

TWILIGHT.

Above the hills the sunset lies
In purple dyes;
The stars come out, the vales are dark;
And, spark by spark,
A drizzled gold, the fireflies
Spill mimic stars about the park.

Stars burn above,
Lights gleam below;
Like thoughts of love
They come and go.
So, oh, my Heart,
The thought of thee
Lights each dark part
Of life for me.

—Madison Cawein, in Saturday Evening Post.

Among the trees dim breezes wake;
The branches shake;
The moon comes up; faint odors sway;
And, ray on ray,
A blur of pearl, about the lake.
Their little moons the lilies lay

The moon above,
The flowers beneath,
Like dreams of love
Their glamour breaths.
So, oh, my Soul,
The dreams of thee
Make glad the whole
Of life for me.

HOW MARTHA ANN KEPT THE SABBATH.

BY ELLA VAN HEEKEREN.

Silas Higgins stretched his weary limbs under Martha Ann's 200-piece quilt—the quilt which Martha Ann's grandmother had worked with her own hands and which brought her fame and fortune at the county fair nearly 50 years before; the fame consisted in the verdict of her neighbors that she was "a pesky smart woman," and the fortune in a new five-dollar gold piece.

But 50 years of constant exhibition and subsequent use had brought the high and mighty counterpane down to an every-day sort of quilt, and now Silas would fain have covered his sleepy head with the same, and stolen 40 winks more, but there was work in the west lot, chores about the house, and outside of all that Martha Ann's shrill voice was calling from the bottom of the back stairs that it was "time he was stirring." The west lot and chores shrank into insignificance alongside of Martha Ann's voice.

"You'll find your store clothes in the company room, and your biled shirt and clean socks in the press." This from the invisible Martha. "Going to have company today? There's a heap of work over in the west lot that I somehow ought to get to," answered Silas from the head of the stairs.

Marty Ann's eyes opened wide with astonishment. For the first time in their married life Silas Higgins proposed working on a Sunday, but "he shouldn't do it, no, he shouldn't do it if she could prevent it, and it was very likely that she could."

Marty Ann's voice was awful in its solemnity. "The Lord will send down His wrath upon you and your children unto the third and fourth generation." As there were no heirs to misfortune or otherwise, this was a dire threat. "You'll be a byword among your neighbors, working on the holy Sabbath."

She was now the visible Marty, for mounting the stairs she stood in the bed-room door, in one hand a fork, in the other a dish towel, while righteous indignation showed forth in every gesture. Silas beat a hasty retreat by putting his head into a bowl of water.

Splash, splash! "Reckon I must have slept kinda hard, Marty Ann," splash, splash, "lest all count on the day a'd thought it was a Saturday," splash, splash.

Marty Ann retreated somewhat mollified, but on the fourth step she turned back to announce that the "bacon was done to a turn an' the coffee biled."

All during breakfast Silas was very quiet.

"It do beat all how a man can get so turned 'bout," he said. "Reckon we'll have to buy one of them new fangled calendars over at Hick's store."

"No need of them sort of things round here, Silas Higgins. All the calendar that's wanted is the work done regular like. Pears you've got no faith in my reckoning."

Silas had all faith imaginable, and hastened to inform her of the fact, while he offered his best team to go to meeting.

"The Larson's laid up with rheumicks," replied Marty. "I saw the doctor driving over yonder yesterday, and he reckoned the person wouldn't get to preach in a fortnight. There comes Pete now; wonder what's bringing him over here!"

By this time Pete had opened the kitchen door on a crack, thrusting his frowsy head, and presently his whole body, into the narrow space.

"I say!" he began, at the same time describing a circle with his bare toes on the floor. "No, pa says will yer loan him a team; there is a heap of hay wants hauling, and he celkerlates on some rain fore long."

"Law sakes!" said Marty Ann, before Silas could speak; "what's happened to the men folks! Guess your ma don't know of such doings! Yer go straight home and tell yer pa we'll not lend a hand to such wickedness and evil ways. He's cut his wisdom teeth, I reckon, a good time past, and ought to be knowing better. Now you can give him that message straight."

Pete stayed only long enough to take a good stare at Mrs. Higgins, then lost no time in leaving her august presence. A few hand-springs and a couple of somersaults brought him rapidly to his destination; there he was not long in stirring up the family wrath by delivering his message in a decidedly graphic and efficient manner. The little Browns declared they'd "get even," and getting even with the Browns meant a surplus on their side.

Meanwhile, in happy ignorance of what the future held in store, Silas sat contentedly smoking his pipe on the front porch. After the dishes had been washed and put in their place, Marty Ann joined him, bringing her Bible. To be sure, she was no great hand to read, particularly aloud, for Silas corrected her pronunciation, and if Marty Ann had any weakness it was to be at all times and in all places

speading his bandana handkerchief on the floor.

Possibly Marty Ann's spirit rebelled against putting down the unfinished darn, but she followed the deacon's lead, vigorously emphasizing her "Amen" as he prayed for those who broke the sanctity of the Sabbath.

As they rose from their knees the deacon took her hands.

"Sister Higgins, you've been reckoned one of the elect round here since you experienced change of heart, and I'm powerful glad that you feel you're a sinner—"

Marty Ann stepped back and stared at her visitor in amazement.

"I calculate on doing my duty, deacon; there's some mighty black sheep in the fold that need looking after more than me."

The deacon shook his head sadly. Here was a flagrant case, needing all his eloquence to bring the erring sinner home.

"I'll not say but you're a good wife and keep Silas Higgins' home in order; but, sister, it would be better to put off your work till another day, and not do washing on a Sabbath, neglecting the meeting and setting a bad example to—"

"The Sabbath!" interrupted Marty Ann. "This ain't no Sabbath! Didn't I wash on a Monday last week? Landy me, deacon, I didn't! I washed a Saturday, thinking Sarah Briggs would be over. She didn't come, so I went on regular like; and so this is the holy Sabbath, and me profaning it like that!"

And "down she went all in a heap," as the deacon expressed it afterward.

Just then Silas came up the road, his hat pushed down over his eyes. There was no barbel in his cart, and the bundle for Widow Jones still lay beside him on the seat. As he came up the path he halted in front of the washing which hung dazzlingly white before his eyes. Yes, anyone could see that wash a mile off, a fact of which he was wont to be very proud, but today he wished it was black, no, green, any color than white; he put out his hands to remove the offending sheets, but ha'nt was strong, and glancing hastily at the house, he replaced the clothespins and walked on.

Marty Ann never looked up as he came in, but sat still with her head between her hands. For the first time in many years Silas felt himself growing bigger, more self-assured, dignified.

It was an awful temptation to tell Marty Ann that it was all her fault, and that she was the one who had made him turn a Saturday into a Sunday, and a Sunday into a Monday, but he didn't. He only walked over to where she sat and stooping down, kissed her, while the deacon slipped out the back door.

There now hangs in the Higgins' parlor, right where the light falls well on it, a highly decorated but very useful calendar.—Good house keeping.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An Oswego (N. Y.) man, Ephraim Latulip, is the latest one to claim that he has re-discovered the lost art of hardening copper. He says he can make it as tough as steel, so that it will hold and carry an edge as keen as a razor. His brother is the man who made a cannon of rawhide.

A fine specimen of Albino deer was shot by Oliver Whyte of Boston, while on a trip with three companions in the Schoodic region of lakes about one hundred miles from Bangor. The animal was almost entirely white, weighed about two hundred pounds, and the antlers were the largest of any seen in that region by the local guides.

An industrious California wood-pecker stored 1960 acorns in a section of tree measuring four feet in length and thirty-four inches in diameter. The tree grew in a vineyard in Oakville, Napa county, and each acorn fitted so neatly in the hole that the farmer who found them wondered whether the bird made the holes to fit the acorns or selected the latter to fit the holes.

Two churches possess trees growing within their walls. One is at Ross, the other at Kempsley, in Worcester, England. The latter tree is well developed, and grows from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wilde, which stands on the left side of the chancel. Another strange growth is to be seen at Clymog, a small village in Carnarvonshire. On the north side of the New Inn, the gatehouse attached to Plas-y-bryn, the summer home of a member of Parliament, a large tree grows, having no visible connection with the earth. It springs out of the wall above the kitchen door, its roots being firmly embedded in the building.

The native inhabitants of the Malay peninsula and several of the Indian tribes of our own country never permit their hair to be cut. The hair of chiefs of the Crow tribes grew to a length of ten feet. The men of the Latoosas, one of the African tribes, never cut their hair, but allowing it to grow, weave it into most wonderful shapes. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine made from the bark of a tree until it represents a network of felt. As the hair grows it is subjected to the same process and trained into the shape of a helmet. A rim about two inches deep is formed, and the front part of this hair helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper, while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about one foot in length, forms the crest. The helmet is then adorned with numerous varicolored beads.

Arcola, Ill., with a population of less than 3000, leads the world in the broom corn industry.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Victories of Peace—The Many Blessings For Which We Should Be Thankful—Machinery Has Lightened Burdens—God Sent the Wheel.

(Copyright, Louis Klipsch, 1888.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance and in an unusual way calls for the gratitude of the people; the text, Ezekiel x., 13, "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in My hearing, O wheel!

The last Thursday of the eleventh month, by proclamation of President and Government is observed in Thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year an half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of the sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study, or by those who never wore an epaulet or shone a Spangled or went a hundred miles from their own doorsills. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the world.

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