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Freeland, September 6, 1894.

A swindler has been arrested in Philadelphia for attempting to obtain \$150 from a young man by promising to make a full-fledged editor out of him.

A patent has just been taken out for glasses and mugs with a quick-silver thermometer, in order to enable the drinker to determine which temperature of the liquid will be the most agreeable to his taste.

J. M. Barrie, a well-known scientist, says that nothing equals a day in bed. It is better than a holiday at the seaside.

Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, has bolted the Republican party of Nebraska and denounces the nominee for governor, Mr. Majors, as a scoundrel and forger.

The English papers state that the Japanese government has 1,000,000 'bouillon capsules,' each of which is said to be equal in solid nutriment to a pound of beef.

The Reform Club, of New York, has devoted a number of Tariff Reform to 'Sugar, Sugar Tariff, Sugar Trust.' It is an admirable compilation, and any one who wishes to know just what the trust is and how much money Gorman, Bruce and Smith have given it out of the pockets of the people can learn it from this pamphlet.

A beggars' strike is perplexing Bucharest, the principal city of Romania. The police have prohibited mendicants from frequenting certain quarters, where they cause great annoyance.

Peculiar atmospheric effects always stir up the nervous people in the community. The New York World says the haze that has recently overhung that city and vicinity, making the sun look like an illuminated pumpkin out of a job and otherwise 'queering' the celestial scene, has created a great deal of startling talk.

Miss Lamson and Miss Judson, two society young women of Cleveland, who recently astonished their friends by joining the Salvation Army, are going to New York to take an advanced course of training before entering regular mission work.

An Indiana farmer named Stanley has a unique grievance on his mind and has given it to a lawyer to see what he can do with it. Mr. Stanley declares that during Congressman Bynum's campaign two years ago he was positively promised, along with the other farmers, \$1.25 a bushel for his wheat in case Cleveland was elected, and the thing struck him as such a fine commercial venture that he didn't do a thing but raise much wheat—2,800 bushels all told.

FOOL LONNIE

No, he didn't, cried the Widow Temple, hotly. He didn't mean any harm. If he'd 'a' been left alone, he wouldn't 'a' done any either.

Yes, interpolated a pink-faced, flaxen-haired girl, who sat close beside the Widow Temple, as though to give her both moral and physical support, those Barry children have just made and called him 'Fool Lonnie' for a year or two now, every time he went by there—and he spleens against it—and so would you, Mr. Blatchford—or anybody else.

But he doesn't control himself when he gets angry, Miss Idalye—that's the trouble. He broke up that wheelbarrow like kindling wood. There's no knowing what damage he might have done if Mr. Barry hadn't happened to come around.

Well, he had, Mr. Blatchford, returned Widow Temple, with spirit. He's just as harmless, when he's used right, as you or I be. I don't pretend he's as smart as other folks—I know he ain't—but there ain't a peacemaker boy in town—an Idalye 'll tell you so, too—than he is when he ain't put upon—an' he don't always pay back then—not by any means.

But anybody would get angry with those Barry children, Mr. Blatchford, put in the girl, eagerly. They're just as spoiled as they can be. I've had them in school when I taught on Tea street—and I had more trouble with them than I did with all the rest put together.

So she did, admitted Mrs. Temple, but that was a year ago. Lots of changes take place in a year, especially among young folks.

I don't think he oughter marry Mary Doane, persisted Lonnie. I think he oughter marry Idalye. Then Idalye wouldn't have to teach school.

promise to look after him closer than you have heretofore, and I suppose you'll have to pay for the wheelbarrow.

You didn't do that? gasped his mother, in dismay. Yes, I did, too. I did it yesterday and day before.

Why, Lonnie, you mustn't! If you want any water you must get it at home. Folks'll think you're a regular nuisance. They don't like to be jumping 'n' gettin' water for folks.

I thought Lem Harris used to like Idalye best, said Lonnie, tentatively. Nonsense! laughed Idalye, coloring furiously. Who would have thought of your getting that idea!

The girl's fair face darkened. She turned silently to the window and drummed listlessly upon the small, old-fashioned pane. She was young, but the mysteries of life were already pressing hard upon her.

What a question! exclaimed Mrs. Temple, dropping the stocking which she was darning. What under the sun put that into your head?

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I THINK HE OUGHTER MARRY IDALYE. Idalye likes to teach school a sight better than Mary Doane does.

The young man muttered something under his breath, which his mother could not hear, but at last he ceased his whittling and stumbled off to bed, first kissing her daintily.

Two or three days later Idalye went over to visit Mary Doane, who was a pretty, pleasant girl, and had always been her intimate friend since they had learned their letters side by side in the primer class at the district school.

And she finally owned up she was going to marry Lem? inquired Mrs. Temple, sharply. I should think she might have told you before—intimate as you always have been.

Well, it seems they thought they might have a long engagement. That's why they have kept it so still. I expect I should myself. You don't want all creation talking about it for two or three years.

You don't get any more pay? No; just the same. I like to have you at home as much as you can, of course, Idalye. But how do you feel, yourself?

Yes, I do, mother. I might as well tell you, but you mustn't breathe a word. I am going to treat Mary Doane as badly as she treated me. Yes, it's that young lawyer that I told you about. His folks live over there, you know—they own the biggest farm at the Hollow—and he's just the very nicest fellow anywhere around here—a thousand times nicer than Lem Harris—but he's going to settle out west. I knew you'd

think there was something up, when I had all those letters. Don't look so worried, mother. It won't be for a year yet. I've said that, twenty, and I shan't be till March, you know.

I know that, rejoined Idalye, wearily, and Lonnie'd be so handsome and nice, if he only hadn't met with that awful accident. As it is, he's the kindest, gentlest boy I ever saw.

Oh, mother, don't! begged Idalye. I can't bear to think about it. She threw her book aside, and a moment later her clear young voice rang out upon the warm summer air.

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I wish, Mrs. Temple, he began in a low voice, and glancing cautiously at Lonnie, pacing abstractedly back and forth beneath the great tree.

What's the matter, mother? he asked, ignoring almost with haughty presence of the young man.

At this moment they heard Lonnie's footsteps. He was bringing in the milk. They could not talk any more that night.

The next day was Sunday, and, as is so often the case after a period of uncommon coolness in the summer, a hot wave had settled over the country.

There is something the matter, too! Lonnie's voice trembled, and his vast frame was shaking.

You lie, Lem Harris, you lie! yelled the idiot, and with the words he raised his powerful hand and felled the young man to the earth.

With a shriek the distracted mother flung herself between them and lifted the fallen man from the grass.

Why, he's going to see Mary Doane, of course, returned Idalye. He goes up there every Sunday, now that he has gone to the Mills to work.

Don't you know, supplemented Mrs. Temple, a little impatiently. I told you he was keepin' company with Mary Doane, an' they're goin' to be married, come fall?

Poor boy! sighed his mother, tenderly. You are the dearest and best boy in the world, an' mother an' Idalye love you. He is all tired an' hot.

All of the afternoon Lonnie sat outside of the house, under a great oak tree, watching the lights and shadows on the wooded hills near by, and now and then picking up handfuls of grass and flowers and examining them idly.

His mother brought him an old religious newspaper, for it was true, as Idalya had informed the sheriff, that Lonnie could read, and that he appeared to understand at least a part of what he read.

At last he rose with a serious air, and began to pace back and forth beneath the great tree. He held his head aching and a grave reasonableness in his whole demeanor, which impressed his mother, as she sat not far away, yearningly watching him.

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while Idalya was diligently feeding him with spirit-and-water from a tumbler. His forehead was bound up in arnica, his pillow was redolent of camphor, and the two women were rejoiced to feel that his pulse was beating reassuringly.

While they were thus absently occupied Lonnie stole off and sped like a deer along the road to the Doane farmhouse. The sky was rapidly clouding over, and the air was sultry and oppressive.

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