

**IN CHURCH.**  
Fast in front of my pew sits a maiden—  
A little brown wing in her hat  
With its touches of tropical azure  
And sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-covered pane shines a glory  
By which the vast shadows are stirred;  
But I pine for the spirit and splendor  
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem,  
With the soul of a song it is blent;  
But for me, I am sick for the singing  
Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle—  
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground"—  
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet  
Is mocking the merciful sound.

Close and sweet is the breath of the lilies  
Asleep on the altar of prayer;  
But my soul is a throb for the fragrance  
Far out in the beautiful air.

And I wonder if ever or never,  
With white wings so weary and furled,  
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity  
Abroad at the heart of the world.

—Chicago News.

**GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.**

**W**AS coming up the street to-day, hurrying home to dinner, when a brass band struck up "My Grandfather's Clock." I was in haste, but I stopped to hear it not because particularly of the music, but because there came before my mental vision a most distinct memory of a childish adventure of my own, connected with my grandfather's clock. In recalling it, I am well aware that much of the story must have been told me by older people, but my own share will never leave my memory.

I was six years old when my father died, and my grandfather offered a home to my widowed mother and myself. I know now that poverty alone would not have driven my mother to accept this offer, but she knew that she had an incurable internal disease that might spare her life for years, but would make it difficult for her to earn a living. She could take charge of the household, but her housekeeping, but was often compelled to remain for several days together in her own room.

To say that my grandfather was an ill-tempered tyrant gives but a faint idea of his utterly unreasonable demands and love of power. Sometimes he would speak to any member of the household for a week; he would refuse to come to the table when meals were served, and give way to furious rage when, two hours later, the food was set before him utterly ruined by the delay. Only the extreme gentleness of my mother's disposition made her life endurable, and she was happy only when alone with me, directing my childish studies, teaching me to sew and knit, and allowing me to help her when she was able to make delicacies for the table.

Our sitting-room was on the first floor, and was a combination of study, library, sewing-room, and school-room, for, in the cold weather it was the only place in the house, excepting the kitchen, where we were allowed to have a fire. The dining-room between sitting-room and kitchen shared the warmth of each. In one corner of this sitting-room, where every article was of the fashion of a century before, was the clock that governed the household movements. It was ten feet high, and four wide, with a mahogany case, and two partitions, the sides where the weights hung. The pendulum swung by itself in the central division, and above was the big white face with the dial. There was no mechanism about it, excepting the clock-work to record the time and strike the hour, but it was a reliable time-keeper and the especial object of pride to my grandfather.

I think my childish awe of the clock was so great that I should have expected to be hanged or otherwise put to death if I touched it. Every Saturday night my mother held the candle while my grandfather wound it up, and I stood and watched the two heavy weights slowly rise from the floor to the top, making a sound in a few moments that it would take them a whole week to re-travel. My grandfather always spoke of it as a precious legacy that would one day be mine, thereby filling me with horror, as if he were going to leave me a skull or a skeleton. I was a timid child, and my greatest terror was that clock.

The whirr of its wheels before striking the slow, loud strokes, the solemn tick, all inspired me with a fright as great as it was entirely unreasonable. Our household consisted of two women servants and one man, besides the family, and our days were passed in a dreary monotony. My grandfather was proprietor of a large calico factory, that was managed entirely by a trusted clerk, excepting the payment of the hands. Every Friday he went to Stockton, the nearest town, to draw from a bank the money for this purpose, and every Saturday afternoon he drove to the factory and paid the wages for the week. It was a custom of such long standing that no one associated any idea of danger with it and no sickness or weather had ever, to my knowledge, prevented the weekly journey.

I must explain here my own state of mind when I had been three years with my grandfather. I feared him with the most intense fear, having felt the weight of his heavy hand for every trifling offense that came to his knowledge. I hated him only as a child can hate, having no active sense of the duty of suppressing that emotion. I hated him for always speaking unkindly to my mother, for his mean, saving spirit, that kept us all half clothed and half starved, when I knew he was a rich man. I hated him for denying me every childish pleasure, and trying to make my mother bring me up by his own iron rules. And with this hatred was his knowledge that when he died I would have all his money. He had a superstitious horror of making a will, believing it would be followed by his death, and I was his only heir-at-law. He made no secret of this himself, but delighted to taunt me with his own robust health and my sickly weakness, and tell me I would never live to spend his money, much as I might desire it.

He had been particularly savage on that point one Friday evening in December, when he had returned from Stockton to find me lying on a sofa with nervous headache. He shook the tin box in which he had his money in my face, and told me that I would never spend it, as his life was worth ten of mine.

"Lying there with your party, white face! He growled, "and eyes like gooseberries. A nice substitute you are for my son! You are not worth your funeral expenses!"

Something had made him more ill-tempered than usual even, and he kept up a running fire all the evening of trying speeches, scolding my mother for waste and extravagance, threatening to cut down the meager bookkeeping allowance, still loudly swearing at me for a wretched, sickly mite, not worth my

salt. It was a miserable three hours, and at 10 o'clock, when he went to bed, mother and I cuddled into each other's arms and had a good cry.

It was a bitter cold night, and I was curled up in a nest of shawls in a warm room, and gave a little shudder at the prospect of the icy-cold chamber and sheets above us. Mother noticed it.

"Suppose you stay here," she said. "I will come down in the morning before your grandfather is awake and call you; and you are so comfortable you will soon fall asleep."

Stay there! Stay alone, with that horrible clock in the room, all night! I, who had never slept alone in all my life! And yet, it was so cold up stairs, and my nest so deliciously comfortable. The physical sense conquered, and I saw my mother depart with the candle, for we dared not have a light left burning. I tried to sleep in vain. The clock ticked as if every stroke was made with a hammer on my brain; the darkness was intense, and suddenly I heard stealthy steps in the hall. The climax was too much for my strained nerves, and I sprang to the door of the dining-room, forgetting that it was always locked at night, and the key in my grandfather's room. No chance of a stolen crust in that house.

A hand on the hall door drove me nearly frantic, and with the instinct of concealment only, I opened the clock-case and curled down on the floor, holding the pendulum fast in my shaking hands. The door opened, and the steps came into the room. Darkness all around us, and my terror of burglars almost an insanity, my situation may be imagined. "He's not asleep yet," a voice said, and I knew the speaker was our man-servant Robert. "He always sits up 'till Friday night to count the money 'n' sort out it."

"Sure he's got it?" said a strange voice.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. Don't I drive him over every Friday of his blessed life to draw it out of 'n' bank?"

"We can get it now, then. If we knock him on the head, there's only a lot of women in the house."

"No," said Robert. "We'll get the money, but I'm not hankerin' for a rope round my throat yet. We'll wait a while."

"Let's go outside and see if the light is burning in his room yet."

Creeping softly, slowly they crossed the hall to the kitchen, and I lay almost unconscious, too much terrified to move. It was some minutes later when a light came across the room, striking the grandfather's clock-face, and I heard my grandfather say:

"H'm! I was mistaken! I thought only one of 'em went to bed. That hat he 'coddled to death! Sleeping down here next!"

He peered about awhile, stirred up the shawls on the sofa, and went off, having passed the entire time in muttering abuse of my mother and myself.

"Let them steal his money!" I thought in guilty delight. "Let them knock him on the head. Serves him right!"

Then in the darkness I seemed to see him with a great gaping wound in his gray hair and the blood streaming down his face. Would I be hung, too, if the men killed him? I would have all his money!

It was terrible—was it not? For a child to hesitate, but I did; and when I crept out of the clock-case and went softly up the stairs, I lingered, half-resolved to go to my mother and let the robbers do their worst.

My timid knock was answered by a snuffling permission to enter. Before the torrent of abuse I saw preparing was uttered, I said:

"Grandfather, Robert and another man are down stairs, waiting for you to go to sleep to steal your money and kill you!"

A grim look came into his face.

"That's a nice lie!" he said.

"It is true!" I cried. "I went into the sitting-room, and I was getting warm. They did not see me, and they said they would wait till you were asleep, because Robert don't want to kill you."

"Highly considerate of Robert?"

"You don't believe me," I said, "but it is true. They are watching your window now, to come in when your light is out."

"Do believe you. Will you help me to save my life and my money?"

"Yes," I answered, afraid to refuse.

"They cannot jump from those windows, and there is only one door. I'm going for the police, to Stockton. I can slip down to the barn and saddle Jupiter while they are at the front watching my light. Will you stand close to the door, and as they creep in, will you shut it on them and lock it. Wait until you hear me bark like a dog, then blow out the candle, stand close to the door and trap them. Can I trust you?"

"Yes! I will do it!"

Cold as ice, my heart beating like a hammer, I saw my grandfather wrap up for his cold ride, take the cash box out of the room, and go softly down the stairs. In one hand he held a pistol.

"In case I meet them," he said.

But he did not. I could hear his stealthy step across the hall, creep through the kitchen, and after a time that seemed hours to me, I heard the bars like a dog. I blew out the candle, closed the door. Colder and colder I grew, my heart seemed choking me, my head ached frightfully but I never stirred.

After what seemed hours of time, the creeping steps came up the stairs, and two shadowy forms passed me into the room. I caught at the door, shut it, and turned the key. One shout I heard inside, and then fell in a dead faint in the hall. My grandfather came at last with policemen, and found me on my mother's bed, murmuring deliriously, but with the key of the door clasped tightly in my hand.

I was ill for weeks, but came back, not only to health, but to happiness. My grandfather never again spoke harshly to me, but would tell friends and neighbors of his "plucky little girl, who was worth two boys."

He forgave me for stopping his clock for the first time in his memory, and was gradually won to a sort of surly good nature to my mother, and more liberal expenditure in housekeeping. Indeed, I had soon remarked that I "could do anything with the old gentleman," and I was his favorite till he breathed his last in my arms, leaving me his fortune, including his clock.

Chemical Sugar. If not commercial value, attaches to the recent production of chemical sugar in the laboratory of the University of Wurzburg. Glycerine was used as the starting point in the experiments. After decomposition and treatment with various agents, a colorless syrup was obtained, which, unlike saccharine, appears to be a genuine sugar, acting in every respect like ordinary natural sugar, except in being incapable of rotating a beam of polarized light. The discoverers, Fischer and Tafel, are now continuing their experiments with a view to giving the optical activity to the new product, which they have named *ascrose*.—Exchange.

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ESTATE OF MARY C. HALLERAN, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. MARY C. HALLERAN, late of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Jacob Rubritz, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate will make known the same without delay to the undersigned, at the office of Jacob Rubritz, Administrator of the estate of Mrs. MARY C. HALLERAN, deceased, July 13, 1889.



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