

"FORTY YEARS OLD."

Call me not old, it cannot be
I feel no touch of time upon my hair;
It seems but yesterday I stood beside my
mother's grave.
A little child care free.

You say the marks of years are on my face and
in my hair;
But as I look within upon my soul,
I see no silver crown, no faded eyes, no wrinkles
there.
But all is fresh and fair.

It is the same sweet joy to live to-day as yester-
day;
And what to-morrow has in store for me,
To suffer, live, or die, I leave to one who said
to lay
On Him our care away.

Time cannot hurt my soul unless I will it so;
I have the right to everlasting life.
When age and death have spoiled this house of
clay, I go
Beyond the winter's snow.

There springtime stays away, and all are
young.
And when I meet my dear friends there,
We'll clasp our hands, and shout that parting,
Age, and pain are gone;
We're young—let time pass on.
—Mrs. A. J. Borkstresser, in N. W. Christian
Advocate.

The Digger's Revenge.

By MUMIE NISBET.



THE snow was
coming down in
great loose
flakes, black
and ragged like
fringed smuts
of soot from a
burning chimney against the gray sky,
white as feathers from a swan's breast
when they crossed the dark branches
and trunks of the forest trees; the first
snow of winter that was, and while it
made the birds creep into the close
places of the hedges, and the old folks
think about their rheumatics as they
draw near to the fire, it only made the
young folks and children laugh merrily
as they sought the open lanes to
watch the downpour, while they
thought of the fun the morrow would
bring them if the storm kept like that
all night.

But Jack Bridges did not seem to
relish this aspect of nature, although
he was young enough to have done so,
as he sat shivering inside his great
coat on the front seat of the dog-cart
which was taking him from the station
to his native village, but then he had
been abroad for the past three years,
and was at present bringing back sad
news of death and that always is
enough to make a man shivery and
miserable looking.

After he had seen his own people he
had to face the parents of his claim,
Tom Naylor, and break to them the
news of their son's death and burial
in a strange land; he had also to face
the sweetheart of his claim, Annie
Holmes, and tell her what might per-
haps break her heart, that is if the
money he was bringing to her from
her dead lover failed to console her for
the loss of the man himself. Therefore
uncertain about his reception, he sat
now beside the driver gnawing the end
of his long tawny mustache, with the
lappits of his furry coat drawn over his
ears, while he watched the coming
down of those flakes so long strangers to
him.

He was once more in old England,
and coming to his own place a wealthy
man, which he had left three years
before along with his friend and school
mate, and only five pounds between
them over and above their passage
money. They had gone to Australia
and taken to gold digging, and after
two and a half years of colonial hard-
lines and vicissitudes they had at last
found fortune in a lucky claim. But
with the strange irony of fate, the
hole which had enriched them had
proved the death and grave of poor
Tom, leaving Jack as his legatee to
carry home the riches they had
worked so hard for and do justice to his
memory.

They had both made their wills when
the claim showed signs of yielding a
return, and after his friend's death
Jack had acted like the honest fellow
he was and divided their joint fortune
equally, twenty thousand pounds for
himself, and twenty thousand in
two parts, one half to go to the sweet-
heart who was left disconsolate, and
the rest to the father and mother who
would see their son no more this side
of the grave.

Honest Jack Bridges had a hard task
before him on this early winter after-
noon. For he had to recount how he
left his dead friend far away from civi-
lization, with the trouble they had to
get there together, and the terrible
hardships he had endured in the get-
ting away from that desolate and fatal
claim, and doubtless he was thinking
upon this as he regarded the bleak
sky, with fixed stern, gray eyes, while
he kept chewing at the ends of his mus-
tache.

At last the dog-cart drove up to his
boyhood's home, and his fond parents
were blest with the sight of their long-
absent son, now a tall, handsome, sun-
tanned man, albeit the sufferings he
had endured had left their traces, for
he had a bad cough, and crouched to-
gether as he got as near to the blazing
fire as he could. His face looked
pinched and careworn, but he was a
rich man now, and could make himself
and his parents comfortable all their
lives, therefore they trusted that he
would soon lose that nervousness, and
be again the jovial Jack of yore.

He had a duty to perform, so as soon
as he had answered a few of his friends'
numerous questions, he went off while
supper was getting ready, to see the
parents and sweetheart of poor Tom.
He told his story simply and manfully,
and then left them to digest their sor-
row and examine the bank drafts
which he had placed in their hands.

Ten thousand pounds to poor people,

even with the news of a death, are
mixed tidings of good and evil. The
parents wept for the son they had lost,
and perhaps did not think much about
the legacy which he had left, at least
not for the first night.

With the sweetheart, pretty Annie
Holmes, it was different. Three years
of absence from a girl who had not
been very sure of her own mind which
of the two friends she really liked
best, although as Tom had asked her
first, and she had accepted him, is a
severe test of endurance. Poor Tom
was in his grave, and gone from her
life for ever, while handsome Jack
had come home, handsome and as
tender and love-struck as ever; indeed,
as he looked at her while he told his
story, she was almost frightened at
the intensity and hunger of his glances,
and went to bed with her heart beat-
ing tumultuously.

Ten thousand pounds, and Jack
back again, the owner of twenty thou-
sand, poor Tom, in that far off, lonely
grave, the dingoes may wrangle and
fight over your bones, but the girl you
left behind you has, at the best, only a
grateful kind of sadness over your
memory, which is tempered by the
pleasure of your gift, and the joy that
the presence of your friend has awoke
within her.

Jack Bridges had always been a
great favorite in the village, for he
was one of those obliging light-heart-
ed fellows as ready with his company
at a feast as with his sympathy in
times of trouble, and they all liked to
see his handsome face, and hear his
frank, merry laugh. Now that he had
come back a rich man, he had more
friends than ever, even although he
was not quite so merry as he had been,
but the people excused that and put
it down to the troubles he had gone
through.

With Annie he had a new manner
which seemed better than the old one.
Before his departure he had been care-
less and free, so that she never could
be sure that he liked her more than a
friend, but now there was no mistake
about his intentions, he was in deadly
earnest, and showed by every action
that he wanted her as a wife, so after
a little pause for the sake of decorum
she consented to join her money to his,
and then during the month which
followed, she was happier than ever
she had been in her life before, for
this was the one she must have loved
all the time although she had not
known it.

Jack, during these courtship months
having nothing else to do, passed the
time between her house and the post
office. He wrote and posted a great
number of letters and saved the vil-
lage postman the trouble of delivering
what came to him or for the cottage
where his promised wife lived, and
seeing him always at hand when the
mails came in, the old post office
carrier delivered them regularly up to
him, with a little village chaff at
which he laughed heartily, for he was
once again getting back his former
health and spirits.

One day, however, he got a letter ad-
dressed to Annie which he did not give
to her. Instead of doing so he sent



"PROVE TO ME THAT ANNIE LOVES YOU."
her a little note by hand saying that
he had to go to London, but that he
would be back the following evening,
and then, catching the first train up,
he sought out a little hotel off the
Strand, where he asked for and had an
interview with a broken down looking,
sunburnt and bearded stranger by the
name of Naylor.

It was a reproachful conversation on
the part of Tom Naylor, during which
he made some ugly charges of at-
tempted murder and cowardly desert-
ion against his former friend. A re-
morseful, passionate, beseeching one
on the side of the honest Jack Bridges
during which he told of his successful
life suit, and how it would break the
heart of pretty Annie Holmes, if this
ghost came back to claim her, the
finale of which interview was that
Tom said:

"Prove to me that Annie loves you
and I promise you that I shant inter-
fere between you."

To which Jack replied, wiping the
sweat from his brow.

"Disguise yourself and come down
with me Tom, and you can judge for
yourself."

Next afternoon two men traveled to-
gether and arrived at the village about
nightfall, and while one of them went
boldly into Annie's cottage, the other
hung about outside amongst the
shrubbery and looked in at the meet-
ing of the lovers.

"It's a fine night for spring, Annie.
Will you come outside," said Jack,
tenderly, and nothing told the maiden
went with him to the porch.

"Tell me, Annie, do you ever think
about poor Tom now?"

"Yes, of course, Jack. I shall al-
ways think of him as our best friend."
"But if he had come back instead of
me?"

"Ah, Jack, I didn't know my own
mind then."

"But now, Annie?"

"Jack, I always liked poor Tom, but
I love you!"

There was a slight rustling amongst
the shrubbery, while the front gate
was softly opened and as softly shut
again. The lovers were alone.

—It is always safe to learn, even
from our enemies—seldom safe to in-
struct, even our friends.—Colton.

REYNARD'S ESCAPE.

How a Sly Old Fox Fooled an Entire Pack
of Hounds.

A clever old fox lived in the edge of
a wood near a town. And he would not
have been an old fox if he had not been
clever, for not far away was the house
of the master of the fox hounds, who
often did his best to catch the sly old
fellow who poached upon his poultry.

Many a narrow escape Reynard re-
membered, and he became very bold.
He began to think that no pack of dogs
were sagacious enough to run him
down, and so he was often careless.
Sometimes he would even break cover
when he was well hidden, so that he
might have the fun of running away
from the whole pack in full cry. But
one morning he came so near to being



REYNARD GAVE THE HOUNDS A FAIR-
WELL SMILE.

caught that he made up his mind never
to take unnecessary risks again.
He had been visiting a farmyard
that was quite a way from his burrow,
and when he came home again he found
that the burrow had been filled up with
earth. At first Reynard thought that
it was done by the badger who had
lived in the hole before Reynard drove
him out; but soon he saw the marks of
a spade, and knew that a man had been
there.

While he was examining the burrow,
suddenly he heard the cry of the
hounds, and he knew that the hunt
was out and was after him. He
dropped the fat hen he was carrying
and trotted away from the dogs, mean-
ing to slip out along a little ravine he
knew of. But no sooner had he
reached the edge of the wood than he
heard a man shout. Then he knew he
would have to run for it.

Away he shot, his long brush sweep-
ing the ground. The hounds came
straight after him, and he had to in-
crease his speed. But, tired from his
long journey, he found the hounds
gaining upon him, and saw that he
would not be able to reach the little
ravine in which he had so often puz-
zled the keenest hounds.

Still at full speed he looked right
and left, and saw a thick row of bushes
on one side. Turning sharply he ran
toward them, for he knew there was a
railway cutting behind them, and
hoped to cross it in time to reach the
further bank before the dogs. Once
hidden from the huntsmen he knew of
twenty tricks by which to throw off
the dogs and get away to safe cover.

Unfortunately as he leaped through
the row of bushes his hind legs caught
between two springy shoots that held
him like a trap. Nearer came the dogs;
harder poor Reynard struggled; but
try as he would he could not pull his
legs through between the stems. He
was about to give up the struggle
when he heard the rattling-bang of a
freight train coming along the track.
This scared the fox more than ever, for
he thought that it might keep him
from crossing the track even if he
should free himself.

He struggled desperately, and, at
last, by a quick push of his fore legs,
threw his body back from between the
stems. He was at liberty—but just
then the hounds were upon him!

Reynard made one long leap half-
way down the bank, and at that mo-
ment the train came opposite him so he
couldn't cross the track. But Reynard
then showed what a bright old fox he
was, for, giving another jump, with the
foremost hounds at his very heels, he
caught the rear end of a platform car
—the last car of the moving train.
Then, feeling quite safe, Reynard
turned his head and gave the bailed
hounds a farewell smile.

Reynard, after this close shave, made
up his mind to find a home not quite
so near the fox-hounds. He remained
on the train until he was well out of
reach, and he never went back to his
old quarters. This was unfortunate
for the poor little rabbit whose bur-
row Reynard stole when he took a new
home.

The huntsmen often wondered how
the fox got away, but the dogs never
told.—Benjamin Webster, in St. Nich-
olas.

SNAKE AND BLUE JAY.

After a Long Struggle the Bird Kills the
Reptile.

I witnessed a novel sight a short
time ago, viz., the killing and eating of
a snake by a blue jay. I am living in
an oak grove here where Mr. Jay
makes his home the year round. I sat
watching one of them feeding a short
time ago, in the grass, when I noticed
he got excited from some object. With
his feathers ruffled on his neck and
head, and tail erect, he charged from
the lower branch of an oak and made
a vicious thump at something in the
grass. Again and again he whacked
at his snakeship, jumping from one
side to the other as lightly as an ex-
pert "light weight." Then he picked
the snake up in his bill, and with neck
stretched, tried to carry him to a tree,
but the snake was too much alive, and
had to be dropped. Twice did this oc-
cur, when he finally got him to an oak
limb, out him in two, dropped one half
and carried the other half to another
tree and ate him. The snake was about
ten inches long and three-eighths-inch
round. I was not more than thirty
feet from the scene of battle and the
whole thing was done in five minutes
—John Burns, in Scientific American.

Time Is Money.

Col. Symphon, who was always as-
king people to advance him money, did
not long ago in a Texas town at the
age of eighty-six. Two gentlemen, one
of whom had advanced him money very
frequently, were talking about the de-
ceased, when one of them took occa-
sion to say:

"With him the ruling passion was
strong in death."
"How so?"
"Well, you see he even died at an
advanced age."—Alex Sweet, in Texas
Siftings.

Heard Through the Speaking Tube.
Cook—So yer goin' to be married,
Mary McGinty! An' to a man that was
three years kapin' company wid yer sis-
ter! Will, Oi doan't begridge ye.
Chambermaid—Shmall difference ef
ye do, Miss Paggin; an' it's the foine, lill-
gant fellow O've got, an' he says he'd
sooner marry me than me sister any
day.

Cook—An' did ye stan' still an' let
him pass dispradgin' remarruks about
yer family? Faix, O'd hov broke the
mug av him!—Judge.

Not a Peculiar Term.
"Why do you use such peculiar
terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her
husband, who had returned home worn
out by his day's labors.

"I don't see how you could have been
working all day like a horse."
"Well, my dear," he replied, "I've
been drawing a conveyance all day.
Isn't that working like a horse?"
—Green Bag.

A Deep-Laid Scheme.
"No," sobbed the pretty girl, "Harold
and I never speak now. And it is all
through the machinations of that de-
ceitful Sallie Slimmins."
"Why, what did she do?"
"She persuaded us to join the same
church choir."—Washington Evening
Star.

And Nobody Moved.
Wool—Hicks never lets an opportu-
nity for fun go by.
Van Pelt—What has he been doing
now?
Wool—In a crowded street car to-
day he gravely arose and said: "Here,
let the oldest lady in the car take my
seat."—N. Y. World.

She Didn't Scare.
Marshall—What the mischief is the
matter with you, Raymond; been held
up by some highwaymen or have you
been in a railway disaster?
Raymond—Well, I can't say I have
done either. Last night I just hid un-
der the bed to save my wife.—Life.

The Floating Vote.
Wife—Now, dear, what do you think
will really be woman's place in poli-
tics?
Husband—As they are so seldom at
home I suppose they will be classed as
the floating vote.—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Good Suggestion.
Mother (to runaway Tommy)—Is
there any place I can put you and be
sure of finding you there five minutes
after?
Tommy (meekly)—You might try the
emporium.—Arkansas Traveler.

PREPARED FOR AN EMERGENCY.
Widow—Arrah, an' is it yerself, Pol-
liceman Murphy, I dunno?
Policeman—It is that same, by this
token. I've got orders to go down an'
arrest two members of the slaughter-
house gang!—Life.

Too Much.
Beneath the hammock where she swung
I lay on robes of fur,
And when by chance it came unhang-
ing, I was much struck with her. —Life.

The Ups and Downs of Life.
Full to overflowing in my cup,
I'm surely under fortune's frown.
The bank that held my funds went up;
My stocks have all gone down. —N. Y. World.

An Unsolved Mystery.
She—I would like to know why you
married me, anyhow?
He—That's what I've been trying for
six years to find out.—Texas Siftings.

An Improvement.
Slydig—Hullo, Flyjig; how are you?
Flyjig—I'm not myself at all.
Slydig—Really? Let me congratu-
late you.—N. Y. World.

Marital Amenities.
His Wife—Do you wear that fright of
a hat on the streets?
Himself—No—on my head.—Chicago
Record.

Very Familiar.
"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem
to be staring at me in a strange fash-
ion. Do you see anything about me
that is familiar to you?"
"Yes, sir, my umbrella."—L'Intran-
sigeant Illustré.

Appropriate Uniform.
Wife (in a fashionable store)—I won-
der why all these salesladies are dressed
in black?
Husband—I suppose because business
is dead.—Judge.

Just the Thing.
Jorjins—Do you consider journalism
proper work for a lady?
Perkins—Certainly. All women have
a fondness for press work.—Truth.

A Natural Question.
Clara—Mr. Castleton tried to put his
arm round my waist last night.
Maudie—Couldn't he get it around?
—Detroit Free Press.

Significant.
"Will this dog bite?"
"We call him 'Mosquito.'"—Puck.

FIRST YANKEE BONNET.

Made by Miss Betsey Metcalf, of
Providence, R. I.

At First Her Work Was Assailed from the
Pulpit and by the Press—Preachers
Supposed It to Be an Inven-
tion of Satan.

Until some years after the revolu-
tionary war all the straw bonnets sold
in this country were imported from
England. Even those patriotic daughters
of the revolution who refused to
drink the taxed tea went on buying
and wearing the imported bonnets
until a young American girl made one
for herself, and thus set the fashion of
independence for others. It was in
1798 that little Betsey Metcalf, of
Providence, R. I., saw an English
Dunstable straw bonnet in the window



FIRST AMERICAN STRAW BONNET.

of a milliner's shop in that city. Miss
Betsy wished to buy it, but as that
was out of the question she determined
to make one like it. In her old age
she used to relate the many difficulties
she encountered in this first attempt at
bonnet-making in this country. How
the straw was too ripe, and consequent-
ly so brittle it would break until her
patience was nearly exhausted. With
a few directions from the milliner Miss
Metcalf finally succeeded in sewing the
braid together and getting it into
the desired form with the aid of flour-
starch to stiffen it and a hot flatiron to
press it into shape. A fac-simile of
this first American straw bonnet—a
drawing of which accompanies this
article—is still shown with pride in
Providence.

Miss Betsey was much sought after
when her success in bonnet-making
was made known, and straw-braiding
became the fad of the day; and a use-
ful fad it was, too, for it soon developed
into an industry by which many earned
their living.

When we recall the Puritanical no-
tions of the day, it does not seem
strange that this straw work was as-
sailed from the pulpit and by the press.
Many ministers preached long sermons
in which they warned their fair hear-
ers to flee from the power of Satan as
manifested in this new fashion of bon-
net making. It was an invention of
the evil one to foster pride in their
hearts, and thus draw them away from
the right path. Some pointed out the
danger of famine, as it had now been
discovered that, in order to braid it
easily, the straw should be cut before
the grain was fully ripe. After straw-
braiding had continued many years a
learned essay was written "On the
Manufacture of Straw Bonnets," and
after proving that straw bonnets were
the root of all evil, ended with some
"moral, political, miscellaneous and
concluding remarks." But the straw
braiding kept right on!

At first Miss Metcalf had a monopoly
of the business, orders coming to her
from within a radius of fifty miles, and
help had to be employed to supply the
demand. Her friends thought it im-
modest to allow a young woman's name
to go before congress, so the process
was not patented, and straw braiding
became general.

The bonnet-makers would take them
along with butter, eggs and other farm
products to the village store, where
they would be exchanged for dry goods
and groceries. Soon, however, large
establishments became necessary for
carrying on the traffic, though much of
the work was still done at home. An
agent went out at certain intervals to
deliver straw to the workers and to
collect the bonnets and hats made,
which were sold by this establishment
to all parts of the country.

It was natural that at first this in-
dustry should flourish in the state
where it had birth; but soon Massachu-
setts became a formidable rival, and to-
day more than half the American straw
goods are manufactured in the latter
state. The bonnets are now sewed by
machines run by steam, the machines
being of American invention.

Miss Metcalf married Mr. William
Baker, and removed with him to Mas-
sachusetts, where she lived to a very
old age. She lived to see the large
results that came from her first small
efforts in straw work. She was visited
by many distinguished people, who
were glad to meet the first maker of
American straw bonnets.—Once a Week

How to Polish Steel Buckles.
Buckles are to be found upon every
part of a woman's toilet, and, of the
many chic varieties, those made of steel
take the lead. Old-fashioned specimens
that look as if they might date back
several generations are greatly prized.
"How can I furnish them up?" is the
query of the fair owner. Being old
acts as a cleansing agent. The buckle
to be renovated is dropped in oil that
has been heated. It is left there for an
hour, when the polishing process be-
gins. The best polisher you will find
is the ever useful chamois, or, if you
prefer them, the inside of an old kid
glove or a soft piece of leather will do
the work nicely.

TENDER new peas are appetizingly
served in cases. These are made of
mashed potatoes stiffened with a little
flour and baked in fluted cake tins, the
center filled with a bit of bread. This
is then removed and the peas poured in.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of
millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing.
It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children
the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It
gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have
something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a
child's medicine.

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- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels,
giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise
that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
- See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile
signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every
wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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with no freight before any money is
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to-day to order for you. Write your own order.
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same as sell for \$50 to \$80. Surreys, \$35 to \$100
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\$37 to \$50. Farm Wagons, \$15 to \$25.
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Carts. Prices for 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100.

Spring Wagons, \$21 to \$50.
No. 781, Surrey, \$75
No. 782, Road Wagon, \$26
No. 783, Road Wagon, \$55
No. 784, Road Wagon, \$55

Single, \$6 to \$20.
Double, \$18 to \$25.
Farm, \$16 to \$25.50.

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