

With Illustrations Howard Chandler Christy

The Spinning Wheel

Lonth after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the

merchants Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace; the men

were intent on their labors. Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead, Busy with breaking the globe, and mowing the grass in the meadows, Searching the sea for its fish, and

hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare Filled the air with alarm, and the ap-

prehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his

forces. Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies.

Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remoree and contrition Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current a while, but mak-

ing it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,

Solid, substantial, of timber rough hewn from the firs of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the

roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Olled to admit the light, while wind

and rain were excluded. There, too, he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:

Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from an-

noyance. Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time

Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla. Led by illusions romantic and subtile

deceptions of fancy,

Pleasure disgulzed as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling; Ever of her he thought, when he

delved in the soil of his garden; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday

Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,-How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,

How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,

How she seeketh the wool and the

flax and worketh with gladness. How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff.

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household, Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So, as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn,

Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers. As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune.

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.

Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning, Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.

Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; You are no longer Priscilla, but

Bertha, the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers; While the impetuous speaker, not

heeding the mischief, continued: You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia; She whose story I read at a stall in

the streets of Southampton. Who, as she rode on her palfrey, e'er a pattern for housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands, Hold this skein on your hands, while

I wind it, ready for knitting; Then who knows but bereafter, when fashions have changed and the

manners. Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!" Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skeln on his hands she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his his arms extended before him, She standing graceful, erect, and wind-

ing the thread from his fingers, Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding.

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares -for how could she help it?-

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body. Lo! in the midst of this scene, a

breathless messenger entered, Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village. Yes: Miles Standish was dead!-an Indian had brought them the tid-

Slain by a polsoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle.

into an ambush begulled, cut off with the whole of his forces; All the town would be burned, and all

the people be murdered!



Pressing Her Close to His Heart.

ers.

valley and meadow and moun-

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good, that her named passed into a proverb.

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer Hum in the house of the farmer, and

fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their child-

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla, the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden. Pleased with the praise of her thrift

from him whose praise was the sweetest. Drew from the reel on the table a

snowy skein of her spinning. Thus making answer, meanwhile, to

the flattering phrases of Alden: "Come, you must not be idle; if I am

struck his own, and had sundered ce and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive, Wild with excess of sensation, the

Such were the tidings of evil that

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla,

Still at the face of the speaker, her

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the

Plercing the heart of his friend had

her face looking backward

arms uplifted in horror;

barb of the arrow

burst on the hearts of the hear-

awful delight of his freedom. Mingled with pain and regret, unconsclous of what he was doing,

Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla, Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming:

Those whom the Lord hath united,

let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer.

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

these lives that had run thus far in separate channels, Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,

ing pearer and nearer, Rushed together at last, and one was

lost in the other.

Parted by barriers strong, but draw-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Had One Fasertial.

Mr. Leo-"Why did you let your daughter marry that little bandy-legged sport?" Mr. Monk-"Why, he's the best climber in the jungle, and that's quite important when food is so high."

Luke 19:3.

Deacon-"I fear it's the Sunday paper we must blame for our small morning congregations, pastor." Pastor-"Yes, many of our people are like Zaccheus, prevented from getting near our Lord by the press."-Boston Transcript.

The Meekest Man.

Our notion of the meekest man is one who is afraid to attempt borrowing a part of his salary from his wife. -Atchison Globe.

What We Live For.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for each other? -George Ellot.



Aunt Betty lived in a poor little cottage in the suburbs of the village. Her only income came from washing, though to be sure there were kindhearted people who were glad to help her out when her rheumatic spells came on and she could not use her bands. Her special patron was the merchant's daughter, Miss May Graham. As a girl of twelve Miss May used to go over to the cottage and sweep and dust and cook and cheer the patient up. She had come to be nineteen, and yet the visits continued.

One day a tin peddler came along with something besides tinware to sell. It was a tame crow. The bird could make a fair attempt at singing and talking. At least, he was a lively crow, and it was purchased to be presented to Aunt Betty, who hadn't good luck keeping a cat about the house. The bird's antics and chatter would be a diversion. Mr. Crow was tied by the leg for a week, and then he had no thought of flying away. It came to be known whose crow he was and the stone-throwing boys did not bother

Miss May had been in the city for four days, to find upon her return that Aunt Beity's hands and arms were aching with rheumatism. The doctors had said that she could never be free from the allment, but she always found temporary relief by rubbing the fresh plant of the wintergreen over the affected parts. Many and many an armful of the plant had the girl gathered. She had to go down the highway a bit and then turn saide to when the creek ran through a marshy apot. On this day she left the cottage almost on the run, and the crow followed, scolding ner for her long absence. While she gathered the plants he sat on the limb of a dead tree not far away. Presently the girl heard the chug of

an auto, but she hadn't the curiosity to look up. She heard it halt a few yards away, but it could have nothing to do with her.

"A splendid target, but I'll wager you don't hit it!"

"Three to one I do!"

Misa May straightened up in breath. There were two young men in the auto, and one had a pistol on the tame crow, who was looking down without fear.

"Don't! Don't shoot!"

It was too late. The shot rang out and the poor bird fell. Miss May flung down the plants she had gath-



ered and advanced upon the auto. Its occupants stared at her as she came. Her cheeks were red and her eyes

flashing. "You-you ruffian!" she exclaimed at the young man who still held the revolver in his band.

In her indignation she did not take notice whether he was young or old, fair or ugly. All she did notice was that he had big black eyes, and her big blue ones looked straight into them as she continued:

"It was the cruelest act I ever heard of, and you ought to be sent to prison for it!"

"Why, I have simply shot a crow!" he replied in a dazed way. "Yes, but whose crow was it! Oh,

man, it was a dastardly act!"
"Drive on!" whispered the other oung man, with a nudge of the elbow "Yes, drive on, like two cowards!"

replied the girl as she caught the words. "You have committed something almost as bad as murder, and now it's for you to sneak away!" "You are mistaken," replied the man with the big black eyes as he

lifted his cap at last and stepped down. "I-I don't understand at all. Please explain " Miss May stepped to the spot where

the dead crow lay, and picking it up in her arms she returned and said: "It was a tame crow. It belonged to poor Aunt Betty. She will cry ber

eyes out over its death."
"A tame crow? Why, I don't think ever heard of one. You see, we saw it sitting up there, and I thought I would try this new pistol. I hadn't

an idea—an idea—" "No. You thought you could shoot at anything that came in your way! You didn't happen to see me, or 1 night have been the target!" Please don't be too harsh on me. I'm willing to do anything to make

Where does this Aunt Betty live? I'll try and make it right with The girl passed him the crow, went back for her plants, and when she returned she led the way to the cottage,

crying a little and saying never a The black-eyed man walked beword. side her, while the other drove the auto to the inn. "Aunt Betty," said Miss May as the

cottage was reached, "here is a man who has shot your Dickie!"

"What! Killed my crow!" wailed the old woman.

"Madam," replied the man, "I have had that misfortune. I saw him sitting on a limb, and I supposed he was a wild crow. It was very footish of me to shoot at all, but I did, and I can't tell you how much I regret it."

But Dickle was company for me. He kept me cheered up. He was more to me than any person except May. Why, the place will be so lonely that I won't want to live any longer!"

'Won't you please speak a word for me?" asked the man of Miss May, who sat with tears in her eyes and ber lip trembling.

She brushed away the tears and looked at him for a long minute. He had a kindly face, and his eyes 1 sked the sympathy and regret he felt. went over to Aunt Betry and put her arm around her and said:

"It's too bad, but we musn't cry over it. I-1 think the gentleman will get you another tame crow, if he can find

If you will please leave it to me, was answered. "Here is my card." It was not glanced at until the win-

tergreen plants had been well rubbed Then Miss May say the address read: "Mr. Adison Bruce, N. Y. City." "He-he shot Dickle, but I like him," said the old woman as the girl.

was ready to go." "I'm sure he'll get you another

'And did you notice his eyes?"

"I saw they were black." "And he felt bad, dhin't he?" "I believe he did."

'And shooting a crow-and your pitching into him -and he coming here and begging my pardon-and he re ducing Dickle and then fulling in ove with you-is that what young felks call remance?"

"Aunt Ret, are you really going out of your mind?" was the reproof as Miss May hurried out of the house.

Mr. Adlson Bruce did not leave the village with his companion. He set fled right down there. de didn't bunt for tame crows, but he sent up town for a mocking bird, and Anat lietty received it with joy. Then, after Miss Graham had given him her name, and her father had said the Bruce fam ily was of the best, she entered into a little plot with the murderer of the tame crow. A better cottage was bought for Aunt Berry, and she was moved in to leave poverty and the washboard behind her What's a couple of thousand dollars to a rich young man who has shot a tame crow and is sorry for it, and who has at the same time found the girl of all the girls he wants for a wife?

It wasn't so many weeks ago that the happy Aunt Betty said to the sing-

Yes, I guess this is romance. If only the parior was big enough to hold you all I'd have the marriage take pince right here!"

And when the girl retorted: "What marriage! her blushes gave her

New Heat Unit.

The use of gas for heating as well as lighting has made obsolete the old unit, the candle-power, owing to the fact that this unit rates merely the bribiness of the flames, not the heating power, according to a writer in America.

Deville and more recent expert menters discovered a remarkable proportion between the light and heat of a mantle, and using this, makers are rating burners according to the units of heat given to them per unit of time in standard calories. Gas of 5,200 calories efficiency a cubic meter has been recommended as the standard.

The intest designs of burners for heat and lighting require that the gas have a fairly constant consumption, since the maximum efficiency of the burned it attained only when the reiative quantities of air and gas are closely regulated. Water gas may be added to prevent excessive variation in caloric value.

Witnesses.

Whenever the Rev. Solon Jefferson called on Aunt Candace it was her custom to set a plate of gingerbread before him and then ply him with what she called "'ligious 'spoundin's "

"Wha' fo' does de Lawd send epidemies onto de land?" she asked him one day.

"When folks gets so had dey must be removed, some of 'em, Stat' Candace, den de Lawd permits de coming ob an epidemic," said Mr. Jefferson, and took a large bite of gingerbread. "Uh-h!" said Aunt Candace. "Ef dat's so, how come de good people gets removed along wid de had ones?"

"De good ones are summonsed fo" witnesses," said the Reverend Solon, fortified in spirit and clarified in mind by the gingerbread, although slightly embarrassed in his utterance. Lawd gibs ebery man a fair trial."-Youth's Companion.

As Eagerly. "Drowning men catch at strawa." "So do thirsty men."

Roots Barks Herbs

raised to their highest eliciency in purifying and enriching the blood of they are combined in Hood's Sira-parilla. 40,365 testimonials received by sets

Hood's Sarsaparille Get it today in usual liquid form a chocolated tablets called Sarsata

The World's Islands. The Islands of the world have total length of more than 17 times circumference of the earth at a

Price 25 cents at any de

postpant,
if you need Medical advice write to have
Dectors. They will carefully diagrams para
and give you advice by mail, absolutely for Address Professor Munyon, like streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Soft Water for Good Tea.

"New York water is too hart a matren. "The use of soft water ir meeter of tea making that New Ispeople seem never to have learne Before we found that we could be soft water buttled we softened a water for making tea with a pinch soda."

HOW IS

Feel poorly most of the time - stomach bad - appetite poor - all run down? You should try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

at once. It has helped thousands who suffered SOUR STOMACH

COLDS, MALARIA and will aid yon, too.

INDIGESTION

DYSPEPSIA

Plucky Robin. In Ladybank Auction Mart, at 6 orgetic auctioneer had knocked a bit in the rostrum with his hammer. I side this hole and behind the boards a robin has built its nest, where Il now sitting on four eggs.-The Son

FROM AN **OPERATION**

By Lydia E. Pinkhami Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Jil.—"I wish to let every exknow what Lydia E. Pinkham's east dies have done is me. For two real I suffered. The extors said I had not remedy was the exgeon's knife. I will be a Lydia E. Pinkham's east of the expensive said I had not remedy was the exgeon's knife. I will be a Lydia E. Pinkham's very extensive said I had not remedy was the exgeon's knife. I will be a Lydia E. Pinkham's very extensive said I had not remedy was the expensive said I had not remedy was the expensive said I had not remedy and the extensive said I had not remedy and the exten

am a heattaf man. For men I suffered free flammation, and your sanative Waln lieved me. Your Liver Fills have equal as a cathartic. Any ene wish troof of what your medicines he proof of what your medicines and done for me can get it from any first or by writing to me. You can st my testimonial in any way you wand I will be glad to answer letters. Mrs. Christina Reed, 105 Mounds, Peoria, Hl.

Another Operation Aveided Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years informed from severe female troubs.

Finally I was confined to my bell in the doctor said an operation was not sary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's vertable Compound a trial first is was saved from an operation." I LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St. M. Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited is timony confidently pouring in proconclusively that Lydia E. Pinkiss Vegetable Compound is a remarkly remedy for those distressing femilis ills from which so many women sufficiently. Orleans, La.





The Light Foot on the Treadle Grew Swifter.