind of guessed by this time, as I crossed the field to the railroad track, thinking to pick a few black-berreries. My head flew round, but I kept right on, for I never was one to give up easy.

I thought at first that I was only dizzy, and the noise it made was in my head; but when the stone walls began to slip along backward I knew what had happened.

It is vital Christianity when the believer can say, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

It is a life which is hid with Christ in God for sinners’ help, and a woman not a fancy of the mystic in his solitude, not a prize for him who has leisure and learning, but a reality for all believers amid their temptations, troubles, duties, cares. Man has a body; he is a spirit.

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

It is the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, “He that hath the Son hath life.”

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING. PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

Teach Us Daily—Transmuted Through Surrender—Inscrutable Though Not Unintelligible—A Prayer for Preparation and Selflessness—God Knows Best.

O, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else recede; My heart be daily nearer Thee From sin be daily freed.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall Fade e'er my evil thought; That I am nothing, Thou art all, I would be daily taught.

Make this poor self grow less and less, Be Thou my life and aim; O, make me daily, through Thy grace, More worthy of Thy name!

Transmuted Through Surrender. If you enter the Turner Gallery of Art in London, you are at once arrested by the flaming pictures of unrivaled magnificence.

Unscrutable Though Not Unintelligible. It is vital Christianity when the believer can say, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

A Prayer for Preparation. We present ourselves to thee today, our Father. Prepare us for what thou seemest to be waiting for us in the valley of thy day, now veiled in mist.

Sin and Selfishness. A brittle thing is our earthly happiness—brittle as some thin vase of Venetian glass; and neither anxiety, nor sorrow, nor the dart of death, which is mightier than the oak-cleaving thunderbolt, can shatter a thing even so brittle as the earthly happiness of our poor little homes.

God Stands at Threshold. In Holman Hunt’s great picture called “The Light of the World,” we see One with patient, gentle face, standing at a door which is ivy-covered, as if long closed.

God Knows Best. We may be led of God all the time, and like Moses, we should be content with the place where He bids us dwell.

Secrecy of Rubber. Owing largely to the use of india rubber for bicycle tires, the demand for the product has increased so enormously that there is great risk of the supply failing if the natural production upon which we now depend is not supplemented by the artificial cultivation of the trees which yield the material.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splendor and of joy, So full of beauty and of light;

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 20.

“Our Brothers’ Keepers.” Gen. 1:3-15.

OUR BROTHERS’ KEEPERS. June 14. Our neighbors: Lev. xix. 15, 30-31. June 15. Helpfulness: Deut. xxii. 1-6. June 16. Mercy: Zech. vii. 8-14. June 17. Humility: John xiii. 1-15. June 18. Love: Gal. v. 6-13. June 19. Unselfishness: 1 Cor. x. 23-31.

THE LAWS OF THE STATE AND THE SIMPLEST MORALITY HOLD MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BODILY MURDER OF ANY PHYSICAL INJURY TO HIS BROTHER.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS DOES NOT END WHEN WE HAVE RECEIVED TRAINING FOR ANY POSITIVE INJURY. IT IS OUR DUTY ALSO TO GO AFTER THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED, AND ACTIVELY SEEK TO SAVE THOSE WHO ARE IN PERIL.

THE GREAT PROBLEM IS NOT HOW TO SAVE THE WORLD, BUT HOW TO PURSUADE EACH CHRISTIAN THAT IT IS HIS BUSINESS TO BE THE MEANS OF SAVING SOME ONE MAN IN THE WORLD.

LET US REACH INTO OUR BOSOMS FOR THE KEY TO OTHER LIVES, AND WITH LOVE TOWARD ERRING NATURE, CHERISH GOD AS ALL SURVIVES; SO THAT WHEN OUR FATHERS’ SPIRITS SOAR TO REALMS OF LIGHT ABOVE, WE MAY SAY, “DEAR FATHER, LOVE US, ‘EEN AS WE HAVE LOVED THE WORLD.”

HE “DRANK LIKE A FISH.” A young man of wealth and high social position died recently in London unapprehensively from drink, and he left behind the following reports of the quantity of liquor quor put down to this young man daily.

TRUST GOD WITH AFFAIRS. A friend went one morning to Sir Robert Peel’s house and found him with a great bundle of letters lying before him, how over it in prayer.

LORD’S SMILE A RECOMPENSE. If we truly feel that the Lord dwells below whom we stand, we shall want nothing for our work but His smile; and we shall be that the light of His face is all we need.

ARISE, AND HEART: IF THOU DOST NOT WITHHOLD THY CHRIST’S RESURRECTION, THINE AFFAIRS DO NOT BY LANGUID DOWN-CAST BREAKS FROM THEE. WHICH AS IT RISETH, RAISETH THEE. ARISE! ARISE! —Hobbes.

SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT JESUS CHRIST EXCEPT WHAT THEY HEAR OF IN THE LIVES OF HIS DISCIPLES. WE MUST LIVE WITH HIMSELVES. WE MUST WALK AS THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT PEOPLE WILL NOT SEE US AS CHRIST.—Bishop Thoburn.

YOU CAN’T JUMP AWAY FROM YOUR SINS, BUT IF YOU TURN TO THE SIN YOU’VE CHOSEN BEHIND YOU, AND IF YOU STAND UNFOLDING YOUR SHADOW IS BENEATH YOU, YOU SHOULD TRY TO DO AS HE WHO SAVED OUR SINS, WHO STOOD ON THE FIRE OF YOUR SINS, WHO SAVED US FROM THE HANDS OF OUR ENEMIES.—REV. F. B. MEYER.

WHEN HE CAME HERE THERE WERE MANY SICK, WHEN HE WENT AWAY THEY WERE DEAD.—MIRACLES OF A MARRIED MAN, JOHN GEDDIE AT ANNE’S!

REVIVALS RESTORES VITALITY. Well, well, well! 1st Day. 10th Day. 15th Day.

FRANCE REMEDY. Produces the above results in 20 days. Young men will regain their vitality. Young men will recover their vitality. Young men will recover their vitality. REVIVALS. It quickly and surely restores vitality. Low Vitality, Impotence, Sterility, Nervousness, Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wasting, etc. All effects of self-abuse or over-indulgence in any of the above mentioned vices are cured by the use of FRANCE REMEDY. It is a great nerve tonic and blood purifier, and it restores the pink glow to the cheeks, and restores the hair to its natural color, and restores the eyes to their natural brightness. It can be carried in vest-pocket bottles. 50¢ per bottle, or six for \$2.50. SOLE MEDICINE DEPOT, 271 Washington Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale at Middleburgh, Pa., by W. H. SPANGLER.

WANTED—AN IDEA. thing to patent. Product’s name: BURR & CO., Patent Attorneys, D. C. for their \$1,000 price.