

FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dandle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write!

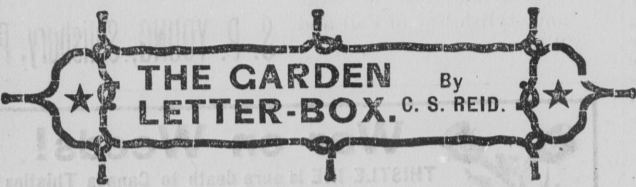
Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beautiful dream—
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before;
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

—Thomas Hood (1798-1845).



HE big, square, weather-worn house looked in its silence and isolation like the relic of a long dead past. Not the abandoned relic, however, for the hand of a painstaking florist and gardener was in evidence in the little yard on which the house fronted.

In spite of the flowers, however, there was such an atmosphere of sacred quiet about the house that except for the presence of a tabby cat on the step, it would have seemed to be uninhabited. But any urchin along the street could have told you who lived there; it was "Miss Phoebe" while the question, "How long has she lived there?" would invariably have brought the answer, "She's always lived there."

Just across the road from Miss Phoebe's residence stood a plain, grim, old two-story building, whose front doorstep abutted on the pavement. As of the other house across the way, any one in the neighborhood could have told you who the occupant was, and of him, too, would have said that he had always lived there.

Certainly every morning for more than twenty-five years Mr. Lorton had been seen to issue from his front door punctually at 7 o'clock, in order to ride to the station in the old "bus" which passed at that hour. And from her window Miss Phoebe had watched his departure each morning, and noted his return at evening, by the faint glow of a light through the chinks of the ever-closed blinds.

Thus had passed twenty-five years, when one morning there occurred an unprecedented break in the chain forged by long habit; the old "bus" passed down on its 7 o'clock trip, and Mr. Lorton failed to make his appearance. Naturally, Miss Phoebe was moved from her wonted placidity, as one planet in a system is disturbed by the least erratic movement of another in its orbit.

All through the long hours of the morning she watched the door of the house across the street for the appearance of its owner, but at last she was forced to conclude that some important engagement must have called him forth before the fixed hour of his rising.

Late in the afternoon she went about the garden attending the flowers with her usual care. There was a small square hole in the side of one of the gateposts, where a pair of the prettiest of the blue-coated songsters had nested every year, feeling secure from molestation under Miss Phoebe's kindly protection.

From time to time Miss Phoebe glanced at the closed house over the way. It was silent and still. It was not yet time for the return of Mr. Lorton, if he had gone away that morning.

While Miss Phoebe was leaning against the little gate, her spirit drifting with the gentle current of happy memories, she was suddenly startled from her dreamland voyage by a strange noise in the post at her side.

Quickly she glanced around, just in time to see a rat leap from the little square hole in the post, dragging with it to the ground the debris of a bluebird's nest of the season past. The agile rodent scampered away among the ground clinging vines, and Miss Phoebe stooped down to pick up the nest. It seemed the first time that the little square hole had ever been empty; and as she rose she stopped to peer into the long-inhabited shelter of the nesting birds, now cleared of its little specimen of bird architecture. As she glanced into the cavity, her eye caught sight of some white object far back in its depths. After trying in vain to make out what it was, she picked up a little stick, and thrusting it into the hole, encountered—what? It seemed only a piece of waste paper, yet at the sight of it Miss Phoebe straightened up and leaned forward with one elbow placed on top of the old fence post, while her breath came and went in little quick gasps.

With an effort she roused herself, and this time dragged the little paper from the hole. Perhaps the bluebirds had carried it in, and, finding it unavailable for their use, had pushed it to the rear out of their way. At any rate, it had evidently lain there for many years, as the curves of the water marks were brown with age. Half eagerly, half fearfully, she unfolded the little sheet, and, although the twilight was deepening, and Miss Phoebe's eyes were not as strong as they once were, she read on till the last

faded letter was deciphered. Then, without a sound, she sank down and buried her face in her hands.

It was almost dark when Miss Phoebe finally dragged herself from the damp grass and entered the house. Once inside the stately old drawing-room, she drew the folded paper from her bosom, and again read it over, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

She approached an old brown cabinet which stood in a corner of the room, and, taking therefrom a little rosewood casket, laid the scrap of paper within it.

Then she turned out the light and crept to the window, where she sat looking out across the way. Evidently she was still uneasy about her neighbor, for there was no light from his window, nor did one appear while Miss Phoebe watched, although it was late when she retired.

The following morning she again took her place by the window. But the "bus passed and Mr. Lorton had not appeared."

"During the day Miss Phoebe called Dinah to her room. "I believe something has happened to Mr. Lorton, or he is ill over there in that house all alone."

"I spec' you said it 'bout right, Miss Phoebe, 'cause I ain' seen 'im to-day, nor yistiddy, neither."

"Oh, Dinah, it would be awful if he should die there all alone," and Miss Phoebe turned away her head.

The afternoon wore away. At length the shadows began to grow long and the anxiety of Miss Phoebe's charitable heart overcame her patience.

"Dinah," she said, as she passed through the hall, "I am going to Mr. Lorton's. I feel that it is my duty, for I am sure he must be ill; and think, Dinah, if he should die there with no one—surely the sweet voice trembled—"with no one to hear his last words."

Out in the yard she sought among the late flowers until she found a single white rose ready to scatter its petals. This she plucked; then, passing through the gateway, crossed the street.

The Lorton house was an old-fashioned one, with a street door at the end of an open entrance. Through this doorway Miss Phoebe entered and advanced along the passage, made dark and gloomy by the dense, untrimmed growth of shrubbery in the little side yard.

Approaching the door of what was probably Mr. Lorton's sleeping room, she tapped gently upon the panel.

After a moment a weak voice from within said, "Come in."

Miss Phoebe hesitated a moment, while she felt the blood rush to her temples; then she firmly turned the knob and entered.

At the sound of her step the figure turned, revealing the dazed, fever-brightened eyes of Mr. Lorton; then a hand wandered toward a table that stood at the head of the bed, and on which rested a pitcher of water, a goblet—and, yes, Miss Phoebe drew a long breath as she saw that the hand was reaching for a little box in which lay the long-seeded petals of a once red rose.

With a swift impulse Miss Phoebe placed the white rose over the withered petals of the red one. Then laying her cool hand on the hot fingers of the sick man, she said gently: "You are ill. Why didn't you send for some one—for me?"

The eyes of the sick man met hers with a half-dazed expression. Then he turned to the wall.

"I know you," he muttered. "You seem real, but you're not—you with your white rose—"

"Listen," she said. "I'm going to send for a doctor now—at once—and then I will come back and take care of you."

Again the fevered eyes turned to hers, and again they sought the wall. "No use," murmured the hoarse voice, "no use to live; no future—no one who cares—only red roses—red roses—"

But his visitor, her soft gray eyes misted with tears, was already hurrying across the road; and, although it was dark, Dinah was dispatched at once for a doctor, while Miss Phoebe, hastily gathering from her stores such remedies as she thought might relieve the sick man, hastened back to his bedside.

For more than a fortnight Mr. Lorton lay in the grip of the fever, attend-

ed daily by the physician, and hourly by a gray-haired little woman, who always wore in the folds of her dark gown a single white rose.

Three weeks from the night that his neighbor made her first call he had improved so rapidly that Miss Phoebe ceased from her visits, though each day she sent Dinah with little delicacies and cordial inquiries. Finally, one golden autumn evening, Mr. Lorton took his first walk down the road; an occasion long remembered by the neighbors, who remarked with delight the old kindly smile and his wonted pleasant though short bow of greeting.

Miss Phoebe had no thought of his return until she looked up and saw him passing before the gate. As his eyes met hers she flushed ever so slightly, stammered some little phrase of pleasure for his recovery and then turned toward the house.

"Phoebe," said Mr. Lorton, "Well, John?"

He put out his hand, in which she allowed her own to rest for a moment. "Phoebe, it's twenty-five years since—since we used to stand and talk here together at sunset; but—the little postoffice still open in the old gatepost?"

"It is open now; but, oh, John!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, burying her face in her hands, "I did not get your last letter until the day before I found you ill."

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" cried Mr. Lorton, gently drawing her hands away from her face. The tears stood in her eyes, and John thought then a gentle shower that freshened the springtime beauty of her life.

"Have you got the letter now? Let me see it?"

He drew open the gate, and went inside, while Miss Phoebe took the little scrap of paper from her bosom and gave it to him.

The letter was undated and read: "My Dear Phoebe—You tell me you are going away in the morning to be gone a whole month, a long time that to me will seem a whole year. I feel that I cannot let you go away without some token. I have tried to express, not only in words, but in a thousand other ways, my consuming love for you. Now, O Phoebe, blessed agony of my dreams! send me a simple token before you go. Will you be my wife? May I hope? If I may, then send me a pure white rose; if I must no longer hope, then send me the blood-red rose, that I may see in it my own poor bleeding heart. Your ever devoted

"JOHN."

Mr. Lorton's hand which held the letter dropped to his knee.

"And, Phoebe, you sent me a red rose that evening."

"Oh, John, how could I know? It was by chance that I sent it as a token of remembrance. Then for some reason we went away that night instead of the next day, so that I never thought to look in the letter box. When I came back a month later the bluebirds had settled there, and it was only by accident that I ever received your letter, twenty-five years after it was written."

Then, in a few broken phrases, she told of how the long concealed bit of paper had been discovered, and of how, on the afternoon she found him ill, she had covered the withered petals of the red rose on his table with a fresh white one.

But before she could finish Mr. Lorton was close at her side, his hand outstretched.

"Phoebe," he said hoarsely, "if—if it was for mere common charity you brought me that rose, then give me—give me now the answer I've missed all these years."

Without a word Miss Phoebe reached out a trembling hand to a nearby rosebush. Plucking the flower slowly, carefully, she held it out—still without a word. Quite as silently the man closed his fingers about that symbolic blossom and about the hand that gave it. And straightway in the face of both there dawned the look of those for whom the world had suddenly turned back through twenty-five years, and for whom the bluebirds sang with all the ecstasy of long past springs.—New York News.

Tobacco Heart.

It is estimated that about twenty per cent. of the young men who recently applied to enter the Naval Academy have failed in the physical test, and the failure was largely due to the use of tobacco, resulting in the irregular beating of the heart. Nowadays physicians speak of the "tobacco heart," a trouble caused by the excessive use of the weed. When the smoker develops into a "cigarette fiend," the services of a physician are necessary, but before this point is reached the heart may be permanently injured. The trouble is often of gradual growth, and it is only when the young man is subjected to a physical examination that the extent of the disorder becomes known.

An observant Englishman, recently on a visit to the United States, said in no country in the world had he seen smoking carried to such excess as in America.—Baltimore Herald.

A Religious Enthusiast.

Brother Karl of the Benedictine Order, who was recently buried at Prague, was of noble blood and had a remarkable career. As Prince Edward Schenberg, he was handsome, dashing, and of rare promise. But at thirty-five a change came over his spirit, and one day he rode straight to the abbey from the parade ground, and in full uniform, asked the prior for admission. The head of the order at first refused, but the prince broke his sword, threw away his epaulettes and decorations and begged for a monk's habit. He afterward went to Rome, studied theology, and was ordained.

SHRUBS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Some Simple Ways For Beautifying the Home Grounds.

How wonderfully a few shrubs and vines will transform the appearance of an old schoolhouse yard has been many times made clear to readers of The Companion. An expert of the Agricultural Department has recently been making an investigation of what may be done in simple ways for beautifying home grounds, whether they include only the back yard of the city residence or embrace the spreading acres of the old farm.

Trees and shrubbery, the Government expert suggests, should hide unsightly buildings without interrupting the line of vision where the outlook is pleasing. Their use as screens and windbreaks may be combined with pleasing effects.

Walks should generally be straight. Any ornamentation that sends the traveler a longer way round defeats one of its own objects.

Greenward is everywhere an element of beauty as a common background for almost everything that grows. The perfect lawn is a possession hardly less rare than beautiful paintings; it usually represents a triumph over difficulties in addition to giving restfulness and delight.

Shrubs ought to be grouped so that those of upright habit and robust growth will occupy the rear, and form a general background for all the lower-growing sorts. The eye may thus be carried from the turf to the highest foliage without resting on bare stalks anywhere. In this nature herself is one of the safest guides; her companionships usually include plants which love the light and those which bear the shade, growing side by side. The hand of the gardener should always be concealed.

Evergreens seem to many people sombre. Nevertheless, in the winter of Northern latitudes they offer a striking contrast of the living with the dead.

They are also useful as a means of emphasizing slight elevations. The value of vines in decorative planting is well understood.

Such ornamentation of the home grounds costs something in time, money and effort. But the effect on a cozy place of enlivening a little of nature's aid can never be measured in dollars. There is a restfulness in the beauty of the plant life to those who enjoy its atmosphere, and that doubtless adds to the vigor with which they can take up "duty's rounds"—Youth's Companion.

Disastrous Alpine Year.

The deathroll in the Alps is increasing this year with terrible rapidity, and promises to exceed that of any other year of which reliable records have been kept. There have been already this year no fewer than 100 deaths, either from avalanches or climbing accidents, in the Swiss and French Alps. Among the most recent victims is M. Dubois, who, in making an ascent of great difficulty and danger without a guide, accompanied only by a friend, slipped and fell, and succumbed to shocking injuries before he could be carried down to the hospital. Mr. Rooke's death at Zermatt appears also to have been due to an attempted ascent of a difficult passage without a guide. At Saentis a German musical director fell and was instantly killed a few days ago on the Bodmer Alps. Two soldiers belonging to an Alpine regiment were swept away and killed a week ago near Epierre; the accident on the Dolderhorn, due like so many others to the absence of a guide, resulted in the death of one of the three climbers and such injuries to another that he will probably never be able to walk again; another guideless ascent on the Wetterhorn ended in the fall and instant death of one of a party of Swiss tourists; while on Mont Pilatus an Englishman, exploring in thin summer shoes, slipped and fell, landing at the bottom of a very brink of a 200-foot sheer drop.

Miss Nicholas, a Scottish lady, a few days ago fell into a deep crevasse on the Mer de Glace at Chamouni, though her fall was fortunately arrested, and she escaped with a few minor injuries.—London Pall Mall Gazette.

A Brief Interruption.

Looking every inch the eminent jurist, Judge Clay N. Merritt, of Alabama, was at Seebach's Hotel last night surcharged with a fund of clever anecdotes concerning himself.

Judge Merritt was asked by a reporter how he had acquired the facility with which the turned from one case to another. In explanation he stated that he had learned this from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when a boy.

"The weather was very cold," said Judge Merritt, "so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It happened that when one of the female converts was dipped back into the water the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice."

"The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: 'Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another.'"

—Louisville Herald.

The Fish and the Voice.

Fine voices, it is said, are seldom found in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Those Italians who eat the most fish, those of Naples and Genoa have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in the Irish women of the country, and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish; but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

SPECIALISTS IN THEIVING.

How Burglars Will Ignore Some Articles of Value in Preference to Others.

It is a remarkable thing, said a detective to the writer recently, but I can assure you that many of the robberies which are taking place every day prove beyond a doubt that there are certain thieves who confine themselves to annexing one class of goods only. In some instances this is so pronounced, and the specialty stolen so extraordinary, that I thoroughly believe the thief must have a mental nut loose somewhere.

To give you a case in point. A few months ago the establishment of a well-known firm of opticians was broken into. The place contained a magnificent stock of valuable lenses, microscopic instruments, gold chains, micro-rimmed "pobles," etc., worth several thousand dollars. But did the robber take any of these things, though they were lying round ready to his hand? No! He simply secured about a hundred glass eyes and decamped. The same thing happened about two months later, when another shop of the same description was broken into.

When the fact of the burglary became known to the proprietor and I received notice at headquarters and I went down to lock into the matter. We went over the stock and, after careful inspection, found that apparently nothing had been removed. I congratulated the proprietor on his good fortune, and was about to take my leave when he called to an assistant and asked where the case of artificial eyes was. It had vanished, or, rather, the contents had, and, putting two and two together, I came to the not unnatural conclusion that one burglar had been "operating" in both places. We never discovered the thief, but doubtless it was someone who had a mania for collecting glass eyes, and was even willing to risk his liberty in doing so.

It is scarcely credible what a number of communion cups are stolen from different churches every year, both here and abroad. Though these cups are valuable, of course, I do not think that they are always stolen for their worth alone. I know of one Presbyterian church where every communicant is provided with a separate cup, and where, during a single year, 216 of these miniature chalices have been stolen. The very valuable large jeweled chalice and paten, however, appear to have no fascination for the thief or thieves, though they might be as easily carried away as the small cups.

All attempts to trace the miscreants have failed, and now special watch is being kept in this church, but apparently no further robberies are contemplated, for the probable reason that there are a very few cups left. The "elders," too, have decided to go back to the more usual custom of having one cup for all communicants. Meanwhile, numerous other cases of stolen cups continue to be notified, and when we do capture the burglars and ask them to explain why they commit such sacrilegious acts, they usually refuse to answer.

Japanese Man Power.

The present war in the East is probably the only instance of a great campaign between civilized nations in which one of the combatants has relied almost entirely on man power, instead of horse power, for transport. The whole of the supplies of each Japanese division of infantry being carried by as many "coolies" or porters, as there are fighting men. The Japanese porters are mainly men whose physique is not judged to be good enough to entitle them to fight in the line of battle, though according to modern European notions theirs would be considered rather the more arduous task of the two. But the Japanese have shown up till now that their choice of means has generally been correct, and it is not likely that they have made a mistake in this case.

They know their own people, and for centuries human transport has been the occupation of a large class of their unskilled labor. The litter or rickshaw, has been adopted, in imitation of their method, even in Simla, the governing city of India. By a simple mechanical contrivance they have also greatly facilitated the work of bearing burdens. A bamboo is carried on a kind of pad over the shoulder, and the load, carefully balanced, is suspended to each end. The carrier thus avoids one of the greatest sources of fatigue—namely, the effort of picking up the burden when it has been laid down to rest—for by merely raising the bamboo and putting his whole body under it he lifts it with the least possible effort.—London Spectator.

Teeth Made of Paper.

One of the novel inventions which hail from Germany is artificial teeth made from paper. Many of the dentists are using them and find them to be entirely satisfactory. They have several advantages over the ordinary ones made of porcelain or mineral composition, as they are cheap, do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold, nor has the moisture of the mouth any effect upon them.

Bishop Olmstead.

Bishop Charles T. Olmstead, who succeeded the late Bishop Huntington, is sixty-two years old, was educated at Trinity College, and the Berkeley Divinity School, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1835 by Bishop Horatio Potter.

British Ships Built.

English shipbuilders in May put into the water twenty-five vessels, of about 55,191 tons gross, as compared with twenty-seven vessels, of 54,715 tons gross, in April, and twenty-five vessels, of 55,906 tons gross, in May last year.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

MISTAKEN FOR GROUND HOG.

Foreigner Kills Countryman in Butler County—Fired at Moving Object in the Bushes.

Newton Tannehill killed Frank Isabella in mistake for a ground hog. Both men are coal miners, living near Hilliard, Butler county, and both were hunting after ground hogs on the Rumbaugh farm. Tannehill saw something move in a clump of bushes and could see one eye. He leveled his Winchester rifle and fired. The bullet struck Isabella in the left side, near the heart, and passed through his lung. Tannehill carried the wounded man to the nearest house and secured a doctor, but he died within half an hour. Tannehill gave himself up to the authorities.

Disputing as to which one should act as escort for Mrs. Samuel Epler on her way to her home, Jacob Epler and Frank Yanner, farmers, who live near Dushore, quarreled and Yanner shot both Epler and the woman. Epler was so badly wounded that he died. Mrs. Epler was shot in the right thigh. Yanner alleges that he acted in self-defense. He is locked in the jail at Laporte. The trio had just returned from an excursion to Harveys Lake, near Wilkesbarre, and the shooting occurred at the railroad station at Dushore.

The Pennsylvania Canal Boatmen's Association held its twelfth annual reunion at Freeport. The boatmen were welcomed by Dr. B. McKee, who was responded to by R. J. C. Kennedy, of Pittsburg. The officers elected are: President, Dr. J. C. Kennedy; Pittsburg; Vice President, Robert Bingham, Aspinwall; Secretary-Treasurer, M. E. Brown, Blairsville. The next meeting will be held at Blairsville.

A fire, which is alleged to have been started by a spark from a traction engine, destroyed the barn of Robert Johnson, in North Strabane township, Washington county, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. The flames broke out just before a large threshing had been completed, the grain having been placed in the barn. Several horses were burned. Little insurance was carried.

Mystery continues to surround the disappearance of John A. Lawver, the Altoona publisher who left for New Bloomfield Friday, and whose clothing was afterward found on the Juniata river bank. Every foot of the ground which he traversed has been searched thoroughly with no results. The hunt will be continued.

The State of Pennsylvania, through its district Health Officer, the county of Westmoreland, the Board of Health of Hempfield township, officials of the United States Coal Company and four physicians are battling with the small-pox scourge at Edna No. 2, a mining town three miles southeast of Irwin. There are 18 cases.

The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad announced that a new boiler shop, 300x140 feet, will be built at once. When this addition is completed the DuBois shops will have a capacity of turning out an engine every 36 hours. The road has ordered 10 new locomotives.

Mrs. Thomas R. Roberts, 60 years old, is suffering from injuries and nervous shock at her home in South Sharon, following a frightful experience with a negro. William Mahan, her assailant, was landed in jail, after a lynching had been narrowly averted.

When John Pomeroy, an undertaker at Anita, opened the front door of his house he was shocked upon discovering the dead body of an Italian lying on the porch. The clothing was soaked with blood, and an examination showed that the man had been killed by a bullet.

Has Henri Bentzel, of Dover township, a young school teacher and justice of the peace, been murdered? Bentzel was a teacher at Stough's school near Dover. His father is rich and it is known that he himself had \$5,000. He often carried large sums of money and valuable jewelry.

The Shenango Valley steel plant at New Castle resumed after a week's idleness. The new 500-ton blast furnace just completed by the Carnegie Company was also placed in operation. The other new 500-ton furnaces will be ready early in October.

The plant of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company at Leechburg, which was closed for four weeks, resumed. All other industries, including the Pittsburgh Steel Sheet Company and the West Leechburg Steel Company, are in full operation.

Additional rural free delivery service will be established October 1 at Wampum, Lawrence county, with one carrier. Length of route, 24 miles; population, 650.

Samuel Cohn, of Butler, fell from the top of a Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad train, and received injuries that may prove fatal.

W. T. Emehiser, a lumberman, was killed by a train at Howard, Center county. He leaves a wife and four children.

The store of G. N. Fry, at Oil City, was entered by burglars, who escaped detection and secured goods worth about \$300.

George Harris, formerly of Pittsburg, escaped from the county jail at Uniontown. A reward of \$100 has been offered for his capture.

Frank Costa, aged 17, shot and fatally wounded his father, John Costa, at the latter's home in Carbonate. The boy has not lived at home for some time but paid a visit there and became involved in a quarrel which ended by the young man drawing a revolver and shooting his father in the breast.

Robbers entered the Jewish synagogue of Kenner Israel at Harrisburg, and took everything in sight in the way of valuables except a Hebrew Bible and a copy of the ten commandments.