[Copyright Secured. All Bights Reserved.] Driven From Sea to Sea; Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. R. DOWNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XXI.-CONTINUED. From Erastus they heard but seldom, but knew him to be at work on his claim

at the Slough. Mrs. Parsons had written him of the destruction of the old home, and of their removal to the new, soon after its occurrence, and also of Jennie's marriage to Ensign and their removal to

Of Lucy's breaking with Mr. Annelsey she did not write, thinking possibly it might not be permanent, in which case it would be better for Era-tus, if still feeling attached to Lucy, not to have his hopes raised to be again dashed to the ground.

Mr. Annelsey, however, did not plead very earnestly with Lucy to reconsider her action in dismissing him. It was several weeks before his reply came; and then, while he expressed regret at ber decision, he did not urge her allair. very strongly to reverse it. Knowing that his parents would oppose his marriage with a poor girl, he had not informed them of his engagement, and no comments would therefore be made at its being annulled; a fact upon which he now e-negratulated himself.

He had already begun to feel his affection for Lucy weaken with absence; was, in fact, becoming enamored of another young lady in whose society he had frequently been thrown since his return to New York, and whose position in wealth was equal to his own; and although he told himself that Lucy's letter had broken his heart, it is probable that after the shock to his selfesteem was over he was rather glad then otherwise

If Lucy expected or desired a more velement protestation of love from her disgua ded suitor than she received, her manner upon opening his letter did not reveal it.

be free from their engagement and ask- thoughts. in the return of her letters.

ring and other jewelry, by the same mail that takes this letter," she wrote him, and having sealed it and seen it, articles as they could spare, and make in company with the package, safely on an exchange for family supplies. its way to the office, she went about her usual duties with a cheerful, even mer- you're gone," he said; "we're capital ry air, which was a great source of com- at keepin' house, ain't we. Johnny? fort to her parents, and of especial sat- And mother'll bring you some candy or isfaction to her father.

"of Rastus 'od only come back now back and ask her to be his wife.

wondering at Erastus' delay and in- economy now. And as neither of the venting excuses for it.

get of right away." and a hope that he might some time as- rewrapped in white cloths. sist them if they should require it, but never a word about Locy or any intention of visiting the family, all hope of

John Parsons' bosom. "'Ra tus was always awful proud." he said to himself, "an' I reckon he can't get over the girl's preferrin' of that young jackanapes to him in the first place.

He still supposed that Mrs. Parsons had written Fra-tus of Lucy's dismissal of Annelsey, and it was not until months had passed and summer was giving place to fall that he learned difterently

He had never mentioned his hope that the young folks would "make up" to any one.

Erastus knew that Lucy was with her parents, but surposed her only waiting for her affianced to come and claim her. and so worked on, striving to conquer his love, but never succeeding, even for

And Lucy, although knowing that she loved Erastus, had always loved him, either supposed that he knew of her broken engagement, and knowing it was silent because he had no love for her, or, if she suspected he did not know, was restrained by maidenly reserve from taking any steps to acquaint him with the fact.

One day Mrs. Parsons was helping her husband in the garden, when something was said about Erastus.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Parsons, "what he is doing now? It is a good hile since we heard from him. I wish I knew how he is getting along. Poor boy, he must have a hard time of it with no one to keep his clothes in order or do a thing for him. I wonder if he ever thinks of getting married?

"Of course he must," she added, answering her own question; "he has got a little start by this time and every young man on a farm needs a wife. 1 hope he will get a good one when he does marry.

John Parsons gave his clothes a little bitch, a habit he had when at a loss for a word. Then turning his back to his wife and putting an extra bit of force

into the hoe he was using, said: "I had sort o' thought may be he an' Lucy'd make up, now Anne'sey's out o' the way, but it seems they don't 'Pears like 'Rastus is too proud to take no with bein' second choice, though I don't b'lieve the girl ever cared half as much for that ar popenjay Annelsey as she did for him, even if she did promise to marry him. I wish she'd write to 'Rastus and tell him so. I know that 'ud fetch him. 'Ras ain't the fellow to get over that kind of a thing in back the writing materials and again a burry, and I know he loved her des- sat down to his task. prit, an' it seems no more'n fair that

makin' up, under the circumstances." and could not remember of having effecting em over any time within a that he intended it to be an argument coast. Erastus was a tolerable pentoo strong for his wife to rebut, show- man, and good at composing, and had ing reason why Lucy could, and should, at Mr. Parson's request, written a few let Erastus know that she had changed | business letters that there has been a

if he still desired it.

not made the case as strong as it should | contente | himself with simply sending be, but not knowing exactly how to his love or supplying some bit of news make it strong r he waited for a r ply for Lucy or her mother when they from his wife, still keeping his back wrote to either of the absent ones on towards her and his hoe going vigor- family affairs.

But Mrs. Parsons knew that her husband had not fin shed what he wished himself to the task. to say, and she remained silent. Pretty soon he began again:

it; leastwise he thought she did; an" knowing it she went an' engaged herself to that ar fellow from New York began; an' so gave 'Ras to think she wouldn't "Data Rastus: have him no way it could be fixed. So he went off to g.t away from the sight of 'em. An' now, though knowin' that Annelsey's got his walkin' papers, he don't know as Lucy'd have him no more'n she would afore; an' 'Ras ain't the kind as goes spoonin' round beggin' for what folks don't want to give him. It ain't right, an' it ain't fair, when I know the girl 'ud give everything she's got in the world to have nim back, that they should be kept apart jest because it's customary for the man to speak first. He has spoke first

once an' now it's her turn.' All the time John was speaking Martha Parsons was thinking. She believed that Lucy loved Erastus and was secretly in hopes that he would yet return to her, but she was not sure, and she saw the delicacy of the situation more clearly than did her husband, who had never been able to discover any necessity for the concealment of the true feelings of either party to a love

When her husband had ceased speaking she was silent for a moment and then said simply:

"Are you sure Erastus knows that Lucy has broken with Mr. Annelsey?" John Parsons suddenly stopped hoeing and turned quickly around facing his wife.

"Didn't you write him that, when the girls first come home?" he asked

"No, I did not: I was not certain that she cared for him and feared to awaken anew hopes that, after all, might be useless. It was not certain that Lucy's engagement with Annels v might not be renewed, or that because she dismissed him she loved Erastus, and I thought it best to let him learn of it by accident. I supposed he would find it out through Jenn e or some one else, but I do not think he ha."

Her husband made no reply but resumed his hoeing and the subject was She read the letter in the presence not referred to again. Indeed very litof the family, and then calmiy handed the further conversation occurred be- replaced the pen and ink in the bureau structure, to begin with, but, as it is scratch Polly," in this way showing her it to her mother. The next day she tween them during the entire afternoon, "I hope they will: ef they do I'll jest rendied to it, resterating her desire to both appearing busy with their own lope a horse an' ride over there to-mor- be simply enormous. Then it is that

"I shall send yours, together with the Parsons proposed that the two women runs." should go to lown the next day with some butter and eggs and such other

"Johnny and me'll keep house while somethin'. John Parsons hated to "peddle," as

it "ud be all right," he mused, and feel- he called it, and his wife always got ing certain that the young man's affect better prices for the butter and eggs tion for Lucy had not wanted because and chickens than did he; besides which of absence, felly expected him to come she knew better how to invest the proceeds economically in necessities for for this he waited with impatience, the family, and there was need of women liked either to go to town alone, "Spect the poor fellow hasn't jest or to stay glone with Johnny while the got the money by him to come on," he other went with the husband or father, it had become the rule for both to go And then again: "May be he's a put- and leave Johnny to the care of his tin' in his crop an' wants to finish so father, and so they decided to do now. it will be grown while he's gone." Or, Accordingly such vegetables as they "like enough, he's a-workin' for some were to take were gathered and placed body else for a spell an' can't honorably in the spring wagon. A hunt was made for eggs, which were carefully packed, but as the weeks passed into months small end down, in oats, to prevent and the only evidence that Frastus had their breaking, and the bit of butter not for otten them was a letter exercise which they had saved was taken from ing his sorrow at the loss of their home, the well where it hung by a rope, and

When it became dark they went with a lantern and caught two dozen chickens and put them in a crate, previously seeing Lucy married to the man whom made and kept in which to take fowls he loved as a son and respected for his to market; and bright and early the manly qualities began to die out of next morning the horses were hitched up and they started.

When they were gone John Parsons washed the dishes, which the women had not stopped to do, tidled up the house the best he knew how, talking to Johnny all the time, and then went into the garden to work, taking the boy with him, as was his almost invariable custom when the weather was tine, and placing him, in his wheeled cot, where they could talk together as the father worked.

The fresh air and sunshine did the child good and he amused himself in many ways. The chickens and turkeys learned to regard him as a friend and would come around him, often jumping upon his cot for some bit of food which he had brought, some of them becoming so tame as to permit him to handle

When noon came the man and boy returned to the house, where the father prepared and they ate dinner. Then, when the dishes had been washed and Johnny had dropped off to sleep, as he always did after dinner in the long days, John. Sr. went to the bureau and rummaged around until he found some a look at them. bottle of ink.

These he brought to the table, drew up a chair and sat down.

"I'll jest give 'Rastus a hint," he was saying to himself, "an' if he's still of who remained at home had done, and the same mind as he used to be, he'll an' Lucy 'll never know what fetched produce which they would have to

"Wimin's curis about some things: I never did understand 'em very well. There's Marty, now: best woman livin'. tender hearted as a chicken, an' Lucy's iest like her; but they're a-lettin' 'Rastus an' her break their hearts fer each other rather than to speak up an' tell him how the land lays; but I ain't goin'

to low it. He dipped the pen in the ink and then let it slip through his fingers and make a great blotch on the white table ask."

tell-tale spot informing the women of what he had been doing in their ab-

He arose and wet the dish rag and tried to remove the ink spot, but only succeeded in making it larger. Finally he carried the pen, ink and paper to the bureau, took off the table cloth and hung it in the window to dry, brought

It was a long time since he had writshe should take the first step towards ten a letter; he tried to think how long, other day he'd buy 'em, an' pay cash. His manner of saving this showed done so since the family came to the her mind and was ready to marry him necessity for, and since he had left, of it some way." there had been no business letters to

But now he had an object to accomplish and must write, and he squared

Again he dipped the pen in lnk, but discovered that he had forgotten the "You see, Marty, it holds to reason day of the month and got up and con-

suited the almanac which always hung that Lucy should be the one to speak first. 'Rastus loved her, an' she knew on a nail driven into the window casing near the clock. When he had the date safely down be

> Yer mother and Lucy hav gon to town with ome chickens and things and are goin to bring back some groceries.
> "Lucy aint a goin to marry Mr. Annelsey

after all; she's give him his walkin papers fer "We are gittin long purty well considerin. though this place and quite so comfortable and nice as the old one was. There aint so young folks around here much, and Lucy dont act like she wanted to hav anything to do with any of the young fellers that does ome. Hadn't you better come home and make us a vist. Your mother and me wants to see you swful bad and so does Lucy; least-

ise I think she does. "We're gittin the place fixed up some better than it was when we came here. Built a porch over the front door last week and the wimen has set out some rose bushes on both sides of t; you know Lucy always was terrible fond

"Johnny is bout the same as when you left. He and I hav been at work in the garden this foremoon, but he sasleep now that's the reason I'm writin' you. You see I dont want the wimen to know it, they are so awful curis about such things. I spect Lucy ud think it wasn't proper if she knew it. I reckon she thinks you cant never forgive her, er love her any more, cause she went and engaged hereif to that feiler Annelsey, fore she knew what she wanted. You see a woman thinks she mus n't chirp even of her heart is a breakin. Wall, they il be comin back fore long an I must quit writin and get ready for em. When you come up you needn't say anything to Lucy or mother bout my havin writ to you, cause you see it wont doem any good to know it an Lucy might not like it; might think you come out of pity fer her er somethin. They re awful curis critiers, wimen is.

"This from yours affectionately, "John Parsons." He read the letter over slowly and carefully, and then added: "P.S. It was Lucy's doins breaking off

with Annelsey, an I don't see why she should have done it of she hadn't loved some-The letter finished, he sealed it up. directed it and placed it in the inside

pocket of his vest. He had yet to get it to the post-office without the knowledge of the family. and he was at some loss to know how to accomplish this, as it was fifteen miles to the landing, and he could think of no excuse for going there imsomething," he said, mentally, as he row an' mail this letter, for I'm bound

CHAPTER XXII. THE LOVERS' MEETING.

Although having said, in his letter to

hours. It was fifteen miles to Phippsburg different. over a hilly road, and it required the to express his thoughts.

close his letter and at the same time from each other.

Lucy returned.

entered the house. They found the fire burning brightly,

the tea-kettle simmering on the stove, and the table set. The ink spot on the table cloth was not visible, for it had been carefully covered with a broad dish; and if Mrs. Parsons noticed it when she removed the cloth and shook out the crumbs that evening, she was wise enough not to mention it, and in the morning a clean one was substituted and the stained cloth thrown into

Johnny was of course anxious to see the various packages unwrapped, but was persuaded to defer seeing all except the articles purchased especially for him, until they had eaten and cleared off the table, when they would all take

writing paper and finally a pen and a As the family sat at supper they talked of the day's journey, the prices received for chickens and eggs and vegetables, and what they had purchased with the proceeds; of what those of what they would do with the money be here in less'n two weeks an' mother to be obtained from the next bit of

spare. "Just as soon as possible we must put up the addition to the house of which we have been talking," said Mrs. Parsons. "It won't cost much. and will add more to our comfort than anything else we could get with that amount of money."

"Did you ask the price of lumber at the landing?" asked her husband. "Why, no; I did not suppose we could buy it now, and so did not think to

"Well, I d'know; we've got a few This was unfortunate; it would be a dollars laid up now, and by sellin the calves we might scrape up enough to day after day 2, returned to it. The buy the lumber and get it home before the rains set in. The roads il be too came and we c. For stronging any bad for haulin' after that. If we had the lumber home, then we'd get the nails and other things along as we was able, and I could do the work myself during a clear spell in the winter.

> "But can we sell the calves for a fair price? Who is there to buy them?" "Bob Meeker, over on t'other side o' the mountain bout four miles, said the

> > TO ME CONTINUED.1

we had the lumber I'd manage th

When he paused he felt that he had write, and until now John Farsons had FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

HAPPY AS A KING.

· I'd like to know why I should frown." Sang sunn hearted Joe.

I think of the brits-thee never sight I look at the clear, unclouded way: I hark to the brook that rapies by, And, happy as a king-

I whistle and I sing.

I'd like to know why I should more." Sang sunny hearted Joe.
The flowers are smiling all day long: The cricket chirps his merry song.

I try their plan when aught goes wrong. And, happy as a king-I whistle and I sing.

"I'd like to know why I should weep," Sang sunny hearted Joe.
The gloom est day will end at last; The rainiest weather soon be past. Whate'er the troubles o er me cast. Still, happy as a king-

I'll whistle and I'll sing."

I know of some I'd like to see Take pattern after Joe. Sighs, tears and frowns don't help to bear The daily burden of our cars. Wise Joe, the lot of life to share, And, happy as a king,

To whistle and to sing. -George Cooper, in Golden Dens. ----SOCIABLE BIRDS.

Odd Associations-The Fish-Hawk and the Blackbirds-The Owl and Weavers.

There are all sorts of birds, just as there are all sorts of people. Not only big birds and little birds, but bad birds and good birds; birds that love to fight, like the saucy little English sparrows, and when I entered she would jump and birds that love each other, and cuddle together all the time, like the Java sparrows: fierce birds and gentle birds; birds that build beautiful houses. Eke the Baltimore orioles, and birds took a book in my hand she would that build no houses, but lay their eggs | make believe read in a continuous in other birds' houses, like the cow- strain.

Then, again, there are lonely birds, like the hawks and owls, and sociable most comfortable and happy way.

know he is as wild-eved and savage. haps this exhibition of feeling was accibeaked a fellow as you would want to dental, but I tried the experiment anfiercer than her husband. She builds came in my lap as before. mediately after his wife and Lucy had her nest in the topmost branches of a One day some very little kittens came added to each year, it in time grows to jealousy of the kitten. the sociable, impudent blackbird comes | school-children to hear her say her let-At the supper table that evening Mr. to give 'Rastus a hint of how the lead along, and actually builds in the very ters. They would call to her if she was nest of the hawk. Not merely one in the yard, and she would answer as can crowd into the huge mass of troublesome. If a child or a man ran sticks which makes the big bird's nest. And there they all live together, with Fractus, that he expected his wife and their babies almost touching each other, daughter soon and must prepare for and yet never quarreling. They never have heard people cry fire in the streets their coming. John Parsons didn't have anything to say to each other, it of Brooklyn, where she formerly lived. Some Description of the Process of Jelnreally look for them yet for some is true, but that may be because the Always when I left her she would say hawk and blackbird languages are so Good bye, love," or Good-bye, dear.

Even more odd than this is the case whole of a long day to make the trip, of the owl and the weaver birds. The dispose of the articles taken, and re- weaver birds are probably the most turn; and it was not yet the middle of sociable of all the birds. They do not the afternoon when the letter was fin- merely build their nests near each othished. Yet John Parsons had no inten- er, but put them side by side in great tion of telling a falsehood. Liars and numbers, and then make a thatched cowards were his especial detestation. roof to cover them all. It is hard to and this slip of his from the path of believe that such a beautiful little bird truthfulness, like nine-tenths of the village can be the work of birds which white lies so common among all have no other tools than their bills, but Bright Newspaper Men Usually Impeeus building is near the Mount Olivet Cemeclasses, was the result of an inability it is, and these little architects do not to readily command language in which make any fuss about it either. The weaver-birds which build this sort of He had given the "hint" which was nest are called sociable weaver-birds, to the purpose of his writing, and could distinguish them from other weaverthink of no proper way in which to birds which build their nests separate

tell Erastus not to mention, to Lucy or . If there is one bird more than anothto Mrs. Parsons, the fact of his having er that most little birds positively hate. been written to. The whole affair was it is the owl. The owl sleeps all day, intended to be a fine stroke of diplo- and goes abroad at dusk when most macy by which the father hoped to re- other birds are making ready to sleep. unite those whom he loved, and whom Then the owl's eyes are good, and he he believed were warmly attached to can see little birds which can not see each other, without wounding the mod- him, and down he pounces on them and esty and self-respect of his daughter. swallows them. The poor birds can night editors in New York. It was dusk when Mrs. Parsons and not even hear him coming, for his wings are so covered with soft down The husband and father met them at that he moves through the air without the gate which opened into the inclos- any noise, and is clutching a poor little ure where the shanty stood, and kissed bird in his cruel claws before it is awake as he helped them, dusty and tired, to enough to know it is in trouble. This des end from the wagon. Then he is all very well for the owl at night, but handed out the bundles and packages in the day-time it is quite another matwhich they had purchased, after which ter. Then his owlship can not see well he cared for the horses while the women out of his great blinking eyes, and is wise enough to try to keep well hidden lest the birds he eats by night should | ter with you?" catch him and have their revenge. For in some way the little fellows know the owl can not see any better by daylight than they can by night, and therefore when they catch him in the sunlight they make him suffer for his misdeeds done by moonlight. They cry out and call all the small birds of the neighborhood. Then they scold and scold and fly at him and peck at him, and all he can do is ruffle up his feathers and look wicked, or perhaps console himself with thoughts of how he will worry his tormentors when the horrid sunlight has

The fact that the owl is so hated makes it so much more creditable to any birds that will refrain from persecuting it when they have the opportunitv. A traveler tells of having seen a colony of weaver-birds which not only did not persecute an owl when the occasion offered, but went so far as to upon a tramp lying on your door-sten. warm reception. There was a noisy consultation and a great deal of flying back and forth, but nothing was done to annoy the owl; and finally the little birds flew off to attend to the business of getting breakfast. Occasionally a lit- lars. "-N. Y. Journalist. tle weaver would perch near the gloomy-looking visitor and chatter for s few moments, but that was the worst that happened, and the owl was seemingly so well pleased with the spot that nore attent orannes I owl than if he ad been a blower wood - on R. Coryell in Harvey's Found People.

REMARKABLE PARROTT. A Tree Account of a Wonderfully Intelligent Bird.

The following account, says the New week. I guest we'd better let him have 'em an' git the suite oped up here mighty unpleasant being to oped up here all through the wet season age the rest we had the lumber I'd many the rest inquiry, and have the following assursace from the writer: "The account is function.

strictly true. I have heard a great many wonderful things about 'Miss "Goawing at the Pit of the Stomach"-Polly,' but these came under my person-

al observation. Last fall my colored cook asked me if she might have her parrot sent to her, and I rather unwillingly consented. came to the door bringing "Miss Polly," who, to the great amusement of the driver, was talking very distinctly and sensibly. After dinner I went to the kitchen to see the new arrival and as say "good-bye" or any other words was a mystery to me, but on a longer acquain ance I found she used word, she considered suitable for the o casion-The next morning while taking breakfast I left the door open, as Polly was alone in the kitchen, and soon I heard a voice like a child's, singing these words, and to the right tune:

" In the cross, in the cross, He my glory ever. Thinny raptured soul shall and

Rest beyond the river. After a pause she said: "Sing, Polly," and then changed the tune and sang. "Oh think of the home over there," and then, I suppose thinking of breakfast, she said "Polly want bread and butter. 'Polly want tea,' " Polly want rotato."

After a little while I became very fond of Miss Polly, and she of me When I went to the kitchen I would peep into the door, without saving a word, and after a severe look, Polly would call: "What are you doing for joy and say: "How do you do "Polly pretty well." times if I was giving directions to my cook, Polly would chatter so fast that you could hear no one else, and if I

One of her great delights was to have me open the cage and let her come out and crawl upon the top when she would say: "Aha, Miss Polly!" and laugh birds, like blackbirds and weaver birds. | lond and long. One day, when she And speaking of lonely birds and socia- was enjoying her freedom on the top of ble birds makes me think of a curious the cage, I put my head down on my case of a lonely bird and a lot of socia- hands and made believe cry aloud ble birds which all lived together in a Polly gave me just a look, then came quickly down and jumped in my lap If ever you have seen a lish hawk you and looked in my face. I thought permeet. I ought to say she is, for, as a other day when Polly was behind the fact, Mrs. Fish-hawk is both larger and | cage, and she climbed directly over and

purchased all needed family supplies; lonely, lofty tree as near to the sound- to the house. I took one and stroked prevails in this country, particularly. but he determined to bring it about ing breakers as possible, and there it, and Polly looked on for a moment, somehow. "May be they'll forget brings up as hungry and noisy a family then came to the wires of her cage, put as can be found. The nest is a mighty down her head and said: "Want to

It was quite an amusement to the blackbird, mind you, but just as many them. One thing I found rather quickly past the house she would call "Fire! Fire!" so loud that you could hear her a long distance off. She must

> nice it would be if you could live again in another world." I was startled to hear her answer "That's so" These are a few of the singularly ap- making.

propriate remarks Miss Polly made, and I am sure you will agree with me that lay on account of the falling of the unshe is a very wise bird.

NEGOTIATED THE LOAN.

nious. It is a lamentable fact that nine out stamina. Those who really preserve and funeral services will be held. their incomes are frequently the victims of the convivial tastes of their unfortunate brethren. Amos Cummings tells a good story of a man, now dead and gone, who was one of the brightest tion." I inquired.

"I had just been paid off one Saturday afternoon, "Cummings says, "when I was ordered down to Wall street to make a report of some financial disaster. As I reached the Times corner I saw an old-time newspaper friend gazing mournfully into the gutter. He looked as though he badn't an acquaintance in the world. Attracted by the sadness of his countenance, I took him by the arm and said . What's the mat-

"He replied that a man's troubles were his own, and that he preferred to keep his to himself. "I insisted on knowing what ailed

him. 'You look as though you were going to commit suic de,' I said. "Well,' he replied, 'I feel just like it. My wife is sick and I have no money. My landlord has threatened to turn me out of my rooms on Monday unless I pay him his rent.' "I asked him how much he owed for

" Fifteen dollars, he said. John Reid has just lent me five dollars, and

I want ten more. "I pulled out ten dollars and gave it to him, telling him that he need not trouble himself about paying it until he felt like it. He took the money with tears in his eyes, and said something in a broken tone of voice, and I left him. "After gathering notes in Wall street give it a home. That surely was a re- I was returning, when the same man urning of good for evil. It seems that | caught me by the arm in front of Nash after the little weavers had completed | & Crook's and insisted upon my taking their house they were one morning sur- a drink with him. He was already prised to find a visitor asleep on their more than half full. Believing the best roof. It was as it you were to come way to get rid of him was to go to the bar, I accepted his invitation. I saw No doubt the first thought of the weav- that I had been sold and felt somewhat ers was to give the intruder a very nettled. I took a forty-cent drink, and as he picked up his check I could not restrain myself from asking him · Where did you get your money?

> "He smiled and replied: 'Struck a sucker about an hour ago for ten dol-

-San Francisco is situated at the north end of a peninsula, thirty milelong and six miles wide, which senarates San Francisco Bay from the Pacific Ocean. The city stands on the east slope, and at the base of high hills it Forty years ago the sea came nearly to the foot of the hills, and shuss rode at anchor in the bay, which is now filled up and covered with costly buildings. All his patients remover - Philadelphia There is but one road leading from the city over the bluffs to the main land. The city covers about twenty square miles. - Chicago Herald.

-Faith cures are recognized by the York Observer, of an intelligent speak- London Laucet, which says there is no ing bird, which seemed almost to have question that they are wrought. There is no miracle in faith healing, but it would be a miracle if faith healing did not occur under favorable conditions. Since receiving it we have made further The mistake that has been made is in inquiry, and have the following assur- proclaiming faith cures as a religious AN ABSURD NOTION.

Stomach Irritation. Among the ignorant in such matters here is a notion-not worthy of the term idea - that when there is a "gnaw- ual trade." One morning the village express wagon ing at the pit of the stomach," something should be eaten "for & to gnaw wild animal, gnawing the stomach, in home. the absence of food to eat. It is scarcesoon as she saw me she said . "Hellos ly supposable that any one-outside of gal." Now why that parrot did not heathendom-can really believe such

> The supposed "gnawing" is simply an irritation in the stomach, caused by the indigestion of the food, or by spices and other irritants, this symptom not having the remotest connection with hunger. Instead of interpreting it as a demand for more food, an indication of food, an evidence of a diseased state of ways set for eighteen in her private the stomach, one demanding abstinence dining-room in anticipation of possible and rest. It is a call for help, a re- company .- Troy Times. monstrance against such cruel treatto take more food, sensibly adding to taken from the house of John Jay, at the sufferings of the poor stomach, far Albany, - I first Bergid, more harshly treated than the average

that the fever-shoess of the stomach is such a confusion that the remonstrances are quelled for the time, to reappear in a short time, with redoubled force. On the first supposition, it is plain that a drink of cold water would effect the same, having this advantage that it remires no digestion, and, therefore, will not in any sense increase the toils of this abused organ. It is worthy of remark that those who seek relief in eating admit that the relief is but for a short time, returning with still greater discomfort. The only sensi le, human and Christian course is to allow the poor, jaded stomach to rest, when, in due time, it will be able to resume its duties. It needs rest as certainly as the muscles and brain, vetit secures but a very little, from which fact an alarming amount of dyspeps a

It is possible to divert this stomach irritation, by "counter-irritation," as by a mustard application to the outer surface, over the region of the stomach. or by applying simply a cold wet cloth, thus reducing the local heat and inflammation But prevention is better and cheaper than cure. The adopt on of a simple and wholesome diet, properly chewed, taken in moderate quantities, and only at proper times, with no lunches, will remove all "gnawing."-Golden Rule.

CREMATION.

eration-A New York Crematory.

Meeting the Rev. J. D. Bengless, One day I said to her: Polly, how President of the United States Cremation Company, the other day, I asked him what progress that concern was

"We have met with considerable de- resides in Chicago - The tiulchet. finished walls of our crematorium during a violent storm last winter," he said, "but we are going on. Our tery, in the outskirts of Brooklyn. of When finished, it will be a handsome ten really bright newspaper men are in two story marble structure. The front nine cases out of ten always impecunious. part will contain the offices, etc. A funeral party will pass through to a This is undoubtedly owing to the effect large hall or chapel in the rear, where of social conviviality upon their mental the coffin will be placed in a catafalque, their mental balance and live within While the company are in the chap-l and the services going on the coffin will be no selessly and out of sight lowered through the floor into the basement and incinerated."

> "What is the process of incinera-"The body is wrapped in a linen can. cloth coated with alum, laid on a slab and reduces the body to ashes without trunk strap -Lowell Collen.

flame or burning." "How long does it take?"

"About thirty minutes to every hundred pounds weight of the corpse. An night?" "Can we does in this hut over night?" "Certainly," was the reply. "How long does it take?" average man of one hundred and fifty "but you must so it by day-time, for pounds is reduced to ashes in about we sleep in ? cursolves at night' three quarters of an hour.

"What becomes of the linen cloth?" "O, it goes to ashes, too, and mingles with those of the corpse. But it does not make more than a tenspoonful of ashes, and is not worth taking into account. The body makes about three pounds of ashes to every one hundred pounds of weight. The ashes are a pale! gray in color, dry and light. Of course, if desired, the body could be wranted in asbestos cloth, which would not be Brooklyn lady, whose husband's temper is like midsummer weather - hot enough

in asbestos cloth, which would be reduced to ashes, thus keeping the ashes of the dear intrely pure.

I asked Mr. dengles the the said it would be less than the perhaps only one-third, the cost of an ordinary funeral. Of course the cost would vary with the amount expended on the urn in which the acts were deposited. Some people would cant the urns of precious metals are sed with general to the majority would probably select a plain bronze vass. Too who wished would take the urns are with them, to keep in their hours. But the general rule would in a have them arranged in niches of a shelves along the walls of mortes a chapels. Each would bear an epitods of course.—N.

Y. Cor. Putsburgh a spatch. a plain bronze vase

Not a Deular.

First doctor-Day a knew I sm be Second doctor - Surprise me. He

seems to be quite an atleman.

First doctor—i a certainly; but I mean—well. I hately say it, but I mean pect be is not a regal a practitioner.

Second doctor—io shorrify mel.

First doctor—in the I feel certain of

Second doctor- Work what do you base voor on nich First doctor-U facts, sir, facts.

Call.

-Prof. Bickmore I as been lecturing to the public school teachers of New York on flies and mosquitoes. How does a fly fly? and the professor. While the wing is comparatively narrow, it makes up to it in lateral motion. The wings of not beat back and forth in one plane, but make, as it were, a figure eight. The wings of a fly vibrate three hundre and thirty times a second, which go is show it muscular, power. —N. Y. 100.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Count Tolstoi, the celebrated Rose sian novelist, is learning the shoemaker's trade. "Every reasonable man," he says, "should learn a man-

-The story is circulated concerning Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, that he is upon," as if that something might be a desperately in love with his wife. Out-

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poeters, passes nearly all her time at work in her study, which is a snur little sancabsurd notions, but, that they wish to tum on the top story of her husband's apologize for their sensualism in this handsome house in Meriden, Conn .-Hartford Post. -Nilsson is about to make her first professional tour in her native Sweden

since she became a great singer. She was born in a woodchopper's but, in the forest of Wexio, forty-two years ago. -N. F. Sun. -Mrs A. T. Stewart has a mite of true hunger, it should be regarded as eight rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, a warning against taking any more Saratoga. At dinner the table is al-

-Horatio Seymour, at Deerfield, N. ment, such constant toils of the stom- Y, sits in a chair that belonged to ach, the signal of distress, weakness. Daniel Webster, looks out of a window an inability to dispose of its contents. which was once in Faneuil Hall, and It is highly absurd and cruel, therefore, warms his feet at a fire-place of tiles.

-The Mikado of Japan has bestowed the ribbon of the third class on D. W. We are told, however, that food sat. Stevens, who for many years was First isfies that grawing, which, if true. Secretary of the United States Legation may be explained on the supposition in Japan, and afterward was Secretary of the Japanese Legation at Washingallayed, simply by the cooling effects of ton. Orders higher than the fourth the food, or that this supply produces class are seldom conferred on foreigners - Chicago Infor theau

-It is an interesting fact that many American men of letters are not college graduates. Walt Whitman, Whipple, Trowbridge, Field, Parton, Bayard Taylor, Eggiceton, Harte, Howells, James, Aldrich, Lathrop, Stockion, Platt, Cable, Crawford, Fawcett, tilder, Harris, Carleton, Mark Twain, Stoddardt and Burroughs, it is said, have gained all their knowledge and culture outside of college wails - N. F. Trub-

-The late Dr. Irenseus Prime, the venerable editor of the New York Observer, who died recently at the age of seventy-three, was the recognized oracle of Prestyterianism in the United States. A man of talent, erudition and piety, he was a power both as a writer and a speaker, and remained "in the harness' with wonderful persistence. The religious world loses one of its best and hardest workers by his death. Chicago Journal.

-A group of five, representing as many generations, were recently photographed by an Indianapolis photographer. The members of it were James Hubbart of Washington Township, one hundred years old last March; Mrs. Elizabeth Richards, his daughter, aged seventy-three, a granddaughter, Eliza Mcklwee, aged fifty, her son Thomas, aged twenty eight, and his daughter, Olic McEiwee, aged three. Can this be matched elsewhere in the United States? - Che ago Tribune.

----HUMOROUS.

-St Louis husbands never box their wives ears. It would take too much lumber. The author of the foregoing - Fate of the Dair - maid

The dairy maid pensively miked the goal, And, pouting, she passed to matter.
I wish, you brute, you would turn to milb; And the animal turned to butt her -"Oh! was it I, or was it you?" aske

the golden-haired poet, Nora Perry. II

Nora will refrain from making a noise,

perhaps between us we can shove it on to the proof reader. - Buffulo Express. Passenger - Tapta n, how far are re from land?" Captain "About two miles." Passenger But I can't see it. In what direction is it?" Captain "Straight down, sir" - Horper's La-

- A new company is being started in Boston, entitled "The American Clean Towel Company." The printing office towel needs not the aid of a company. It can stand alone. Waterbury Ameri-

-A writer asserts that unless a boy of soapstone, and shoved into a retor; has some natural ability nothing see of fre-clay. No fire comes in contact make him smart. Such an audition is with the body at all. The retort is an uncalled for aspersion on the heated to about three thousand degrees powers of the mustard claster and

-Some tourists in the Alps asked Texas Sifliags.

Hiking, whose language is flowery. engagement: during the honey moon, he called her "a pink," and now when she meets him with a solling pin. at two o'clock in the morning, he calle Ser "a night blooming serious." - thi--"Are you fond of terra-cotta vacce?" saked a Gotham girl of a

to light gas with. "I can't say that I do." she replied, as her eyes snapped "I see too much of flery family jam at home."-N. Y. Journal -In a clergyman's house not a thousand miles from Chicago, where there was a bright little three-year old boy. seven lovely little kissens had been been the night before. The next morning the deer old minister, in his grace, said: "O Lord, consecrate, we pray Thee, the repast set before us, and secupt our

thanks for the new blessings of the past

night Amen." The little fellow im-

mediately responded: "Serve of them, pape." - Harper's Basor. -A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railroad excursion. The little follow looked out of the window, when the father elleged the hat off the hoy's head. The laster was much grieved at his supposed less, when pape con-oled him by asying he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting: "Now, papa, whistle it back again." A roar of laughter served to enhance the con-

fusion of pape. - Scrunton Truth. ---Those Happy Days:

"Don't you remember me?" "Can't say that I ever saw you be

fore." "Don't you remember little Samme Bambry, who used to steal your peaches and break your windows, twenty years ago, right here in Austin!"

Why, certainly, I remember you now very well, how you used to steed my peaches, and don't you remember how I caught you just as you were get-

"You bet you did. Ah, those hap days will never come again." - fer

was en,