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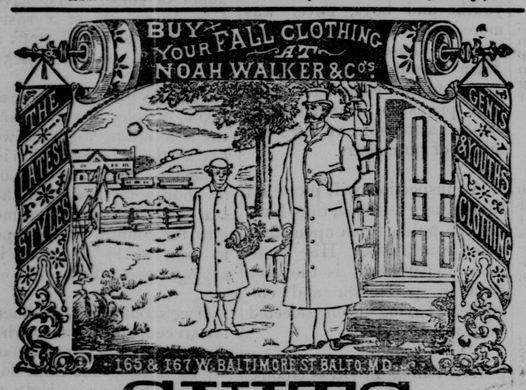

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J. ED. WILLIS, Leader,
9 20 2t. Greensborough, Md.

HIGH TEMPERED GIRL.

"No, I won't!" said Theodora Reed, impetuously; "I won't! I won't, so there's an end of the matter."

Theodora was busy making pear marmalade, with a pocket handkerchief fastened, Beatrice Cenci fashion over her luxuriant brown tresses, a huge checked apron enveloped her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin.

Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid, hazel eyes, rings of brown hair straying like floss silk over the temples, and rosy lips.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribble sharpness in his face, as it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It's getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract distributors here, and week before that old Dr. Doddington and his wife and three children stayed here five days, so that it should be convenient for the semi-annual convention. In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have had no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia; so you must tell this young clergymad to go somewhere else. I won't have him here!"

"But, My dear Miss Reed—"

"I am not your 'dear Miss Reed,'" said Theodora, vehemently. "If I was, you would try to spare me a little of all the annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such am expected to have neither feelings or preference, nor sensibilities of any kind. But I am human, after all; and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every one who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—the lamented Mrs. Smiley—was never averse to entertaining the saints," reproachfully uttered the deacon.—"Her door was ever open and her amiable hospitality—"

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing-societies and company, and Dorcas meeting. I've had enough of that sort of things and I mean to stop. If the church people wish papa to entertain all creation, they must raise his salary—that's all."

"But, my good young friend—"

At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Read and Deacon Powers stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stood there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers, said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass upon her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go on to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip.

"It's all true," she said, "every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard us. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all.

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven; and then she poured out a cup of chocolate, and ran up stairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed was sitting before his study table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once, and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said, wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?"

"Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning your face. "I do not believe that I can preach to-morrow; I do not believe that I can ever prepare a sermon."

Theodora looked aghast.

"But, papa," said she, "what can you do? Old Dr. Benton is out of town, and—"

"My dear," said the poor clergyman, pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, "you must send a note to Mr. Hevey, and ask him to officiate in my place, as a special favor."

"Who is Mr. Hervey?" asked Theodora.

"I don't know," sighed Mr. Reed. "I only know that he was to be at Winfield this week. Most probably he will be at the Star hotel."

"Very well, papa," said Theodora, feigning a cheerfulness that she was very far from feeling. "Drink your chocolate now, there's a darling, and don't fret yourself the least bit in the world, and I will see that all arrangements are made."

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking.

A substitute must be found for the pulpit, and here it was twelve o'clock on Saturday!

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of no errors, and carefully copying the whole, because of a spattering little blet which fell, as if "malice aforesaid," directly across the second line.

"DEAR MR. HERVEY—Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place to-morrow? He is very ill of neuralgia, and is unable even to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you dine with us to-morrow after church.

"THEODORA REED."

And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in, hadn't been in since the morning.

But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon a little colored boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved, "Henry Hervey," while upon the other was written the words, "with the greatest pleasure."

And the minister's daughter "on hospitable thought intent," roasted a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a peachpie and baked a loaf of bread, which was light and white as sea-foam.

"I'll show him that the country girls understand good housekeeping," said Theo to herself.

Mr. Reed was not able to leave his sofa the next morning, so Theo put on her pretty blue-and-white muslin dress and the gipsy hat with the roses that became her delicate complexion so perfectly, and went to church, after first seeing that the table was all spread for the cold dinner, and the coffee-pot simmering on the stove.

The church was full.

Mr. Hervey was a rising luminary in the theological horizon, and almost every one in Windfield had heard of him, so there was no lack of an audience.

But to Theodora's ineffable dismay, the tall young man who walked so composedly out on the platform was no other than the frank-faced person who had stood on her kitchen threshold, only the day before, and overhead her diatribble on the subject of undesired guests.

Under the shadow of the roses she turned redder still.

"Oh my tongue—my unlucky tongue—my unlucky tongue!" she said frantically, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought?"

And, as may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit, she was in reality a sweet, sincere little christian—did not do her much good that morning.

Mr. Hervey came across into the parsonage when the sermon was over, and held out his hand to blushing Theodora.

"We meet again," said he, with a smile.

"I can't help it," burst out Theodora, in desperation. "I meant every word I said, Mr. Hervey; it was all true. But—but it didn't apply to you."

"I understand," he said quietly. "I was a little nettled at the moment, for I merely wished for a temporary shelter while they were refurnishing my room at the Star hotel. But I can easily see, now that I have thought the matter over in a new light, that a minister's family must be sadly pestered with volunteer guests. Pray think no more of it, Miss Reed."

And he spoke so frankly and pleasant that Theo became quite at ease, while he carved the chicken, and she prepared the crisp lettuce and limped oil for the salad.

He was taken up to Mr. Reed's sick-room after dinner, and had a pleasant chat with him before the afternoon service.

"You have done me a great favor sir," said the elder clergyman, when at length parted from his guest. "And we should esteem it a privilege—my little girl and I—if you would make your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not Theo?"

Theodora hung down her head, and turned pink to the very roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly "Only—I am ashamed to say so. Oh papa," hiding her face on his shoulder, "I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest!"

And then, infinitely to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole story of her interview with Deacon Powers.

Mr. Reed smiled, as he stroked Theo's head.

"My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Winfield. He was revising the proof sheets of a theological volume and liked the quiet seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Theo," he said, one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"you have tasted so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would consent to be a minister's wife."

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?"

"Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave.

"It is strange, isn't," said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little termagant as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

"I will?"

"Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all.

"If he marries such a high-tempered girl as that," said deacon, "he does it at his own peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

"But, pa" said the deacon's daughter "every woman finds her master soon or late. Now, I think Theodora Reed has found hers."

To Farmers.

For many years your votes have kept the Republican party in power.

The policy of that party has enriched and protected the monoplies of the country, but has it improved your condition?

While the Goulds, Blaines, Dorseys, Elkins, Millers, Bradys, Cornells and other monopolists have become millionaires by the use they have of your votes, have you, too, been growing rich?

While your votes have brought princely incomes of hundreds and thousands of dollars a day to them, how is your daily income increased?

Four years ago, you were appealed to, by these monopolists who have captured the Republican party, on the tariff scare, and you were told that ruin and devastation would follow Democratic success, and that prosperity and plenty would result from Republican victory.

You voted for the policy of the sharks who run the Republican party and how have you been benefited?

Gould and Blaine and Elkins and Warner Miller, and the monopolists in your vicinity have grown rich, but how is it with you?

Is your farm worth more to-day than it was then?

Is it easier to meet your payments and your interest to-day than it was then?

Do you get more for your butter, cheese, grain, pork and other produce than then?

Do you get clothing, groceries, tools and what you have to buy cheaper than then?

Have your taxes been reduced and expenses lighted?

Does your daily toil do much more than barely support you and your family?

Are the times good with you?

If not, is it not time for you to think of your own interests and vote for your own benefit rather than that of Mr. Gould and Mr. Elkins and Mr. Millionaire Blaine?

Your own experience ought to prove to you that something is wrong at Washington. The policy of the past is at fault. Extravagance and profligacy and careless methods have too long prevailed. The rich thrive and the poor barely live. A halt is necessary.

The farmers of New York know Grover Cleveland and they know he is the man to bring back the government at Washington to simpler methods.

A poor man himself, his sympathies and his belief lead him to enforce strict economy in public admintration.

With him every dollar of taxation is weiged as so much from the proceeds of the toil of the people.

The farmers of New York know that when its third city was suffering from the results of extravagance in its affairs, Grover Cleveland was called by his fellow-citizens, irrespective of party, to correct the abuse. They know that so marked was his fidelity to that charge that the people of the State at the next election made him its executive by 194,000 majority and the Republican paper at his home said "Buffalo loses the best mayor it ever had." They know that his appointments and vetoes have received the praise of all men. They know he has had the courage of his convictions and his convictions have been right. They know that every measure promising aid to the farmer has received his cordial support. They know that he approved the bill to prevent the sale of bogus butter, and that he is forcing oleomargarine out of competition with dairy interests. They know that, in every position, he has been honest and true to the people, and that under his guidance, the management of affairs of the city of Buffalo was transformed from corruption and extravagance to honesty and economy, and his administration of the great State of New York has won the praise of all the people.—Albany Argus.

The Women of Arabia.

A letter from Arabia says: All the bravest men steal their wives, but there are some who do not. Their method is a little different. Of a calm moonlight night—and moonlight in the tropics is far more beautiful than here—you may see an Arab sitting before the tent of his inamorate picking a stringed instrument something like our banjo and singing a song of his own composition. This is his courtship. They are the most musical people in the world. The courtship only lasts a week or two. If the girl is obstinate he goes elsewhere and seeks to win another girl by his songs and music. Sometimes the fathers make the match, but always the girl is the obedient slave of her husband. The power of life and death is in his hands, and she bows before his opinions with the most implicit obedience. It is only when the fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib talk of woman's highest duties and grander sphere, with his winning manner, with his respect, so flattering to a woman's soul, that she leaves her husband, forsakes the teachings of her childhood, gives up home and friends, and risks death itself to repose in his arms.

THE GREEN CORN DANCE.

A Time-Honored Indian Festival Described.

A letter from the Indian Territory thus graphically describes the annual aborignal celebration: Fifty years ago the Green Corn Festival was a flourishing annual pastime among the Creeks, Wyandotes and other tribes. It had a religious significance, and was regarded in the light of a New Year's celebration. There was no fixed date for it, but every summer just when the green corn was ripening the Cheifs sent out an order for the making of new pottery, and a second order naming the day for the opening of the festivities.

Runners laden with bundles of small sticks carried them to all parts of the tribe. Each bundle had as many sticks as there were days intervening between its reception and the beginning of the festival. As the days passed the sticks were thrown aside until the last was reached, when preparations were made for the departure to the festival grounds.—These were selected remote from any habitation and near the bank of a stream. Four houses were constructed on the grounds in such a manner that they enclosed a large square, entrance to which was had through wide spaces between the houses. Each house opened on the square, which was filled with new earth. The inclosure was sacred, and the print of no foot touched it until the opening of the ceremonies. Rude splotches of paint were on the buildings, and from tall poles claws and feathers were displayed. Here the men, women and children of the tribe congregated, and early on the date announced the trouble began, as the minstrels were wont to say. Previous to this there had been fasting, and from now on until the close of the festival the men and women lived apart.

When the square was ready all the fires in the surrounding towns were extinguished, and the houses swept and washed. Enmities were forgotten and crime was overlooked—the criminal who succeeded in sneaking unobserved into the crowd at the square being at once granted a full absolution of his offense.

The first ceremony of the festival was lighting the sacred fire. A square board with a circular hallow was produced, and the ashes of the forest tree or dry leaves were placed in the hallow. The Chiefs then took turns at whirling sticks until a flame was produced. From this flame bits of wood were lighted to convey fire to their homes. Wood was then heaped upon the original fire in the square, a new pot was brought, and what was called the black drink brewed. Two lines of warriors danced up to and back from the boiling pot, uttering a low chant and winding up with a war-whoop. Then two Chiefs took gourds and drank some of the inky brew. The warriors drank afterward, and, and almost as suddenly ejected the draught, spewing it all over the new earth. Another dance followed which was interrupted suddenly by wild shouts, as the warriors pursued one of their number who had dropped a hat or ribbon or something into the river, striking at him when they could, and only ceasing their efforts at violence when he plunged into the water. Returning to the square, the dance was renewed. Then during the day there was ball play, and the bear dance, the pather dance and the Buffalo dance, in each of which the Indians covered themselves with the skins of the animal in whose honor they were dancing. The day's celebration closed with a trial of fortitude, to which children of from four to twelve years were submitted. The children were carried into the square, and the breast and limbs lacerated with sail needles, awls and flints. These were dug into the quivering flesh of the young and long gashes cut: if the child flinched the warrior cut all the deeper. Many of the young, however, scooped up the blood from their wounds and spattered the buildings with it. More crooning and dancing closed the ceremony and wound up the first day's program.

On the second day the drinking and dancing incidents of the first day were repeated, and ears of green corn were brought in and presented to the chief, who took them, and after an invocation to Gitchie Manitou, the mighty, that the corn of the following year be plentiful, handed them back. War dances ensued, after which the men retired, and the women led by two old warriors, who did clown acts, danced and sung to the accompaniment of rattling gourds. At a given signal the war-whoop was given, and the women rushed out of the square and swarmed upon high mound made of earth near by. At four points, near the base of the mound, were as many stuffed figures. The warriors crouched in the surrounding cornfields and stole forward, making a final rush to the mound, and, amid shouts, carrying off the stuffed figures. One figure was stolen away or made prisoner; the second was grasped by the waist, flung in the open air, and ripped up the back with a knife, and the third was tomahawked; the fourth was shot. By this method were indicated the four different modes or styles of warfare with which the Indian was familiar. A dance around the mound was followed by more dancing in the square, and then permission was given to tackle the green corn, whereupon all proceeded to eat their fill.

On the third day the females dance again, and repeat the dance with the clown, old men trying to make them laugh. Then comes a feast, and after it the concluding incident of the festival, the dance of the old time, wherein the men and women commingled for the first time, and stamp, sing and shout until they are tired out.

Wine and Women.

Of the worst foes that women ever had to contend wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in men has spoiled the lives of some women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardships—than any other evil that exists. There are tens of thousands of widows who to-day sit in bitter despair, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink.

"Yes," says the Agricultural World," there are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land in which women live lives of torture; going through all changes of suffering that lie between the extreme of fear and despair, because those whom they love love wine better than the women they have sworn to love and protect. There are women by the thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure; that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutality inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth.

The sorrows of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are, beyond all doubt, as near the realization of hell as can be reached. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, (and not unfrequently the beggary,) the fear and fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, all these are enough to make all women curse wine and engage unitedly in opposing it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex."

The Keely Motor.

Mr. Keely, of motor fame, will no longer be laughed at as a crank. Last Saturday, at Sandy Hook, New York, in the presence of officers of the army and others, he gave a public exhibition of the power of his newly-discovered force, by firing a small cannon.—The liquid used in the experiment was, according to the published accounts, five drops of prepared water. With this infinitesimal quantity of water he generated the force, which he stored in two steel cylinders. He took to Sandy Hook the cylinders and the cannon with which the experiment was made. He had the cannon loaded, and attaching a hollow wire, scarcely thicker than a hair, to the gun as it stood on the gun carriage and to the cylinder at his foot, turned a little valve with a wrench and let on his unknown force. The bullet hit the target fifteen hundred feet distant. There was a slight report, a streak of bluish vapor, but no smoke, and scarcely any recoil. Three shots were made at the target in succession. One bullet went four hundred and eighty-two feet per second, another four hundred and twenty-two, and the third five hundred and ninety three. The velocity, therefore, was by official measurement from a third to two fifths that of a ball fired from a Springfield rifle, but the penetrating power appears to be great, as the last shot went five inches into heavy spruce planks placed about twenty feet from the gun.

Autumn Fashion Notes.

Coin and initial collar buttons are the fashionable caprice of the hour.

Odd brooches are very fashionable, such as a greenish-gold cat with a large pearl held between its forepaws.

It is predicted that chenille, jet fringe, and fur will be the principal trimmings used for fall and winter.

All around belts have been revived to wear basques, round waists, and polonaises.

White batiste collars, hemstitched, are allowed after the first three months of deep mourning.

Light and dark surral petticoats are trimmed with scalloped flounces that are edged with black or white lace.

Handkerchiefs made of white pongee have Japanese figures, a measure of music or lawn tennis bats scattered over them.

Pompadour bags are carried by our belles. Those of black satin embroided with bright yellow chrysanthemums are the favorites of the hour.

DON'T SPILL THE MILK.—"There is no use crying over spilled milk," says the old saw. If you are not only bald, but have no life in the roots of your hair, there is no use crying over that, either. Take both time and yourself by the forelock while there is a forelock left. Apply Parker's Hair Balsam to your hair before matters get worse. It will arrest the falling off of your hair and restore its original color, gloss and softness. It is a perfect dressing withal, clean, sichly perfumed, cools and heals the rcalp.

YOU MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have dyspepsia, sick headache, or your liver or stomach is out of order, take J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters. Only see that you get the genuine article. 25 cents a paper, or $1 a bottle. W. E. Thornton, proprietor, Baltimore, Md. Sold by druggists. 10 4 2t.

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