ent Sizes are offered to our patrons and the public at \$6.00 to \$10.00 per annum.

ago, banished to Lapland. It was a

It is customary for the inhabitants

of the Caucasus to possess arms, but

the Doukhobors feel that so long as

you possess a weapon it is difficult to ab-

stain from using it when any one comes

to steal your horse or cow. So to re-

move temptation and to hold fast to

the rule "Resist not him that is evil,"

they resolved to destroy all their arms.

This decision was carried out simul-

taneously in the three districts they

inhabited, on the night of 28th of

June, 1895. In the Kars district the

ernment or Elisavetpol the authorities

A large assembly of Doukhobor men

and women attended the ceremony of

sia, and also in England, money has burning the arms, and accompanied it

been collected to enable them to be- by singing psalms or hymns. The

gin to cultivate the land granted them | bonfire was already burning down,

matter of "political expediency."

Accounts Solicited. L. C. HAYNE, President.

W. C. WARDLAW Cashier.

Pays Interest

on Deposits.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

great and wise.

I used to go with Jabe at night, with clinking pails to milk; Sometimes he'd let me feed the colts and

rub their coats of silk; And the moon that rose in those days, just behind the cattle bars. Was twice as large as it is now-with twice Aunt Polly was a quaint old soul—a busy Aunt Polly, faithful, gentle, entered long

bee-by day
Hiving the honey up for all, with never Her kind old face has slept for years bethought of pay.

How many dawns we watched the sun, up
for her has dawned another day, more perrising in the east.

Shake out its banners o'er the hills and drive

fect, bright and glad

Than when she rubbed the snowy clothes,

away the mist!

a perfect day to wash!" What steam of incense then would rise from

No skylark's note, no poet's song, more

since to reward:

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

The little heap grew high and unstable. There were a good many pots, and it was quite a distance from the sitting room window to the back door. Clarissa was tired when the stained green-painted shelves were emptied mess o' littering plants. You could

"There!" she breathed with a little gasp of relief, sinking into a rocker, smoke under the stars, or, rainy I'm thankful that job's done with! nights, sitting on the saw-horse in It's been staring at me ever since I the woodshed. Alwilda had "liked"

Clarissa invariably spoke of the day, a few weeks ago, when she and Jonas drove from the minister's into the little rtrim side-yard, as "when I came." Since that day there had been his arm. He spread it with precise a good m ny reforms at the Kemp place. The heap of discarded gerani- painstaking in exactly its place on the ums and fuchsias was only one of sitting room floor.

of plants round, littering! There's enough, goodness knows, that's got to litter without putting up with what | that was ever said about the plants. ain't got to. You've got to water 'em, and you've got to putter with 'em and coddle 'em, an' there's always a house "unlittered" and most spotlessmussy, wet place under 'em and sprigs and dry leaves. I can't abide 'em if other folks can. Those that like 'em where-out-of-doors. He spent rare are perfectly welcome-I don't."

ward in the capacious, calico-softened ers-by-if there had been any passerschair, communing aloud. Her come- by-on the grassy cross road that ran ly, middle-aged face had a look of re- past the old, unpainted Kemp barn lief upon it. Once only a slight shade | would have looked curiously at the of remorse quivered across it and was big barn windows. There were two

she muttered, "and he ought to have and crimson fuchsias. Rough deal got his mind made up by this time. shelves stretched behind the cob-I've given him time enough -ever after, that I couldn't fellowship with But passers-by were few, and Clarissa feel better? The plants 'll miss mea mess of plants. I guess that was never passed by. Her way, when she

The rockers took to sudden creaking road that ran uphill and down again as if pleading in Jonas' behalf. In to town. Clarissa never went to the minister's into the trim yard first. | night after night-without it! If it Even Jonas was hardly fonder of had been his way to say things he

plants than Alwilda had been. Seems to me I'd have a creature with Jonas 's got all tucked up in behind." some kind of spirit to him. Why, no; Clarissa would muse, eyeing suspiciously the humps. "'Tisn't grain an'

clay. She threw the rug over the heap of broken plants and waited to

to have time to get used to things. He was to transfigure the dull little corain't a sudden man, Jonas ain't. I've

found that out since I came." Then she hurried back to the rocking chair by the window. Jonas was

Clarissa called, a little breathless with land of goodness was Jonas coming in "Why, ain't you early, Jonas?" hurrying. "It's only 3 o'clock. I wasn't looking for you back till sup-

usual that Clarissa let the strip of red and curl like a brilliant serpent at her "Yes, I am early-whoa, back, Denfeet. Jonas "came in" so seldom, nis, wh-o-a!-but the town meeting lately, except to his meals. She hard-

sooner'n we expected to. They appointed me moderator." Jonas' voice had a ring of modest

've supposed you'd 've moderated so

Jonas plodded in. He looked bent and feeble. The old horse started up and went staidly on toward the barn, with the Clarissa asked a little anxiously. trail of Clarissa's laughter in his wake. Clarissy. I guess not," answered

"Clarissy's a real humorous woman," pondered Jonas; "she's got Jonas, dully. He crossed to the

If Jones noticed the unwieldy heap old face urned doggedly away from the winders, and the pain on it was above him and then at the afternoon only visibe to the faint, sweet face sun riding across the heavens. He of Alwilds looking out of the daguer- looked dazed. The pipe slipped reotype on the wall. Clarissa's keen through his fingers unnoticed and lay

in two pieces on the bare floor. eyes did not see it. Twenty years divided Jonas and "I guess I got mixed up, Clarissy; Clarissa Kenp, and Clarissa was not I thought 'twas after supper," he exyoung. She had tailored and stitched plained with an apologetic attempt at away all her young years in her small laughing. "I guess I'll go out and village shopbefore she came. It had wait a spell, till 'tis." been a seven 'ays' wonder to Clarissa's | But at supper time Jonas did not | ferred to in the work.

appear. Half-past five, six, half-past six-still no Jonas. At quarter of seven Clarissa was frightened. Dim forebodings tugged at her heart-strings

briskly, shutting her ears to the sound. "It's just as likely as not he's fallen sound asleep somewhere. He's getting real old, Jonas is."

She went through the porch and carriage house and then with quickened steps up to the barn. It was a new trip, up over the stony path, for Clarissa, and the stones hurt her feet.

"For the land of goodness' sake!" she cried shrilly at the barn door. The flowers in the windows-row on row of them-danced dizzily before her eyes. In Clarissa Kemp's and Clarissa Collins' life she had never

One of the windows was raised a little, and the breeze crept in and set all the bright flowers nodding, friendly-wise, at her.

Row on row, shelf on shelf-for the land of goodness' sake! But how cozy and homelike they looked! How pleasant the weathered old barn

she lived-and the Collinses came of a long-lived race-she never forgot having brought them safely ic a land the things she saw that afternoon in Jonas Kemp's barn. The strip of carpet by one of the windows, the broken chairs set about Alwildy's mother's spinning wheel, the light of the sun through the geranium leaves and, dimly, on the haymows behind and on all the cobwebs and cobwebs-and Jonas there, asleep. Clarissa saw them all. She saw them over and over again till

"Jonas!" she called softly, after a minute or two. "Jonas, it's supper time-Jonas!"

She went up to him and prodded ____s shoulder with her thimbled fingerlarissa nearly always wore her

She tilted his drooping old face toward her and the light. It was twisted and white. "Oh, he's got a stroke-Jonas!-Jonas! he's got a stroke!" Clarissa

at her in an unacquainted, troubled

"It's pleasant-out here," he murmured thickly. "The plants—don't take 'em - away!"

know Clarissy?" "I know somebody-Alwildy," murmured Jonas, trying to smile with

his twisted lips. One arm hung limp beside him and he touched it curiously with his other hand. "It doesn't belong to me," he said. After a little while his mind grew

to stay with his flowers.

an' I like it out here-I like it out here-like it out here." Again and again he mumbled it

were wailing almost broke her heart. She got help at a neighbor's, and they took Jonas home. He was dozing all the way. It was almost a day later when Jonas fully awoke.

the barn, Clarissy?" he whispered, happily. "I like it out here-don't

"Yes," Clarissa said brightly.

their old tenants and new tenants, row upon row. The windows opposite through the geranium leaves and made dancing traceries on t'e wall. A sprig of the sun leaves lay across Clarissa's face, and Jonas smiled at it like a

"Clarissy," he whispered eagerly, "can't we stay out here always? I like it out here."

of dry leaves under a window. "Yes, Jouas," she smiled, "yes, we'll stay 'out here' always. I like it,

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There is a rosary in the British heard Jonas' plodding feet tap slowly museum made of the vertebræ of a snake's backbone. Another is comkeeping time to the taps. What in posed of rats' teeth.

The Dutch fishermen kill the fish caught as soon as they reach the shore. while the French fishermen leave their and yellow rags slide out of her lap

booty to die of suffocation. In England the year formerly began with the 25th of March. It was not until 1752 that the first of January was made the beginning of the legal

The Clarendon Street Baptist church of Boston has a Chinese Sunday school whose average attendance is 200. This school supports two native missionaries in China.

Untamed camels are not the docile creatures they are taught to become after months of breaking. In the wild state they are extremely vicious, and can kick harder, higher, swifter and oftener than a mule, and sometimes seem to use all four feet at once.

land, 110 years of age, has spent over a hundred years of her life in traveling from fair to fair in a van. She has had sixteen children, and one of her daughters, now 80 years of age, has also had sixteen. Mrs. Smith eats four meals a day, drinks sparingly of intoxicants, smokes a clay pipe steadily, and attends to all her household duties herself.

Begun twenty-five years ago, the British Museum catalogue of birds has just been completed, in twentyseven large volumes. It attempts to give a list of every kind of bird known at the time of publication, and describes 11,614 species, belonging to 2255 genera and 124 families; 400,000 specimens, 350,000 of which are in the British Museum collection, are re0000000000000000 EXILED FROM RUSSIA.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.

A Body of Russian Quakers Who Are Settling in the Canadian Northwest to Escape Persecution.

A large body of sturdy men and therefore, "What is to be done with affair passed off quietly. In the govon account of their religious opinions, has made its way into practical politics. made it an excuse for arresting forty consisting of 2000 of the 7500 Russian | Some 7500 Doukhobors are prepar- Doukhobors, who were kept in confine-Quakers, known as Douktobors or ing to migrate to Canada, where free ment more than two years. But it the Canadian Northwest, strived at new home is where the Territories of St. John, N. B., a few days ago and immediately proceeded by rai to their Province of Manitoba meet. In Rus-"Tolstoi's pets," who are asttling in land has been granted to them. Their was in the government of Tiflis that

new home. When the Doukhobors Inded on Canadian soil they were greeted by a party of their representatives in America, among them being the Russian Prince Hilkoff. Their arrival was made the occasion of a service consisting of prayer and supplication in which they gave thanks to God for

Prince Hilkoff said the French Government had offered free transportation to the Doukhobors to settle in a French colony. The offer was de-clined, as the people preferred to set-tle in Anglo-Saxon dominions, where they would not be subject to conscrip-

The Universal Brotherhood Chris tians, as the Doukhobors (i. s., "Spirit-Wrestlers") prefer to be called, have suffered terrible persecution, especially since June, 1895, and many d them have died for their faith.

The Russian Government has banished the men of these people by scores to distant parts of Siberia. It has used its arbitrary power to send Cossacks to attack and flog lirge numbers of unarmed and unresisting men and women; to quarter Cosicks on villages where they outragel women; to uproot an industrious settlement of peaceful people; to oblige tlem to abandon their cultivated lands; to reduce many of them to the verge of starvation; to confine a pipilation, accustomed to the cold climite of a district lying 5000 feet above the sealevel, in hot and unhealthy, alleys, where out of 4000 people about 1000 perished within three years; to do men to death by flogging, undrfeeding, and physical violence n the



HOBORS TO REACH CANDA.

act of mercy, the Russian Gvernment | were in want. Their "Widows' Ho se" ple may leave their country provided 000; and with so much property they that they go at their own expense, were dragged into the net of the law, that they never return, and that they to have recourse to which was contrary leave behind those of their number, to their principles. who have been summoned fo military

land. This fearless man of peace, numbered about 20,000 at that time.

in the country of their adoption, and and day had already dawned, when in the United States also, a "Tolstoi two Cossack regiments arrived upon Fund" has been raised with the same | the scene and were ordered to charge days he is said not to have been as stinctively stopped when close upon steady as he should have been. Those them, and only when the order to atwere days when the Doukhobors, hav- tack had been repeated did they again

(The influence of the Russian philosopher with the Czar enabled the persecuted Douk hobors to emigrate.)

got to obey the precepts of their ate meat, accumulated private property, discussed their religion as a has consented that these nined peo- accumulated a capital of some \$250,-

On the death of the woman who had been regarded as their leader for many The strangest fact in this drama of years, and in whose hands the disposal Russian life is that it was mainly of these charity funds had rested, the offered to the Doukhobors. The authrough the influence of Russia's courts of justice decided that the thorities in St. Petersburg depend for greatest philosopher, Court Tolstoi, money should be regarded as the per- their information on the local authorithat the Russian authorities permitted sonal property of her heirs. This led ties who committed this blunder or these people to leave their native to a split among the Doukhobors, who perpetrated this crime. The news-

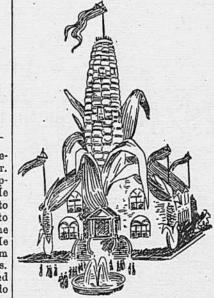
the Doukhobors. The Cossacks charged peasants, they illing been exiled by Nicholas I. to the advance and begin to fiog men and Caucasus, had settled on the lands al- women indiscriminately with their lotted to them, bleak as those lands whips. They struck right and left, were. Conscription had not as yet cutting the heads and faces of the been introduced into the Caucasus to people; and when the lashes of their trouble them, and they waxed fat, for- whips were wearing out, orders were given to attach fresh lashes to the fathers, smoked, drank strong drink, whips, and the flogging recommenced. Few stranger scenes are recorded in history. Here were some thousands matter of intellectual interest, and of people bent on carrying out the diceased their consciences by being very | tates of their religion, which was the "charitable." They founded a "Wid-ows' House," for the aged, the or-their Government. And here were two Christian religion professed by "penal battalions;" and findly, as an | phans, or such as by any misfortune | regiments of Cossacks cruelly (though in some cases reluctantly) beating men and women, till clothes and ground were stained with blood, and their psalms were turned into cries for

mercy and into groans of pain. Why this was done nobody seems to know. No one was tried for it, and no one was punished for it, nor has any apology or explanation ever been papers have strict instructions not to make any reference to such matters; and three friends of Leo Tolstoi's, Vladimír Tchertkoff, Paul Birnkoff, and Ivan Tregonboff, who went to St. Petersburg with a carefully worded statement of what had occurred, and who wished to see the Emperor about it, were banished, without trial and without being allowed to make the

matter public. Punishment fell not on those who had done the wrong, but on those who had suffered it unresistingly. Cossacks were quartered on their village, and there outraged women and stole property. Four thousand people had to abandon their homes, sell their wellcultivated lands at a few days' notice, and be scattered in banishment to unhealthy districts, where about 1000 of them perished in three years of want, disease, or ill-treatment.

King Corn's Palace.

The old world is to be given a good idea at the Paris Exhibition of what American corn is. A corn palace will be built showing a tremendous ear of corn rising tower fashion from its front, and in this palace it is proposed



MASCOT ATE THE SHIP'S PAINT.

Sailors of the Gloucester Make a Capture and Rue It. It was seven bells in the forenoon watch of the blistering July day when the auxiliary cruiser Gloucester sent ashore a landing party at the quaint

Porto Rican seaport Guanica. party had landed three hours earlier and had done its duty with the regulars of Miles' army in sending the Dons skedaddling into the heavy tropical forests which fringe the foothills of the Porto Rican coast. It was now an hour of relaxation

In an unlucky moment a Spanish bantam cockerel emerged from under a house and emitted a lusty crow. Then it was that Lieutenant Norman gave his historical order: "All hands chase chickens!" The line of excited meno'-warmen scattered in untactical disorder, pursuing the gallinaceous

"It was more work to capture one of those clipper-built 25-knot chickens than to sink the Pluton," said Mr. Chipman. "I thought I had the fow1 foul when she tacked ship, leaving me I quit long ago; my war scrapbook is in stays. In a minute she was hull down on the horizon. I ran across the bows of a rooster by pure luck and put him out of commission. Later I grabbed another by his tail, and wrung

Paymaster Down had his sport also. Proceeding on a private expedition, he sighted a goat with progeny around her to the number of four. He took her in tow in triumph. Following the instincts of good Mother Nature, the four little goats, who split even, two being Nannies and two. Billies, trailed along behind. One of the Billies was drafted as a mascot for the battleship Massachusetts and the other Billie was retained as the Gloucester's special mascot. The latter immediately distinguished himself by eating the saddle of the Colt's right, yer honor," was the reply "I'll give ye credit. Where do ye live?"

After he had got his sea legs on things would disappear as completely as if they had been thrown into the lucky bag. One fine morning the ship's painter was coming on deck with a pail of red lead.

"Lay aft, McGee!" sang out a weather beaten bos'n's mate. Dropping his rail, the painter obeyed this order. Returning in fifteen minutes, he found that the contents of the pail had disappeared. Billy had also disappeared. He was found leaning against the armorer's chest in a highly suspicious condition. His whiskers were as crimson as a Harvard football player's sweater. Hospital Steward Cox gave him emetic after emetic. It was in vain. The animal grew "dopier" and "dopier," and was out ashore finally. Undoubtedly he would have made a satisfactory deep sealead if he had been kept

on board a day longer. Thirteen Jurors in the Box. may be, have always held it to be a maxim of their art that for twelve men | the face of it. summoned to serve on a jury space ought to be provided for only eleven, and jury boxes are constructed accordingly. It was therefore a matter of great surprise when one of the counsel in a case discovered, after his leader had opened and called his first witness, thirteen heads in the box. True, it was after luncheen; but as the discoverer is a tectotaller the surplus could not reasonably be ascribed

to the usual source of optical augmen-

Nevertheless he counted the contents of the box several times to make sure, and thirteen was the result on each occasion. Then he ventured to consult 'his leader, who called his lordship's attention to the extraordinary fact, and after Mr. Justice Bruce had tried his own arithmetical powers on the jurors and also totalled up thirteen, he ventured to ask what it all meant. An inquiry by an officer of the court disclosed the fact that the odd juryman had been duly summoned as a juror in waiting, and had strolled into the box unobserved in preference to standing in the corridor. The good men and true did not notice his presence, and when he was dismissed they did not find themselves more at ease. So thin must he have been that he may be expected soon to become a candidate for the attention of the Psychical Research society. - London Telegraph.

Literary Men and Honors. Honors for literary men are rare. There was Scott's baronetcy (he wanted it as a man of family with feudal principles, not as a man of letters), and he got it. The sheriff was knighted by nature, and they gave him his spurs. It is probable that several men of letters have managed to decline official honors. When Lord Tennyson accepted gracefully what his sovereign gracefully and gratefully gave, some literary persons "booed" at him. The great poet neither coveted nor churlishly refused official recognition. To him the matter, we may believe, was purely indifferent. And it really is indifferent to most men of letters. Knighthoods, as a common rule, come to the beknighted because of their much asking, except when they come in an official routine in the public service. Having nothing official about as, having no routine, we cannot look to receiving ribbons and orders. And, I have become so frightened at hope, we cannot be expected to sue, and pester, and hint and intrigue for bits of ribbons! Is it not agreeable to be out of that kind of work, to pull no strings; to solicit no academician for his vote and interest? Am I to envy my college contemporaries, who, being of a certain seniority in the public service, blossom into K. C. B.'s.? -North American Review.

Calf With Five Legs and Six Hoofs. One of the most remarkable curiosities ever known to exist in the animal kingdom in Barbour county, is a calf on the farm of E. P. Phillips, near Phillippi, W. Va. The calf has five legs and six feet. Four legs are natural, the fifth, about six inches back from the forelegs, on the right, swings clear of the ground and has two sets of hoofs .- New York Press.

The first expedition to the South

HOME AGAIN.

At last it sounds. The phrase we longed to Is brave and glad in the triumphant cheer,

VOL. LXIV. NO. 9

But tenderest when a weary one may rest At last with those who know and love him

The fleeting years bid memory efface grace
The picture, lit by hope instead of pain,
Shines, as our boys repeat it, "Home again."

And we, who could but watch the empty And pray for one-whose place was waiting

found in the oldtime haunts so sad a change We, who were lingerers from the battle

With step grown lighter and with pulses keen,
Like wanderers hear the welcoming refrain,
For we, with you, at last are "Home again."
—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"Is your flat crowded?" "Crowded? We can't yawn without opening

"Are you still keeping up with national affairs, Mrs. Shortfad?" "No,

Newpop-I have noticed that babies always have very open countenances. Oldpop-Yes; especially about mid-

A shoemaker has a card in his window reading, "Any respectable man, woulsn or child can have a fit in this

Clerk-Are you going to buy a new directory? The Boss-Well, I guess not! Why, the one we have isn't half

hunter, and now you've proved it. "Sorry I have no small change," said a gentleman to a beggar. "All

Hicks-Just saw Hogley. Had been to the doctor's. Doctor tells him he is looking himself again. Wicks-Is he really as bad as that? Poor fellow! "Even in China woman is rapidly

Rector (going his rounds) - Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine. Contemplative Villager-Ah, yes, sir; if we was only all of us as

fit to die as him, sir! "The teakettle seems to be quite a

can't get beyond dough." Mrs. Hiram-Dear, I wish you'd bring home a dozen Harveyized steel plates. Mr. Hiram - What do you mean? Mrs. Hiram-I'm just carious

to see what Bridget would do with thinnest man in existence. Architects Why, sir, two hands have been con-

> Customer (dryly)-That's apparent on "Of course," said the lady with the steel-bound glasses, "I expected to be called 'strong-minded' after making a speech three hours long in favor of

terday. Fogg-What did he say to you? Fenderson -He advised me not to visit the Vegetarian club, and it

Charitable person to ragged and

Pithy Retorts. "Oh, don't that hay smell delightfully!" exclaimed the summer boarder somewhat ungrammatically, as the New Hampshire farmer drove her near a field of mown grass.

smells of hard work." The answer illustrates the grim

humor of the New England farmer of the olden time, whose hereditary sententiousness restricted him to brief John Harkness, a farmer of that

pair of horses, passed up the high hill road near by. The gentleman, stopping his turnout, bade the farmer good

"What will such land as you are "It will bear manure, sir, "answered

the farmer; and laying hold of the plow handles, he started up his cattle. -Youth's Companion.

the neighborhood of Candlewood hill, in Groton, Conn., because of the gathering in the dense wood at the foot of the hill, in consequence of the wintry weather, of three lynxes. People living in the neighborhood the sight and sound of these animals that they dare not venture far into the woods. Several persons have seen the lynxes, which are very large and ugly. One man with a gun in his hand was so frightened by coming upon them unexpectedly that he ran like a - madman for half a mile to a neighbor's house with-

What Is Sometimes Necessary. "Speaking of money," said the

castic boarder. "It often takes a round sum to square things."-Indianapolis Jour-

The Quality of the Water.

Doctor-Can you get pure water at

your boarding house?

MY AUNT POLLY.

The greenest grass, the sweetest flowers, grew at Aunt Polly's door,
The finest apples, miles around, Aunt Polly's orchard bore;
Aunt Polly's cows were sleek and fat, her chicks a wondrous size,
And Jabez Smith, the hired man, was witty,
great and wise.

Gold-winged arrows pierced the gloom of valley, wood and nook,
Bright flecks of crimson rode the clouds and tumbled in the brook,
Gave back with cheer the apple's hue, the pumpkin's, and the squash,
Till dear Aunt Polly would exclaim, "What

dear Aunt Polly's tub!
For sun and sky her heart gave praise with
each all-cleansing rub; praiseful than the tune
She hummed the while her linen white when

doors-pipes were even worse than a

abide the smell of flowers, but tobacco

-faugh! So Jonas had his evening

the smell of his pipe. Heaven forgive

When Jonas went in again at early

bedtime the heap of pots and bruised

plants was cleared neatly away, and

Jonas had the rug, well shaken, under

"I found it out by the back door,

"Um-m-m," mumbled Clarissa, a lit-

After that, if Clarissa had not been

occupied continually with keeping the

ly prim, she would have taken notice

that Jonas stayed a good deal-some-

minutes only in his old place beside

of them, and both were a-bloom with

webbed panes, and every one was

went abroad, was by the wider main

Another thing Clarissa might have

"Humph! Now I wonder what

tisn't critters-live ones anyway. And

he couldn't 've got 'em if they were

alive, not without my knowing where

But Clarissa had not put her cu-

rious thoughts into questions, and the

times of being curious and the knobby,

One afternoon, as she sewed, she

up the walk and Jonas' heavy breath

that time o' day for? It was so un-

ly saw his unsmiling old face from

morning to night, for she had formed

the meal chest in the porch and let-

ting him eat italone. Her own dinner

she could "pick up" on the run, and

"You aren't sick, are you, Jonas?"

"Oh, no-no, I guess I ain't sick,

blew the dust from it. A little glint

"Jest for a little smoke, Chrissy-

"Land of goodness-at two o'clock in

"Where are you going to?

the money had gone to."

nobody wanted to go.

tle taken aback. And that was all

the gentle little prevarication!

Clarissy,"-he said gently.

while I stood by—a lad.
—Edith Keeley Stokely, in Youth's Companion.

MAKESHIFT OF JONAS KEMP.

Clarissa Kemp-late, very late- friends and twice thrice that to Clarissa Collins-carried each pot to Clarissa herself, that she had locked the back door and inverted it briskly. her shop door and gone to the minister's with Jonas Kemp.

After supper that night Jonas did his chores and took down his pipe. Clarissa permitted no smoking in-

and all the litter swept up.

"I can't and I won't abide a mess

Clarissa rocked backward and for- the sitting room window. And pass-

"He'd ought to know I'd do it," red geraniums and gay with purple good and fair warning!

the sunny windows the green shelves barn. Jonas Kemp and the cows, the looked bare and lonesome. There great barn cat and Dennis were the were little round circles, smaller and only ones that saw the red geraniums larger, side by side along their lengths, blooming bravely in the barn windows-unless, who can tell?-unless where the pots had stood. The big-Alwilda saw them. gest circle of all spoke pathetically of Jonas' pet cactus that bore the dainty pink flowers among its spines—that noticed was how long the old pipe lay "Alwilda" had set store by. Alwilda untouched on the kitchen mantel. noticed was how long the old pipe lay was the wife that had driven from the | Jonas went out to his evening smoke

might have said that when one's plants "There's some sense to having have been destroyed ruthlessly one windows to sit by that you can see out | must replace them somehow even if of," mused Clarissa contentedly, gaz- one must buy hem with the tobacco Jonas' bed were full of geraniums and ing out on the strip of meandering one misses filling the old pipe with. roadway stretching bleakly away up And that would have explained the hill. "Now I can see the people times of late that Jonas had driven passing-there's Deacon Pottle com- alone to the little city down the river ing a'ready! I can tell it's the deacon and come back, past Clarissa's winby the way the horse wags his head dow and Clarissa's curious eyes, with and meeches along down the hill. a queer, humpy load 'in behind.

it's Jonas-as I live!" With a sudden accession of nervousness, Clarissa Kemp snatched a rug and hurried to the back door. Jonas and the old horse were turning into the lane. She could hear the pound, pound of clumsy, hoofs on the hard

pull down one corner across the tiers covered leads "in behind" Jonas had gone by together. She was very busy of interlocked earthen pots beside it. "I don't want it to come on him all in all the late summer and early fall sewa heap," she murmured. "Jonas has ing rags for her gay new carpet that ner parlor where nobody went and

just plodding past.

ris' early. We got through our doings

pride in it. Clarissa laughed appre-"I should say you'd moderate splen- it saved such a pile of litter and mess didly, Jonas, "she said, "but I shouldn't that way.

all of it that Alwildy didn't have. | mantel and took down his pipe and Whoa, back, Dennis!" of eagerness crept into his eyes-it under Clarissa's rug on his way back was so much like shaking hands with to the house he said nothing about an old friend again. it. It was not Jonas Kemp's way to say things. In the trig little sitting room the bared shelves and the un- jest for a little smoke." wonted inflow of sunshine across them appealed dumbly to him, and Jonas the afternoon! Jonas Kemp. you aren't answered as dumbly. His seamed losing your faculties, I hope!"

till they vibrated dismally.
"I'll go hunt Jonas up," she said

been so astonished.

looked! Then Clarissa went in. As long as

thimble, to have it "handy." "Jonas!"

cried wildly. Jonas opened his eyes and looked

"Jonas, dear Jonas, you must get right up and come into the house with me-me, Clarissy, Jonas. Don t you

quite clear again, and then he pleaded

wistfully. The tune Clarissa's heart-strings

"Ain't it -pleasant-out here - in

like it 'out here,' Jonas." The green-painted shelves had back gay purple and red fuchsias, and the cactus was there that Alwilda had loved. Her mother's spinning wheei stood on a strip of carpeting near Jonas. How pleasant it looked "out there!" How the sunshine filtered

pleased child.

Clarissa's eyes fell on a tiny litter

too."-Country Gentleman.

Horses in the Philippines are a curiosity. The few that are raised in the islands are too small to brand.

the habit of setting his dinner out on | year.

Mrs. Ann Smith of Worcester, Eng-



whose banishment the Government | A considerable majority of them re is considering, used his influence garded Peter Verigin as the new leader. with the Czar, with the result that the His conduct at this trying time appersecution of the Russian Quakers pears to have been remarkable. He ceases with their emigration to a far- refused advantageous offers made to off land. Count Tolstoi is one of the him, and set himself energetically to mightiest individual forces in Russia work to revive the old faith and the to-day, and though he dresses in the old custom of the Doukhobors. He garb of a peasant and lives upon his and they returned to vegetarianism farm engaged in the peaceful pursuit and total abstinence from intoxicants. of tilling the soil, the Russian Gov- They left off smoking. They redivided ernment fears his power more than their property voluntarily, so as to do that of any other man.

away with the distinctions between The Doukhobors believe in the pre- rich and poor, and they again began cepts, "Resist nothim that is evil," but to insist on the strict doctrine of non-

A BUILDING FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITIO. "love your enemies;" and they be- resistance. The Government felt that to have a corn kitchen and restaurant, lieve in overcoming evil with good. Peter Verigin had better be removed, in which corn bread, corn pudding, corn fritters, corn dodgers, Johnny They refuse to enter the Russian especially as the conscription was then army, believing that it is wrong to being introduced into the Caucasus. cake, succotash and all other forms prepare to kill meu, and the question, He was therefore, about twelve years of this vegetable will be served.

Pole took place in 1567.

worn out yeta He-Unless you marry me T shall go to the Klondike. She-There! Papa said you were a mere fortune-

supplanting man." "How do you make that out?" "Haven't you noticed that the man behind the throne is a woman?"

singer," said the nutmeg grater. "It beats me, my voice is so rough." "Me, too," replied the rolling pin; "I

Mr. Justice Bruce's court—that of the That watch was in an awful condition. of palaces of justice, wherever they stantly on it ever since you left it.

> our sex, but to have it misprinted into 'strong-winded' was too much." Fenderson-Do you know, I half believe Bass meant to insult me yes-

> has just come to me that he meant to insinuate that I am a beat. shivering tramp on a cold day: "Well, my man, I object to giving money, but if you come home with me I will give you an overcoat that will last you through the winter." "Overcoat! I suppose you want to ruin my busi-

"Humph!" retorted the farmer, "it

but strong expressions. Another illustration of this grim, pithy humor is given in the history of the Massachusetts town of Pelham. town, while plowing a gravelly knoll, one autumn day, had halted the oxen to rest just as a gentleman, driving a

morning and added: "May I ask you one question?"
"What is it?" answered the farmer. plowing bear?"

A Reign of Terror. A sort of reign of terror prevails in

out stopping,-New York Sun.

Cheerful Idiot. "By what right?" asked the sar-

Patient-Not always. I frequently detect just a flavor of coffee in it, -