

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He seems to be several boys in one. So much is he constantly everywhere! And the mischievous things that boy has done No mind can remember nor mouth declare. He fills the whole of his share of space With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave. He is kind and cruel, good and bad, A brute and a hero! Who will save The best from the worst of my neighbor's lad?

The mean and the noble strive to-day— Which of the powers will have its way? The world is needing his strength and skill. He will make hearts happy or make them ache. What power is in him for good or ill! Which of life's paths will his swift feet take? Will he rise and draw others up with him, Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbor's boy to me More than a nuisance? My neighbor's boy.

Though I have some fear for what he may be, Is a source of solicitude, hope and joy, And a constant pleasure. Because I pray 'That the best that is in him will rule some day.'

He passes me by with a smile and a nod, He knows I have hope of him—guesses, too. That I whisper his name when I ask of God That man may be righteous, His will do.

And I think that many would have more joy If they loved and prayed for a neighbor's boy.

—London Christian World.



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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Some of my friends!" thought North, in despair, as he cast another speculative glance up and down the street. "Heavens! what a situation—dunned on the public highway in this belligerent manner! How could Noll have been so negligent? But then it's just like him—an unpardonably careless fellow in money matters," Wec said. "Some of my friends—to whom can I apply? Clipper? No, he's an editor; it would be setting aside all the traditions of the craft to assume that he has any idle cash. Warner? I have no means of estimating his financial basis; he might be a millionaire or a church mouse, for anything that his appearance indicates. Wec? It is the wildest nonsense to think of him! Col. Dayton is forever growling about the hard times; I heard him saying only this morning that it was as much as he could do to keep his head above water. To be sure, it would be simply a loan to be repaid as soon as I can receive a telegraphic check from my banker in New York; but I shall feel a little delicate about asking even that. Wymer? He is probably putting too much into the campaign fund to have any money to spend for other purposes; and besides, he wouldn't do me this friendly service. Well, my list of acquaintances is canvassed, and to no purpose. In the name of all the unmerciful fates at once, what am I to do?"

His despairing question was answered most unexpectedly. It had scarcely been formed in his mind when Warner appeared upon the scene, sharp, business-like and observant as usual. He greeted North in a cordial way; then as he perceived Mr. Archer's aggressive air and North's perplexity and annoyance, and recalled Mr. Wescott's reference to his own encounter with the old gentleman, Warner comprehended the situation at once.

"I say, North," he exclaimed, in his impetuous way as he drew North aside confidentially, "is old Archer pushing this business at once."

Mr. Wescott, elaborately disposed in an easy chair after his own peculiar notions of making himself comfortable, was reading a newspaper in the quiet inner office when North and Mr. Archer entered.

"Good morning, Wec. Take a chair, Mr. Archer, over here by my desk," said North, airily, tossing his gloves down on the desk and nodding graciously to the junior partner. "I will count these bills, Mr. Archer, and you may run over them after me, if you will, just to see that there is no mistake."

And as he sat down at the desk, apparently absorbed in the business in hand, North said to himself with a keen sense of enjoyment, as he accidentally encountered a pair of eyes raised with an expression of contemptuous surprise from the paper that Mr. Wescott was not reading:

"Poor Wec! I'm afraid this may give him concussion of the brain! I wonder if he will not fall on my neck and weep when old Archer is gone? He will at least think better of that rash determination to dissolve partnership!"

"Wall, Mr. North," said Jonathan Archer, as, having finally disposed of his business, he stood for a few moments beside North's desk hugging his hands.

"Two hundred dollars."

"That all?"

"It's all, but it happens to be enough to embarrass me for the reason already specified."

Warner looked rather blankly at North for an instant; then as if dismissing all idle speculation from his mind he said:

"Now, see here; my bank is just around the corner, and all I've got to do to make this thing straight with old Archer is to scratch my name to a check. What d'ye say, North—shall I do it?"

It is needless to say that North accepted this delicately offered assistance with a hearty:

"Thank you, Warner! I'll make it all right with you before night."

"Hold on a minute—be back soon," were Warner's parting words as, with both arms swinging energetically and his nose high in the air, he started around the corner at an alarming pace.

"Warner is my good angel; judge, oh ye gods, how dearly I do love him!" thought North, in grateful paraphrase; then turning to his relentless creditor he added aloud:

"This matter will be adjusted in a very few moments, Mr. Archer."

"Wall, wall, now,—ahem—I ain't takin' on about it, Mr. North, since I see you're willing to take fair an' square," said Mr. Archer in modified tones and with an obvious wish to make peace. "I hope you won't take no offense at what I've said, sir. Business is business, you know, and has got to be tended to."

"And civility is civility," retorted North in a mental aside, "but you have behaved toward me like a backwoodsman and a boor!"

Nevertheless he smiled with superficial amiability and glanced nervously up the street and wished devoutly that Warner would really hurry.

"It's a fine, ba'my day, on the whole," continued old Mr. Archer, as he gazed upon the clear skies and the radiant sunlight with the condescendingly approving air of a competent critic giving his opinion of a fine effort that had intended expressly for his benefit.

"Business is business," thought North, magnificently, "and it forms the only conceivable connecting link between yourself and me. You will please confine your observations to that one subject: it is the only common ground upon which we can possibly meet!"

Nevertheless he bent his stately head to the inexorable yoke of "policy," and uttered the most suave acquiescence.

"Politics seems to be pretty much the order of the day, just now," pursued Mr. Archer, probably with the benevolent intention of drawing out Mr. North's conversational powers, which at that moment appeared to be somewhat limited; as with the point of his stout ivory-headed cane he indistinctly knocked the loose stones and pebbles off the pavement with an earnest application to the task as if it had been his regular occupation in life. "I hear that your prospects is mighty good, Mr. North."

"Ah! Here's my opportunity to distinguish myself," thought North, with a sudden inspiration of reckless nonsense. "I'll make this simple old voter think that I'm a model of disinterested patriotism!"

Therefore, assuming an air and attitude of stilted dignity, North answered with a slight wave of his hand as if he thus rejected all political ambitions and honors:

"Oh, I have scarcely considered my prospects, Mr. Archer. The truth is, I do not desire office unless I should become convinced that it was my duty thus to serve the public interests; and as to the present canvass, I may say that I have been the least active of all the candidates now in the field. If I am elected, I shall accept my election as the unmistakable call of duty, speaking through the 'still small voice of the ballot'; but in the meantime, I shall give myself no concern, and to the probable issue very little thought. I am perfectly content to be the humble instrument to execute the will of the people. Duty, sir, duty is the grand pivotal point on which all my desires and ambitions turn!"

Mr. Archer stared and nodded with an air of being very much impressed; and before North had time to recover from the severe mental exhaustion consequent upon this effort, a hand was placed lightly on his shoulder.

Turning around quickly he saw Warner convulsed with laughter.

"I say, North, don't put it quite so steep! Too much allowance for stage perspective for an audience of one!" were his low-spoken words as, thrusting a roll of crisp banknotes into North's hand, he hurried off before another syllable could be spoken.

North looked after him with an amused air; then turning to Mr. Archer he said courteously:

"If you will accompany me to my office now, Mr. Archer, we will conclude this business at once."

Mr. Wescott, elaborately disposed in an easy chair after his own peculiar notions of making himself comfortable, was reading a newspaper in the quiet inner office when North and Mr. Archer entered.

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North, rising from the desk, laugh-

ingly bowed the old gentleman out of the office; saying to himself with a touch of good-humored satire:

"And thus are swayed the suffrages of an intelligent and independent constituency!"

CHAPTER XII.

Par.—Good, very good; It is so, then. Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

—All's Well That Ends Well.

"And now, my dear fellow, if you can think of any other indebtedness, great or small—but especially small—that I may have incurred, which is exercising a peculiarly damaging effect upon my own credit and also through my business connection with you, upon yourself, I ask you in all sincerity, I entreat you in all seriousness, I adjure you in the sacred name of friendship, to bring the same to my remembrance at once, or else forever after hold your peace!"

As he spoke thus with a provoking little twinkle in his eyes, North threw himself into an easy chair close beside Wec and leaned over confidentially toward that gentleman.

Mr. Wescott, who still had his newspaper spread out before him, rustled it slightly as he gave his shoulders a petulant shrug, and without glancing up he growled:

"What should I know about your private affairs? I've never meddled with them, so far as I am aware. Have I, sir?" he added, as he looked defiantly at North now for an instant.

"No, no! thousand times no!" cried North with ready volubility; when Wec dryly cut him short with:

"Very well, then; that settles it."

"Ah, but my dear Wec, that does not settle it!" exclaimed North fervently. "Why do you fling cold water in this heartless way over my first real attempt at reformation? A sense of what I owe you in the way of reparation urges me on to this decisive step. I wish first of all, of course, to redeem my own credit—now, right along, you know, while I have some to redeem; your judicious advice on that point touched a chord that has been vibrating ever since. But next to this I wish to restore to you all that you may have lost in public confidence by having been so long associated with me as my partner. This is simple justice to you, and a duty that I owe to myself. Come now! Can't you help me a little, Wec, in such a commendable undertaking? Stop reading that Daily Times upside down and give me the benefit of your wise counsel."

But Mr. Wescott was deaf to all appeals. Exasperated by an attack from which he had no ready response to de-



a slight wave of one delicate hand as if she thus cast the trifles from her. "I read too late last evening, and a headache always rewards such excessive intellectual application."

And she sank languidly into an easy chair, after inviting North to be seated.

"I fear that you are not equal to a discussion of the serious questions that are before the house this morning," began North, his disarray modified by the air of anxiety with which he was regarding her.

This introduction of a painful subject which she nevertheless knew perfectly well was unavoidable, visibly distressed her; but she conquered her feelings bravely and answered without a tremor in her voice:

"Serious problems sometimes appear less formidable after a candid and practical discussion, Mr. North. While I have no ground for expecting it to be



MRS. MAYNARD CAME DOWN.

so in this case, I am at least confident that nothing can be worse than a continued silent brooding on the subject."

Notwithstanding the despondent resignation in the words, there was a suggestion of hope—a faint intangible hope that was very like despair—in her voice and in the swift glance that she raised to his face.

She must have found very little encouragement there, for she instantly relapsed into a frozen calm which in contrast with her usual sparkling vivacity seemed like a strange, apathetic indifference; and clasping her hands listlessly in her lap she awaited his response.

With a business-like air North drew from his pocket a note-book and pencil, which he placed on the small onyx table beside which he had seated himself. Then he turned to Mrs. Maynard, whose chair was but a short distance from his own and so placed that she was not directly facing him, though a very slight turn of the languid, graceful head would bring him in full range of her glance. Just now it was resting upon some point above and beyond North's head, with an intentness that suggested an undercurrent of thought even more absorbing than the surface current that his words now brought before her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AIR IN LIQUID FORM.

Interesting Experiments Performed Recently by Prof. Dewar, of London.

Prof. Dewar gave a very interesting lecture at the Royal institution a few days ago on liquefied oxygen and liquefied air, says the London Spectator. He produced both liquefied oxygen and liquefied air, the oxygen in pints. Even the liquefied air was handled around in claret glasses.

Liquid oxygen boils in air at minus 182 degrees centigrade—that is 182 degrees of the centigrade scale below zero. The liquid oxygen placed between the poles of Faraday's great magnet behaved like a metal, leaping up to the poles and clinging to them till it disappeared as gas. But liquid oxygen, though so strongly magnetic, is a very bad conductor of electricity. It is a non-conducting magnet.

He showed, too, that so far as chemists can judge, there is probably no oxygen in the sun—the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere accounting for all the oxygen lines in the solar spectrum. The boiling point of liquid air is minus 122 degrees centigrade or ten degrees lower than that of oxygen. It is not true, as had been supposed, that the oxygen in the air liquefies before the other elements in air; on the contrary, the air liquefies as air and is not resolved into its elements before liquefying.

If this globe were cooled down to 200 degrees below the centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied gas thirty-five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.

Headgear in the Last Century.

Stewart, the great hair-dresser, says: "At no period in the history of the world was anything more absurd in head-dress worn than at the close of the eighteenth century. The body of these monuments of ugliness was formed of tow, over which the hair was turned and false hair added in great curls, bows and ties and powdered in profusion, then hung all over with vulgarly large rows of pearls or glass beads, fit only to decorate a chandelier. Flowers as obtrusive were stuck about this heap of finery, which was surmounted by broad, silken bands and great ostrich feathers, until the head-dress of a lady added three feet to her stature."

Imagine the discomfiture of people who attended the play and wished to view the stage! Three feet of finery hiding from sight the very thing one came to see! In this era of tiny theater bonnets, the picture drawn by the famous Stewart reduces to a minimum the inconsideration on the part of our women of to-day, who but yesterday or quite recently wore the broad, flaring street hat to the theater and expected the people sitting behind to dodge about in order to catch an occasional glimpse of the play and suffer from a crack in their necks for days thereafter.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Her manner, however, was light, as if her pride would not permit her to acknowledge the mental suffering that had so mercilessly left its traces upon her; and she smiled incredulously at North's anxious inquiries.

"The merest trifles," she protested with

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

INDIANA'S TAXABLE PROPERTY.

Interesting Figures From Abstract of the State Auditor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 29.—Auditor of State Henderson has completed the abstract of taxable property in Indiana. The value of lands is \$440,544,057; improvements, \$81,553,811. Value of lots \$141,138,709; improvements, \$130,635,393. The personal property as assessed amounts to \$295,914,156. The telegraph property is rated at \$1,636,881, and the railroad at \$160,887,420. The total value of state taxables is \$1,206,855,377. The number of polls assessed for taxes is 885,619. The taxes raised from this valuation are distributed as follows: State tax, \$1,704,506.44; benevolent institutions, \$758,551.53; state schools, \$2,210,387.37; permanent endowment, \$63,198.42. These funds are settled with the auditor of state. The total taxes levied for the year 1891 amounts to \$18,037,750.51, an increase of \$1,000,000 over 1890. The delinquents for 1891 and