#### NIGHTINGALES

Seautiful must be the mountains whence ye

And bright in the institut valleys the streams. winnstrom

Ye learn your song! Where are those starry woods? O might

wander there. Among the flowers, which, in that heavenly

air, Boom the year long.

"Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts

our dreams, A three of the heart,

Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound.

No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound, For all our art.

"Alone alou 1 in the raptured car of men

We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then, As night is withdrawn

From these sweet springing meads and bursting houghs of May,

Dream while the innumerable choir of day Welcome the dawn.

-Short Poems of Robert Bridges.

An Old Daguerreotype.



and disgust in his face. The door had just banged behind a big, hearty boy of seventeen, whom he

could still see through the narrow window trudging off toward the barn.

The lively whistle that sounded through the closed windows seemed to aggravate the man's ill temper. He kicked the smoldering logs with his heavy boot.

'If there's any one thing that riles me all over," he exclaimed, angrily, "it's having that boy always setting himself up to be in the right, and everybody else in the wrong !

Well, he most generally is in the right," answered Caleb's wife, clearing the table. "It's remarkable what a memory Jerry has, 'specially for dates. At the quilting here last week the women folks were trying to settle when 'twas old Mis' Lockett died, and Jerry knew to the day. He said 'twas two days after Deacon Stone's cows were killed by lightning, and that happened on the thirteenth of September, just a hundred years to the very day after Wolfe captured Que- apron. bee. You can't trip Jerry up in history.

"Well," answered her husband, impatiently, "he needn't be so sassy about it. We had a dispute over them same cows. I was telling the new minister about the storm, and I happened to say they was standing under a pine-tree. He chippes in, 'Why, no, it wasn't, uncle; it was an oak. 'It was a pine !' says 1. 'No, it wasn't ; it was an oak,' says he.

Just then Hiram Stone came by, and Jerry yelled to know which 'twas. Hiram said, 'Oak.' Then Jerry grinned as malicious, and said, 'I told you so ! I knew I was right!' If he hadn't been my daod sister's only child and the minister looking on-" Caleb stopped in anger. Mrs. Speed made no comment. She was fond of her husband's nephew. He had grown to be almost like a son in the five years he had lived with them. They were not old-not many years older than Jerry; for Caleb's sister had been older than he. Mrs. Speed only laughed at the natronizing manners which he some times assumed, to the great annoyance of his young uncle. But Cateb Speed was too dogmatic himself to tolerate such a spirit in any one else.

ner so well that he laughed a little

"Well, I'll turn over a new leaf," promised, "just to please you."

sheepishly.

Caleb Speed's farm was in southern Maine, near the coast. Jerry had grown up with the sound of the sea in his cars. It had long sung only a meaningless monotone to the boy, but it had begun to fill him with something of its own restless spirit. And about this time the Spancer boys were urging him to go West.

"No," he answered ; "I owe it to Uncle Caleb to stay here. He was too good to me when I was a little shaver for me so leave him now, when he needs me. He shall have the best service I can give him until I am twentyone ; then I'll be free to follow you.

But there came a crisis. Uncle Caleb gave Jerry a sum of money to pay a bill in town. There was a five-dollar piece in a roll of bills, and the goldpiece had disappeared. Jerry insisted that he could not have

had the money. "I know. Aunt Lucy, Uncle Cale handed me the roll of bills, and I put it down in this pocket, and never touched it till I got to town. When I took it out there were the bills just as he had handed them to me, and ALEB SPEED not a thing more."

"Maybe there's a hole in your pushed back his pocket," she suggested. chair from the din-She turned it wrong side out, but ner-table with anger found no place where a coin could have

slipped through. "Well, it's a mystery where it went," she said. "I can't understand it." "Pooh! It's no mystery," answered erry contemptuously. "Uncle sim-Jerry contemptuously. "Uncle sim-ply didn't give it to me, "I thought he had it rolled up in the bills, but

was mistaken. That's all ! "What do you mean by that?" cried walked over to the fireplace, and Caleb, jumping up white with anger. "I tell you it was wrapped up in the bilis and if you can't account for it.

you've either lost it or spent it !" Jerry bounded up stairs to his room, stuffed his best suit of clothes into a little brown carpet bag, and then poured out the contents of an old, long-necked blue vase. He had thirty dollars saved toward buying a horse of hisown. Then he marched defiantly down stairs to his uncle.

"I never saw or touched your goldpiece," he declared, "but I'll not go away leaving you to say that I took any of your money !'

He threw down a five-dollar bill and started to the door. As he turned the knob, he looked back at the woman by the fireplace, with her face in her

"Good-by, Annt Lucy," he said, with a choke in his voice. "You've been awful good to me 1'll never forget that !

Then he shut the door abruptly, went out into the night. It lacked only five minutes of train-time when he reached the station, determined to go to a cousin of his father's who lived in Vermont, and write from work his way out West as soon as he could.

uncle's reproaches, the boy sat up the gondolas on the lagoon, and re- given to these rumors by the fact that very straight and wide-awake in the marked confidentially to the gondolier train for a long time. Then his ten-sion relaxed, and for lack of something It was the first time Jerry h else to do, he felt in his pocket for Jack Spencer's letter. As he pulled it from its envelope something else He could scarcely believe his eyes into another. How had the coin got tude even knew his name. into the letter? For a time he could not guess; then the truth suddenly became clear to him. The letter had been in his breastpocket when he stuffed the roll of bills the sight of a familiar face. into if, and the coin must have slipped into the open end of the envelope as he pushed the bills down. When he began to search for the money he had changed the letter to another pocket, never dreaming that it contained anything except Jack's glowing description of prairie life. Jerry had been keeping his anger warm all the way by talling himself the hopes that had gone into the grave that his uncle had been harsh and unjust. He had even pictured to himself with grim satisfaction how shamefaced Caleb would look some time when he should come across the coin among his own possessions. And now he had to think of himself as the blunderer and the unjust, foolish person. But now no apology could be too humble. He would get off at the next smiled out at him from the case of an station and take the first train home. The case called for an immediate reconciliation. Then he reasoned that as he had paid for his ticket, he might as well go head, and he feit dizzy. on to his journey's end and have a short visit. It would be easier, per- so long ago up in Vermont! He was haps, to write than to speak his not likely to be mistaken in it-the apology. Jerry soon found his elderly cousin, Tim Bailey, who happened to be working just then in a new store-a combination of a bookstore and an oldfashioued daguerreotype gallery; not old-fashioned then, for it was before of the watch-chain that stood out in the photograph had penetrated to the such bold relief against his brocaded tural regions. Tim's rigorous crossquestioning soon drew the whole story it looked ! from the boy. "Well, that's easily settled." said Tim, "Just you write to 'em and own up, and say you're going to stop with me over Christmas, but that you'll be along about New Year to turn over a new leaf. They'll bring out the fatted calf when you get back. I know Caleb like a book. He can't hold spite." Jerry settled himself to write the letter. But he found himself hard to his boyish faith in his own infalliplease, and tore up several drafts. work, after all! Then Tim put his none. grizzled head in at the door, with a beaming smile.

### She imitated Jerry's tone and man- all my work done gratis, for sending him so much trade.

Three days after, Jerry dropped into the postoffice a little package addressed to his uncle, containing, beside a letter, an excellent likeness of himself. Jerry made in the letter a straightforward acknowledgment of his mistake, and accompanied this manly tween the two. apology with an earnest request to be allowed to return home.

He had grown so homesick for a sight of the old place that he could scarcely see the lines on his paper. And Annt Lucy-well, he almost broke down at the thought of all her motherly kindness to him.

"Now I'll surely get an answer by Wednesday," he thought, but Wednesday went by, and another week passed, and although he called regularly at the postoffice, no word came.

"Well, I've done all I could," he said. "It's plain they don't want me back."

Tim's sympathetic old heart ached for the boy's distress. He even offered to go up to the farm and intercede in his behalf.

"No, indeed !" Jerry answered, defi-"I'll never beg my way back. antly. I'm not the kind to go where I'm not wanted.

"Maybe they never got your letter." Jerry hooted at the idea. "No, they don't want to make up. That's the long and the short of it."

When he finally started West, Tim Bailey went with him. Out on the far Western prairies, Jerry struck deep root in the favorable soil, and as the years passed on, became as much of a fixture as the new town that bore his name. Year after year he worked on, widening his fields, improving his buildings, working early and late, solely for the pleasure of accumulating.

Tim Bailey had grown old and rheumatic, almost childish, but he still assumed a sort of guardianship over Jerry. One day he put down his newspaper, wiped his spectacles and scanned the rough, burly-looking man on the other side of the stove. as if he had been a stranger.

"Look here, Jerry," he said, presently, "you're getting to look old, and your hair's all a turning gray. Now you've got to quit pegging away so hard and take a holiday, before you get like me, so stiff and theumstic you can't get away. Why don't you go to the World's Fair? It 'ud be a burning shame for the richest man in Trigg County to miss such a show.

Thus it came about that one day Jerry rubbed his eyes in a bewildered way to find himself in the midst of a surging crowd that thronged the entrances of the Fair.

He plodded along the Midway Plaisance, his umbrella under his arm, and his hands in his pockets; he walked and stared till late in the alternoon. It was late in May, the spring plowing had been a good preparation in pedestrianism, but the long furrows, enlivened any by the pipe of a quail or there to Jack Spencer that he would the cry of a catbird, had never brought such weariness as Jerry felt now.

He did not realize he was so tired Tingling with the recollection of until he dropped into a seat in one of

#### The crowds jostled him. He stood as if grown to the spot, until a sharpnosed woman elbowed her way in front of him, to see what interested him. She looked inquisitively from THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNthe picture to the weather-beaten face above her, and passed on, none the wiser. There was little likeness be

Her penetrating glances aroused him. He came to himself with a start, looked hastily around, and they

set out from the building, heedless of direction. A keen, raw wind struck him as he strode along the lake shore. He shivered and turned up his coat collar.

A drizzling mist of rain began te fall. People going by with their um brellas up looked at him curiously w he plodded along with his own nm brella under his arm.

Soon a heavy dash of rain aroused him to the necessity of finding imme diate shelter. A group of State buildings was just ahead. Glancing up he saw the name of his native State on one, and hurried in.

A great log heap blazed and crackled in the huge fireplace, filling the room with a glowing comfort that warmed him, soul and body. He drew a chair close up to it, and spread his chilly fingers to the flames.

The sticks against the forelogy burnt to embers, and fell into the ashes. The crane seemed to swing backward like a great finger, pointing to the past, as he sat and stared inte the fire

People passing through the room saw only a rough old farmer, hi clumsy boots stretched out on the hearth. They usver dreamed of the scenes that passed before him in the fire. There were glimpses of snow covered pine woods, of sparkling trout-streams gurgling in the June sunshine, of long stretches of leve son-sands where the tide crawled in.

The old homesickness waked again What had they thought of him through all these silent years? He wondered how they would receive his long-de layed spology. He must write as soon as he got back to the hotel.

The rain had stopped. He stood up and shook himself, then went cutdoori again, pulling his beard meditatively. as he wallked toward the gate.

seemed a week since he had entered it. Outside, while he waited for a car, he kept poking the end of his um brella savagely into a crack in the pavement. As he swung himself to the platform of a passing car, he turned back for another look at the domes and towers inside the gate.

It was his last look. He had seen enough. He was going back to Uncle Caleb and Aunt Lucy. - Youth's Com panion.

# The Princess and the Shoemaker.

Some time ago there were stories around that Princess Maud, daughter of the Prince of Wales, was not as robust as she might be. In feat it was hinted that she inherited a good deal of the trouble which eventually cul minated in the death of her uncle, the late Duke of Albany. Some color was Princess Maud was permitted to ac cept invitations without her sisters of

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Spiritual Conflicts of Life"

TEXT: "And Jacob was left alone, and Mere wrestled a man with him until the break-ing of the day. And when he saw that he pre-vailed not against him he touched the hollow

of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh ras out of joint as he screetled with him. And he said, let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."-Genesis xxxli., 24-25.

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cat-ile and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there s no rest for the weary man, no shining lad-der to let the angels down into his dream, but der to let the angels down into his dream, on a flerce combat, that lasts until the morning. with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to rweal hissuperior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps Jacob's thigh bone iffe. As on the morning maining him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen sky the clusters of purple with whom he has Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his broth-et's coadjutors. "Let me go," eries the angel lifting himself up into increasing light "The day broaketh."

"The day breaketh?" You see, in the first place, that God allows rood people sometimes to got into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremenduous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit: for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and wile for lobs the Basid exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, a shipwreek; for John, desolate for Paul, a shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty;for Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting eruelty for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wes-ley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffet-ing of the Montreal populace; for John Brown of Edinburg, the pistol shot of Lord Claver-house; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimate the Montreal for the scaffold; for house; for Hugh McKail, 'the scallold, for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross, For whom the rocks, the globets, the guillotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daught-ers of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world " against you." "I

I will go further and say that every Chris-tian has his struggle. This man had his com-bat in Wall street, this one on Broad street, this one on Fulton street, this one on Chestout street, this one on State street, this one on Lombard street, this one on the bourse, With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted Red. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, my up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, my family, of my children, and of my God, I must stop this." And, behold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized up-on him and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myr-midons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips and elinched their flats and eried, with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me." 'God help me

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fail back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed they were getting the upper hand of their habit but that habit railed area in ir habit, but that habit railied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurl it into utter darkness. First I saw the auctioncer's mailet fall on the pic-First I tures and musical instruments and rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams and Christian households are silent with slumber angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that fol-lowed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position, he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction, he fell from the house of God, at whose alters he had been consecrated. he fell forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help when they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and deflant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and, at last in the moonlight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant reli and the triumpant wrestler broke the dark-ness with the ery: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is a widow's heart that first was desoluted by hereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that come in the sup-

courging, imprisonment and ship have made Paul what he was, When David was iteeing through

ness pursued by his own son, he prepared to become the sweet sing The pit and the dungson were the at which Joseph ever graduated, cane that upset the tent and killed J ren prepared the man of Uz to write nificent poem that astounded the age is no way to get the wheat out of i but to thrash it. There is no way the gold but to burn it. Look at i who have had their own way. proud, discontented, uselessiend uni you want to find cheerful folks. those who have been purified byth ter Rossini had rendered "William five hundredth time a company of a ed him. They put upon his brow crown of hurel leaves. But amid applause and enthusingen Rossini to friend and said. 'I would give all this scene for a few days of youth an Contrast the melancholy feeling of

who had everything this world could to the joyful experience of Isaac W misfortunes were innumerable, when

The hill of Zion yields A thousand succed awards one we reach the heavenly no Or walk the golden streets

Then let our songs about 4

And every tear be dry are marching through Immanue To fairer worlds on high It is prosperity that kills and troub saves. While the Israelites were on the amid great privations and hardships, t haved well. After awhile they prays meat, and the sky darkened with a great of quaits, and these quaits fell in large titudes all about them, and the Israein and ate and stuffed themsolves untidied. Oh, my friends, it is not hards rial or starvation that injures the abundant supply. It is not the vul-trouble that eats up the Christian's at the quails, it is the quails! You will out that your midnight wrestle by th Jabbok is with the angel of God, com to bless and save. • Learn again that while wrestling with:

may be triumphant we must expect the will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prewill leave its mark upon us. Incode pre-as-but the angel touched him, and his the bone sprang from its socket, and the sy-man went limping on his way. We m carry through this world the mark of these bat. What whitened your hair before it -time for frost? What silenced forever much of the hilarity of your household; it is because the angel of trouble bath to ed you that you golimping on your way, need not be surprised that those who passed through the fire do not feel as ga once did!

Do not be out of patience with these we come not out of their despondency. They a triumph over their loss, and yet their a shall tell you that they have been troub touched. Are we stokes that we can, unmoed, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes Such as a second characteristic of the oright eyesis sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and a our gardens of earthly delight uproved will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry so us if we pour our tears into the graves the open to swallow down what we love bes Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our b loved dead to may how how a state. weep. Our tears must come. You shall a drive them back to scald the heart. To fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones has died because they could not weep. That God for the sweet, the mysterious reli-that comes to us in tears! Under the that comes to us in tears! Under in gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth the bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parchs all consuming grief that wrings its hands as grinds its teeth and bites its nails unto the quickbut cannot weep? We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after short that in the dark night and by the brook Jab

bok we were trouble touched. Again, we may take the idea of the ta Again, we may take the idea of the tar and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the more-ing than was Jacob after that night of strug-gle. It is appropriate for phile hropists and Christians to cry-out with tans. The the text: "The day breaketh." The work prospects are brightening. The church Christ is rising up in its strength to go for "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and term ble as an army of baimors." Clap your hands, all ye meonle the day

Clap your hands, all ye people the d breaketh. The bigotries of the earth i perishing. The time was when we were to that if we wanted to go to heaven we mi be immersed or sprinkled, or we must bel in the perseverance of the saints, or in fal ing away from grace, or a liturgy or liturgy, or they must be Calvinists liturgy. Arminians in order to reach heaven. have all come to confess now that these nonessentials in religion. During my vacation one summer I was it a Presbyterian audience, and it was Sacra mental day, and with greatful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church and sat a love feast. On the following Sabbath I wa in an Episcopal church and kneit at the alte and received the consecrated bread. I d not know which services I enjoyed the mos "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh." As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostili-ties. You shall not go away saddened and broken-hearted, God will lift your burden, God broken-hearted, God will fift your burden, Gol will bring your dead to life. God will stand-the heart's bleeding. I know He will, Like as a father pittes his children, so the Lord pittes you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open The day breaketh. Luther and Meianchthon were talking to gether gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliver ance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon: "Come, Phillip, let us sing the forty-sixth paim of David, 'God is on refuge and strength, a very pleasant help it trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though trouble. trouble. Increases will not we lear, mough the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof rear and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling there-Selah. Death to many, may to all, is a struggle and wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall ever again see its blossoming spring, its fall ing fruits, its sparkling springs, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle but God will not leave us unblossed. It shal not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out thesun. or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the eries of orphanage and widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cause; the hour of death's night will pass along -1 o'clock in the morn-ing: 2 o'clock in the morning; 4 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh. the morning. The day breaketh. So I would have it when I die. I am in no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settied. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In the last wreatle, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Josus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hand stretched out to draw me forward. Then, oh, Jesus, heip me on and heip me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindrad and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming, "Let me go; let me go. The day breaketh!"

He shan't sit up and contradict me at my own table !" Caleb declared. "I'll thrash him first! He's got to show me proper respect. He needn't think because I've given him advantages that i couldn't have myself, that he knows it all, and I don't know anything !!

"Now, Caleb, what's the use? It's only Jerry's way," said Mrs. Speed. soothingly.

"Dear me!" she sighed, as Caleb went to his work. "It's a pity they can't get along as they used to. Caleb's so touchy he can't stand anything. I must tell Jerry to be more careful.

But when Jerry came in to supper and began ms lively joking, she for got the little lecture she had planned.

The Spencers are going to move West next week, remarked Mr. Speed. "Land's cheap, and I guess they need more elbow-room for such a big family. Greenville is a mighty thriving place, they say.

You mean Grandville, don't you, uncle?" suggested Jerry.

"I generally say what I mean, young man !" was the curt reply.

"Well, it's Grandville, anyway, persisted Jerry, feeling in his pockets, "Jack Spencer is out there now. got a letter from him yesterday begging me to go out there to him. Oh. here it is ! Look at the postmark. It is Grandville! I knew I was right about it.

Nettled by the tone and his own misiake, Mr. Speed took his supper in moody silence. The boy had no idea how his habit had grown, or how sensitive his uncle had become in regard to it. "Why, Aunt Lucy," he insisted, when she remonstrated with him. "I never contradict people unless I know positively that they are wrong!

"Maybe," she answered. "But what real difference does it make whether the weasels killed five chickens or six, or that it was the black pig and not the spotted one that rooted up the garden? Those are such little things to bicker about, just for the 80 l'

"Look here, boy, I've got an idee ! The picture business is dull this morn-Sha'nt cost you a cent, either. I get | tasted 1

It was the first time Jerry had spoken since he entered the grounds. The man made no reply.

He studied the fellow keenly a mofell into his hand. It was a gold-piece. ment, and then turned to the crowds, surging along the banks in every dias he sat dropping it from one hand rection. Not a soul in all that multi-

A feeling of utter loneliness crept over him, and when the boat landed he was saying to himself that he would give the finest colt in his pastures for

A few steps farther, and he saw one It was in the Governmen! building, where an amused crowd were exclaiming over the Dead Letter Exhibit. Jerry edged along in front of the case, wondering at the variety of shipwrecked cargoes that had drifted into this Government haven.

A vague pity stirred in him for all of the dead letter office-rings that had never found the fingers they were to have clasped, gifts that might have unlocked long silences, tokens of friendship that were never received. never acknowledged-all caught in this snarled web that no human skill could possibly unravel.

Then he saw the familiar face. old daguerreotype, till his heart began to beat so hard that he glanced guiltily around, to see if any one else hearlit. The blood rushed to his

It was that picture of himself, taken only picture he had ever had taken in his life.

He chuckled as he recalled the anxious oiling he had given the curly hair to make it lie flat, the harrowing hesitation over his necktie, the borrowing vest. How quaint and old-fashioned

He passed his hand over his grizzled beard with a sigh, for the smooth, boyish face was not all he saw. It brought back the whole faded past so overwhelmingly that for awhile he torgot where he was.

Thirty-three years since he had dropped that little package in the office ! He did not question why the letter had gone astray. He had lost bility. He had probably mailed it Writing apologies was not such easy with only half the address, perhaps

Now he was a boy again, back in Maine. Aunt Lucy's knitting needles clicked in the firelight. Uncle Caleb was making him a sled. How warm ing. Go up and get yours took. You and comfortable the kitchen felt, and satisfaction of saying, 'I told you can send it along for a Christmas gift, how good Aunt Lucy's doughauts

mother at seaside houses of certain members of the nobility.

Medical specialists from Germany have also at times been summoned to attend upon her Royal Highness, and for one season since her debut she did not appear at any of the great Court functions. During her visits at some of the seaside country houses the Princess has more than once been discovered in the act of taking a walk by herself in the neighboring town. On one occasion, at Bournemonth, she went into a shoe store and purchased a pair of rubbers, or, as the English call them, "goloshes," The store keeper was a little abrupt, and as the rubbers wère inexpensive, he declined to send them home.

The Princess accordingly carried the parcel herself, but within a few minutes she was met by one of her suite in search of her, and the dismay of the churlish tradesman when he heard who his customer had been can well be imagined. He Aad, however, the cool impertinence to place the royal arms with the crest of the Prince of Wales's feathers above the shop window, and inscribed in large letters on the plate glass, "Patronized by her Royal Highness, the Princess Mand." This so disgusted her little Highness that she had a special injunction served on the man, which resulted it his taking the arms, etc., down.-New York Mail and Express.

# The French Navy.

The French Navy, while it does not embrace as many vessels as the navy of Great Britain, is stronger in men. The British Navy includes eighty two armored ships, as against fifty-eight for France, and 137 un armored ships, as against sixty-five for France. It is also stronger in gunboats, but the French Navy has more torpedo boats. The total active list in officers and men is : Great Britain, 63,452 ; France, 76,220. Additional to this are the Naval Reserves, aggregating 76,700 for Great Britain, as against 94,176 for France. - New York Sun.

queer and quaint. He is now studying pian to produce a book divisible in the middle, like the old-fashioned hymn books, which had the words on the top page and the music on the bottom. Kiplings idea is to have three separate stories in the one book. The top page will complete one, the bottom page another, and the two together the third story. While they will, of course, bear a resemblance to each other, the plots will be entirely different, one from the other. - New York Mail and Express.

port of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, lighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is most affaeting. It was a humble home, and passersby knew not that within those four walls were displays of more admirable than those of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopyle or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death

rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the straight in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul? The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok -- the promise made so long ago ring-ing down the sky. "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and ist thy widow trust in Me.

Some one said to a poor woman,"How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers, said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers, when I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say :"The Lord help me." I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and I again say: "The Lord help me!" And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these "cross prayers" I have been able to

keep up my courage," Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are supprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dis-patched messenger to promise prosperity for him and his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own bless-

ing. If you are a Christian man, I will g back in your history and find that the grand-est things that have ever happened you have been your trials. Nothing short

Over 50,000,000 people speak French.

Chicago has 394 churches and 1,098 secret society lodges.

A Queer and Quaint Book. Rudyard Kipling is still seeking the