Pennarby Shaft is dark and deep, remnary Snart is dark and deep, Eight foot broad, eight hundred deep, Rough the bucket and tough the cord, Strong as the arm of Winchman Ford, Never look down: Stick to the line!

That was the saying at Pennarby N Are. A stranger came to Pennarby Shaft: Lord! to see how the miners laughed! White in the collar and stiff in the hat, With his shining boots and his silk cravat, Picking his way

Dainty and fine Stepping on tiptoe to Pennarby Mine

Touring from London—so he said, Was it copper they dug for, or tin, or lead? Where did they find it? How did it come? If he tried with a shovel might he get some? Stooping so much Was bad for the spine;

And wasn't it warmish in Pennarby Mine? "Twas like two worlds that met that day— The world of work and the world of play; And the grimy lads from the reeking shaft Nudged each other, and grinned and chaffed

"Got 'em all out!"

"A cousin of mine!"

So ran the banter at Pennarby Mine. and Carnbrae Bob, the Pennarby wit, Told him the facts about the pit, How they bored the shaft till the brimston

warned them off from tapping—well,
He wouldn't say what,
But they took it as a sign
To dig no deeper in Pennarby Mine.



tennis, moonlight rambles, and best of all, long talks in dark corners where hands were clasped and vows of eternal love were exchanged. And so we lived in elysium; the pleasures of each day marred only by regret that its passage brought the season nearer to its close.

Settember 25th west be deve of his that the true the last social event shows the continued: "I believe too."

all, long talks in dark corners where hands were clasped and vows of eternal love were exchanged. And so we lived in elysium; the pleasures of each day marred only by regret that its passage brought the season nearer to its close. September 25th was the day set by the Fentons for their departure. I had to stay longer because my mother, supreme in her ownership of the pocket-book, so wished. Shall I ever forget the day? The train left in the early forenoon, and with it went the sunshine of my life, leaving me inconsolable. My only comfort was in writing letters. This I did at the rate of five a day for one week; but as Margie wrote only seven in that time, I, fearing that I would annoy her, dropped to the same number. We kept it up for two months. Then she began to skip a day now and then, and so did I. After a little her ardor was represented by only two letters a week; mine by the same number. This rate was continued for about six months, when all of a sudden she

stopped entirely, and I did likewise. Thus ended the same old story.

However, her eyes, her lips and her figure had remained fresh in my memory. Glancing once more at her across the way I felt almost certain that she was Margie Fenton. There was a slight change in her figure, to be sure. She had grown more plump, as healthy girls are apt to do as the years go on; her hair, too, was probably a degree lighter, but that often happens with the druggist's aid. But the nose, the eyes, the mouth, I could not be mistaken in them. "Yet, if it is she why doesn't she recognize me?" I asked myself. "Sprake as h. It is she why doesn't she recognize me?" I asked myself. "Sprake as h. It is her will one day recognize a body of the world men of science will one day recognize a body of the world men of the world

the second glance I thought I detected something familiar about her. Where had I seen her? The third glance solved the question.

Five years ago, when twenty-one, I spent the summer at Richfield, and there met Margie Fenton. Margie was fair, with langhing eyes, cherry lips, and a figure of willowy grace. Margie. too, was rich—or, at least, her father was. Can you blame me for falling in love with her?

Ah, what a summer we spent! Rides, drives, dances, dinners, luncheons, tennis, moonlight rambles, and best of all, long talks in dark corners where "The transport of the little silver plate on her pland-bag she reached for it and placed it plate downward in her lap. Her object was so apparent that it embar rassed us both very much, but being a man I recovered more quickly than she, and set a trap.

"You snatched that satchel as though I were a thief, Miss—Miss—" She took the bait. "Not Miss at all, "she replied, "but Mrs.—Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix."

Tommy Trenton Trix."

In the folk songs of the different Nations of the world men of science will one day recognize a body of evidence of great value in the study of popular origins, racial relations, primitive modes of thought, ancient eyes, the mouth, I could not be mistaken in them. "Yet, if it is she why doesn't she recognize me?" I asked myself. "Surely she doesn't blame me for breaking our summer engagement?" She evidently did, however, for she never looked up from the book she held before her, though she knew that I was intently watching her. But this knowledge apparently caused her no annoyance, for her face wore a roguish smile, which could not have been provoked by the contents of her novel, since she was professing to read "Jess," and was looking at the pages near its painfully sad end. So I came to the conclusion that she was Margie, quite willing to renew acquaintance, but wanting for me to make the advance. This I was ready to do, for the sight of her dear face aroused all my old affection, and renewed the bonds which I were with such pleasure in the days gone by.

While I sat trying to muster upcourage to address her, and just about As the term implies, the folk song is

and Carmiers Bob, the Pennashy with Took him the state about the pit. How and the soft frost upting—wall.

The was belief the what with the belindon. The state of the was position of the beautiful the was position of the beautiful the was position of the was position of which he was position of the was position of which he was position of the was position of which he was position of the was position of

"If it had not been for the leniency nown by you to me on a certain occa-on I would not be here to-day."

"How is that?" inquired Cogswell.
"Do you remember one evening that your regiment was scouring about Atlanta and captured a fellow who was wandering about that country? The girgumstances of the contract and captured as the country. circumstances of the capture made the prisoner liable to trial as a spy. I was the prisoner. I had a farm about there and was looking to get home for a glimpse at my people. You were good enough to decide that I was not liable

HE HAD THEM SINGING.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE TALKS OF Old - Fashioned Hymns and Helpful Churches. Sunday Should Be in Harness With the Other Six Days.

TEXT: "Send thee help from the sancharry,"—Palms xx., 2.

If you should ask fifty men what the churc't is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others," Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine dispositions devour each other," Another, "If is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant," Another, "It is an arranal where theologians go to get piles and muskets and shot," Another, "It is an arranal where men go to admire grand arches and exquisity freeso, and musked warble and the Dartesque in gloomy imagery," Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget here cunning, wy friends whateven the abuve is a facility.

would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." If I forget thee, O Jerusalem let my right hand forget her couning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be—i great, practical, homely, omnipotest help, "Send thee help from the sanctuary." Thi pew ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of everyday life. The Sabbath ought to be harmossed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightly affecting all the homes of the worshipers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated.

By the time the Sibbath comes he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headenby from the week's engagements. Perhaps in wishes he had tarried at home on the loung with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and graedously diverted. The first wave of the religioniservice ought to dash clear over the hurricane deets and leave him dripping with holy and gind heavenly enotion. "Sent hee last more men. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered: "I must sing. I am only practiciny for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a religious for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a religious for the heavenly choir. "Music on earth is a religious for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a religious for the heavenly choir. "Music on earth is a religious for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a religious ought to set all the week to music. He am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artis

music.

Now I am no worshiper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would, with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice, sing the songs of Zion this part of seared worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where provent that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississipp of congregational singing and let a few drops of melody tricile through the dam. I say, take away the dam and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as an entertainment, of music as a restaining of music as an entertainment, of music as a restaining of music as and new nymas every Sunday make poor congregational singing. Firity hymas are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year and century after century. For that reason they have hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper and Charles Wesley and I saac Watts.

Suppose now each person in this audience has brought all the annoyances of the last 365 days. Fill this room to the celling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the last 365 days. Fill this room to the celling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the last 365 days. Fill this room to the celling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the last 365 days. Fill this room to the celling with sacred song, and you would drown them out forcest. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice fall

utan swinging across heaven from eternity of eternity.

Let those refuse to sing the work of the control of the heaven's kind and the control of the heaven's kind and the control of the heaven's kind of the control of the heaven's kind of the control of the con

ches than are very people.

ou know that much of the work is y the young? Hapbael died at thirty-Behard III at thirty-three, Guskavus uss died at thirty-sight! Innocent III, to his mightiest influence at thirty-Cortex conquered Mexico at thirty-

Don Juan won Lepanto at twenty-four, and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore, and I have not come the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore, and the severest battles and our exhaustion in prayer of sermons and our exhaustion in prayer of sermons and our exhaustion in prayer of severe methods of the severe hard severe the severe that the s

tical sympathy and the eternal heap of the people.

But while half of the doors of the church are to be set open toward this world the other half of the doors of the church must be set open toward the next. You and I tarry here only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go graning out cf life, some go curaing out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tunult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and shiyering when we go away from this world. We want to have the exhibitants of a description.

stricts. We want to have the exhilaration of a dyng child in England, the father telling me he story. When he said to her, "Is the path larrow?" She answered: "The path is narrow. It is so narrow that I cannot walk arm arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead and the stys, 'Mary, follow,'" Through these shurch gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came o churen. The earthly pilgrimage ended at he pillar of public worship, and then they narched out to a bigger and brighter assemiligae. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two cratches.

narched out to a bigger and brighter assemlage. Some of them were so old they could
of walk without a cane or two cratches.
flow they, have eternal juvenescence. Or
ney were so young they could not walk exepor as the maternal hand guided them. Now
ney bound with the hilarities celestial.

The last time we saw them they were
asted with malarial or pulmonic disorder,
ut now they have no fatigue and no diffinity of respiration in the pure air of heaven.
low I wonder when you and I will cross
yer! Some of you have had about enough
the the thumping and falling of this life. A
raft from the fountains of heaven would do
out good. Complete release, you could
not good. Complete release, you could
de and had permission to come back, you
could not be come. If you got on the other
than the come of the your release of writetoo would say, "No, le me turry here until
hey come. I shall not risk going back. It
man reacties heaven, he had better stay
here."

Oh. I fold hands with you this morning in

here."
Oh. I join hands with you this morning in hat up!nted splendor!

that uplitted spiendor!

When the shore is won at leat,
Who with count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the
trunk of a free 400 years old. That free was
panted to commemorate an event. About
ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered
the Burgundians, and a young man wanted
to take the tidings to the city. He took a free
branch and ran with such speed the ten miles
that when be reached the city waving the
tree branch he had only strength to cry "Victory!" and topped dead. The tree branch
that he carried was planted, and it grew to

nd the remains of it are there to this day."

My hearer, when you have fought your last attle with sin and death and hell, and they are been routed in the conflict, it will be a oy worthy of celebration. You will fly to be city and cry "Victory!" and drop at the set of the Great King. Then the palm ranch of the earthly race will be planted, to ecome the outreaching tree of everlasting eioleing.

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls And pea ly gates behold; Thy bulwarks with savation strong And streets of shining gold?

AN ANIMAL'S EDUCATION.

HOW FOUR-FOOTED CIRCUS PER-FORMERS ARE TAUGHT TRICKS.

A Ring Master Describes the Way in Which Horses, Elephants, Dogs and Pigs are Trained.

DEOPLE who go to circuses and and see horses clock EOPLE who go to circuses and and see horses, elephants and dogs perform wonderful tricks must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A leading ring master supplies interesting information concerning horses. "The horse," he says, "contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. Having forced tricks into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists, and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from five to seven years old. Before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough. elastic enough.

"The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse. In his right hand he holds the long whip. Behind the animal an assistant with a stout, short whip is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and pulling his tether and smacking his long whip forces him to gallop round. If he refuses the assistant uses his whip also. If he is obedient he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short the trainer cracks his long whip fine tracks his long whip again, while the assistant with his short whip throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained.

"The horse has a great objection to be soon to the animal, and the result is obtained. "The first thing to do is to accus-

"The horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any mo-ment. This feat is taught by means ment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving, makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot ultimately need on the matthe. lessons, and, by dint of wind and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets."

With respect to dogs, a celebrated trainer, who is now exhibiting a troupe of them, says their education is a work of time and patience. Sometimes it takes two years. "I use neither sugar nor whip," he informs us. "I take my dog in my hands, talk to him and try to make him under stand what he is to do. I perform the tricks myself, and the dogs follow and imitate me." At present he is showing a carriage dog which performs on the single wire. "I will tell you how I taught him to become an equilibrist. I made him first of all walk on a plank which was brained to and fro. The plank was gradually reduced in width every day and the movement accelerated. At length the plank dwindled down to a harrow slip; this was returned to an arrow slip; this was returned to an arrow slip; this was returned to an arrow slip; this was returned. erated. At length the plank dwindled down to a narrow slip; this was replaced by a long, round stick, and ultimately the dog found himself on the single wire." Strange to say this dog is blind. Seent is the great quality which enables dogs to perform some tricks. For example, the poodles are taught by their scent. The trainer touches the dominoes which the dog has to play, and the animal, smelling them, picks them out from the ress and plays them.

and plays them.

The pig is said to be the most difficult animal to train. A clown who exhibits a troupe of performing porkers does not believe in learned pigs. They are to be taught only by their weak point, their gluttony. "When I have got my young pig," he says, "I begin on the principle that I shall obtain nothing from him without satisfying his appetite. I feed him myself, and during a few days I vary his food in order to find out what he likes best. As soon as I have discovered his favorité. As soon as I have discovered his favorite As soon as I have discovered his favorite dish I deprive him of it completely. This dish is my great talisman. The chief pig I am now performing with prefers beef fat. I put a piece in my pocket. I jump over hurdles and the pig follows me, doing likewise, in this way he learns his exercise and gets his fat. I decrease the piece of fat every day and at last I give him nothing. Should he refuse to work I thrash him till he does, and having completed his till he does, and having completed his performance I recompense him with his favorite meal."

The elephant, on the contrary, is extremely intelligent, and his education would be easy but for his cumbersome weight, which forces the trainer to have recourse to cruel means. For instance, to make him raise and hold out his foot an iron ring with sharp point is placed on it, and being drawn by a rope the points enter the flesh. The elephant, feeling the pain, lifts up his foot and keeps it in the air till the pair ceases. After a few repetitions he remembers the pain, and at the sight of the iron raises his foot. His instruction, thanks to his intelligence, is soon completed. Some elephants are taught in less than a fortnight to play on a drum, work a tricycle, and beg on their him legs.—New York Advertiser. The elephant, on the contrary, is ex-

One half of the population of Mexico are full-blooded Indians.

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tio ter This Chicago known pated in she ha than to powers China, Nations watche depend of one cupies sition a

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