CORN-PLANTING The earth is awake and the birds have com There is life in the beat of the breeze. And the basswood tops are alive with the

And the flash of the hungry bees

The frogs in the swale in concert croak, And the glow of the spring is here, For the bursting leaves on the roughold oak Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

From the ridge-pole dry the corn we pluck,

Ears rips and yellow and sound. That were saved apart, with a red for luck, The best that the huskers found ; We will shell them now, for the Indian folk Say, "Plant your corn without fear When the bursting leaves on the rough old

Are as big as a red squirrel's ear."

No grow will pull and no frost will blight Nor grub cut the tender sprout. No rust will burn and no leaves turn white,

But the stalks will be tall and stout , And nover a weed will have power to choke, Or blasting wind to sear. The corn that we plant when the leaves of

the oak

Are as big as a red squirrel's ear -P. McArthur, in Harper's Weekly,

THROUGH FIRE TO WIN.

brothers

them.



votion that ever came under my notice, said my friend, who had been a prominent detective in his day, was that of Margaret Whitney, the daughter of the doorkeeper of Messrs. Bangshaw Brothers, bankers. On the eventful night in question Margaret's father had been sent out of town on business for the firm, and she

Margaret's rather had been sendour of town on business for the firm, and she was the sole occupant of the rooms in which they dwelt, directly over the bank. She had fallen asloep on a lounge,

and was aroused by the sound of stealthy approaching fectover the car-peted stairway, just outside the door. She arose hurriedly and with a sudden impulse she threw the door wide open. She no sconer had done so than two The light was dashed from her hand, their strong arms held her in a vice-like grip, and before she could utter a cry a voice whispered: "Make the slightest noise and you

are a dead woman! Do as you are told and no harm shall befall you." Margaret Whitney was as brave as steel. She felt the muzzle of a pistol

pressed against her forehead, but she cepted the situation at once, and reaccepted the stution is once, and re-taining perfect self-control, she replied in a low voice: "Only release me and tell me what it is I must do." They released her, after a moment's

by which she could see that their faces were covered with black creps valls in which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth, and they seemed shod with some felt-like material that deadened the sound of their factators enreiden the sound of their footsteps consider-

One of the men quickly and silently searched the room, while the other stood guard over her. The former presently returned, dangling a bunch of keys.

of keys. "Whose keys are these and what do they open?" was asked the girl, in a low, commanding voice. "They are my father's keys," said Margaret, "and they open the differ-ent rooms and places down stairs." "Do they open the cellar and the strong box in which the money is kent?"

kept?" "No; one passkey is in the posses-sion of the elder Mr. Bangshaw, the other is in the possession of Mr. Hosea, the cashier. No one can ob-tain admission to the cellar during their absence."

'No; one passkey is in the possession of Mi.
'No; one passkey is in the possession of Mi.
Hosea, the cashier. No one can obtain admission to the cellar during their absence."
''Come down stairs with us,'' suid the man, holding immediate guard over her.
As they went down the lower flight Margaret was surprised to see another figure—that of a woman, who was clothed in a dark mantle from head to feet—who further lighted their progress down with the slender ray of a lantern in her hand.
''Is it not possible, ''s said Margaret's chief captor, when they had reached the foot of the stairs, 'that one or other of the passkeys may be locked in the desk of their private office."
''It is possible, but not likely,'' was the add of the Eangshaw Brothers generally sat, one facing the other.
A stail jet of gas, commonly used for mclting scaling-wax, was then lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containing a number of homes reaking implements, swathen lighted; a bag, containi

cord, she proceeded to tie Margaret firmly to the pillar. Her arms were left at liberty till the last, when they were bound together at the wrists with a band of some securely as if they had been riveted there. "You see, I would not cause you nn-concesser, pain" said the counteaus "You see, I would not cause you un-

"You see, I would not cause you un-necessary pain," said the courteous burglar, when all was made fast; "and to have fastened your arms down to your sides for a couple of hours would have been the refinement of cruelty. "But one point still remains. You must give me your word of honor that you will not cry out, nor in any way call for assistance while here, other-wise I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of having you gagged." "I give you my word," assented the doorkeeper's daughter, after a moment of silent thought, "not to cry out while

her, desperate as it was, and she adopted it with characteristic boldness and fearlessness. Slowly, inch hy inch, and with no more sound than a shadow, she stole into the doorway, and then down the staircase, step by step, counting them one by one by the palpitation of her own heart as she proceeded. She reached the bottom of the steps, fifteen in all, without causing them to turn a look. The next difficulty was to pick up the keys, which were threaded on a steel ring, without detection. Even this difficulty was conquered at last. She took the keys up from the floor without so much as a rustle, and had proceeded three steps on her perilous upward journey, when there was a sharp report of a pistol, and, as Margaret set foot on the topmast step, she felt something strike her near the shoulder blade. But she staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly around, and of silent thought, "not to cry out while I remain here." She began to breathe more freely when they left her to herself, as they now at once did, with no other company than the tiny, faintly-burning gas jet already mentioned, by which she could just make out the familiar features of the old-fashioned but richly-fur-nished private office of the banker

But she staggered forward into the corridor, wheeled quickly around, and flung herself--head, arms, body-against the oaken door, which, yield-ing to her strength, turned on its well-oiled hinges and, with a little triumphant click, shut up, as in a trap, the three thieves below. Without the key this door, which locked of itself when pushed to, could neither be opened from one side or the other; with the key it could be opened on either side. She had hardly closed it securely be-fore she heard the two men inside brothers. A few desperate efforts to free her-self only served to convince her of their futility. Then she resigned herself to her bonds and began to think. She knew that before a single dollar in the Bangshaw Brothers' strong box could be touched the burglars would have to force onen two iron doors of

In the Banganaw Brothers strong box could be touched the burglars would have to force open two iron doors of immense strength, and knowing but little of the modern improvements in the science of housebreaking, she made no doubt that these doors would prove impregnable to all attempts. Many dreary minutes passed and her eramped attitude and the tightness of the cords that bound her gradually caused her such intense pain that she could scarcely refrain from crying out: Suddenly, in the midst of her tor-ture, a thought flashed into her brain that left no room for anything else but surprise and delight. There right before her eyes was suddenly revealed to her at one glance a sure and speedy mode of escape.

opened on either side. She had hardly closed it securely be-fore she heard the two men inside tearing and beating at it like madmen in their desperate efforts to get out. Still holding her bunch of keys, she ran out of the office and down a passage that led to the side entrance of the bank. She was trembling all over now, and had hardly strength enough remaining to unfasteu the heavy outer door. At last she sped down the silent street in search of assistance. For-tunately, upon reaching the first corner she nearly tumbled into the arms of a policeman, who was coming from the opposite direction. What sort of incoherent story she told him she could never afterward quite remember; but it must have been to the purpose. The policeman at once summoned some comrades to his assistance, and a strong posse of officers reached the bank and took the burglars in custody. It tured out thet the rescale were to her at one glance a sure and speedy mode of escape. The piller to which Margaret was tied was within a short yard of the desk that had been broken open; and right upon the edge of this desk was the upright gas pipe from which sprang the small jet, still burning, of which mention has already been made. By stretching out her arms Mar-garet could hold her wrists directly over the desk and let the flame burn away the band by which they were

away the band by which they were bound together. She knew the terrible scorching that burglars in custody. It turned out that the rascals were It turned out that the rascals were none others than a certain so-called Major Woolford, his wife and his ser-vant, who had some four months pre-viously become the tenants of an empty house that stood next door to the bank. Of course they were sub-sequently tried, convicted and sen-tenced. As for brave Margaret Whitney, she not only became the heroine of the hour, but more substantial advantages accrued to her and hers through her it would inevitably cost her, but she did not hesitate an instant. She at once thrust out her hands with a swift movement, and so held them extended, while the jet of bluish flame played on her wrists and the bands that secured them

She shut her eyes, held her breath, locked her teeth, and her eyebrows came together in a wreathing frown of

hour, but accrued to her and hers enough heroism and devotion. "I saw Margaret about two years after that adventure," said my friend, the detective, in concluding his narrative. "Her husband was doing narrative. a small shopkeeper, and can be togener in a wreathing from or supreme anguish. Over and round the delicate skin and beating pulse the scorching fire-snake wound and wound, with its searing bite, its exeruciating embrace, and measure the the one comparison for the searing bite, its excruciating embrace, and presently the encompassing band burst into flame. Even then she did not falter, though it seemed that her very soul would shrick forth from its tenement. In a few moments---moments that seemed hours--the blazing ligature gave way. Her hands were free, but blackened, blistered, almost cindered, they fell helpless to her sides. Then she gave a great sigh and almost fainted. But the returning knowledge of her narrative. "Her husband was doing thrivingly as a small shopkeeper, and she was a happy wife and mother, although her wrists still bore the scorching scars of that terrible ordeal of fire, to which she so unhesitatingly submitted herself in the cause of honor

submitted herself in the cause of honor and duty. "The wound in her shoulder had quickly healed, and I am sure that were a record kept of the brave and self-sacrificing deeds of young women, her name would stand high upon the list."—Boston Globe.

## The Bigness of the Fair.

peril, and of the great work she had set out to do (her father's situation in the bank might depend upon it), renerved her, and with a great effort she began The bigness of the World's Fair op-presses. When Congressman Seth Cobb, who has been something of a traveler in many lands, was here, he

said: "I almost feel as if the Fair is too "I almost feel as if the Fair is too big. There is too much to see. One can't do justice to the whole. One must go away with a dissatisfied feel-ing that it has not been done as it de-serves to be done. Here is a twenty or twenty-five-million-dollar fair. It doesn't seem possible that it can be conducted to a finish save at great financial sacrifice. What will be the effect of that on future World's Fair propositions? I declare I begin to think that perhaps a ten-million-dollar

think that perhaps a ten-million-dollar fair would have been more satisfac-tory to the visitor, better in its influ-ence on future efforts, and certainly

more profitable to those people who have invested their money." Congressman Cobb has advanced an idea which will be suggested to the

minds of many who come and marvel. The other day an old man entered the

The other day an old man entered the grounds for the first time. He passed through the turnstile, climbed the stairs to the intra-mural electric cars, which make a three-quarters circuit of the park on high trestle work. He got

stood between two seats starting at the scenes, as the cars curved in and out, skirting the enormous buildings and opening up vista after vista. He forgot to sit down. Over his face spread the lock of one privil

to sit down. Over his face spread the look of one entirely dazed. The spec-

There will be two classes of visitors upon whom the Fair will have a widely diverse effect. One will Jeave with a feeling of keen rogret at the lack of

There

aboard and turned to look.

## PRIDE OR HUMILITY REV. DR. TALMAGE CONTRASTS

The Pharisse and Publican. Their Different Prayers and How God Heard Them.

TEXT : "God be merciful unto me, a sinner!" -Luke xviii., 13.

No monthain ever had a more brillian for conet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple plaked there. The moun-tain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall. It was at that point that satan met Christ down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple fashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference. We stand and look upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is if fire? Why, it seems as if it were a matice all kin-died into flame. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the stops of a smoke structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the stops of the softer on the altar rises and bursts out of whom of the door and wreathes the mour of mounting the stops of the softer on the altar rises and bursts out of structure, the possible by side; the stop made it hey with folds of smoke stathered and burnished by royal mu-thous, the go side by side; the stop such condens and our of the door and wreathes the mouth phase, proud arrogant, ma-pous; he goes up the steps of the building; the seems by his manner to say: "Clear thg struck! Never before came up these steps such goodness and consecration." Beside the mosalter builden, bowed down, seemingly, with a load on his heart. They for the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the grate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically ' '' am so holy I want to go into the holy of holes. Oh Lord, I am a very good man.' I am a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I am so good. Th very generous in my conduct toward the poor. Thave no sympathy with the commo rabble especially have I none, with this poor, m

Selist when it tries to describe God's mercy. Oh, says some one, that is only additize to my crime if I come and confess before God dark seek His mercy. No, no. The mid-derer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked it to the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love. And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to he Father's house, throwing her arms around His neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdale.
That says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the re-sponsibility of asying that if all this audi-ence, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whoseover." "Whoseover." Oh, this mercy of God—there is no alther long enough to fathom it; there is no alther long enough to fathom it; there is no alther long enough to fathom it; there is no alther long enough to fathom it.
Herey Hargers, aided by choirs with harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the vandel of mercy derey. I hourds that wild open of mercy, ency choirs with harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the vandel barge and it across it.
Herey hargers, aided by choirs with the chining of the celesital towers. I see it in the chining of the celesital gate. I hear it in the chining to the decisatial thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throe overtopping all heaven—the throne of mercy.

from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all heaven—the throne of mergy. How I was affected when some one told n in regard to that accident on Long Island sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she triel of to save her-self, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I hess God that this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race —room for one, room for all, and yet there is room ! I push this analysis of the publican's frayer as tep further and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying. "If I'm to be saved, Fil be saved. If I'm to be lost, TI be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was werth having was worth asking for , hence this earnest ory of the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" It was an earnest prayer, and it is charac-teristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered—the blind man, "Lord that I may receive my sight," the leper, Lord if Thou wit, Thou canst make me ciean." Sinking pater, "Lord, save me," the publican. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Twas an earnest earnest card, dismounts in the gate of mercy it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the war-from bis lathered steed and with gauntleted is pounds at the palace gat. Twa was done thave the earnestness of the war-from has a sense of suffocation, with the house in fiames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help". Oh, unfor-given soul if you were in full earnest I might have to command signece in the audi-tory, for your prayers would drow the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service. It is hearase you do not realize your sin hefore God that you are not the moment crying, "Hercy, mercy,

not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying, "Mercy, mercy,

 di la si prekari, and us surgadin inself. Wordinging the stade, davi la strattine - the publican was alta su the serve jour do nearly serve somewhat in here serve in hereas serve in the foreas do nearly serve that do no the serve in the serve is an attribution of the subscient synthesis here was alta surgative serve in a dorn alta set that serve is an artist y our cannot be saved as a scholar. You cannot be saved as a scholar you cannot be saved as scholar you cannot you cannot be saved as a scholar you cannot ful to me, a sinner? and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and Irose. I am happy now-the burden is all gone-and I said to myself if ever meet you in the street I would get clear of the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you." On, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the puryer of the black man, the prayer of the publican. "God be meriful to me, a sinner?" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utteri? I do not say audi-by, but utter it down in the depths of your souis' conscioanses. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these isles, sign after sigh-God be mereful to me, a sinner! Have you all uttered it? No, here is one soui that has not uttered it? No, here is is to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginsing\_-it is born. God be mereful to me, a sinner! Have all uttered it? The ner ful to breath it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginsing\_-it is born. God be mereful to me, a sinner! Have all uttered it? Then I utter it more than my own soul-God be mereful to me, a sinner!

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JULY 16.

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Paul at Athens," Acts xvii., 22-31, Golden Text: John iv., 24. Commentary,

22. "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars that na daid, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too supersitions," or as in the R. V. "somewhat religious." We have passed by his farewall to Philippi, his preaching at Thessalonica and Berea, and the persecutions he endured at each place. We now find him at Athens, waiting for Slike and Timbry, whom he had left at Berea. His spirit is greatly stirred by the idolatry of the city, and in the synaporue of the Jews and Timbry, whom he had left at Berea. His spirit is greatly stirred by the idolatry of the city, and in the synaporue of the Jews and Timbry, whom he had left at Berea. His spirit is greatly stirred by the idolatry of the city, and in the synaporue of the Jews and Timbry whom he had left at Berea. His spirit is greatly stirred by the idolatry of the city, and the resurrection. From the time that Jesus met him on the way to Damaseus tance of his preaching may be gathered from this statement. He "reasoned with the more that a false may introduce of the city working this declare I unto you." If would seem that in their many altars to many good they favered lest any should have been omitted, and hence this altar with its strane inscription. Very religious they ware, but there was nothing to it, to they knew not God. It is more aad, how were, to think of the religious and altar with the is more addition. Were yere without excuss for not knowing the should have been omitted, and hence they altar stor of Genesis and would make them any about have been omitted, and hence they have more God. It is more addition. Were yere ligits to the they knew not God. It is more addition of the series and the fave they have not god. They should have been on they with the fave they have not god. They should have been on the set they addite they have not god. They knew how they should have been on the set they have and the hey have the set they have a set they be addite they have they have they have they have they have the set they have a set they have thi

A small jet of gas, commonly used for melting scaling-wax, was then lighted; a bag, containing a number of housebreaking implements, swathed in thick folds of inamel, was next proauthor fords of mathet, was next pro-duced; and the desk drawers were speedily forced open and searched. But no key was to be found. The leader consulted in whispers

The leader consulted in whispers with his companion a moment, and then requested Margaret to point out the key that opened the top cellar door, saying that they would have to burst open the lower one. She indi-cated the proper key, when he re-sumed:

burst open the lower one. She indi-cated the proper ker, when he re-sumed: "I must complianent you on your sensible conduct in this affair. Now, however, you must excuse me if I am compelled to make you a prisoner for awhile. Dear friend, the cord." The last words were addressed to the masked woman, who up to this sime had been a mere looker-on, but who now started into sudden activity. She placed Margaret with her back to a large iron pillar which supported the ceiling, and then, producing from some hidden pocket a coil of long, thin

But the returning knowledge of her

safe itself

safe itself. One of the men was busy with a flan-nel-swathed crowbar, which he was us-ing as a lever to pry open one of the safe doors; the second man was drill-ing holes in the other door with a very

Repent! the voice celestial cries, Nor longer dare delay: The wretch that scorns the mandate dies And meets the fiery day.

Nor longer dare delay: The wretch that scoras the mandate dies And meets the fiery day. But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When Iget \$10 taxes, I pay them right over to the gov ernment. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to Thy jus-tice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy. Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leproxy can change tho disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart—that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try ft. Come, try, all the medicine you ever gave to the heingry, all the medicine you ever gave to the heave your way to hat has ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see the sharp on the kind words of the scale and how flat he tree, the sub-fue as the cries. "By the deeds that have ever disting in the way of the story; mercy, leare I stand to tell the story; mercy, leare I stand to tell the ostory; mercy, leare I stand to tell the ostory; mercy, leare I stand to tell the ostory; mercy as if all magnage were exhausted, as if all magnage dery. Mark to schausted, as if all magnage dery. Why t seems in the Bhle as if all magnage dery.

broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evan-

-- "THE Man in the Moon," "Annie Rooney" and "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" have been temporar-ity enjoined at Asbury Park, N. J. The in-junction should be made perpetual and

idols, either men or metal, He would soon show Himself strong on our behalt and pour out more blessing than we could manage (ii) Chron, xvi, 9).
30. "And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to ropent." In the R, V, it is said "God overlooketh," which is a much better translation. He allowed to go unpunished because He is long suffering and not wilked state of the state of the

A Severe Hail Storm. A severe hail storm prevailed throughout Eastern Pennsylvania, Wednesday afternoon and did great damage to growing crops. The storm in the vicinity of Reading was unusually violent. In Philadelphia thou sands of panes of window glass were brok

A 531 Day Session Ended. A 531 Day Session Ended. The Kentucky Legislature, after being in ression 513 days, adjourned sine die on Monday. The cost to the State was \$600,000, and hereafter sessions will be limited by aw to 60 days.

The Elgin Butter Market ELGIN ELGIN, ILL.-Butter-Market active at 20 cents; 32,0 0 pounds sold.