In a blaze of golden sunshine. Sabbath morning sunshine gay, Laughed a girl with bair all glory, Fresh young face and eyes of gray. Head uplifted, red lips parted, Caroled she of faith's desire, Sang she with a voice of heaven-That was Molly in the choir.

In a flood of chastened glory, Great white light from out the West, Stood a woman, loveliest, fairest, In her face her soul expressed, With a voice that pierced the stillness, Chastened sweetness rising higher, Sang she with a voice of heaven-That was Molly in the choir.

In the gloom of winter, beating 'Gainst the pane fierce storm and sleet, Stands a woman, sorrow-laden, With a face resigned and sweet Still that voice that rises clearly Thrills all hearts with holy fire; Well she's used her gift from heaven-That is Molly in the choir. -American Farmer.

A HUNDRED-

DOLLAR BILL.

T ELP me think. I have got to do something. I feel so so responsible," Peggy out her chin: "I do hope, Peggy Crayleave you a hundred-dollar bill. You ain't good for anything in the world since your father brought it home."

"If he had just taken it with him!" Peggy sighed; "mother wanted him to, but he said it was safer here. As if anybody would think of picking pockets at a wedding! And they won't be back until almost midnight. It's ten miles at least to Cousin Fanny Gorham's.

"I never saw a hundred-dollar bill. Let me look at yours-if you know where it is," Mabel said, almost pensively. Peggy gave her red skirts an airy flirt, saying: "Of course I know where it is. Do you reckon they would not tell me, so I couldn't get it first thing if the house should catch fire?"

"I thought maybe they hid it until they could buy you those two cows with it," Mabel answered, meekly. Peggy smiled, but said, austerely: "Mother said I must not be vain and purseproud, and I don't mean to be; but it will be nice to have \$1,000 all my own when I'm 21. And father says he will give me the keep of the cows for ed in to them. "If you've been fooling the calves, so the milk and butter in eight years will make me a nice little agely. "You had that hundred dollars

"Oho! You're like the milkmaid over in the back of the spelling book," Mabel | you hear? I'm bound to get away." broke in. Peggy grew very sober. "It's thinkin' about her makes me so uneasy," she said. "Suppose something should go with the money. You know in the story books something always does happen to the money, when it is take care of it."

"You surely ain't 'fraid of robbers?" Mabel laughed. "There never was one in the county, father says. Nor tramps

"You never can tell what's going to happen," Peggy said. "Anyway, I'm goin' to get out the money, and we'll study up where we'll put it, so it shall be perfectly safe."

I thought it would be ever so big," as Peggy secret drawer and drew out a bit of It flat on the desk and traced the figures with eager, happy fingers. "You see it's hundred all right!" Peggy said, with a note of triumph which she tried vainly to subdue. Mabel squinted at it eritically. "If I was you I'd pin it tight to my underbody," she said, "then it couldn't get lost, and nobody could find it."

"That won't do at all. Of course, robbers would look in our clothes first thing, after they didn't find it in the desk," Peggy answered. "Besides, we're goin' in the orchard for a basket of sweetings, and it might work loose."

"Oh, I know where it'll be safe! Let's put it under Seraphine's new face before we sew it on. Nobody in the world would ever find it there," Mabel cried. Peggy heard her almost with envy. Seraphine was her biggest doll, a stout, bunchy rag damsel, who had a new staring, clean, white countenance every year of her life. If the bill, neatly folded, made her face somewhat bloated, as Mabel said, nobody that ever lived would guess the reason for it. Peggy added, "We mustn't put her away in the closet, or a drawer. That might make the robbers think-we'll just throw her there on the window seat, where we can keep an eye on her, and we will look like we had been playing with her and had dropped her."

"Yes," Mabel nodded, "and if anything comes we'll pick her up and slip out to the orchard. They never can find us if we get up high where the leaves are so thick in the tops of the trees."

"Let's go there right now! I'm apple hungry," Peggy said, reaching for the basket. Mabel picked up Seraphine, but Peggy said with emphasis, "Mabel Bert, is that all the sense you have got? Suppose we met the robbers right at the praise. door as we came back? They'd know right off we had a reason for lugging Seraphine around!"

"They'd just think we were fond of her. I am!" Mabel said stoutly, cuddling Seraphine and smoothing her red skirts affectionately. But Peggy snatched the doll and flung her against the window seat with a resounding thump. then banged the door behind her and ran with Mabel for the apples.

They were gone only a minute-at least it seemed so to themselves, but when they got back a tall man hallooed

"Say! Come here you young misses!

Are the people at this place all dead or asleep? My name is John Dutch-I've come twenty miles to fetch 'Squire Crayshaw that filly he said he'd buy last week."

"You'll have to come in and wait, Mr. Dutch. He won't be home for ever so long," Peggy said, hospitably, setting open the door. Mr. Dutch shook his head. "Can't wait," he said, but got down from his horse and led through the yard gate a haltered filly, the very prettiest thing on four hoofs Peggy had ever seen. The filly pulled back, then nipped at Dutch as though angry, but when Mabel ran up to her she put down her dainty head to be stroked.

"She is mad with you because you made her come too fast. See how her flanks heave," Peggy said. Dutch smiled oddly as he answered: "I had to come fast. I am bound to go back to-night, and the days are short now. Say, miss, didn't your father leave the money for me? I can't well go without It-the filly, you see, is just partly mine, and 'tother fellow's a cross-grained chap that don't trust anybody."

"He didn't leave any money at all but my hundred dollars," Peggy said, trying to speak carelessly. Dutch laughed again. "Funny!" he said, "but that's just the price of this beauty. She's worth double, but I-well, I don't like to be partner with a skinflint. Suppose said to Mabel, who answered, sticking you buy the beast, seein' the 'Squire ain't here-and then tell him if he shaw, nobody else won't never die and | wants her, why! he must give you two hundred."

"Oh, Peggy! Don't!" Mabel said eagerly, but Peggy frowned at her. "Don't you mind her, Mr. Dutch," she said. "Of course, I'll give you the money. Father must have forgotten you were coming, but I won't make him pay me quite two hundred. That wouldn't be fair-would it?"

"Anything's fair in a horse trade," Dutch said. "But let's finish our bargain. I must be movin' fast. Get the money, please, while I write a receipt."

"In just a minute," Peggy said, leading the way to her father's desk. As Dutch sat down he looked apprehensively over his shoulder through the open door, and said almost in a whisper: "Make haste."

Hand in hand, Peggy and Mabel ran to find Scraphine. Scraphine had vanished. Yet the room was undisturbed, the windows fast, the door securely latched, Tipsy, the white kitten, sleeping peacefully beside the fire. The children looked at each other, awestruck, then began to cry. Dutch dartme you'll be sorry for it," he said sav--I know it-I know about your aunt's will. Give it to me. Quick! Quick! Do

"Hardly-when you leave a stolen filly plain to view," a man said, stepping behind Dutch and seizing both wrists. Dutch struggled hard, but was promptly knocked down by the Sheriff and his deputies, who had been hot on left at home with nobody but girls to the trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snapped the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to botch things this way. I suppose, though, you have grown careless-as you had stolen seven horses and got away with them, you thought you'd make the riffle with

the eighth, no matter what you did." "How did he get my hundred dollar bill? Make him tell. Make him give it "Why! It's just like any other bill, back. He stole it while we were in the orchard," Peggy cried, shrilly. The Sheriff looked significantly at Hankther's desk, touched the spring of the ins. Hankins shook his head. "I came after it," he said, defiantly, "but sure crisp green paper. Together they spread as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a-never caught me. The stock's dead beat-I'd a-left it and struck for the railroad. I knew you were not two miles behind."

Search proved that he told the truth. When the Sheriff had taken him away, Peggy and Mabel ransacked the premises. They looked under the beds, in every drawer and cuddy, the kitchen closet, the woodshed, even the pigeon house, the chicken coop and the pumpshed. "I don't believe it could have got to the barn," Peggy said despairingly, "and the cellar door is locked fast and tight," Mabel added, through sympathetic tears. Still they searched spasmodically, with no appetite for anything but sweetcake, until 'Squire Cravshaw and his wife came home from the wedding. They brought a great bundle of goodles, the sight of which consoled Mabel to such an extent that Peggy said, between sobs: "I wouldn't sit there and gorge load pound-cake, Mabel Bert, if you had-

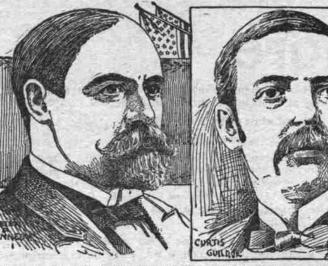
had lost-your whole fortune." Just as she said it there came a queer lumbering pit-pat on the kitchen stairs, which ran up in one corner and led to a low, dark closet. Peggy and Mabel had looked it through as best they might by light of the stable lantern, turning inside out everything but Bose's box bed beside the warm chimney, in which Bose himself, most waggish of shepherd pupples, lay curled into a fuzzy ball. Bose was coming down the stairs now, moving sidewise, with something scarlet and heavyish in his mouth. At sight of his master he tumbled down the last three steps, dashed across the floor and laid the something at his feet, wagging his tall and looking up, as if for a word of

"Why, it's Scraphine! He carried her off to his bed!" Mabel screamed. Peggy had her arms about the puppy's neck. "Oh, you darling! You saved my hundred dollar bill!" she cried.-Cincinnati

Commercial Gazette. When a woman has mashed potatoes for dinner, it indicates that she has worked awfully hard: potatoes have to be peeled and boiled and mashed, as they don't come in cans.

There is always a quarrel going on as to which is the more fickle, men or women. Both are so fickle that they should be ashamed of themselves.

ECONOMIC COMMISSION FOR UNCLE SAM'S COLONIES.







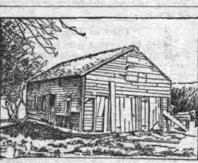
The new colonial commission, which is to have general supervision of the affairs of the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, is composed of three men from the three States of Ohio, Michigan and Massachusetts. Gen. Robert Patterson Kennedy is the former Congressman from the Eighth District of Ohio. He served in the armies of West Virginia, the Potomac, the Cumberland and the Shenandoah. When he was mustered out he returned to his home at Bellefontaine and became a lawyer. He was internal revenue collector in 1878 and lieutenant governor of Ohio in 1885. He is prominent as a jurist in Charles W. Watkins, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been long well known to Secretary Alger, who feels he can rely implicitly on the sound judgment of the colonial commissioner from Michigan, as well as on that of the two other gentlemen who make up its personnel. The third member of the commission, Lieut, Col. Curtis Guild Jr., of Boston, is engaged in Cuba as inspector general on the staff of Gen. Lee. Col. Guild is a son of the editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin and is well known in Massachusetts.

The commission's headquarters will be located in Washington. The peculiar functions of the commission will be more economic than political. They will concern the granting of franchises, the supervision of public works and of engineering enterprises, which are now rapidly multiplying in the new territories, with a promise of development in the future that is not less than appalling to the war office.

GOVERNOR OF PENNSLYVANIA. ing belies, her sweet disposition and His Rise from Poverty and Obscurity

to Wealth and Distinction. When Hon, W. A. Stone, newly elected Governor of Pennsylvania, took the oath of office and assumed the reins

of State government there entered the executive mansion at Harrisburg a man who has climbed to his present high position over unusual obstacles of poverty and difficulties and who may truthfully be called "a self-made man." His parents were Pennsylvania



WHERE STONE WAS BORN.

farmers, highly respected, but poor, Through all of the early years of his boyhood he had but three months of each year at school, and that a little country one; the remaining nine months he bore his share of the burdens incident to a farm. At 17 he en-

terms he taught school during the day-

time and at night studied until the wee

years he was an active factor in the

EXECUTIVE MANSION, HARRISBURG.

ecutive to one of the greatest common

The executive mansion at Harris-

burg is sure to be the scene of many

brilliant social functions under the

regime of its new mistress. Mrs. Stone

loves society and is never happier than

when dispensing the hospitality of her

home. Their Washington residence

was not nearly so pretentious as the

executive mansion, of which we pre-

sent our readers a picture, but during

the eight years in which Gov. Stone

was in Congress it was always a favor-

ite resort with society, and Mrs. Stone's

dinners and receptions were among the

Gov. Stone has been married twice

By his first marriage there were two

children, Stephen Stone, a Pittsburg

attorney, and Mrs. Hickling, of Wash-

ington. As Miss Harriet Stone, Mrs.

Hickling was one of the capital's reign-

notable ones of the season.

wealths of the Union.

womanly graces making her then what she is now, a great social favorite. She married Dr. D. P. Hickling, an eminent physician of Washington, and they have two bright little ones, a dainty daughter of 4 and a robust boy of 2. By his second marriage Gov. Stone has had six children, four of whom are living. Miss Jean, a vivacious girl of 14 and her younger sister, Miss Margaret, are attending boarding school at Lake Forest. John, a handsome lad of 12, is very like his distinguished father both in looks and manner, while Isabella, the baby of 7, completes this interesting family group.

Children's Eyesight.

Official tests of the eyesight of Baltimore school children-tests ordinarily used by oculists-to the number of 53,-067 show some interesting and suggestive results. More than 9,000 pupils were found to have such defects in these organs as to make school work unsafe, while 53 per cent. of the children were found not to be in the enjoyment of normal vision. Curiously enough, this percentage of defective eyesight steadily decreased with the age of the pupils. The percentage of normal vision was found to be as follows in the different grades: First grade, 35; second, 41; third, 47; fourth, 40; fifth, 48; sixth, 48; seventh, 54; listed in the war, and came out, at the eighth, 56. No explanation is offered close of hostilities, two years later, a for this improvement in eyesight with second lieutenant. Then for several age and the use of the eyes under

school conditions. It was found, how-

ever, that many blackboards and maps

hereafter of the pupils' eyesight; also

THE ROMANS.

Built Aqueducts Solely Fecause They

Had No Suitable Pipes.

People forgetful of the real status of

mechanical economy in the time of the

Romans have often expressed wonder

that they built expensive aqueducts

when, it is proved, they knew the hy-

drostatic principle that water rises al-

The principle reason undoubtedly

was that they had no suitable material

to make pipes which would stand the

enormous pressure inseparable from an

underground system. Lead was out of

the question for the purpose because

the pipes would have to be made so

disproportionately thick, and, besides,

water flowing for mlles through lead

would be polsonous. Short lead and

clay pipes were used by them in their

cities and houses for the supply of

baths, but without cast fron, which

they did not possess, they could not

have made pipes to carry water long

distances. Lastly, the water brought

to Rome was strongly impregnated

with lime, and this would have caused

amount of repairs.

terminate is a hum-bug.

married people.

ways to its own level.

sma' hours fitting himself for his pro- in the schools were not placed in the

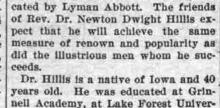
fession, the law. He was admitted to proper light, and the report of the ocu-

practice in 1870. For the next twenty lists recommends yearly examinations

politics of his State and in 1890 he was the adoption of a uniform system of

elected to Congress, where he remained adjustable seats and desks adapted to

until he resigned to become chief ex- the heights of the children.



Dr. Hillis is a native of Iowa and 40 years old. He was educated at Grinnell Academy, at Lake Forest Univer-

HILLIS GOES TO BROOKLYN.

Chicago's Brilliant Preacher Called to

the Pulpit of Plymouth Church.

Chicago's brilliant preacher has been

called to the pulpit of Plymouth

Church, Brooklyn, made famous by

Henry Ward Beecher and recently va-



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

sity, and at McCormick Seminary. For three years after leaving his theological studies he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Peoria, Ill. Within that time he built a new church at a cost of \$50,000. From 1890 to 1894 he preached from the pulpit of the First Church of Evanston, Ind., where he likewise upreared a new church building. In December, 1894, he succeeded Prof. Swing, of Central Church, Chicago. The new pastor of Plymouth will preach in Brooklyn the same creed he has preached in Chicago. It is the creed of broadest Christianity and humanity, the creed of Beecher. Dr. Hillis is also a writer and has been well called "the tury."

"PROPHETESS OF EVIL"

The High Priestess of the Dreyfusards Predicts France's Ruin.

Georgiana Weldon is the latest Parisian sensation. She has written a pamphlet which involves those army men who have said that Dreyfus is guilty, and in which she predicts the downfall of the nation.

This woman has been the scourge of a few great men in her time and the puzzle of courts and specialists in psychistry. In 1872 she was a concert singer in London, and on the occasion of Gounod's visit there she spread the report that the German composer was



about to become a British subject. It was all Gounod could do to persuade his fellow countrymen to the contrary. She claimed Gounod's compositions as her own and secured a judgment against him for \$50,000 in the English courts. She sued Rochefort for libel, was committed to insane asylums, which she sued immediately on being released. She was sent to a convent, where she still resides, but there are Dreyfusards who desire to carry her 'through the streets of Paris in a charlot.

Bible Kisses.

a great incrustation in pipes and neces-There are eight kinds of kisses mensituted frequent opening and cleaning, tioned in scripture: Salutation (1 Sam. whereas an aqueduct, once built, xx. 41, 1 Thess. v. 26); valediction (Ruth would, as events have proved, last for 1. 9); reconciliation (2 Sam. xiv. 33); a very long time with a very moderate subjection (Ps. il. 12); approbation (Prov. xxiv. 26); adoration (1 Kings xiv. 18); treachery (Matt. xxvi. 49); affec-No good luck ever surprises a girl of tion (Gen. xiv. 15). sixteen, and bad luck rarely surprises

It is said that a colored man has a A bug exterminator that doesn't exgreater longing for straight hair than an old man has for youth.

ART OF APT REPLY.

Some Examples of Felicitous Expressions in Ticklish Places.

The art of avoiding a conversational unpleasantness by a graceful way of putting things belongs, in its highest perfection, to the East. When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty was to attend the visitors at the vice regal court on their shooting excursions. Returning one day from one of these expeditions the shikarry encountered the viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked:

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young sahlb shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the

Compare this honeyed form of speech with the terms in which an English gamekeeper would convey his opinion of a bad shot, and we are forced to admit the social superiority of Lord Salisbury's "black man." But if we turn from the Orient to the Occident, and from our dependencies to the United Kingdom, the art of putting things is found to flourish better on Irish than on Scotch or English soil. We all remember that Archbishop Whately is said to have thanked God on his death bed that he had never given a penny in indiscriminate charity. A successor of the apostles might have found more suitable subjects of moribund self-congratulation, and I have always rejoiced in the mental picture of the archbishop, in all the frigid pomp of political economy, waving off the Dublin beggar with:

"Go away; go away. I never give to anyone in the street," and receiving the instantaneous rejoinder:

"Then where would your reverence have me walt on you?"

A lady of my acquaintance who is a proprietress in County Galway is in the habit of receiving her own rents. One day, when a tenant farmer had pleaded long and unsuccessfully for an abatement, he exclaimed as he handed over his money:

"Well, my lady, all I can say is that if I had my time over again, it's not a tenant farmer I'd be. I'd follow one of the learned professions."

The proprietress gently replied that even in the learned professions there were losses as well as gains, and, perhaps, he would have found professional life as precarious as farming.

"Ah, my lady, but how can that be?" replied the son of St. Patrick. "If you're a lawyer-win or lose, you're paid. If you're a doctor-kill or cure, you're paid. If you're a priest-heaven or hell, you're paid."

Who can imagine an English farmer pleading the case for an abatement with this happy mixture of fun and satire?-Manchester Guardian.



Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam,

"Yes, sah." "Now, repeat what he said, using his

exact words." "He said he would gib me \$50 if

"He didn't speak in the third person, dld he?"

"No, sah; he tuck good care dat dar were no third pusson 'round; dar was only two-us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?" "I was de fus' pusson myself, sah."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say, 'I will pay you \$507" "No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout

you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de jedge and de jury-in fac', you was de best in town to cover up reskelity." For a brief, breathless moment the

trial was suspended.

Very Safe Indeed.

There is such a thing as taking too good care of a precious article. A Southern exchange tells of a "cracker" couple who came to a minister to be married.

They were to have the ceremony performed with a ring, and the groom was terribly afraid he should lose it. So was the bride, and she kept asking:

"John, you sho' you got that ring?" "I'm sho', now, Mary."

"Whar you got it, John?"

"I've got it in my mouth. I ain't g'an' to lose it now."

When the ceremony was in progress, and the place was reached where the ring was in order, the elergyman said: "Let me have the ring, please."

The bridegroom gulped, choked, stuttered, and finally exclaimed despairingly:

"Lawshy, I done swallered it!"

Velocity of Sound.

Some interesting experiments on the velocity of sound were recently made by M. Frot, near Bourges. Two sets of experiments gave for the velocity in air at 0 degrees centigrade mean results of 330.6 and 330.9 meters per second. The times were measured automatically by electric chronographs.

A woman's idea of being cultured is to look at terrapin as indifferently when invited out as she looks at fried bacon at home.