

## LONELINESS.

"At sunset, when the eyes of cities fill,  
And distance makes a desert of the heart,  
And all the lonely world grows lonelier still,  
I with the other exiles go apart,  
And offer up the stranger's evening prayer;  
My body shakes with weeping as I pray,  
Thinking on all I love that are not there,  
So desolately absent far away—  
My Love and Friend, and my own land  
and home.  
O aching emptiness of evening skies!  
O foolish heart, what tempted thee to roam  
So far away from the Beloved's eyes!"

To the Beloved's country I belong—  
I am a stranger in this foreign place;  
Strange are its streets, and strange to me  
its tongue;  
Strange to the stranger each familiar  
face.  
'Tis not my city! Take me by the hand,  
O Divine Protector of the lonely ones,  
And lead me back to the Beloved's land—  
Back to my friends and my companions,  
O wind that blows from Shiraz, bring to me  
A little dust from my Beloved's street;  
Send Haze something, love, that comes  
from thee,  
Touched by thy hand, or trodden by thy  
feet."

—Richard Le Gallienne, in The Delineator.

## The Siege of Berlin.

From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET.

We were returning up the avenue of the Champs Elysees with Doctor V., asking him about the walls riddled with shells the pavements torn up by grape-shot, in fact, the history of the Siege of Paris, when just before we got to the Place de l'Etoile the doctor stopped, and pointing out one of those handsome corner houses grouped around the Arc de Triomphe, said:

"Do you see those four closed windows up there, over the balcony? In the early days of the month of August—that terrible August in the year '70—so charged with storms and disasters, I was called in there to a frightful case of apoplexy. It was to Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old man infatuated with patriotic pride who, at the commencement of the war, had come to lodge in the Champs Elysees, in a balcony apartment. Guess why? To be present at the triumphant return of our troops! Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg came to him as he was rising from table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat he fell thunderstruck.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched at full length on the carpet, his face bloody and lifeless, as if he had been struck a blow on the head with a club. Standing, he must have been very tall; lying, he looked immense. With beautiful features, superb teeth, and a fine head of curly white hair, though he was nearly eighty, he looked like sixty years old. Near him, on her knees, was his grand-daughter. She so resembled him that, seeing them side by side, you would have been reminded of two beautiful Greek medals struck from the same stamp; only the one was old, dull, and rather indistinct in the outlines; the other was resplendent and clean cut, with all the brilliancy and smoothness of a new impression.

"The grief of this child touched me. Daughter and grand-daughter of soldiers, her father was at MacMahon's headquarters, and the sight of this grand old man stretched before her brought another no less terrible image to her mind. I endeavored to reassure her, but, in reality, I had little hope. We had to deal with a severe case of hemiplegy, and recovery was scarcely to be hoped for at eighty. For three days the patient remained in the same state of motionless stupor. In the midst of all this the news of Reischaffen arrived in Paris. You remember in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians killed, and the Crown Prince a prisoner! I know not by what miracle, or by what magnetic current, an echo of the national joy penetrated to our poor deaf-mute, even to his paralyzed limbs; certain it is that, on approaching his bed that evening, I found him a different man. His eye was almost clear, his tongue less stiff. He had strength to smile, and to stammer twice—

"'Vic-to-ry!'  
"'Yes, colonel, a grand victory!'  
"And as I gave him details of MacMahon's brilliant success, I saw his features relax and his face light up. When I went out, the young girl was waiting for me, standing pale and sobbing at the door.  
"But he is saved!" said I, taking her hands.

"The unhappy child had scarcely courage to answer me. They had just posted up the true version of Reischaffen—MacMahon put to flight, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was distressed in thinking of her father. I trembled for the old man. It was very certain he could not resist this new shock. And yet, what could we do? Leave him his joy—the illusions which had called him back to life? But then it would be necessary to lie!

"'Very well, then, I shall lie,' said the heroic girl, quickly drying her tears, and she returned radiant to her grandfather's room.

"She had set herself a hard task. The first few days were got through without much difficulty. The good man's head was weak, and he allowed himself to be deceived like a child. But with returning health, his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him acquainted with the movements of the armies and to draw up for him military bulletins. It was a sad pity to see that beautiful girl, night and day, over her maps of Germany, marking out the battles with little flags, and trying to invent a glorious campaign: Bazaine descending upon Berlin, Froissard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. For all this she asked my advice, and I helped her as much as I could, but it was the grandfather himself who served us best in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often

under the First Empire! He knew all the moves beforehand:  
"'See, now they will go there, they will do that,' and his forecasts were always realized, which did not fail to make him very proud.

"Unfortunately it was in vain that we took towns and gained battles; we never went fast enough for that insatiable old fellow! Every day, when I arrived, I heard of a new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the young girl told me, coming toward me with a heart-breaking smile, and I heard through the door, a delighted voice crying:  
"'We're getting on! We're getting on! In a week we shall enter Berlin!'

"At that moment the Prussians were not more than a week from Paris. We asked ourselves at first if it would not be better to remove him into the country; but, once outside, the state of France would have revealed everything to him, and I thought him still too weak, and too much stunned by the great shock he had already received, to know the truth. It was decided, therefore, to let him remain.  
"On the first day that Paris was invested, I went up to their house. I remember, much moved with the anguish of heart that the closing of all the gates of Paris, the battle under the walls, and the changing of our villages into frontiers brought us. I found the old gentleman jubilant and proud.

"'Well,' said he, 'here is the seige begun!'  
"I looked at him in astonishment.  
"What, colonel, do you know—  
"His grand-daughter turned to me—

"'Ah, yes, doctor. That is the great news. The siege of Berlin has commenced.'  
"This she said, drawing out her needle with such a staid little air, and so tranquilly—how could he suspect anything?

"The cannon from the forts! He could not hear them. This poor Paris, wretched and convulsed! He could not see it. What he could see from his bed was a bit of the Arc de Triomphe, and in his room was a whole curiosity shop of the First Empire, well calculated to maintain his illusions. Portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, the king of Rome in a baby's robe; then large stiff consoles, ornamented with copper trophies, laden with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a stone from St. Helena, under a shade, miniatures—all representing the same lady, be-curbed, in ball costume, in a yellow dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and bright eyes—it was all this, the atmosphere of victories and conquests, much more than anything we could tell him, that made the brave colonel believe so naively in the seige of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations were very much simplified. To take Berlin was now only an affair of patience. From time to time, when the old man became too impatient, a letter was read to him from his son—an imaginary letter, of course, since nothing could now get into Paris, and because, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp, had been drafted off to a German fortress. Imagine the despair of that poor child, without news of her father, knowing him a prisoner, deprived of every comfort, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in those cheerful letters—they were rather short letters, as might be expected from a soldier in the field—of advancing steadily into the conquered country. Sometimes strength failed her, and, consequently, there were weeks without any news. But the old man got uneasy,

and could not sleep. Then promptly came a letter from Germany, which she brought and read gaily to him at his bedside, keeping back her tears. The colonel listened religiously, smiled with an intelligent air, approved, criticized, and explained to us the difficult passages. But where he was especially fine was in the answers he sent to his son:  
"'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' said he. 'Be generous to those poor people. Do not make the invasion too heavy for them.' And then there were endless recommendations, adorable twaddle about respect for the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies—in fact, a complete code of military honor for the use of conquerors! He added also some general observations on politics, and the conditions to be imposed on the conquered. On that point, I must say, he was not unreasonable.

"A war indemnity, and nothing other. What is the good of taking their provinces? Can you make France out of Germany?"  
"He dictated all this with a firm voice, and one felt there was so much candor in his words, such a fine, patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved.  
"All this time the seige was advancing—not that of Berlin, alas! It was a time of great cold, bombardments, epidemics, and famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts and the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the serenity of the old man was never for an instant disturbed. Up to the end I was able to get him white bread and fresh meat. There was only enough for him, and you can imagine nothing more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently selfish—the old man upon his bed, fresh and smiling, his serviette tucked under his chin; near him his grand-daughter, a little pale from her privations, sipping his hands, giving him drink, helping him to all those forbidden good things. Then, revived by the rest, in the comfort of his warm room, with the winter wind outside, and the snow whirling past his windows, the old cuirassier recalled his campaigns in the north, and related to us for the hundredth time that sad retreat from Russia, in which they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh.

"Do you understand, little one? We used to eat horses!"  
"She understood only too well. For two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as convalescence progressed, our task beside the invalid became more difficult. That paralysis of his senses, and of all his limbs, which had served us so well up to this time, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible volleys from the Maitot Gate had made him start and prick up his ears like a greyhound; we were obliged to invent a last victory for Bazaine, under Bexin, and salvos fired in his honor at the Invalides. Another day his bed had been moved to the window—it was, I believe, the Thursday of Rezonville—and he saw the National Guards massed together on the Avenue of the Grande Armee.

"What are those troops doing there?" he demanded; and we heard him mutter between his teeth, 'Bad form! bad form!'  
"Nothing else happened; but we understood that, in future, we must take great precautions. Unhappily, we were not cautious enough.  
"One evening when I arrived the child came to me full of trouble.  
"It is to-morrow they enter," she said.

"Was the grandfather's door open? The fact is, that in thinking over it afterward, I remembered that his face had, on that evening, an extraordinary expression. It is probable that he heard us. Only we spoke of the Prussians, while he thought of the French, in that triumphant entry which he had so long expected—MacMahon coming down the avenue in the midst of flowers and the flourish of trumpets, his son beside the marshal, and he, the old father, upon his balcony, in full uniform, as at Lutzen, saluting the torn flags and the eagles blackened with powder.  
"Poor father Jouve! He doubtless fancied that we wished to prevent him from being present at this march-past of the troops to avoid too great an excitement for him. He took care to speak to no one; but the next day, at the very hour in which the Prussians were timidly entering on the long road leading from the Maitot Gate to the Tuilleries, the window just above there opened softly, and the colonel appeared on the balcony,

with his helmet, his big cavalry sword, and all the glorious equipment of a Mithaud cuirassier. I still ask myself what effort of will, what fresh spring of life, could have thus placed him again on his feet, and in harness! Be that as it may, there he was, standing behind the railing, wondering to find the avenues so wide, so silent; the shutters of the houses closed; Paris dismal as a lazaretto; flags everywhere, but so strange, all white with red crosses, and no crowd running before our soldiers.

"For a moment, he may possibly have thought he was mistaken—'But, no! Yonder, beyond the Arc de Triomphe, was a confused noise, a black line advancing in the growing daylight. Then, gradually, the peaks of the helmets shone, the little drums of Jena began to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, accompanied by the heavy rhythmic steps of the troops, and by the clash of sabres, burst forth Schubert's Triumphant March.

"Then, in the mournful silence of the place, rang out a cry, a ferocious cry: 'To arms!—to arms—the Prussians!' And the four Uhlands forming the advanced guard saw yonder on the balcony a tall, old man wave his arms, totter, and fall, rigid.  
"This time Colonel Jouve was really dead."—Waverley Magazine.



The Postmaster-General of the United Kingdom has secured for the government telegraphic system all the Marconi wireless telegraph stations in the British Isles.

A new combined electric lamp and shaving mirror has been produced, in which the reflector can be arranged to throw the light only upon the face below the eyes, no light falling upon the mirror or the eyes.

The British Antarctic expedition now in course of preparation will carry wireless telegraphic equipment sufficient to enable messages to be sent to New Zealand from the ship and from the stations established at bases of supplies on land or ice.

The Baku-Batoum petroleum pipe line has had to be renewed for some fifty miles, between Adachikabul and Jelissawetpol, where it passes through salt-carrying districts. The corrosion there is more rapid than over the rest of the route, so that excessive leakage has been caused.

An air steam engine has been invented by a professor of engineering in one of the Western colleges of America. In this invention, a cylinder is filled with compressed atmospheric air into which saturated steam is introduced. The chief merit claimed for this system is that evinder condensation is almost totally avoided by the high temperature of air compression and the high superheat of the mixture.

Ten grammes, or about one-third of an ounce of radium chloride, equivalent to one gramme of pure radium, is the total output for eighteen months of the Joachimsthal mines. After the hospitals and scientific institutions have been supplied, the remainder will be offered for sale at \$75,000 a gramme, or fifteen and a half grains.

It is expected that aluminium coins of low value will be in circulation in France by the end of this year. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the adoption of M. Naquet's proposition for an aluminium coinage in 1871 would have resulted in a heavy loss to the French Treasury. Although experts declared it to be impossible that the value of the metal should decrease, it has now fallen to nearly half the price ruling thirty-eight years ago.

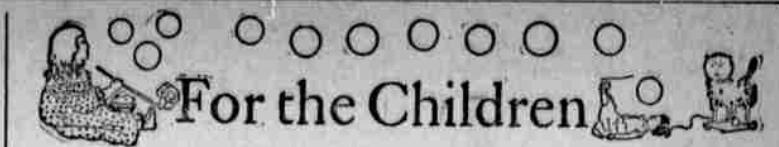
### The New Usher.

The congregation of a certain church is not "exclusive," but some of its members were surprised at the appointment of a new usher. They said that he might be a very good young man, but he had not belonged very long to the church, and, besides, it seemed unlikely that a street car conductor would suit the etiquette of a house of worship. But the trustees said that he had been chosen for that very reason, adding: "We need a man of that kind to deal with the end seat hog. He is a greater nuisance in the church than in the cars. Early in the service he plants himself at the aisle end of a free pew, and later comers who are ushered into that pew, fall all over him taking their places. It takes a man with grit to make him move along. This former conductor has the grit, and he has tact gained from experience. That is why we made him usher."—Washington Herald.

### A Roland For an Oliver.

A young Baltimore man, who is quick to see a point and somewhat of a wit himself, walked into a shop the other day and asked for a comb.  
"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the attendant, all unconscious of his terms.  
"No," said the customer, gravely: "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."—Baltimore American.

Electricity has replaced mules as the motive power on the street railways of Santos, the Brazilian city from which so much coffee is exported.



## For the Children

THE RAIN.  
A million little fairy feet all dancing overhead—  
Oh, don't I love to hear it when I'm snuggled up in bed!  
When mother takes the light away and says, "Now, go to sleep,"  
And I lie there and listen to the fairies' little feet!

I think of all the thirsty things out in the field and wood,  
And how they drink the raindrops in—oh, it must feel so good!  
And how the tiny blades of grass come stretching up to see  
Where all the pitter comes from and what- ever it can be.

I think of mother's rain-barrel and of the waterspout,  
And how the water rushes in and tumbles to get out,  
And how the birds out in the woods must scuddle down to keep  
Their baby-birdies warm and dry beneath their breasts asleep.

I think of all the puddles there'll be out in the rain,  
And of my brand-new rubber boots—just purpose for the rain.  
And there I lie and listen to the fairies overhead—  
Oh, don't you love to hear them when you're snuggled up in bed!  
—Harriet Crocker LeRoy, in Youth's Companion.

### BOB'S PUMPKIN PARTY.

Bob's father was driving; Bob sat next to him and Dorothy on the other side of Bob. She could be on the outside end of the seat because she was seven years old now. Bob wasn't yet quite five, but he was going on five. They drove along sunny roads. It was a morning when most of the leaves on the trees were yellow and red; and in a field, now and then, Dorothy saw yellow pumpkins.  
"Every now and then," she said, "I see pumpkins, lots and lots of them."  
They drove along—and along. Pretty soon Bob said, "What are pumpkins good for, daddy?"  
"Good to eat—pumpkin pies, don't you know?"  
"Oh!" said Bob.  
Mr. Mason hugged Bob up to him. "They don't let you eat pies, do they, Bob? Well, maybe, later."  
"Don't they do anything else with pumpkins?" asked Bob.  
"Why, yes; why, to be sure they do—jack-o'-lanterns—don't you know jack-o'-lanterns?"  
"Yes," said Bob. "I thought so! Doffie, you and I have some—those that Cousin Jim gave us—last year. I guess it was—little ones, cardboard."  
"M-m," said Doffie; "cardboard, with funny faces."  
"Yes," said their father; "but those are only cardboard. Ought to be the real things! You've never had any—never had any jack-o'-lanterns? Poor little children!" and he laughed at Bob and Dorothy.

"Let's get some," said Bob. "You buy us some, daddy."  
"Buy some? you goosie! Why, you want to make them—don't want to buy them! the making's half the fun!"  
"But you haven't any pumpkins," said Dorothy. "I don't think we have any at home."  
"Oh, well," said her father, "we may have to buy the pumpkins to start with."  
"I'd rather have pumpkins right out of a field," said Bob.

"Yes, daddy—wouldn't they let us take some of those?" asked Dorothy.  
"Oh, dear no—mustn't take anybody's pumpkins. They don't grow wild, they belong to people; they were planted and the farmers are going to gather them up and sell them. I'll tell you, your friend, Mr. Bell, will give you some, and be glad to."  
So they drove along and along. At last they came to Mr. Bell's farm, and turned in at the gate. "Lots of pumpkins in Mr. Bell's yard," said Bob. "Just see that pile down by the biggest barn!"  
"Oh—m-m-m!" said Dorothy.  
And their father did not forget to tell Mr. Bell that the children wanted to beg some pumpkins. "For jack-o'-lanterns," said Bob—"only just two or three pumpkins good for jack-o'-lanterns."

"Well," said Mr. Bell, smiling at Dorothy and Bob, "you may have all the pumpkins that you will roll over to your wagon from the heap there by the barn!"  
What a funny time they had rolling them! Pumpkins are heavy, quite heavy, and they are not really round, you know, but rather flat on two sides, and on one side they have a short, stiff stem: they don't roll very easily. Dorothy and Bob had to work pretty hard, bending over and pushing and turning and tugging those fat pumpkins—fun!  
"Want anybody to help you?" called Mr. Bell.

"No, no, thank you!" said the children.  
At last they had three pumpkins ready to start for home—one for Dorothy, one for Bob and one for their friend, Bob Bascom. "He would be lonely if he didn't have one," Dorothy said.  
"Yes, he would," said Bob.

The grown-up men had to lift those pumpkins into the wagon, of course. How proudly Dorothy and Bob looked down at the jolly yellow things when they were once more driving along with their father. Hard tugs they had had getting those three pumpkins over from the pile to the wagon—a pretty good lot of work—they liked to think of it.

But you'd say they would like even better to think of it after they found what fun it was to have a jack-o'-lantern party.  
You see, Mr. Mason showed them how to make the lanterns. He did the hardest parts with his big knife,

but they all worked together, cutting out a round piece like a cover with the nice, stiff stem in the middle for a handle; then getting out all the soft inside, with the seeds; and then making the comical faces—holes for the eyes, nose and smiling, grinning teeth. They fixed a candle in the middle of each; and, oh, how specially funny those lanterns were when, about five o'clock, Dorothy and Bob and Bob Bascom had them, all lighted up, on the veranda in the dark! Mrs. Mason and Mr. Mason were there, and pretty soon what should they all see but some more jack-o'-lanterns coming up the path!

"A party! a party!" screamed Bob; "a pumpkin party!"  
"O mamma, a pumpkin party!" shouted Doffie.

It was the three Kips—May, Sanborn and Bradford—and Max Blow was with them—everybody with a lantern; why, that made seven in all—a fine ring of them when they were all set down on the piazza in a circle! Around this ring the children capered and danced, looking at it from all sides and laughing at the jack-o'-lantern smiles and shadows and lights that they made.

Each jack was so fixed that he could be carried around by a string, and so could take part in processions. Lovely parades they had on the veranda and down on the paths under the trees. They kept it up an hour, and more than an hour!  
And when Dorothy was going to bed she told her mother that she had never had such a good time before in all her whole life; and Bob called out: "That's because you never had one single pumpkin party before this one!"—Susan P. Peckham, in the Christian Register.

CUSTOMS.  
A new game is being played by the Hunt children which they named "Customs," and this is how it came about:

They had been traveling in Europe all summer with their mother and father, and among the numerous things to interest them were the custom-officers, who investigated their baggage for goods on which to charge duty. When they came back to America they were detained a long time in the Custom House waiting for an officer to examine their trunks. It was great fun for the children to follow the officers about, and hear what the people had to say, and how much money they had to pay for the dress goods and jewels and everything they had brought from abroad. So they immediately invented this game.

One person is chosen as the "customs officer," the rest of the company being passengers. The officer holds a handkerchief knotted into a ball.

"What has A in his trunk?" he asked, throwing the handkerchief at one of the "passengers." As he throws it he must fix in his mind one object commencing with A that can be packed in a trunk. The person at whom the handkerchief is thrown must answer some object commencing with A. If he answers the same word that the officer has in mind he must pay "customs" or forfeit to be redeemed later, or if he fails to answer quickly he must pay customs.

The fun lies in playing quickly, and in keeping the passengers wondering whose baggage will be examined next.—Philadelphia Record.

### A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

It was one hour before sundown on a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. I had my double umbrella, black inside and white outside, for fending off both sun and rain, but had it closed over my hand without clasping it, to go through a narrow opening in the bushes. I had crossed a little open grass plot of a few rods, and was just entering a narrow footpath through the mountain jungle, that would take me down to the east foot of the mountains, where I was to meet my pony.

Suddenly a tiger sprang into the path and disputed passage. I saw at once what he wanted; only great hunger impels these tigers to come out during the day. He had had no breakfast and wanted missionary meat for supper. I did not wish him to have it.

It is always best if a scrimmage is to take place to be the attacking party. When I was a boy I had gone out among an Indian tribe in Michigan and learned their war whoop. Springing forward I raised this war whoop, and at the same time suddenly opened my double umbrella. Springing aside, over a bush, into the open ground, he made for the crest of the hill. Straight as an arrow he went through a crevice in the hill. About twenty feet down on the other side I knew he would strike on grassy ground, and the slope from there led down to a little stream, which my path again crossed, less than a quarter of a mile below. I scrambled up the hill to the crevice and saw the tiger trotting down the slope evidently wondering whether he had done a wise thing in running away.

Putting my head with its big, white sun hat into the opening, I once more raised the war whoop. Down the tiger dashed again with speed. When his pace slackened I repeated the operation and on he dashed, and so continued until he entered the woods on the opposite side of the valley. Then I turned and wended my way to the foot of the hill, mounted my pony and kept my appointment.—Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's Story of Missionary Life.