

LAWS JANE.



AT GAL, she done ain't come back yit, M'randy. "Wai, Unc' Mose, don't be too determined wid her. She's a pert chile, but she's dat fergritful."

The swinging melody was so catching that Uncle Mose forgot his grim resolution for the moment and beat time with his down-trodden slipper.

At this Laws Jane's smiling face grew very blank. She looked down at the ground and up at the sky and finally at Uncle Mose, whose wrath was gradually gathering.

Laws Jane disappeared up the crooked stairs with alacrity and M'randy returned to her work. Uncle Mose went on puffing his pipe outside on the doorstep as if nothing had happened.

For several days Laws Jane was on her good behavior. She did not run off to fill the water-pail down at the spring and forget to come back for hours afterward.

At last she called "Laws Jane!" Laws Jane was just straightening her aching back and muttering disgustedly to herself.



weeds am de biggest part ob de crap-yah!" She obeyed the call with a bound. Any thing was better than this.

she espied some one coming down the road. As he came nearer she saw that it was a boy about her own age and that he was carrying something under his coat.

"Hullo! Bub—what yo' got?" she asked, eagerly. "Rabbit," answered Bub, shortly, hugging his coat closer.

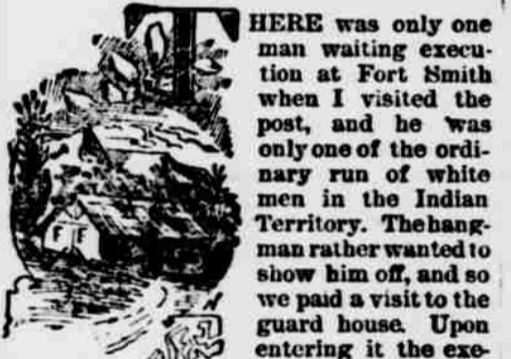


"Golly!" said Laws Jane, overcome. "E'n I go home wid yo', Bub?" Bub showed signs of refusing.

Laws Jane was thunderstruck. "I—I don't forget it, pop," she faltered at last. Uncle Mose stood up slowly, keeping her eye transfixed with his stern gaze.

PETE WAS RESIGNED.

He Was Willing to Help the Hangman Make a Good Job.



HERE was only one man waiting execution at Fort Smith when I visited the post, and he was only one of the ordinary run of white men in the Indian Territory.

"I made a bungle of it, because he kicked at the last. Wai, sir (turning to me), he held up until the very last hour, deluding me with promises, and then went dead back on me."

"I'm not going to kick," observed Peter. "Good for you! Some of the boys are betting that you will, but I'll give odds that you won't."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Greeting to the Christians of the Eternal City.

The Brooklyn Pastor, Like St. Paul of Old, Visits the Christians at Rome, Carrying Them Words of Good Cheer.

The following is the discourse on Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's programme for delivery at Rome, which is predicated on the following text:

I must also see Rome.—Acts xix., 21. Here is Paul's itinerary. He was a traveling or circuit preacher. He had been mobbed and insulted, and the more good he did the worse the world treated him.

Paul stopped and slowly opened his little white rabbit with a pink nose that worked alarmingly all the time she was looking at it. She hung over it speechless until Bub began shutting up his coat again in a business-like manner.

"Got 'ree mo' ob dem ter home," he remarked, when he had reached a safe distance. "Golly!" said Laws Jane, overcome.

As some of you are aware, with my family, and only for the purpose of what we can learn and the good we can get, I am on the way to Palestine.

So I want to see Rome. I want you to show me the places connected with apostolic ministry. I have heard that in your city and amid its surroundings apostles suffered and died for Christ's sake.

My common sense tells me that people do not die for the sake of a falsehood. They may practice a deception for the purpose of gain, but put the sword to their heart, or arrange the halter around their neck, and they would say my life is worth more than any thing I can gain by losing it.

But my text suggests that in Paul there was the inquisitive and curious spirit. Had my text only meant that he wanted to preach here, he would have said so.

Another reason for our visit to this city is that we want to see the places where the mightiest intellects and the greatest natures wrought for our Christian religion.

Our desire to visit this city is also intensified by the fact that we want to be confirmed in the feeling that human life is brief, but its work lasts for centuries, indeed, forever.

are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about every thing.

I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative.

Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows.

Men, brethren and fathers! I thank you for this opportunity of preaching the Gospel to you that are at Rome also.

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Take your pencil and follow me while we figure out on what will happen to the 1,000,000 of babies that have been born in the last 1,000,000 seconds.

After three score years have come and gone we find less trouble in counting the army with which we started in the fall of 1899.

Our count but 370,000 remain; 630,000 have gone the way of all the world and the remaining few have forgotten that they ever existed.

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may drop a net or a hook and line into those waters ourselves, but when following the track of those lesser apostles I will learn quite another lesson.

I want while in this City of Rome to study the religion of the brainiest of the apostles. I want to follow, as far as we can trace it, the track of this great intellect of my text who wanted to see Rome also.

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FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Brown sugar in doughnuts instead of white will keep them moist and nice much longer.—The Housekeeper.

—A cheap and good mince-meat can be made by boiling a beef's heart till tender, then chopping it fine and seasoning it and adding twice as much apple by weight as meat. Fruit, spices, etc., can be added as one desires.

—Paper or pasteboard may be rendered waterproof as follows: Mix four parts of slaked lime with three parts of skimmed milk and add a little alum; then give the material two successive coatings of the mixture with a brush and then let it dry.

—One great secret of nice cake making is the thorough beating of the batter after all ingredients are together. Some have trouble with granulated sugar. Don't use so much. One-half inch less for a cupful is enough.

—To use up slices of stale bread break and cut them in pieces, first breaking off the hard crust, and pour boiling water on it to soften the bread.

—To take iron rust out of white goods: Pour a teacupful of boiling water; stretch the goods tightly across the top of it; then pour on a little of the solution of oxalic acid dissolved in water, and rub it with the edge of a teaspoon or any thing. If it does not come out at once, dip it down into the hot water and rub it again.

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Ouz has never so much need of his wit as when he has to do with a fool.—Chinese Proverb.

South America's Living Lanterns. South American fire-flies have been called living diamonds. In the same part of the world is also found a pale gray or particularly disagreeable looking moth which may be called a living lantern.