



SARAH SAVED THE DAY.

JACKSON SMITH had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carving knife.

His next aversion to a Democrat was an old maid. In the old maid was even more odious to him. The Democrat he could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or pickling quills, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth had gone, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told him that his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance—we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggin, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" And Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over." And putting on her pink sun-bonnet she went out the back door.

When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and, while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin; he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty. Henry Hodge is home, but he drinks so that there's no dependence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John Howard, but—!" and her face grew pink. "I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and giving a jerk to her sunbonnet she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching, he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes; Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n two or three days, and—Oh, John, he's awful!"

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"

"Oh, you don't understand, John; he's going to leave everything to—Jackson Goggin, and mother'll have to leave the place, she'll have to go!"

"You can't mean it, Sarah? Why—why, that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates old maids." And her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—Oh, John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—come up to the house, and—let me be married—just until after we are married—I wouldn't be so very wrong, John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home—"

She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold against me; I couldn't see any other way. Good-by, John." She was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp; he'd see right through it, but if—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah—we could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way I could. Sarah, it's high noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again.

"I understand it, Sarah. Don't fear."

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy." And Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business for you, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west

when John Howard and Sarah returned from the square.

"Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd rather you'd tell him if you don't mind," Sarah said.

John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had."

"It's the bridle heifer," interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like a rascally Democrat to shoot a neighbor's heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cutthroats—but I'll leave it in my will. Jackson Goggin shall law and law until—"

He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over the bridle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

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amaze, and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered.—Chicago Record.

STATISTICS ABOUT THE SEA.

Curious Figures About Its Weight, Depth and Volume.

I intend to take my revenge on the sea for the past indignities suffered from him and to deal deliberately in personalities about him. Inviting to my side his many victims who have suffered the like indignities, I propose that we weigh, measure and gauge him, battle him, play games with him and show him up generally—for, like most bullies, he is a bit of a humbug. For our attack on the sea we shall want a few facts to start from, and here they are:

We take the statements of four good men of science, a geographer, an astronomer, a physicist, a statistician, add the statements, divide by four, and arrive at the result that the surface of the sea is 139,400,000,000,000 square miles, its weight 1,332,000,000,000,000 tons and its volume 322,000,000,000 cubic miles. A like process will tell us that the average depth of the sea is 12,000 feet more than two and one-quarter miles, and we know that one cubic foot of him weighs over sixty-four pounds avoirdupois, i. e., about four and one-half stone, or as much as a small child 8 or 10 years of age. From these figures Mr. Schoelling deduces that the sea is simply nowhere when we compare it with the land of this planet as regards the solid quantities of weight, depth and volume.

"Only in the superficial quality of surface does the sea beat the land. As to beauty, there is infinitely more of it and in much greater variety, on the land than on the sea. To further emphasize the magnificence of the sea we will now put it into a jelly mold—one of those thin, ornamental tin shapes you see in the kitchen dresser. For this experiment I have dug out all the inside of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from its surface all the way down to the center of the earth (3,000 miles), and have thus made the largest jelly mold known—or rather two of them, for Ireland forms a shape by itself, although, at bottom, it is firmly joined to England, Wales and Scotland. Now, this jelly mold would be large enough to hold just one-half of all the sea of this planet, so that a pair of

Dear Madam:

Your grocer is authorized

to pay you back your money

if you don't like Schilling's

Best baking powder.

No questions asked.

San Francisco, A. Schilling & Company

New Shoebrush.

Shoe brushes are being manufactured

with convolutions of fabric covering the

bristles and held in place by wires be-

tween the rows of bristles, the cloth

polishing better than the brush and not

wearing out as rapidly.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons

stand the racket. Three more car loads are

on the way. It pays to have the best.

Write for free catalogues. J. M. Kline, Inc.,

sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Port-

land, Ore.

In fasting feats the sect of Jains, in

India, is far ahead of all rivals.

Fasts of from 80 to 40 days are very

common, and once a year they are said

to abstain from food for 75 days.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness

after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great

Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial

bottle and treatise. DR. J. C. KLINE, M.D., 180

Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The action of castor oil, supposed

by some experiments to depend upon

a body from the castor seeds suspended

in the oil, has been found by Meyer to

be due to the rinoic acid of the oil itself.

I know that my life was saved by Pilo's

Cure for consumption.—John A. Miller,

At Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1885.

Scarpology is the art of reading char-

acter from the shoe soles. According

to a Swiss physician, a symmetrically

worn heel and sole indicate an en-

ergetic, faithful, well-balanced charac-

ter. Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

When dead bodies are entered as a

cargo on a ship, they are often recorded

on the invoices as "statuary" or "nat-

ural history specimens," to allay the

superstitious fears of the crew.

Mr. Maxim's new gun will throw a

ton of wet compressed gun cotton five

miles, with the effect of destroying

everything afloat within the space of

132,025 feet of where it falls.

A seven-foot granite monument in the

Upper Harz, Germany, has an iron

tablet inscribed: "Here, in the year

1847, the first trials were made with

the cultivation of the potato."

Cut flowers can be tinted almost any

color by means of aniline dyes which

are absorbed with the water.

Dr. Albert C. Peale reports to the

government that there are 8,323 known

Have No Stomach

Said a jolly man of 40, of almost alder-

manic rotundity, "since taking Hood's

Sarsaparilla." What he meant was that

this grand digestive tonic had so com-

pletely cured all distress and disagreeable

digestive symptoms that he lived, ate and

slept in comfort. You may be put into this

delightful condition if you will take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Music for Invalids.

Miss Anna Estell Wilson, of New

York, has found a decidedly novel co-

operation. She prepares music for in-

valids. She says that although the

healing power of music is yet only

dimly perceived, nevertheless physi-

cians acknowledge that its proper use

produces highly beneficial effects. Un-

der the influence of certain kinds of

music the nerve cells, if depleted or too

relaxed, may be stimulated to more

vigorous action, and the result that the

character will diminish too great ner-

vous activity and tend to produce a

condition of peace and restfulness. Several

physicians commend Miss Wil-

son's system. She does not say any-

thing about how many different dis-

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house is capable of producing in a very

short time.

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WAR AS AN EDUCATOR.

What She Had Not Learned Was Not

War, but Living.

She was a winsome young wife, all

sweetness and pink skirt waist.

"Oh, Harold," she twittered over the

newspaper, "it is perfectly dreadful to

have a war and to read in the news-

papers day after day of how the poor

soldiers are being killed, wounded and

missing, but it is an ill wind that blows

none of us good, and while there must

be all kinds of horrors, there is in it

all an education for many who would

not otherwise be educated."

He had never heard her talk in such

a strain before, and he was greatly

surprised, not to say alarmed.

"Why, dear," he replied, noting her

color, "what is it?"

"I was thinking, Harold, what we