

DON'T YOU MIND.

Trouble—don't you mind it, and don't you mind the care, Push 'em all behind you, and dream of heavens fair. The sorrows that, like shadows, come falling 'cross the way, Will fade before the sunbeams and blossoming of May.

Don't you mind the thunder, and skies that threaten, low, Don't you mind the wind sighs that keep a-wailing so; For every sigh we hear, dear, there'll come a lilting tune— For every bit of trouble there'll come the smiles of June!

Don't you mind the grieving—grief must play its part; Don't you mind the sighs, dear, ere joy creeps in the heart. Don't you mind the thistles that wound the weary feet— We must know the bitter that we may know the sweet!

—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Neglected Warning.

CHAPTER I.

Freda Montgomery was quite accustomed to wandering alone about the Sierra Morena foothills near her father's cabin. She had the soul of a poet, and her eyes never tired of the wild beauty that met them whichever way they turned.

One day she had scaled the fence of a cliff, clinging with feet and hands to such crevices and projections as she could find, until she reached a certain point from which she had long wished to look across Santa Clara Valley toward the Monte Diablo range.

But how could she look outward with her face turned toward the cliff?

On the top of the next ledge above grew a gigantic oak tree; one of its limbs curved downward and stretched an erratic branch over the cliff, just near enough for Freda to grasp. Relying upon it for support, she turned about, facing the beautiful valley, but also facing a fearful chasm into which even she scarcely dared look.

The cliff behind her slanted slightly forward, and for the sake of a better view, Freda loosened her hold upon the branch and leaned backward. As she did so the branch flew far above her reach, and a great stone that had been weighing the upper limb, having been caught in a crotch of the branches, crashed downward, nearly striking her feet on its way.

Freda forgot the beauty of Santa Clara Valley then; she leaned hard against the cliff and set her feet firmly upon the slight projections upon which her life depended, and then she tried to think. She could move neither upward nor downward with her face toward the chasm; there was no escape for her unless she could turn toward the cliff; the juts on which her feet rested were so small that it was impossible to turn without clinging to something with her hands; there was nothing for her hands to cling to!

Such a review of the situation passed quickly through Freda's mind. Realizing her awful peril she cried out, with scarce a hope of being heard:

"Father, father, help me, save me!"

Before the echo of her voice had died away an answer floated softly down from some one overhead:

"Stand very still; be brave; help is coming!"

But the tones were unfamiliar. The voice was not her father's.

Almost immediately the branch above was pressed downward until she was again able to seize it.

"Turn very cautiously," directed the voice. "Do you feel safe now?"

"Quite, thanks," said Freda, rather faintly.

"Can you let go the branch until I climb back to the ledge and return again?"

"Yes."

"I want to fetch my overcoat and tear it up to make a rope to let down to you."

"I can climb to the ledge now without help," said Freda, with returning courage.

"Do not attempt it, I beseech you!" pleaded the voice, but she was already making the ascent, moving rapidly, determined to prevent the sacrifice of the overcoat.

Near the top a pair of hands, strong as an athlete's, yet white as a woman's, reached down, drew her lightly to the place of safety, and deposited her on the grass at the foot of the tree.

"There, little one, take breath. I shall not allow you to speak a word until you have rested," said the gentle voice—gentle and yet masterful.

Freda closed her eyes and leaned her head against the mossy tree trunk. She was, indeed, half fainting from the reaction following her danger and her terror. How safe she felt! From the ledge an easy path went down to the road—and how she trusted her new protector!

By and by a leaf cup filled with water from a spring was held against her lips.

She drank eagerly, and afterward opened her eyes and sat straighter, feeling stronger again.

On the grass before her, looking with anxious kindness into her face, knelt a man of perhaps twenty-four years of age, with grave blue eyes and a somewhat delicate face, smooth-shaven.

"Then do not try." "But how do you know?" "There—what matters? It was all an accident; but well for you that I saw your danger, and was near enough to help you. Even if the branch had grown ever so low and been ever so strong, you were hazarding your life to go up there at all; do you know that?"

"I suppose so; but the valley was very beautiful seen from there," said Freda, in self-excite. "Up here the branches and a spur of the hills partly spoil our outlook."

"You must be an artist, to care so much."

"No, I am only Freda—Freda Montgomery. But I love to look at beautiful things."

Two hours slipped away before Freda thought of going home.

In that time the acquaintance progressed rapidly, and when Percy Leeling said good-by to Freda it was at her father's door, and with a promise to call the next day.

"Father," said Freda, that evening, "I have something to tell you."

"Found a bird's nest to-day, I suppose?"

"No; guess higher."

"Not a nugget of gold?"

"No; nothing like money, but a grand, handsome—"

"There, there, child, don't bother me. I have to plan about getting the gold out of that pocket in the creek before some other fellow finds it. You can tell me your wonderful discoveries any time, can't you?"

"I suppose so."

A few evenings later Mr. Montgomery said:

"You look very rosy to-night; you haven't discovered gold, have you?"

"No, father, something a great deal better."

"What, better than gold? Not diamonds?"

"No, father; how to be happy without gold or diamonds?"

"Nonsense, child? Where do you get such silly notions?"

"May I tell you about it?"

"No, no, to-night; I've no patience to listen to fairy tales; I'm too busy with thoughts of gold."

"You think of gold all the time, don't you, father?"

"Never mind, child. One of these days you shall help me to spend it. Your beauty shall shine from a proper setting of jewels, and silks and laces; then you will be really happy."

"Perhaps."

"Absurd child, of course you will."

CHAPTER II.

About two weeks after the first meeting of Percy and Freda, Mr. Montgomery went home at an unusual hour and found the two conversing earnestly in his cabin.

Both rose at his entrance and Freda said:

"Dear father, this is Percy—Mr. Percy Leeling."

"Who the dickens is Mr. Percy Leeling, and what do you know about him that you dare receive him alone in my absence?" demanded Mr. Montgomery.

Percy began to explain, but was silenced by a gesture.

"Let her speak first," said the father; "she is simple and easily imposed upon, but she will say what is true."

"So will he," declared Freda loyally. "He is a noble young man; he saved my life."

"From a garter snake, I dare say," scornfully commented Mr. Montgomery. "And then you invited him to the house, did you?"

"Yes, father; and he could only come forenoon, and then you are never at home. I tried to tell you, and you were always too busy to listen."

"A likely story! Can only come forenoon, indeed!"

"Yes, father. In the afternoons he is making maps or something with the others. He is a geologist; he goes round finding out about the stones."

"A prospector! Locating mines!" cried Mr. Montgomery, angrily. "I see through the whole mystery now; he is scheming to learn from you the situation of that pocket in the rocks—my mine—my gold! If you have told him—"

Percy laid a warning hand on Mr. Montgomery's arm.

"Sir," he said; "there are some forms of injustice that I will not endure. Your daughter is not a blabber; I am not a thief; I have asked nothing about you or your affairs, and Freda has told me nothing."

"Then what brought you here?" demanded Mr. Montgomery.

"That's neither here nor there. Do you intend to marry her, or do you not?" thundered Mr. Montgomery.

"I do not," replied Percy, folding his arms and standing proudly erect, though a ghastly pallor spread suddenly over his haughty, handsome face.

"I think I understand you," said Mr. Montgomery, pointing toward the door.

"In that you are mistaken. You do not understand me; you misinterpret everything. I will go, but first I wish to speak with Freda."

"Not one word shall you speak to Freda to-day or any other day. Do you see this revolver? I give you three minutes to leave the premises. If I ever see you here after that time, I'll blow your brains out."

"Of course I will go. I am unarmed and at your mercy."

CHAPTER III.

One evening Mr. Montgomery opened his door in response to a knock, and was confronted by the muzzle of a revolver in the hand of Percy Leeling.

"Hold up your hands!" said Percy.

And Mr. Montgomery obeyed, as men usually do under like circumstances.

"I have no desire to harm you," said Percy, "but I have news for you, and didn't want to give you a chance to shoot me before I told it, so I took this way to make myself safe. I happened to overhear a conversation to-day from which I learned that this house is to be entered at 12 o'clock to-night by some robbers who believe that you keep gold at home. I will remain here until that hour, and afford you all the protection and assistance in my power if you will accept help from me."

"I have no faith in your story. It is only trumped up to get an evening with Freda. There are no robbers in this country," said Mr. Montgomery.

"I beg you will at least send Freda across the hill to visit Miss Marsh, her teacher, over night," pleaded Percy.

"And let you wait for her along the road, and fill her ears with nonsense? No, just take yourself away, and I'll trust the rest of the world," said the obstinate old man.

Percy withdrew immediately.

He had another plan to be pursued if this failed, and midnight found him, with a sheriff and two deputies, following close, spurring his horse through a pass of the hills, riding toward the cabin of the Montgomerys as he never rode before.

"Too late! Oh, Freda, Freda!" burst from Percy's lips like a groan.

He had heard firing in the cabin. Just as they reached the yard gate the cabin door flew open and two men, alarmed by the tramp of horses' feet, rushed out and disappeared in the darkness, pursued by the sheriff and deputies.

Upon entering the cabin Percy found Mr. Montgomery lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and Freda kneeling beside him, trying bravely to bind his wounds.

"No use, child, no use; I'm past saving! I wish I had listened to the warning I received! What made the robbers run without my gold—your gold after to-night?"

"The sheriff, father; Percy brought the sheriff!"

"Always Percy! He is a better man—than I thought! Are you there, Leeling?"

"Just here! Let me lift you upon the bed."

"No time; I want to talk before—the breath—leaves me! Forgive a foolish old fellow!"

"Most heartily."

"I wish you had wanted—to marry Freda. I wish you had loved her!"

"I did—I do love her, but she would never have believed in my love for her, nor would you have believed, either, if I had seemed driven to marry her at the point of a revolver! Besides, when I learned that you had a mine that was a bar, because I was poor. But my life has suddenly changed. I have received an inheritance, and if I knew that Freda loved me—"

Freda slipped her hand into his.

"Shall we pledge ourselves to each other in his presence?" whispered Percy.

The little hand clung yet more tightly to his and Freda flashed a bright smile at him from between her teeth.

"If I knew—that you—would—take care—of her—"

"I will. Do you feel our hands clasped over yours? Freda will be my wife—loved and honored to the end of my life. Are you satisfied?"

"Thank heaven!"

These were the last words of Mr. Montgomery.

Freda remained with Miss Marsh a short time after her father's funeral, and then, simply and quietly, she was married to Percy and went with him far away from the cabin among the foothills.—New York Weekly.

Temptations in India.

The worst of India for a youth is that it gives him such tremendous chances of living beyond his income. I would offer him this advice: Don't get into debt; you had much better never have been born. Don't have typhoid fever if you can help it. Don't think you are superior to other people; it is surprising how this country will help you to find your level.—Bombay Gazette.

A Dark Secret.

Wanted.—The name of the man who first made the welkin ring.—Detroit News.

Engineers declare that consumptives employed in caissons used in tunnel construction are benefited remarkably by the compressed air.

Household Matters.

Painting Your Refrigerator.
After my zinc lined refrigerator began to grow dingy I treated it to two coats of white enamel paint and it became as good as new, writes a contributor in the Delineator. It is best to paint it in the fall so that the refrigerator will dry thoroughly before it is needed for use.

Silk Sheets and Pillow Cases.
English society is no longer satisfied with fine embroidered linens for its beds, but pure silk, richly embroidered, must form the sheets and pillow cases. The fad has been borrowed from Paris and has met with instant favor, having the recommendation of several physicians to further it. At first black was used exclusively, then white, and now some few people have given orders for bed clothes matching in tint the color schemes of the room. Surah or China silk is used. As it must be specially woven to the required width it is very expensive, a pair of sheets costing anywhere from \$75 to \$250, or fifteen to fifty guineas.

For Short Stemmed Flowers.
In a low centrepiece it is generally hard to make the short stemmed flowers behave themselves and stay where they are put unless they are bunched artistically and tied fast. Some clever jeweler, probably getting his idea from the ingenious Japanese flower holders, has designed a handsome flower bowl of silver and gold which could easily be copied by a clever girl in cheaper materials. The dish is in the shape of a wide-rimmed oyster plate and has a little "fence" of wire mesh surrounding the bowl portion. The stems of the little flowers, pansies, violets, are thrust through the meshes and their blossoms form a border for the larger flowers in the centre. If desired a piece of the wire mesh may be stretched all across the plate and the whole centrepiece be formed of a mass of short-stemmed blossoms.

Value of Eggs as Food.

Next to milk come eggs as a valuable food for the sick. When the fever is high the raw white only is used. Orange albumen is made by mixing the juice of an orange thoroughly with the very slightly beaten white of the egg, and adding sugar, water and cracked ice, sufficient to make a glassful.

Albumenized water is made by adding the white of an egg, lemon juice to taste and sugar, to a glass of cold boiled water. The ingredients are put into a glass fruit jar and shaken till thoroughly blended. It is then set on ice till quite cold. For infants this may be used without the lemon juice. Grape juice and water may be used in equal parts with the white of an egg and prepared in the same way, or the yolk of the egg may be beaten with a little sugar, two tablespoons of grape juice added and the white beaten stiffly and put on top.

Malted milk ice cream may be made in a half hour using the milk as prepared for a drink, adding the beaten yolk of an egg, flavoring, and when partly frozen, folding in slowly the stiffly beaten white. Small amounts can be frozen in a baking powder and can set in a basin of chopped ice, stirring occasionally.

Gelatin is another of the valuable fever foods. It aids especially in preventing tissue waste. Added to broths it increases their food value.

Spanish cream is made by dissolving a teaspoon of granulated gelatin in a tablespoon of tepid water and adding three tablespoons of boiling water. Heat two-thirds of a cup of milk in a double boiler and stir in slowly the beaten yolk of an egg, stirring constantly. Add the strained gelatin, the flavoring and sugar and fold in carefully the stiffly beaten white. Pour into cold wet molds and set on ice to harden.—American Home Monthly.



Oysters on Half Shell.—Place shells on a plate of cracked ice, over which place water; in the centre place lemon shell, in which serve this sauce: One tablespoonful freshly grated horseradish, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, one tablespoonful catsup, dash paprika, one-half teaspoonful salt and one-half teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce.

Cranberry Snow.—Cook a pint of cranberries in as little water as possible, and when tender put them through a colander. Add almost as much sugar as cranberries and return to the fire a moment. Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff and add slowly the cooled and jelled cranberry. Serve in oatmeal dishes with splashes of whipped cream about it.

Turkey Rolls.—Two cupfuls of minced turkey which has been seasoned highly. Bind it together with butter, working it into small oblong rolls with the hands. Mix up a light biscuit dough, roll it into a thin layer, cut into squares and wrap one around each meat roll. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot with cream sauce or with the gravy left from the day before.

PUSSY SAVES WHOLE FAMILY.

Street Foundling Repays Kind Treatment in Spite of Cat Hater.

Barefooted and in their night clothes, Thomas M. Archer, his wife, two daughters and a son attracted more attention than they wished when they fled in procession from their boarding home in No. 1824 South Alden street to the needed shelter of a kindly neighbor's house.

Outside of the picturesque appearance of the entire family carefully noted by the crowd in front of the blazing building, Mr. Archer attracted comment, as he tenderly carried in his half-bared arms a singed cat.

The beginning of a short story, and the explanation of why the Archers are alive to-day, dates back to the time Mrs. Archer picked up a stray cat in the street and carried skin, bone and pelt home. If there is anything Archer hates it is cats, and he talked wisely of diphtheria germs, scarlet fever microbes and fleas. But Mrs. A. liked that cat, and between the wife and young daughters pussy grew slick, but wise enough to keep wide from the elder Archer's slipper.

About 5 o'clock this morning that confounded cat awakened Archer with its mewling. He fired at random everything in reach except Mrs. A., but that blamed cat kept on yowling. Finally Archer got up, took a good grip on his shoes, one in each hand, and prepared to bombard that cat from the third-story window.

"Don't, Thomas, please," begged Mrs. A. from somewhere beneath the covers.

"Watch me," said Thomas, slamming open the window.

A great rush of flame burst in and he and the family only had time to flee to the street. There the father and husband turned back up the stairs.

"Where are you going, Thomas?" shrieked his wife.

"After your blessed cat," said Archer, and he went, too.—Philadelphia Correspondence of the New York Press.

The City of the Three Rivers.

The city is generally considered to be very fortunate that possesses a river. But Khartoum croons and watches over three of the greatest rivers of the world. From the troublesome magic of the Bar-el-Gazel and its sudd grass, from the hot confines of the equator of Abyssinia and through the heat of that savage country the Nile flows to Sudan. Created in this fashion, and seeming to have rushed down south rather than it does run northward, the Egyptian Nile is formed, and in return touches the city only to take its course again to the sea. Khartoum is built above this confluence of waters; but the windy currents have less interest for her than has the melancholy waste whose historic miles make the Sudan famous for both defeat and victory. The desert has already fetched famine and destruction, and if not quite so practically swarming now, the wilderness is nevertheless always sinister, and it is over this savage country that Khartoum must keep vigilant guard.

The town's highway is found to be along the avenue that tops the great wide wall. The highroad stretches, gleaming, under the shade of the tamarisks and mimosas, and is the boundary that forms Khartoum; from the desert itself the few buildings that form Khartoum, its marketplace, its barracks and shops, a few private houses, a couple of hotels and a row of really beautiful dwellings called palaces, surge toward the highroad beyond which are visible the opposite shore and the river.—Marie Van Vorst, in Harper's Weekly.

English Yule Dollies.

Cream together half a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add gradually two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a pinch of salt and three cupfuls of flour with which have been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Stand for an hour in a very cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Take a portion of the dough on the board at a time, roll out half an inch thick and cut into dolls.

Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar. Use currants for eyes and bake on greased pans in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirt of each doll with ruffles of frosting.

Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper. In packing place the doll in a long shallow box, pack firmly with tissue paper and before closing add a tiny Christmas card and a sprig of holly, tying the box with scarlet ribbon.—From the Circle.

Camel Better Than the Horse.

Costing about as much as a good horse, the camel's speed is equally great, his life considerably longer and his ability to carry a load equal to that of three horses, while the fact that he can travel for a week, or, if necessary, nearly two weeks without water renders him invaluable to those great sandy stretches.

He can also go for several days with little or no food, subsisting meantime upon the fat stored in the humps on his back, which nature seems to have provided as a storehouse for sustenance in case of absence of food.—From the National Geographic Magazine.

Forty alumni of the University of Pennsylvania met in Springfield, Mass., and formed the Western New England Alumni Association.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSON

SUNDAY, MARCH 1.

Persistence in Prayer.—(Luke 11. 1-13; Mark 11. 25; Luke 18. 1-8; 1 Kings 18. 41-46.)

All prayer that is answered has in it a measure of insistence; it does not see how it can be denied. The one who prays is so sure that his prayer is worthy and his need urgent that all things which otherwise would hinder him from continuing to pray are forgotten. Of course not all importunate prayers are answered, but all prayers that are answered are of the importunate sort.

The more one prays the more he knows that he must forgive. The essence of prayer is confession and submission. When we come to God for his gifts, whether of pardon or of other spiritual or material blessings, we must come into court with clean hands, as the lawyers put it. That is to say, no man who asks for forgiveness, however earnestly, can possibly receive it so long as there is in his heart the unforgiving spirit toward those who have offended him.

Persistence in prayer in this case moved an unjust man to do a just deed. He was not affected by the righteousness of the widow's case; his own character had no influence upon his decision; and yet he decided justly. When men pray to God their persistence has added to it the things which did not influence the unjust judge; there is the righteousness of the claim which is presented, for God always considers that; then there is God's own character, which is pledged to hear and answer such prayer.

Because Elijah was a man of prayer he was a man of deed, and in this great crisis of his life his deed came first. Israel was smitten with a drought that seemed to have no prospect of ending. Elijah, loving Israel, was eager for its end to come, but he knew that first he must do a great work for righteousness in Israel, so that the nation's heart would turn again to God. That explains the dramatic scenes on Mount Carmel. In the midst of them he stopped to pray. And while he sat on Carmel's summit, the answer to his prayer came in the clouds on the wings of the western wind.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

MARCH FIRST.

Songs of the Heart. III. How God Leads Men. Ps. 23. (Conclusion Meeting.)

God our guide. Gen. 31: 3-13.
By a pillar of fire. Ex. 13: 17-22.
Teaches us His way. Ps. 45: 8-12.
We shall not stumble. Prov. 3: 6-23.
Into the promised land. Jer. 2: 4-6.
Answering prayer. Jas. 1: 5-8.
The pastures where God leads us may seem arid, but they are sure before long to be crowded with the flowers and fruits of character.

"For his name's sake" is equivalent to "for our sake," since "his name" is equivalent to "his character," and his character is love.
We fear no evil; but evil is there, only, He is there also.
Goodness and mercy follow us, pursuing us with joy, ready for us if we fall out fainting in the way.

Suggestions.

The surest evidence that we are being led is our ability to lead others.
God leads us through our conscience,—by knowing things (scio) with (con) us.
It is not necessary to be conscious that we are led, but to fulfill the conditions of being led, and trust that we shall be led.

God leads men by leading the leaders of men, and often we disobey Him by disobeying them.

Illustrations.

The Eastern shepherd leads his flock, going ahead of them, and not driving them. So God leads us.
Sheep are gregarious; if one is led, others are likely to be led. So do you be led for the sake of others, as well as for your own sake.

The sheep are safer with a shepherd outside the fold, than inside the fold but without a shepherd. Trust in God rather than in circumstances.

The shepherd has blows for the sheep, as well as for the wolves, if the sheep wander. When you receive sorrows from God, it may be as a sheep, or as a wolf.

THE GO-IN LEMON GAME.

Any number may play this game. Two of them stand aside, joining hands like the arch in London bridge; they represent the squeezer. The other players are the lemons, and they stand at some distance from the squeezer.

The squeezer sings:
"Some lemons I want for the freezer."

Come, July ones, come to the squeezer.

They keep on singing this refrain, while the lemons creep nearer and nearer. Suddenly one of them darts through the arch.

If the squeezer is quick enough, the lemon is caught and squeezed and stands aside, cut of the game, while the squeezer sings:
"A juicy lemon, squeeze him dry, We'll have another by and by."

But if the lemon gets through uncaught, the squeezer sings:
"See, the rascal's passed us by! To catch another we must try."

If the squeezer fails three times, it is worn out, and a new one must take its place. In this way the game can be kept up for a long time, for it is seldom that all the lemons gets caught.—Home Herald.

A merchant is a person, declares the New York Times, who is always being checked by handling the live wires of truth.