



My son, what are you thinking about? That you are the biggest fool in town, papa. Why, my son? Because you spent so much for this suit of mine. I could have got just as good at Ben Forstner & Co.'s and had enough money left to buy a whole toy shop besides. Largest stock in city. Sold at cut prices. B. FORSTNER & CO.

TO THREE ADORED. Mingle, have you forgotten yet? The summer days of long ago. The sunny days, where first we met? The tiny leaves' location flow? I asked you answered, half afraid. And then, and then, exquisite bliss. An hand in hand we onward strayed. I boldly stole a little kiss. Ladies, have you forgotten yet? How sweetly once you used to sing? The sun of those dear days is set. And love has faded on vanished wing. Still "wanting in the power I feel?" Rings eddy, faintly in my ears. And, lo, a moment now I steal! From memory of the bygone years. Susanne, have you forgotten yet? How quick the evening hours would fly? No, loved one, you will never forget. The clasped hands, the tender sigh; And when the time for parting came. How deep, we thought, our mutual love. Then looks came fraught with love because. Than words but that was long ago. Marie has gone, I know not where. Louise, my dear Louise is well. Susanne is still both young and fair. But all her love for me is dead. Farewell Susanne! Goodbye Marie! Louise, my dear Louise is well. The past, our joy of youth is set. The past, our joy of youth is set. And I alone will never forget. -William Barclay Dunham in New York Sun.

DECKER'S REWARD.

"The days are shortening," sighed Friend Decker, as he folded up his spectacles and replaced them in their tin case. "or else my sight isn't what it used to be. Welladay, one can't expect to be young always. Is it thee, Leah? I did not look for thee so soon." Leah Decker came into the room like a breezy young whirlwind. She had none of the repose of manner at present so much in vogue. Born and bred a Quakeress, there was nothing of the Quakeress about her except her quaint Scripture name. "Yes, it's me!" said Leah shortly. "Did thee go to Friend Anastasia?" gaily inquired the old man, readjusting the big pine logs so that they should burn brighter for Leah's benefit. "Oh, yes, I went there." "I hope she is better of her rheumatism." "Yes, she is better. But—but she will not buy the apples, father. Mean, stingy old thing!" cried Leah wrathfully, flinging her coal soot bonnet on the table. "She says she can buy all she wants at fifty cents a barrel of old Jacob Joyce; so she can, perhaps, wretched, knurlly, worm knots, not fit for pigs! Ours are apples! She says these are an exorbitant price." Friend Decker slowly shook his head. "Friend Anastasia is under a misapprehension," said he. "Eighty cents a barrel is what they are paying at the cider mill. Only one does not like to see such beautiful, rare colored fruit ground into baleful spirits to set men's brains on fire." "Much she would stop to think of that," said Leah, still ruffled. "I am sorry," said Friend Decker mildly. "I need the money much, and I think she would have been better satisfied with my apples than with Friend Jacob Joyce's." "And after all that," flashed out Leah, the spirit of indignation rife within her, "she had the impudence to ask me for a jar of plum sauce I made. She says Friend Mary told her how nice it was and—" "And," quietly interposed her father, "thee said, I hope, that thee would be glad to oblige her." "No, I didn't," blurted out Leah. "I said that I gathered the wild plums myself in the Crook road, and cooked them after Aunt Mahalia's recipe, and that there were four jars, and I wanted to keep them for thee, especially since thy health was so poor and thy appetite so variable." "I am sorry, dear," said Friend Decker. "Friend Anastasia is very old, and old people are apt to be fanciful about trifles. Moreover, she's our kinswoman, a degree or two removed, perhaps, but—" "Then why don't thee do something for us good advice and tormenting us with her fault finding. I didn't mean to mention it, father, but she told me out and out that she had adopted Moses Sawyer, and that she meant to make him her heir." "Well, daughter, why should she not?" composedly questioned the old man. "Because he is no relation to her at all," cried Leah, "and the property all came from our great-grandfather Lennox, thee knows." "These attacks too much importance to mere dress, Leah," said Friend Decker. "Thee must study the text of the Gospels of the field in the Bible. 'We shall all be provided for if only we can have patience to wait.'" Leah bit her full red under lip as she glanced around the sparsely furnished room, and noticed her father's drooping figure and rapidly whitening head, but she made no reply as she took up the coarse pile of vests on which she had been working button holes for a neighboring clothing contractor. "Father's a saint," she thought, "but I am not, and I am afraid I never shall be. I should like to cut off Anastasia Akerly's ears. If every one had their rights, half of that big Lennox farm would be ours. She gained possession of it by the merest legal quibble, and if father was like any one else he would have gone to law about it long ago and got back his own. And now to see it deliberately willed to some one else!" And Leah's needle flew vindictive, in and out of the cloth like a miniature javelin piercing the heart of an unsuspecting man. But the next morning when Leah

ragorily caught it up and hastened toward the fire. "Give it to me. It is not for us to make or meddle. If Friend Anastasia wished the will destroyed she should have done it herself. I shall take it back to Friend Johnson, the executor." "Father," cried Leah, "thee would not give him the will?" "Does thee think it would be an honorable thing to destroy it, Leah?" "If she wanted us to do so, father." "But we have no right to presume anything of the sort, daughter," reasoned Friend Decker, buttoning it up under his coat. "Nay, nay, do not fret." For Leah, overcome by the sudden blaze of hope and the after blackness of despair, had burst into a flood of tears. "It will be well with us, never fear."

Judge Johnson, the great man of the neighborhood, received the paper with some surprise. "December sixth," he read. "Hum! This is the latest document she has executed. Oh, yes! I remember it very well; I drew it up myself. But why did you bring it here, Friend Decker?" The old man briefly related the circumstances. "Old people are apt to be capricious," said he. "Doubtless the trifling matter of the plum sauce pleased her and she sought to reward us. But I should never take advantage of Friend Moses by burning the will."

"But why in the name of common sense should you burn it?" said the judge. "Are you in the habit of having estates left to you every day that you dispose of them so readily?" "I don't think I quite understand thee, Friend Johnson," said Decker. "But Leah's face brightened like a rose. 'I see I see!' she cried. 'Father, Friend Anastasia has done right, late though it be. She has willed the Lennox farm to thee.'"

And Leah spoke truly. The dead woman made tardy reparation in her last days, and Friend Decker and his daughter had at last legal possession of what should long ago have been their own. No amount of reasoning or remonstrance had availed, but one of those sudden touches, which "striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound," sway the soul with disproportionate force, had induced her to perform an act of justice at last, and the jar of wild plums, with its train of associations, had been the most eloquent pleading of all.—Lawiston Journal.

He Threw the Best Hat Away. I heard of an amusing little affair today. A son of a friend of mine desired to purchase a cheap new hat to wear about the store where he is employed, and he and his father started out to make the purchase. Previous to their departure, Jim, the boy, concluded to wear his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" hat, an almost new four dollar title, and unknown to the father, he put it on, told his father he was ready, and off they went in search of a new head covering. It did not take long to make the purchase. A two dollar hat was selected. Jim told his father that he would go down town in a while, and asked his father to take home his old hat, which had been tucked away in a paper bag. The father started home with the bag, and while on the way concluded it would be useless to carry the "rusty" thing further, so he quietly laid it down on the pavement and moved on. A gentleman and lady came along soon after, picked up the bag, advanced to a gaslight stand, examined the contents, became satisfied it was a good find and went on their way rejoicing. The father went on home, told his wife that Jim had bought a two dollar hat, and that he had thrown his old hat away. "Thrown the old hat away!" exclaimed his wife. "Why, that was his Sunday-go-to-meetin' best. Here is the old hat."—Louisville Post.

Eccentric Matches. A child detests soap. How it would amuse a child to behold a number of matches rushing away from soap! Place some matches in a basin of water in the shape of a star. Take a piece of soap, cut into a point, insert it in the water in the middle of the matches, and lo! they will fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches all together again you will treat them as you would children—with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness.—Once a Week.

He Dug for Gold. A tin peddler offered to tell Farmer Davis, of Ohio, where \$5,000 in gold was buried on his farm if he would hand over \$300. Farmer Davis sold two horses and paid over the money, and although he has rooted up about ten acres of ground he has thus far missed the iron box.—Detroit Free Press.

It Is Good Enough. In the last ten years no less than sixteen different patents have been issued on umbrellas, and yet none of them has been accepted by maker or buyer, because the umbrella as it is good enough and can't be made any better. It is like old wine.—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of an Oath. The growth of perjury in law courts has become a scandal. The value of a witness' word, in comparison with his interest, seems to be paralleled by a well known example of schoolboy honor. "Will you take your dying oath to it?" "Yes." "Will you bet sixpence about it?" "No."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Aspiring High. Uncle Jasper was a colored man of very devout intentions, but his knowledge of the Scriptures was of a somewhat uncertain character. He lived in "single blessedness" a good many years, but finally in the evening of life he married, and in due time an heir was born to him. The next day after the advent of the little one, a gentleman met Jasper in the street. "I understand you have a baby at you house, Uncle Jasper?" "Yes, sah, we has dat," Jasper replied, with a broad grin and a satisfied chuckle. "We've got a baby dar, sho'."

"Is it a boy or a girl?" "Hit's a boy, sah. Yas, sah, hit's most sho'ly a boy."

"Have you named him yet?" "Yas, sah, we has."

"What name have you given him?" "Wah, sah, you knows I've done allus been a pow'ful han for den Scrip-tur' folks, 'cause I've alius been a mon-st'ous strong b'liever in de Bible. So I 'lowed I'd name him arter some o' de big officers what de Bible talks ob. An I studied 'bout which 'un I'd name 'im arter, an at las I settled onto Beelzebub, sah."

"Hit's a mounty fine name, sah; an hit 'pears luck I've 'spirin powerful big, but I 'lows dat child'll sho'ly do credit to his namesake, sah. Hit most sho'ly will."—Youth's Companion.

New Stable Apparatus. The stables at the chief fire station, Jackson's row, Manchester, have been fitted with a new apparatus that is calculated to add to the comfort of the horses and at the same time to facilitate the "turning out" of the brigade. The apparatus consists, roughly speaking, of a movable shutter at the entrance to the stall, and to it is attached the manger. The shutter can be raised by moving a pin and can be fitted to an ordinary stable.

The Oyster's Start in Life. When the shell begins to form the baby oyster must cease his fantastic wriggling about in the water and give careful attention to his own support. The cares of life come upon him early, but as his burdens increase he grows in strength and ability to carry them. All he asks is a good start. He is not particular as to whose hand he holds during his inexperience, provided it is clean. To him an old boot, or a dead starfish, or the shell of a crab is as good as anything to cling to until he has sufficient courage to let go and paddle his own canoe.

Heavy Rainfalls. In England the discharge of water in sheets from the clouds is not unknown, though much more seldom seen than on the Continent. During a storm at Odessa one June some twenty-two years ago three inches of rain fell in less than an hour. Many of the sewers were burst, the streets converted into gullies, and in the suburbs eighty-seven houses totally destroyed. This was mild, however, compared with the thirty inches which fell in Genoa within twenty-four hours, or the twenty-nine inches which flooded Joyeuse, in France, within twenty-four hours. On the other hand, we hear of Ambukol, in Nubia, where rain fell only five times in the years 1823 and 1824, and of Tahta, on the Indus, which had not a drop for three years.—London Tit-Bits.

Up There. The patient joke of the doctors will never, never go out of use. A young Detroit physician who opened an office a year or so ago, was up in the northern part of the state on a fishing trip. One day a young lady, who had watched him for an hour or more waiting for a bite, laid down her hook and softly crept up near him. "What lots of patience you have," she said to him in a little whisper that the fish couldn't catch. "Yes," he answered promptly and with a tinge of sadness, "up here."



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