



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The next morning Margaret received a note from the rectory asking her to come to Mrs. Ivons, who was very sick. Waiting only for a hasty breakfast, and obeying Brian's instructions to wrap herself warmly, she departed on her errand of mercy.

Through the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath morning she made her way over the well-worn road, until she reached the rectory, an unpretentious little house, sitting back in an equally unpretentious garden.

A narrow, beaten pathway led to the modest entrance, and on either side of it were tiny borders of dead flowers, around whose lifeless stems the brown leaves clung convulsively.

Margaret's ring was answered by a tired-looking maid servant, who led the way into the poorly furnished little parlor. While she questioned the girl as to her mistress' condition Margaret's eyes turned wistfully about the room, whose cheerless homeliness not even the disillusioning influence of poverty, could entirely dispel.

Yet there was something vaguely pathetic in the worn chairs, the faded, almost threadbare carpet, the few inexpensive ornaments, and the numerous makeshifts, little pretensions to lifeless luxury, which deft fingers had fashioned into pretty deceptive devices, all presenting the long and patient labor, thoughtful love, and tender self-denial, so often wrought into the possessions of the poor.

Up stairs in the front room she found that brave little woman who had seemed so well only a few days before, stretched on a bed of weakness, the busy brain no longer worrying over the wants of a growing family, the tireless feet resting at last. Near the bed sat Mr. Ivons, the rector of the most unpretentious church in the city. He was a man of many talents and attainments, but unfortunately for himself he lacked the self-confidence necessary to meet and overcome the difficulties of life.

Margaret knew and understood a nature so similar to her father's. She discovered the wealth of learning and nobility of soul hidden under an ever-mastering diffidence, and she admired the qualities which others could not see. Now as she saw him, bowed by the shadow of a coming great sorrow, holding the nerveless hand that had smoothed so many difficulties for him, yet whose cheerful aid could never more be his, she felt her heart filled with a compassion no words could express.

He was so engrossed with his grief that he scarcely noticed her as she quietly glided to his bedside beside the bed, but Mrs. Ivons had heard the almost noiseless footsteps and opened her eyes wearily.

"Ah, it is you, Margaret," she said with a momentary flush of pleasure on her pale face.

Margaret nodded cheerily, and laid her hand with a soothing tenderness, on the hot, throbbing head. "Does it ache much?" she asked.

"No, Margaret, only a little. Will you tell Mary to get the children ready for school? I should be up to do it myself, but I am very tired."

"I don't believe you ever admitted as much before," was Margaret's rather unsteady answer. "The children won't go to school to-day. It is Sunday."

"Sunday, and I lying here! James, why didn't you tell me? We had so much to do to-day."

Her eyes sought her husband's, but he was looking rather wistfully at Margaret.

Margaret read the unspoken language of that glance, and she found it very difficult to answer cheerfully.

"We are going to let you be lazy to-day, Ellen, so that formidable amount of work must wait for another Sunday. I intend to assert my authority, and, to begin, I'll sit here while Mr. Ivons eats some breakfast. Mary told me to send him down."

The gentleman took this hint, and, as obedient as a child, left the room. He knew that Ellen was safe and happy in Margaret's hands, and already he felt better for her cheerful, helpful presence.

Half-way down the stairs he was met by a preternaturally grave child of eight years, whose wistful eyes gazed sadly into his. Evidently she had been waiting for him, for without a word she stole quietly to his side and allowed her hand to glide with reassuring sympathy into his.

In this silent way they reached the dining-room, where Mary had breakfast on the table, and three tots aged, respectively, six, four, and two seated in their high-chairs, waiting for papa.

Little thought that Margaret's mind should be filled with painful thoughts of these babies, as she sat by their mother's bedside, or that her eyes became so misty when Ellen expressed such gratitude for her attentions.

"If you only knew how glad it makes me to do even a little for you," she said, with a struggle to speak calmly. "You see, it is so seldom I can be useful, that I am particularly proud when, if I had been poor, I believe I should have taken up nursing as a profession."

"Yes, but you need not do it now, Margaret. You don't know what it is to be poor. It is hard for him and the children."

The voice was full of pain.

"I have known," Margaret answered. "I have known the pain and cruelty of it. The scales of life are so uneven. I have no more right to comfort and luxury than you have, and yet—But I did not come here to talk on such delicate subjects; I want to see you bright and cheerful."

"It is hard to be bright and cheerful, Margaret. Lying here with nothing to do, so many thoughts come to me. I'm afraid I have given up so often when I should have helped and encouraged James. Now it is so near Christmas and so much to do, while I am here helpless. You must help me to get well, Margaret. Help me to get strong. Why do you turn your eyes away? Is it because—Ah! it is because you think I shall never be well again? Sometimes I have thought so too, and I have prayed that it may not be so, for James' sake and my babies."

The weak voice broke, and Margaret, incapable of a word, could only press the hot hand between her own cool ones while her eyes burned with the tears she found so hard to withhold.

She was very glad when the rector came in a few moments later and she could leave the room to overcome her emotion and write the following note to Brian:

"DEAR BRIAN—Do not expect me

better. I have the carriage, and if you are ready—

"In a second, Brian. I will not keep you waiting long."

Thenceforward the waiting was spent by Margaret in the darkened room, where the rector sat by that remained to him of a beloved wife.

She approached the still form and pressed a long kiss on the pale brow. She felt the rector's burning eyes upon her and she heard the hoarse words with which he turned to her:

"How am I to live my life alone?"

She longed for the power to comfort him, yet all the sympathy she could express seemed to hold the mockery of easy consolation.

"There are the children," she said in a low voice. "Four loving little hearts to make your life lonely. And there is God. He sends the cross, and He sends the strength to bear it. We see so dimly. What seems so hard to us is often a kindness from our Father's hands. We must linger here in suffering and tribulation, but for her the crown has come before the cross had grown too heavy. Father, teach our hearts to say 'Thy will be done.'"

Leaving the echo of her prayer behind her, Margaret joined Brian, with the four grave-faced children, upon whose childish minds the intangible shadow and silence had made such a solemn impression.

She found it hard to meet the pathetic inquiry of those baby eyes, and she was quite relieved when she could give her new charges into the kindly care of the surprised Mrs. Davis. After this, she went to bed and slept for the remainder of the day, and when dinner time arrived her inclinations were so decidedly against rising that she could scarcely force herself to dress and join Brian.

"Hello! find me rather too late," she remarked to the heavy eyes and pale, tired face which looked at her from the mirror. "I suppose I must try to be cheerful."

But her short talk with Elsie, just before dinner, did not tend to brighten her spirits.

The child had spoken so earnestly of the great care her mother's death had left upon her, and expressed such a pathetic wish to grow bigger so that she could help papa more, that Margaret found it hard to answer calmly with those earnest eyes upon her.

"You may be little, Elsie, yet you can help papa even more than I can," she said, smiling at her. "You can be tireless in his service, this dear face may always wear a smile for him, and this tender little heart may love and comfort him in every trouble."

"Little people, and big people, too, can only do their best."

"Poor little tot," commented Brian, when Margaret repeated this conversation after dinner. "Let us not think of any more to-night, Margaret. Let us try to be happy. I am so sorry our Christmas has been clouded. I got you this little remembrance, and I really have not had a chance to give it to you."

"Only a remembrance?" she asked, taking the exquisite little jeweled pin from his hand. "This is fit for a princess. How it flashes in the light. It dazzles me. I—I don't know how to thank you, and I have nothing for you, Brian."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Suicide of a Monkey.

Whether animals ever really kill themselves intentionally has often been questioned; but well-authenticated cases of dogs and cats compassing their own death have been known, and here is a strictly true story of a monkey who apparently did the same.

It was a spider monkey, a pet, who was ill, and plainly could not live. To save her suffering her loving mistress decided to have her shot, and she was entrusted to a kind-hearted man, who agreed to put a merciful end to her troubles. He took her to his place out of town, and while he made his preparations left her alone in a large, unfurnished room.

The room had been used for some of an entertainment, and had, hanging from a beam, a rope with a noose at the end, used to hold a lantern.

There was no way of getting up to the beam except by climbing the upright side beams and the monkey was weak from her illness; yet when the man came back in about a half hour, he found her hanging and dead.

No one had been in. She had climbed to the beam, drawn up the rope, and put her head through the noose, or else climbed down the rope for the purpose.

There is scarcely a doubt that it was a deliberate suicide. The man who found her, and who had had great experience with the spider monkey, declared that she understood her condition, and preferred to end her career.

The Rosetta Stone.

The "Rosetta Stone," a famous Egyptian curiosity now in the British Museum, was discovered in the year 1799 by M. Boussard, a French explorer, near Rosetta, a seaport of Lower Egypt. It is of black basalt, about forty inches long by thirty wide, with three engraved inscriptions upon its surface. The first of these is in Greek, the second is a conglomeration of hieroglyphics and the third is enchorial writing, a system used by the Egyptians in recording every-day matters. After years of laborious research the savants of Europe ascertained that the three inscriptions were three versions of a degree in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes by the priests of Egypt, because he had remitted their taxes. This wonderful relic dates back to the year 200 B. C.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mixed Brood.

A resident of Friendship, Ga., owns a turkey hen that not only keeps his family well supplied with young turkeys, but sometimes surprises the family by the presentation of a mixed brood. On the last occasion, after setting on twelve eggs for her usual term of incubation, she was found the other morning hovering over ten young turkeys and one young opossum, it having required two turkey eggs to produce one "possum." The young "possum" in question was about the size of a half-grown rat, and was nesting under the turkey as contentedly as any one of the legitimate brood.

To Clean Copper.

To get the tin, solder and dirt off old copper bottoms, so as to make them clean, cleanse first in a boiling solution of three parts caustic soda, one part niter and five parts water, and then in dilute sulphuric acid, or dip momentarily in warm nitric acid, specific gravity 1.2, and wash immediately in running water.

TRAMP—"Madam, have you got anything in the way of an old pair of trousers that your husband don't want?" Lady of the House—"Yes, there's a cord of wood out there."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

FACING A BEAR.

The Chances One Has to Take When Brain is Aroused.

I'd rather face a Denver burglar than a bear when her cubs are in sight. Any man who tackles a bear under such circumstances is taking big chances on the hereafter. I shall never forget one afternoon when I was out with a party on the Dolores river and got lost from my companions. We were separated in the dense forest, and in endeavoring to cross a steep ravine on a tough-headed mule I wandered from the trail, and although I shouted at the top of my voice, I could gain no reply. As I was well armed I had no fear, and I stopped awhile to view the scenery, which is the most beautiful in the State of Colorado. The mountains are thickly studded with trees and the river winds like a stream of silver through valleys as fair as the sun shines upon. Some distance ahead on the side of the slope I noticed an immense rock which had been broken off the top of the mountain 3,000 feet above and lodged on the incline about 300 yards from the river bed. The rock had plowed its way through the pines, but had at last been brought to a stop by three forest monarchs that had stood for centuries. I decided to ride up to the rock and start a fire on its smooth top, hoping that the smoke might attract the eyes of my friends. As I approached the rock my mule showed signs of great uneasiness, and it was only by the most vigorous use of the spur that he was persuaded to push ahead. I soon discovered the cause of his alarm. There at the base of the rock lay a beautiful bear cub, playing with the shadows as they moved to and fro against the side of the rock. The cub lay on his back, and looked like an overgrown kitten. In a few moments he was joined by another of the family, and they began romping together with the most graceful movements. I had forgotten that there might be danger at hand, but was brought to my senses by a shudder which passed through the frame of my mule and sent a cold chill along my spine. The mother bear was at hand. Right in front of me a big head, with two glowering eyes, was thrust from an opening at the base of the rock and the body of the largest bear I ever saw came into full view. One movement and all my prospects of becoming a millionaire miner would have been dashed to pieces. How I got away I shall never know, but I have a faint recollection of clinging desperately to my mule as he turned tail and made frightful bounds for safety. In one of his spurts he actually cleared a canyon 500 feet deep and not less than twenty-five wide at the top. When I came to a stop I was perspiring in every pore and my teeth rattled like a pair of castnets. Did I have a gun? Of course I did. I was armed with a repeating rifle, two large revolvers and a bowie knife.—H. B. Stevens, in the Great Divide.

A Queer Barometer.

One of the most curious of the many natural barometers consists of a half-pint glass half full of water, a piece of muslin and a leech. The leech must be put in the water and the muslin tied over the top of the glass so that the creature cannot get out again. When the weather is to be the order of the day the leech will remain at the bottom of the glass, coiled up in spiral shape, and perfectly motionless. If rain is to be expected it will creep to the top of the glass, and remain there until there is a likelihood of more settled weather. If there is to be a storm of wind the little animal will contort itself violently and squirm about. For some days before thunder it will keep out of the water almost all the time, and will occasionally move its body in a convulsive fashion. For frosty weather it behaves in the same manner as for fine, and it foretells snow in the same manner as it does rain.

Died with Their Boots On.

Just outside of the town of Tascosa, in the Panhandle of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as "Boot Hill." A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who has visited the spot, writes that "where are twenty-three nameless graves in the clay and gravel of 'Boot Hill,' where lie the remains of twenty-three men who died in this manner was condensed in Tascosa in its palmy days the most glorious end of human existence possible, and as in giving one, in the language of the cowboys, a 'dead clench' on immortality." Tascosa is Spanish and means low, torgy, sandy, and the town was rightly named. Once it boasted of a permanent population of 300 souls, but the Fort Worth and Denver railroad ran through it and Tascosa is now as dead as the twenty-three heroes who sleep beneath the sand and cacti of "Boot Hill."

Turtle Catches a Hawk.

A gentleman who lives in Georgia on the Oostanula River told of a peculiar occurrence in his vicinity the other day. He was fishing in the river when he saw a great red-tailed hawk fly down and light by the edge of the stream. It was a sandbar and the hawk waded out a few feet in the shallow water. He then observed the hawk engaged in a fearful struggle as if held by something, and with great effort the bird rose and flew out in the field, carrying with it a large water turtle which it had attacked, but which, instead of being caught, had clutched one of the hawk's feet in its powerful mouth and held on. Out in the field the hawk tried in vain to get away from the turtle, but could not. When it became too fatigued to fly the man went out and killed both with a hickory club.

Bees.

In tropical countries, there are in every hive what one can only describe as "ventilating bees." That is to say, during the hot season two or three bees post themselves on their heads at the entrance of the hive, and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. They are relieved at intervals by fresh bees, who carry on the process. They are kept to their duty by a sort of patrol of bees to ensure their incessant activity. This is a well-authenticated and known fact.

Business Directory

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Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$10,000. Organized August 15, 1882.
Officers—T. T. Dorwin, President; F. W. Smith, Vice-President; R. S. Peterson, Cashier; T. T. Dorwin, F. W. Smith, Henry Derkes, J. H. Holbrook, R. J. Twiss, J. D. Hale and R. S. Peterson, Directors.
We are prepared to make loans on good security, receive deposits, furnish domestic and foreign exchange, buy and sell Government and Municipal Bonds, and furnish Letters of Credit available in any of the principal cities of Europe. Also Passage Tickets to and from the Old World, including transportation to Decatur.

Adams County Bank

Capital, \$75,000. Surplus, \$75,000. Organized in 1871.
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Do a general banking business. Collections made in all parts of the country. County, City and Township Orders bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits.

Paul G. Hooper,

The Honey at Law

Decatur, Indiana.

H. H. LeBRUN.

Monroe, Ind.

Successfully treats all diseases of Horses and Cattle. Will respond to calls at any time. Prices reasonable.

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And Notaries Public. Pension Claims Prosecuted. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, Decatur, Ind.

FRANCE & MERRYMAN, J. T. FRANCE, J. T. MERRYMAN.

Attorneys at Law, DECATUR, INDIANA.

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Now located over Holthousen's shoe store, and is prepared to do all work pertaining to the dental profession. Gold filling a specialty. By the use of Messrs. Vaper he is enabled to extract teeth without pain. All work warranted.

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Office over Burns' harness shop, residence one door north of M. E. church. All calls promptly attended to in city or country night or day.

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Trains run on Central Standard Time, 23 minutes slower than Columbus or former time. Took effect Sunday, June 12, 1892.

GOING NORTH.

Winchester, Ind.	3:17	11:52	12:12	
Portland, Ind.	4:04	12:39	12:45	
Decatur, Ind.	5:10	1:31	1:28	
St. Wayne, Ind.	6:00	2:15	2:08	
Ellettsville, Ind.	7:00	3:15	3:08	
Kendallville, Ind.	8:00	4:15	4:08	
Bome City, Ind.	9:00	5:15	5:08	
Wolcottville, Ind.	10:00	6:15	6:08	
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LaGrange, Ind.	12:00	8:15	8:08	
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Vicksburg, Ind.	3:00	11:15	11:08	
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