战器聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚聚 Shell A ROMANCE Wilden. **(宋宗宗武宗武宗宗宗宗武宗武宗宗武帝武宗宗武宗宗**宗宗)

CHAPTER X .- (Continued,) "Why are you not with Mrs. Wilden

and the others?" he continues kindly, as he follows Shell into the drawingroom, which looks bare and desolate, for Shell has not found courage even to renew the flowers during the past few days.

"I did not wish to go," she explains vaguely, as she seats herself on a low chair and takes puss on her knee. "I thought it would be so stupid and dull on the moor."

Robert Champley stares at her with an amused smile.

"Surely it could not be much duller than you are here?" he ventures with a laugh; and then adds almost sternly, "You ought not to have been left here alone."

"But I wouldn't go!" reiterates Shell decidedly. "It is nobody's fault but my own; they were all very much vexed with me for not going, only-only I preferred remaining behind."

"I am afraid you must be a very determined young lady."

"Yes, I am very obstinate," assents Shell, applying the most obnoxious term she can think of to her decision of character; then, anxious to be done with personalities, she continues, "But you came with a message. How are they all getting on at Oakford?"

For a moment there is a look of keen annoyance on Robert Champley's face, then he laughs off the question gaily.

"Oh your sister seems charmed with the moor; Mrs. Wilden not quite so enchanted; whilst Miss Flower, I hear, has threatened more than once to run away! Amongst other troubles, it seems she is suffering intensely from cold-not having come sufficiently supplied with wraps for the keen bracing air. I am charged with a note begging you to send her all the furs you can lay your hands on-she declares the Arctic regions must be tropical compared with Oakmoor!"

"Vi is always shivery," laughs Shell, as she takes the small tinted note, redolent of orris-root, and scans the hastily-scrawled lines. "Well, it won't take me long to gather up her bundle They have very affectionate natures, of wraps. How does she want them | poor little things, and I imagine that sent, I wonder?"

"By train to Limply station, thence by the carrier to Oakford, I suppose," answers Mr. Champley briskly; then, seeing Shell's involuntary start of surprise, he adds, "I should have been very pleased to take them had I been going that way."

Shell still stares at him in openeyed amazement.

"I thought you were going to spend | most alone." the summer at Oakmoor?" she falters; and then a faint smile puckers up her mouth-she cannot help feeling amused at the unexpected turn events are

"Yes; true-I had intended to do so," answers Robert Champley in a slow thoughtful voice, "but I have changed my mind. The children seem so thoroughly happy at the farm that I thought I would take advantage of their being there to take a short run on the continent. Your sister, Miss Wilden, has been, as usual, particularly kind-she has offered to keep an eye on the little ones-so I feel that they are perfectly safe." He finishes his statement with a deep-drawn sigh; and Shell blushes crimson in the gathering twilight as she realizes the fact that he has been driven abroad by Ruby's pertinacity.

Champley House with Mrs. Tolley to age, and yet the children adore her. I look after them?" ventures Shell du-

Again the father sighs.

"I think the air up there is good for Meg." he answers, drawing his hand slowly across his brow; "the child has not been herself of late-even Rob has turned listless with the heat; but I don't doubt I shall find them strong enough on my return-the Oakmoor air is better than any medicine."

"And yet you are running away from it!" laughs Shell mischievously.

"A week of it seemed enough for Ted," explains Mr. Champley, throwing the onus of his departure on his brother's innocent shoulders, "We thought we should have time for a rush through Switzerland before the long vacation. Ted has never been to Switzerland."

"I hope you both will enjoy it," remarks Shell tamely.

Then there ensues an awkward pause-neither guest nor hostess seems to have any further remark to make till Robert Champley's eyes, traveling round the room in search of an object, light upon the piano.

"You were discoursing very sweet music when I broke in upon your solitude," he says, with a quick smile. "Yes, I was making as much noise

as possible to drown my feeling of loneliness," laughs Shell.

"Perhaps it was indiscreet of me, but I listened to your music for fully ten minutes before knocking at the door. I am particularly partial to good music, and it is not often that I get a chance of listening to any so well amazement. "Why, what's up? You the bond that unites us with out brothworth hearing. I could not imagine went to the Wilderness last evening." who was playing-somehow I was under an erroneous impression that Miss go again this morning!" laughs Rob-Wilden was par excellence the musi- ert. cian of the family." "Not the slightest," assents Ted,

"Oh, my playing is nothing much!" answers Shell brusquely.

"You are wounding my feelings, for I consider myself a good judge," laughs her companion; "only I should very much like to know why you so persistently put yourself in the background."

"Oh, because putting oneself forward is such a bore!" scoffs Shell. "If people know you can play, you are always being made useful in one way or another."

"Isn't that rather a selfish way to look at it?" asks Mr. Champley gravely. "Surely it was intended that we should all be useful to our fellowcreatures so far as lies in our power.' Shell laughs a little mocking laugh.

"Of course it is very meritorious to be unselfish," she says flippantly; "but I am not given to self-sacrifice, and I am afraid I don't love my fellow-creatures as I cught." Whilst she is speaking a single knock at the door is heard, and again she breaks into a laugh. "Ah, there is Susan-she is a fellow-creature of course, and at the present moment I feel full of love for her, but I am afraid my motive is a selfish one! You see, I was so awfully afraid that something had happened to her which would have been awkward for me, to say the least of it;' and she hurries into the hall to admit the long-looked for Susan.

"You are an enigma," remarks Robert Champley, who, having followed Shell to the door, now holds her hand in his, and gazes down at her with thoughtful, puzzled eyes.

"Am I? How horrid! I never found out an enigma in the whole course of my life-I think them so dreadfully

"You are not stupid: and I rather like enigmas," returned Robert Champley, falling into a reflection of her own mood-"that is, it amuses me to find them out. By the way, Bob and Meg loaded me with the most affectionate messages for you."

"Did they? How queer!" answers Shell carelessly.

"I don't see anything queer about it," says Robert Champley coldly. you have been kind to them!"

"Have I?" muses Shell in speculative tones. "If so it must have been very passive kindness."

"I am not so sure of that; but I must be going now-I feel that I leave you in some kind of safety, now your maid has returned-but really this place is in too lonely a position for you to be living as you are doing, al-

"Oh, we are safe enough!" laughs Shell. "There is nothing at the Wilderness to tempt robbers; and I am not as a rule a nervous person, although you found me in such an abject fright. Good night;" and she holds out her hand in a limp and indifferent way to be shaken.

"Good night," he says, earnestly, as he presses it.

"Good night," laughs Shell, "and happy journey!"

"You are rather premature in your wish. I shall not be leaving home for two or three days."

"Never mind-happy journey when you do start!" persists Shell, with a careless nod, as he moves away.

"A strange girl," muses Robert Champley, as he pauses in the drive to light a cigar-"one of the most unaccountable characters I ever came across. "Would they not have been safer at | She makes herself out a kind of savwonder what induced her to remain all alone in that big house when the rest took to the moor. By the way, what a nuisance that they fixed upon my neighborhood, and so literally drove me away from my hiding-place! I hope the children will be all right-I do wish Miss Wilden would leave them alone-however, that she evidently won't do. I think I shall have to charter a yacht-she couldn't follow us then"-with an impatient laugh, "By the way, how remarkably well that little Shell plays! I have half a mind to make same excuse for a call at the Wilderness in the morningwonder if she would play for me? Don't think so, but I'll have a try."

CHAPTER XI.

Robert Champley is not as a rule given to thinking much about his neighbors' concerns, yet the vision of Shell, startled and pale, as she stood before him in the gathering gloom of the hall at the Wilderness, rises more than once and confronts him during when draped with rich velvet portieres the wakeful watches of that summer

When breakfast is over the next morning, and the brothers are enjoying their pipes together with the news of the day, under the rose-wreathed verandah which shelters the dining-room windows of Champley House, Robert

suddenly breaks the silence. "I am going over to the Wildernesswill you come?" he asks, addressing his brother.

"To the Wilderness?" repeats Ted in "That is no reason why I shouldn't

with a lazy shrug of his shoulders. "If | TALMAGE'S you have a fancy for stinging-nettles. It may be a weakness on my part, but I have a particular aversion to prickly young women, and Mademoiselle Shell is a perfect hedgehog."

"Then you won't come?"

"Not if I know it; and you can hint to the young lady that she has lost the pleasure of my company entirely through her waspishness of disposition-perhaps then she will mend her ways."

"Yes, that would be likely to make a strong impression on her, I should think," says the elder brother derisively, as he clears the ashes from his pipe and prepares for departure. "The fact is," he continues in explanation, "I think Shell ought to join her mother at Oakford; it is really not safe for her to remain here all alone."

"Oh, she is safe enough! Nobody who has had one interview with her is likely to molest her a second time," scoffs Ted. "However, if she is weighing on your mind you had certainly better get rid of her before we start; so go and give her the benefit of your opinion, if you dare-you always were of a somewhat Quixotic nature."

"Not in the least," returns Robert seriously. "Only where duty so plainly leads one must needs follow."

"Capital sentiment, no doubt, for the head of a family," drawls Ted. "If ever I marry, I hope a sense of my responsibility will fall upon me at the same time. At present my duty plainly leads me to pack, and not to moralize with Shell on the impropriety of her conduct."

"You are a lazy dog, Ted, and no mistake!" laughs Robert Champley, looking down with an indulgent smile at his younger brother, who, instead of bestirring himself for the talked-of packing, has sunk down upon the close-shaven green slope leading to the veranda, and is almost lost to view under the widespread sheet of the

"I am thankful for small mercies," responds Ted, in a tone of unmerited persecution. "Your speech would have been more annihilating had you substituted the word 'puppy' for 'dog.' Now speed you on your way-I have no earthly wish to detain you-and tell Miss Shell, with my best respects, that she is quite welcome to the moor, now we have done with it!"

"All right!" laughs Robert; and the next moment he is walking briskly down the avenue.

As he nears the Wilderness, however, his pace slackens. After all, what business of his is it that Shell chooses to remain at home instead of joining her mother and sister? May she not feel justly annoyed at his interference, and resent it as sheer impertinence? And yet he cannot somehow feel juschildren-their little hearts seem full of her-her name trips from their tongues twenty times a day; and yet -incomprehensible girl that she isshe never seems to care one jot about them; and, if she speaks of them at all, deems them by her tone "little nui-

Well, duty is duty-she can misconstrue him if she will, laugh at him if it so pleases her, but he will have his say, and just tell her plainly and seriously that she ought to go to Oakford.

With this resolution uppermost in his mind he mounts the large, flat doorstep and pulls the bell. As a rule, when the whole family are at home, the hall door stands open to admit the summer sunshine-now it is closed, and Robert Champley notes with a sigh that it badly wants a coat of

(To be Continued.)

USES FOR WROUGHT IRON.

The adaptability of wrought iron work to interior decoration seems now to be both understood and appreciated if we are to judge from the extreme beauty of many of the designs and the skillful manner in which they are applied to very various uses. It gives a bold handsome effect without in any way becoming obtrusive or aggressive, as is the case with other metal work, and may be employed for the simplest purposes, as, for instance, the handles, finger plates and hinges of doors, stair rods, fenders, fire irons, etc.

What could be in better taste than wrought-iron electric fitting or lamp for hall, dining room and library? An oak sideboard, with hinges and handles of wrought iron, or a bedroom suite treated in like manner, has a quaint, uncommon effect, while a door gains immensely in appearance by having panels of wrought iron. If an entrance door is treated in this way a wise arrangement is to have the glass behind the panel made to open inward, like a casement window, and then, by leaving it open occasionally, the house can be most efficiently ventilated.

In a hall, where it is sometimes necessary to have a portion divided by curtains, an archway of wrought iron has a much more telling effect than the usual arrangement of woodwork, and it makes an extremely handsome fea-

The curbs and fire-irons in iron are specially designed to suit the various styles of furniture and, being durable and easily kept in order, they are naturally becoming deservedly popular.

Christ's Word.

Heaven and earth may pass, but the word of the Christ shall never pass: and there is no peace and welfare for us, save in the glad recognition of er men.-Rev. W. Gladden,

There are four sovereigns and nine heirs apparent among the fifty-seven living descendants of Queen Victoria. SERMON

"THE CRANDMOTHERS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"The Unfeigned Faith That Is in Thee, Which Dwelt First in Thy Grandmother Lois"-From Second Book of Timothy, Chapter 1, Verse 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"-not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of today, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed | mothers of the last century are today | for humanitarian and Christian pur-

The good women whose tombstones are more alive for good in the ninetified in going away and leaving her | teenth century than they were before, unprotected. She has been kind to his as the good women of the nineteenth | this century. Your have been thinking you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how thipgs were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a noncommittalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on the witness stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence be-

> comes oppressive. The celebrated Frenchmen, Volney, of an ocean wave, by running the ship visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the oldtime saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the

women of the last century. But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day - not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come-a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or tearfully over the family record halfway between. We hall them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely days that we call Indian summer!

Is it not time that you and I do two the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly today that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities? Here we have an untried, undis-

cussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children, I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand, and upon every one of them, you, the mother of today, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my sub-

nificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mothwar wrote in 1782, in his "Book of the influence when it has been multi- a-snoopin' down the street?" plied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi river away up at the top of the continent starting from the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride, between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and the Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains make contributions. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling for ever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is once a centhe banisters as they go up and down. tury to descend and sweep the hem of When they get a cold it hangs on them | that robe across the granite, and when

against it. Running along with it we

cannot appreciate the force. In esti-

mating maternal influence we general-

ly run along with it down the stream

of time, and so we don't understand

the full force. Let us come up to it

from the eternity side, after it has

been working on for centuries, and see

it has accomplished multiplied in mag-

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over the New, and often stop and dwell with years once and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eyes as clear as heaven, so full of aches and pains once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkies blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an authings-swing open a picture gallery of | dience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there grandmothers, to give them our thanks | went up a shout of welcome which and then to persuade the mothers of made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early part of the nineteenth century and those of the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare today. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixtyseven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymnbook. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! of hundreds of thousands, will some I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all in the person of their descendants, in the age following! Do not dwell so the Senates, the Parliaments, the pal- | much on your hardships that you miss aces, the pulpits, the banking houses, | your chance by wielding an influence were planted in the eighteenth century | the professional chairs, the prisons, the | that shall look down upon you from almshouses, the company of midnight | the towers of an endless future. I know brigands, the cellars, the ditches of | Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their century will be more alive for good in about the importance of having the daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, the twentieth century than now. Mark | right influence upon our nursery. You | wife; remember that this is a hard have been thinking of the importance | world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, It is a hard world for women. Ave. I go further and say, It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will ject sweeps a thousand years, a milsoon swing open. Don't you see the lion years, a quadrillion of years. I sickly pallor on the sky? That is the cannot stop at one cradle, 1 am lookpallor on the cold cheek of the dying comrades. While our dear old folks are | ing at the cradles that reach all around | night. Don't you see the brightening the world and across all time. I am not of the clouds? That is the flush on thinking of mother Eunice. I am talkthe warm forehead of the morning. ing of grandmother Lois. The only Cheer up, you are coming within sight way you can tell the force of a current of the Celestial City. is by sailing up stream; or the force

A DOG OF WAR.

A hardlooking young colored man leaned against an awning-pole at a street-corner in Washington, says the Post, while a very ordinary cur sat at his feet. A crowd of people assembled, waiting for streetcars. Then the colall the good it has done and all the evil ored youth bestirred himself.

"Look a-yeah, Nero," said he to the now alert and tail-wagging cur, "what French regiment in our revolutionary er's influence on her children now and yo' gwine ter do ef a Spanyud comes

> The words were scarcely uttered before the cur began to snap with a viclousness that seemed to say, "What I'd do to him would be a heap." The crowd laughed, and applauded the cleverness of the plebeian-looking pup,

> "Dat's all right, so fah," went on the negro, again addressing the cur, "but what Ah wants ter fin' out is wheah all o' dese yeah Spanyuds is a-goin' t' be by de time we gits froo wit' 'em.'

The cur gave a mournful look out of his big brown eyes, toppled over on his back, and with his four legs sticking rigidly in the air, admirably simulated the immovableness of death. He even ceased his panting in order to render the exhibition more realistic.

The crowd gave the poor, starvedlooking cur a "hand" of surprise and appreciation, and half a dozen or so of the men dropped coins into the colored fellow's palm, admonishing him to see that the dog had a good supper.

"Lest We Forget."

Can any one furnish the whole of the poem beginning with-"God of our forget; lest we forget." This is especially requested by an old subscriber.-New York Tribune. Great Scott! Cannot some benovelent person furnish the literary editor of the New York Tribune with a copy of Kipling's "Recessional"? It needs nothing but that to make New York a great literary center.-Boston Transcript,

Ambition.

Weary Watkins-"If I could, I'd like longer than it used to. They cannot by that attrition the column is worn to be appointed one of them provisbear to have the grandchildren pun- away they say time will end. But by ional governors." Hungry Higginsished even when they deserve it, and | that process that granite column would | "What's in it?" "What's in it?" He have so relaxed their ideas of family be worn out of existence before moth- is the guy that handles the provisions, discipline that they would spoil all the er's influence will begin to give way. ain't he?"-Indianapolis Journal.