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Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 145, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, Monday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. All visiting brothers are invited to attend. ED. H. ROOR, Sec. MAT D. BLOSSER, W. M.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 2, R. & S. M.

meet at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. All visiting companions are invited to attend.

COMETOCK POST, No. 22, G. A. R.

meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All visiting comrades are invited to attend.

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meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, over Gay's Bank, at 8 o'clock, every Friday in each month. Visiting knights are invited to attend.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN

meet in their hall, over Geo. Henderson's store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. GEO. NISLE, M. W. G. NAWKIN, Recorder.

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F. V. SCHAEFFER, PROFESSIONAL VETERINARY SURGEON

Who has studied from the University of Michigan One year, and has had considerable practice in the German army, has Located in Manchester Village. So best of all, he has had considerable practice in the German army, has Located in Manchester Village. So best of all, he has had considerable practice in the German army, has Located in Manchester Village.

Local of Manchester Village

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Calls Promptly Attended

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

Fair woman's ways are all so strange, They keep us ever guessing; O'er meanings they disarrange In manners most distressing. For when we think they love us more Than mortal e'er was led before, Love us and love us only. They on some new found treasure smile And gaily follow it the while They leave us sad and lonely. We bitter grow and straightway vow To woo again, no never, No more their kind we shall allow Love's tender chords to sever. We cease to sigh for them and then They smile and coo soft words again As sweet as meads of clover. And when their eyes upon us dwell We pardon everything and tell The same old story o'er. —Nixon Waterman.

THE WITCH'S WARNING.

Among the Bucoigi mountains there stand close together and fusing one another, two very high peaks, which tower high above the others. Between them plunges a foaming mountain fall, which rushes down the mountain into the valley below. It is said that in olden times, long before the memory of any one now living, these two peaks were twin brothers who loved each other with such devotion that they shared every pleasure, and if one wept the other wept with him. The brothers were as beautiful as the day. They were tall, slender and very strong. Their mother, the countess, looked with pride at her manly boys, and as she stroked their golden curls she said: "Andrew and Marion, my sons you are so well known that even the stones will talk about you."

The brothers belonged to a royal family and they owned many castles along the mountains which they so much loved. One day the two brothers were hunting along the edge of a precipice for a bear which had robbed their flocks. They heard the low growl of the animal, and drawing near, Andrew was about to shoot his arrow, when from a thicket near by, flew a dart that pierced the animal's side. At the same moment a merry laugh sounded. The wounded beast with an angry roar, rushed into the thicket. "We must hurry to the rescue, for I am sure that was a child's laugh," cried Marion, as he ran forward, and with a single shot laid the bear dead before him.

"What a pity my first shot did not kill him," said a sweet, clear voice, and then from out the bushes stepped a beautiful maiden wearing a short red dress and a white cap, under which her golden hair streamed over her shoulders. Her eyes were deep blue, shaded by long lashes, and her skin was white and fair. For a moment the two gazed at her in astonishment, then Andrew said: "Are you a little forest fairy or a witch disguised so as to allure us into your den?"

"I am neither," was the reply. "I have lived all my life with my grandfather on the other side of the mountain. To-day for the first time I have permission to leave our park and wander where I please. But now evening is approaching and I must hasten home."

With these words the little stranger sprang lightly through the bushes, and soon disappeared from sight. For many days the brothers talked continually of the beautiful maiden whom they had met in the forest. But although they went often to the place where they had seen the fairy, as they called the little girl, they waited in vain for her.

One stormy night in winter, as Andrew and Marion sat with their mother near the bright fire blazing on the hearth, they heard, above the murmuring of the wind, a low, wailing sound, as if some one were in deep distress. Throwing open the door they saw crouched against the castle wall the little fairy about whom they had thought and talked so much. The kind mother gently lifted the child in her arms and tenderly carried her into the warm room. When her sobs had ceased and the little stranger was resting comfortably the countess said: "Tell me, my child, what brings you here this stormy night, and why have you left your home?"

"Urlanda, for so the little girl was named, looked sad again and replied: "Three days ago my good grandfather, the only friend I have in the world, died, and the servants all fled from the castle, and I was left entirely alone. I know not where to go. Then I remembered the kind faces of your sons, whom I once met in the mountains, and I thought if I could find them, they would befriend me. I saw the light of your fire gleaming through the darkness, and I thought that my troubles were at an end; but although I knocked at the gate as loudly as I could, no one seemed to hear me, and I concluded that I must perish out in the cold."

"Now you shall stay with us and be our sister," cried Andrew and Marion in chorus. "Yes, my dear child, you shall stay with us and be my daughter, and I shall teach you to spin." "I shall have already learned to spin," said Urlanda, "for the fairies, knowing that I was motherless, taught me that art, and you and I shall spend many pleasant hours together over our spinning wheels." That evening the little company in the castle was very cheerful, and each one thought of the happy days that were in store for them; for the countess had always prayed a daughter and the boys had longed for a sister. The next morning when Urlanda, with her newly adopted brothers, had gone for a walk in the forest, an ugly old woman, with hideous green eyes, entered the bedroom of the countess, and in a shrill voice said: "Gracious lady, last night you received the beautiful Urlanda into your

THE FARM AND HOME.

EXPERIMENTS MADE ON THE FEEDING OF HOGS.

The Value of Various Foods in the Raising of Hogs—Reducing the Milk—Raising Cows—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Feeding Hogs.

The following is a summary of experiments made by the Illinois experiment station at Champaign during the years 1888, 1889 and 1890: In eight trials in which corn only was fed, as do from salt and coal slake, pigs varying in average weight from 65 to 290 pounds and kept in pens of small lots with grass, gaining at the rate of from 10.46 to 14.73 pounds per bushel—56 pounds—sheep—corn—the average gain being 12.36 pounds. The rate of gain for food eaten in proportion to weight feeding with corn only 3.41 pounds eaten per day varied from 65.58 pounds to 10.71 pounds eaten by pigs weighing 311 pounds. The corn eaten per day per 100 pounds live weight varied from 1.93 pounds eaten by pigs fed 84 days and averaging 207 pounds in weight, to 5.19 pounds eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 pounds. In one case in the fourth week of pen feeding two pigs gained 3.21 pounds each per day—at the rate of 16.81 pounds per bushel of corn. This was the greatest gain per day and was also the best rate of gain in the trial. There seemed to be no constant relation between the weight of the pigs or the season of the year, and the food eaten or the gains made.

In four trials pigs fed all they would eat of shelled corn with bluegrass pasturage ate 4,263 pounds of corn and gained 4,903 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.04 pounds gain per bushel of corn. Pigs under like conditions, except that they were fed half as much corn, ate 2,190 pounds of corn and gained 503 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.93 pounds per bushel.

After periods varying from six to nine weeks, the pigs which had been fed on a half ration of corn on pasture were given a full feed of corn. In three trials lasting four or five weeks each, the pigs which had had a full feed of corn throughout ate 1,796 pounds of corn and gained 329 pounds, which was at the rate of 10.11 pounds per bushel. Those which had been fed a half feed of corn in the first part of the trials ate 2,075.5 pounds of corn in the second part gaining 462.5 pounds per bushel. Those fed corn only ate 1,624.5 pounds of corn and gained 244 pounds per bushel. In two trials pigs fed soaked corn ate more and gained more than those fed dry corn. In one trial they gained more and in one less in proportion to food eaten than those fed dry corn. The differences were not great in either case.

Two pigs in a two-acre pasture in which three yearling steers were fed corn, gained in 24 weeks 195 pounds. In a second trial two pigs with like conditions gained 231 pounds—in 31 weeks. In neither case was the gain large. In each case the pigs at the close of the trial were in good condition for full feeding and made large gains when so fed.

A trial of apple pomace as food for pigs resulted unsatisfactorily. The pomace kept well; chemically analyzed it showed an apparently good composition for feeding purposes, but the pigs ate very little of the pomace.

Sheep-Growing.

The average farmer of this country never has given sheep-growing the thought that he has given his cattle and horses; neither have the sheep as a rule been cared for in any degree equal to that of the horse and the cow. Some years a farmer will keep sheep, and other years he will not. Consequently but poor accommodations are provided for them. Barren hills and bush lots are considered by many as good enough for sheep pastures; and the open yard, with a shed or hovel to run under, plenty good enough for winter quarters, with clover hay (if they have it) or even timothy hay, or straw, all that will be needed for the food of the sheep. Now this looks like very poor provision for sheep, and yet hundreds of farmers all over the eastern and middle states keep sheep with no such accommodations and food than the case mentioned. These farmers generally live in a neighborhood where there are several enterprising farmers who keep sheep as they should be kept, and make money by so doing. Their neighbors soon discover this, and they conclude to go into it, and commence by purchasing a flock of anything that can be bought cheap, and any kind of a ram they can find, feed and care for them accordingly, and consequently have a dark side to report.—National Stockman.

It is Not Always So.

A noted dairyman said recently: "I'd sell the best cow I ever had at eight years old. They are on the down hill after that." The investigation that followed showed that he labored with a cow good for beef and milk. Sometimes one and sometimes the other, and when his cow beef was ready he was wise enough to sell it. He had it right! A good dairy cow that puts her food into the pail, and not on her ribs, grows better for years, and the oldish cows are, and have been, quite as profitable as the younger ones. If cows are fed and well cared for, and not compelled to be scavengers in winter, there is no reason why a good cow at 8 years may not be a good cow at 15. Now that succulent foods are largely the winter ration, the cow that is kept warm and comfortable in the stable, is valuable

A Hint Off the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?" "Twelve years old, sir." "You are very small for your age. What is your name?" "Johnnie Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue." "So your father is a baker. I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of our boys." —Texas Siftings.

The postal telegraph service of Great Britain has shown a surprise for the first time since the present rates went into operation in 1888.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE EDITOR MAKES A RATHER SLIM APOLOGY.

He Had to Attend the Lurching of Abe Carter and the Great Family Weekly Came Out on a Half Sheet—Civilizing Influences.

POLOGETICAL.—We must beg the indulgence of our readers for coming out on a half sheet this week, but the matter was positively beyond our control. We have been drunk, the same as our esteemed contemporary often is, we should not blame our subscribers for kicking, but we can assure them that no charge of the kind can be laid at our door.

On Monday we had to attend the lurching of Abe Carter, over on the hill. We didn't want to go, but Abe made it a personal matter, declaring he wouldn't hang unless we were present to kick the barrel away. He died happy.

On Tuesday Jim Cummins sent us word that he would shoot us on sight. Jim is a bad man, but he won't lie. We mean to be honest, and had to plan to get the drop on him. With our usual enterprise and public spirit we got it. Some of the crowd was ed as to finish him, but as he promised to go hence and stay there we let him slip.

On Wednesday our esteemed contemporary went out to our private graveyard and attempted to jump our claim and have something to point to. Taking everything into consideration, judicious rest and gradual reduction of feed, and drying off makes the strong calf, and perpetuates the strength and good qualities of the cow. —E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Manure.

Fire-forged manure is worth more pound for pound than it was before the fanging took place. The result of fanging is to drive water out of the pile. Some ammonia may be lost, but not much. It can have no effect on the potash and phosphoric acid, except perhaps to make them more readily available. Fire-forged manure is worth more per ton than fresh or wet manure. Remember that in buying manure.

Home Hints.

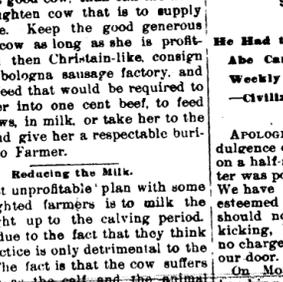
The juice of lemon rubbed over the knife removes all grease. (A camphor gum is placed with silver, it will prevent the ware from tarnishing. Place a few nails or old steel pins in the writing ink, and then the pins in daily use will not corrode. To keep garden walks clean, sprinkle with weak brine through a water sprinkler or scatter coarse salt along the walks. To remove berry stains from paper, books, etc., hold a lighted brimstone match close to them and the fumes remove the stains. When hot grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water on it immediately, to prevent it from striking into the boards; then scrape it up. To fill unsightly nail holes in the walls, take one part plaster of paris and three parts of fine sand, mix with cold water and apply with a camel-hair brush. Never let the whites of eggs stand during the beating process, even for a moment, as they return to a liquid state and cannot be restored, thus making the cake heavy. Pure air and sunshine are nature's health-givers, and care should be taken to admit them liberally into every room. Give your children plenty of both, indoors and out.

The best and easiest method of removing mildew is to place the articles in a warm (not hot) oven for several minutes, when the moisture of the mildew will have evaporated and may be brushed off.

Farm Notes.

A very little feed when it is needed, will often make the difference between profit and loss. Stock maintain their heat by slow combustion within their bodies, for which food is the fuel. Regularity in feeding animals is necessary to their thrift, and especially so with fattening stock. It is not advisable to have young, growing stock fat, but very necessary to keep them in a thrifty condition. One of the principal advantages in cutting or grinding feed is that there is a very small per cent of waste in feeding. Sheep will not thrive well if they are crowded into too close quarters. Give them room enough at least to be comfortable. "Farming is the grandest occupation on the face of God's earth." But it only pays well when you work the soil deeper than the face. It is not advisable to have young, growing stock fat, but very necessary to keep them in a thrifty condition. One of the principal advantages in cutting or grinding feed is that there is a very small per cent of waste in feeding. Sheep will not thrive well if they are crowded into too close quarters. Give them room enough at least to be comfortable.

Calling on the Editor.



Artist.—You print pictures of public men and events in your Sunday edition, I believe. Great Editor.—Yes, indeed, all we can get. Artist.—I have here a number of pictures of Mr. Blaine for President. This one represents him in the invalid's chair surrounded by doctors. In this one he is tottering along leaning heavily on his attendants, and in this

Great Editor.—But, sir, we are in favor of Mr. Blaine for President. "Oh! We here is another set representing him knocking down an ox with his fist, pulling up trees by the roots, and playing jack-stones with ten-ton rocks."

A Stupid Maid. Mrs. Clara.—Horror! What in the world are you doing? Maid.—Flin' up these books ma'am. Mrs. Clara.—Oh, you stupid, stupid thing! You are not fit to be in a respectable family. These are my novels. Maid.—Yes'm. Mrs. Clara.—Oh, how could you? You're enough to drive any one wild. Don't you know that some of them I've read and some of them I haven't? Maid.—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Clara.—And here you've mixed them all up, so I can never separate them.

Not Lady-like. She (at the races).—Oh, I'm getting awfully interested! I want to bet on the next race. Here're five dollars. He.—Certainly. Which horse? "Which one is going to win?" "I don't know." "How stupid! Ask somebody." "No one knows." "Get a new lot!" "Ugh—well, I guess I won't bet my self. It isn't very lady-like anyhow. You bet for me."

A Hopeless Struggle. Parishioner.—I hear dat de camp meetin' has done been discontinued, Mistab Wade back; what war de matter? Ser. Mr. Wadeback.—Wat wif t'ree white men jes' out ide grounds a-peddlin' hard ciders, watahmillions, and lottery tickets, hit war impossible fo de congregation, sah!

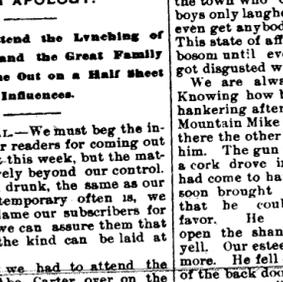
Insulated. Waggs.—We had a terrible thunder-storm as I came up in the train this afternoon. Wooden.—Weren't you afraid of the lightning? Waggs.—No; I got behind a brakeman. Wooden.—Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do? Waggs.—Why, he was not a conductor.

Better Than Azure Blood. Pater.—So you don't like Mr. Fahrweste? Daughter.—I don't. He's too coarse. I don't believe there's a drop of blue blood in his veins. Pater.—Never you mind that. He's a mine owner, and the contents of his veins are ores that assays twenty thousand to the ton. Daughter.—"I'll wed him."

Our Cool Cities. Sweltering Stranger.—Phev! Seems as if I'd me Thermometer must be about a hundred. Citizen.—Nonsense! You go to the top of that forty-story building, climb into the tower, and look at the official weather service thermometer, and you'll find it isn't over seventy-six.

Invitation Accepted. Mr. Saphed.—I've got a fad, too, don't ye know. I collect old and rare violins. Come around and see 'em. Musician.—Do you play? Mr. Saphed.—Bless you, no, not a note. Musician (enthusiastically).—I will come. So It Was Checked. He.—And, darling, what does your father think of my suit? She (sobbing).—He thinks it is a misfit. Sure to See Her. Caller.—Is Mrs. Brownston at home? Servant.—Yes'm. She'll be at home all the evenin'. It's my night out.

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Dr. Mar. D. Bacon

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1911.

It is now generally believed that the discovery of a system of artificial flight capable of practical application is only a matter of time. It is also generally conceded by those who have carefully investigated the subject that the airship of the future will be propelled by electricity.

Our young women are growing up ignorant of literature and with perverted tastes which will prevent them from repairing the fault in later life. They do not read books that make them think, and for the most part they do not want to think. They want to kill time with the least possible intellectual exertion. To this there are exceptions, but this is the rule. It is an age of trash.

In the long run it is the brain that rules. In almost every out-of-door sport brawn and strength give precedence slowly but surely to strategy and science. The fact is just now brought to mind by a comparison of the base-ball methods of to-day with those of former times. The game is one in which physical skill and agility are absolutely necessary. Yet of two teams equally balanced in the mechanical part of the art the club which has the thinkers is the sure eventual winner.

No words are sufficiently condemnatory of "lynch law." Considered in the abstract, the taking of a prisoner from the officers of the law and anticipating the law's judgment by executing him cannot be sufficiently apologized for. It is unfortunate however, that while lynch law can only be spoken of to condemn it, sometimes—and, indeed, often—it happens that the administration of summary justice in given cases on known criminals cannot be condemned with that heartiness that may be visited on lynch law in the abstract.

Under the present system every convict who returns to his county or takes up his residence elsewhere after serving his term is apt to increase costs to the taxpayer, not only by his own crimes but by corrupting others. Where no close supervision of such characters is possible—and it never is except in cities—the returned convict has full opportunities for corrupting others. It is clearly as much to the advantage of public morals as of public economy to give first offenders the opportunity to reform of which the penitentiaries deprive them.

Some clergymen have gone so far as to preach special sermons on the evils of bicycle riding, their frivolous and worldly tendencies and the general demoralization that follows in their train. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, some of our most respected and talented clergymen are themselves bicycle riders and the great defenders of their use against all critics. Some employ the "wheels" on mission work. Thus it is clear that no set standard of approval or disapproval can yet be named that will accurately define the bicycle's place in the domain of theology.

A man who has so much to do that he will work nights and Sundays as well as week days is not likely to do as much in the long run as the man who rests at God's appointed times in order to fit himself for effective work between these times. Many a busy man breaks down a great deal earlier than he needs to because he insists on working when rest is his first duty. And many a man who observes God's law of the night and the Sabbath, written in man's very nature, accomplishes far more in a series of years than he could have wrought with any violation of that law.

There was a poet once who could compose a sonnet while standing on one leg. That accomplishment would have won him great reputation in these days of personal gossip. Formerly people read the works of authors; now they prefer to read about the authors themselves and take the works for granted. Who cares what Mr. Howells is writing or how written, provided it is known that he wears a flannel shirt in summer and always takes two lumps of sugar in his coffee? It is a matter of supreme indifference to many people whether Dr. Holmes wrote "Snow Bound" or the "Old Oakden Bucket," who would yet be interested if told that the doctor smoked a clay pipe and kept white mice. In short, a man's achievements do not interest people so much as does the man himself.

Time is fast and relentlessly obliterating that generation of men who were in the Northwest at the time of the Black Hawk war. Within a few years at best the last of these survivors will have been gathered to his fathers. The busy thousands of to-day do not pause long to consider these men as they drop out of the ranks of the living and are marshaled in the army of the dead. And yet there was a time when the fate of the frontier hung dependent upon the watchfulness and valor of these men—Abraham Lincoln, Winfield Scott, Maj. Anderson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Jefferson Davis, were actors along with them in the struggle of 1852. After many generations have come and gone it is possible that there will arise a tradition—typifying the prowess of these men—that at that time there were giants in the land.

ONE WOMAN.

Let the curtain fall over her fall— That is all. She had no glorious name; Here was the humblest fame To live in solitude. Unwrit, and there do good, As women do. Whose lives are true, Whose hearts are wrong, Whose nerves unstrung, Who suffered every ill And yet are still.

She watched the years With her tears; Her hands were ever stretched to bless Some one in greater wretchedness.

If such there were. She did not ask; She only knew her task And did it; not as any man— Only as God and woman can.

Let the curtain fall Over her fall— That is all.

A FAIR HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Thirty years ago Philadelphia was not so densely populated with people and long rows of dwellings as we find to-day. Away to the north and west some houses were scattered here and there, but the parent city had not even signified its intention of stretching out its arms toward the little outlying suburbs, which now seem "part and parcel" of its motherhood.

In one of these little villages, easily reached by an 1891 cyclist, the principal architectural feature was the small Episcopal Church, just lofty enough to allow its tiny spire to emerge from the clump of surrounding trees. Near by was the rectory, a spacious house of quiet brown, with old-fashioned windows, having altogether a decided air of restful content, which was certainly suited to at least one of its occupants, namely, the Rev. Frank Seymour, the rector himself.

Please notice that I am careful to say one, for, in truth, the principal member in reality, if not in name, was "Miss Molly," or more properly, Mary Wilhelmina, Smith Seymour, which rather ugly name for a rather pretty girl was the legacy (with a couple of hundred a year) of an old spinster aunt to a somewhat ungrateful namesake.

"For," to quote the old housekeeper, "although Miss Molly was the minister's child, and a great, big girl of 18, when she done up her hair, she ought to put away childish things, as the Good Book says, and begin to settle down."

But she didn't. She would turn up her skirts and run as fast as any village boy, and beat him too. She could get as many tears in her dress as any girl of 8. As to love, why she turned up her dainty nose at the idea of a "grande passion" with all the natural contempt of a girl of 18. "Like to see the man that was good enough for me to marry," with a shrug that ended in a scornful laugh.

But "the laughs best who laughs last." "Humpty dumpty sat on the wall, Humpty dumpty had a great fall," a clear voice sang out on the lazy air at the top of his fresh youthful tones. Perched on the top of the old gray wall that bounded the rectory garden on the south, dividing it from a small footpath which led into the village road beyond, sat "Miss Molly."

And its Eve is a pretty one too. The sun tries to peep in between the leaves, and lights up all her golden, fluffy hair, like an auricle. A summer breeze fans her cheeks, nut-brown from the kiss of wind and weather. Her big, brown eyes light up with good-natured, youthful appreciation, as she makes sundry vicious little bites into a rosy cheeked peach and sings the while:

"Humpty dumpty sat on the wall, Humpty dumpty had a great fall." But alas! Miss Molly had miscalculated her security, and, instead of sitting on the old wall, half way between earth and sky, she finds herself in a more humble position on the lap of mother earth, with the blue skies staring at her farther off. She is on the wrong side of the wall, too, standing in the middle of the foot path, and conscious of ominous little spasms of pain in her right foot every time she attempts to move.

"Of course, nobody will ever come along this old road, and like as not if I do scream they'll think I'm only shamming, like the last time that caterpillar got down my back and they'll never think of looking for me!—Oh, dear me," and here she heaves a doleful sigh.

The unexpected always turns up. Down that very little path comes the sound of a manly whistle and the tramp of approaching feet. On onward they come, and their owner turns the corner of the wall, to find a lady young and pretty, so, sitting right in the middle of the road!

Poor, unlucky Miss Molly grows red with mortification, and essays to rise, but a faint cry of pain will force itself through the quivering lips, in spite of her heroic attempt at bravery.

"Pardon me," and Paul Hendricks is by her side immediately. "May I assist you? I am on my road to the rectory. I suppose that brown house there is it. If I can help you I shall be pleased to do so."

He is surprised to see a small brown hand stretched out and its owner say, "I am Molly Seymour, the rector's daughter. I suppose you are the son of papa's old friend?"

"Paul Hendricks," the young man replies. "It is certainly a novel introduction there in the unused path. At the best to be found sitting in the middle of a dusty road and with a sprained ankle does not show one off to the best advantage, but still in this case it served to promote a feeling of good fellowship between the two, and finally, with the help of a strong arm, Molly is able to reach the rectory."

gather, now that you are a little acquainted." Then the old man goes back to his dusty books.

Solitary walks and talks in the old woods, and various fishing expeditions to the little brook, develop acquaintanceship, especially when Paul, at the same time that he taught Miss Molly the names and habits of various plants and flowers, managed to teach her another lesson, and with the fish, was certainly attempting to catch better and wondrous game.

By the gray wall, the old peach, on which hangs a few solitary golden balls stretches its sheltering arms over the same Miss Molly. Did I say the same? Perhaps, and yet not! The old housekeeper says Miss Molly is not quite so chipper like, but thinks as her old eyes follow her "lamb," there is not a sweeter nor bonnier maid than Miss Molly.

A pair of younger eyes, handsome, dark, tender eyes, are looking lovingly at the slim young figure and golden head of the young girl, lost in a day dream. The soft green grass dubs the sound of coming footsteps, and it is not until his shadow falls across the sward that Molly looks up and blushes guiltily through the clear, healthy brown, betraying at least the prince in her day dream.

But why is it that her eyes shine so stary? and why is it that when Paul sees them glittering like two flowers wet with dew he says not a word, but just gathers "Miss Molly" close to his heart there under the old peach tree, which tosses its gnarled branches contentedly to and fro, while the old gray wall says never a word?

They have been married these many years, and the silver threads are beginning to show in Molly's hair. They live in Philadelphia proper now; perhaps some of my readers may guess their identity. A youthful Molly and Paul are growing up among the brick houses of the Quaker City, away from the green of country grass and the scent of the old-fashioned flowers, but they both know the story of "Humpty Dumpty" on the gray wall, where the golden fruit ripened on the old peach tree, but they do not exactly understand whether they are to believe their mother when she says—

"Their father need not think she was crying that day because he was going away," or their father when he retorts:

"What could I do when your mother literally threw herself at my feet?"

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EVIL.

The Immense Results of Crime in One Family in New York.

In his curious study of the "Physiology of Evil," Dr. B. W. Richardson declares that the man of science finds a natural cause of evil in mankind—heredity and early environment. The operation of these causes is made conspicuous in a novel investigation carried out by Professor Dugdale of New York, who has been able to trace one criminal family back to the time of the settlement of its first members in America. He has found that from this parent stock has sprung 1,200 descendants. The lives of 709 of these have been closely followed by Prof. Dugdale, the results of the investigation showing that not one of the 709 had escaped the contamination of evil or its consequences. His researches also show that the crimes of this one family have, during the last seventy-five years, cost the state of New York \$1,200,000. Those who are born bad, however, are not always incurable. Mr. Isaac Asha, president of the Central Criminal Asylum, Dublin, Ireland, has suggested that inherited tendencies to crime can be treated in the young by teaching useful occupations, which will call into play the faculties exercised by criminal acts. Thus, the child of a clever forger may be educated into an honest draftsman; so may the children of several generations of pickpockets be taught clever handiwork, such as watch-making or other work requiring fingers unusually deft in their movements.—St. Louis Republic.

A Domestic Dialogue.

Wife.—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did, the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband.—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background, that's where women should be.

W.—Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jabez, and there was a woman.

W.—Yes, and there was Abah; he was a man. And there was— H.—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men.

W. (musingly).—You may be right after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

H. (smiling).—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it doesn't say about women?

W. (placidly).—It says "All men are liars."

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.—Boston Courier.

Concocted Weapons.

They were sitting on a truck cart in Cadillac Square, discussing points in colored etiquette.

"You ain't no collud gemman," said one.

"You's dis a plain common nigger."

"Huh! Who say dat?" growled the other.

"I does."

"Whafuz?"

"Cause you hain't got no razor 'bout yo' pesson, you hain't."

AUSTRALIAN SAVAGES.

Their Strange Methods of Marriage, Living and Burial.

The marriage ceremony of the Australian savages writes Professor Felix A. Oswald in Good Words, consists of in the simple process of stunning a stray female of a neighboring tribe by means of a club and then dragging her away an unresisting captive, just as the males of the large species of seals are said to attack and temporarily disable their intended mates.

Another still uglier analogy of the brute creation is their indifference to the welfare of their own children—after they have once outgrown the age of absolute helplessness. An Australian mother will coddle her baby with ape-like fondness and hardly ever let it stray out of sight for the first four years, but as soon as the toddling little imp seems able to care for itself its debt of gratitude to its progenitors has to be paid by the worst kind of slavery.

At the first sign of insubordination a half-grown boy is apt to be kicked out, if not killed by his own father, while the older squaws maltreat every pretty girl as a possible rival—so much so, indeed, that the appearance of even a club-armed suitor must often be welcomed as an agreeable surprise party. The marriage of near relatives is discouraged with a strictness not often found among barbarians, and polygamy, though sanctioned by public opinion, is restricted by the difficulty of providing for the wants of a large family. At a distance from the crab-warming seacoast, families are rather scanty, but the natives have developed a faculty for starving, or half starving, for weeks without permanent injury, and rely on the experience that sooner or later nature will renew the supply of spontaneous food.

Within 100 miles of the east coast, perhaps, no native in an uncivilized condition has ever died from a lack of digestible food—a rather comprehensible term in a country where fern roots are boiled like potatoes, and snails and grasshoppers are considered tidbits. Strange to say, the martyrs of that horrid diet get old, as a proof that freedom from care is, after all, the main condition of longevity. A similar phenomenon may be observed in the villages of Central Russia, where mental stagnation prevails in its ugliest forms, but where charity and parish poor laws protect every native from the risk of actual starvation.

Of all the modes of burial ever practiced by creatures in the shape of human beings, the method of the Queensland nomads is certainly the most uncouth. After drying the corpse in the sun and knocking out its teeth for keepsakes, they deposit it on a framework of rough poles and bury it under an armful of rushes and old kangaroo skins, leaving the bush-wolves to sing its requiem.

No member of the dead man's tribe will settle within a mile of his grave for fear of being haunted by the spooks making the burial place their midnight rendezvous. The metaphysical opinions of the Australian aborigines prove, indeed, that savages can be afflicted with an abundance of supernaturalism without betraying a trace of anything deserving the name of religious sentiment. They believe in evil spirits whistling in the blasts of the stormwind and try to exorcise them by spitting in the direction of the sky; but for the conceptions of the deity, of future existence, of repentance, atonement and conscience their language has not even a definite word. From somewhere in the land of their forefathers—Eastern Asia, perhaps—they have imported a notion faintly resembling the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis, and believe that animals may be reborn as men, and men as human beings of a superior rank.

YAWLS AND SHARPIES.

They Are Much More Safe than Cat-boats and Sloops.

The centerboard sloop is by most thought the fastest kind of yacht; and very many successful racers, from the big "Volunteer" to the little twenty-footers winners in yacht-club regattas, have no doubt been sloops. But the safest and handiest for comfortable cruising. The yawl and sharpie are much safer and handier than the catboat and sloop.

The yawl has an extra sail set at the stern. This is called a "driver," "jigger," or "dandy," and it is a veritable friend in need at all times, requiring no care, and being always ready to save you from a capsize and, to help you in every maneuver. Its position is such that it always tends to "buff the boat." If a squall strikes a yawl, she may right herself because of the pressure on this little driver; if a severe blow comes on, you can sail in safety with jib and driver alone, the mainsail being furled; in fact the yawl, with her mainsail down, is perfectly manageable, and as safe as a safe can be. No reefing is necessary; just lower the mainsail, and your yawl is "reefed" at once for the worst kind of weather. There is always plenty of driving-sail behind, and with the jib in front to balance this your boat is under full control. No sloop or catboat possesses such attributes of handiness and safety.—St. Nicholas.

The Peak of Tenerife.

The peak of Tenerife at dawn casts upon the ocean a shadow that at first appears to be flat upon the surface, but that gradually seems to rise up until it is perpendicular, and stands apparently a reproduction in black of the real mountain which beside it is white and glowing in the sunlight. The scientific explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow at first is really flat upon the water, but that as the heat of the rising sun causes a vapor to rise from the ocean the shadow gradually becomes cast against the bank of fog instead of upon the water, and is really straight up in the air.

Five Act Tragedy.

"The Quigleys 've got a boy. He's as nice a little babe as ever was."

"There goes that horrid Quigley boy. What a pestiferous little nuisance the brat is!"

"What a guy young Quigley is, and oh, so fresh!"

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Sir Edwin Arnold is an absent-minded man and is coming to a large grave containing 140 sarcophagi, the oldest of which dates back 2,500 years B. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

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The rag pickers of Paris collect about \$10,000 worth a night.

Dog owners should send for pamphlet on canine diseases. Spratts Patent, New York City.

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The Maine debating society is now wrestling with the question, "Is a school-teacher superintendent justified in wearing a red necktie?"

FITS. All fits stopped free by DR. KLEIN'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No fits, no cure. Use Marshall's Cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Send to Dr. Kincaid, Astoria, Ore.

Nearly 1,000,000 is added to the net value in the treasury every year now.

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