## Orange

# Aberner

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY AUGUST 5, 1897.

NEW SERIES-VOL. XVI

The Noted Washington Divine's Sunday Discourse.

A Plea For Cheerfulness-Three Prescriptions For the Cure of Business Depression: Cheerful Conversation and Behavior, Proper Christian Investment, and a Great Spiritual Awakening.

Text: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"-Lamentations III., 39.

A cheerful interrogatory in the most melancholy book of the Bible! Jeremiah wrote so many sad thing- that we have a word named after him and when anything is surcharged with grief and complaint we call it a jeremiad. But in my text Jeremiah, as by a sudd n jolt, wakens us to a thankful spirit. Our blessings are so much more aureerous than our deserts that he is surprised that anybody should ever find fault. Having life and with it a thousand blessings it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?

While everything in our national finances is brightening, for the last few years the land has been set to the tune of "Naomi." There has been here and there a chearful schoist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation, accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufactories, unemployed mechanism, and all those disforders described by the two short words, "hard times." The fact is that we have been paying for the bloody luxury of war that was not worth more than fifty cents more than thirty years ago. There were great national differences, and we had not enough Christian character to settle them by arbitration and treaty, and so we went into battle, expending life and treasure and he goes on to fortune. There are men well nigh swamping the national finances, and north and south, east and west, have ever since been paying for those four years' indulgence in barbarism.

But the time has come when this depresthe people are willing to do two or three things by way of financial medicament, for the people as well as Congress must join in the work of re-uperation. The best political economists tell u- that there is no good reason for continued prestration. Plenty of money awaiting phyestment. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet we go on groaning, groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon gruel and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six months. The fact is, the habit of complaining has become chronic in this equatry, and after all these years of whimper and wailing and objurgation we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

There are are three prescriptions by which I believe that our individual and National finances may be cured of their present depression. The first is cheerful conversation and behavior. I have noticed that the people who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jereminds against these times, and I are thousands of us now who can this year have asked them, "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation and coughing and clearing their throat three or four times they say stammeringly, "Y-e-s." So that with a great multitude of people it is not a question of getting a a right to ask? Strike, then, a balance for livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they can't make as much money as they would like to make. They have only \$2000 in the bank, where they would like to have \$4000. They can clear in a year some cause of Christianity, some misonly \$5000, when they would like to clear \$10,000, or things come out just even. Or in their trade they get \$3 a day when they wish they could make \$4 or \$5. "Oh. says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of | than that used in common parlance. Yes, employment, and there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wits' end, not knowing which way man in private life can know that sad fact. for it comes constantly to my eye and ear, but who is responsible for this state of

Much of that responsibility I put upon men in comfortable circumstances who by an everlasting growling keep public confidence depressed and new enterprises from starting out and new houses from being built. You know very well that one despondent man can talk fifty men into despondency, while one cheerful physician can wake up into exhibaration a whole asylum of hypochondriaes. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed for you to join in this deploration. If you have not the wit and the common sense to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent.

Now I will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, I will open all the manufactories. I will give employment to all the lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes. I will stop the house and the penitentiary and I will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with national jubilee. But says some one, "I will take that contract, but we can't affect the whole nation." My hearers and readers, representing as you do all professions. dolerous word about the money and by wit and caricature and, above spread? The effect would be felt around the world. For God's sake and for the sake of the poor and for the sake of the employed quit growling. Depend upon it, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining, God will blast your barvests and see how you will get along without a corn crop, and He will sweep you with floods, and He will devour you with grasshoppers, and He will burn your city. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining, God will give you something to complain about. Mark that! The second prescription for the allevia-

tion of financial distress is proper Christian investment. God demands of every individual state and nation a certain proportion of their income. We are parsimonious. We keep back from God that which belongs to him, and when we keep back anything from God he takes what we keep back, and he takes more. He takes it by storm, by sickness, by bankruptcy, by any one of the 10,000 ways which he can employ. The reason many of you are cramped in business is because you have never learned the lesson of Christian generosity. You employ an agent. You give him a reasonable salary, and, lo, you find out that he is appropriating your funds, besides the salary. What do you do? Discharge him. Well, we are God's agents. He puts in our hands certain mon-eys. Part is to be ours, part is to be His. Suppose we take all, what then? He will discharge us. He wal turn us over to financial disasters and take the trust away from us. The reason that great multitudes are not prospered in business is simply because they have been withholding from God that which belongs to Him.

The rule is give and you will receive, ad-

so he was haptized. What we want in this country is more baptized pocketbooks. The only safe investment that a man

can make in this world is in the cause of Christ. If a man give from a superabundance, God may or he may not respond with a blessing, but if a man give until he feels it, if a man give until it fetches the blood, if a man give until his selfishness eringes and twists and cowers under it, he will get not only spiritual profit, but he will get paid back in hard cash or in convertible securities. We often see men who are tight-fisted who seem to get along with their investments very profitably, notwithstanding all their parsimony. But wait. Suddenly in that man's history everything goes wrong. His health falls, or his reason is dethroned, or a domestic curse smites him, or a midnight shadow of some kind drops upon his soul and upon his business. What is the matter? God is punishing him for his small heartedness. He tried to cheat God. and God worsted him. So that one of the reelpes for the cure of individual and national finances is more generosity. Where you bestowed \$1 on the cause of Christ give \$2. God loves to be trusted, and he is very apt to trust back again. He says: "That man knows how to handle money. He shall have more money to handle." And very soon the property that was on the market for a great while gets a parchaser, and the bond on a dollar goes to par, and the opening of a new street doubles the value of his house, or in any way of a million God blesses him. Once the man finds out that secret and whom I have known who for ten years have been trying to pay God \$1000. They have never been able to get it paid, for just as they were taking out from one fold of their pocketbook a bill mysteriously somehow in sion ought to end yea, when it will end if some other fold of their pocketbook there came a larger bill. You tell me that Chris-In generosity pays in the world to come I tell you it pays now, pays in hard cash, pays in Government securities. You do not believe it? 'Ah, that is what keeps you back. I knew you did not believe it. The whole world and Christendom is to be reconstructed on this subject, and as you are a part of Christendom let the work begin in your own soul. "But." says some one, I don't believe that theory, because I have been generous and I have been losing money for ten years." Then God prepaid you, that is all.

What because of the money that you made in other days? You say to your son, Now I will give you \$500 every year as long as you live." After awhile you say, "Well, my son, you prove yourself so worthy of my confidence I will just give you \$20,000 in a single lump." And you give it to him, and he starts off. In two or three years he does not complain against you: "Father is not taking care of me. I ought to have \$500 a year." You prepaid your son, and he does not complain. There get just enough to supply our wants. But did not God supply for us in the past and has he not again and again and again paid us in advance? In other words, trusted you all along-trusted you more than you had God. Economize in anything rather than in your Christian charities. There is not more than one out of 300 of you who ever give enough to do you any good, and when sionary society or Bible society or church organization, comes along and gets anything from you what do you say? You say: "I have been bled." And there never was a more significant figure of speech you have been bled, and you are spiritually emaciated, when if you had been courageous enough to go through your propto turn?" Yes, I know it better than any erty and say: "That belongs to God, and this belongs to God, and the other thing belongs to God," and no more dared to appriate it to your own use than something that belonged to your neighbor, instead of being bled to death by charities you would have been reinvigorated and recuperated and built up for time and for eternity. God will keep many of you cramped in money matters until the day of your death unless you swing out into larger generosities.

People quote as a joke what is a divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days. What did God mean by that? There is an allusion there. In Egypt when they sow the corn it is at a time when the Nile is overflowing its banks, and they sow the seed corn on the waters, and as the Nile begins to recede this seed corn strikes in the earth and comes up a harvest, and that is the allusion. It seems as if they are throwunoccupied men and women, I will make a awhile they gather it up in a harvest. Now says God in His word, "Cast thy bread the waters, and it shall come back to thee after many days." It may seem to you that you are throwing it away ou charities, but it will yield a harvest of harvest in heaven. If men could appreciate that and act on that, we would have no more trouble about individual or na-

tional finances Prescription the third, for the cure of all our individual and national financial disyou should resolve never again to utter tresses, a great spiritual awakening. It is no mere theory. The merchants of this country were positively demented with the monetary excitement in 1857. There never all, by faith in God to try to scatter this | before nor since has been such a state of national gloom, do you not believe the in- financial depression as there was at that fluence would be instantaneous and wide- time. A revival came, and 500,000 people were born into the kingdom of God. What came after the revival? The grandest financial prosperity we have ever had in this country. The finest fortunes, the largest fortunes in the United States, have been made since 1857, "Well," you say, "what has spiritual improvement and revival to do with monetary improvement and revival?" Much to do. The religion of Jesus Christ has a direct tendency to make men honest and sober and truth telling, and are not honesty and sobriety and truth telling auxiliaries of material pros-

If we could have an awakening in this country as in the days of Jonathan Edwards of Northampton, as in the days of Dr. Finley of Basking Bidge, as in the days of Dr. Griffin of Boston, the whole land would rouse to a higher moral tone, and with that moral tone the honest business enterprise of the country would come up. You say a great awakening has an influence upon the future world. I tell you it has a direct influence upon the financial walfare of this world. The religion of Christ is no foe to successful business. It is its best friend. And if there should come a great awakening in this country, and all the banks and insurance companies and stores and offices and shops should close up for two weeks and do nothing but attend to the public worship of Aimighty God, after such a spiritual vacation the land would wake up to such financial prosperity as we have never dreamed of. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. But, my friends, do not put too much emphasis on worldly success as to let your eternal affairs go at loose ends.

minister liberally and you shall have more I have nothing to say against money. The to administer. I am in full sympathy with more money you get the better, if it es we the man who was to be baptized by immer- honestly and goes usefully. For the sion, and some one said. "You had better lack of it sickness dies without medileave your pockethook out; it will get wet," cine, and hunger finds its coffin in "No," said he, "I want to go down under an empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers the wave with everything. I want to con- for clothes and fire. All this canting tirade secrate my property and all to God." And against money, as though it had no practical use, when I hear a man indulge in it, makes me think the best heaven for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. No; there is a practical use in money, but while we admit that we must also admit that it cannot satisfy the soul, that it cannot pay for our ferriage across the Jordan of death. that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven for our immortal soul.

Yet there are men who act as though packs of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a mansion in heaven, and as Buours is not that kind of one; it ain't that It's only in the winters we have time to go though gold were a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Sa. ation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out that sum in loss and gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" You may wear fine apparel now, but the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

All the mines of Australia and Brazil, strung in one carcanet, are not worth to con as much as the pearl of great price. You remember, I suppose, some years ago, the shipwreck of the Central America? A storm came on that vessel. The surges tramped the deck and swept down through hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer, as though it would leap a mountain. The glare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave. Oh, it was a stupendous spectacle. But that ship did not go down without a struggle. The passengers stood in long lines trying to bail it out, and men unused to toll tugged until their hands were blistered and their muscles were strained. After awhile a sail came in sight. A few passengers got off, but the most went down. The ship gave one lurch

So there are men who go on in life-n fine voyage they are making out of it. All is well till some euroclydon of business disaster comes upon them, and they go down. The bottom of this commercial sea is strewn with the shattered hulks. But because your property goes shall your soul go? Oh, no. There is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after awhile. This world-God launched it 6000 years ago, and it is sailing on, but one day it will stagger at the cry of "Fire!" and the timbers of the rocks will burn, and the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails In the judgment hurricane. God will take a good many off the deck, and others out of the berths, where they are now sleeping in Jesus. How many shall go down? No one will know until it is announced in heaven

one day: "Shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned!" [Sinos 1nos ears '1000000 Sultsuleace Lord Almighty, through the blood of the house goes, because all your earthly possessions go, do not let your soul go. May the Because your fortunes go, because your

### DOROTHY DREW.

Popular Little Lady Who Has Had Lunch with the Queen.

Dorothy Drew has had lunch with the Queen, and she is therefore a more popular little lady than ever in England. Dorothy is now 7 years old, and is the pride and joy of the Gladstone household. She is the granddaughter of the "grand old man" and the daugh ter of Rev. Harry Drew and Mary Gladstone Drew. Mr. Drew is the warden of St. Deiniol's, at Hawarden. and his daughter is recognized by the populace as the real mistress of Haw arden Castle. Dorothy has been allowed to grow up like a wild rose. She has



a black Pomeranian dog, to which she variation of "pet." Petz accompanies her in all her rambles and a thorough understanding exists between him and his mistress. He is just three years older than Dorothy and has lived at Hawarden since 1888. Miss Drew was born ir the house at 10 St. James square, London. The Queen was anxious to see the child who has played so prominent a part in the domestic life of the great statesman, and the ex-Premier and his wife were delighted when they received Victoria's command that Dorothy should visit Windsor Castle as a special guest. Princess Louise accompanied her from London to Windsor.

### Tomcat That Slays Lambs.

An Ayrshire tomcat has been slaying young lambs. The farmer, missing many of his lambs, kept watch. and saw the cat sneak along on top of a wall, at the bottom of which the lambs were sunning themselves, and spring down upon one and kill it.

In Lowell, Ark., the other day a woman who was presiding over a "holiness meeting" shot four men who were interrupting the performance. That woman evidently believes that the only way to increase a man's holiness is to drill a few holes in him.

### TURNING AND CRINDING

& have our little fullings-out and argu- "And there's very few so stupid that they ments and such, really couldn't earn Ad then we make it up again; they don't Themselves an honest living, if they'd just amount to much. agree to turn. Ht on one subject, anyhow, we're all of the By all means try for grinding, but own same mind; you find

you can do the turning, but ain's tiny Eloise came to Bliss all of us don't want to turn, and all do That want to grind. smart enough to grind." heard about a grindstone of a labor- When fasher talks, he says it. He likes to

saving kindthink things out. Innly takes one person to turn it and to I see him smiling, sometimes, at the things he thinks about. work a treadle with your foot, the same When he comes in from the plow-field, he as mother sews. don't tell you how he aches. a fellow don't mind turning when he's He tells you something queer he's seen, of grinding, I suppose.

we're asleep, Bu money's scarce and hard to get, and el-

thing you've got to learn. We can'tell do the grinding, for somebody mut turn. Of coursel'd like you all to be as smart as folia are made

ow-grease is cheap not a fool.

Where there's a half a dozen elbows that And the thing we talk the most about, the are half the time in sight. thing we hope to do.

Though mother puts on patches, I reckon, In a race that's free to every one, is what evry night. I'm coming to. Boys, father said, the other day, "one We'll keep our eyes wide open; if we're

they should one day find But it isn't very likely that you will be, I'm That every single son they had was smart enough to grind! - Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Compnaion.

birds, or beasts, or snakes. to school. But we dig at it, I tell you, and I hope I'm his own.

only fit to turn. look for the best way there is, and that's the one we'll learn. think how mother and father'd feel, if

## IN LOVE AND WAR.



that he had gone clung to him.

tion to conquer at

waked up to find that his thick bronze | the face of woman.

ing all Blissfield was electrified to see, the first sight of her. as it passed the quaint old Dayton

Dayton." 1' dida't "take" of first. His wore short coats in direct opposition to all Secondly, as the physician, who Dr. Charles was been in the former ideas of the professional man's frowned at the extreme slightness of in the twilight, ded to the ber anybody whom he had known in neck

It wasn't because he was proud, he to take her close in his arms, to kiss graver things during his absence than own remembering who was the sister to his Sunday-school teacher and who mar- me, but a young lady is so rare a ful little story, even to sending t

But after a year or so of doubt they began to understand him, especially | Finally, gathering himself together. town when the scarlet fever threatened | gravely: to fill the tiny graveyard on the edge

Dr. Charles, as they learned to call him, had an additional trait in his charmingly as she said: favor; he knew how to neglect each and every woman in Blissfield with equal known you for a long time, I think, severity. Not that women enjoy being | for Tom talks of you all the time." neglected, but they always develop a sort of respect for a man who doesn't confessed, but some way it rankled stoop to them, providing he is consis- that she should accept him so much as tent in his frigidity to all the women a matter of course. He would have in the place.

had taken place in Blissfield. Dr. problem already solved.

It was an awful mistake, thought the was settled. become the husband of the dearest lit- sounded pitifully like a sob: tle girl in all the world.

But reason settled upon them, and brother."

er with the tiny lady, who was in a If consternation had been in her Round Table pretty state of nervousness at the midst before, it now rose to a terrible strangeness of the situation.

at the bedside of a patient, and when, breath sharply, when little Eloise, with by a correspondent of the London after midnight, he stumbled in, drip- that tact which heaven sometimes Chronicle of H. E. Krehbiel's book, ping, splashed with mud after his long | sends women in their times of peril, | "How to Listen to Music." The corride in the storm and sick at heart (his answered: patient had died in spite of his efforts). gloves on the table in the hall.

button was missing from the left wrist. lips.

Dr. Charles slept badly that night rumpled, tiny, buttonless glove in the Dr. Charles took up his medicine New York Advertiser.

HEN Charles was | hall below, and the more he tried to thirty he decided throw off the memory the closer it

to school long When he reached the lower hall he And so the little girl came to Bliss enough. His found himself again by the little table field the second time, and reached the father had arrived with the little hat and gloves, and he Dayton home on another stormy night, at that conclusion put out his hand with a touch almost this time to be welcomed by the beardyears before, but caressing. Just as his fingers met the ed doctor standing by the glowing fire the son's indomit- pretty feminine trifles he heard a fresh and holding out both his hands. Simable determina- young voice just behind him saving:

least the rudi- way. I forgot them last night." ments of his profession before he Dr. Charles wheeled about guiltily. should enter upon active practice made | There, on the lower step, was a young him deaf to all paternal entreaties to girl, looking straight at him from the return home until one morning he most baby-like blue eyes ever lighting

"I'll take these, if they are in your

beard had developed several actually Dr. Charles, later on, in analyzing his feelings, realized that he had ex-Consequently, one fine spring morn- perienced three distinct sensations at

First, that of the critic, in which he homestead, a modest, little gilt sign was amazed to see here in the actual bearing the simple words, "Dr. Charles flesh the girl whom he had always be- his engagement. The speed and eagerfore thought existed only in senti- ness with which he accepted almost Secondly, as the physician, who

dress, and he didn't seem to remem- the figure, the frail wrist, the tiny And lastly, as the man, who wanted

knew, but he had been occupied with her, to love her and to call her his "I really must beg you to forgive had told him the whole pitiful, sham

ried the youngest of the Barker girls. | pleasure in this house that I was overwhelmed at my good fortune."

when his superior skill had saved the he walked over to her, and, taking one darling of nearly every household in of her hands in each of his, he said,

"You are to be my sister, I suppose I am brother Charles. Eloise was herself again and smiled

"I knew you immediately. I've

She was most delightful, Dr. Charles At the end of five years two things as a man to be studied rather than a

Charles was the idol of the town, and What a fool he had been to call her cipher, which no person could unfo young Tom, the baby of the Dayton his little sister. He didn't want to but we doubt much whether they would

family of her future husband some rose with a strange new pride to prefor the East, and returned a week lat- the hall this morning. I kissed her."

pitch. Tom's fingers clutched the Dr. Charles was out in the country edge of the table, and he drew his

long in the dimiy-lighted hall, absent- clears the sky. The lover wavered, Wickham he sang a fourth. Whether ly smoothing out the tiny gloves, tried to speak once or twice, and the same cuckoo varies his note or difpressing each finger in place and not- finally ended by bending over and ferent cuckoos sing different intervals ing with an indulgent smile that a saluting the little girl squarely on the I do not know." To this it may be re-

mind as he opened his eyes was the off into a nervous but steadying laugh. cal method from his English cousing

instant that the me stayed away for thre but when Sunday among them as usu grave, as preoccupied

case and hurried do

He did not accomp church, but as he watche side, dainty in the gowns she wore so I away with a mighty eyes. From that inc that Eloise should be man who didn't know instead of the gay-he privilege it now was

One morning, when lawn, a telegram was brought ber announcing the sudden death of her father, and so Elizabeth and Tom started suddenly away from Blissfield with their terror-stricken little charge.

Tom decided to return to college, but he stoutly refused to go back to his former school, which was near Eloise's home, but chose instead a seat of learning farther east.

Finally one February morning there arrived a short, unhappy note, in which poor Eloise begged to come to visit the Dayton family. "Mamma is at sister's, whose baby has the scarlet fever, so they won't let me stay with them, and it is so lonesome here in this big house with no one but the servants. Besides I want to talk to you about Mr. Thomas Dayton."

Dr. Charles's heart leaped for joy. This formal "Mr. Thomas Dayton" spoke volumes.

ple Elizabeth the next day told him all Eloise's confessions of Tom's neglect, and added:

"She puzzles me, Dr. Charles. She doesn't seem to be half so broken. hearted as I expected. I really think that her pride is hurt worse than her affections. And I thought she loved

The climax came when a whole week passed without a letter from Tom, and Eloise, setting her white lips and blinking back her tears of mortification, wrote to offer to release him from took builthealt of or. OF

where he had welconfed her the sto night a few weeks ago.

As his eyes fell on Eloise, broken, half radiant, there sprang i them such a light as made her d her own. She realized that Elizabe ring back in its tiny white satin be and yet, somehow, she never was happy before.

"You are free again, Eloise?" He had taken the little left hand and turned it till the firelight showed the bare third finger. And poor Eloise could only say a little halfsobbing "Yes. "Then," said Dr. Charles, solemnly,

"I may ask you to give up that freedom again and to teach me to kiss you as Tom did."-Chicago Tribune.

Cipher-Writing.

The are of secret writing, or writing in cipher, was, according to Polybius, preferred her to look upon him more | invented by Eneas, author of a treatisg on tactics and other works. He pa duced twenty methods of writing family, was going to celebrate reach- think of her as a sister; he didn't want preserve this quality at the present ing his majority by taking unto himself her ever again to speak to Tom in that day. It is no less strange than true familiar way, as though everything that this art, so important in diplomacy, as long as conriers are liable to whole household when the downy- Then he deliberately drew her close be intercepted, was held in abhorrence cheeked Tom stood up in blushing to him and kissed her fairly on her by the Elector Frederic the Second, bravado on his return from his junior smooth, white forehead. She strug- who considered it as a diabolical inyear at college, and persisted in his gled away with a little cry, while her vention. Trithemius, Abbot of Spanstatement that he was never going to face grew deadly pale. Then she said, heim, had composed several works to school again. For that fall he was to with a nervous, hurt little laugh which revive this branch of knowledge; and Boville, an ignorant mathematician, "Of course, since you are Tom's being unable to comprehend the ex-But reason settled upon them, and brother."

the only stipulation was that a little When he came down to breakfast he explain his method, published that the maiden should come for a visit to the found the family at the table, but Tom work was full of diabolical mysteries. sent his lady love to his fine big Frederic, in a holy zeal, ordered the One morning late in July Miss Day. brother. Then the physician said, in original work of Trithemins, which he ton and her younger brother set out a grave, calm tone: "I met Eloise in had in his library, to be burned, as the invention of the devil .- Harper's

> The Cuckoo's Note. A curious criticism has been made

respondent says that Mr. Krehbiel "Yes, and he called me his little seems to be under the impression that he had forgotten all about the expect- sister. He isn't much used to kissing all cuckoos sing the same interval. ed visitor till he caught sight of a lit- a girl, though, I know, for he did it so "Either Mr. Krehbiel has not heard tle sailor hat and a pair of crumpled queerly, and he kissed me on the the cuckoo very much or he has not forehead, Tom, while you always heard many cuckoos. I have here It seemed so very odd to find anything so young, so daintily feminine
in this staid old house that he stood but then it is the lightning flash which
the cuckoo sing a rather sharp see and
-sometimes a minor and sometimes a
in this staid old house that he stood but then it is the lightning flash which plied that probably Mr. Krehbiel re-"There, sweetheart, we'll show him ferred to the American cuckoo, which, and awoke with the sun in spite of the how it is done." And the amazed Miss while closely related to the English late hours of the night before. Some Elizabeth ejaculated, "Mercy me!" cuckoo, has native peculiarities of his way the first thing to come into his so loudly that the whole party went own that may extend to a different vo-