

Subscription rates table with columns for One Year, Six Months, Three Months, and Two Months.

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers.

A village humorist was asked to suggest a motto for the new grocery, and he proposed this: "Honest tea is the best policy."

A New York man chewed the end of a dynamite cartridge the other day and all his friends now agree that chewing is a very bad habit.

Russia has ordered \$4,000,000 worth of armor plates from a Pennsylvania firm.

New York has decided that a bridge with a single span can be built across the North river.

In Chelsea, Mass., all the bells in the village are rung on election day fifteen minutes before the polls open.

A dispatch from Muncie, Ind., says that town has "a boy who hears with his fingers."

A young woman writes to a New York paper describing her first love sensations as "a sort of inward indescribability of an outward all-over-ness."

In view of the prevailing style of woman's dress, if sleeves a foot and a half wide are a good thing why not sleeves a yard in diameter be better?

The proposition of some romantic writers to put their romances to the test by actually living through the experiences described should be discouraged.

Some members of a recent grand jury in Chicago took a novel method of finding out the true inwardness of bucket shops.

In order to prove the docility of the bulldog the South London Bulldog Society, which is holding a show at the Royal Aquarium, has caged one large dog with a small cat, and the pair get along together with perfect amity.

Voiceless sorrow, grief that is deeper and more lasting than any that death ever brings, broken hopes, blighted lives and perpetual sadness are covered by the smiling mask of habit and education.

The cental of 100 pounds, the most sensible unit of measure ever used, has not yet been adopted by the trade.

To Be a Successful Minister. It was Martin Luther who gave the following ten qualifications as making a good preacher of the gospel: 1. He should be able to teach plainly and in order.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one? Our world belongs to that clock the sun. Steady its spins; while the clock beats true.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur; A sweet pink rose in the wind astr; A maple leaf with a crimson blush;

A little song when the heart is glad, A little sigh when the way is sad; Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall,

So this is the way, my own little one, Our world belongs to that clock the sun.

Is the same that holdeth you and me, While tick-tick goes the mighty clock,

And the world swings on below, Now left—now right; now day—now night,

With a tick-tock to and fro.

—Harriet F. Blodgett, in St. Nicholas.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

NE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the P. & M. Hotel in Chicago, telling stories.

grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony, who had a curious red scar bending around his forehead across his right temple and down upon his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the Western delegates said to him:

"Come, Brother Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man.

"I ain't had the scar moron'n about a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch."

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woody, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, crossing and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time."

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get you out of my cab and onto the Flying Duce; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the cast shore of Buzzard's Bay."

"By the hour I mentioned the Duce should have been at Wood's Holl, her run made; but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same box began to smoke again, hotter than fire."

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Duce had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Duce's rear lights around that curve until we were right over her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks down to Eastmouth, and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the swells who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Duce."

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on that train; but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified."

"Well, Jimmy set out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there."

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Duce standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance."

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure."

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way."

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either."

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared."

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend."

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well."

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist."

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage."

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up."

the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But, says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern," says he.

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me."

"'What's the matter?' says I. 'Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?'"

"'I'd rather go back with one,' says he."

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business."

"But of course it came out, because, though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up."

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't."

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out."

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man."

"He's still braking on the Flying Duce. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Youth's Companion.

The Tide Turning South.

"Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" B. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad.

"The people in those States are discontented and are moving away. They do not want to settle in Kansas or Arkansas or Texas, where so many of their friends used to go. If Georgia only had some literature descriptive of her resources, it would attract thousands of good, honest, hardworking people of the agricultural and mechanical classes. The tide of emigration is now setting toward Tennessee, which State issued, probably a year ago, one of the most complete books on its resources that any State has ever got out. That book catches a possible immigrant as soon as he examines it. If our State will just let the world know what we have in the way of climate, soil, minerals, woods, water power and that sort of thing our uncultivated and low-priced lands will soon be in demand and the taxable property of the State will increase in value a hundred million dollars in a few years."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mirror and Light on a Cattlefish.

The phosphorescent organs of a rare cuttlefish from deep water have been investigated by Joulin. It comprises what the author calls a mirror and an apparatus for producing light. He supposes that this organ does no function, and that it is like a machine at rest; but if a living creature adapted for food wanders near the cuttlefish, this prey, being of a high temperature than the water in which it floats, emits heat rays, which impinge on the reflecting mirror and are then concentrated in the light producing organ, causing there a sensation, the organs acting by reflex action. The water around it is then lighted up by rays perceived by the eye of the cuttlefish. In a word, these organs are those of calorific sense. He has also found in another cuttlefish an extremely curious organ constructed in such a manner that it does not perceive light rays, but is solely adapted to receive heat rays, which confirms his hypothesis as to the nature of the organs in the other cuttlefish.—New York Independent.

A Cold Light.

The recent investigations of Professor Ebert form an interesting sequel to the researches of Tesla on the production of electric light with the minimum amount of heat. The goal, of course, is to get the light with no heat at all, except that which naturally belongs to the luminous rays; that is, to get rid of the obscure or dark heat altogether. Only about five per cent of the energy expended in an incandescent lamp is turned into light, the remaining ninety-five going into waste heat. Professor Ebert has now not only deduced the laws according to which apparatus should be made to produce cold light by means of alternating currents of high frequency, but he has succeeded in obtaining a light of about one-thirtieth of a candle power, with about one-thousandth of the energy required in one of the standard candle power lamps. This, of course, is a very small light, but Professor Ebert is confident that lights of practical brightness may be obtained according to his method.—London Exchange.

Dyes From Vine-Leaves.

Dyes from autumn leaves might seem a natural and matter-of-course production, but until recently no such thing has been thought of. Some German chemists have, however, succeeded in extracting a substance from ripened vine-leaves that with appropriate mordants will color beautiful shades of brown and yellow.—New York Ledger.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

ITINERANT PREACHERS OF PIONEER DAYS.

How Spiritual Wants of the First Settlers Were Supplied—Labors of Early Preachers—Their Miserable Pay—Hardships Endured.

Among the many peculiar characters developed in the early days of our national history not the least singular was the traveling preacher, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the settlers in the backwoods. He was a natural product of the times in which he lived and of the country in which his lot was cast. He was in the most emphatic sense of the word one of the people himself, for, in all probability, he had been born and reared in the immediate neighborhood of his "circuit," nine-tenths of his auditors knew him from his boyhood, and his father and the rest of his family, and were prepared to give his pedigree back to the time when the family made its appearance in this country. Earlier than this few knew even their own family history, and nobody cared, for it was a well-established social principle in the early days of the colonies that nobody had a father until he came to America, and when he was here he was as good as anybody, if not a little better. The traveling preacher, or circuit rider, as he was generally called, was a man thoroughly and conscientiously devoted to his calling. He always believed himself to be "called" to the work of the ministry, and, having this conviction, gave up everything else for its sake. His worldly belongings, barring the wife and children, that always lived somewhere within the bounds of his circuit, were generally limited to what he could carry in his saddle-bags, and these usually contained a change of linen, a Bible, a hymn book, in those days called a "hime book," and sometimes a lurch of chicken and corn bread, put up by a kindly sister at the last preaching place. He had a horse, generally a good horse, for no other kind could stand the hardships of the journeys he had to make, and for his living he trusted to Providence and the people of the various "appointments" along his route. And, as a rule, he was as well cared for as the means of the

people permitted, for every family counted it an honor to have the preacher stay with them, and as he was usually the bearer of news from one neighborhood to another, he was always a welcome guest.

His circuit was planned, partly by himself, partly by his ecclesiastical superiors, who laid out the general ground and expected him to add to the number of appointments or preaching places as the membership increased and the work broadened. Two preachers, a senior and a junior, were usually assigned to each circuit, and the appointments for the two were arranged in such a way that the people of each station had preaching every other week, at least, or sometimes every week. The labors of these self-sacrificing men were by no means, however, confined to Sunday. They preached every day, sometimes twice a day, reaching one station at 9 or 10 in the morning, holding service, dining with some brother who lived near by, in the afternoon, riding on to another station, where an evening service was to be held, and repeating this round week after week, month after month, during the year until "conference" came, when the appointments were changed and the preachers went to new fields. Twenty or thirty sermons every four weeks were the usual work, together with 200 or 300 miles of the hardest kind of travel. Of roads there were few, the traveler being compelled to rely on bridle paths through the forest, and often on mere tracks aided by "blazes" on the trees, or pieces of bark chopped out, leaving a white place underneath, which could be seen at a considerable distance and materially aided the progress of the wayfarer. When darkness overtook the preacher on his journey, and he could no longer discern the "blazes" on the trees, he trusted to the instinct of his horse, and when this failed, as it sometimes, though rarely, did, he was compelled to pass the night in the woods. If he had flint and steel he made a fire; if not, he sat down at the root of a tree and held his horse until morning. In rainy weather he was often compelled to swim the swollen streams that lay in his route, or make long detours in search of a place where the stream could be forded. Yet all these hardships, and more, including sleeping in lofts where the snow drifted in, in rooms where four beds were placed and the family all slept in the only room the cabin afforded, and the annoyance of having absolutely no privacy but that of the forest during his journey from one appointment to another, were cheerfully endured, and for no compensation save the consciousness of duty well done, and the pittance that the people were able to give in return for the services rendered them. Money in those times was scarce, and many an old preacher has been heard to tell how in the early days of his ministry he received but \$25 or \$30 from

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

ITINERANT PREACHERS OF PIONEER DAYS.

his people for a year's hard work. But this sum did not really represent all they did for him, for his entertainment was free wherever he went, and a pair of stockings here, a pair of shoes there, a wool hat or fur cap from one, a coat from another and a pair of jeans trousers from a third, eked out his scanty support very materially. Nor was this all, for on his "home round"—that is, when on that part of his circuit that brought him toward home—he might be seen with a ham or fitch of bacon on one side of his saddle, a pair of chickens or a wild turkey on the other, and it may be a haunch of venison or a bag of corn in front, all the contributions of those who gave willingly of what they had to give at that time. These, with an occasional wedding fee, a sum varying from 25c to \$1, paid by a youth in his first suit of ill-fitting store clothes, constituted his principal reliance for a livelihood. His wife did her own work, and her neighbors brought in supplies from time to time to help out the preacher, so, on the whole, he lived about as well as they, and what was better, was fully content with what he had, and cheerfully sang:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness."

The "meeting houses" where he preached were as plain as the people and the fare. In Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Southern States generally, the first "meeting houses" were of logs, and in a style of architecture that closely approximated that of the settlers' cabins. Where there were school houses these were used for religious purposes, but where there were none the cabins of the settlers, whether employed, and almost anyone, whether he was a member of the particular denomination to which the circuit rider belonged or not, was generally willing to open his house for preaching. Where regular houses were built for service, however, the neighborhood was understood to have advanced considerably on the road to refinement. "Quarterly meeting" at one of these wayside log sanctuaries was a great occasion. The presiding elder was always there, with as many of the brethren as could be mustered. Long before the appointed hour for the service the roads were full of primitive vehicles on the way to the meeting house. Antiquated wagons, a man and his wife on the front seat, two or three wooden chairs just behind for invited guests, and the balance of the load made up of children packed in straw, were common, but more frequent were the riders on horseback. They came in twos and threes, men and women, with children in front and behind, and on arriving at the grove in which the church was situated they tied the horses, not always far enough apart to prevent an equine dispute, scattered ear-corn on the ground in front of them to be about equally divided between the steeds and the strolling pigs that always infested the neighborhood on such occasions, and men and women separated into groups. Down at the always convenient spring the former gathered, the elders to smoke their pipes and talk crops, their juniors to discuss politics. In and about the church the old women talked butter and eggs, or discussed the attire of the one "worldly" girl sure to be found in every neighborhood, while their daughters sat silent, for it was a favorite maxim in those days that young girls and children should be seen and not heard.

A stir in the little crowd about the door told of the arrival of the elder and his brother circuit riders, for the elder was just as much a circuit rider as the rest, except that his circuit was bigger, and a few of the nearest fled into the church, whither the preachers had preceded them. The brethren said their prayers, took their seats, conferred among themselves in loud whispers as to the order of service, and then some one struck up a familiar hymn. All joined lustily, and the sound thereof, wafted out of the open windows and down the hill to the spring, notified the brethren there that "meetin'" had begun, and induced an instant suspension of crop talk and a stampede in the direction of the meeting house. By the time the hymn was ended the house was filled and the regular service of the day began.

There was preaching in abundance, for preaching was the main feature of the exercises. The preaching would hardly be acceptable in a \$100,000 church nowadays, for it often happened that grammar and rhetoric were conspicuous by their absence, but there was always enthusiasm in any quantity, and also plenty of Scripture. The old preachers of those days did not know much about the graces of oratory, but they did know all about the Bible, for it was the one book that they constantly read, and that they were thoroughly conversant with from cover to cover. A proposition was started, and Bible texts in confirmation of it were cited; if it could be proved from the Bible, well and good; if not, no matter what it was, or who stated it, it was rank infidelity, and the proposer was an infidel. The nice distinctions of the higher criticism were unknown quantities; the preachers of those days knew nothing of the Javist, and the Elohist. Where the apostle affirmed "Wives, submit to your husbands," they said that it meant that the women should mind, and not cherish any ideas about being equal to the man and voting. They hat long detours in search of a place where the stream could be forded. Yet all these hardships, and more, including sleeping in lofts where the snow drifted in, in rooms where four beds were placed and the family all slept in the only room the cabin afforded, and the annoyance of having absolutely no privacy but that of the forest during his journey from one appointment to another, were cheerfully endured, and for no compensation save the consciousness of duty well done, and the pittance that the people were able to give in return for the services rendered them. Money in those times was scarce, and many an old preacher has been heard to tell how in the early days of his ministry he received but \$25 or \$30 from

shoulder-biting son of Belial in the country. Their meetings did not lack for vivacity from other causes. In those days no man stirred abroad without his gun and his dog, and a concourse of people was the occasion also for a concourse of dogs. Generally curs of low degree, they had neither patience nor pedigree, and dog fights at meeting were matters of by no means infrequent occurrence. When they took place outside, the curs were generally left to settle their dispute among themselves, unless it became too noisy, but when this occurred some man seated near the door and armed with a good-sized whip, quietly slipped out to act as umpire, and a moment later a series of yelps, followed by silence, gave indication that the war was over. More of an incident were they when they took place within the limits of the congregation, for every other exercise was at once suspended until the belligerents could be parted. The brethren united their forces, however, and by kicking one and half-strangling the other, generally accomplished the desired end in a few moments. When the church had a floor raised a few feet from the ground, the space beneath was not infrequently used by vagrant swine as a place of temporary abode, and when, as sometimes happened, the dogs took into their heads the notion that the dogs were trespassers and ought to be evicted, the trouble was more serious from the difficulty of reaching the battlefield, a difficulty that was finally surmounted by sending in a boy with a cowhide to eject both dogs and pigs. Such trifles as crying babies were never noticed in a congregation of this kind; crying was popularly supposed to be good for the lungs of the infant, and the mother let it cry, with such efforts to soothe it as occurred to her on the spur of the moment, or were suggested by interested friends.

To the people of the present time with their \$500,000 churches and \$0,000 preachers, with organ and choir and Sunday-school appointments of the most elegant description, such services seem farcical and lacking in proper reverence. But it should not be forgotten that all these things are merely comparative, and that to the people of the latter part of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, the religious elegance of the present would have seemed just as inappropriate. The preachers and the singing were to their taste. To them the eloquence of a Talmage and the music of a Handel would have been only words and noise. They could understand their preacher, and could sing with both. To them separate hymn books would have been a superfluity, for many of them could not read, and one hymn book, held by the preacher, who "lined" the hymn, that is, gave out two lines of the hymn at a time for the whole congregation.

The old preachers have mostly passed away, but the results of their works are seen in the thousands of churches that everywhere dot the country districts, many of them on the identical spots where the log cabins once stood that were sanctified by the presence and labors of the early circuit riders. And the system still continues, and some readers may be surprised to learn that many thousands of country people in the North, West and South have now no other religious services than those conducted by the circuit riders. The times have changed for these, too, and now they wear broadcloth and ride in buggies instead of on horseback, to their appointments. Their churches are of boards, or even of brick, and have choirs and cabinet organs, and the women wear feathers in their hats, and the men polish their boots, and the girls have ear-rings and finger rings and beads, but the principles are the same, and the system is almost identical with that known to our grandfathers.

IT MEANT THE SAME THING.

The Old Complaint Quite the Same, Even When Given to Hostonese.

The man had groaned so often and coughed so hard that every one in the car was interested, says the Detroit Free Press, and one sympathetic passenger inquired:

"Got the grip?"

"No; bronchitis."

"Bron which?"

"Bronchitis."

"Oh!"

There was a spell of silence. The sufferer was from Boston. That was evident, because he emphasized the "i" in bronchitis in a way that left no doubt. No one among the passengers dared to tackle the complaint until a series of deeper groans and coughs aroused them to a sense of their duty.

"I've had bronchitis myself, but I s'pose this is different," said the man with the carbapag. "Had 'em had, but I took yarb tea for mine and it cured me all-Bred quick."

"Brongetus ain't a circumstance to reumatiz," began another man, but he was interrupted.

"Are you talking about bronketus? If it's anything like what I had when I was—"

"Try mustard inside," suggested another. "I've had bronchetus till you couldn't rest, and it always cured me."

"Tan't our kind of bronchetus the gentleman's got at all, is it, pard?"

"No," said the Boston man, wearily, as he closed his eyes and wished he was dead.

"There, I told you so, didn't I? Poor man. There ain't no help for bronketus on this yearth." And the sympathetic passenger wound up his watch to hide his feelings.

A modern philosopher remarks upon it as a wise provision of nature that a man can neither pat himself on the back nor kick himself.

