

A LITTLE FARTHER ON.

Just a little farther on—just a little farther on—
Oh, the happy days that lure us, when these days of stress are gone!
Days of restfulness and pleasure, days of garnered joy and treasure,
All the harvest-homes of dreamland—just a little farther on.

What a hope to keep them smiling, faces
wistful, faces wan!
What a spur to faint endeavor, till the
crushing task is done!
Ah, 'twould be a sorry showing life would
make for God's bestowing
If the good time did not beckon—just a
little farther on.

Just a little farther on, just a little farther
on,
In the joy we've almost tasted, is the
crown we've almost won.
Ply the task a little stronger, stay the
arm a little longer;
We shall grasp the shining guerdon—just
a little farther on.

Ab, the fleeting Farther On! ah, the
cheating Farther On!
Fairy lantern in the twilight, when the
summer day is done,
Though we never overtake it, we can
never quite forsake it;
While it glimmers it beguiles us—just a
little farther on.

But there is a Farther On, aye, there is a
Farther On
In the uttermost sweet country, where no
mortal foot has gone,
By-and-by, beyond all seeming, we shall
come to life's redeeming,
Come to all that faith has promised—just
a little farther on!

—Orange Judd Farmer.

THE LAKE RACE.

RANDOLPH was paddling with strong, even strokes through the placid waters of the little harbor. The wooded hills rose round him on three sides, while out before him lay the open lake. There were no sounds but the dip of his paddle and the melancholy cry of a distant loon, until suddenly came the slip and quick rush of falling rocks and earth, and at the same moment the cry of "Boy, boy, help!"

Randolph turned his canoe and paddled rapidly toward the shore whence these sounds had come, and there he found a laughing girl, already shaking herself free from the dirt and debris that had accompanied her fall.

"No, I'm not hurt," she said, merrily. "But when I called I was sure I was going to be! I was enviously watching you paddle, from the Indian's



PASSING THE BOAT.

Head up there, and suppose the recent rains have undermined the old fellow's constitution so that my weight proved too much for him. His nose and I tumbled off together. I don't see how I'm ever to get back to the road from here—it's just straight up!"

"If you are staying over Woodhaven way, I can paddle you around; it's just the other side of this long point."

"Oh, how lovely—for I've never been in a canoe—and haven't had a chance till now! Yes, we're at the Woodhaven Inn. I've learned to swim this summer, and I have a rowboat, but there isn't a canoe anywhere around the lake that I can get—and I did want one dreadfully!"

"Then perhaps you'd like to try paddling now? If you would, I'll go back for an extra paddle. I'm one of the boys at Professor Williams' camp, just over there."

The girl was delighted at his suggestion, and soon Randolph had returned with another paddle, and the two started out slowly and at first quite cautiously. But the girl immediately took the motion with the easy grace of one used to out-of-door sport, and the boy behind her regarded her with the honest admiration that he would have felt for another boy.

"Randolph Murray," read the girl from the paddle that she was using. "Is that your name? Mine is Teresa Whiting, but everybody calls me Terry."

"And they call me Rand," said the boy. "Say, Terry, if you and I could get some good practice together, and enter the races week after next, I believe we could win the cup! You have a fine stroke; you paddle just like a boy."

"Oh!" cried Terry, "if papa were here he'd let me! And I really think mamma will not object, for I've never done anything in my life I liked half so well as this."

And in the sudden exuberance of her spirits Terry came near upsetting the canoe.

"Say, you mustn't do that!" said Rand; and Terry promised to restrain all such ebullitions of delight in future.

When Mrs. Whiting saw her daughter, who had started out for a "tramp over the hills," returning in a canoe with a strange boy, she wondered what Terry would be doing next. And when the strange boy and her own "odd little girl," as she called her, came to her with their startling request, she fairly gasped for breath.

But before she gave an answer either

way Mrs. Whiting asked the boy a number of questions, and when she had learned that he was the son of an old acquaintance and that his mother was boarding at a farm house not far from Prof. Williams' camp, she was very much inclined to give her consent at once. However, she told Randolph to come around in his canoe the next morning, and if she had decided then to let Terry enter for the race, he would find her ready to practice with him.

That afternoon Mrs. Whiting called upon and renewed her acquaintance with Mrs. Murray, and the ladies paid a short visit to the professor's camp.

Needless to say that upon her mother's return Terry received the desired permission, and then "the fun of her life" began. Every day Randolph paddled around from the camp, and they practiced together long and faithfully. As the day of the contest drew near Terry became more and more confident, while her mother grew more nervous.

"Terry, remember that you and Rand are going to compete with older boys and girls, who have been in these races before. And then, too, Rand is going to compete in the first race, and that will tire him; so you have only a very little chance of winning."

"We have every chance of winning, mamma! You don't know what we can do! Just wait and see."

At last the great day came. The sky was cloudless, and the quiet lake, long before the appointed hour, began to take on a gala-day appearance. Little boats arrived from everywhere, bringing spectators and participants by threes and fours. Teams drove in from all the country round, and the pretty wooded shores were lined with groups of pleasure seekers and eager lookers-on.

There was some delay before the first race was called. Then, "Canoe race, single," was announced, and four canoes went swiftly to the starting place. Through a glass Randolph could be plainly seen, his canoe being the second from the left.

And now the race began. The four dark specks shot forward, growing larger and more distinct as they advanced.

Rand was a little in the lead, but the next canoe gained upon him, and the third was but a paddle's length behind. One had dropped back so far that it had no chance at all.

Rand leads them still. Terry's eager eyes are fixed upon him; he has never paddled so well as now. But what is the matter with the next boy to him? He has changed his course; his canoe shoots forward obliquely; he is getting in Rand's way! Their paddles clash; the rival canoes dart forward; the one just behind has gained, and Rand, recovering his stroke, come in third. With his hand upraised to the judges he cries, "A foul!" But his protest is unheeded, and last year's winner, through transparent trickery, has carried off the prize.

Great was the indignation of Mrs. Murray over the manner of her boy's defeat; bitter was Mrs. Whiting's self-reproach that she had consented to her daughter's taking part in these races. But Terry, with blazing eyes, had left her mother's side and gone to Rand.

"Unfair, unjust!" she cried out hotly, "and the winner and the judges know that it is! You ought to have that cup—but never mind; we'll win our race; we'll show them what we can do; and not one of them can touch us!"

Rand looked at her, and the color slowly came back to his white face. Unconsciously he straightened himself up and his weariness and discouragement left him.

"Yes, Terry; we shall win!" he said. The afternoon wore on. Some of the races were very amusing, and the spectators were still laughing over the tubs, which had upset, and the wet boys were splashing merrily in towards the shore when "mixed double canoe race" was called.

Six canoes were soon in line, each with its crew of girl and boy. Terry's scarlet waist could be seen from the very start by all on shore. And now Mrs. Murray could hardly control her anxiety and nervousness, while Mrs. Whiting seemed on the verge of tears.

Forward came the canoes—in an even line it seemed—but no, for Terry's scarlet waist was ever so little in the lead. Their paddles flash in unison; clockwork is not more true! But the next canoe is gaining steadily upon them—and they have almost reached the line.

Oddly enough, Terry is the coolest one of all the contestants, and just as she has talked to Rand when the two were practicing together, she is talking now.

"We can do it, Rand! That's fine! Keep right on! Don't change till the very last minute! You know the words we agreed on—all ready, now—"

"Then!"

They have made the change; their paddles dip and flash now on the opposite sides; their tired muscles are relieved, fresh ones come into play; their canoe shoots forward half its length beyond its nearest rival—

And the line is crossed!

A shout of applause rises from the shore, and Terry raises her paddle above her head with a little cry of triumph.

"First prize won by Miss Teresa Whiting and Randolph Murray!" is announced, and two silver cups are handed, one to each—Philadelphia Times.

Gallio.

"Do you retract," demanded the inquisitor, "your statement that the world moves?"

"Yes," faltered Gallio. As he was led away by a sergeant of police, the philosopher darted a furtive glance of defiance at his persecutors. "Everything goes," he muttered.—Harlem Life.

Of the various school exercises the small boy prefers the kind he gets during recess.

CARRIED OFF THE BRIDE.

Strange Misadventure that Befell a Chinese Damsel.

The way of Oriental brides would scarcely suit their Occidental sisters. In China a bride usually rides in a richly embroidered red sedan chair, decorated with flowers, and hired for the occasion.

Not long ago in Canton city a man hired a chair to carry his bride to his homestead in the suburbs. The distance was great and the hour late. When the four chair coolies and the lantern bearers arrived at their destination the chair containing the bride was deposited outside the doorway to await the auspicious hour selected for opening the door to admit the bride and the coolies adjourned to an opium den; and, as they had traveled a long way and were tired, they soon fell asleep. How long they dozed they knew not, but on awakening they returned and found the bridal chair outside the doorway. They came to the not unnatural conclusion that the bride had already entered the household and that the chair was left there for them to take back to the city. Since they had all received their pay in advance they did not stop to make further inquiries, but hurried home with the chair, put it in a loft, and, rolling themselves up in their beds, slept the sleep of the just. In the meantime the bridegroom heard the bridal party arrive, but had to await the stroke of the auspicious hour before welcoming the bride. At last the candles were lit, incense sticks were lighted, the new rice and vands for entertaining the bride were served, the parents-in-law put on their best suits and so did the bridegroom and, with much pomp and ceremony, the door was thrown wide open; but as far as the lanterns' light would reach, there was not a trace of the bridal chair or bride, nor a single soul to be seen. Great was their consternation, and it became greater still as they concluded that bandits must have kidnapped the bride and would hold her for ransom. The district officer was aroused, the case was reported to the village justice of the peace and search parties were sent out in every direction.

The famous natural bridge of Virginia is situated in Rockbridge County and spans the mountain chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, the bed of which is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty feet at its juncture with the vast abutments.



DISCOVERY OF THE BRIDE.

The bridegroom, though distracted, had sense enough to rush to the city and make inquiries of the chair bearers. The coolies were dumfounded and explained what they had done. Together they climbed to the loft, opened the door of the chair and found the demure-looking bride, long imprisoned and half starved, but still appearing to her best advantage in her beautiful bridal gown. The bride appeared to have known that she was being carried backward and forward, but could not protest, because it is the custom for brides not to open their lips till the marriage ceremony is performed. Hence all the trouble.

ALL WERE SELF-CONVICTED.

Georgia Lawyers Handed Over Their Guns with Singular Unanimity.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of \$50 or being imprisoned for thirty days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the courthouse.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of this law pass unnoticed. I ought perhaps to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of \$1 down here I will let him off this time."

The Judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled six-shooter and laid it with a dollar down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the Judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the Judge, who repeated his former observation. The process went on until nineteen pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with nineteen dollars by their side. The Judge laughed as he complimented the nineteen delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not come up and, glancing at the far side of the court, he continued:

"I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court rose and began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down

their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the Judge said: "This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."—New York Press.

Reading Manuscripts.

It would be a revelation to the young writers who complain that every word of their stories is not read, to see how fast an experienced and conscientious editor can, at times, go through a big pile of essays, stories or poems. The title is often enough, and he would say, "We don't want an article on that subject." The next article begins with a page or two of commonplace introduction, and that is thrown aside in half a minute's inspection, without turning more than the next page. The next is written in the first person, and peppered with "I's." "We don't want that egotistical stuff." The first verse of this poem has false meter and is tossed aside. The next begins in school-girl style, with "dove" and "love"; it is not read through. Of the next the editor reads ten lines. It is simply a dull description of a stream in a forest—not wanted. The next poem begins in a fresh way, seems to be constructed according to the rules, is pretty good. It is put one side to see if other better poems will crowd it out. The next is a story. The first page is promising, but the second shows a coarse strain, and the reading stops there. Another story follows. The beginning is not promising, but a glance at the middle and end shows a marked improvement, and it is laid aside for a more critical examination. In half an hour twenty articles are passed upon, and with sufficient good judgment, for a minute to a manuscript is often more than it needs.

Virginia's Natural Bridge.

The famous natural bridge of Virginia is situated in Rockbridge County and spans the mountain chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, the bed of which is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty feet at its juncture with the vast abutments.



AN INDIAN PRINCE.

Away off in India lives a young prince of 18 years, whose father was a baron and owned an estate of twenty-one villages a few miles from Ajmere. When the baron died his young son, Maharaja Siwai Jey Singh, succeeded him as ruler over the state of Ulwar, which is noted for its schools, its two excellent regiments, its orange

A Story of Bismarck.

Bismarck was for some time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. Upon one occasion, when questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent retort, whereupon the embryo Chancellor exclaimed, angrily: "If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room!" "Young man," said the Judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and that if there is any kicking to be done the court will do it." "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

Testing the Cleanness of Air.

Prof. Dewar has recently devised a new method of testing the contamination of air. A short time ago he exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes—one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid. The other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture-room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance.

"Polly Con."

An old lady lately asked President Hadley of Yale—he tells the story himself—what he was teaching. To his reply, "Economics," she said, thoughtfully:

"Oh, you teach the students to be economical. That is good. When I was a young lady they never learned to be economical until they got married."

The True Condition.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who lend?

Griggs—No, sir! My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Jersey Lightning is about the only kind

that ever strikes in the same place.

The man who distrusts his neighbor will bear watching.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quiet Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Canning Children.

"In the quiet of the early morning," said the naturalist, "the housefly makes its toilet, and if one wants to see an interesting proceeding let him watch the fly while it is thus engaged. Its toilet making takes nearly a quarter of an hour.

"The fly begins by brushing its head with the tarsi and blade of its forelegs. After a thorough combing and brushing of the head and rubbing of the face the operation is carried on systematically from the head down the left side, the two front legs first being carefully rubbed and dressed after the head cleaning. The second leg on the left hand side is then taken in hand, and held well forward, is thoroughly manipulated by the tarsi and blade of the forelegs, which means by the articulated feet and the shin or front part of the legs. In the cleaning of this leg the fly's proboscis also plays an active part, supplying moisture and distributing it. The second leg on that side being satisfactorily massaged and manicured, the left hind legs are next in line for treatment. The dressing of these is done by the leg just manipulated, one at a time. The fly brushes and rubs with this leg, frequently passing it forward to have it cleansed in turn by the forelegs and moistened by the proboscis.

"As soon as the left hind legs are in a condition satisfactory to the fly, they in turn are brought into service as toilet brushes. They alone are used in brushing the under surface of the wings. While doing this the legs are passed forward after every few strokes, to be in turn cleansed by the leg in front of them of whatever foreign substances they removed from the wings. The cleaning of the under surface and the fore edges of the wings being finished, the fly starts in to do up its right side. Its head having been stampeded at the beginning, needs no more attention, but the front legs and feet have another overhauling before work is resumed. The only thing to do on the right side, though, is to massage and manicure the second leg on that side, and for some reason this is done more lightly and apparently less thoroughly than in the case of the companion leg on the left side. After it is done, what seems to be the most important part of the entire proceeding is performed. This is the dressing of the upper surface of the wings. This is done by drawing them longitudinally many times between the two hind legs, which are frequently manipulated during the operation by both the right and second left leg, to which the proboscis contributes of whatever it possesses of use in the manipulation. When this treatment of the wing is completed they glisten like polished silver."

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MAHARAJA SIVAI JEY SINGH.

groves and its fine stables of imported horses.

Splendid tigers are found in Ulwar, and many an exciting hunt did the baron give his visitors. The present chief has inherited his father's love of sport, is an excellent rider, and is fond of polo and cricket. His English guardian has had him carefully educated, and in a few years, when he comes of age, he will begin the absolute rule of 3,000,000 people.

A Little Hero.

There is a four-year-old little boy in the hospital in New York City, who is a hero with real nerve. If ever there was one, Peter Jackson is his name, and every morning he called for his 3-year-old playmate, "Aggie" Ward, and went with her to the kindergarten school, bringing her home safely when school was out.

The other day, when they started home at noon, Peter waited until he thought it was safe to cross, and then, holding Aggie tightly by the hand, he started.

Just then a baker's wagon came tearing around the corner, and Peter, seeing his danger, tried to go back, but he was too late. The two little ones were run over and Peter's left leg and arm were broken, while Aggie, too, had a broken arm.

Peter was picked up by willing hands and an ambulance was called, but as he was carried away he called out: "I'm not hurt; it's Aggie. Please

pick Aggie up. Her mamma's scared."

Even when he was placed in the ambulance beside him, it was only when she was taken home, while Peter the 4-year-old hero, will be few days.

Four Little Travelers. Mary Alicia set forth for the north. To see where the sun comes from. And Edward Delancey went westward the north.

To search for a polar pup. Margaret Anna repaired to the north. Where oranges flourish, and And Thomas Augustus struck west.

Where gold mines and diamonds. 'Tis a very strange thing that relate. Concerning these travelers. But the very next morning. They were safe in their beds. —Youth's Companion.

Who Can Solve It? "These examples what's medicines aren't any good," said who doesn't like school, "Why to know is, if I trade my top and six marbles and then top for a mouth organ and then for an apple and a jewelry, eat the apple, how much do I

Margie Had Reason. "I wish I was a great big mamma," said little 3-year-old. "Why do you wish that?" mother. "Cause," replied little miss, "then I would get lots of sugar put into me."

The Rainy Day Came. "Where is the money you put up last week, Tommy?" "Why, auntie, father said save it up for a rainy day, rainy day yesterday, and so I

Didn't Want to Run. "Mamma," said little 4-year-old, as his mother was giving bath, "be sure and wipe me so I won't get rusty."

The Farmer's Lot. The farmer is a happy man—don't you know. He doesn't have a thing to cry and reap and sow. He sleeps till 4 o'clock every goes about his tasks. Gets three square meals every day, that is all he asks.

He hires a man to do his work. Can raise the price, Feeds him on pork and jobbing toes, mush and rice. When autumn glides the tower comes to town and road. And settles up his winter's ing his notes.

He always has one suit of often he has two. For footwear he prefers a boot wears a shoe. And when the summer comes duds to "scrape the best. And doesn't have to don his he sits down to rest.

He keeps a wagon and a span to drive to town. His wife was never known to a gingham gown. His children, too, are fat they're not brought up. And never cry all night little stomachs ache.

He needs no money in his credit's always good. He takes the weekly paper for it in wood. The merchants furnish him and groceries as well. Because they know some of some pork or wheat.

Ah, happy is the man who the farm, apart. From noisy cities, crowded commerce's busy mart. Serene he lives nor gives hoarding piles of gold. My dearest hope is that have a farm myself. —Utica Globe.

The First Jewish Lord Rothschild has just his fifty-ninth birthday. Is the male heir of old Rothschild, the founder of the family. The latter an English subject, and Lord Rothschild was the old Meyer. For twenty Rothschild sat in the House as member for Aylesbury 1885 he was promoted to the first Jew to receive the was Mr. Gladstone who innovation, but Lord Rothschild follower of Lord Salisbury.

Extent of Mississippi. The levees on both sides of Mississippi are of sufficient they were built in a single they would be about long enough to stretch part of the distance between leans and New York. They a bank of earth about wide at the base, eight feet top and thirteen or fourteen The Chinese wall would be tation as a wonder in comparison, and they have millions of dollars.

At a Divan. Mamma—Now, Robbie, to church you must behave. Robbie—But I can't. Many women think nothing without a husband. And when they get one nothing with him.

No man can successfully a girl if there is a cuckoo room. The proper way to man to sit on him.