

A Sin That Brought A Blessing

By OSCAR COX

As a youth I was diffident, over-sensitive, imaginative, romantic. My mother was very much troubled for fear I would marry some girl with nothing to recommend her but a pretty face.

The time came when I made up my mind that unless I could win Gwendolin my life would be a failure. I was but twenty, and that's very young for a man to feel that his happiness is bound up for life in one person.

I was suddenly called away, and when I returned the letter was gone. I asked my mother what had become of it, and she said that it had been posted with a batch of letters that had been sent to the mail while I was away from home.

When I met my love again I was much embarrassed. My imagination made her seem to me cold, even offended, and as she made no reference to my letter it occurred to me that for some reason I imagined a dozen she was displeased with my proposal.

I did not call again, and within a year her family left the place where I lived, and she went with them. My heart went with her. I lived on a bachelor. My mother frequently visited Margaret Deane to our house, and I could see that she was intentionally placing her in my way.

And so my mother, to whom I was so devoted, had caused me ten years of misery. I forgave her and did not utter a word of complaint. Indeed, the pain I suffered at her loss neutralized any feeling of regret for my long suffering.

The day after I laid her in the grave I took up a number of letters that had accumulated—mostly of condolence—and among them was one from Gwendolin. It brought the first of different sensations from what I had experienced since the beginning of my mother's illness.

But with it came the remembrance of what my mother must have endured from her distaste for my choice. Margaret had been with her constantly in her last days and had comforted her as if she had been her own daughter.

I felt an inclination to complete the sacrifice my mother had brought about by acceding to her wishes and giving Margaret the option of being my wife. But I was bound in honor to Gwendolin as well as by love.

There was a good deal more that I did not hear. In due time I escaped, and had no sooner got home than I set myself to work to win the heart of Margaret Deane. I found that it had been mine for years.

THE FAMILY LIFE.

No Normal Restraints Make Man the Master of Himself.

Modern assailants of the family suppose that by destroying it they can emancipate the individuals who compose it. In their delirium they conceive that the goal of life is the throwing off of all restraints.

Normal restraints, those which build up a man and make him master of himself, are really the means by which he gets his true freedom.

The man who thinks that by casting off its ties he gets a larger freedom deceives himself. At most he exchanges a bluffer plane for a lower and secures whatever privileges that descent implies.

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A Dangerous Journey

By JAMES BRAINARD

I was in Egypt before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. When a trouble of that kind is coming those who are not a secret either know nothing about it or have only vague suspicions.

I was obliged to go to Ismailia or business. If I had known the condition of the people of the country I should not have trusted myself out of Port Said, where Europeans were comparatively safe.

The compartment was filled with natives, I being the only European in it. This in itself was not encouraging. The train had hardly got under way when an old Arab sheik sitting opposite me leaned forward and calmly took my cigar from between my lips and, placing it between his own, smoked it himself.

To have resented the insult would have been equivalent to inviting the man to stab me. I therefore paid no attention to him and, taking a newspaper from my pocket, began to read. That is, I pretended to read, but I had no idea of what was on the sheet before me, my mind being taken up with the fact that I was in a compartment with seven Arabs and utterly at their mercy.

Then a lucky thought occurred to me. I reached up to the rack, got my box of cigars from my bag, took out one for myself and handed the box to the sheik who had robbed me of the one I had been smoking.

Notwithstanding my peace offering I expected every moment to feel cold steel entering my vitals. Most of the Arabs were long knives where they could be seen, and I knew not what other weapons they had concealed.

I could not describe the agony of that night. Every time as I did death at my moment. The Arabs in my compartment paid no attention to anything that was going on in the rest of the train but I had a vague feeling that something very important might be going on. I can't account for this feeling on I heard no sound to produce it. I only knew that I felt that there was murder in the air.

Finally their looks and acts were so suspicious that I bethought myself of some other way similar to my offer of cigars to placate them. Then my mischance occurred to me. Reaching up again to the rack, I brought down my hammer, opened it and displayed the entablature. Every man's eyes were on them, but not a man moved to touch any of them. I offered the hammer to the man who sat next me, but he declined. In turn I handed it to every man in the compartment, but though they all looked with eager eyes upon the vials, not a man would accept a morsel.

At first I was astonished at this break bread with an enemy. Then I remembered that no Arab will break bread with an enemy. The moment this occurred to me I knew I was doomed. I put my hammer back on the rack and, wrapping myself in my overcoat, lay back in my seat, with my eyes closed, to await whatever was in store for me.

I heard a great deal of wrangling on the part of the Arabs, but I thought I would rather rely on my weakness than on being prepared for resistance that would be useless. So I did not open my eyes. Presently I felt a hand on my arm. Thinking my time had come, I looked, and there was the sheik who had taken my cigar from my mouth holding out a piece of dry bread. I took it and, biting from it, chewed thoroughly.

A flood of relief and joy seemed to have been poured over me. I knew from that moment I was safe. Reaching up for my hammer, I took it down and handed it to the sheik. He held himself, then passed it around to the others, each man partaking plentifully of the contents.

THIS MAN IS SHORT.

He Hasn't Got His Full "Per Capita," and He Thinks He Needs It.

According to the latest population figures with reference to the money in circulation in this country, every man, woman and child in the United States should have \$43 in his, her or its jeans.

I haven't got mine. It occurs to me that when the fact becomes generally known that I haven't got mine some "per capita" who discovers that he has considerably more ready cash in his pockets than he ought to have according to this division of funds will split with me so that I will have my normal quota of dollars. All I need in order to have my \$43 is \$37.50.

No hurry about it, of course, but the sooner somebody reminds me this \$37.50 the more grateful I will be. There is really no necessity that I can see of delaying or postponing such a little matter as this. By a rapid mental arithmetic calculation it will readily be seen that I now have \$5.50 of the \$43 needed, and before I have spent any portion of this \$5.50 it would be well for somebody to make up the deficit of \$37.50, otherwise the deficit is liable to be more. Newton Newkirk in Boston Post.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON WOOD.

An Easy Method by Which the Prints May Be Transferred.

A method of transferring pictures to wood is given in the Electrical Experimenter by V. C. McHugh, as follows: Dissolve salt in soft water, float your photo print on the surface of pure turpentine, let it remain about an hour. The wood should be of birdseye maple or other light colored hardwood, which should be varnished with the best copal or transfer varnish.

Take the picture from the water, dry a little between linen rags, then put the engraving picture side down on the varnished wood and smooth it nicely. If the picture entirely covers the wood a "kerf" or the margin is cut off so that the varnish is exposed lay over it a thin board and heavy weight, leave it thus overnight. If you wish but a small picture in the center of the wood apply the varnish only to a space the size of the picture.

When ready to complete your work the next day dip your forefinger in salt and water and commence rubbing off the paper. The varnish you come to the picture, the more care you must be, as a hole would spoil your work.

The First American Play.

Harvard's first produced the first American play written by Royal Tyler, a graduate of 1776. His comedy, "The Contrast," was the first original play acted in this country, and it was produced at the Old Edwards Street Theater in New York. The first actor was George Washington, then president of the United States. The country don't than in. The contrast was a visit to town done into the theater with the expectation of seeing "a genius pocus man" and saw out a performance of "The Contrast" without any notion that he has visited a playhouse.

Simple Government.

The rajah of Sarawak was an Englishman, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, G. C. M. G. He was described, and with good reason, as "the most absolute autocrat on the face of the earth." He once told Queen Victoria that he found it easier to govern 30,000 Malays and Iyaks than to manage a dozen of her subjects. "There isn't a lawyer in the whole of my dominions," he once said. "There is no red tape, and not a single official letter is ever written. I have reduced government to a miracle of simplicity simply because I trust my people, and they trust me. It is very easy to govern a people with twelve inch guns beside you, but when one is alone it is very different."—Christian Science Monitor.

Greatest Heroes of the Canine World.

The Belknap police dogs, an account of their ability to detect and capture criminals, and the great St. Bernards, which were famous for their rescues of travelers lost in the Alpine snows, were considered the greatest heroes of the canine world until the great world war introduced the great cross dogs, whose deeds of valor in front of the front line trenches saved the lives of thousands of sorely wounded. —Nation and Geographic Magazine.

Scriptural Place Names.

England can boast that no other country possesses so many Scriptural place names as it does. The name of Jericho occurs, six times on the ordinance maps. Paradise five times and Nineveh, Mount Zion, Mount Ararat and Mount Libanus three times each. In Bedfordshire there is a Calvary wood and in Dorsetshire a Jordan hill.

Positively Brutal.

Grace. In a low much your little wife lives you. She made this cake for you a few herself. Arthur. Yes, my darling. And now if you will eat it all by yourself I shall possess indisputable proof of your devotion. —Pittsburgh Press.

Don't forget that the man who can, but doesn't, must give place to the man who can't, but tries. —Contestator.

Peltety Searched.

A well dressed man leaving a Washington theater recently, absorbed in reflection on the performance he had just witnessed, noticed a crowd of theater goers lingering at the entrance. The W. D. M. did not flatter himself that he was the center of attraction, although he had been somewhat prominent in his home town, and, glancing backward, saw a party leaving the theater, of which the president was the center. This was the cause of all the commotion. At this juncture the W. D. M. lost his equilibrium, stumbled and fell in a heap in the president's path. An alert corps of ever present secret service men, instantly on the job, lifted the prostrate W. D. M. to his feet and, courteously brushed him off, handing him his hat, cane and glasses. The W. D. M. later confessed to friends that he had a faint suspicion that in the brushing process he had been systematically and incidentally "frisked" for concealed weapons.—Indianapolis News.

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Not Hesitating to Recommend It. 524 11th St., Logansport, Ind., May, 1915 Having suffered 3 years from nervousness at last found relief in Pastor Koenig's Nervine. It helped to disperse the blues, I dreaded to do my daily duties, could not stand any exercise and would not be at home for my friends, did not want to converse with anybody, but now I regained my once so remarkable disposition. I have therefore not hesitated to recommend the Nervine to anyone suffering from such nervous ailment. M. G. Newman. Mrs. P. Holland of Fort Pierre, So. Dak., whose son was afflicted with epileptic spells since at 10 months, tried several doctors without any improvement—he then tried Pastor Koenig's Nervine and has not had any more spells since he took 3 bottles, therefore cannot praise it enough.

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