DON'T WORRY.

There are times and seasons in every life,
Not excepting a favored few,
When not to worry over the strife
Is the hardest thing to do.
When all things seem so dark and drear
We fear they may darker be,
Forgetting to trust and not to fear,
Though we cannot the future see.

Each life has its good to be thankful for.
We must trust we may always find
Some happiness surely, less or more,
Some peace for troubled mind.
Let us try the good in our minds to fit,
Passing over the ills in a hurry,
For when we really think of it,
What good ever comes of worry?

We must bear our trials cheerfully,
Not burden our world with sorrow
Because we are anxious, and fearfully
Are looking for trouble to borrow.
Look into the future with hopeful heart,
Keep a watch for the silver lining,
And the cloud of trouble will surely part,
If we trust instead of repining.

—Good Housekeeping.

THE TRICKSTER TRICKED.

On the banks of the beautiful Potomac river, near Baltimore, arose the majestic walls of Professor Melville H. Plunkerville's Academy for young gentlemen" as the advertisement read.

The aforesaid professor was a genial, whole-souled man whose chief desire was to found a college for the youth of the land, and to carry this out he had spared no pains or money to make it an institution to be proud of; and now, three years after the school was founded, it not only was known as a first-class academy, but had the finest corps of tutors in the country.

The rich aristocrat sent his son there; the struggling merchant also sent his son there; and, in fact, representatives of all classes mingled together on terms of equality.

On a beautiful morning in May, as the birds were sending out stream after stream of beautiful melody, causing the balmy atmosphere to resound again and again with its sweetness, a ripple of excitement ran throughout the recitation room. All the pupils were seated, waiting in breathless anticipation something of importance the professor had to say.

After the room had remained so silent that a pin could have been heard to drop, the Professor slowly arose, wiped his spectacles and carefully placing them on the bridge of his nose, he began:

"Boys, I wish to speak to you for some moments, in regard to some things occurring in this school.

"For several months past, a number of pupils have had articles of various kinds taken from their rooms.

"We have watched and watched for the thief, and so far we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to find him.

"Now, as I do not want this academy to gain a bad reputation, I will offer the following reward:

"To any person, whether in or out of school, who shall bring to our knowledge the person who has been guilty of these thefts, we will give one year's tuition, and $500 additional. This is all I have to say on the subject. You will now please give attention to your tutors."

As the Professor finished his remarks a momentary bubble of excitement went through the lecture-room, but it was instantly quelled by the tutors.

The tutors might as well have tried to teach an elephant to climb a tree, as to get the pupils' attention after that.

In vain they expostulated; in vain they gave pages, and hundreds of words to commit to memory. Try as hard as they would to make them pay attention to their books, it was useless. Hardly had their eyes been fixed upon their book, before they would be dreamily gazing out at the window; no doubt thinking of the great reward. After an hour of this kind of attention, the tutors were forced to dismiss school as they saw the excitement had driven all thoughts of their lessons out of their pupils' minds.

One by one the boys left the room, and at last only one boy remained—a boy of 17 who, though poor, was at the head of his class. This was Joshua Semple, who lived with his widowed mother and sister in a little cottage, close by the school.

After all the rest of the scholars had gone, Joshua went up to his tutor's desk and said: "Professor Brown, I think I will have to leave the school."

"Why so, Joshua?" said Professor Brown.

"Well," said Joshua, "my mother finds that she can no longer let me attend school, because the money which our Uncle John left us is all gone, and at present there is not enough money in the house to last a month. I have decided, therefore, to leave school and try to get employment."

"I am very sorry to hear of it," said the warm-hearted professor, "but couldn't you come to school just one month more? I think that you can manage to graduate then."

"Although I would like to come to school that long, yet I don't think I will be able to do so. I will come until I get a situation, however," answered Joshua.

The appetizing odor of roast beef and home-made bread came pouring out through the open door. Within was a middle-aged lady engaged in dissecting a part of the anatomy of a cow, and then rolling these dissected parts in crushed crackers. She put them into the spider, and soon they were sizzing and sputtering at a great rate.

At the sink stood as pretty a specimen of young American girldom as could be found. She was washing the dishes. Every little while she would look up to the clock, wondering why it was so slow getting round to 4 o'clock.

Just as she had finished the last dish, the clock began to strike, and simultaneously the door was dashed open and in came Joshua, with a whoop and yell! "Regular as a clock," cried Joshua's mother—of course you understand that the lady and girl engaged in the house work are Joshua's mother and sister.

"What news Josh," said his mother; "anything extraordinary turned up?"

"Well nothing very extra, only Professor Plunkerville has offered a year's tuition and $500 for any one that catches the thief who is making our school such a bad reputation. I'm going to try and catch the thief. Just think of it, a year's tuition and $500! If we only had the $500 now, we could buy old Silas Adams' general store. He is going to Baltimore to start a big store and he'll let us have his place just as it is now, for one-half what it cost him. If we only had the store we could easily make enough to live on!" cried Josh, quite carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment.

As Joshua was going to the academy next morning, his thoughts were only on the reward, and he failed to observe where he was until he found himself lying flat upon his back, having stumbled over some obstacle in the path. He looked down and discovered that the obstacle was a rope stretched between two trees. He took out his knife and was just going to cut the rope, when he heard a laugh, and looking in the direction from which it came, he saw three boys nearly doubled up with merriment.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Bob Ellis, "that's one on you," and then Bob let out another thunderous roar, followed immediately by his two colleagues—Tom White and Al Aston.

Josh by this time had got into such a fury that it was all he could do to restrain himself from rushing upon the young rogues.

"What do you mean by playing such a mean measly trick on me!" cried Joshua. "Do you know that you could have caused me to hurt myself severely?"

"Serves you right, for you ought to look where you're going," answered Bob between his smirks, and then, unable to contain his mirth, he nearly doubled himself up again and lay on the ground "Haw-hawing" for all he was worth!

"Well, anyhow, I'll see that you don't fool any other person by it. I am going to cut the rope in two," cried Josh, so angry that he could hardly speak.

"Here, let that rope alone," yelled Bob, as Josh took out his knife, "that rope belongs to me, and its none of your business what I do with it!"

"I don't care whose it is; anyhow, you won't fool anybody else with it, and here goes." Snap went the rope.

"I'll have you arrested for this," yelled Bob. "Come on, boys let's lick him for cutting our rope!"

"Come on," answered Josh, "I'm ready for you."

Rob and his pals advanced towards Josh with tightly clenched hands. It looked as if Josh was in for it, sure this time.

Josh stood coolly surveying the three ruffians, and Bob, after looking at him for a moment, whispered something to his pals, which seemed to meet their approval. Bob and his ruffians faced Josh again. Hardly a moment elasped before Bob aimed a sudden blow at Josh's head. But Josh was prepared for this, and no sooner had Bob aimed the blow than it was neatly parried, and the next moment Bob was lying howling on his back, with a perceptible swelling on his upper lip Something rolled out of Bob's pocket and Josh saw it. Bob's pals closed in on Josh, but some of the students of the college attracted by the noise, came upon the scene and held Josh's assailant's back. Just then who should appear but Professor Plunkerville. He took in the scene immediately. "What is the meaning of this conduct, young gentlemen?" he said sharply. "How is it that I find you, Joshua, participating in this disgraceful scene? Explain your conduct, sir!" and the professor fairly shook with rage.

"Please, sir," whined Bob, "Josh assaulted me and my friends with a board."

"He's lying! he's lying!" shouted the students who had witnessed the encounter.

"Silence!" commander she Professor, and a pin-drop silence instantly prevailed.

"Now, then, Joshua," continued the Professor, "how did this happen?"

"These ruffians, sir, placed a rope across the path, and when I came along I fell over it. They then began to laugh. I took out my knife and was going to cut the rope when they objected. I cut the rope for I didn't want any one else to become victims of their tricks. They then jumped on me and that brings the case up to the present moment," answered Josh.

"Go home, all of you. I'll attend to this to-morrow," said the Professor.

Bob slowly got up on his feet and proceeded to air his version of the affair to the students.

Josh by some impulse went where he had seen something fall out of Bob's pocket.

Moving the grass aside he searched closely and there he saw something shining. He picked it up—it was a pair of gold spectacles. Instantly he decided that Bob was the thief.

Professor! Professor!" running after the Professor.

"What is it Joshua?" answered the Professor when Josh had reached him, breathless.

"Are those your spectacles?" said Josh.

The Professor looked at them a moment and then he said, "Yes, Josh, these are mine. They were stolen from me some nights ago. Where did you get them?"

"They fell out of Bob's pocket," said Josh. A village constable passed just then and the Professor instructed him to arrest Bob.

Bob resisted, but the law had a grip on him, and he desisted. After a stubborn silence he broke down and confessed that he had been guilty of all the thefts, assisted by his pals.

The Professor promptly paid the $500 to Joshua.

Ten years after, a wild excitement ran through the county. A Senator was to be chosen, and after a hot fight Mr. Joshua Semple, owner of the largest mills in the county, was elected. Now I close with ending of L. M. Alcott: "They all lived happily until they died."—Texas Farm and Ranch.

SHE DIDN'T SCREAM.

How a Sharp Chambermaid Failed to Blackmail a Drummer.

"I have been on the road for years," said a man with a gray mustache who registered as from New York to a Cincinnati Times-Star man, "and I never had but one adventure that amounted to much. That was at Wheeling. It was one Sunday afternoon and I was sitting it my room writing, when the door suddenly opened and a chambermaid came in. She locked the door and put the key in her pocket. 'Now,' she said 'won't you buy some tickets for a raffle. It is a gold watch that is to be raffled off for my brother, who was hurt while railroading.' I told her I wanted no raffle tickets. 'Then,' she went on. 'I'll scream.' 'All right, scream,' said I."

"Did she?" asked an interested auditor.

"Not much—I said to her if she tried to blackmail me in that manner I'd never let up until I had seen her punished. Her nerve gave out then and she broke out crying, begging me to not expose her.

"And did you?" asked the same man who had made the previous inquiry.

"No."

"I wish to heaven you had," he ejaculated.

"Why?"

"Because that same chambermaid in Wheeling did me up for $10 on that raffle blackmail scheme."

Then there was a silence, broken by the mutal agreement the next time anything of that kind happened to expose it for the benefit of the public.

GOOD AND QUITE NEW.

This Man Ought to Become Popular as a Criminal Lawyer.

Here is a San Jose law story from the extensive repertory of W. L. Gill and recorded by the Del Monte Wave: A young lawyer, a friend of his not noted for intelligence, succeeded in having a client acquitted of murder. Meeting him a few days afterward Gill was quite warm in congratulations.

"Yes," said the young lawyer mopping his brow, "I got him off, but it was a narrow escape."

"A narrow escape? how?" inquired Gill.

"Ah, the tightest squeeze you ever saw. You know I examined the witnesses and made the argument myself, the plea, self-defense. The jury was out two whole days. Finally the judge called them before him and asked what the trouble was.

"'Only one thing, your honor,' replied the foreman. 'Was the prisoner's attorney retained by him or appointed by the court?'

"'No, gentleman; the prisoner is a man of means," said the judge, 'and hired his own attorney."

"I could not see what bearing the question had on the evidence," continued Mr. Gill's young friend, "but ten minutes later in filed the jury, and what do you think the verdict was?"

"What?" asked Gill.

"Why—not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

Who Knows Whom He Will Marry

Young men think they know just what kind of a woman they will marry, and they are sure that they will marry no other. The result is apt to prove them very much in error as to what they think they will do and will not do. They marry—most men marry some time— but two chances to three they marry a very different lady from the kind they have always dilated upon. A young man who has pertinaciously insisted that he will only marry a brunette will, in the end marry a blonde. A young man who has always felt and said that he would marry only a blonde is very likely to marry a brunette. Such things come out very funnily. A pug nose has been the horror of a youthful sprig of fashion, and he has been heard many times to express his sentiments on that subject. Five years after, he is seen proudly escorting a pug-nosed wife! Another could never bear a "dumpy" woman. He, after all, selects for a wife the fattest little woman he has ever known. A third likes robust women, and always has a dislike of the lean-and-lank order. By and by, the tallest woman in the town has his surname, with a "Mrs." prefixed to it. You can tell better about the weather afterwards than before; so you can tell better after marriage than before what kind of a woman was to be your wife.

Pearls in Oysters.

The pearl oyster is a valued member of the tamily. Some produce pearl for buttons and ornamentation, and some the gem. The latter is simply a result of the oyster's attempt to protect itself from some foreign substance. Thus, if a minute grain of sand finds its way into the shell, the animal will immediately envelope it with a nacreous of pearly coating, which if continued results in a perfect gem. The pearls attached to the shells and layers of nacre heaped up to prevent the onward march of a boring parasite seeking entrance from without. In Ceylon 17,000,000 pearl oysters were destroyed lately to produce $80,000 in pearls.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ANGLOMANIAC DRESS THEORY.

The Expressed Views of an Uptown Swell of New York.

One of the uptown swells has been unbosoming himself to me in a theory about dress.

"Let me call your attention," said the swell, "to the way an American man is liable to look. He dresses himself within an inch of his life, laying the greatest stress upon each detail in a fussy, womanish kind of a way, trimming and polishing himself down until he looks like a fashion-plate. Not a wrinkle in his coat, and his trousers resting upon his shoes with scarcely a drapery line in them: Everything is so stiff and perfect that you think of the clothes first and the man, if there is any, afterwards.

"Now, this is not a desirable thing. You don't want to look like a tailor's automaton, although it's a mighty nice thing, you know, to have the fellows struck on your clothes and always asking who your tailor is and all that. But here's the way the Englishman feels about it: He says to himself, I must look superior to my clothes. I cannot have people thinking of my clothes first and me afterwards, because I am more important than my clothes.'

"Thus the Englishman sets about curing this condition. What does he do? Why he refuses to let his clothes fit him. That is to say, he insists that he shall not be incased in a hard-fitting coat. He breaks the conformity by introducing a wrinkle or so. He likes to turn up his trousers because it destroys that offensive stiffness of the contour. You saw how he invented the sack overcoat. Some people who want a glove fitting thing have called that kind of a coat ugly. But do you notice that a man in such a coat looks as if he was somebody? He looks at once as if he were superior to his clothes. That's the point. Take my word for it, the Englishman has the only correct theory about clothes You must have that touch of negligence, don't you know. Great theory."

Potato Experiments.

The Royal Agricultural Socicety is carrying out in six separate districts of the country experiments on plots, each three acres in extent, with sulphate of copper. One acre is to be treated early to prevent the disease if possible; one acre later on, when the disease has become apparent; and one acre to be untreated. We are heartily glad to see some steps at length taken in the matter. For the sake of the farmer we trust the Royal Agricultural Society may have the same experience as the Royal Horticultural Society, a committee of which for two or three years undertook trials of various kinds, and prepared elaborate records, but the amount of disease which appeared was so small that the experiments were relatively valueless. An impromptu experiment, however, in a subsequent year, proved most instructive. We perceive some of our contemporaries are blaming the Royal Horticultural Society for not taking up the subject; but it must be remembered that the Royal Agricultural Society can effect this matter much more readily and extensively, having a paid consulting botanist to direct and overlook the experiments, and a sum of £500 allowed towards the expenses.—Gardeners' Chronicle.

Brotherhood Officers Re-Elected.

GALESBURG, Ill., Oct. 15.—The convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen spent the day in considering things in the constitution. This work was concluded this evening, after which the convention proceeded to elect officers. S. E Wilkinson, grand master, P. H. Morrisey, first assistant grand master, and W. A. Sheahan, grand secretary and treasurer, were re-elected by acclamation This is considered a complete vindication of the officers.

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