

Liberty, thou child of Law, God's seal is on thy brow; O Law, her Mother first and last, God's very self art thou!

One, the smooth river's mirrored flow Which decks the world with green; And one, the bank of sturdy rock Which hems the river in.

UNCLE TOM BARKER.

Uncle Tom Barker was much of a man. He had been wild and reckless, and feared not God nor regarded man, but one day at a camp meeting, while Bishop Gaston was shaking up the sinners and scorching them over the infernal pit, Tom got alarmed, and before the meeting was over he professed religion and became a zealous, outspoken convert, and declared his intention of going forth into the world and preaching the gospel.

Tom was a rough talker, but he was a good one, and knew right smart of "scripter," and a good many of the old-fashioned hymns by heart. The conference thought he was a pretty good fellow to send out into the border country among the settlers, and so Tom strapped his old sea-bitten gray and in due time was circuit riding in North Mississippi.

In course of time Tom acquired notoriety, and from his strong language and stronger gestures, and his muscular eloquence, they called him old "Sledge Hammer," and after awhile, old "Sledge," for short. Away down in one corner of his territory there was a blacksmith shop and a wagon shop and a whiskey shop and a postoffice at Bill Jones's crossroads; and Bill kept all of them, and was known far and wide as "Devil Bill Jones," so as to distinguish him from "Squire Bill the magistrate.

Devil Bill had sworn that no preacher should ever toot a horn or sing a hymn in the settlement, and if any of the cussed hypocrites ever dared to stop at the crossroads he'd make him dance a hornpipe and sing a hymn, and whip him besides.

And Bill Jones meant just what he said, for he had a mortal hate for the men of God. It was reasonably supposed that Bill could and would do what he said, for his trade at the anvil had made him strong, and everybody knew that he had as much brute courage as was necessary. And so Uncle Tom was advised to take roundance and never tackle the crossroads. He accepted this for a time, and left the people to the bad influence of Devil Bill; but it seemed to him he was not doing the Lord's will, and whenever he thought of the women and children living in darkness and growing up in infidelity, he would groan.

One night he prayed over it with great earnestness, and vowed to do the Lord's will if the Lord would give him light, and it seemed to him as he rose from his knees that there was no longer any doubt—he must go. Uncle Tom never dallied about anything when his mind was made up. He went right at it like killing snakes; and so next morning as a "nabor" passed on his way to Bill's shop Uncle Tom said:

"My friend, will you please carry a message to Bill Jones for me? Do you tell him that if the Lord is willin' I will be at the crossroads to preach next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and I am shore the Lord is willin'. Tell him to please 'norate' it in the settlement about, and ax the women and children to come. Tell Bill Jones I will stay at his house, God willin', and I am shore he's willin', and I'll preach Sunday, too, if things get along harmonious."

When Bill Jones hot the message he was amazed, astounded and his indignation knew no bounds. He raved and cursed at the "onsult," as he called it—the "onsulting message of 'Old Sledge'"—and he swore that he would hunt him up, and whip him, for he knew that he wouldn't dare to come to the crossroads.

But the "nabor" whispered it around that "old Sledge" would come, for he was never known to make an appointment and break it; and there was an old horse thief who used to run with Murrel's gang who said he used to know Tom Barker when he was a sinner and had seen him fight, and he was much of a man.

So it spread like wild fire that "old Sledge" was coming, and Devil Bill was "gwine" to whip him and make him dance and sing a "hime," and treat to a gallon of peach brandy besides.

Devil Bill had his enemies, of course, for he was a hard man, and one way or another had gobbled up all of the surplus of the "naborhood" and had given nothing in exchange but whiskey, and these enemies had long hoped for somebody to come and turn him down. They, too, circulated the astounding news, and, without committing themselves to either party, said that b—l would break loose on Saturday at the crossroads, and that "Old Sledge" or the devil would have to go under.

On Friday the settlers began to drop into the crossroads under pretence of business, but really to get the bottom facts of the rumors that were afloat.

Devil Bill knew full well what they came for and he talked and cursed

more furiously than usual, and swore that anybody who would come expecting to see "Old Sledge" tomorrow was an infernal fool, for he wasn't a-comin'. He laid bare his strong arms and shook his long hair and said he wished the lying, deceiving hypocrite would come, for it had been nigh on to 14 years since he had made a preacher dance.

Saturday morning by 9 o'clock the settlers began to gather. They came on foot and on horseback, and in carts—men, women and children, and before 11 o'clock there were more people at the crossroads than had ever been there before. Bill Jones was mad at their credulity, but he had an eye to business, and kept behind his counter and sold more whiskey in an hour than he had sold in a month. As the appointed hour drew near the settlers began to look down the long, straight road that "Old Sledge" would come, if he came at all, and every man whose head came in sight just over the rise of the distant hill was closely scrutinized.

More than once they said, "Yonder he comes—that's him, shore." But no, it wasn't him. Some half a dozen had old bull-eye silver watches, and they compared time, and just at 10:55 o'clock the old horse thief exclaimed:

"I see Tom Barker a risin' of the hill. I hain't seed him for 11 years, but, gintlemen, that ar's him, or I'm a liar."

And it was him. As he got nearer and nearer, a voice seemed to be coming with him, and some said, "He's talkin' to himself," another said, "He's a-talkin' to God Almighty," and another said, "I'll be darned if he ain't a-prayin'," but very soon it was decided that he was "singin' of a hime."

Bill Jones was soon advised of all this, and, coming up to the front, said, "Darned if he ain't singing before I axed him, but I'll make him sing another tune till he is tired. I'll pay him for his consulting message. I'm not a-gwine to kill him, boys. I'll leave life in his rotten old carcass, but that's all. If any of you'n want to hear Old Sledge preach, you'll have to go ten miles from the roads to do it."

Slowly and solemnly the preacher came. As he drew near he narrowed down his tune and looked kindly upon the crowd. He was a massive man in frame, and had a heavy suit of black brown hair, but his face was clean shaven, and showed a nose and lips of firmness and great determination.

"Look at him, boys, and mind your eyes," said the horse thief. "Where will I find my friend, Bill Jones?" inquired "Old Sledge." All round they pointed him to the man.

Riding up close he said: "My friend and brother, the good Lord has sent me to you, and I seek your hospitality for myself and my beast," and he slowly dismounted and faced his foe as though expecting a kind reply.

The crisis had come and Bill Jones met it. "You infernal old hypocrite; you cussed old shaven-faced scoundrel; didn't you know that I had sworn an oath that I would make you sing and dance, and whip you besides if you ever dared to pizen these crossroads with your shoe tracks? Now sing, d—n you, sing and dance as you sing," and he emphasized his command with a ringing slap with his open hand upon the parson's face.

"Old Sledge" recoiled with pain and surprise. Recovering in a moment, he said: "Well, Brother Jones, I did not expect so warm a welcome, but if this be your crossroads manners I suppose I must sing," and as Devil Bill gave him another slap on his other jaw he began with:

My soul, be on thy guard, And with his long arm suddenly and swiftly gave Devil Bill an open hander that nearly knocked him off his feet, while the parson continued to sing in a splendid tenor voice. Ten thousand foes arise. Never was a lion more aroused to frenzy than was Bill Jones. With his powerful arm he made at Old Sledge as if to annihilate him with one blow, and many horrid oaths, but the parson fended off the stroke as easily as a practiced boxer, and with his left hand dealt Bill a settler on his peppers as he continued to sing:

Fight on, my soul, till death— Well, the long and short of it was that "Old Sledge" whipped him and humped him to the ground and then lifted him up and helped to restore him, and begged a thousand pardons. When Devil Bill had retired to his house and was being cared for by his wife, "Old Sledge" mounted a box in front of the grocery and preached righteousness and temperance and judgment to come to that people.

He closed his solemn discourse with a brief history of his own sinful life before his conversion and his humble work for the Lord ever since, and think—"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think," he cried in alarming tones.

There were a few men and many women in that crowd whose eyes, long unused to the melting mood, dropped tears of repentance at the preacher's kind and tender exhortation. Bill Jones's wife, poor woman, had crept humbly into the outskirts of the crowd, for she had long treasured the memories of her childhood, when she, too, had gone with her good mother to hear preaching. In secret she had pined and lamented her husband's hatred for religion and for preachers.

After she had washed the blood from his swollen face and dressed his wounds she asked him if she might go down and hear the preacher. For a minute he was silent and seemed to be dumb with amazement. He had never been whipped before and had suddenly lost confidence in himself and his infidelity.

"Go 'long, Sally," he answered, "if he can talk like he can fight and sing, maybe the Lord did send him. It's all mighty strange to me," he groaned in anguish. His animosity seemed to have changed into an anxious wondering curiosity, and after Sally had gone he left his bed and drew near to the window where he could hear.

"Old Sledge" made an earnest, soul-reaching prayer, and his pleading with the Lord for Bill Jones's salvation and that of his wife and children reached the window where Bill was sitting and he heard it. His wife returned in tears and took a seat beside him, and sobbed her heart's distress, but said nothing.

Bill bore it for a while in thoughtful silence, and then putting his bruised and trembling hand in hers, said:

"Sally, if the Lord sent 'Old Sledge' here, and may be he did—I reckon you had better look after his horse." And sure enough "Old Sledge" stayed there that night and held family prayer, and the next day he preached from the piazza to a great multitude and sang his favorite hymn:

Am I a soldier of the Cross? And when he got to the third verse his untutored but musical voice seemed to be lifted a little higher as he sang: Sure I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord.

Devil Bill was converted and became a changed man. He joined the church and closed his grocery and helped to build a meeting house, and it was always said and believed that "Old Sledge" mauled the grace into his unbelieving soul, and it never would have got in any other way.—Bill Arr in Atlanta Constitution.

QUAINT AND CURIOS.

A sure cure for hiccup, says a Western physician, is a pinch of snuff.

One of the British railways provides chess and checker outfits for its passengers.

William E. Tuttle, of Stratford, Conn., had a gold crown placed on the tooth of his pet bear.

Marmalade, then made only of quinces, was known in Henry VIII's reign. The word is derived from "mer-melo," a quince.

German, which is spoken by upward of 75,000,000 people—ranks third in number among the four leading languages of Europe proper.

At a football game at the Crystal Palace, eleven miles from central London, the attendance, according to the official figures, was 84,584.

There are 100,000 ostriches, in the Oudshoorz district, Cape Colony, the average annual value of the feathers yielded by each bird being \$35.

Seven old spoons have recently been found in the earth. They were cleaned and are of silver and gilt. They are dated 1529, and valued at \$250 each.

E. C. Whithee, of Surrey, Me., has a sea chest which his great-great-grandfather carried with him in the flagship of Paul Jones, under whom he fought.

The new customs tariff of Japan, which went into force on October 1st, has stimulated the promotion of home companies for the manufacture of flour.

Leonce Rabillon, the French consul at Baltimore, is making a French version of "Rip Van Winkle," which Thos. Jefferson expects to present in France shortly.

The Rev. Thomas Lord, an English Congregational minister, still conducts divine service, though on April 22 he was 100 years old. He has been preaching for seventy-five years.

Edward Arthur Robinson, son of the late Peter Robinson, the London dry goods man, is 24 years old and bankrupt, having managed to get rid of \$2,100,000 since he came of age.

The English government profits about \$16,000 per year by the duty on playing cards.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Present styles render a generous supply of gumpes absolutely essential to every girl's wardrobe. Here is a model that can be utilized for lace, for embroidery,



For net or for lingerie material and which allows of a number of variations. In the illustration embroidered net is made with short sleeves that are held by bands of ribbons

When Trying on a Hat.

In buying a hat it should always be tried on before a mirror that shows the whole figure, so that the general effect may be seen. This rule would apply many a sale at the milliner's, and save the feeling of bitter disappointment so often experienced when the creation that seemed so fascinating in the shop is tried on at home.

Sun-Bonnets in Two Styles.

Sun-bonnets are always quaint and picturesque in effect and just now are being greatly worn for golf, for gardening and for every outdoor occupation. Indeed women of all ages, from the little tots to their grandmothers, are guarding their complexions a bit carefully just now and these attractive and quaint head coverings make the best possible aid to such results. Lawn, batiste, linen, duck, dotted Swiss muslin and all similar materials are used. Both white and colored materials are in vogue, and some very charming effects are obtained by the use of Dresden dimities and similar simple figured stuffs. Two styles are shown in the illustration, one with and one without the cape at the back of the neck. In addition to serving for all the uses mentioned the bonnets will be found admirable for motoring, when they protect the head from



above and below the elbows. But long sleeves can be substituted if better liked, and the gumpes can be either faced as illustrated or made of one material throughout. All sorts of pretty laces and embroidered nets are in vogue, while lingerie materials in themselves afford almost endless variety.

The gumpes is made with the front and plain backs. It can be faced with lace or other material to the cross or between vertical lines of perforations or can be made of the material throughout as liked. The elbow sleeves are gathered to form pretty puffs and terminate in becoming frills, while the long ones are joined to the deep cuffs. If lingerie material is used it can be tucked or trimmed in any way that may be liked before cutting, but lace, net and the like are usually preferred plain.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is one and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide with two and three-eighths yards eighteen inches wide for the sleeve and facing to cross line, two and a half yards with facings between vertical lines of perforations; or, three and three-quarter yards eighteen, two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide if one material is used.

China Silk Ties. The newest ties for line collars are made of finely striped China silk. Green, mauve, gray, brown and blue are to be seen in this conceit, pleated into bunchy rosettes, or double butterfly bows. No end chic is this neck dressing with the fashionable turn-overs.

Bolero Shaped Yoke. The house gown that is cut with a bolero-shaped yoke, to which the body of the gown is gathered, is especially suited to the woman with slender figure.

Straggling Patterns. Quite straggling patterns in motifs of chrysanthemums, carnations or five-pointed, starlike, floral figures are favorites, and thread designs are especially good just now.

Bandling For Rajah. Oriental banding seems quite a proper finish for a frock or Rajah.

Each bonnet is made with a wide brim and a soft full crown, which is attached thereto, the one crown being extended across the back, the other being made in one with the cape.

The quantity of material required for the medium or misses' size is seven-eighth yard twenty-seven or five-eighth yard thirty-six inches wide for either style, with one and three-eighth yards of edging for the bonnet without the cape, two and three-quarter yards with the cape.

The figures of the director of the mint show that the highest annual average production after the discovery of gold in California was \$134,983,000 during the period in 1856-1860. Thereafter the yield fell off until the lowest annual average was reached in 1881-1885, registering \$99,116,000. The leap upward since then is astonishing. In the period from 1896 to 1900 the annual average is \$257,301,000, and in the period from 1901 to and including 1905 it is \$322,061,000. A few years ago it was figured as a marvel that the world should bring into sight \$1,000,000 of new gold for every day in the year.

Information While They Waited. The president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional as well as in their domestic relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into the sphere of action. No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor not to fret yourselves under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theatre, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not down-stairs in time. Have a treatise on your speciality always with you. Read it while you are waiting."

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."—Success.

A \$15,000,000 BRIDE.

Marie Bonaparte Once in Hands of Matrimonial Agency.

Less than a year ago Henry Labouchere's revelations in London "Truth" on the subject of the use of the house of commons as a matrimonial agency by certain of the well connected clerks of the national legislature, in connection with the Lord Townshend case, incidentally brought to light the fact that the chief bargain which the agency in question had for disposal was a princess of the House of Bonaparte, with a fortune of \$15,000,000. A titled husband was then sought by the matrimonial agents for this princess, their terms being a commission of \$200,000, payable to them on the day of the solemnization of the marriage. The princess in question was Marie, daughter of Roland Bonaparte by his marriage with Marie Blanc, one of the daughters and heiresses of that old Blanc who founded the great gambling establishment at Monte Carlo. It is from that source that the great fortune of Roland's daughter is derived.

Under the circumstances, the report from Paris of the engagement of Marie Bonaparte to the Count de Tredern and of their impending marriage naturally suggests the reflection that it is a matrimonial alliance based upon finance rather than upon pure affection, and that the terms of the contract have been negotiated by some matrimonial agency which will receive a handsome commission for its share in the matter.

Count de Tredern is a son of that Vicomtesse de Tredern who played so conspicuous a role in the General Boulanger episode, and whose name is familiar on this side of the Atlantic by the number of lawsuits which she instituted in a vain effort to prevent her only brother's American widow and sons from inheriting his property by disputing the validity of his marriage. She is the daughter of the great sugar refiner Say, and married in the closing days of the Second Empire the son of the late Duc de Brissac. Owing to her birth she was cold shouldered by the old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. One day while serving tea to some of her husband's friends a few drops fell upon her dress. As she touched them with a handkerchief the Duc de Choiseul Praslin remarked, with a certain touch of sarcasm, "Be careful, madam; sugar stains!"

"Less than blood, monsieur!" replied the Marquise de Brissac, with great coolness, looking at him and the duke colored and turned away, for his father is officially declared to have died in prison while awaiting trial by the French House of Peers for the shocking murder of his duchess, whom he had slashed to pieces with a sabre.

The Marquis de Brissac died during the war of 1871, from wounds and exposure sustained on the battlefield, leaving a son, who is now the present and eleventh Duke de Brissac, married to the sister of the Duc d'Uzes, and a daughter, Diane de Brissac, married to Prince Ernest de Ligne. After a few years of widowhood the Marquise de Brissac contracted a second marriage, with the Vicomte de Tredern, one of the most popular members of the Jockey Club, but the union was not a happy one, and in 1888 they were divorced. Marie Bonaparte's fiancé is a son of this marriage.—New York Tribune.

Gold Production in 1906.

The world's production of gold for 1906 was £81,000,000. In 1905 the figures stood at £75,427,000. The production of gold has been rising year by year since 1900. Before that there was a brief intermission in the expansion, which began after 1885, namely, during the period of the South African war, which checked the product of the Transvaal. In 1899 the yield was £61,345,000. The next year it fell to £50,915,000; and then, in 1901, it rose again, but only to £52,198,000. So far the London Statist.

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