d gate of happy childhood, ring harm and sorrow out; the shadow of the homestead ew protection round about, and warders. Peace and Safety, ding watch for wanderer late, is with their arms about me, an I shut the garden gate.

ings fearsome lay beyond it. e years came creeping, creep spite my bitter weeping came through the garden gate.

how I struggled with the stranger, and terrible and grim, sped the hands that fain would hold

e came through the twillight dim.

now I know that safe no longer n I waiting watch beside it, whitened head and bending knee; ith eyelids closed and weary, e forgetting day or date, m again how bright the heaven ose portal was the garden gate. Y. Ledger.

HIS FAITH IN BOOKS

IOW, Bill wasn't in no shape at all to spare the money for a new ciothes," said the man from the b country, "'oause he needed the bey for a new rabbit dog and some elonged to Sam, and Sam wanted it elf, bein's he'd been cotched on the and had to go to the county seat et in court, and I felt sort o' sorry Bill. There wasn't no perticlar on why I should-a, though, 'cause ought to knowed more'n he did, anyhow, when I was goin' 'long him over to the Eddy to help him out the new suit, I says to Bill: Bill,' I says, 'If I'd only knowed

t you had any idee o' doin' it, I'd ve you some p'ints that'd a shet you Seems to me you ought a knowed er, though. Jabe ought to knowed er, anyhow,' I says.

'Jabe did know better,' says Bill, told me not to do it, but consarn 'd read it in the books, and I thought books ought to knowed better than e,' says Bill.

The books! I says. 'You follered books, hey? Then it's a blame wonyou've got skin and bones enough to hang any clothes on at all, I "The books knows a lot about it, 't they? Why, what does the books about snakes and stick to it year in year out? They stick to it that kes don't throw their mouths wide n and let their young uns scamper on their throats to git away from ger,' I says, 'and yit you've stood seen 'em do it more'n a hundred es. But the books says snakes don't it 'cause it's ag'in natur'. And the ks says that a hosshair won't turn a live critter if you put it into er awhile and leave it there,' I says, d yit you've put hosshairs in water seen 'em git to be reg'lar wrigglin' the hossbooks that I knowed was right was 'I says. 'The books says that when cook your rabbit you must first ch your rabbit. Now that's straight the p'int and true as preachin',' I s. 'I don't see how the books hapned to say it,' I says.

Then, ag'in, I oughtn't to felt sorry Bill, neither, 'cause he hadn't no iness to be out huntin' rabbits at at time o' year. The law wasn't up 'em yit, and Bill knowed it. Not at I'm so blame considerate of the me laws as game laws, fer game ws. 'mongst other things, is apt to id a feller into lyin', an' there ain't thin' worse fer a community than to ve lyin' git a holt on to it. I says to

"Dash it all!' I says. 'If it hadn't me nothin' else to you, goin' agin the me laws might a tempted you to

ake a liar of yourself!

Then I told Bill what happened to m Collins, only jest over yender in ork state. Jim, he had a strawberry itch, and folks heerd that he had lled a deer along in the spring o' e year. The game constable over ere he heerd on it, too, and he drops wn on Jim one day, unexpected. "'Jim,' he says, ' I hear you've been

llin' a deer out o' season!' "Jim he thunk over it a minute, and

en he says: "'Be you much of a jedge of straw-

rry patches, squire? he says. 'No.' says the game constable. 'My isiness here is with deer killin out o' ason,' says he. 'It hain't got nothin' do with strawberry patches."
"It hain't, hey? says Jim. 'I guess game lay you'd go over and see how my three says he.

eres of strawberries is pawed and bawed and clawed, you'd think they ad something to do with your busi-

ess!' says he.
"'Pm here,' says the game constable

"'And I'm here, by gravy!' says Jim, o show you that deer hain't got no

ght to cut my strawberries out of "What's that?" says the game law

"That's what I said," says Jimi What right has deer to est my straw-erries ont o' sesson? Jest go and so how my three-acre patch is clawed and chawed and pawed. Maybe you night think cows done it, says Bill

Maybe you might think I putter my cown on my strawberries. I couldn't blame you if you did not blame you if you did, fer that patch looks enough as if I did. But I don't,' says Jim. 'Cows nor cattle didn't chaw

and claw and paw them three acres o' strawberry patch. No, sir! Deer done it. Jest as soon as the time was up on the game law said deer couldn't be killed no more, deer begun to come down from them woods yonder and pastur on my strawberries. Shoo 'em off?' says Jim. 'Not much. They knowed we didn't dare kill 'em, and every time we tried to shoo 'em off they jest bristled up and run us off the patch and went on with their chawin' and pawin' and clawin'. Why siu't they here now? An accident happened to one on 'em t'other day,' says Jim. That's why they ain't here now. I guess they ain't quite so sure o' them-selves as they was, and they're layin' low,' says Jim. 'Yes,' says he. 'One o' them deer shot himself. Broke the

game law, by gravy, and shot himself out o' season,' says Jim. "'Trap gun,' says the game con-'That's what you call an accident, hey? Guess you'll have to go long with me, James, says he.

"'Not yit awhile!' says Jim. 'There wa'n't no trap gun. It was an accident I tell you, and the deer shot himself. Shot himself dead. I was over in the three-acre patch tryin' to red things up and save a little o' next year's crop, says Jim, 'when a deer come trottin' down out'n the woods, drove me off, and begun to chaw and paw and claw. It was enough to make me so mad that nothin' could a-stopped me pitchin' in and poundin' that deer all to pieces,' says Jim, 'but I kep' my temper. I had m gun in the house. I knowed that if the deer had been a crow my fetchin' out a gun without any load in it wouldn't have skeert it a bit, 'cause a crow kin tell a loaded gun from an unloaded one a mile off. But as the deer wa'n't a crow, I went to the bouse and got my old gun that I hadn't loaded in five years, thinkin' that if I strutted out in the patch with it on my shoulder it'd make the deer think I didn't care for the game law any more, and he'd skip. I had strutted as close as 20 foot to the deer 'fore he seen me,' says Jim, 'he was so busy chawin' and pawin' and clawin' them strawberries. Then be looked up. He didn't turn skeert a bit. lle turned madder than a wild bull and come for me a-tearin.' I whipped round,' says Jim, 'and broke for the house, but the deer ketched me. He ketched me about three inches below where the hind gallus buttons fits into the galluses, and down I went,' says Jim, 'and plowed as much as 20 foot through that three-acre patch. The ol'

jar the deer give me. " 'I guess maybe the butt end o' the musket must a struck ag'in a fence post that stood ahead of it some ten or a dozen foot and sort o' rattled up the lock. Anyhow,' says Jim, 'I heerd a roar that made the hull o' that threeacre strawberry patch raise up and shake itself, and when I got up and tried to view the lan'scape o'er there seemed to be a smell o' powder hoverin' round, and the smoke was so thick I couldn't see anything for as much as a minute. Then things sort o' cleared. Over by the fence post the gun was layin' as peaceful as a lamb, and down in the patch where the biggest clawin' in the patch was, laid the deer, jest as peaceful as the gun was. There couldn't be no two ways about it, squire,' says kes, white ones and black ones and Jim. Somebody must a loaded that oun unbeknownst to me, and the rash r was, more times than you've got and unfortunate critter of a deer had gers and toes,' I says, 'The books?', shot itself dead with it. Broke the ays. The only thing I ever see in game law, by gravy! and shot himself out o' season! What's the reason, says at they tell you about cookin' a rab- Jim, 'that your business bain't got nothin' to do with strawberry patches, squire? says Jim.

musket was shook loose from me by the

"'James,' says the game constable, 'where's that deer?'

" 'Well, squire,' says Jim, 'as soon as see what had happened I run into the house and told the folks. Then I run down yonder to tell a neighbor. When I got back home the deer wasn't layin' in that three-acre strawberry patch no more. I asked my neighbor, who knows all about deer, whether he thought other deers could a come down outen the woods and carried that dead deer back with 'em, and he said, knowin' what he knowed about deer, 'specially deer that hung around this district, that it wouldn't surprise him a bit if they had. So the deer ain't here. But I kin show you the musket the deer shot himself with, squire, in that three-acre strawberry patch,' says Jim.

"But the game constable he didn's care to see the gun, and after warnin' Jim about bein' so careless with firearms after that, he went home.

" 'And now, Bill,' I says, 'you see how them game laws led Jim Collins into lyin',' I says.

"That's so,' says Bill. Thunder, says he, 'but that was an all whoppin' whopper about that deer, wasn't it?" says he.

"'About the deer?' I says. 'Why,' I says, 'Jim was all right about the deer. Jim didn't lie none about the deer.' I says. 'What he told about the deer

was straight as a string.' "'What,' says Bill. 'Where did the game law make Jim a liar, then?'

"'Why, about the three-acre straw-berry patch,' I says. 'Jim Collins never had as much even as a quarter-acre strawberry patch in his life,' I says. 'And if it hadn't been for the game law lier, 'to show you that you hain't got Jim wouldn't 'a' been tempted to say o right to kill deer out o' seasont' he had,' I says.

"Bill he didn't say nothin', and we went on to the Eddy and got the new clothes, and when Bill planked down the seven dollars and a quarter for 'em, and I see that the upshot of it would be that I'd have to be lendin' Bill my dog and my fishin' tackle for the next six months or more, I felt consarned sorry, 'cause he had to spend that money for clothes, and I couldn't help sayin' ag'in:

Dash it all, Bill, why didn't you let me know that you had an idee o' goin'

out an' doin' it? I'd 'a' give you som

"There's too many rabbits in the swamp, anyhow, but that wa'n't no excuse for Bill goin' out after some at that time o' year. But he went, and the worst of it was he had the best rabbit dog in the whole Knob and Pocono country with him. Where is he now? Nobody knows. He started in the direction o' the settin' sun, and the last anybody see of him he was headed that way yit. Bill had gethered in a lot o' rabbits and sot down on a log to cht a bite and have a smoke. While he was catin' and smokin' along come Jabe. Jabe had been choppin' out some tamarack and was goin' home.

"'Set down,' says Bill, 'and have a smoke.

"Jabe sot down, and they was enjoy-theirselves considerable, when all of a suddent the rabbit dog riz up and begun to growl and brussel. Bill and Jabe they looked up, and there they see a bear settin' on a knoll not more than 30 paces away, takin' in the scene, lookin' pleasant and showin' no sign but what he was glad to see Bill and Jabe enjoyin' theirselves, and actin' as if he might jine in with 'em if they asked him. The dog was the only thing that seemed to pester the bear and threaten to raise his dander. Jabe, he knows bears considerable, and he says

" 'Bill,' he says, 'that bear seems to be sociable and setch, but as you ain't loaded for bear you better call your dog and go along with me,' he says.

"But Bill he felt huffy that the bear should come a-nosin' round where he wasn't wanted and intrudin' on their picnic, and he was for emptyin' his gun into Bruin.

"'He's nigh enough for me to wing him, even if my shot are small,' says Bill. 'He'll run, anyhow, as soon as he hears the gun. Bears is awful cowards. I was readin' a book about 'em only yesterday,' says Bill.

"'Bill,' says Jabe, 'you come along with me, no matter what the book says. "But Bill he knowed, and he says:

"'Jest you hold on, Jabe!' he says 'I'll give him a fine load of shot in his

nose and then jest watch him run!' "The bear he jest kep' on settin' there, lookin' pleasant at Bill and Jabe, but givin' the snappin' and snarlin' dog a glare now and then. Bill he hauled up and aimed at the bear. Jabe he walked pretty fast to a tree that stood jest back of him and got ready to shin up it.

" 'Now watch him run!' says Bill, and he banged away at the bear's nose.

"The bear did run, sure enough. But somehow he didn't run the way Bill had calc'lated on. He run straight for Bill and the pleasant look wasn't on his face no more. He snorted and howled. Bill dropped his gun and tore up the highest tree. Jabe he was half way up his tree. Bill got to the branches o' his'n jest as the bear got to the bottom of it, and as he grabbed a branch it broke and down he come kerflummix. He struck square straddle o' the bear's back. That s'prised the bear so that it sort o' discumfuddled him and he give two or three crazy whirls around and then away he went like a race horse straight for the thickest part o' the swamp, Bill a hangin' on to him like grim death, 'cause he was afeard to git off. The dog was so skeert at the first rush o' the bear that he dropped his tail betwixt his legs, so Jabe says, and struck a bee line to'ards the west, with his eyes hangin' most on his nose, and he hain't never been seen nor heerd

on sence. "Soon as Jabe see the bear prancin' away into the swamp with Bill he clim down outen his tree. For somethin' like ten minutes he heerd the laurels a snappin' an' crackin' off in the

swamp.
"'If Bill is huggin' onto that bear all this time,' says Jabe, 'he can't be much less than tore to shoe strings the way them gnarly laurels must grab into him and snatch him."

"By and by Jabe heerd some one give a yoop from some'res out in the swamp, and he had an idee it was Bill, and he

"'Hello, Bill,' he yooped. 'Is the bear a runnin' yit?'

"But Bill didn't say, and by and by he come creepin' and crawlin' outen the laurels to the openin' where him and the bear had started from. All the clothes he had on him wouldn't hardly make a patchwork block for a bedquilt, and he was stripped like a zebra from head to foot where the sharp brush had dug into him and the bear skun along with him through the swamp.

"'Did the bear throw you, Bill?' says

"'No,' says Bill. 'He scraped me off. He slid into a holler log and scraped me off, consarn him.'

"'But you made him run all right,' says Jabe. 'You said you would and you did.'

"Bill didn't say nothin', but when they got as nigh home as the edge o' the clearin' Jabe he went in and borrowed Sam's other suit so as Bill could get the rest o' the way home, and that's the suit Bill was wearin' when Sam got cotched on the jury and had to have it back

"'And jest for that,' says Bill, 'T've got to go without a new rabbit dog and a lot of fishin' things. I always was down on this here consarned jury system, anyhow,' says he."-N. Y. Sun.

In Caring for Pictures.

To clean the glass over pictures, dip a piece of chamois in alcohol, wring nearly dry, and wipe thoroughly, yet lightly. Polish with a piece of dry chamois. The gilded frames may also be cleaned with the alcohol. It oll paintings need cleaning thoroughly dampen a soft cloth in warm water in which some castile soap has been dissolved. Dry carefully and then varnish lightly with some thin, clear, French "retouching" varnish. It is well to consult the artist in regard to the best varnish.-Chicago Tribune.

Financial Reckening by Slaves. In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

Now that American warnings are stripping off their superfluous wood and are blackening their snowy sides, a glance at the possibilities is timely, resemble as ejams collect suffrance less timely, resemble as the possibilities is timely, remembering always the absolute uncertainty of war. At first sight, says the Toronto Globe, the comparison of forces s all in favor of the United States, who have a heavy armed fleet, a dozen cruisers and a few torpedo vessels. Spain has a lighter but possibly more active armored fleet, an inferior force of cruisers and a formidable flotilla of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. This last is an important factor, as since the Maine affair the Americans have evinced a deep and perhaps exaggerated respect for that decidedly uncertain weapon, the torpedo. Spain can lose Cuba, and the United States has a rich ocean-borne trade, largely coasting, that can be injured. The American coast cities are being rapidly fortified, and a few more weaks should render them able to beat off light raids. Naturally the United States would try to hit Spain in Cuba. Spain would try to raid the American commerce. Spain's position in her mismanaged island is very vulnerable, as she has to import much of the food for her garrison from abroad, and these supplies could be materially intercepted. In addition, the United States, even without being rash enough to try a big invasion before the Spanish fleet was cleared out of the way, could give much aid and comfort to the insurgents by landing small parties. Spain, on her part, may be expected to send every cruiser and privateer she can fit out to infest the coast of the United States, and as long as the Cuban coaling ports remain Spanish these craft should prove able to do much damage. It certainly looks as if the interest of the Spaniards would be to stave off decisive actions with the heavy American battleships and to carry on a delaying warfare as long as possible. The menace of the torpedo fleet should prove of material assistance to them should such a course be resolved upon. Should Cuba once be freed from the red and yellow flag, the war would become mere long-range sparring, lack of coal preventing the combatants from getting at each other.

American inventors do not all know that, under the law which went into effect on January 1, United States patents are no longer terminated by the expiration of prior foreign patents. Hitherto such was the case, and in order not to decrease the period of their control over the home market our inventors often neglected to protect their rights abroad, and so lost a considerable part of the possible rewards of their ingenuity. Under the present arrangement they can reap a harvest from foreign fields without danger to that closer to them.

A young man in Michigan-just for a joke-sfiver plated some cents and passed them as dimes on an unsuspecting groceryman. He had passed nearly s dozen when the grocer discovered the jake and complained to the authorities. The young man was arrested for counterfeiting, and, although he fully explained the funny part to the court, he was convicted, and will spend the next two years of his life in prison. It is dangerous to try any jokes on Uncle

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W. R. NEWMAN.

Staunton, Va.

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