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NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1889. VOL. XXV.—NO. 3.

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The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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[CONTINUED.]

It was a great occasion, and the new opera was a complete success. Helen never sang more beautifully. In the great aria just before her flight with Paris she brought the house to its feet by her dramatic singing and acting. Uncle Lightfoot Myers leaned out of his box at an angle that imperiled his life, and waved his opera hat, shouting "Brava!" until he was hoarse. West Hastings, who occupied a proscenium box with his sister, Mrs. Dick Griswold, stood up and applauded with an elegance that was remarked by every one in the house; and Mrs. Dick not only threw the bouquet that lay on the railing of her box, but unpinned the bunch of roses at her corsage and threw them at the prima donna's feet. Mrs. Vandewater Tod, who occupied the next box, not to be outdone in enthusiasm, took a large diamond star from her hair, and, pinning it to a bouquet, threw it with excited fingers at the singer; but it fell short of its mark, and, striking the venerable bass viol player on his bald head, bounced into the orchestra. The house roared with good natured laughter as the old man, after feeling his head to see that the skull was not cracked, picked up the bouquet with its precious addition and handed it to the smiling prima donna, while the family circle shouted and the boxes waved their handkerchiefs. The ushers were worn out carrying "floral tributes" down the aisle; and, altogether, such a night had never been known.

The most excited person in the house was Rush Hurlstone. By a lucky chance he was standing in the wings in all the dignity of his Trojan armor when Helen made a sudden exit. Coming from the brilliantly lighted stage into the dark behind the scenes she struck her foot against a carelessly laid gas pipe and almost pitched into his arms. He put out his hand and she caught hold of it quickly. The thing did not take half a minute. "Grazie," said she, lightly, thinking of course that he was one of the regular Italian chorus. Then she passed on to her dressing room followed by her maid bearing her train, and her aunt, who had just thrown a wrap across her shoulders. Rush blushed scarlet under his warrior's beard. He was afraid the men standing around would hear the thumping of his heart against his tin armor. When no one was looking he raised the back of the hand she had touched to his lips and kissed it, and then he wondered how he could have been such a fool.

When the opera was over, Rush thought it no more than polite for him to accompany Mme. Cella and her daughter home; but when he went to look for them he found that they had gone as soon as the dancing was finished. He was not sorry, for now he could linger around the place and perhaps see Helen again. As he stood by the door leading into the auditorium, he saw half the wealth and fashion of the city pass through on its way to the prima donna's dressing room to congratulate her upon her great success. He could catch an occasional glimpse of her, standing there in her classic robes, a veritable Helen, giving her beautiful hand to this one and a gracious word to the other. Rush felt like throwing himself at her feet, or (like another Paris) bearing her off in his arms. He watched the men as they talked and laughed with her, until he was beside himself with jealousy. He recognized West Hastings at once, having seen him at the stage door the week before, and felt certain that the confidence of his manner in addressing the prima donna was the assurance of proprietorship. Uncle Lightfoot Myers came pushing in, his gray hair matted on his brow, and the perspiration running down his florid cheeks.

"I deserve a kiss, my dear, for what I've done for you to-night," he exclaimed. "Two pairs of gloves split into shreds, my collar wilted, and my voice all gone shouting 'Brava!' Come, now, where is my reward?"

"Your reward is in the consciousness of having done a good deed," answered the singer, gayly, giving him her hand which he kissed with old fashioned gallantry.

"Ah, Uncle Lightfoot," said Mrs. Dick Griswold, "you are too young a man to be claiming an old man's privileges."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" said Uncle Lightfoot, straightening his necktie and looking as pleased as Punch. "I'm old enough to be Helen's father."

He was really old enough to be her grandfather; but it would have been a cruel person who could tell him so.

Men and women came crowding in and out of the prima donna's room, but Rush noticed that West Hastings stood his ground and showed no signs of going, and he also noticed that he stooped down now and then and whispered some words in the singer's ear which seemed to give her a good deal of pleasure, for she would raise her eyes to his with a look that Rush would have died for. He didn't know then that a woman, particularly a prima donna, may look everything and mean nothing. Finally there was a lull in the gay chatter, and the manager entered the room, followed by a somewhat seedy looking young man with keen bright eyes and a well shaped head. He whispered something in Italian to Miss Knowlton. An expression of annoyance passed over her face, but she was exceedingly polite when the manager introduced Mr. Grady, of The Dawn, who begged that he might ask her a few questions.

The young man was evidently embarrassed at meeting so many outsiders in the room, and the prima donna, though she was annoyed at the interview, was most gracious in her manner, particularly as she detected the ends of West Hastings' mustache turning scornfully upward, and feared that the reporter also might notice his sneer. Aunt Rebecca would have taken the interviewer under her protection at once, but she was striking for bigger game. She had the musical critic of The Daily Trumpet by the ear, and was calling his critical attention to the remarkable floriture added by her niece to the grand aria. Rush recognized in the reporter one of the men he had seen at the office of The Dawn, and he listened attentively to learn how the process of "interviewing" was carried on.

"How were you pleased with your reception, Miss Knowlton?" the reporter inquired.

"I was delighted; nothing could have been more cordial or more gratifying," she answered.

"Is the music of the opera pleasing to sing?"

"Thoroughly so. It does not strain the voice, yet it displays its best qualities."

"What impressed you most in the performance?"

"I can tell you what impressed me the most, Helen," exclaimed Mrs. Dick Griswold, bursting in upon the interview. "It was in the scene with Tartalli, when you took the poor old thing's hand and made her come down to the footlights. She hadn't done anything, to be sure, but your manner in insisting upon her sharing the applause with you was beautiful. It almost made me cry; for although I never heard Tartalli in her prime I know she used to be a favorite singer, and I always feel the liveliest pity for favorites who have outlived their popularity but who still have to keep before the public to earn their bread and butter. Put that in your paper, my dear sir, and you will have a charming incident," rattled on the vivacious Mrs. Dick.

The reporter thanked her and the prima donna also, and bowed himself out of the room, the manager following at his elbow. "The poor fellow didn't get much material for an interview there," thought Rush. "He'll have to make his excuses to the city editor tonight." The talking was resumed in the dressing room, but only in the shape of good nights. West Hastings said something to Uncle Lightfoot in an undertone, and the old beau put Mrs. Griswold's arm through his. "I'll take you home, Mrs. Dick; and, if it isn't too late, I'll stop and have a rubber with that lazy Dick of yours, who, I'll wager, is toasting his toes and reading the stock market reports before the fire."

"I'll gladly accept your invitation, Uncle Lightfoot, and we'll leave West to Helen's tender mercies. Will you take good care of him, Helen, and keep him out of mischief?" said Mrs. Dick.

"If that be possible," replied the prima donna, smiling. "But in the mean time I shall have to ask him to take a seat in the green room while I get ready for the street."

At this all the visitors retired, and Rush hurried off to a room somewhere up among the "flies," where he transformed himself from a warrior of Troy into a peaceful citizen of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

HE first thing Rush Hurlstone did upon awaking the morning after his operatic experience was to turn to the amusement column of The Dawn to see what the learned critic of that paper had to say about Miss Knowlton's performance. It was a most flattering criticism; even he could not have asked for anything better. When his eye reached the last line, however, he was astonished to catch the subhead, "After the Opera: What the Prima Donna Thinks of her New Role," followed by a stout column of solid type describing the scene in the dressing room, the Trojan soldier (Rush himself) who stood guard at her door, the appearance of the prima donna among her friends, with her three lines of conversation elaborated into a hundred, and what Mrs. Dick Griswold had said worked up into a most dramatic and pathetic incident. Altogether it was as lively a piece of reportorial ingenuity as Rush had ever met with. He cut it carefully out, and filed it away with the criticism of the opera; and he bought every other New York paper that day and read what it had to say, preserving the critiques for a scrap book that he intended devoting exclusively to notices of his new idol.

Things were not as promising at the office of The Dawn as Rush had anticipated from his first interview with the city editor. His funds got lower and lower and still no work came. But he fully determined to brave it out, for he knew his mother could not afford to send him any money from her limited income. He had plenty of clothes and he had paid his lodging a month in advance, but the ready money for his meals was slowly disappearing. He had given up the seventy-five cent dinners at the Italian restaurant and was trying what fifteen cents would do in Wooster street. Five cents served him for many a breakfast. At last he found himself reduced to ten cents, and still no "assignment." There was but one thing to do, he could pawn his watch. He didn't have to walk far along Chatham street before he came to the establishment of an accommodating Semite, who lent him $10 on his timepiece—unfortunately an old fashioned one. In the mean time he had called upon Leoni and had been urged by her and both of her parents to share their savory Italian dinner. He could smell the odor of the spaghetti as he declined, but he did so because he could not bear to accept when he needed the food so sorely. The watch money was soon eaten, and he was about to begin on his gold sleeve buttons, when he thought he would call on Mr. Spar at his house and talk over the situation with him out of business hours.

He selected Sunday afternoon, and started out on a walk to the Spars' residence, in Ninety-third street, with just five cents in his pocket. Hunger got the better of his pride, and he so timed his visit as to arrive just at the dinner hour, 6 o'clock, as the good man had once told him to do when he offered his hospitality in a general way. The long walk had acted as a tonic, and Rush was nearly famished when he reached the house. He found Mr. Spar at home and delighted to see him. They had a very pleasant chat, but Rush could not quite make up his mind to tell him just how hard up he was. Perhaps he would feel more confiding after dinner over a bottle of wine. He heard the clock strike 6, half past 6 and finally 7, when his kind host remarked:

"I'm sorry you didn't come out to dinner. We always dine at 4 o'clock on Sundays, to let the servant have a good evening out. She needs the rest, poor thing, and we dine so heartily that we don't get hungry again until the next morning." (Rush really feared that Mr. Spar would see him change color.) "But my wife will be delighted to get you up a little supper; for it must be after your dinner hour."

Rush wouldn't listen to such a proposition. Thanking his host, he soon bade him farewell, and went out into the street. His state of mind was not enviable. He was the possessor of five cents, and he was just four miles from his lodgings. Should he in his weak state walk home and spend the five cents for something to eat, or should he ride home and go without food? The cravings of his stomach answered the question, and, finding a German bake shop open, he bought a five cent loaf of bread. Then he walked over to Central park. Selecting a secluded seat, he ate half of the loaf, put the other half in his pocket for the next day, and walked wearily back to West Eleventh street.

He made up his mind that night, as he tossed excitedly from one side of his bed to the other, that he had fooled away time enough in trying to get a position on The Dawn, and that he would try his hand at something else if he did not get an assignment the next morning. He started listlessly down town, and his landlady, as she passed him on the steps, shook her head, and said to herself:

"That young man is not getting enough to eat. I've suspected something ever since he stopped his coffee and rolls. If it was want of money he need only have told me he was a little short. I'd trust that face for any amount. Poor young gentleman! he doesn't look like the same person he did six weeks ago."

Rush was just about in front of the Astor house when some one slapped him on the back and called him by name, and, looking around, he saw his old college friend Archie Tillinghast. Archie Tillinghast was in a class ahead of Rush Hurlstone, and had graduated since Rush left Harvard. They had not been particularly intimate at college, but Rush had always liked Archie, because he was gentle in his manners and because the other students were rather inclined to poke fun at him. They called him a "cad," and jeered him for reading De Musset when they wanted him to play football; and they moreover thought that he was too much of a dandy for every day use. Archie Tillinghast was not brilliant, but he got along in his studies much better than some of his brighter companions, probably because his tastes were more studious and he was industrious. He belonged to an old and wealthy family, and was somewhat inclined to look down upon the "unwashed." He would rather sit alone in his room than associate with men whom he considered coarse; so in revenge they called him a "cad."

If Archie had been his dearest friend Rush could not have been more delighted to see him than he was just at this moment. He nearly shook his eye glasses off in his heartiness.

"My dear boy," said Archie, "I never was more pleased in my life. But how is it that you are in New York without letting me know?"

"I was waiting to get established, and then I meant to hunt you up."

"And aren't you established yet?"

"Well, not exactly," said Rush, with a faint blush.

Archie noticed a slight embarrassment in his friend's manner and determined to find out what the trouble was—if there was any. Rush at the same time remembered that Archie was a man of wealth, or at least that his father was, and hesitated to talk over his affairs with him lest he should think he wanted to borrow money.

"This is luck indeed," said Archie, taking his friend's arm and walking along with him. "It is not often that I am down town so early in the morning, but this is pay day at The Trumpet office, and I hadn't a cent to bless myself with. What's the matter? You look astonished?"

"I was astonished for a moment," replied Rush; "but I suppose you are joking. I thought you were a bloated bondholder, Archie."

"So I was, dear boy," said Archie, with a sigh; "but I am so no longer. My father died—rascally executors—the old story—mother, the girls and I left penniless; but the worst is over. Come have breakfast with me at Mouquin's. We'll have deviled kidneys and a bottle of wine, and I'll tell you what little there is to tell. It may amuse you. Then we'll talk over old times and the present—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged."

"Unfortunately, no; I'm quite the gentleman of leisure. My time's my own."

Rush would never have suspected from his appearance that Archie Tillinghast was not as rich as ever. He was faultlessly attired. Careful examination later on showed a little wear in his clothes that had come from hard and constant brushing, but their fit was perfect and gave him the appearance of being better dressed than he really was. "You certainly look as much the man of wealth as ever," said Rush, regarding Archie's city style with admiration.

"Ah, my boy, I've made the study of economy a fine art. I can wear a coat about as long as any man you ever saw, but it looks well to the end, because—I don't mind telling you the secret—it fits me. I have a jewel of a tailor, who makes my clothes from a fashion book that I furnish him. You smile. You will smile more when I tell you what the book is—Punch. Du Maurier's men dress like gentlemen, not like tailors' dummies. My clothes are the envy of the club. They think I get them direct from Poole. If I were not a journalist I should be a tailor. The art of dress is a great art. Think of the pleasure of creating a well dressed man! But here we are at Mouquin's. I see they have my table ready for me. I breakfast here every Tuesday morning."

Archie entered the room with the dignity of a lord mayor at the great banquet of the year. As they seated themselves at the table, he said to the waiter:

"The same breakfast, Louis—only enough for two; and don't let the cook burn those kidneys. I am very particular, you know; and they were a little too brown last week. Now, dear boy," turning to Rush, "tell me something about yourself."

"You have whetted my curiosity to hear your own story. Archie Tillinghast as a workingman is something I never dreamt of. You spoke of journalism, so that is your profession, is it, and you are on The Trumpet? What do you do?"

"What don't I do, you might ask with greater propriety. Well, I do little odds and ends of everything; but my great day is Sunday. A page of the Sunday paper is given over to my pen."

"A page! you must be making a fortune, Archie."

"I'm not a 'space man,' dear boy; it is the salaried men—the small salaried man, I should say—who fill two columns a day, and a page on Sunday."

"But what department gets a page to itself?"

"The one that least deserves it—society. You know that I am connected by blood or marriage with half the society people of New York, and, notwithstanding the loss of my money, I am invited everywhere. Young men are scarce, and well connected young men are at a premium, and I am invited none the less because I write the society notes for The Trumpet. Time was when an American gentleman seriously objected to having his balls and routs described in the newspapers; but it is done so much nowadays that his wife is afraid they will be called nobodies if their name is not seen in print in connection with the winter's festivities. I am in great demand from Murray Hill to Mackerelville; they all want me. What it is to be popular!—eh, old fellow?"

By this time the breakfast was served. There were more than kidneys, and it was a most delightful repast; but Rush was not in a condition to do justice to it. He had eaten so little for a week past, and such plain food, that even the rich aroma of the kidneys, with their wine sauce, was almost more than he could digest.

"Where's your appetite, old man? You're not eating anything. Perhaps you had a late breakfast and are not hungry."

"On the contrary," said Rush, who was beginning to feel as though he were going to be ill, and that he need have no more pride in the matter, "I have had no breakfast, and I am very hungry—too hungry, in fact, to eat."

And he then made a clean breast of it, and told Archie just how he was situated. To say that amiable young man was shocked would be doing injustice to his kind heart. He was genuinely distressed at his friend's condition; but before he entered into particulars he ordered a bowl of bouillon, which was easier of digestion than the deviled kidneys, and he made Rush eat it and then drink a glass of brandy and soda. Then, when he had got him into better condition, he began by scolding him for not looking up his friends, after which they discussed the situation calmly.

"I made up my mind to give The Dawn one more trial," said Rush, "and then, if there was no work for me there, to try some other paper or break stones on the highway; but I certainly would not go back to Farmsted and sponge on my mother. If a chance does not occur here sooner it will later, and I'm young enough to wait for it."

"There is always the chance, but it is devilish slow in coming sometimes. Now if you are not too proud I'll put you in the way of a job that will bring you in fifteen or twenty dollars a week, and need not interfere with your work on The Dawn, if you get any. I'm not too proud to increase my limited income by the same means, but I tell you frankly, dear boy, I would not care to have it known among the rich and great with whom I hobnob out of business hours. Can you write poetry?"

"Hardly that; but I can make rhymes," said Rush, wondering what bomb his friend was about to burst.

"So much the better. A poet would scorn to engage in this business, but it is the fortune of the rhymester. Now, I am paid $20 a week by the wealthy proprietor of the Damascene soap to write rhymes in praise of his wares. I do the New York morning papers; and he told me the other day that if I could get up a new batch for the evening papers he would like to have one, or, if I had not the time, perhaps I could suggest some one with a poetic talent who would take the job. He didn't know much about poets himself—thought they were a run lot—and he would be obliged to me if I would bag a Byron for him. You're just the man. No one needs know it, and it will keep your stomach from getting in such a condition again as it was in when I found you. You need not be particular about being original; you can work over your Tennyson or your Longfellow; only get in the word Damascene, and your duty's done. Meet me at the club to-morrow with a batch of verses. We'll dine together; and in the mean time I'll see old Pennypacker and have a check ready for you, from which I will deduct $5 that I'm going to give you now."

"No, Archie, old man, said Rush, pushing away his hand, and with difficulty speaking for the lump in his throat. "Wait till I've earned it. Your kindness has completely upset me, but I can't take your money. I'll gladly try my hand at the soap verses and take my pay when they're written; but not till then."

"Nonsense! What is a friend for if not to help one when he needs it? I shall really feel hurt, Rush, if you refuse me. I wouldn't treat you as formally. It's only $5, and you will have earned it before midnight I'll lay a wager. Come, old man, don't make me feel that I am asking you to do something dishonorable. Much more than a paltry $5 has passed between us at college."

"Yes, to be sure there has, but neither of us needed it as much then as we do now. It is much easier to borrow money for tomfoolery than for food. But I'll do as I would be done by; I'll take your $5, Archie, and try to think that it is old times. I feel that this is the turning point, and I can't thank you enough."

"Don't mention it, dear boy. I'm sorry you take a trifle so seriously. It all comes of the condition of your stomach. I think you can venture on eating a fairly hearty dinner to-night and a good breakfast to-morrow. And then you must dine with me at the club to-morrow night at half past 6 sharp, for I have three receptions and a wedding on hand. By the way, put on your dress coat, for I shall take you to one of the receptions with me at my uncle Archer's. I want you to know my cousin, Bessie Archer. She's an awfully jolly girl. I'll tell them I'm going to bring you. They will be delighted, for they've often heard me speak of you. Come, cheer up, man; you look 50 per cent. better already. 'So long,' and don't forget to-morrow night, 'Powwow' club, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street." Archie put out his hand, and Rush took it with a grip that drove the rings on his friend's fingers into the flesh; but the latter was too polite to wince.

Before he could quite man himself to confront the people in the waiting room of The Dawn office, Rush walked rapidly down Broadway as far as Trinity church, where he stood for a moment looking through the iron railings of the fence into the grass grown church yard. The clock in the church tower struck 8, which reminded him that the city editor would not be long at his desk; so, with his mind fixed upon the business in hand, the strain on his nerves relaxed, and he walked up the street and ran up the winding iron stairs at the office as lightly as on that hopeful first day which now seemed so long ago.

He had hardly put his foot on the threshold of the waiting room door when the old messenger stepped up to him and said, "Just in time, sir. Mr. Musgrave sent out here for you only five minutes ago, sir, and I told him this was the first day you had missed in three weeks. I'll go at once and tell him you are here, sir"—which he did, returning with the message that Mr. Musgrave would like to see him. "It never rains but it pours," thought Rush, as he walked eagerly to the little room.

"Ah, Mr. Hurlstone, how are you? Sorry not to have been able to do anything for you before, but we have been pretty well filled up. Just at this moment, however, we are short handed, and I want to work up a particular case at once. Do you know where the Academy of Music is?"

Rush looked at Mr. Musgrave to see whether he was joking; but he was busily writing, and not even looking at him. "In Irving place, I believe."

"Quite right. Irving place and Fourteenth street. I have been informed that there is a strike in the orchestra. I want you to go up there and see Mr. Maxmann and get what he has to say about it, and then see some of the orchestra and get their story. 'What the Bass Drum Says,' 'How it Strikes the Cymbals'—good head lines, eh?"

Then, laying his pen down, ramming his hands into the depths of his pockets, and taking aim at Rush with one eye, he said, "Do you know Miss Knowlton?"

Rush felt that he started, and knew by the tingling in his cheeks that he blushed. Luckily, Mr. Musgrave was thinking his own thoughts, and, although his right eye was staring hard at the young man before him, his mind was upon something else.

"I must have an interview with Miss Knowlton on this strike; it would be immense. I'll give you an open letter from The Dawn, Mr. Hurlstone, and she cannot refuse: you're a persuasive young man, too, I fancy, and you must do your prettiest."

Seizing a pen he wrote in a quick, flowing hand:

"Will Miss Knowlton do Mr. John Gasper Plummett the honor of giving his representative, Mr. R. Hurlstone, the bearer, her views on the recent strike among the musicians in Mr. Maxmann's orchestra for publication in The Dawn?"

"There! I guess that will do it," said Mr. Musgrave, running his eye rapidly over the note. "Now see how successful you will be with your first assignment. Go to the Academy first. You are more likely to find Miss Knowlton in later in the day. Good luck to you!"

Rush stood a moment in the corridor and read Mr. Musgrave's note carefully over, word by word.

"I don't think I shall ever forget this day," said he to himself as the glass door clicked behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Goethe as Host.

In his last years Goethe had become monosyllabic and serious and was also at times very forgetful. One afternoon a hussar from Weimar came riding rapidly into Jena and drew bridle at the door of the professor. This hussar was the bearer of a note from Goethe to Voigt, in which the doctor was pressingly invited to come to Goethe that same evening, and it was added that a carriage would come for Voigt in about an hour. Voigt naturally gladly obeyed the summons and was driven to Weimar to wait upon the poet. Arrived at Goethe's well known room Voigt found there, in addition to Goethe himself, Reimer, the poet's secretary; Eckermann, afterward the poet's Boswell, and one or two other men whose names are unrecorded.

They were all sitting around a table and Goethe wore a green shade over his eyes. No one spoke a word, but each man had before him a bottle of red wine. Voigt wished to announce himself and to inquire what were his excellency's commands, but Reimer whispered to him quietly: "Hush! Excellency is thinking." Silence again settled down upon the party and the men sipped their wine noiselessly. At last, at 10 p. m., the party broke up, Goethe dismissing his friends with his usual formula, "I wish my friends a good night." The next morning excellency could remember nothing about the invitation to Voigt. Some idea must have crossed the poet's mind which made him desirous of seeing and speaking with the professor, but the idea had vanished and left no trace, so that Voigt returned to Jena without having learned why he had been so suddenly and needlessly summoned to Weimar.—Athenæum.

Sometimes You Can't Always Tell.

A wise man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply bass wood, and the very best quality of bass wood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long, or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as bass wood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him in then?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the wise man, he began it.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Necessary to Be a Crank.

Many seem to be possessed with the idea that a man cannot take care of his health without worrying about it and making himself constantly unhappy for fear that he will do something he ought not to do. Never was there a more erroneous opinion. A person who takes rational care of his body does not necessarily become a crank or so notional that it makes every one uncomfortable to live with him, but just the reverse. He should become more interesting, more intelligent and inspired by higher ideas, and be a more delightful companion.—Herald of Health.

One Way to Carry a Baby.

A gentleman who was walking through East street yesterday morning saw a sight which amused him very much, and he related the incident as follows: "A man and his wife came down the street, one carrying a bouncing baby and the other what looked like a ten-quart milk pail. The man had the child and had become tired of holding it. He took the pail from his wife and put the child into it. Then she took hold of one side of the pail and off they trudged with the weight of the child divided between them."—New Haven Palladium.

Why He Didn't Dodge.

A young man in Pascataquis county who lives in a region haunted by those trials of newly married couples known as serenaders, seems to have got the better of his tormentors the other night. Instead of trying to dodge the visit, he invited the musicians to come up, and only after they had given some of their choicest selections did they learn that the bride was twenty miles away.—Lewiston Journal.

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CHURCH AND SOCIETY DIRECTORY

CHURCHES.

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TRINITY CATHEDRAL—Rector, THE BISHOP OF EASTON; Assistant, Rev. John O. Barton, D. D. Holy Communion, at morning service on 1st Sunday in every month and on the greater festivals. Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Fridays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 9.30 A. M.

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY CROSS, EASTON POINT—Under charge of the Cathedral clergy. Services, 1st Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M. Sunday School, the remaining Sundays at same hour.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

EBENEZER CHURCH.—Pastor, Rev. W. W. W. Wilson. Sunday services: Class Meeting at 10 A. M., Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8:00 P. M., Sunday School at 2 P. M., Young People's Prayer and Experience Meeting at 7.00 P. M. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the first Sunday morning of every month. Weekly services: Class meetings, Monday and Friday afternoons, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night; Prayer meeting, Friday night, at which a brief lecture on the International Sunday School lesson will be delivered.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

CALVARY CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. J. W. Trout. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursdays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, SOUTH.

TRINITY CHURCH—Pastor, Rev. S. V. Hildebrand. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, Wednesdays, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

ST. PETER AND PAUL CHURCH.—Rector, Father F. J. Connolly. Mass, every Sunday except 2d Sunday in the month, at 10.30 A. M. Vespers, Sundays at 7.30 P. M.

THE FRIENDS SOCIETY

Meetings are held at their Meeting House, near Easton, on Sundays and Thursdays at 11 A. M.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN MISS