HE ELEVATES.

There was a man who started out

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To elevate the hum in race, o clear old heresies away And make the world a writer place And make the works a water plac He delved in ancient musty tombs, He offen burned the indinght of And labored that this busy world Might be the better for his toll.

He wrote in verse and otherwise The lessons that he had to teach But no one bought his books nor would The people listen to him preach. For years he sought to make the world A better and a fairer place-To riear old ignorance tway And elevate the human race.

At last half starved and in despa He put his books and pen away And to! that which he strove to du does with simple ease to-day. He elevates the human race-Read on, and I will tell you how-His rusty pen is idle, but He runs an elevator now.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Some years ago when in St. Louis, I was introduced to an elderly German gentleman whose soldierly bearing and well bred manner won me at once. We became very good friends, and I frequently visited him at his studio where ing Memories of old days crowded we smoked and talked about pictures. From my first visit my attention had been attracted by a painting in a conspicuous position on the wall. It was that of a beautiful woman kneeling at most he would be old-that was cerin agonized supplication at the feet of tain Time was absolute, releatless & a man whose uniform and decorations bespoke him a prince of the royal house of Prussia.

"Is that your work Prof Hartman' I asked one day.

"Yes: you seem to like it."

"I do like it; I am fascinated by the appealing expression of that woman's face" I said Professor Hartman laid down his

brush and said as he stroked his long white beard: "There is a story connected with that

picture which I think would interest you.

"Then, said I, let me have the story •by all means.

I shall not try to reproduce Prof. Hartman's real language or manner, for it is better not to attemp, the impossible, but the following is the dry kernel of the dramatic story that fell line to the cold unresponsive ones Then ried-why-" from his lips:

"The woman in the picture is the at a time. wife of Colonel Graff, late of Baden, Germany. Though educated at a Prussian military academy and afterward an officer in the Germany army, Graff had an intense hatred of kings and a Her tear-stained face alarmed him. corresponding liking for things republican.

"Wishing to see his country as free vulsively: "you put that picture there. as the great republic on this side of I tried to do as you said. I looked at the ocean, Col. Graff in 1848 joined the it. and I dreamed of it until it seemed revolutionists in Baden. The plan to living, dreaming. The man down

of the sea." she murmured. The eves looked straight into hers. There was a shadow of a sniclle upon the lips. The days wore on it became a habit

with the woman to look at the picture or the mantel as she dressed Morning and night she would stand and gaze at It. She began to feel a tender yearning toward it.

"What are his eyes to me?" she hought one night, on her way to her room. A vague fear of berself assailed her.

She walked up to the mantel. "I'm not going to be a tool," she said angrily. "My senses have deserted me. It is preposterous. A woman can't fall in love with a picture."

The guests invited to Mary McDowell's house party had arrived two days before-all but one young lawyer who had been detained by an important case. They were all gatbered on the porch an informal group, The freedom of the sunlit air, the glory of the sky was upon them. They laughed and talked incessantly. They bubbled over with enthusiasm.

Kenneth McDowell said almost nothupon him. With a murmured apology he walked rapidly away. He wanted to be alone—he wanted to think of his ave-to dwell upon it. In a few days What a hideous age it was-45 N thing venerable, nothing appealing in it. Such an uncertain, abominat'e p. iod. Truly at the time 60 was reached the restlessness would be conquered,

o'd ge would be accepted gracefully. He looked up into the blue. White clouds floated by. Something in

hi nature responded to the glory of the day A great cry rose within him for iny for love of his own. Youth was not dead. He knew it. He felt it. He wo'ked on trying to still the tempest |ed well. "Your question is-" within him.

Eloise Gray had finished dressing for dinner and was standing before the picture. Her eyes were shining, ler

cheeks were flushed. "I wonder what you think of me?" she said, softly, with an impulse sho did not try to resist. She pressed her

she ran gayly down the stairs two stops

It was three or four hours later when McDowell, going in search of Eluise, found her upon the couch in the library. She sprang up as he came in.

"Eloise, what has happened?" "It is all your fault," she sobbed con-

THE WONEN WHO WAITS STOP He went to the war in the morning-

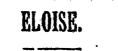
The roll of the drams could be heard. But he paused at the gate with his mother. For a kiss and a comforting word. He was full of the dreams and ambitions that youth is so ready to weave. And proud of the clank of his sabre. And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve

He came from the war in the evening-The meadows were sprinkled with snow, The drums and the bugies were slicat. And the steps of the soldiers were slow. He was wrapped in the flag of his country. When they faid him away in the mold. W th the glittering stars of a captain Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside the lies with a flag at his head. Furthind with the years of her weeping. His mother yet mourns for her dead. The soldiers who fall in the battle

May feel burt a moment of pain. But the women who wait in the home

Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain, -Minna Irving.



He had been watching her perhaps 10 minutes. The twilight hour, the warm fragrant air, were conducive to sleep, and he knew that she thought he, was napping, a privilege that form the vantage ground of his seniority he

might have claimed. She wore gray. The sof light cluung to her figure, lingered on her hair. He could have almost counted the heavy lashes that fringed the drooping lidsso still was she. There was a dream in his eyes, an old, old dream. He put it from his resolutely.

"Eloise do you ever intend to mar-The question startled her.

"I think it is positively unkind," she said "on this my first day after an absence of two years." She shugged her shoulders in the old way he remember

"But I want the truth," he interrupted. "You are not so young as you were."

"Twenty eight," indifferently. "You are not beautiful."

"No," sorrowfully.

"But you are charming, attractive, lovable. Your school mates are mar-

"Shall I tell you the truth-make you my father confessor? There's a dearth of men in our little town. The girls are all old maids-not an uncommon thing in a college town."

"You spend perhaps three months of the year there," he answered. "You must give a better reason."

"I don't care for men-except my special friends," she answered apologetically. "There's where the trouble lies," se-

verely. "Women love you, men do, too,

ladies one fled and were wert toolat . No the poor girl, who was silent and did nothing but cry. She was the topic of conversation, her age, her family,

he fortune, all that concerned her-tothe very kisses she had received that very day from her brothers, as atimulus to her courage and fortitude all was related, discussed, and repeated many times; but she seemed sourcely awarn of what they said, and book no part

whatever in the entertainment. Hours succeeded to hours the day passed and evening came, and with the evening the priest, or Imaum, and the ceremony began. The priest was seated upon a carpet spread upon the ground, outside the door of the house, Letween two of his acalytes, When the

moment was come, and all was ready, the priest changed the sitting posture for the kneeling, invoked the blassing of Allah, and replaced himself in his first attitude. The bridegroom then

appresent, handing a young boy of some ten years old, who carried a wort of black paste upon a plate, and handed It to the priest, who put the plate upch the marget at his side, took a bit of the paste, which I learned afterwards to be

the keune, and rolled it in his Augera who, with his extraordinary mate, knelt before him and shut it, as if he wished to show him how to box; but his intentions were of a much more pacific nature. Keeping the ball of paste on the top of his fore-finger, he introduced it into the hand of the young man, and leaving it in the greater part of the paste, he took out a large quantity, spread, it upon the orifice of the hole formed by the hand and seemed satisfied with the resuit. But fearing, I suppose, that some to unloss it would not be the affair

of an instant. The same operation was accomplished upon the head of the little boy: after which, they both rose up and were married, or at least one of them was married, not to the other, but to a poor girl, who had taken no part whatever in the ceremony. What was she doing during this time? Nothing but what she had done from the in the interior of the balamut. A young day of each month.

girl of twelve, and a boy about the



Fram Ou Special Ca Comper.

Miss Kate McCarthy visited Elmin in the during the past meet. Clarence Roady, a Corning boy, who is now a soldier in Cuba, writes investition letters to the Corning journal describing hi

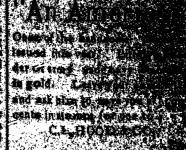
experiences. The accounts he writes are ful of enthusianm and delight and he talks of going on dock in the morning with his com-pany, and taking a sait water bath by, havmy the hose turned on him as if it were something plasmant; which spones volumes for the difference in the elimate he is is and our wintry atmanhere:

There has been good skuting on the fiver during the week and crowds have enjoyed the exhilarating sport such after our and orening. There has been several case of breaking through but no serious accidents. James T. Sullivan has reason to feel proud of himself and of the success of ... luvenile Ministrela, Crowded hou ert greeted the little burnt cork atlists on Satarday alteration and evening and the clever. till he made a ball of it, murmuring all | acts, the completeness and theartistic worth the while some sort of incantation. He of the performance were a pleasing surprise then took the hand of the bridegroom, to everyone. Each and every one at the little fellows did well and wenithrough the work enthusiastically to to coogratulate them would be its congratulating a "amail boy un geing the circuit. They were so us. conscious of themselves and so evidently an joyed what they were doing themselves that their delight was infectious and they carried the au fience with them from the rise of the curtain till the fuish of the cake walk. To meation any one in particular would be not fair to the rest, but, it is hoped that we shall have another opportunity of witnessing the "Kid's Minstrels' in the fature. The fatbended fingers, and inclinding the lowing names appeared on the programs thumb upon it, he scaled the whole which were elaborate and very nicely gotten hand and seemed satisfied with the re- up: Willie Gotton, Tom McNastan, Will's Byrne, Frank Walker, Tom Loosard, Frank sult. But fearing, I suppose, that some unlooked for circumstance should de-stroy this capital work, he rolled a handkerchief many times round the closed hand of the bridegroom, and did not leave till he had ascertained that Griffin, Charles Hyde, Tom Bradley, Vietor Haisher, Lewis Bostshmann.

Everyone is congratulating John S. Ken new, on his appointment to the office of posimular and the writer takes pleasant in joining in the purk."

The regular organization of the Society of the Holy Name occurred on Sunday evening last when the reversed di-rector, Father Bustin, formally received an members about two hundred Catholic man. beginning of that memorable day-crying, and I really felt a great deal of compassion for the poor creature. Other people, however, were better occupied in the interior of the balarmat. A young

. Christmat is at bead and with the marg revolutionists in Baden. The plan to living, dreaming. The man down verely. "Women love you, men do, too, same age were preparing the couch for happy makes some these were preparing the couch for happy makes some these was full of contempt, of course, but you don't allow them to the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling, courtesying which some people always make in the new couple-kneeling.



Montion 12 is present

Remember Hood's Same America's Great for the Blood and Boat that Money Char Honce take only Hood



OWE

failed in its execution by the weakness pledged their support. Col. Graff was traitor. His wife who had ac- speech had deserted him. Ah, but a but she only clung the closer to her |gods. Like a tired child, she leaned uphusband in the hour of his disaster.

than it is now to give men charged steady than usual. When the sobs had with treason in Germany a long time in spent themselves she looked up gratewhich to prepare for legal defense. It fully. In a flash she saw the meaning filled with conspirators, and with a had always loved her. She felt in a sudview to intimidating them condemna- | den comprehension the generosity of eion and execution followed quickly on his silence. the heels of arrest.

"Colonel Graff was tried by a court martial convened to convict. He asdefense, but the privilege was not granted. Within one hour after the judicial farce began he was found all came to me like a flash. I inve delay.

of Saturday afternoon and the custom | most uninteresting young man." had been to give the condemned just five hours in which to arrange their from him. His heart was in his wistearthly affairs and to make their prace ful eyes. "The sacrifice is two great with heaven before being shot. Colonel -I am so old-so old for you." Graff was at once taken to the cell of and as he was being driven along the street he passed the house in which his wife was and he raised his manacled hands to signal her that the worst had come.

"As it would be after dark when his five hours of grace had expired the guards told the colonel that his execution would not take place that night and out of deference to the holy daycertainly not through any thought of mercy-it was believed the condemned man might live til Monday,

"From the cell in which Graff found himself, a comrade. Captain Shaad. had been that month led out to execution.

"What can I do for you, Colone!" asked the jailer, a man whose face, voice dress and manner bespoke a familiariey with scenes of death. "L want to see my wife, replied the

colonel.

"Is that all?

"That and bring me some writing

materials and a cup of coffee. "And no clergyman?

"Not till I have seen my wife.

"The failer heaved a solemn sigh and went out, and Colonel Graff threw himself on the cot, occupied the night before by a noble youth in the prime of life now cold in the grave. In waves blood-red, the rays of the setting sun | yielded tin and copper during the past poured through the bars of the cell, and there came the cold night air. and \$30,591,830 and is still returning 75,000 the shadows so suggestive of the grave | tons of tin ore every year. The history

"About nine o'clock a measured step was heard outside, then a key was turn. ed the door of the cell swung open and the jailer appeared, holding a laurern high above his head.

"Herr Graff, he began, in a sepulchra) voice. "it is our rule to gratify the reasonable wants of those condemned to death. We have searched the city for your wife, but she cannot be found. "And does no one know where she

is? asked the Colonel. "It is said that she left her notel on by its rich yields.

ture and your friend. I'm disappointed of the majority of those who had |-I'm tired. Go away, I want to be alone." He came over, took her hands, arrested and put into prison as a and held them tightly. The power of comparied him in his ill-tarred cam- man who refrains from speech at such paign was permitted to go at liberty, a time has wisdom straight from the on him. He put his arms about her. "It was even less the custom then His face was pale, his eyes were less

was presumed that the country was of his bachelorhood. She knew that he gave his a look that made his heart

"Why have you never told me?" she asked imperiously.

"Eloise. I have been trying to conserted the right to be heard in his own over it for years." he said hoarsely, "and now at a single word from you." "There is no need to conquer it. It guilty and sentenced to be shot without you." she said, steadily. "The picture? I'y It's curious, but it seems lifeless, flat.

"The trial took place on the middle A very flattering likeness, though, of a

"Don't tempt me, dear." He held her The arithmetic of the heart is not

Froming News.

The Pope's Love of Chess,

It may not be known that Leo XIII. is an ardent lover of chess. He has been a constant player for over thirty years, and his skill in the game is any. thing muuch mediocre. His Holiness' favorite opponent used to be Fathes Guillo, with whom he was in the habi tof playing when he was Cardinal Pecci. On being raised to the Pontifical throne he summoned Father Guilio from Florence where he was then stationed, and gave him apartments in the Vatican. Father Guilio was said to combine a rare mastery of the game with an exceedingly irascible temper. Sometimes, during a 'game with His Holiness, he would burst out into an ungovernable fit of rage. On such occasions Leo XIII immediately interrupted the contest, and proceeded to deliver a little homily on the virtues of Christian resignation and self-control.

Dolcoath Mine.

One mine alone, the Dolcoath mine. near Camborne, which the princess of Wales visited some years ago, has ninety-eight years that has sold for which the condemned man was nearing of this mine has been a story of inflation and depression; its shares, which could be bought in 1846 for \$20,000, had risen in 1868 to \$450,000, while in those twenty-one years no less than \$739,270 was paid to the shareholders in dividends. Since this last date, 1868, divi-

dends amounting to 3,220,000 have been earned and pocketed by the grateful shareholders. In a few months' time, with the increase in the price of tin, It is hoped that this old mine will again he reloicing the hearts of Cornishmen

He laughed, a little vexed laugh. won't be put off like this, I am in dead to see you happy, dear. The home ties -some day they will be severed."

He leaned over and took her hands. He forced her eyes to meet his own. "Little one, believe me, in spite of

your wonderful theories you cannot live without love. Some day you will find it so-Have you never wanted to be loved? Be honest with me."

beat quickly. said, passionately. "I am tired of besarcastic. I want to be loved. I want

to love, but-with the old look creepresponsive thrill in all my life, and as you know. I have had many lovers," "Are you unhappy?" he asked, quick-

"Sometimes," gravely,

"Happy, too, often?"

"No, not for a long time. I don't understand myself. My work doesn't satisfy. I am restless, dissatisfied. And yet I am not ill."

"Let us find the trouble," he said, downright prude."

the sunlight.

my inmost soul feel that I am doing it and bake their rye bread twice a year seption was given to the data by the year to gain a husband. I decline flatly. I avontuate the loaves away, so that people of Newark, in Sterman half. to gain a husband. I decline flatly. I eventually they are as hard as bricks. rebel utterly."

lins.

you," he said quietly. Think of what mixed are made into large flat cakes. I have said to you. It has not been cooked in a pan over a fire. In dreaty with out a purpose. You are to spend a Kamachatka pine or birch bark by it. month here. Three weeks from to self. well macerated, pounded and night the house will be filled with baked, frequently constitutes the whole funity. Mary's guests. I have invited a friend of the native bread food. The icelander of mine to meet you. He is a lawyer, scrapes the "Iceland mess" of the talented, rising-the only man to rocks and grinds it into flour, which whom I would be willing to trust your serves both for bread and puddings. In III is so far recovered as to be able it happiness. You can make him fall in some parts of Siberia, Chine and other love with you. Begin now. Try to be eastern countries a fairly palatable Jeas Beck is Fort Gibson, romantic and sentimental, like other bread is made from buuckwheat women. I have placed his picture on

piness. This young fellow is different, the ground, about the size of a parrel quiet of speech, but he is a man bred The sides are smooth mason work. The in the keen air of the sea and he is al- fire is built at the bottom and kept burn. most worthy of you."

before the fire, her eyes fixed on a pice are thoroughly heated. Bhough dough ture that sat on the mantel. She was studying it contemplatively. There was really something loveable in the face bench and rolled until about as thin as It was strong, earnest, resolute. "I wonder if it is possible for

woman to fall in love with a photograph," she mused, "to feel for a pictured face the yearnings, the heartaches that areboth joy and pain to these who love. I have always tried to please Kenneth-so I suppose for his sake 1 will do this idiotic thing." She stood for a long time looking; at the face

furniture. Disposing the mattreases. satalls. they made one genuficition; placing the means to me, a very and a earnestness. Then," tenderly, "I want | pillows, they prostrated themselves upon the floors arranging the sheets and that iden strikes you as more has blankets, they crossed their arms apon their breasts, bowed their heads and sang all the while . The sight of their felt blessing, and to whom you be movements was rather pleasing.

At that period I retired, and nobody but the nearest relatives of the bridegroom remained," But next morning I went, as the eliquette required to pay The brown eyes filled with tears. She my compliments to the new couple, and found the face of the young birds radia ant with smiles. I complimented the "I would give it all up for love," she bridegroom ' upon the efficacy of his consoling endeavors, adding that I in such a short time. "The girl was rather low, yesterday, in leaving her ing over her face-"I have never felt a old home," answered the sister-in-law, "but as for tears it don't algality; the seems to bring the best ought to ory, and she did her part mind. The short lecture of har Se well." And I vowed never in the future, to give way to compassion for any drying young girl, without previously secertaining it was not for eliquette and decorum's sake that she let loose the cataracts of her eyes.

Their Dally Brend.

. It is a curious and interesting study gently. "You are not cold, but you give to compare abe various materials which the condemned in the prison at Baden, measured by years," she said, tenderly, that impression. On account of your serve the different nations of the world "We are of just one age."-Buffalo dignity men fear you and-you are a as the built of their bread in this country, where good bread, made from The girl's anger was like the flash of spring and fall wheat flour, is within

steel drawn swiftly from its sheath into reach of all, rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, the inhabit-"I must change my whole nature. I ants of only a small portion of the must firt and giggle and frisk-give earth's surface enjoy such food. In the myself up to folly-pose in subdued remoter part of Sweden the poor make

Farther north still bread is made from A smile of amusement curved his barley and oats. In lapland cats, with the inner bark of the pine, are used, "If I were a young man I would win The two together, well ground and

In Persia the bread is made from your mantel. Eloise," he pressed her rice, flour and milk; it is called hands tightly, "you must not miss hap- "lawash." The Persian oven is built in

It was late. Bloise Gray was standing ing uunti the walls or eldes of the over ngisybisisirdiirhfilolamnifi wilbuni. I in to form a sheet about one foot wide and about wto feet long is thrown on the

sole leather; then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on the board and slapped on the side of the even. takes a few moments to bake and when baked it is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap (one cent a sheet); ls sweet and nourishing. A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia "Tender, resolute, bred in the keen air is made of cloverseed, flar or illused

follow. Give to se one a whom it is a pleasante to you th practicable, at least give the no of to whom you can give, with the g ly say "I wish you a merity G

Anyone to whom you give a procest of and bas liew boog same make their Cheistmas day # 1110. and happier will, you may depend a discover somehow your true sauling will be pleated and grateful and concluding let me with you, guntle in the merriest Christmas that ever her Rev. J. M. Buitla's talks to the men the monthly meetings of the Society of ing thought haughty, unapproachable, had never seen so many tears dried up. Holy Name, are on his happiest will and most inspiring. It is well worth while to beleng to this society, apart from wher de siderations, for the sales of these upid lectures to which the reverend di was to good in so many ways that not to repeat the whole of it. be nothing demaining" "in giving honor to the same of G on the other band, there is a boorlah, vile and valgen, a fulness, then prolatily. T practical something to bring of trengthen all the poblest, m impulses of a span's mature

> Newark Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mr enbertaining Mr. Mr ard McGauley, of Munice, Ind. Lawrence Kelly is home from the Medical College for the holidays, The Union College Gles and Masdoli Club yave a very pleasing concert in She opera house Tuesday evening to even audience. After the entertainment a About twenty young people enjoyed, sleigh ride to Layous Monday avening Miss T. Ada Kelly, primary teacher in th Union schoel, will spend the holiday, vac tion at her home in Matcelina. The young men will give al party Sherman ball the first week in January Holy communion was administered and S o clock man aumber availed itemse

12 122

Beel, Fauning of Rochesters was the past week on business. removed the nome of all daughter Mer The Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1. give their fifth a snual masquerade bill berman opera hense. Thursday even Dec. 29th.

A very pleasant reception and ball given in Ellion's hall by the Sascarche Tribe, No. 370, L. O. R. Mr. Int. Fr evening Music was furnished b

Mass will be celebrated at TI motrow motaing. The choir will share the

Mrs. Patrick Hamilton is visiting daughter in Ovid. Mins Kate Diets, who has theen Mirs, I. Mclatyre, returned to set

Aubarn. Mrs. Dannand son lamer men 34 at Geneva, the guest of relatives Miss Nellie Kinsel visit at Ancora.

