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IF WE BUT KNEW.

If we but knew the ceaseless pulse
  Which throbs beneath this life ;
If we but knew the perfect peace
  Which permeates all strife ;
If we but knew the incense sweet
  Each fire of anguish brings ;
If we but knew the strength with which
  The tiny tendril clings ;
If we but knew the Hand that stays
  The devastating storm ;
If we but knew a Force protects
  And guards us from all harm ;
If we but knew the Love divine
  Which circles us about ;—
All things would small and smaller grow,
  Until to live without
The constant presence of The One
  Who fills our every need
Would be the thing most to avoid.
  All thought of form or creed
Would be as second. First 'twould be
  To hold His presence near
Within our hearts ;—no burdens there.
  Anxiety and fear
And endless longing—all would flee ;
  And clear as perfect day
Our wants and needs would shape themselves
  And be met in the way
Which in itself would satisfy.
  If we but knew—
Yes ! you and I. A. T. M.

WOMEN IN THE ORIENT.

Among the Hindoos They Have No Interest in Heaven and Very Little in Earthly Things.

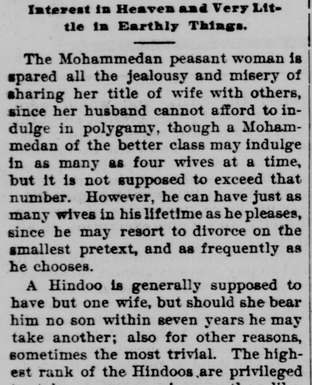
The Mohammedan peasant woman is spared all the jealousy and misery of sharing her title of wife with others, since her husband cannot afford to indulge in polygamy, though a Mohammedan of the better class may indulge in as many as four wives at a time, but it is not supposed to exceed that number. However, he can have just as many wives in his lifetime as he pleases, since he may resort to divorce on the smallest pretext, and as frequently as he chooses.

A Hindoo is generally supposed to have but one wife, but should she bear him no son within seven years he may take another; also for other reasons, sometimes the most trivial. The highest rank of the Hindoos are privileged to take as many wives as they like, and, since each wife brings him a good dowry, one of these aristocrats will wed as many as 100 wives, sometimes marrying all the eligible members of one family, and even engaging himself to 20 brides in one day.

In addition to the work of the household the woman always engages in some remunerative employment, such as picking, cleaning, spinning or weaving cotton, in company with others, or she makes vermicelli, weaves baskets, manufactures fans, or embroiders chaddars and caps with silk, in her own home.

Her costume varies according to her religion, race and rank, and so numerous and minute are the differences in dress that in the case of a man even his occupation may be known by his clothing.

Women of all ranks make a great display of jewelry, the rich wearing gold and precious stones, and the poor either silver or some manufactured material of little value. Numberless rings adorn the ears, nose, fingers and toes. A



HINDOO WOMEN OF THE BETTER CLASS.

necklet, a score of bracelets and two or three anklets encircle the neck, arms and ankles respectively. Sundry ornaments are also placed in the hair. The bracelets most commonly worn are made of glass ornamented with colored shellac. The necklet is often composed of the current coin, but the size increases and diminishes with the fluctuations of the income.

Having no individuality apart from her husband, a woman is practically an irresponsible creature, except that should she have the ill grace to outlive him she is blamed as the cause of his death, but then the circumstances are quite beyond her control, since it is the consequence of some crime of which she is guilty in a former existence, and therefore must be accepted as her fate in her present life.

She takes no part in public worship, and they say that serving a husband is the wife's religion, for that to worship the husband is to worship the gods. She only takes part in such ceremonies as relate to her position as wife and mother.

In recognition of the superiority of the man an Indian woman always sits on a lower seat than her husband. She walks at a respectful distance behind him, and never presumes to eat with him, always preparing his food and waiting upon him while he eats it, before she gives any thought to her own meal. It is not thought correct for a woman to utter her husband's name.

The laws of Hindooism teach that a woman must at no period of her life do anything according to her own pleasure, since in childhood she is dependent upon her father, in youth on her husband, and in widowhood on her sons, or, should she have no sons, on the kinsmen of her deceased husband, or on other male relatives, and failing all such relatives she becomes dependent upon the rajah."

Mohammed wrote: "Men shall have the preeminence above women, because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the former to excel the latter."

In view of all this the struggle of our own women for "her rights" has a somewhat humorous side to the unprejudiced onlooker.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perfumed Pads for Beds.

While many a housewife has made it her habit to lay away the bed linen in lavender scented closets, it was not until recently that the perfumed pad invaded the bed itself. This pad is a thin quilted affair, which has one layer of cotton plentifully besprinkled with the favorite scent—either rose, lavender or violet—in a sachet powder. From time to time the powder is renewed around the edges. The pad is laid between the mattress and the lower sheet. Pillows are also opened at the corners and sachet powder shaken into the feathers. Those who are fond of the smell of pine woods gather pine needles during the summer and use them about the wide hems of the pads and pillows, making special little sacks for the needles and filling them in flat.

His Worst Crime.

Teacher—What was Nero's great crime?

Tommy—He played the fiddle.—Town Topics.

Biding His Time.

Agitator—Why don't you strike?

Rafferty—Faith, an' Oi'm too busy now. But wait till Oi git out of a job!—N. Y. World.

She Forgave Him.

Jack—Miss Scribbler seemed very much hurt when old Dr. Critique told her she would never become very famous.

Gladys—And now, I s'pose, she thinks him "just too horrid!"

Jack—Oh, no! She quite forgave him when he explained, glancing at her feet, that she could make only small "footprints in the sands of time."—Princeton Tiger.

Her Presence of Mind.

Aunt Broadhead (who has been visiting)—When Abby Stang was married, over at Kohokus, she fainted dead away jest before the minister could pronounce 'em man an' wife.

Mrs. Longnecker—My land! What happened?

Aunt Broadhead (dryly)—Oh, she come to before the groom could git away.—Judge.

Favored.

No wonder the mosquito sings
While foraging about,
This life to him is nothing but
A grand, sweet free-lunch route.
—Washington Star.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



Pious Female—Do people come into the church on a week-day to pray?

Old Man—Yes, mum; I catched a couple of 'em at it last week!—Sketch.

Statistics.

When it comes to turning the tables
On people, one thing we've learned—
The average table of figures may
Be on anybody turned.
—Detroit Journal.

Had Enough Sisters.

"I will be a sister to you," said the fair maiden.

"I've got one sister who wears my neckties, borrows cab fares, loses my hair brushes, puts knick-knacks all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theater twice a week. I don't want any more sisters."—Answers.

Not Enough of a Kind.

Dorothy had been asked how she liked the appearance of her uncle's new house, which is painted a light green, with three darker shades for trimmings. "For my part," replied the girl, candidly, "I prefer a color that doesn't have to be pieced out so much."—Judge.

Why He Looked at It.

Mr. Upson Downs (seated by a stranger in a railway carriage)—What time is it by your watch, if you please?

Stranger—I don't know.

"But you just looked at it."

"Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."—Wasp.

Knew the Scales.

"When you get your groceries today," said the butcher to his wife, "don't go to that little grocer next door to my shop."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales."—Chicago Post.

After the Trial.

"And so she poisoned her husband! Ah, how could she do it! She is so sweet-looking and so beautiful."

"That's just the reason. She knew she would have a cinch with the jury."—Chicago Times-Herald.

It All Depends.

Teacher—Now, if your mother gave you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?

Johnny—D'ye mean my big brother or my little brother?—N. Y. Journal.

A More Attractive Figure.

Customer—The goods they showed me at the other store had been marked down 50 per cent.

Salesman (impressively) — Madam, our goods have been marked down 49 per cent.!—Puck.

Selfish.

Nupop—I think I will have my whiskers shaved off.

Mrs. Nupop (reproachfully) — Why, John, I didn't think you could be so cruel. You know how baby loves to pull them.—Brooklyn Life.

Modestly Expressed.

Miss Emilia—My sister fell and broke her limb.

Old Mr. Bones—Which limb?

Miss Emilia (blushing)—Well, if I must tell you, it was her left walker.—Tit-Bits.

To Keep in the Push.

Payson Spott—Why do you go in debt so recklessly?

Spence Moore—Why, if I didn't go in debt, I couldn't keep going at all.—Brooklyn Life.

Their First Tragedy.

"Did you taste the bride's cake?"

"Yes. It was awful. What was the matter with it?"

"The bride made it herself."—Chicago Tribune.

Ethics of Idleness.

"Pa, is a tramp worse than a loafer?"

"No, Jimmy; a tramp distributes his patronage, but a loafer stays in one town and lets some woman support him."—Chicago Record.

Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

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On September 28 and 29 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New York from all points on its line; South of Newcastle on Delaware Division Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad at rate of fare and a third for the round trip, account Admiral Dewey Celebration, September 29 and 30. Tickets will be good to return until October 4, inclusive, 1899.

Don't forget Albert Smith, the best shoe shiner in town. He has a new chair and stand at H. A. Towers' Shaving Parlors. A free shine with every shine or hair cut, and on the street each Sunday morning. Will call at the house, get your shoes, shine and deliver them. s

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September 7 and 21 and October 5 and 19 are the dates of the remaining Pennsylvania Railroad popular ten day excursions to Niagara Falls from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and intermediate points.

Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at $10.00 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and all points on the Delaware Division and at proportionate rates from other points. A stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo, Rochester, Canandaigua and Watkins within the limit returning.

A special train of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run with each excursion. An extra charge will be made for parlor car seats.

An experienced tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each excursion.

Tickets for a side trip to the Thousand Islands (Alexandria Bay) will be sold from Rochester in connection with excursions of September 7 and 21, good to return to Rochester or to Canandaigua via Syracuse within five days, at rate of $5.50.

Tickets for a side trip to Toronto will be sold at Niagara Falls for $1.00 on September 23. In connection with excursion of September 7, tickets will be sold to Toronto and return at reduced rates, account Toronto Fair.

For pamphlets giving full information and hotels and for time of connecting trains apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. t9-30

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Not a Serious People.

The doomed man was defiant to the last.

"Oh, I feel as fine as a fiddle!" he exclaimed, as the rope was being adjusted about his neck.

"String him up!" shouted the mob, with quiet humor.

For it was not the way of these crude people to take life too seriously.—Detriot Journal.

Locating Responsibility.

"The milk has a very bitter taste this morning," said the suburban resident.

"Well," was the answer, "if you want good milk, you ought to be willin' to help some. I've wondered time an' again why you didn't chase the cow out of your front yard. All them geraniums an' chrysanthemums an' things is enough to spile any cow's milk."—Washington Star.

No Serious Quarrel.

"How did you and your friend manage to get through a campaign, each taking an active part, without becoming enemies?"

"Oh, there was no occasion for any violent jealousies or personal feeling. We didn't belong to the same party."—Washington Star.

Her Pug Nose.

Nell—You should have seen the way that man stared at me.

Belle (spitefully)—He was probably watching your nose.

Nell—My nose?

Belle—Yes; he's a reporter, and is supposed to keep his eyes on anything that turns up.—Spare Moments.

She Didn't Look.

"I was asking Biggs, the shopkeeper, if he ever knew a woman to pass his window with the mirror in without taking a look at herself."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"He said one did once, but she was in a hearse."—N. Y. World.

A Possible Reason.

"I don't see why a woman is always holding up her skirt with one hand," growled Bickett.

"I suppose," replied Mrs. B., "it's because she has no trouser's pocket to carry her hand around in."—Chicago Daily News.

Fair Warning.

"Good-by, father," said the youth as he left the home nest to make his fortune in the great city; "good-by. I go in search of the golden fleece."

"That's all right, Reuben," replied the wise old man; "but beware of the golden brick."—Judge.

Diagnosis.

"Yes," said the pale woman, "my husband keeps grumbling day after day about the way things are going."

"What makes him?"

"He says it's patriotism. But between you and me, I think it's rheumatism."—Washington Post.

Poor Fellow.

Browne—I was arrested after leaving the club last night and spent the night in the station house.

Towne—You always were a lucky cuss! I managed to get home.—Brooklyn Life.

A Stimulant.

You call me a lazy lawyer;
And I may be so, until
You give me a Will to work with,
And then I'll work with a will.
—Harlem Life.

HARMONY IN COLORS.



Bragsby—Hello! you look a bit blue this morning.

The Major—Yaas—painted the town red last night.—Ally Sloper.

No Cause for Fear.

"My boy says his ambition is to grow up to be a man just like his father."

"I wouldn't let that worry me. When I was your boy's age I had a burning desire to be a pirate."—Indianapolis Journal.

Of Course Not.

"Have you ever run down a clew?" asked the disgusted citizen.

"Run down a clew!" exclaimed the detective. "Well, I should think not. Clews are my best friends. Why should I run them down?"—Chicago Post.

No Alternative.

Philanthropist—How did you happen to become a tramp?

Tramp—Well, me fodder neglected to leave me a fortune, an' I wuz too proud ter work, so wot could I do?—N. Y. Journal.

Comprehensive.

"Your friend has a wonderful mental grasp."

"He has," was the weary answer. "He thinks he owns the earth."—Washington Star.

Natural Inference.

"Our sewing society met to-day for the first time in over two months," she said.

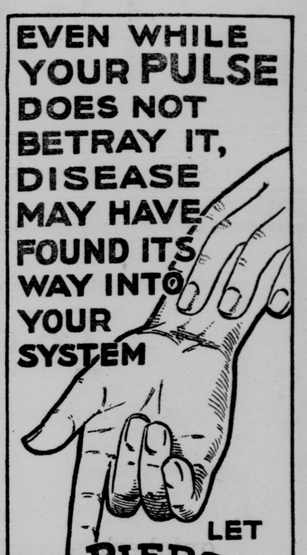
"Ah!" he returned; "another scandal."—Chicago Post.

The Modest Maid.

Dolly—Why will you never be able to look Charlie in the face again?

Madge—He happened to see me in the house with my bathing dress on.—Town Topics.

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