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On the Threshold.

The new year dawns apace;
What of the night?
The battles for the race,
Won they the fight?
The loggert's true old tread
On hosts of vainest dead—
Right slain by might.
The old year heedless dies,
What of the day?
A world for sinners cries,
Long on the way
Through darkness, greed and crime—
When cometh that new time
For which men pray?
Read backward through the years,
Impatient soul!
More smiles and fewer tears
White ages roll;
Truth leading still the way,
Man helping fellow-man,
Himself the scroll.
Then hail the coming day,
And bravely press
Untrodden on the way—
Hail some distress,
And count as victory won
Each nearest duty done,
And that shall bless.

The Squire's Preserves.

BY MARLETON DOWNING.

Jotham Howes had always been considered a rich man. His broad acres, spacious farm-buildings, and blooded livestock went to prove that he was such. Then again the president of the country bank had often said that he would not hesitate a moment to accept Squire Howes' paper to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, or perhaps more.

Jotham appreciated his worldly blessings, and out of the goodly store with which the Almighty had endowed him he was ever ready to assist the needy and relieve the wants of others, who were less fortunate or frugal, of his fellow creatures.

When still a young farmer and just beginning life, he married the daughter of one of his neighbors.

The youthful bride proved to be a helpmate in every sense of the word, and it was through her energy and prudence that Jotham ere he reached middle age found himself above want.

That is, all material want. Still there was one blessing which the All-wise Ruler of the Universe had denied the loving couple. They were childless.

"If we have no children of our own," remarked the farmer one day, "we can at least assist some parents who have many, by assuming the responsibility of rearing a portion of their flock."

Consequently it was determined to adopt a boy and a girl.

"I tell you what we will do, husband," said Squire Howes. "We will make a short journey away from this village, and find some homeless ones in another part of the state, so that when the youth and maiden grow up they may not be annoyed by any recollection of former associates."

This plan was settled upon, and ere many weeks the old farmhouse was enlivened by the laughter and prattle of a girl of four years of age and a boy of six.

Time passed, and the little waifs grew into the hearts of their foster-parents.

At length when Ruth was fifteen, and Albert, the boy, was passing his freshman year in college, the woman whom they loved as a mother laid down her burdens of this world and was borne to rest leaving sad and aching hearts behind to mourn her loss.

With the death of his wife a change came over the worthy squire. Though too good a Christian to rebel against the will of Heaven, he nevertheless felt his bereavement heavily and he mourned the departed bitterly, refusing to be comforted.

After the funeral Albert returned to his studies, while Ruth resumed her household duties, and strove her utmost to cheer the drooping spirits of the more than parent who was left to her.

With the alteration in the demeanor of the owner of the Howes Farm, there was also apparent a marked change in the establishment itself. Head by head the cattle and horses were led away and sold.

The hay in the fields and meadows was converted into money, even as it stood awaiting the coming of the reaper.

Jotham put no seed into the fertile soil, but leased his ground to his neighbors.

What could this mean?
Some of the village folks whispered that Albert was the cause. That the boy was squandering his benefactor's gold in riotous living, and a few of the more obnoxious began to feel it their duty to reprimand with the squire ere his whole property should

be swept away by, as they claimed, an ungrateful reprobate.
Jotham heard them through, calmly, his face never changing from its habitual, untroubled expression. When they had finished he looked up and replied:

"My friends, I am convinced that in your coming to me, you have been actuated by kindly feelings for my welfare, and therefore forgive you for so cruelly maligning the absent youth. But you will poison me if I, at this moment, positively forbid any of you to interfere in my affairs, and assure you it would be very pleasing to me if you would, in the future, mind your business."

The astounded visitors, rendered almost speechless by the squire's reception of their presumption, withdrew, and by ominous shakes of the heads signified their disapproval of their townsman's action.

Left alone with Ruth, the old farmer took the maiden's hand, and with moistened eyes, pleadingly asked:

"My child, you do not believe that those people hint in regard to Albert, do you?"

"No, father, no indeed. My brother is too honorable, and too deeply impressed with your kindness to him—and to me—to abuse your confidence and trust in him."

"You are right, Ruth. Instead of squandering my money the boy actually divests me in not using enough of it to place him in the social circle which I want him to fill. But you must not call him my brother, Ruth, for he bears no such relations to you, other than by association."

Here the farmer glanced quickly up into the beautiful face before him, and as he detected a slight blush mantling the fair cheek, he smiled for he thought he read the heart of the gentle one and it pleased him.

He changed the subject, saying:

"Do not allow the idle prattle of our neighbors to disturb you. The disposition of my property may seem strange in their sight, and perhaps in yours also, but be assured, that when I am gone—when Ruth placed her trust quickly on her adopted parent's head as though to check him—"

"Nay," continued Jotham, "do not interrupt me. I repeat that when I am gone, you and Albert will have enough and to spare."

Time continued its flight, and the squire's once beautiful farm had dwindled into insignificance, until one summer month when Albert was called home to attend the funeral of the man who had reared him from childhood, the place bore the appearance of a complete wreck.

The squire's funeral was largely attended, for he had been greatly loved and respected by his neighbors, despite the eccentricities which he had displayed since the loss of his wife.

When the sorrowful party returned to the old homestead, after placing the remains of the squire beside those of the companion of his youth, they found the notary waiting their arrival. In his possession was the last will and testament of the deceased.

It was no wordy document that Jotham had left. It simply read:

"After paying my just debts, I give and bequeath all my property real and personal, to my beloved foster-children, Albert and Ruth Howes."

Of debts there were none save those incurred at the funeral, and to liquidate these sufficient money was found in the antiquated desk of the farmer. But search as they would not a scrap of paper could be discovered to indicate that Jotham Howes had left more than his acres, now run to weeds, and the buildings, which were rapidly falling into decay.

"It is strange," remarked Albert that evening, after Ruth had related to him the words of their adopted father.

"There must be some money somewhere about this place. I cannot believe that our dear parents could have disposed of it all."

"Let us think no more about it, Albert, for the present, at least. I would rather have the dear old man back with us again than all the wealth in the world." And here the girl took from the table the Bible to find consolation for her sorrow in the words of its pages.

Turning the leaves she was astonished to find two pinned together.

"Who could have done this?" she murmured, carefully separating them.

To the astonishment of both, a sealed envelope fell to the floor.

Albert picked it up and read the address—

"To my children."
Hastily tearing it open, they saw enclosed a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Search, and ye shall find."
"Search, and ye shall find,"
"What does it mean?" asked Ruth, in bewilderment.

"That our father has converted his property into cash, and hidden it somewhere about the house. In the morning we will follow his instructions and search diligently."

As the sun arose the following day, Albert and Ruth joined each other in the large old-fashioned sitting-room.

"Let us take a walk out into the fields, Ruth," said the young man.

"I feel perplexed, and wish to collect my thoughts, and then we must make plans for the future."

As the two wound their way across the broad pastures, a long silence ensued, which was finally broken by Albert, saying:

"Do you realize that we are now alone in the world?"

"And how dreary your life will be for you, when I am obliged to return to my duties in the great city."

"Can you not remain here Albert?" asked the young girl, quickly, an expression of pain flitting across her countenance.

"I am afraid not, but we will see."

Then, after continuing their walk a little further, the two returned to the house, prepared to carry out the last instructions of Squire Howes.

"The most likely place that father would choose to hide anything would be in the cellar, it seems to me," said Albert, as they entered the roomy kitchen, and the young man's eyes fell upon a trap-door in the floor.

"Hem in here, and I will descend and search."

So saying, he lifted the planks by means of an iron ring, and stepped down upon the ladder, and began to ransack the cellar.

Ruth stood by the aperture quietly awaiting her companion's reappearance, she seemed to take but little interest in the matter, her thoughts dwelling on the one who had gone rather than upon what treasure he had left behind.

Presently she was startled by an exclamation of surprise coming from the cellar, and soon Albert was heard ascending the steps, carrying in his hand a glass preserve jar.

"What think you of this, Ruth? A very fine receipt for anything of value."

"It contains nothing but some ruined jam that should have been thrown away months ago," replied the girl, indifferently.

"There, you are mistaken. It is one of a number that I have found, and they are all filled with money. Look," and the young man uncovers the metal top and turned out upon the floor several gold pieces.

"Poor father!" murmured Ruth.

"He has left this for us."

"And a great deal more. Wait and I will bring it all up."

One after another the jars were brought to light, and their contents carefully examined. Among the bank notes and certificates of stock was found a letter written by the testator to his heirs, explaining to them his object in thus converting his property into cash. It was that he felt he could realize more upon the stock and equipments of the farm than inexperienced Albert, and when he became possessed of the money he feared to entrust it to the keeping of any bank, and had consequently taken care of it himself.

Following this explanation Jotham Howes delicately made known his last and only wish, which was that the two whom he had loved so much in life would journey along hand in hand until called to join him in the other world.

"Shall we comply with this request, Ruth?" asked the young man tenderly, looking into his companion's face.

"If you so desire it," was the married reply.

"I do, my darling, I do. I had intended to ask you to become my wife before long, and this communication has only hastened the words."

Though Albert had been educated for the law he abandoned the pursuit of that profession, turning his attention to the farm, and before many seasons were passed, the fields and meadows resumed their wonted look of prosperity.

The rejuvenated barns were again stacked with valuable cattle and horses, while about the hearthstone of the young farmer were gathered a happy and loving family who long had occasion to remember with heartfelt gratitude, the forethought of the venerable squire, Jotham Howes, who had stored away for his beloved children an enormous wealth in glass preserve jars.—[Yonkee Blade.]

One After Result.
Banks—I don't mind the grip itself so much—it's the after effects I'm afraid of.

Revers—The after effects is what it is me. I'm still standing off a doctor for \$63.—[Chicago Tribune.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Jack Frost
Jack Frost passed this way last night
And slipped, with saucy fingers
Every gold and silver hair
That on my naples lay.

He scratched a message on the pane—
A hint more kind than courtesy,
"Better see to fire and flowers!
I'll be back here shortly!"

—[Ruth Hall, in St. Nicholas.]

LOTTA'S FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Lotta is a little girl who lives in a Southern city, where the roses bloom at Christmas time, and the little boys and girls have no use for sleds and skates, for there is never any snow and ice. Lotta has been quite a traveler, and has a gift from a real live king. When she was only six years old she went across the ocean in a big ship with her mother and Aunt Amy, and she loves to tell about the gaily dressed gentleman who brought her the pretty gold four-leaf clover, with the little dew-drop in the middle of it. This was how it came about.

They were in a place called Iceland, on the 18th of August, Lotta's birthday, and it so happened that this is the birthday of the Emperor Francis-Joseph of Austria, who visits Iceland in the summer time to drink the waters which are considered very good for sick people, and the people who are tired and want rest.

Lotta's Aunt Amy picked a bouquet of mountain flowers and was one pretty note without telling anybody, and sent it to the Emperor Francis-Joseph with the birthday greetings of the little American girl, whose birthday was on the same day as his. A few days afterward the gaily dressed gentleman, whom Lotta remembers, came to the inn where the American visitors stop. He was one of the persons who wait on the Emperor, and he asked for Lotta and handed her at my blue velvet box in which was sparkling the pretty four-leaf clover with its diamond dew-drop, and told her it was a birthday gift from the Emperor Francis-Joseph, who had been much pleased to receive the bouquet of mountain flowers from the little American girl.

Lotta will now never forget that her birthday is the same day as the Emperor of Austria's, and will no doubt keep his gift as long as she lives, and if she has little girls of her own, will delight to tell them the story of her treasure.—[St. Louis Republic.]

NEED'S DUTCH MARBLES.

"Get out, you Dutchman!" called Ned, as the new burgess's boy stepped up to take a game of marbles.

"For shame!" said Frank. "Come on, Otto."

"I don't want to play some," Otto answered, offended.

"I'm an out-and-out American boy," Ned defended himself, "and I'll associate with Americans who know how to play American games."

"Pshaw! Don't you know that the game of marbles was invented before ever Americans were?"

"Well, where did they get the marbles, I'd like to know? They don't know how to make them anywhere else."

"Don't they? That's where you are mistaken. Most of the marbles made in the old country. Don't you remember father telling us about marbles coming higher this year."

"But one of the boys said they didn't have the kind of clay out of which to mould them anywhere else."

"That was one of your patriotic American boys. They don't happen to be moulded of clay. What do you call them, 'agate'?"

"Don't know; that's the name I s'pose."

"But why not call them sandstones or brickbats? Agate is a kind of stone, isn't it?"

"Yes; but you don't mean our agates are cut out of stone?"

"I mean that they are broken and ground out of agate."

"Broken?"

"Yes; that's the first thing. They use the small pieces from the quarries and mills, breaking them into little cubes with hammers. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles ready for the boys' knockies. One mill will turn out 100,000 per week."

"We'll declare! Where is that mill, Frank?"

"At Oberstein, Germany."

"Oh, Oberstein, bes my home!" cried Otto, with gleaming eyes.

"If there ever was a sheepish-looking boy it was Ned. But he steadied himself up and said:

"Come on, Otto, and have a game I'm ashamed I said anything!"

—[Christian Advocate.]

THE NORTH POLE.

Another Attempt to Explore the Arctic Circle.

An Expedition Will Leave Norway Next June.

The Norwegian explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, is about to start on another expedition in search of the North Pole. He returned in 1889 from a remarkable voyage across Greenland. Dr. Nansen recently came from Norway to London, where he has lectured before the Royal Geographical Society on his proposed expedition. The explorer is over six feet tall, finely built and of the blond Scandinavian type. Speaking with an English-influenced accent, he said:

"The object of my expedition is of course purely scientific. The expedition party will consist of twelve men all told. I shall be in absolute command, and everybody on board, scientists or sailors, will have to obey me implicitly. There cannot be more than one will in such an undertaking as this. I shall have two engineers, and perhaps five or six sailors. I shall choose as many of my scientific people as possible from among men who are likewise accustomed to a seafaring life. I shall also have ice-pilots and harpooners for sealing and hunting. It will be for them to provide us with fresh food. The ice Vikings are admirably fitted for the work in view. They live all the year, from spring to winter, in Arctic solitudes. Born and bred in the north of Norway, they spend most of their lives in a form of toil which exposes them to all the rigors of a frigid climate, and are thus insured to the very last degree which the members of an expedition to the north pole will have to encounter. Some of them are masters and owners of small sealers."

"With this party I shall leave Norway early in June next and sail direct to Nova Zembla. Here we shall stop to rest and to examine the state of the ice. So soon as the condition of this permits we shall leave for the Kara Sea, probably early in July. Skirting the Siberian coast and passing Cape Tscheljuskin, the most northerly point of the Old World, I shall pass on as far as the mouth of the River Lena. Leaving the coast at this point I shall start in a southerly direction along the western coast of the Island of Kordofan, the most westerly of the Lado, or New Siberian Group, and shall continue in this direction until the pack ice renders further navigation impossible. We shall do our best to force the ship through the ice, but we shall at last reach a point where we must stop. This will probably bring us to September, and we shall in this way get to some distance north of the New Siberian Islands, but I cannot say how far, as no one has ever been there before. When navigation becomes no longer practicable, I shall have nothing left but to ram the ship into the ice as far as possible and stick there. Having rammed the ship into the ice for the winter—possibly for ever, as I don't expect we shall be able to move until we reach open water on the other side of the Pole—we shall have to be contented for the time being with a policy of masterly inactivity. We shall be continually moving in a northerly direction. Assisted by nature, instead of fighting against her, we expect to be taken by the drifting of the ice floes right across the Polar region down into the East Greenland Sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, having in this way reached and passed the Pole.

"We take with us provisions for five years, and it is possible that this may be the period during which we shall be at the mercy of ice. On this point, however, I cannot say anything of a definite character. Entirely depending upon the currents, we shall be drifted first to one side and then to the other, but always in a northerly direction, until, as I have already said, we emerge into the Greenland sea, whence we shall return to Norway."

The Sex of the Moon.
In archaic times the moon was regarded as a male god. "Primitive man," says a well-known writer, "saw the moon as a most conspicuous object, whose spots, at periods, had the semblance of a man's face. Its waxing and waning increased their wonder, its coming and going among the still and solemn night added to the mystery, until, from being viewed as a man, it was seized, especially when apparently angry, in a mist or an eclipse, and so revered and worshipped as the heaven-man—the monthly god."

Taking Leave.

When the thrush brief snatches sang
Of his wondrous tale,
And the woods no longer rang
With the joys of June;
Then we knew that day by day,
Summer's day would turn away.

"From the ripened thistles went
Flouting was billows;
All seemed on a journey bent,
In those August noons,
But fairs and fays were deeper blue,
To show that summer's heart was true.

And the birches could not hold
In a their yellow waves;
Faint oaks must clime with gold,
Through the forest groves,
Lighting now their furled red,
Majestic in the parent bed.

Smallest herald of the fall,
Taped the busy days,
A daisy, moustering at his call,
Wings for their brief way,
Froxy streaks striped goodbye,
To herald autumn's battery.

So, surrounded by the throng:
The daisies are left;
Blue as a daisy, hold their own;
Can we hold them?
Nay, and the cover and frost,
Summer's colors are not lost.

Mary T. Blomson, in Youth's Companion.

Language of the Dog's Tail.
There can be no question that the chief delight of wild dogs is with modern hounds and sporting dogs in the chase, and its accompanying excitement and consequent joy of the most thrilling nature, is the human hunter's fondness for the animal, and one dog with that most poignant of all thoughts, anticipation of pleasure, excitement, and contentment with unobscured activity, is whose presence of game is first tested. As we have seen in watching the behavior of a pack of fox-hounds, this is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost inevitable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions which in the wild state. Owing to some manifestation of the nervous system, which at present we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the stimulus whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found from the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore secretly tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an involuntary concomitant of retreat or submission in the progress of superior force. Popular Science Monthly.

The Ravages of Cholera.

The discovery of a method that would protect an individual from cholera would be of great importance. For in India, the home of that disease, the average annual mortality there from the disease is 3,321, and in the country 1,521 per 100,000 living. The army statistics show that 234 per cent. of the European soldiers are admitted to the hospital for cholera, while only 0.5 per cent. of the native soldiers are admitted for the disease; but the mortality, 30.6 per cent. for the former, 55.5 per cent. for the latter, is almost equal. In the various epidemic manifestations of cholera in various parts of the world the mortality has often exceeded 50 per cent. of those attacked. In 1851 and 1852 cholera was epidemic in southern Europe, and in Spain in the latter year the official report states that there were almost one hundred and twenty thousand deaths. There were fifty-one persons of rank in each thousand living, and the mortality was 36 per cent. These statistics stimulated investigators to attempt to solve the problem of afflicting humanity to cholera.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

Paid Bear for a Good Deed.
Some of the parliamentary contests in the recent elections in England turned on very insignificant incidents. This was particularly the case in the defeat of Captain Penson, which was brought about by a child which innocently sprang beneath a passing carriage and received slight injuries. The carriage belonged to a lady who was conveying three voters to the polls, and who, on observing the accident, took the youngsters upon the seat and drove to a neighboring hospital. It was then late in the afternoon, and by the time the carriage reached the polls they had closed. So close was the mystery, until, from being viewed as a man, it was seized, especially when apparently angry, in a mist or an eclipse, and so revered and worshipped as the heaven-man—the monthly god."

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