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OUT ON THE SEA. STELLA PEARL HARRIS.

Out on the sea, the dark, sad sea, Where the breakers are wildly tossing, The clouds bang low with misty tears, For another soul is crossing.

The boat has slipped from the golden

Out on the sea so dreary. And stern faced Charon bears away. To where there is rest for the weary Out on the sea, the dark, sad sea, The waters the oar is cleaving: The waves send back to the pebbly

A kiss from the one who is leaving. It glows and brightens until the air Is filled with its mouraful sweetness, And it takes its place in the tear-dimmed world

With a more than magic meetness. Out on the sea, the dark, sad sea, Where the shadows are grayly sifting. Neath the cold, cold hand of icy death My life and my hopes are drifting. And all is but darkness and dread de

In face of the viewless ages, For 'tis written in letters that sear the

That for living death is the wages. O restless sea! O dark, sad sea! Whose waters are onward moving, Bring back a message, thou voiceless

A hope and a promise proving. But the answer that comes is the surf's sullen roar.
And foam on the waters gleaming;

But in the dim future we know there When we've passed through the darkness of dreaming.

-Chicago Inter-Ocean. SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

- The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we - Never fear to bring the great-

est comfort to the least trouble and the largest inspiration to the smallest duty. -Phillips Brooks. - The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her

among little children, bome firesides and country bomes than anywhere else. -Sidney Smith. - When you have a piece of work to de, don't walk round it and look at it too long. Even if you don't see clear

through it, go at it and the obscure will gradually become plain.-Ex. - Some homes are bare that ought not to be bare. Good books ought to be there. But keep books out of your homes that will rub off the bloom that comes to the character of

every child well taught .- Rev. I S Hop. - "Where the best wine grows, the worst is drunk." It may be so. Who can get good milk in a village? Who expects patience or charity from a perfectionist? Who looks for extraordinary spiritual edification from a Doctor of

Divinity?-Spurgeon. - We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If there are real wants they will come home to you, for he that buys what he does not need will soon

want what he cannot buy.-Ex. - Next to sin, religion is the greatest enemy of man. Next to sin, religion is the deadly force of humanity. Religion killed Christ. It hunted Him, tried Him and shouted against Him. Religion recorded the deed and religion was proud of it.-Rev.A.C. Dixon, Independent.

TWINKLINGS.

- Walker Farr-"I thought your

next tour was to have been through South Africa? Count d'Ties-"It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs a

- "Halt!" exclaimed the Turkish commander. "Adjutant, call the roll." "Rudyard Kipling!"

"Here." "Stephen Crane!"
"Here."

"Richard Harding Davis !" "All right! Let the word to advance

be given !"-Cleveland Leader. Full Details Gladly Given.



ONDS, long cor nected with railroad construction in Nebraska, writes: "My heart troubled and pained me for 19 years. Shortness of breath was the constant and most common symptom. Intense, excruciating pain, generally followed any severe exertion. Faintness, hunger without any appetite; fluttering that made me clutch my breast, and palpitation that often staggered me as if I would fall, were frequent attacks. Again, everything would turn black if I arose from a stooping posture quickly. Sleepless nights with their Dr. Miles' prostrating unrest were numerous and I could Heart Cure get no rest day or night.

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The Meckly Star.

MAN, THE KICKER.

In winter, when the cold winds blow,
Man kicks.

He doesn't like the ice and snow.
He hates to see the mercury go
To zero. If it falls below,
He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!

In summer, when the sizzards sizz,

Man kicks.

He groams, "O Lord, how hot it is!"
As if no misery equaled his.

Then, as he wipes his streaming phis,

He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!

And so it is, if cold or hot,

Man kicks.

He's never pleased with what he's got,
But growls and fumes and swears a lot,
And whether it is right or not
He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!
—Somerville Journal.

A CHILD'S WORLD.

The child was in its seventh year, and the garden, 12 times as old, was on the island. The house also was on the same island and was the place where the child ate and slept and obeyed. But its life was in

the garden. The house faced a pond, and two bridges bound it and the garden to the world. By the lower bridge stood the old mill, and when its gate was raised a flood of water boiled and twisted down to a smooth gravel bed below and then floated quietly to the garden's foot. Over against the upper bridge a mighty dam held the island from destruction. When the pond back of it was full, the water poured in a smooth, green stream over it and was dashed into spray and foam and torn to shreds on the jagged rocks below.

In summer time when there had been but little rainfall the great timber of the

dam was bare, and the child, when no one was looking, could walk fearfully across, between the line of water shelving to the right and the black mass of sheer rock at the left. Then it was that the child could climb over the low stone wall that kept the garden in and go down among the jewelweed and stramonium and clawing blackberry vines that took toll of gown and apron, and explore the pools and bot tomless pits in the river-bed. The water always stood in these, dark and still, how-ever severe the drought, and no stick ever sounded the depth of the largest of them. So it must have been bottomless, like some of the fearful things one heard read on Sundays in Scripture. And, though, the child, with the hair of its flesh standing up, dropped in stones, and even reached down an arm's length and brought longer sticks, and tried them again and again, the deep pool was a kind of sacred mystery forever. If the child had not been alone, if it had had a brother, one fascination of its seventh year must have been

There were holes without number in the bed of this stream and sharp pointed rocks. So that when the pond above was full it was a grand torrent that foamed roaring to the harbor, where it found the quiet millstream curling around the garden's foot. A steep bank at the right shut the river from the world, and so made it the

On the pond, made classic as Windermere by song, geese floated double in the long summer days, and lent enchantment, and birds nested in the elms that dipped their branches in the water, and bees hummed in the clover. Then the expanse narrowed, and a simple river met it, creeping along by the highway, floating between two guardian churches with tall steeples, under a long bridge, and so through the town to the mill and dam.

The child's thought went backward with it, always starting at the foot of the garden. The stream bore an Indian name, and might have had its source in the midst of campfires and wigwams, and birch bark canoes, and frightful warwhoops and tomahawks, perhaps a mile, possibly two miles away. Miles were vague measures, like time.

There were two lesser things in the child's life-the mill and the dame school. The first belonged to an old, old man, like those persons who lived before the flood: whose hat and hair and coat and eyebrows were always white, yes, and his boots, and whatever else he wore. There was a soft, rumbling kind of silence always within the mill, where the hoppers made little whirlpools of dusty grain, going down and down and down, and the child leaned over with a thrill tingling its whole body, and knew that itself could be drawn down and down and down into the wide, floury bags below, choked and lost forever. The soft dust filled the air and softened the snnlight and whitened the cobwebs among the rafters and it was all something apart from

the world and the garden. The second thing was the Dame school, where a very old lady-years older than the miller-kept ten prisoners on an upper floor of her own house from 9 till 19 and from 1 till 4 every day but Saturday. The child did not then know that liberty was only sweet when bought with a great

Every morning as the clock paused on the stroke of 9 the dame folded her hands and prayed, sitting upright like Buddha, while her captives knelt, each in its place. At the right hand of the image stood the best girl of the school, 9 years old, perfect in word and deed and called monitor, who walked around on tiptoe and rapped on the head with the ferrule any culprit who peeped out. It was a diabolic plot, not fully appreciated at the time by the prisoners, for who could hear the stealthy approach of calamity and blindly wait, not knowing which way to dodge? So heaven alone had the benefit of the morning prayer. All day long, winter and summer, sum mer and winter, like eternity, the child thought, little hands knitted and sewed, with book always in lap. The daily stint was marked by the fate in cap and spectacles, sitting in a high armchair, and no child left the room till its task was

perfectly finished The spelling class of six stood with toes en a crack of the wide floor board nearest the teacher, where her long arm, like justice's, could reach any offender, and where nothing could be hidden from her all seeing eye. The first child in the row named baker" and spelled it; the second named 'shady' and spelled it; the third named 'lady' and spelled it; the fourth named 'tidy" and spelled it. But if No. 2, twisting nervous fingers in her apron, named "lady" instead of "shady" fingers were rapped for moving, and she was disgraced and sent to the foot. For order stood on a level with accuracy at this tribunal. There was no figure five on a half inch square of paper for No. 2 that day to hoard in her pasteboard matchbox, no drink from the tin dipper, however parched the little lips might be. For these precious figure fives had to be parted with, one for every drink of brackish water that stood in a wooden pail in the entry. Five

fives were exchangeable at long periods for one ten, ten tens for a 2 inch reward of merit. The child alone was not dazzled at sight of even the final reward gained at such loss and pain, but drank its fill daily and wondered at the others. Sometimes it wondered also if the warm, tinny taste of the water drawn from a well too near the sea had any connection with the reward. The miller's daughter, Abigail, a thin, lint haired child, with pale blue eyes, knitted long stockings for her tall brother, who was a man. The child thought of him as Saul, he stood so much higher than

him as Saul, he stood so much higher than his brethren. One day when the long stocking had grown by painful half inches nearly to the toe, the sharp eyes of Dame Fate discovered a dropped stitch in the beginning of the leg, and ravelled it all out from bottom to tep. Tears for little Abigail, and no figure five!

The heart of the child was hot within its bosom as it saw fall one after one the pink and blue and yellow and red yarn marks like milestones all along the way—marks knitted in by the teacher's beny fingers and tied in hard knots on the wrong side; marks never to be removed awe by the mistress hand when the task was done. It seemed like a waste of life. But Abigail took up her weary "bouts" again, with

seemed like a waste of life. But Abigail took up her weary "bouts" again, with the patience of despair.

Every other Saturday morning school kept, that satan might not have too much verge and opportunity, and the catechism was ground into the tough fiber of memory in place of other tasks. But the sewing and knitting kept on. At one of these every others the child looked out between the two lengths of window curtain and saw a shaggy dog bounding in and out of the water, and laughed softly to itself. But Dame Fate, whose eyes were everywhere beholding the evil, spied the orime,

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11 South Front street,

whereinto-men-fell - consists - in-the-guiltof-Adam's-first -sin-the-want-of -originalof Adam's lirst sin-the want of original-righteousness and the corruption of his-whole nature which is commonly called-original sin-together with all actual trans-gressions which proceed from it."

But the child was far away. Even the whimpering of the A B C babes under the ferrule for rustling about did not bring tears as usual, for its eyes were set on green pastures where little white lambs kicked up their free heels, and mother sheep took no notice, but nibbled and based all day long, as if there were no harm in it. The leading beside still waters made quite another picture. But might it not be done by some older, wiser playmate with a string; to keep the child safely on shore between river and meeting mill stream, where chip vessels would float and dip and veer distractedly, go under and rise again? The paths of righteousness took thought. But might they not be those that led from porch to garden gate, where one never disobeyed or ran outside of bounds-never but once? That was last year, when November winds were bleak, and the child, at Abi-

pinned the curtains closer together, set two sharp thumbs in the hollows of the small

turned its back to the school, where it

shook the child dizzy, and

gail's beckoning across the mill stream, strayed out and to the lower bridge in a vagrant way, looking for something, neither child knew what. So they stopped at the gentle lady's door and asked to see the squirrels in the whirling cage that smelled warm and foreigny, and fed them with hickory nuts, and time went on. Then they took hold of hands and ran and ran and ran, swinging down the hill, and the child fell in the sand at the bottom and knew it would never breathe again.
Then they strolled across the way to the

queer house with sanded floor, where the child slipped and fell, and the miller's daughter, who had been there before, snatched up the unusual guest, shook off the sand and went on to the dark, low room where the queer lady, like her of Shallot, weaved all day long, and cared for nothing else. She wore a strange woolen gown, coarse of texture-for the child took a pinch of a stray fold that left bare a bony neck except for a snuffy kerchief twisted about it. The child saw a blue check apron, too, and great felt slippers on the treadle, and a few gray hairs screwed into a tight little knot, small as a filbert,

beneath a black cap.

The two watched the shuttle and the web and heard the clang of the loom as long as it was new, and when they moved to go the weaver opened her thin lips for the first time and said they might pick up quinces in her garden, for there was going to be a frost by night. So the two simple ones picked up cold quinces till the daylight was gone, and there was no more time for them than if they had been angels in the sun. But that night, when the wind shricked, and the child lay with a swollen, throbbing throat, never knowing before what night was like, all the sorrows of the transgressor piled their weight on its hot head, and it cried out in awe of the unknown, like a certain pious little queen to be, "I will be good."

For had not the mother searched every nook and corner in house and garden and sent the miller's son to drag the pond, just as a shivering little figure in blue gingham came loitering in sight, with a burned ginger cooky in the purple fist that did not grasp the sunbonnet, and tight little heartstrings that conscience was tugging at? But these last did not show.

The dame school in summer time held one only joy. It was the thought of hot July and August days, when the clouds piled up like woolly mountains and lightnings streaked the sky. Then the fate of the armchair, impelled by something mysterious and invisible, stopped work, step-ped down and gently shepherded her willing flock to a room across the hallway with one green paper darkened window and a high feather bed. Any child was allowed to share the bed

of safety with the dame, whose dignity gave way before the god of thunder, but there was not even a tradition that in the dark past ages any child had so demeaned itself as to accept the privilege. The least ones played softly behind the one high backed chair, while the elders crawled under the bed and whispered made up stories and came out linty and feathery

of the ferrule even from the dame, who sat cowed in the middle of the bed, a deposed and scepterless queen. And so all her small flock reveled in storm and thunder and never knew what fear was, except to despise its image when they saw it .- Alyn Yates Keith in New

when the storm was over without a touch

York Post. THE EDITOR LAUGHED.

Farmers and Distillers' Supplies. Samples and quotations cheerfully When I was running a college weekly in Nutt and Mulberry streets.

a western town, I was compelled on one occasion to hear myself denounced, in the presence of a third party who knew us oth, by a professor who did not know me by sight, who was too absentminded to observe my indignation and too cussed to care overmuch if he had. He characterized the publication over which I presided in the most derogatory terms and said

Perhaps I did. But the accusation seemed to me preposterous. And the circumstances under which I overheard it aggravated the offense, while they made a

retort on the spot impossible. That night I sat up until nearly 10 o'clock fulminating a thunderbolt. It was launched in the next issue of the weekly. As I recall it, it went nearly as follows: 'It has come within our official cognizance that a certain professor has declared publicly that this paper slops over and that e has no use for us. We desire to remark that in times now happily past we have said some kind things about this professor. We have had to slop over in order to do so. Instructions have gone forth to our staff that hereafter they may ease up in their heroic efforts in that direction. The professor will not be worried henceforth by

any undeserved adulation. I thought that paragraph was a smash-er. My "staff" informed me that it was both able and adroit. I smiled when one of my teachers called me up and said he hoped the reference was not intended for him. It wasn't. When another one assured me that he had not been correctly quoted, my smile widened. He was not the man I was after. I laughed merrily when another professor told me that he thought it would have been in better taste if he and I had come to a personal explanation. He was not the man. I exploded with amusement when a good friend of mine in the faculty asked me if I was aiming at a mild mannered old philanthropist who taught in the seminary. It was some one else I wanted. I heard of that paragraph dozens

of times in the next few days, and for awhile I was in the highest spirits. Then it occurred to me that I was bringing down too much game, that my thun-derbolt had scattered its fire too widely. The idea sobered me, and I sat down to think it over. It became evident to my clarified perceptions that I had polled unwittingly the sentiment of the entire body gentlemen who managed affairs of my college, and that they must have been saying things about the paper that it were better to have left unrevealed. As I recall the incident after some years my impression is that if there was any joke in it it was on me.—C. B. F. in New York

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

its position of honor on the center table.

Hard times had come, and the possessions of the family had found their way one by one into the pawnbroker's shop.

With its substantial binding of honest leather, the honest gilding on its edges, its fine, clear print and its excellent state of preservation, notwithstanding its age and the vicissitudes to which it had been exposed in its long history, the old volume would have been a treasure in the library of a collector of books, but no idea of turning it into money ever entered the heads of the poor but still proud people who owned it. And the old Bible continued to occupy its place of honor on the table in the center of the room that served as parlor, sitting room and dining room in the humble dwelling of the Pillsmores. But the time had come when the family was about to separate.

Its few streiving members, yielding to the pressure of necessity and the nature of their several occupations, had decided to scatter and earn their livelihoods as indi-

learned as an extra task "The Lord is my shepherd," etc. It was the old fashioned way of teaching children to love the Bible. The few possessions still remaining to them were divided without any wrangling. All except the old Bible, The catechism question for the day was, "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?" And the answer, "The sinfulness of that estate-There was some dispute over this, bu peaceful counsels prevailed, and it was de cided to cast lots for it.

boy, Roger Pillsmore.
Roger lifted the heavy book from the table, sat down and began in an absent-minded way to turn the leaves.

Well, the story does not turn out as you mny possibly have anticipated. Roger did not find a will conveying prop-erty of immense value to the Pillsmore

family. But he did find scattered through its pages the sum of \$27.60 in fractional currency of the year 1863, which some frugal but forgetful ancestor had placed there either for safe keeping or to straighten out the wrinkles.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA

FAMILY AND SOCIAL RELATIONS IN THE LAND OF THE MAHATMAS.

Annie Besant Gives Her Conclusions After Investigation and Experience - High Praise For the Hindoo Woman and the Institutions to Which She Belongs.

The first point to grasp in seeking to un-

derstand the complicated problems con-nected with Indian wemanhood is that Indian woman" is a label that is attached to a large number of very varied classes. First, we have the Hindoo women of the four great castes, with their hundreds of subdivisions. These again vary according to localities, the Hindoo women of the north and the south differing widely in their ways of life and and social customs. Next come the Mohammedan women, belonging to what is really a different world of thought, habits and family life. Then the Zoroastrian, or Parsi, women, a compara-tively small but influential class. There remains a mass of unclassifiable women of the lowest working types, of mixed races, poor, ignorant, with little religion of an definite kind, often gentle and dutiful though degraded, and with possibilities of future growth. An idea prevails largely in the west that Hindoos are polygamists Nothing can be farther from the truth. Among all my Indian friends and acquaintances I do not know one, nor know of any one connected with them, who has more than one wife. I am told that here and there a prince may be found who is dissolute, and therefore is a polygamist, and that in rare cases a second wife in taken by a commoner, with the consent of the first, where, after years of married life. no child has been born to the home.

and Caps in Flannel and To die childless is a horror to the ortho-Mohair, \$3.00 to \$6.00 dox Hindoo. That difficulty is more often avoided by the adoption of a near relative as a son than by the taking of a second 50 rolls Matting on wife while the first is living. The ideal of marriage among Hindoos Tuesday's steamer. is of the loftiest character. The union is regarded as that of two souls suited to mate with each other, for the attainment of a spiritual end; the physical union being a subordinate consideration and exist-

ing for the maintenance of the family. Hence marriage in extreme youth has been favored and the boy and girl are taught to love each other and think of none other in this relation for years ere they come to-Another thing that has to be considered in this relation is that the Hindoo custom s "the joint family system." A man, when he marries, does not leave the family house and make a new home for himself and his wife. Such a course, from the Hindoo standpoint, destroys family life. He brings his wife home to his parents and grandparents, if living, to his as yet unmarried sisters, his brothers and their wives and families, his uncles and granduncles, with theirs, all living under the one roof, with their private rooms and com-

mon rooms, the heads of the household ceing the grandparents, if both are living, or the eldest son, among the next generation, and his wife after the grandfather has passed away. In such a case the widowed grandmother remains a power in the house, and nothing important is done without her consent. Very beautiful is such a family life, all the children growing up together as one huge family, and the women held in the tenderest affection and respect. The elder women are the vir-

tual rulers of the household life.

The younger women-wives or unmarried daughters-are trained by the elders, and in due time take their places, the mother being the central figure of the Hindoo twine. Disobedience to parents is one of the worst of sins, and lack of reverence to the mother is well nigh unknown. Reverence to the gods, to the spiritual teacher, to the parents, is impressed from infancy on all, and "where the women are not honored" no divine blessing rests. Such is the immemorial custom, and though western ideas of "independent are beginning to mar the noble ideal of a perfect family life, myriads of happy homes remain where the old love and dutinate to the husband?" Yes. He is her head, her beloved lord, cherished and served with untiring devotion, and the Hindoo ideal wife is a model of love, fidelity and tender obedience. She lives for him and for her children, serving also his parents, until the time comes for her to rule the household. And she is repaid by a wealth of love, of tenderness of which

the western world has no idea.

Few households are without a widow, and her position has been roughly commented on by western writers. The Hindoo widow does not remarry, for death does not break the marriage bond. She leads the life most honored in India-that of the

Hindoo women of two generations back

were well educated for their work in life.

They were trained from childhood in a

knowledge of the noble Indian literature and knew by heart whole books of ethical teachings in story, parable or lofty verse. They were taught domestic management as a science, medicine, the value of food stuffs, herbs, etc. But chief of all was the training by precept and example in a spiritual view of human life, the subordination of the physical to the spiritual, the perfect discharge of duty. And we find in Hindoo homes a rare type of most gracious womanhood, divinely patient, gentle and unselfish, refined and sweet, with a delicate purity of thought and intuition, breathing out so pure an influence that the whole atmosphere grows fragrant with breaths of a more heavenly air than ours. The younger Hindoo women, unhappily, have not received this education of their elders, owing to the unconsciously experienced influence of western ways, and are too often somewhat trivial and childish, though fair and sweet and lovable. Attempts are being made to introduce an education based on English models, and many schools are being spened with this end in view. But an education suited for a wholly different civilization-in which an ever increasing number of women are thrown on their own exertions for a livelihood, and, competing with man in professions and trades, require an education like unsuitable for girls whose destiny is the home and not the market place. I had the pleasure in Mysore of placing before the maharani regent (the queen regent) and her ministers a carefully thought out view of the female education which I

believe to be needed for Hindoo girls, and at the request of the prime minister I afterward prepared a paper, which he is having translated into the southern vernaculars and widely circulated. Certain it is that the matter is of the deepest importance for the future, for if western influences triumph we shall only get bad replicas of an alien type, while the

unique type of Hindoo womanhood will be

lost to the world, save in literature. Such

loss may the gods avert!—Annie Besant in

New York Journal. Novels. Mr. Gladstone rightly holds that in considering the value of novels the proper test to apply is the query, "Which flovel will best bear reading and rereading?" He agrees with Wilkie Collins in thinking Scott the first novelist of the century. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is Gladstone's favorite, and he reads it every three or four years. George Eliot, he thinks, comes next to Scott, her masterpiece being "Silas Marner." Of Thackeray, Mr. Glad-



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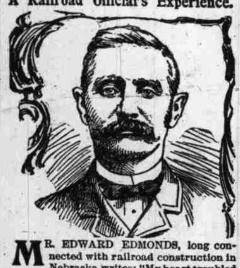
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