

Syracuse Journal

WALKER & FANCIL.

SYRACUSE, IND.

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A man in Trenton, N. J., it is said, sheds his skin yearly, after the manner of a snake. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A New York woman claims that she is haunted by the ghost of her mother-in-law. Another usurpation of the rights of man.

A Connecticut farmer tried to fly with paper wings. The result was just the same as if he had taken a flyer in Wall street—he broke.

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Merely because Santo Domingo has sold its navy for \$1,750 it is not to be inferred that the country is hard up. That may have been a big price for the navy.

One of George Gould's boys is going to don overalls and hob-nail shoes and go to work in a Colorado mine. We hope he has the approval of Uncle Helle.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

A Pittsburgh man recently married the young woman with whom he became acquainted when he returned her lost dog. Moral for bachelors: Be kind to lost dogs.

Cuba has a surplus of \$5,000,000. How provoking this must be to a lot of Spanish grandees who are compelled to sit around home and live on restricted incomes.

Congress is expected to follow the precedent established when a pension was granted to the widow of President Garfield by granting a pension to Mrs. Cleveland. It is fitting that those ladies who have presided over the White House when it was occupied by their husbands should be wards of the nation.

The Pope is credited with the remark that if the Roman Catholic Church could be as highly respected in other countries as in the United States he would be in favor of the separation of church and state everywhere. The church is respected here because communities of the United States all began with a policy of religious freedom, and have never tolerated a state church. In the other countries, where the supremacy of one church was established by law, it is not easy to hold respect when the preference is withdrawn.

One of the whimsical characters in a story by Miss Alice Brown conceived the idea of a "patent dog-barker," which could be put in the front yard by unprotected women to frighten tramps away by mechanical imitation of a dog. Paris has outdone this comic idea in sober earnest. Some people try to escape the dog tax by concealing their animals. The police have secured the service of professional barkers, who "make a noise like a dog" outside suspected houses. The dog inside replies, and the barker reports to the tax-collector.

was twenty-eight bushels to the acre, in 1906. The highest yield in those seven years in any State outside of New England was twenty-two and a half bushels.

"Fret not thy gizzard." There was once a good old grandmother who gave this advice to everybody. She declared, and firmly believed, that it came from the Bible, though she did not know just where it could be found. But she insisted that it was somewhere between the covers of the Good Book. The old woman was right. It is in the Good Book, not only in one place, but in many, and though she did not have the exact language in which the advice is given, she had its sense, which is of vastly greater importance. The world is full of men and women who are constantly fretting their gizzards, and with what result? None, except to increase the income of the doctor and the undertaker and to fill the hospitals for the insane and the cemeteries. Ask any doctor what causes the majority of the cases of nervous troubles, and he will tell you it is fretting. Some people blame work, but work never hurt anybody. On the contrary, it keeps men and women alive. Overwork, though, claims thousands, but overwork is altogether another thing; and the overworkers are generally fretters. Each leads to the other. The human gizzard was not designed by nature to bear the strain of fretting, and the man who frets it much is sure to break it. The old woman's advice does not mean that man should refuse to take his work or anything else seriously. It does not mean that he should view with unconcern or treat lightly any of his problems. But it does mean that he should not fret over them when he has applied his best efforts to them. It means that if you have something to do, do it; and with your whole energy. When you have done all you can do, don't fret your gizzard over the result. All the fretting in the world will have no effect upon the outcome. Await it without stewing and worrying, and if it is against you, tackle it again. Fret your gizzard and you will lack the strength to renew the fight with the vigor that is necessary to win. It means you are not to fret over things beyond your control. It does not mean that you should not view them in seriousness and with proper regard of importance and consequences. But don't worry over them until you fret your gizzard. We are traveling at a fast race in this country. The spirit of the day is one that calls for speed. The man who can keep it up must look after his gizzard. Fret it not.

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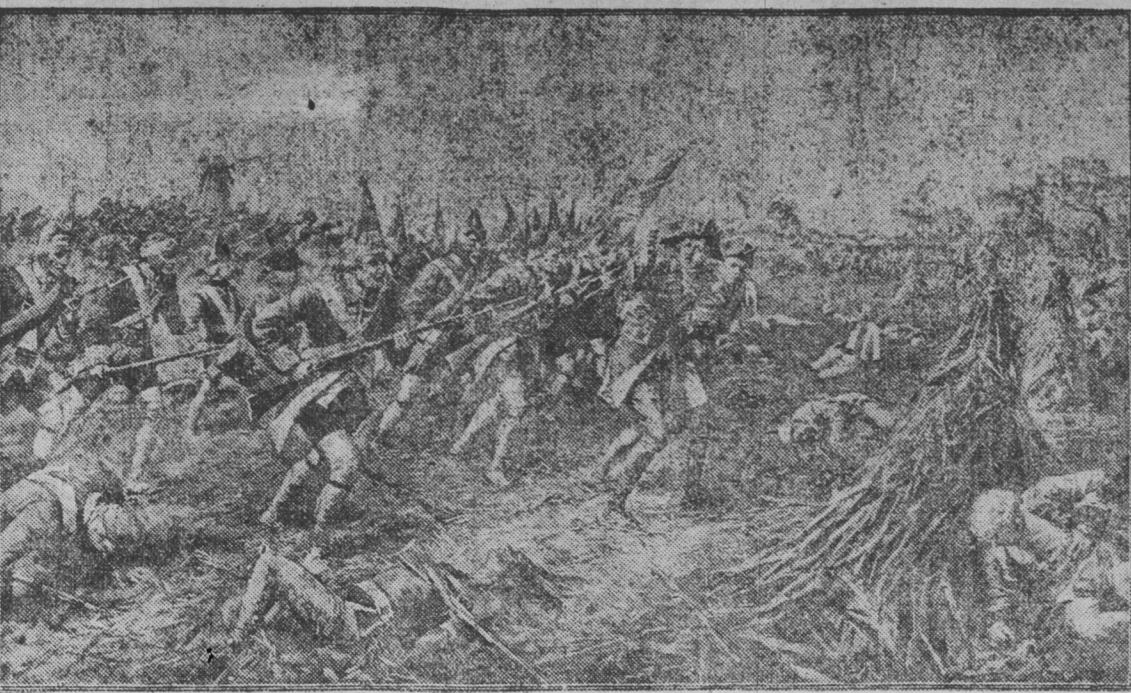
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Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. There were only eight States of the Union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine. Only four produced a larger crop. Not one even approached Maine in the number of bushels to the acre. The average yield was two hundred and ten bushels to the acre, and no other State raised more than one hundred and seventy-five bushels. The average for the whole country was only one hundred and two. Nor was it an exceptional year, for the average crop of Maine has been the largest in every year since 1903. Buckwheat is not a very important crop, but it is raised in twenty-four of the States. In this, too, Maine stands at the head in average crop per acre; New Hampshire is second, Vermont third, and Massachusetts fourth. Since 1900 the lowest average yield of buckwheat in Maine

A GREAT MOMENT IN THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.



The battle of Quebec, fought on the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759, is memorable if only for the courage and chivalry of the opposing generals, Montcalm and Wolfe. As Montcalm rode back to the French lines wounded to death, a woman cried out, "O, mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tue!" "Ce n'est rien! ne

vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies," he replied. Wolfe was wounded three times before he fell. A shot shattered his wrist, and yet another struck him. Finally he was hit in the breast. He died murmuring, "Now God be praised, I will die in peace." The result of the battle was not the conquest of Canada, but the union of the French and

MARRIAGE RECESSIONAL.

All-wise, all-great, whose ancient plan Ordained the woman for the man, Look down, O Lord! on those who now Before Thy sacred altar bow.

Almighty Ruler, in whose hand The morrow and its issues stand, What'er the lot Thy will assign, We can but kneel; our all is Thine.

Summer and winter, seed and grain, The joy unspotted that comes of pain, The unknown ill that good we call— Thou in Thy balance metest all.

Throughout their lifelong journey still, Guide Thou these two in good and ill, And whereso'er the way extend, Be with them, Father, to the end.

—Austin Dobson.

large red handkerchief. At last he collected himself sufficiently to speak.

"You steal into this house—the best house on Lancaster Gate—under the pretense of tutoring my boys, and deliberately set yourself to take my daughter away."

"Precisely. You have stated the case as shortly as I could, though you have guessed rather quickly. I stole into this house with that deliberate intention. The tutoring was only a blind."

Mr. Brackley—gasped again. The man acknowledged it, seemed to acknowledge more than even he had charged him with.

"I've a good mind to send for the police," he cried.

"Unfortunately, what I have done is not a criminal offense—not one recognized by the law, at least."

"So you came here for that purpose? What do you mean by that?"

"I came for your daughter, yes; most decidedly I came for her. And," he added exultantly, "I have got her."

"You would take her away from a luxurious home; you have already caused her to give up a most excellent chance. And for what? That she may be a typewriting drudge, and typewrite your wretched and, I have no doubt, wicked stories?"

"Well, if she likes, she may."

"You think that I shall give her money. You are mistaken. She will never have a penny from me."

"That doesn't matter."

"You say so. But you know I am her father. You trust that I shall return."

"I hope so—for your sake."

"Now, sir, I tell you that the girl is penniless, and that she will never

"What do you mean?" bawled Brackley.

"I don't like you, Mr. Brackley. I don't like your house, and I don't like your friends. I think your daughter will be well away from you, and in time I have hopes that I shall be able to make her forget you."

"Well! Am I mad, am I dreaming? Is this a joke?"

"If it is, I don't see the point of it. I don't like you, Mr. Brackley, and I don't want to see you. I don't mind your sons. They can come and see me and their sister."

"I think I would allow my sons to see their sister's degradation, her shame! Perhaps you think it is amusing to live in a workhouse?"

"I don't know. There may be worse places. If you hadn't been able to tide over some crises in the city, for instance, you might have been living in goal!"

It was a hard hit and a true one.

"Whatever I've done I did for my children. At any rate, I haven't stolen into a house and persuaded a girl to get out of it and starve with me. If you think you can blackmail me, you are mistaken. If you take the girl, she starves—mind that—she starves!"

"But why should she starve?"

"Then what—what do you propose my daughter is to live on? Though, mind you, if she marries you she is no longer daughter of mine?"

"I do mind you. Well, she can live on me. I am a very rich man, Mr. Brackley?"

"Rich—you?" said Brackley, thinking that the tutor was bluffing.

"Very, very rich. One of the richest men in England. You see, I came here as a tutor—like King Arthur, don't you know—just to see how the poor live."

"How the poor live! You needn't insult me, sir! To steal my daughter and rob her of her inheritance is enough."

"You are right," said Ford, dropping into a family very unbecoming in a tutor, "and I wasn't speaking the truth. I came here to see your daughter. Yours are not, as you mentioned yourself, the sort of people whom I am likely to meet. You must forgive my being vulgar enough to say so. But I had fallen in love at sight of her, and I thought if I made her acquaintance in the ordinary way, that if she didn't fall in love with me, you would, and try to persuade her. I so wanted to be loved for myself, and I was as little sure of that in my own world as in yours. I'm a nobleman."

"A nobleman!"

"Haven't you heard of Lord Ascott? I see you have. Well, he is the richest nobleman in Rutland, if not the oldest in descent, and he was reported to have gone on a yachting expedition. Well, it wasn't true. His yacht went, but he did not. He went on an expedition to the Far East; suppose we could cut 100 acres to the acre; we should require a million acres a year for tides?"

"We use 20 acres a Sunday or 40 acres a week, or 2,000 acres a year to print one daily newspaper, what does it cost in acreage to print all the newspapers in all the cities and towns of America?"

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for the first time that you swore you would never speak to your daughter again if she married me."

But at that moment Mabel burst into the room.

"I can't bear the suspense any longer," she cried. "Has he told you, father? I see he has. You must forgive him and me."

She went and stood by the young man, taking his hand.

"Your father has sworn that if you marry me he will never speak to you again."

"Father!" She left her lover's hand, and went to her father. "You can't mean that. I love Mr. Ford. I don't mind trying to work for my living. But I do want to be happy. And I couldn't be happy if you cast me off like that, and cast him off too."

"So you would leave your father for this man?" said Brackley.

"I would leave you for him because he is to be my husband.