Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

VOL. XLVII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893. NO. 30.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject :—"The Song of Birds."

TEXT: "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches."—Psalms, civ., 12.

There is an important and improving subject to which most people have given no thought and concerning which this is the first pulpit discussion—namely, "The Song of Birds." If all that has been written concerning music by human voice or about music sounded on instrument by finger or breath were put together, volume by the side of volume, it would fill a hundred alcoves of the national libraries.

First, I remark that which will surprise many, that the song of birds is a regulated and systematic song, capable of being written out in note and staff and bar and clef as much as anything that Wagner or Schumann or Handel ever put on paper. As we pass the grove where the flocks are holding matin or vesper service we are apt to think that the sounds are extemporized, the rising or falling note is a mere accident, it is flung up and down by haphazard, the bird did not know what it was doing, it did not care whether it was a long meter psalm or a madrigal. What a mistake!

The musician never put on the music rack before him Mendelssohn's "Elijah" or Beethoven's "Concerto" in G or Spohr's B flat symphony with more definite idea as to what he was doing than every bird that can sing at all confines himself to accurate and predetermined rendering. The oratorios, the chants, the carols, the overtures, the interludes, the ballads, the canticles that this morning were heard or will this evening be heard in the forest have rolled down through the ages without a variation. Even the chipmunk's song was ordained clear back in the eternities. At the gates of paradise it sang in sounds like the syllables "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" just as this morning in a Long Island orchard it sang "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" The thrush at the creation uttered sounds like the word "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!" as now it utters sounds like "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!"

In the summer of the year 1 the yellowhammer trilled that which sounded like "If!" "If!" "If!" as in this summer it trills "If!" "If!" "If!" The Maryland yellowthroat inherits and bequeaths the tune sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pity me!" The white sparrow's "Tseep, tseep" woke our great-grandfathers as it will awaken our great grandchildren. The "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the nineteenth century.

The goldfinch has for 6000 years been singing "Be-ree-slee-ee-ree." But these sounds, which we put in harsh words, they put in cadences, rhythmic, soulful and enrapturing. Now if there is this order and systematization and rhythm all through God's creation does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics in the music we make or try to make? Is it not a wickedness that so many parents give no opportunity for the culture of their children in the art of sweet sound? If God stoops to educate every bluebird, oriole and grosbeak in song, how can parents be so indifferent about the musical development of the immortals in their household?

We want a hemispheric campaign of hosannas. From hearing a blind beggar sing Martin Luther went home at forty years of age to write his first hymn. In the autumn I hope to have a congregational singing school here during the week which shall prepare the people for the songs of the holy Sabbath. If the church of God universal is going to take this world for righteousness, there must be added a hundredfold of more harmony as well as a hundredfold of more volume to sacred music.

Further, I notice in the song of birds that it is a divinely taught song. The rarest prima donna of all the earth could not teach the robin one musical note. A kingfisher flying over the roof of a temple aquake with harmonies would not catch up one melody. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gihon and Hiddekel until to-day on the Hudson or Rhine the winged creature has learned nothing from the human race in the way of carol or anthem. The feathered songsters learned all their music direct from God. He gave them the art in a nest of straw or moss or sticks and taught them how to lift that song into the higher heavens and sprinkle the earth with its dulcet enchantments. God fashioned, God tuned, God launched, God lifted music! And there is a kind of music that the Lord only can impart to you, my hearer.

Songs like that which Paul commended to the Colossians when he said, "Admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." Songs like Moses sang after the tragedy of the Red sea, songs like Deborah and Barak sang at the overthrow of Sisera, songs like Isaiah heard the redeemed sing as he came to Zion. Oh, God, teach us that kind of song which Thou only canst teach and help us to sing it on earth and sing it in heaven. It was the highest result of sweet sound when under the playing of Paganini one auditor exclaimed reverently, "Oh, God!" and another sobbed out, "Oh, Christ!"

Further, I remark in regard to the song of birds that it is trustful and without any fear of what may yet come. Will you tell me how it is possible for that wren, that sparrow, that chickadee, to sing so sweetly when they may any time be pounced upon by a hawk and torn wing from wing? There are cruel beaks in thicket and in sky ready to slay the song birds. Herods on the wing. Molochs of the sky. Assassins armed with iron claw. Murderers of song floating up and down the heavens. How can the birds sing amid such perils? Besides that, how is the bird sure to get food? Millions of birds have been starved. Yet it sings in the dawn without any certainty of breakfast or dinner or supper. Would it not be better to gather its food for the day before vocalizing.

Besides that, the hunters are abroad. Bang! goes a gun in one direction. Bang! goes a gun in another direction. The song will attract the shot and add to the peril.

For every bird a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round and round. Yet there it sings, and it is a trustful song. The bird that has it the hardest sings the sweetest. The lark from the shape of her paws may not perch on a tree. In the grass her nest is exposed to every hoof that passes. One of the poorest shelters of all the earth is the lark's nest. If she sings at all, you will expect her to render the saddest of threnodies. No, no. She sings exultingly an hour without a pause and mounting 3000 feet without losing a note.

Further, in the sky galleries there are songs adapted to all moods. The meadow lark is mournful, and the goldfinch joyous, and the grosbeak prolonged of note. But the libretto of nature is voluminous. Are you sad? You can hear from the bowers the echo of your grief. Are you glad? You can hear an echo of your happiness. Are you thoughtful? You can hear that which will plunge you into deeper profound. Are you weary? You may catch a restful air. So the songs of birds are administrative in all circumstances. And we would do well to have a hymnology for all changes of condition. You may sing your woes into peace and rouse your joys into grander altitudes. Upon every condition of body and soul let us try the power of song. The multitudinous utterances of grove and orchard and garden and forest suggest most delightful possibilities.

Some of the most deeply impressive songs we ever sing are family songs. They have come down from generation to generation. You were sung to sleep in your infancy and childhood by songs that will sing in your soul forever. Where was it, my brother my or sister, that you heard the family song—on the banks of the Ohio, or the Alabama, or the Androscoggin, or the Connecticut, or the Tweed, or the Thames, or the Raritan? That song at eventide, when you were tired out—indeed too tired to sleep, and you cried with leg ache, and you were rocked and sung to sleep—you hear it now, the soft voice from sweet lips, she as tired, perhaps more tired than you, but she rocked, and you slumbered. Oh, those family songs!

Mothers, be careful what you sing your children to sleep with. Let it be nothing frivolous or silly. Better have in it something of Christ and heaven. Better have in it something that will help that boy thirty years from now to bear up under the bombardment of temptation. Better have in it something that will help that daughter thirty years from now when upon her come the cares of motherhood and the agonies of bereavement and the brutal treatment of one who swore before high heaven that he would cherish and protect.

These family songs are about all we keep of the old homestead. The house where you were born will go into the hands of strangers. The garments that were carefully kept as relics will become moth eaten. The family Bible can go into the possession of only one of the family. The lock of gray hair may be lost from the locket, and in a few years all signs and momentoes of the old homestead will be gone forever. But the family songs, those that we heard at two years of age, at five years of age, at ten years of age, will be indestructible and at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy years of age will give us a mighty boost over some rough place in the path of our pilgrimage.

Many years ago a group of white children were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after, a mother who had lost two children in that capture, went among the Indians, and there were many white children in line, but so long a time had passed the mother could not tell which were hers until she began to sing the old nursery song, and her two children immediately rushed up, shouting: "Mamma!" "Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality of power to rescue and save.

What an occasion that must have been in Washington December 17, 1850, when Jennie Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home," the author of those words, John Howard Payne, seated before her. She had rendered her other favorite songs: "Casta Diva" and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne rose under the power, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home ransacks our entire nature with a holy power, and songs that get well started in the nursery or by the family hearth roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that first heard them forever cease to hear.

Be careful how you treat the birds. Remember they are God's favorites, and if you offend them you offend Him. He is so fond of their voices that there are forests where for a hundred miles no human foot has ever trod and no human ear has ever listened.

Put off startling colors, which frighten the winged songsters into silence or flight, and put on your more sober attire and move noiselessly into the woods farther and farther from the main road and have no conversation, for many a concert in and out of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down a mossy bank—

> Where a wild stream with headlong shock
> Comes brawling down a bed of rock.

And after perhaps a half an hour of intense solitude there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up, sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be solo, followed by a duet or quartet, and afterward by doxologies in all the tree tops and amid all the branches, and if you have a Bible along with you and you can without rustling the leaves, turn to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm of David and read, "Praise the Lord, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl," and then turn over quietly to my text and read, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches," or if under the power of the bird voices you are transported, as when Doctor Worgan played so powerfully on the organ at St. John's that Richard Cecil said he was in such blessed bewilderment he could not find in his Bible the first chapter of Isaiah, though he leafed the book over and over, and you shall be so overcome with forest harmony that you cannot find the Psalms of David, never mind, for God will speak to you so mightily it will make no difference whether you hear His voice from the printed page or the vibrating throat of one of His plumed creatures.

While this summer more than usual out of doors let us have what my text suggests, an out of doors religion. What business had David, with all the advantages of costly religious service and smoking incense on the altar, to be listening to the chantresses among the tree branches? Ah! he wanted to make himself and all who should come after him more alert and more wonderful amid the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of the natural world. There is an old church that needs to be rededicated. It is older than St. Paul's or St. Peter's or St. Mark's or St. Sophia's or St. Isaac's. It is the cathedral of nature. That is the church in which the services of the millennium will be held. The buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and mortar will not hold the people.

Again the mount of Olives will be the pulpit. Again the Jordan will be the baptistry. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the skies will be the blue ceiling. Again the sunrise will be the front door and the sunset the back door of that temple. Again the clouds will be the upholstery and the morning mist the incense. Again the trees will be the organ loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." St. Francis d'Assisi preached a sermon to birds and pronounced a benediction upon them, but all birds preach to us, and their benediction is almost supernal.

In the time of Edward IV no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son or had considerable estate. Through 100 or 200 years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music until its last moment came, and then lifting its crested beauty it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life may be too much for us and we may find it hard to sing at all, when the last hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory settling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never ceases and the raptures never die.

> "What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love;
> He is floating down from his native grove.
> No loved one, no nestling nigh—
> He is floating down by himself to die.
> Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
> Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
> Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
> Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of the best gum arabic.

—The first railroad, three miles long, was opened in 1826 at Quincy, Mass.

—In Kansas City, Mo., persons who fail to vote at an election are fined $7.50.

—A fine is imposed in Carlsruhe, Germany, on people who play the piano too loud.

Minnesota gets $1,5 0,000 a year from the gross earnings of the railroads in that State.

—In the eleventh century both English and French dandies covered their arms with bracelets.

—There is a new automatic mail bag releasing device that lets go as soon as the pouch is touched.

—In the matter of American patronage, the West India Islands are now specially favored.

—A four-year-old boy in Georgia is said to weigh ninety pounds, wears a No. 7 hat and a No. 6 shoe.

—A bottle-corking machine with a feed reservoir of corks like the magazine guns is a new invention.

—The emerald improves in color on exposure to the light. Pearls kept in the dark loose their lustre, but regain it on exposure to the sun.

—The Simplon road, from Switzerland to Italy, was built by Napoleon's engineers in 1807; over 40,000 workmen were employed at one time.

—The largest monolith ever cut in this country was quarried of granite in Missouri and transported to the east on a specially prepared train.

The delicate threads for hanging the galvanometer needles are usually made of silk.

—Many of the mediæval churches were originally constructed to serve also, when occasion required, as fortresses.

—The note of highest value issued by the Bank of England in the ordinary course of business is for $25,000.

WILL.

> To do, and not to dream,
> To be, and not to seem,
> Purpose to fulfill;
> To strive in spite of pain,
> Failure, disgrace, disdain—
> This, I think, is Will.

—*Herbert D. Ward, in Youth's Companion.*

A THEFT CONDONED.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

One of the seven houses in Pawnee faced toward the south. It was the house where Mrs. Dyer lived. The other houses faced the west. The railroad track was across the street from these houses, with a broad plank walk and a little unpainted box of a station.

The houses in Pawnee were all one-story wooden buildings, with the gable-ends toward the street. Mrs. Dyer's house was painted a dull red; the other houses were not painted.

It had been a warm day and the sun had shone glaringly on the unbroken prairie around Pawnee.

The town was on a slight rise of ground. You could see more than twenty miles in three directions. A narrow strip of woods broke the view on the north, half a mile away.

Mrs. Dyer stood in her front door and looked over the prairie. The railroad track wound away toward the south and disappeared where the earth and sky seemed to meet. The sun was going down and the short thin prairie-grass looked white and gold. The railroad track shone like silver. There were no clouds. In places the blue of the sky was so light that it was almost white. The air was cool and clear after the warm day.

"The sun's going down without any fuss to-night," Mrs. Dyer said, sitting down on the doorstep. "Just droppin' off the edge, like the string that held it had been cut."

She folded her arms in her lap and turned her face away from the bright light. She was a small, old woman with thin features. She wore her hair, which was still very black, combed smoothly behind her ears. Her eyes were black, with a keen look of resistance in them. This look was emphasized in the lines around her mouth.

Mrs. Dyer lived alone. Her son kept a little store and the postoffice in the front room of one of the other houses. Two years before when her husband had died Mrs. Dyer had come West to be near her son. Her son had invited her to live with them, but she had refused.

"You ain't got room for your own. I didn't come out here to be beholden to anybody. I'll have my own place, and you'll see enough of me, dodgin' in and out, as it is."

She had spent the greater part of the time watching the carpenters at work on her house, during her forced stay at her son's, urging them to work faster, and at last in her impatience moved in before they had finished shingling the roof. She had decided to postpone the plastering until some time when she should go away on a visit.

The sun had gone down. The air was a soft gray and very still.

"Well, I mustn't sit here gettin' the cramps," she said, getting up from the step. "I do say I ain't seen them mover wagons before. I wonder now if they've stopped since I been sitting here. They camped near enough! I suppose they'd buy something up to the store. The movers bring in John quite a little, off and on. There comes John up this way. I wonder now what's he comin' up here for. What you want, John? They ain't anything the matter, is they?" she called.

John came slowly toward her. He was a large man, but his clothes, which hung loosely, gave him the appearance of being thin. He wore a soft felt hat pulled well over his forehead. His eyes were like his mother's in color, but there was none of the determination in them.

"Have you seen the movers campin' over yonder?" he asked, pointing across the prairie.

"Yes, I just was lookin' at them when I see you comin' up."

Well, they were just two of them up to the store, and they was evil-lookin', I can tell you. Marthy was in the store and see them, and she would have it you must come over and stay to our house to-night."

"Why, I ain't afraid of movers, as I know of."

"She don't want to think of you stayin' here by yourself, and I'll own I don't neither."

"Well, I ain't goin' to leave my bed 'cause some movers happen to be campin' near. There's always movers comin' and goin'. I guess if they stole me they'd drop me when it come light enough to see what they'd got."

"Well, I think you'd better come. Marthy won't feel easy unless you do."

"I ain't goin' to be so silly, to please Marthy or no one. I ain't got anythin' they want, without it's that money I've saved to have my carpet rags wove up, and they'd never think of lookin' in a can for it. It's one of them cove oyster cans. I've made a pin cushion that fits down into the can, and sewed a cover around the outside. You'd never know it was a can to look at it. I see one made something like it when I lived East."

"You ain't got much money in it, have you?"

"It's all in nickels. I've been savin' of it up for near two years. Oh, I guess they must be four or five dollars. I ain't counted it just lately."

"Well, I think you're foolish to stay here by yourself, when you can just as well come over. I think you'd better change your mind and come along."

He turned and went back along the grassy road toward his own home. He walked with his head bent down and with a shambling gait. He was dreading his wife's reproaches that he had not been able to induce his mother to come back with him. He did not believe there was any real danger in letting his mother stay alone.

"I guess I ain't goin' to set up for a coward, at my time of life," said Mrs. Dyer. "I wonder now if Marthy really thought I'd come!"

An express train was coming from the south. The light from the engine could be seen for some time before there was any noise from the train. Night had come quickly. It was already quite dark.

Mrs. Dyer took off her gingham apron and put it over her head, and stood watching the light from the engine as it drew nearer, and finally when the train had dashed by the little station she turned and went into the house. There were but two rooms in the house—the living-room and a small bedroom opening out of it. Mrs. Dyer went over to the window and looked out.

"It does beat me how soon night comes out here," she said; "back in York State we had a little between-time. There's the moon shinin' away as if the sun hadn't only just left. You can see the movers plain as if 't was day. They're much as half a mile away, too. They've got a big fire. 'T ain't likely there's any more harm in them than there's in me. I'm going to get out that money and count it. They must be most enough to have the carpet wove by this time. Six dollars, they say, it'll cost me. They never charge no such price as that back East."

The can in which she kept the money was on a shelf behind the stove. She went over and took it down, and then sat down in an old rocking-chair, not far from the window. The moonlight shone in brightly. She took the cushion out of the top of the can and emptied the money into her lap. There was quite a pile of it.

"One would think there was considerable more'n there is, to look at it," she said, fingering the money. "If you could call these pieces dollars 'stid of nickels, 't would be. Might as well say five-dollar pieces while I'm about it, I suppose."

She began counting the money, dropping each piece into the can as she did so. She enjoyed the sound of the money's rattling. Two or three times she forgot her count, and emptied it back into her lap and began again. Suddenly she started, gathering the money up in her dress. She went over and looked out of the window. The prairie was flooded with moonlight. The light from the fire in the mover's camp lit up the white canvas-covered wagons. Everything was perfectly still. She went over and locked the door.

"It must have been a cloud passing over the moon. They arn't any chance of a person's gettin' out of sight as quick, unless he just went round the house."

She stood listening for some time. "It is all my imagination, I'm going to put the money right back and go to bed. They ain't no such great rush about its being counted, anyhow."

She sat down and put the money carefully back into the can. She did not let it fall in this time, but put each piece in carefully, counting it as she did so.

"There, they's five dollars and fifty five cents,—'most enough," holding the can between her hands and looking toward the shelf and then toward the window.

"Now I'm goin' to bed. I ain't goin' to be so silly as to think any one's goin' to get it. They'd never think of lookin' in this can anyhow. They'd never know it was a can."

She put it back on the shelf, then turned and looked quickly toward the window, trembling.

"Well, I didn't think I was so silly, but seems like I see somebody goin' by that window again. I hadn't any business countin' the money and thinkin' about it. That's what's upset me. If I'd lit the lamp and put down the window-curtain and gone to bed in a natural way, I'd been all right."

She lit the lamp and drew down the curtain. It was a dark-green paper shade. Then she went into the little bedroom, undressed quickly, blew out the light, and got into bed, leaving the door into the other room open. She did not go to sleep, but lay there listening, the fear growing every minute stronger and more beyond her control.

Once she sat up and looked out into the other room. Then she got up and pulled aside the curtain in her little bedroom and looked out. The moon had gone under a heavy cloud and the night was growing dark. She could see the other houses of the town from this window. There was a light burning in the back room of her son's house. It gave her a wonderful sense of security. She went back to the bed and was soon asleep. Some time near one o'clock she woke suddenly and sat up in bed. The wind was blowing around the house and it was raining.

"There, that rain trough ain't put up, so's I'll catch any water in that barrel! The tubs ought to be put out, too. I ain't had any soft water to wash with I don't know when."

All the fear that she had in the evening was gone. She began to think of putting on her clothes and going out to place the tubs. As she sat there in bed the window in the other room was opened softly. A spool of thread that stood on the upper casing fell to the floor. She heard the green paper shade give way—then she knew that some one was in the room.

"Well, I wonder if I'm going to set here stiff and let them take that money," she thought. "Just as like as not they'd kill me if I'd interfere. They no doubt have their weapons ready."

Everything was perfectly still for some time. Then she heard the movement of some one crossing the room.

"Sounds as if they was makin' straight for that shelf! They are! I can feel their hand movin' right along the shelf toward it!"

She sprang out of bed and shut the door between the two rooms with such force that the house trembled. At that minute the can containing the money fell with a crash to the floor. The coins flew in all directions. Mrs. Dyer partly opened the door and looked out. In the dim light she could see the form of a man. He had one hand on the window-sill ready to spring through the open window.

"If you've got any of that money, you drop it!" Mrs. Dyer screamed, forgetting all fear and coming out into the room. "Don't you leave this house till you drop every cent you stole!"

The man disappeared through the window. Mrs. Dyer went and looked out. She could see him for a short distance running across the prairie. He was going in the direction of the wagons. She put down the window and lit the lamp and dressed. Then she found a nail and fastened the window securely. After this was done she got down on her hands and knees and began creeping around the floor, picking up the scattered money. It was a long and difficult task. The money had rolled and hidden itself in every conceivable nook and crack in the room.

At last she gave up the search. She had found all but six of the pieces, and these she decided the man must have taken. Her loss could not have troubled her more if it had been her entire hoard.

"To think of my standin' in there and lettin' him pick it up after I'd scared him into knockin' it off the shelf! As soon as it begins to get light I believe I'll go down to the wagon and make him give it up. Like 's any way he'll hitch right up and get off without waitin' for it to be light."

She decided that it would not do to risk the safety of the money in the can again, and after counting it the second time, she tied it into an old stocking-leg and buried it in the depths of the paper-rag bag that hung behind her bed-room door.

"There ain't any use goin' to bed again now; it 'ill soon be mornin'. I believe I'll look over those beans I'm goin' to cook, and then get the carpet-rags down out of the loft and look them over and see if they're in a condition to send away. I half believe I'll take them over to the woman to-morrow or next day and not wait to save up the rest of the money the way I begun. Or perhaps she'll wait for the balance."

The morning was clear, and the sun, which came early at that time of the year, lit up the wet prairie-grass and made it dance and sparkle like jewels.

Mrs. Dyer waited impatiently for the first light to see if the movers had broken camp. When it came she saw that they were still there, though evidently making preparations to go.

It was broad daylight when Mrs. Dyer put on her sunbonnet and started across the prairie toward the wagons. Her courage had nearly forsaken her, and at one time she had given up the idea of going at all, but when she saw that they were getting ready to go the sense of her loss was too strong to let her remain.

It was a longer walk to the wagons than she had thought. The prairie-grass was still very wet and draggled her dress. She was tired after the long night, and before she had reached the wagons she wished she had not come.

She found the men hitching the horses There were two of them. The one woman of the camp was sitting up in one of the wagons, ready to go. She was very thin and looked sick. Her blue calico sunbonnet hung loosely about her face. She looked so weak and childlike that it went to Mrs. Dyer's heart.

"Good mornin!" she said, looking first at the men and then at the woman.

No one made any reply. The woman looked at her absently with pale blue eyes.

"You're sick, ain't you?" Mrs. Dyer said, going up to the side of the wagon.

"Yes, I be," she said, in a whining tone, hardly looking at her visitor.

What's the matter with you? I should not think you'd be travelin' over the country this way when you can't hardly sit up."

"That's what we're travlin' for. Jeff's taking me out to Arkansas Springs. They say it'll cure me. I don't believe it will. We've got out of money and I don't get enough to eat. I feel like I'd die before I get there. I wish I would, I get so tired ridin' all day."

The other wagon with one of the men had started. The woman's husband went around to the other side of the wagon and sprang in, sitting down beside his wife.

"Stop your gabbin' to everybody that comes alongside of the wagon," he said roughly, and taking up the lines he started off across the prairie after the other wagon.

Mrs. Dyer stood watching them for a minute, and then walked slowly back toward the house.

"To think of that sick woman ridin' clear out to Arkansas Springs to get well, and they out of money and her goin' hungry! I declare I feel as if I ought to made them wait and give her every cent of that carpet-money. I'll never look at that rag carpet but I'll see just how sick and hungry she looked. I half believe I wish he'd stole it all."—*The Century.*

Smugglers' Paradise.

Talk about smuggling! The Sandwich islands is the place for big risks and big profits. I have run opium in there and sold every speck of it at $48 a pound. A few cargoes at that rate, and the smuggler has a fortune. The trouble is, though, that collusion with the Hawaiian customs officials is almost impossible. The native officers, as well as the whites in the service, are practically incorruptible. It's not so because the punishment for such an offense is severe, but because the standard of honesty among the island revenue officers is remarkably high, says a San Francisco man.

You see the importation of opium into the islands is not subject to a high duty, as here, but is absolutely prohibited.

That's why the profits are large. Speaking of the risks, there is a San Franciscoan who knows all about that. Now he is a prosperous business man and a prominent Mason. He reached the islands penniless and got in with the smugglers. He was a daring chap and a cool hand, too; so before long he was able to run in a cargo on his own account. He made a big pile, bought property, and was on the road to wealth when he made his last venture. He and another smuggler combined all the money they could raise, selling or mortgaging all the property they had. It was a big deal and would have made them independent for life, but somehow the customs people found them out, and the end of it was that the smugglers fled to San Francisco on a trading schooner, without a dollar in the world, leaving one of the biggest cargoes of opium ever seized in Hawaii to be burned.—*New York Journal.*

Those Velvet Collars.

The velvet collars on men's overcoats was as inevitable a feature a few years ago of dress as the buttons on the back of a cutaway coat. But in the last two or three years that fashion has gone out to a remarkable degree, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* The comparatively old-fashioned velvet collar of a decade ago is quite extinct now. This was an entirely velvet collar, and when the collar was turned up nothing but the velvet touched the skin. Now where the velvet has been used recently it has been in the form of a half-collar, and the lower half of the turn was ornamented in this.

It was very rare a few years ago to see a melton overcoat without a velvet collar, but last year the coats were made almost entirely of the one cloth, and the exceptional cases was that of the use of velvet. The reason of this change is as much one of cleanliness as any other. The turned-up collar came into contact with the hair of the head. As everybody's hair has some natural oil, and nearly everybody uses some sort of prepared hair lubricant, the velvet became greasy and lost its texture. And about the dirtiest thing in the world is greasy velvet.

ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

TRAVELING FACILITIES PAST AND PRESENT.

How Much the Passenger Eats in a Week—The Old-Time Sailor Diet of Salt Pork and Hardtack Is No More.

Cost of a Single Trip.

Comfort, like charity, should begin at home, writes Chas. E. Nixon, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, but in this fin-de-siecle age of accomplishment the average man begins to demand not only the conveniences but the luxuries of life when he travels. The old-timer knows the value of getting the best: the tourist demands, so to speak, "the gilt-edged," and the common carriers have spared no ex-

COMMANDER CHRISTOFFERS.

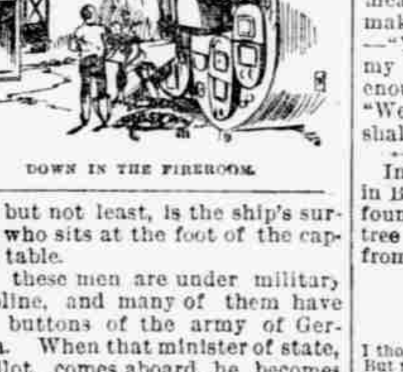
pense to cater to this desire. The railway follows the sun westward to the sea, over the trail of the now extinct buffalo, the early pathway of "the ships of the desert," piloted by the venturesome modern Argonauts. Even the iron horse now rushes eastward in the peaceful calm of the Holy Land from Joppa to Jerusalem, or up through Afric's wild by the banks of the Congo. Our traveler not only demands rapid transit to places difficult of access, but all the luxuries en route. He will be royally wined and dined rushing over the dusty desert at a pace of fifty miles an hour, and he regards the convenience of bath and barber-shop as much of a necessity as the sleeping-car.

What does it cost to run a passenger steamer across the Atlantic? Not necessarily one of the palatial twin-screw racing type, where every extra mile of speed means a heavy proportional consumption of coal, the steamer's life-blood, but one of modest proportion where the element of substantiality and conservation is associated with good living.

Just think of the investment it the fleet of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, comprising seventy-nine steamers, whose individual cost is from $500,000 to $1,200,000, all being either iron or steel compartment steamers whose propelling forces may vary from moderate powers to triple-expansion engines of 13,000 horse-power. The routes of this line almost girdle the globe, sailing from New York to Bremen; New York to Genoa; Bremen to the Brazils; Bremen to Eastern Asia (China and Japan); and Bremen to Australia.

But to return to the cost of a trip from New York to Bremenhaven (Bremen's port).

Primarily the salaries of a ship's company, modest as some of them might individually appear in the aggregate, amount to nearly $2,000 per trip, without estimating perquisites. On the Aller there are nearly 200 persons employed in attending to the working of the ship and providing for the comfort of the passengers. Besides Captain Christoffers there are the first, second, third, and fourth officers, any one of whom could be depended upon to take charge of the steamer in case of an emergency. All of them are time-tried, experienced sailors, who are advanced in strict military rotation. There is a chief engineer, a first, second, and third and twelve assistant engineers and machinists. There is an electrical engineer who has two assistants, three chief stokers, and sixty-four firemen. On deck there are a boatswain, four quartermasters, four wheelmen, two carpenters, and thirty-seven seamen. In the cabin are the purser, three cabin maids, a barber, and forty stewards and waiters, including an orchestra of nine "musicians." Finally, in the culinary department are fifteen cooks, bakers, and assistants, and two butchers.



DOWN IN THE FIREROOM.

Last, but not least, is the ship's surgeon, who sits at the foot of the captain's table.

All these men are under military discipline, and many of them have worn buttons of the army of Germania. When that minister of state, the pilot, comes aboard, he becomes absolute in authority, and he is an expensive, if short-lived, potentate for the ship. His pay is graduated according to the tonnage of the vessel whose movements he is directing. The pilot charges from New York to Bremen via Southampton aggregate something in the neighborhood of $500, and then the important item of harbor charges are to be taken into consideration.

The Norddeutschen Lloyd line is justly famous for its table. A perusal of the purser's supplies for a trip of the Aller shows consumption as follows for 190 first cabin, 130 second cabin, 500 steerage passengers, and 200 crew: 5,500 pounds fresh beef, 2,000 pounds veal, pork and mutton; 5,500 pounds salted beef, 4,000 pounds salted pork, 800 pounds pressed beef, 500 pounds smoked pork, 100 pieces smoked hams, 300 pounds corned beef, 300 barrels sausages, 4 barrels herrings, salted; 370 cans sardels, anchovies, lobsters, etc.; 650 barrels fresh fish, 100 barrels fresh lobsters, 850 pieces fowl (game); 1,450 cans preserved vegetables and fruits, 250 pounds preserved cucumbers, pickles, etc.; 1,250 pounds dried and pickled vegetables, 1,400 pounds peas, etc.; 2,500 pounds beans, etc.; 2,000 pounds rice, 90 barrels flour, 2,000 pounds fresh bread, 1,000 pounds coffee, 150 pounds tea, 800 cans milk, condensed and fresh; 300 bottles cream, 30,000 pounds potatoes, 1,800 pounds butter, 1,000 pounds dried apples, raisins, plums; 200 pounds pecan, hazel, walnuts; 800 pounds cream, Edam, Swiss, Roquefort, etc., cheese; 200 bottles sweet oil, 350 boxes ice cream, allspices, fresh fruit, salad, etc., etc. The liquor list was as follows: 700 bottles champagne, 1,000 bottles Rhine wine, 1,400 bottles claret, 150 bottles liquors, 400 bottles cognac and brandy, 2,700 bottles mineral water, 3,000 bottles beer, 3,800 liters beer in casks.

These supplies, which cost $10,000 to $12,000, are mainly packed away in the store-rooms and refrigerators in the bow of the steamer, but the apparently vast quantities of food consumed do not indicate the total supply, for the purser estimates that in case of necessity he could supply plain food for his floating community for two entire months. The length of the trip seldom exceeds ten days. All of which indicates the modern steamship is an expensive as well as a resourceful affair.

When the Allers starts on her eastward voyage she carries 2,300 tons of coal in her bunkers. Some of this is American and some foreign soft coal, costing on an average $3.50 a ton. The gangs of the sweating and sooty stokers, whose industrial recompense is $20 per month, away down in the depths, on the iron plates spanning the spine of the ship, daily shovel into her roaring furnaces 200 tons. Gallons and gallons of oil are used to lubricate her ponderous engines, pumps, and dynamos, so that the supplies for the vitality of her run-

ON THE BRIDGE.

ning forces amount to nearly $6,500.

The achievements of "ocean racers" have started some very absurd paragraphs on the rounds, to the effect that one burns $13,000 worth of coal every trip. A little calculation, with facts to back it, will show the extravagance of this statement. The American liner New York consumes about 328 tons per day, the White Star liner Teutonic about 316 tons, and the Cunarder Etruria 330 tons per day at full speed. It has been stated that the Etruria at a speed of 18 knots burns only 275 tons per day. This consumption would send the greyhound across with a total use of about 2,000 tons in round figures. The price of coal in New York is considerably less than $4 pel ton, and in Liverpool it is cheaper than here, but even at outside figures the cost of fuel per trip, it will be seen, does not exceed $8,000. The fuel bills of such ships are, of course, far in excess of those of the average ocean steamer. Triple-expansion engines and improved machinery of the present day have made it possible to so economize coal that the consumption per indicated horse power per hour has been reduced in ratio to much less—two pounds, as against nine pounds in 1836, and five and one-half pounds in 1840. The Teutonic's average is quoted at 1.6 pounds per hour. The majority of ocean steamers of ordinary size, traveling at an easy gait, think a ton of coal per hour is quite extravagant enough for their propulsion. Our big new war ship Iowa will have a bunker capacity for only 2,000 tons of coal to speed her at sixteen knots, the Indiana's bunker capacity will be 1,800 tons, and the 3,000-ton cruiser Cincinnati's bunker capacity will be only 556 tons.

There is any amount of expense outside the coal-bunkers of a passenger ship. Twenty thousand dollars is a tidy sum, but that is about the aggregate expense of the Aller's trip across the Atlantic.

Wanted to Know.

Make the best of misfortunes, by all means; but that is not the same as making the most of them. Mother—"Your finger may pain you a little, my dear, but it isn't hurt badly enough to need doing up." Harold—"Well, put a rag on it, anyway, so I shall know which finger it is."—Puck.

In sawing a log at Beaver Dam mills, in Burke County, Georgia, a snake was found in a knot hole, which, when the tree was standing, was fifty two feet from the ground.

A SECRET.

BY HARRIET HERSHEY.

> I thought to see if Spring were here,
> But no, not yet 'twas very clear.
> In brown and gray the earth still dressed,
> Without a blossom on her breast.
> But mirth quite evident prevailed,
> Half-smothered laughter which I failed
> To understand, and everywhere
> Suppressed amusement filled the air;
> Suspicious whispers, "Such a joke!"
> I wonder who it was that spoke.
>
> But soon I walked that way again,
> And lo! a transformation then.
> The secret was made manifest,
> Hidden so well I had not guessed.
> Each brown leaf served a hiding-place
> From which now peeped a gay young face,
> And 'neath my feet, Oh, glad surprise!
> Peeped the first violet's sweet blue eyes.
>
> Twenty gay young dandelions standing in a row,
> Their yellow locks dancing as the breezes blow.
> "Tis really very jolly, I suppose we've come to stay,"
> Said these poor mistaken dandelions blooming by the way.
>
> Twenty gray dishevelled heads nodding all forlorn,
> "'Twould surely have been better if we never had been born.
> It's hardly worth the trouble, with so short a time to stay—"
> And along came a saucy breeze who blew them all away.

Budget.

THE GIRL OF COMMONPLACES.

> We listen for an hour or more
> To brilliant conversation
> Of women competent to bore
> The whole of male creation,
> And find our heads in such a whirl
> We're almost Bedlam cases,
> Till rescued by some simple girl
> Who talks plain commonplaces.
>
> We hear the chat of Fashion's court
> The chatter empty headed,
> That makes existence but a sport
> And thinking to be dreaded;
> And, oh, how gladly we forget
> Their baby talk and faces,
> And in their stead a model set—
> The girl of commonplaces.

—New York Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

The beauty of the ivy is that while it climbs, it never loses its grip.—Puck.

The man who gives himself away gets the best of the bargain.—Boston Transcript.

Architecture is adapted to women, for they are born designers.—Binghamton Republican.

The hardship of being confined in jail is as nothing to the deep disgrace a tramp feels at being caught in the toils.—Puck.

Any man who ever owned a balky horse will tell you that he found the animal exceedingly hard to get along with.—Texas Siftings.

Wife—"Shall I have my black silk fixed over, dear, or would you get a new one?" Husband—"By all means get a new one; it's cheaper."—Cloak Review.

"Those Parker girls are very dull." "They can't be. They cut Mawson at the Old Guard entertainment—and you know how tough Mawson is."—New York Herald.

A street-car driver in Toledo recently ran over a young lady and she was thrown to the ground. He was promptly fired by the company for knocking down the fare.

Little Tot—"Mamma, let us do out and spend our money." Mamma—"No, dear; its raining." Little Tot—"But didn't you say we should save up for a rainy day?"—Cloak Journal.

Wiggs (at rehearsal)—"Mr. Baconshak, we want to put a little realism into this play. Can you suggest anything?" Baconshak—"You might try paying real salaries."—Baltimore Herald.

Polly (glancing upward)—"How rapidly Jupiter has moved away from Venus." Harry—"He has probably realized that this is leap year, and is keeping at a safe distance."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Stranger—"How much do you get for the golden rule?" Jeweler (wearily)—"Young man, stop right there. I recognize you as the desperado who wants to price a pair of ruby lips."—New York Herald.

"'A word to the wise is sufficient' is a very highly respected proverb," soliloquized Mr. Kneebags "but I must confess that I haven't found people tumbling over one another to speak to me."—New York Herald.

Young Gentleman (drops on his knees at the feet of a lady).—"My dear Miss X——, our respective fathers having come to terms on the money question, I now venture to inform you that I love you to distraction!"

Servant—"This room will be rented only to an artist." Room Hunter—"And why not to another man?" Servant—"Because artists are less troublesome. They never want their room put in order."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Tattle—"I see you everywhere with Miss Mennibowe nowadays. You seem to be very friendly with her, but you don't say much about it." Rattle—"No. Wherever I go I find you've saved me the trouble."—Kate Field's Washington.

Customer—"I grant that in this restaurant the services are quicker than at other places, but then the portions are only half the usual size." Waiter—"It comes to the same thing. Do you forget the old proverb, 'He gives twice who gives quickly?'"—Wasp.

The elderly visitor smiled a capacious smile and disclosed a pair of gold-crowned bicuspids. "Mamma," said Tommy, "what makes Mrs. Flyabout—" "Hush Tommy!" "carry her—" "Keep still, Tommy!" "call-buttons in her mouth?"—Chicago Tribune.

Madge—"When that poet called to-day he happened to pick up the book he'd given me and I was awfully embarrassed when he began talking about the poems." Cora—"You were afraid your criticism wouldn't sound learned?" Madge—"Oh, dear, no. I was afraid I hadn't cut the leaves."—New York Sun.

Martha Washington's Fan.

It is said that a fan owned and used by Martha Washington is still in excellent preservation. It is regarded as a great curiosity and $1000 has been offered for it and refused. When unfolded a series of pictures may be seen printed in oil. One, a portrait of George Washington, represents him at the age of seventeen, wearing the military uniform of a captain, and being the only portrait of him in his youth, as far as known, greatly increases the value of the fan.

Hovering above is an angel crowning him with a wreath, and kneeling near him is an Indian adorned with flowers and feathers, arrayed in the robes of her tribe, presenting him with a national standard in token of the acceptance of peace.

On Washington's left stands the figure of Liberty. The face of the fan bears the coat of arms of the Washingtons, and the color is still bright and distinct.—Detroit Free Press.

An Assyrian Library.

The British Museum, London, has published a catalogue of its collection of Babylonian and Assyrian tablets. The catalogue contains upward of 50,000 numbers. The plates mostly come from the mound of the place where the city of Nineveh stood and were collected by Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) about 650 years before Christ. They consist of historical reports, religious writings, hymns, essays on education, dictionaries and books of prophecy made by the soothsayers of the court, who had to make observations of the stars, the flight of birds, the movements of scorpions, the wrigglings of serpents, the course of the clouds, etc., in order to make out their prophecies.—Chicago Herald.