

HE GAVE HER UP.



RETTY and sweet as the maiden looked, Josiah had a natural prejudice against both her and her mother. They were worldly people, and the girl was by no means the wife he would have chosen for his adopted son and nephew, John Parr. Even a Quaker maid would have been likely to become demoralized by the perpetual making of fine gowns and furbelows for the ladies of the neighborhood, and Ella Massie—why—Suddenly his train of thought was broken by Ella's gay voice.

"Oh, Mr. Fry," she said, "I have watched you all day, and I have thought how tired you must be. You are a good bit older than I am and I know I get awfully tired of work and I expect you do, too."

The Quaker drew himself up to his full height and his handsome, middle-aged face, with its fine eyes and gray locks, looked grand to Ella as he replied:

"Work is good, and, thank God, I have plenty of it. It keeps one from sin."

"I am afraid I love the world very much. It is so beautiful, and every one is so kind to me, and I should like to be better. Won't you teach me? I will try so hard to learn."

Josiah's reply was not very coherent, but whatever he said he certainly thought a good deal of Ella after this, and he decided that, although she did not belong to the Society of Friends—she looked as sweet and good as any young Quaker maid—she might yet be converted, and she had asked him to teach her to be good. "And so I will," he suddenly startled himself by exclaiming as he pondered over the matter in the silence of his chamber that night.

"She is only a frail sapling now," he said to himself; "but she will learn and will grow, and the mightiest oak was once an acorn."

From this time Josiah made a point of seeing Ella Massie frequently and doing his best to convert her to his ideas and opinions. He found in her a docile, loving nature, and her pretty ways fairly charmed him.

The idea of having her about the house was certainly attractive, and yet—somehow he could not picture her there as John's wife—the girl had fairly twined herself about his heart, and by the time the golden harvest had come Josiah knew the fact only too well.

At first he chided himself and told himself he was an old fool. It was absurd to think that a beautiful girl of 20 would care for an old widower of more than double her age. Still, after all, at even five and forty, a man can love, and love passionately, and Josiah loved Ella with all the strength of his soul. He would not, of course, wish to steal her away from his nephew, but John had been probably a mere passing fancy, and he was sure—was he, though?—yes, he believed he was quite sure—that Ella loved him.

One beautiful August evening, after the day's work was over, Josiah Fry and Ella stood talking in the gloaming at her mother's gate.

"Ella," he said, "I have come here this evening because I have something important to say to you. Ah, you



"I LOVE OLD MEN."

smile. You guess what it is, don't you?"

The girl looked down for a moment and then, though she blushed deeply, she gazed at him with her lovely blue eyes and said:

"Yes, Mr. Fry, I felt sure you would say something soon."

Josiah looked radiant. It was strange how Ella's words pleased him, and yet they were not like those he should have expected from a Quaker maid. Still it was delightful to think how she had understood him, and no one could be more charming or more sweet.

"Then thou art not afraid to trust me? Thou thinkest I shall suit thee?" he said gayly.

"Yes," she answered, "I know it. They used to tell me you were cold and hard, but I did not believe it then, and now I laugh when I think of it, for I have learned to love you."

She accompanied her words with a little squeeze of his brawny hand, which she then raised to her lips and kissed. Josiah felt his blood coursing madly through his veins. He was delighted to find himself so beloved, and, though he was distinctly being courted by this young maid, it was so sweet to him that his sense of the proprieties was in no way shocked.

"But, my dear, thou knowest I am five and forty and sometimes cross and crabbed."

"That's nothing," laughed Ella. "I love old men, and feel so proud of you with your beautiful gray hair and your straight, tall figure. You will be a lovely old man, and I shall be prouder than ever of you."

"Jack wanted to tell you all about it long ago, though he knew you would disapprove of me for his wife, but I

begged him to wait. I told him if you were all he said—and you are—that I was sure I could make you fond of me. I loved you a little already, because you were Jack's uncle and had been so good to him, and if I like people I can always make them like me a little." She paused, and then after a moment's silence she went on:

"Only yesterday I told Jack he might speak to you today, and now I do believe you must have guessed it, for here you are giving all that we want without our even asking it, and I am so glad, for we could never have married without your consent."

Darkness seemed to fall over the landscape, and Josiah Fry felt it suddenly turn cold. His face blanched, but he uttered not a sound. He merely turned as if to go home.

"Must you go now?" cried Ella, seeing and suspecting nothing. "Well, perhaps it's time. It's getting dark, and Jack will be in from Birchley fair by this time and will want his supper. Besides I know you want to make me as happy as you have made me. Good night, and thank you so much. Jack and I will never forget your goodness."

"Good night," said Josiah, mechanically, and he made his way across the field to his own home. He staggered somewhat as he walked, and his feet seemed like lead, so that the short distance across the meadow to the farm seemed longer than ever before. For that, however, he was not sorry, for the meeting with his nephew was painful to anticipate.

Josiah, however, was no coward, so he put a brave face on the matter, and entering the parlor, where Jack was waiting for him to come in for supper, he exclaimed:

"Well, John, business first and supper afterward. I want to tell thee that I know all—everything. Ella has just told me, and, lad, thou hast my blessing. She is a good girl and will make thee a faithful, loving wife, and thou must marry as soon as possible."—Cincinnati Post.

JOKES FROM EUROPE.

A peasant who regularly attended the market in the neighboring town, on seeing the children of the orphanage walking by in procession, was heard to remark: "How strange! I have now been coming to town for the last twenty years, and these brats never get any bigger. They're just the same size as when my father was alive."—Lokal-Anzeiger.

A soldier, condemned to receive 25 strokes, is handed over to a couple of comrades, who are ordered to strike alternately. A dispute arises at the eleventh stroke. "That makes ten," says one. "Twelve!" replies the other. "Ten!" "Twelve!" "I say, let's start afresh!"—Le Monde Illustré.

A poor man succeeded in gaining admission to the presence of the wealthy Baron Rapineau, to whom he told the harrowing story of his misfortunes and his destitution in such eloquent terms that the baron, moved to pity and with tears in his eyes and voice broken with sobs, said in faltering accents to his servant: "Jean, turn the poor fellow out. He breaks my heart."—Le Chronicle.

The prince of a small German state, whose ambition it was to gratify, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb, and the whole company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch and, lifting his green cap, said in a faltering tone: "Your highness, there can be no hunting today." "Why not?" came the stern rejoinder. "Alas, your highness, one of the stags took fright at the sight of so many people and has escaped to the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your highness must not be angry—it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea and hope to get it on its legs again in a few days."—Zitaner Morgenzeitung.

Diamond Went With the Hen.

Recently the wife of W. J. Paxton, residing a few miles east of West Union, Ohio, while feeding a hen and her brood of chickens, dropped the diamond set in a finger ring. No sooner had the diamond struck the ground than it was gobbled up and swallowed by the hen. At first it was decided to kill the hen and recover the precious stone, but after a consultation with her husband it was decided to wait a few days, so as not to deprive the chickens of the needed care of their mother. Several of the neighbors were told of the strange occurrence, and it was soon the talk of the neighborhood. In the meantime the farmer's wife had grown impatient for the recovery of the diamond and had determined to kill the hen in a day or two, but that opportunity has now passed. It was discovered that the hen was missing, and a thorough search of the premises failed to reveal any trace of the missing fowl. Some one knowing the true worth of the hen had doubtless stolen her to procure the diamond.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Very Unlucky.

Watts—"Honestly, now, don't you have a sort of belief that Friday is an unlucky day?" Potts—"I know it. That's the day my wife goes bargain chasing."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dangerous.

"Let's sit down on this mossy bank." Said she with a beseeching glance. "Nay, nay!" he cried in accents wild; "I'm wearing white duck pants."—L. B. C.

IT HAS NO POWER.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The Body Cannot Fix Freight or Passenger Charges Without Further Authority from Congress—What the Commission Says About It.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided in May last, in what is known as the Freight Bureau cases, "that under the interstate commerce act the commission has no power to prescribe the tariff of rates which shall control in the future," and "that Congress has not conferred upon the commission the legislative power of prescribing rates either maximum or minimum or absolute."

This decision was rendered in cases where the commission had held the rates complained of to be unreasonable and unjust in violation of the interstate commerce law, had found what rates would be reasonable and just, and had ordered the carriers to cease and desist from charging more than the reasonable rates so determined. That the commission was authorized to require carriers not to make higher charges than those shown and found to be reasonable in cases investigated by it had been generally believed, and the commission had in that way enforced the provision in the law for "reasonable and just rates" since its organization.

The commission has recently, in an opinion by Chairman Morrison, rendered a decision in a case against the Eureka Springs Ry. Co., involving the reasonableness of rates complained of. In the concluding portion of this decision the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Freight Bureau Cases is discussed, and mention is there made also of a prior Supreme Court decision in the "Social Circle Case," which referred in an ambiguous way to the power of the commission in respect to future rates. The commission says:

"While thus deciding that under the Interstate Commerce Act, power to prescribe rates which shall control in the future has in no case been given to the commission, it is conceded that the act has given the commission power to determine what in reference to the past was reasonable and just, whether as maximum or minimum or absolute, rates. How this power to say what was reasonable and just in the past will benefit the public, correct any abuse, be of any advantage or afford any relief to shippers who are made to pay whatever unreasonable rates and charges the carriers may in the future establish or continue to exact, is a matter about which the court gives no information." In the "Social Circle case" the court said: "The reasonableness of the rate in a given case depends on the facts, and the function of the commission is to consider the facts and give them their proper weight. What is their proper weight which can be given them as to the past? For what purpose is the commission to consider them? How can the fact that the rates were unreasonable and unjust in the past be given or have any weight while like unreasonable and unjust rates are, and may continue to be, exacted in the future? In this case the court adopted the view of the late Justice Jackson that 'subject to the two leading prohibitions that their charges shall not be unjust or unreasonable, and that they shall not unjustly discriminate so as to give undue preference or advantage or subject to undue prejudice or disadvantage persons or traffic similarly circumstanced, the Act to Regulate Commerce leaves common carriers as they were at common law.'"

"We are here advised that the act to regulate commerce subjected common carriers to two leading prohibitions to which they were not subject at common law, one of which is that their charges shall not be unjust or unreasonable. Until the court decided to the contrary in the Freight Bureau cases it was believed that this prohibition meant that the charges of common carriers shall not be unreasonable and unjust in the future or after the time the act was passed. In these latter cases the court says: 'The fact that the carrier is given the power to establish rates in the first instance, and the right to change, and the conditions of such change specified, is irresistible evidence that this action on the part of the carrier is not subordinate to and dependent upon the judgment of the commission.' But it is nowhere decided or claimed that under the interstate commerce or other act the right of the carrier to establish and to change its rates is subordinate to or dependent upon the judgment or action of any other tribunal; and freed from the judgment and made independent of the commission, interstate carriers are not subject to any provision of law requiring their rates and charges to be just or reasonable."

"The first section of the act to regulate commerce provides that all charges made for any transportation service 'shall be reasonable and just; and every unjust and unreasonable charge for such service is prohibited and declared to be unlawful.' Under the decision of the Supreme Court no charge for such service is prohibited. Reasonable and just rates are contemplated, not required."

"Under the law so construed, the commission has power to say what in respect to the past was unreasonable, and unjust; but as to rates complained of, as unreasonable, unjust and unlawful, and so found to be in the case under consideration; the commission can make no provision or order for their reduction which the courts are required to enforce or the

carriers are obliged to obey. Having, in the light of these decisions, given the facts due consideration, we ascertained, found and reported the rates which would be reasonable from and to St. Louis, Springfield and Seligman, Mo., to and from Eureka Springs, Ark., and have recommended that the carriers reduce and conform their charges to the facts so found and reported. This recommendation may impress the carriers only as may seem to accord with their own interests, since in the present state of the law, as declared by the court, common carriers have the power to establish, change and exact rates independent of the judgment of the commission."

"The court concedes to the commission power under the interstate commerce act to determine what, in reference to the past, was reasonable and just." In the case under consideration, the commission has determined that the rates complained of and which are now charged by the defendants, were in the past and are now unjust, unreasonable and in violation of the statute. The duty of notifying and requiring the defendants to cease and desist from such violations is enjoined upon the commission by the act."

It is evident from this official statement by the commission that shippers and travelers are deprived under the ruling of the Supreme Court of their supposed right to compel through the commission the adoption by railroad carriers of ascertained reasonable charges, and that they can only recover such right by securing favorable action in Congress.

VACATION SCHOOLS IN CITIES.

A few years ago it would have seemed odd to choose the close of summer for a review of educational progress. But the summer schools have changed all that. Nowadays much of the best work in education is done in summer. Moreover, a new kind of summer school, very interesting in many ways, has lately come into notice.

In the summer of 1894 The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor began on a large scale the experiment of vacation schools for the children of the tenements. Education was not the sole purpose of the enterprise, which was, in fact, closely akin to fresh air funds and other schemes for brightening the lives of the boys and girls crowded in the narrow streets and stifling houses of the poorer quarters of the city.

The Department of Schools and Education granted the use of three cool, roomy schoolhouses, and the managers undertook the task of coaxing the children into them.

Books were discarded. The children were invited to come and play. Gradually the play was made work, but work of such a sort as to keep the pupils interested and pleased. All the devices of the kindergarten were employed. There were singing, dancing and gymnastics. The children were taught to play at sewing, at carpeting, at drawing and clay-modeling. Some of them learned something useful; and all were comfortably and cleanly housed during the school hours, and kept off the hot streets and away from vicious associations.

There has been no trouble about getting the children to come since they have found out what the vacation schools are like. The average daily attendance during the first summer was nearly one thousand. The second summer it was more than three times as great. During the session just closing eleven schoolhouses were used, and the average attendance during the first week was more than six thousand.

The cost per day for each child was about eleven cents and a half in 1894; in 1896, by better management, it was reduced to less than five cents.

The officers of the association maintain that the vacation schools are no longer an experiment, and accordingly they ask the city to make the system a part of its educational work. Other cities have done something in the same direction, but nowhere else has the plan been worked out so fully as in New York.

Remember the Children.

"Don't ride roughshod over the children's tastes and preferences," says a motherly woman, writing of dress. "It is an old time notion that a little consultation and yielding here panders to vanity. Our tastes do not come upon us like a birthday gift at sixteen. It is attention and skillful pruning, not a snip at every turn, that develops the little girl's crudities into a woman's delicate tastes. Don't drive the little girl into self-conscious awkwardness by compelling her to wear something that some twist of childish fancy renders hateful."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where Sails Are Made.

Baltimore supplies the shops of all nations with sails. That city is the center of the cotton duck industry of the world, and not only furnishes sails for foreign navies, but tents for foreign armies, the production of its twelve factories being greater than the product of all other factories in the world combined.

It is a strict rule with the big transatlantic steamship companies that the wife of the captain shall not travel in his ship. The supposition is that if anything should happen to the ship, the captain, instead of attending to his public duty, would devote his attention mainly to the safety of his wife.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How Flox Exterminated the Ants—A Pretty Story of a Good Little Girl—A Boy's Clever Invention—About Making Skeleton Leaves.

Youth and Age.

If youth could know what age knows without teaching—
Hope's instability and Love's dear folly,
The difference between practicing and preaching,
The quiet charm that lurks in melancholy—
The after-bitterness of tasted pleasure;

That temperance of feeling and of words is health of mind, and the calm fruits of leisure
Have sweeter taste than feverish zeal affords;

That reason has a joy beyond unreason,
That nothing satisfies the soul like truth,
That kindness conquers in and out of season—
If youth could know, why youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urgency,
The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,
And with its swift, restless ebb and surge
Makes light of difficulties, sport of pains;

Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it
That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,
Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it,

And flashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,
Which, counting dross for gold, is rich in dreaming,

And, reckoning moons as suns, is never cold,
And, having naught has everything in seeming—
If age could do all this, age were not old!

—Susan Coolidge in Congregationalist.

How Flox Fought the Ants.

Aunt Martha's pantry was full of ants. They crawled in the cakebox, they skipped in the sugar-barrel, and a person was never sure when a slice of Aunt Martha's delicious bread was cut that a half-dozen ants might not fall out of the little yeast holes. No one knew where they came from or how they escaped after they had filled themselves with the good things. Half a dozen times Aunt Martha had taken everything out of the pantry, washed the shelves, put on clean papers and looked carefully for some hole through which the ants might steal, but she would no more than get the dishes back again than the pantry would swarm with ants.

"It's enough to try the patience of a saint," she said to Uncle Matthew. "I declare I don't know what I'm going to do."

At that Flox piped in with her merry voice:

"What will you give me to clean them all out, auntie?" she said.

"Why, my dear, if you'll conquer those ants I'll have a party for you and invite the Hill girls and the little Coopers and any of the others that you care most to see."

Flox had come down from the city the day before to spend three weeks on the farm with her aunt. She had been preparing all summer for a good time, and now that it was here she was enjoying it as hard as she could.

"It's mamma's way," she said to Aunt Martha, but she wouldn't tell any more about it.

The next day she climbed up in the barn where the boys were drying their walnuts and brought down an apronful. Part of these she cracked open and placed, meats and all, in a low tin pan, which she set on the pantry shelf. Then she placed little paths of wood up to the edge, so that the ants could climb in. The next morning you would have been astonished to see that pan. It fairly swarmed with ants—hundreds and hundreds of them, and they were running up and down the pathways, so that they nearly crowded one another off. Flox emptied them all out together, and after cracking a new supply of nuts set the pans again the next night. This time she watched carefully and her sharp eyes found a very little crack near the floor, where the ants came through. She stopped it up and then caught in her pan of walnuts every one of the remaining ants.

"There, Aunt Martha," she said; "I've done my work."

Aunt Martha examined the pantry up and down and couldn't find a single ant.

"Well," she said; "I'll do my work," and the very next week Flox had her party.

Dear Mice as Pets.

While rambling one evening in the woods I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft, green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree stump with a hole running in underneath it, and what should I see peeping from the hole but the head of a little reddish-brown animal.

On rolling over the stump I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest, says a writer in St. Nicholas. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this I tied it up with whatever it contained and hurried home with my treasure. On emptying it into a box covered with wire gauze I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft and their feet were white. But their chief lay in their eyes—great, black

liquid orbs, half protruding from the head.

They soon became quite tame and would allow me to put my hand into their cage and give them fruit and berries. After about two weeks I procured a cocoanut, sawed it in two, and taking half of it made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage they seemed to go wild with excitement and delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway a hundred times in succession. Finally they pulled their nest to pieces and rebuilt it in the cocoanut hut.

Their favorite fruit is nuts, which of course they cannot crack, and yet they get at the inside very cleverly, for with their sharp chisel teeth they dexterously gnaw a hole through the hard shell and then scoop out the meat from the interior. They are fond of nice pears and apples, and one such fruit will last them both a week. They get no water; the apple or pear does for drink.

Making Skeleton Leaves.

One of the prettiest of natural ornaments for scrap-books or for framed cards or for other decorations are skeleton leaves—that is, leaves from which all the substance has been removed with the exception of the ribs and the larger veins. Nature sometimes makes skeleton leaves, but it does not always do this work perfectly, and our boys and girls don't want to wait all winter for her to complete her task. They can do the work much more easily themselves.

Gather a number of large, perfect leaves of different kinds and place them in a pan of rain-water, to which a trace of yeast has been added. Allow them to stand until the soft membranous portion has become soft. Then hold them one by one in running water and everything but the ribs and veins will wash away, leaving only the leaf skeleton. If you wish to bleach the skeletons out to an ash color place them on a little shelf in the top of a tight soap box. On an iron dish or plate in the bottom lay some live coals and sprinkle over them a few pinches of sulphur. The fumes will bleach out the skeleton leaves, leaving them beautifully white and delicate.

One Bond Left.

A devoted family of the Society of Friends was deeply afflicted. They had lost their property, and were left almost penniless. The wife was sad, indeed, and almost ready to despair; but the dear old man was cheerful. The wife was almost ready to "curse God and die." She was astonished at the coolness with which her husband met his lot; so she asked him one day:

"Husband, how is it that you bear this trouble so well? It almost crushes me to the earth."

"Why, wife, we are not quite so badly off as you imagine. We have one bond left which we can live upon."

"Why, husband, what do you mean? I thought all was lost."

"Oh, no! Here is one bond, and I will read it to you. It is in the old family Bible, and reads as follows: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

His wife inquired: "Do you call that a bond?"

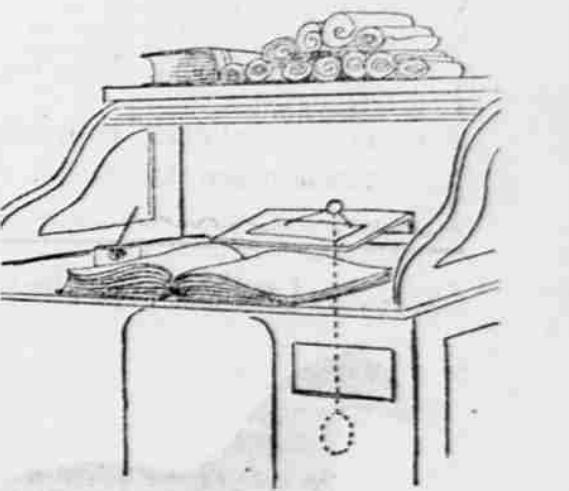
"Yes," he replied; "It is the word of God, and cannot fail."

"We are writing to some who are in trouble and need help now. Then take the Quaker's bond:

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." God's promises are always "on demand," and He will be with you in six troubles and in the seventh He will not forsake you.—Sel.

A Boy's Clever Invention.

There is a clever boy in one of the big skyscrapers downtown who will some day invent himself into a fortune. This boy sits at a desk from 9 in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon and makes entries in a huge ledger. At each entry he has to turn the pages, and this necessitates the use of a blotter to dry the ink which he has just used. Taking the blotter up from the table, placing it aside before the page is turned takes a good deal of time. This boy thought about it



BLOTTER AT REST.

for a good while, and then he fixed up a marvelous little automatic blotter. He bored a smooth hole through the back of his desk and threaded a piece of stout string through it. To the end of this hung down at the back he tied an iron weight; the other end he brought up through the hole and fastened by two strings to a stout blotting pad having a celluloid back. Then he fixed a smooth board so that the pad would slide up readily when the weight went down. After that when he needed the blotter he seized it, drew it down over the book, pressed it on the spot to be blotted and then let go of it. The weight at the back of course jerked it quickly out of the way, leaving it ready for the next time. In this way the young bookkeeper was able to do more work than the man who had the place before him, and if he hasn't had his salary raised it isn't because he does not deserve it.

A man's intelligence must be far above the average to enable him to get his laugh in at the proper time when a woman is telling a funny story.