

TWILIGHT.

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

Among the trees din 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

-Madison Cawein, in Saturday Evening Post.

HOW MARTHA ANN KEPT THE SABBATH.

BY ELLA VAN HECKEREN.

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 billed 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.

Martha 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."

Martha 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 Martha, for mounting the stairs she stood in the bedroom 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.

"Reckon I must have slept kinder hard, Martha Ann," splash, splash, "just all count on the days a d thought it was a Saturday," splash, splash.

right; but today, realizing that there was much evil influence abroad, she felt it incumbent upon her to read some good, wholesome truths to Silas, and try to keep him in the narrow path.

She had just finished the ten commandments, laying particular stress on keeping the Sabbath day holy, when a carryall came lumbering along the road, filled to overflowing with the youth and beauty from the village.

"Some folks thinks the Lord's laid up with the rheumatics," Martha groaned, "along with the parson; but they'll find themselves mistook. It's no decent folks that'll be having their acquaintance. I've lived nigh on to 20 years 'bout these parts, and I never seed such goings on."

Martha Ann took good pains to wait for their return, and planted herself by the gate. As they neared the house Josh Blinsky reined in his horses.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Higgins; nice weather, only the dust is smothering." Martha held herself rigid, not a muscle moved, while Josh, in a dilemma at her strange behavior, hid his confusion under a pretense of fecting the flies off of old Charley's back. There was a giggle from the back seat which proved too much for Martha Ann.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," was all she said, but she turned her back on the wayward sinners, and marched straight up the path and into the house, leaving Josh to whip up his horses and drive on.

"I'm awfully sorry for Silas," said the offending giggler; "it do seem that Martha Ann Higgins gets more cranky every day."

Mrs. Silas Higgins was noted for miles round for having the snowiest linen on the line. "Give it a good sunning," she said, "get your wash out early, and don't be in a hurry fetting it in." So on the following morning true to her principles, she was up by times, got her breakfast out of the way, sending Silas off half an hour earlier than usual, then getting the tubs out on the back porch, set to work.

spreading his bandana handkerchief on the floor.

Possibly Martha Ann's spirit rebelled against putting down the unfinished darn, but she followed the deacon's lead, vigorously emphasizing her "Amen's" 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."

Martha 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 Martha 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 barrel in his cart, and the bundle for Widow Jones' still lay beside him on the seat.

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.

QUAIN 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.

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 Klopsch, 1894.)

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 Governor, is observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of the sword and gun and battle.

"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—"

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas stretching his path, and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible, sometimes, as in Ezekiel's illustration, providing punishment; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress.

Having nothing to do, they got into mischief and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of paradise, but once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work.

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine! It has shortened the hours of the housewife and prolonged woman's life and added innumerable advantages.

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.

An industrious California woodpecker 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 Kempsey, 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.

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the sea island cotton? I take up the unbleached sea island. How beautiful it is! But do you know how the sea island taking and tedious toll it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton, you would find it full of seeds.

It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast populations were leaving the South because they could not make any living out of this product.

"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—"

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand-mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and baggage checked and porters attentive to weary and undressed travelers.

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press!

Here is corn from the West, a forestage of the great harvest that is to come down to our seaboard, enough for ourselves and for foreign shipment. Here is rice from the South, never a more beautiful product grown on the planet, mingling the gold and green.

Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of Northern wheat and a sheaf of Southern rice, bound together. May the band never break! Here is cotton, the wealthiest product of America. Here is sugar cane, enough to sweeten the bread of the people.

Here are palm trees that have in their pulps the warmth of southern climes. Here is the cactus of the South, so beautiful and so tempting it must go armed. Here are the products of American mines.

Here is mica from the quarries of New Hampshire. How beautiful it looks in the sunlight! Here is copper from Lake Superior, so heavy I dare not lift it. Here is gold from Virginia and Georgia.

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 Latookas, one of the African tribes, never cut their hair, but allowing it to grow, weave it into most wonderful shapes.

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

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Independent Man—A Mischievous and Immoral Doan—Bad in Law, Bad in Logic—Too Much Sympathy Shown to Drunkards.

I stand before you, one and all, To sound aloud the temperance call, And picture to you, if I can, The real inebriated man— The Independent man!

He neither smokes, nor drinks, nor chews The glass he firmly can refuse; He lives not under terror's gaze; He is an Independent man— An Independent man.

By living right he garners health, He makes good friends and gathers wealth, The charms of nature he can scan With joy, this Independent man— This Independent man.

He counts his home a place of rest; His wife and children are the best; No drunken temper mars the plan Of this the Independent man— Our Independent man!

The temper finds him all prepared; His good right arm is ever bared, To victory he leads the van, This very Independent man— This Independent man.

Drunkards and Crime. One of the most mischievous and immoral decisions ever pronounced in a court is reported from Philadelphia, where a judge has declared that drunkenness is a competent defense against the charge of embezzlement.

The Land of Steady Habits. Connecticut's direct drink bill, Judge Edgar M. Warner, of Putnam, told the National Prison Association, in session in Hartford, is \$240,000.

British Army's Motto. "Watch and be Sober." is the motto of the British Army's Temperance Association, which has a membership of 25,000 men in the service in India, which means one-third of the white troops there and 14,000 in the home service, including the British Isles, Australia, Canada and the West Indies.

The Crusade in Brief. The only safe course is to let liquor entirely alone. Drinking whisky never helped a man on the road to Heaven, nor added to the comforts of his home.

The Young People's Temperance Federation has started a movement for looking toward establishing coffee-houses and substitutes for saloons in all parts of Chicago.