Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1890.

THE MYSTERIOUS FUNERAL GUEST.

A Surprise for One Who Was Not Familiar with the Danger of Open Doors.

A young reporter who had come to New York from a western town, and was not accustomed to the ways of the metropolis, was assigned, as his first piece of work, to report the funeral of a wealthy but not exceedingly prominent man who lived up town in a lavishly furnished house. He found the house jammed to the doors with people, and was unable, without making a nuisance of himself, to make his way any further into the crowd than the newel post of the great mahogany stairway.

His editor had warned him of the necessity of getting a large number of the names of those who were present, and of the enormity of the crime of having even one of them incorrectly spelled. But here the raw reporter was, hemmed in immovably on all sides by people who looked horrified if he ventured to address them. He asked several of them for their names, but they either refused to give them or failed to understand what he wanted them for.

"These people can't amount to much, anyway," he said to himself, "or they would show a little more familiarity with the ordeal of giving their names for publication;" so he cast his eyes around for some person of seeming importance. He soon spied a distinguished looking man, faultlessly dressed, with a military carriage and an aristocratic appearance. He replied to the reporter's rather timid questions courteously, gave the names of a number of people of some importance whom he could see from where he stood or had noticed entering the house. His patience even outlasted the reporter's importunity, and the latter decided that the man was a trump of the most thoroughgoing kind.

Finally the reporter said: "And your own name, sir?"

"Oh, never mind me," was the reply. "You don't want my name!"

This was a disappointment, and the reporter's face showed it. "I should like to have it most of all," he replied.

"Well," said the man, "I'm J. B. Jenks, of the Metropolitan police force."

The reporter was a little staggered, but he thought to himself, "An inspector, I dare say, or a captain at least," and asked aloud: "What title? Cap?"

"No," said the officer, with a quiet smile, "plain patrolman. I see you're surprised. Didn't think a policeman could look so much like a gentleman, eh?"

"Not at all," replied the reporter quickly, "I only wondered why you were here. Relative of the dead man?"

No; no such luck!"

"Friend of the family?"

"Altogether too swell for my blood."

"What are you doing then among the house full of such eminently respectable people as these?"

"Watching to see that none of them steals the bric-a-brac!"

"Come off, old man; you're trying to kid me!"

"Fact!" and the officer turned away to scan with piercing looks a gentlemanly looking old man who was making his way out of the house with tears in his eyes.—*New York Tribune.*

What Caused Him to Reform.

At a temperance meeting one of the workers read a story entitled, "The Little Shoes Did It." It was about a man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance by seeing the saloon-keeper's little child come into the saloon, holding out her feet for the father to look at her fine new shoes. It made the drunkard think of his own barefooted children at home, impoverished in order that the saloon-keeper's child might be well shod, and he quit drink from that moment.

At the conclusion of the recital a shabby, dissipated looking man in the back of one hall began to sob.

"Ah," said the reader from the platform, to the sobbing man, "you have been there yourself."

The weeping man, with his face buried in his hands, nodded assent.

"And have you reformed?"

Another vigorous nod.

"Then it was the little shoes of the saloon-keeper's little girl that did it?"

"No," he replied, sadly; "it was the saloon-keeper's little boot. He kicked me out!"—*Texas Siftings.*

A Temperance Woman Gives a Remedy.

I believe that the cause of temperance would be promoted by the use of a very simple expedient, which the Prohibitionists and the foes to John Barleycorn have failed to think of and adopt, writes a temperance woman. I mean to have the screen door, usual to saloon entrances, abolished. Then the party of a bibulous habit would do his drinking in full view of the populace. It takes, I think, a thoroughly case-hardened man to swallow a schooner of beer or pony of whisky in open sight of a dozen or more of passing people, by whom, under certain circumstances, he would rather not be seen. Let the saloon be as public as the drug store or the restaurant, and there are many men and boys, and women, even, who would be ashamed to patronize it.

"ONE is beautiful but poor. The other is cross-eyed and rich. I'll marry the cross-eyed one, to show that I am self-sacrificing."

AT EVENING PEACE SHALL COME.

Because my sun of life has set,
Why yet the day is young,
Why burden others with my griefs
With oft-complaining tongue?
Why life is sad and sad?
The world is full of woe and pain,
And I am only one—
An atom in the total vast,
And I, what have I done
To merit more of gain?
Then let the lips be dumb;
Hushed the heart-broken cry.
Fill all the hours with busy toil,
And let the days slip by;
At evening peace shall come.

—[Maude Meredith.

STORY OF A SEPARATION.

BY G. G. G. SOUTHMAYDE.

"It is no use; I must find a pretty blonde woman, and that at once," said Jack, one dismal February morning as we sat working in our studio.

He was at work upon a summer scene wherein two girls, essentially modern in dress and style, sat idly chatting in the shade of a superb oak-tree, while the sunlight fell in irregular blotches of golden light through the canopy of waxen leaves upon hair and dress—sunlight so real and beautiful as to make one's heart ache with longing for just such days, as he listened to the steady rat-a-tat-tat of the half-sleet, half-rain, so steadily falling upon the double skylight.

One figure was already completed. A bright, brown-haired, brown-eyed woman, the pose of whose head, the very fold of whose dress, told of life and animation. If those painted lips could only open, one felt sure the dismal day would be forgotten in the stream of gay and witty words which would rush forth, so naturally had Jack portrayed her. But then, Jack was in love with the original, and had worked weeks and weeks, changing a bit here and a bit there, until not one line was needed to make it perfect.

And the other figure was a weird sight indeed: a fair, slight woman, languidly lying back on a wicker chair, her golden hair catching and reflecting the sunlight in a blaze of glory; but there the beauty ceased, for in the place of her face was but the suggestion of features, and even those suggested a ghost-woman more than flesh and blood. Every detail of the soft white dress was worked up to perfection. The tip of the little high-heeled slipper peeping beneath the dress, the lily-like hands lying so restfully among the fluffy folds of the draperies in her lap: the fan which has slipped from those hands to the ground, all standing out in perfect completeness from the canvas, while above it stared that ghastly face—for Jack's model was ill, and without her he could go no further.

"I must have a model, and cannot wait for Louise," continued Jack, with a groan. "and I suppose I shall be disgusted enough before I can find one that will do."

But groaning wouldn't help it, and we set about getting a model, and we had some fun out of it after all. Such remarkable people called in the character of a pretty blonde. Women large and women small; women tall and women short; women fat and women lean; women old and women young; women rich and women poor; women dark and women light; women who came for bread and women who came for larks; but never, oh, never, a pretty blonde! At last, when we had decided we must wait for Louise, there came a little woman—such a little woman—and she was, indeed, the pretty blonde. Not only pretty, either, for so modest, so sweet, so pure was she, that each morning she walked into our dingy rooms it seemed as if we were blessed by the presence of an angel.

She sat for the vacant face, and came regularly to the studio for many days. There she was each day, hours and hours; so still, so fair, so silent that we could almost believe her a picture; never speaking unless spoken to, and then only answering a word or two in that silvery voice so peculiarly her own. We were devoured by curiosity as to whom she was and why she came. So evidently a lady, so richly and yet so simply dressed, so free from any spirit or desire to flirt—what motive had she in coming there to sit in silence day after day?

When Jack handed her her money on the first day she colored almost purple in her confusion, but took the bills and quietly put them in her purse—such an expensive, silver-mounted purse, I noticed; but, oh! so very empty. She gave us no address, and never told us anything of herself, so we could only possess our souls in patience; but I observed that Jack grew very sober over his work, and thought constantly about this Ada, as she told us to call her, when he was not at work.

One fine morning we should come into the studio but Miss Halliday, the original of the other girl in the picture, and her mother. Then trouble commenced, for Jack's very evident desire to shield Miss Ada from any remarks that might hurt her, to make her feel that he considered her in the light of a lady and a friend, did not please Miss Halliday, who, of course, noticed it at once. Then Jack, poor, stupid Jack, relying upon Miss Halliday's faith in his entire love for her, made matters worse by calling her one side, and, after pointing out Ada's beauty and sweetness, asking her to invite Ada to her home to cheer her up a bit. Invite an unknown girl with nothing but her beauty to recommend her, particularly when the man she was engaged to was half in love with the unknown girl already? Well, no; she begged to be excused. Besides, why hadn't he spoken of this girl before during the days she had been sitting for him? Oh, no—and she "thought, mamma, it was time they left in order to be at home for luncheon. Good morning," and they were gone. Poor Jack!

But he went back to his work and painted steadily on, while Ada sat thinking with a little troubled pucker in her forehead. In a few days the picture was done and the little lady left the studio. She would give no address, but would call again, some day, she said, and see if we had any more use for her.

Weeks passed, but we never saw or heard a word from her, and Jack, what with his troubles with his sweetheart and his troubles about Ada, was wretchedly unhappy. Honest Jack could not deceive, and every thought he gave the little model widened the breach between him and his love.

Lent was over. The great city had again put on its robe of social splendor, and all the belles and beaux of the upper ten were rushing about in the last mad whirl of the season. Shortly all the world would emigrate to Europe, or Lenox, or Newport, and before they left they must celebrate their freedom from Lenten restrictions. With the reopening of the season had come a piece of news that startled New Yorkers. Miss Halliday had broken her engagement to the artist, Jack Masterson, and was engaged to Mr. Alfred Stirling. Yet in the Academy hung Jack Masterson's picture—his best effort, the critics said—and its fascination for his friends lay in the sparkling eyes and laughing face of Clara Halliday; but unprejudiced observers said its beauty lay in the calm, sweet face of the other figure. And then it began to be whispered about that he had fallen in love with the blonde girl in the picture while he was painting her, you know, and that was why Miss Halliday broke the engagement.

But neither Miss Halliday nor Jack ever denied or affirmed these rumors, and they soon died out; for the world had a more important subject to discuss, which was—Who is Mr. Alfred Stirling? Nobody seemed to know. He appeared at a tea given by Mrs. Van Buren just before Lent, and although Mrs. Van Buren could not remember him, he was so very handsome and charming she was very glad to think that as he said, he had met her at Bar Harbor two years ago, before he went abroad, and coming to call upon her that afternoon, in accordance to her kind invitation of the Bar Harbor summer, he found the reception in progress, and had presumed to make his call just the same. All this she learned when he called some evenings later, and it was with positive delight she hailed the advent of a "new young man" so desirable in every respect as he seemed to be. Soon his various charms won him a place in the regard of all her circle, and he became a veritable lion. He sang so remarkably well in a high, tenor voice; he talked so fluently upon all matters of general interest; he recited poems of love and valor so sweetly; he played dance music so fascinatingly, or danced so beautifully himself, that all the girls lost their hearts to him; while the staid fathers melted before his choice dinners, given unostentatiously in his sumptuous apartments, and the mothers succumbed without a murmur before his conservative religious views and faithful attendance at Lenten services.

And now, in a few short weeks, he had won the hand, if not the heart, of the beauty and belle of the season—the wealthy Miss Halliday. And so, aloud rose the cry from the mouths of less successful rivals, "Who is Mr. Alfred Stirling?"

But all this mattered not to Miss Halliday, or to Mr. Stirling's numerous friends, and all went gayly as a marriage bell through the summer season, every one envying both lover and maid in their apparent happiness.

In the fall the society papers announced that a new firm of brokers would be announced upon the Exchange, i. e., Bradford & Stirling, and that Mr. Stirling would probably be married early in January.

And Jack? Well, Jack worked away like a Trojan, holding his head high and going about the same as ever; meeting his old love and her fiance constantly, and bearing very friendly relations with both. Whatever he suffered—and he did suffer—he never discussed it, even with me, his chum and brother artist. We dined with Mr. Stirling at his club and in his rooms, and both voted him a mighty fine fellow, though I think both of us had an inexplicable feeling—apparently unfounded—that he was not just frank. I know I did. However, we never mentioned it, because, I suppose, we were ashamed to put a ground-less suspicion into words.

And the little model? She never appeared again at the studio. Jack wanted her for a picture, and advertised as guardedly as he could, but to no end. Finally we gave it up and decided to stop worrying about her.

One morning, late in November, Jack and I went down to Stirling's office to see him about some club matters. Mr. Bradford was in the office and Stirling, he said, was due in a few moments. He had been in Boston a day or two, and was coming over by Fall River last night, and ought to be here now, but of course the boat was liable to be late this season. So we sat and chatted while we waited.

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a little woman. "Ada, by heavens!" I heard Jack whisper; and surely it was she, but Ada so thin, so pale, so sad, it made my heart bleed. Without noticing Jack or me, she walked up to Bradford and said:

"This is Mr. Bradford?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Stirling in?"

"No, madam," said Bradford.

"Where is he? Oh, where is he?" said Ada with a trembling voice; "he ought to be here. It is late—see, it is eleven o'clock and he is not here. Oh, Mr. Bradford! I am his wife, and I have come to find him. I have not seen him for months, but I know some ill has befallen him. Last night I dreamed—"

Here the door opened and in walked Stirling, but Stirling greatly changed—so old and haggard that we scarcely knew him. The moment he opened the door and saw the woman, he said: "Ada," and with a cry of "Alfred! Alfred!" she flew across the room and fell sobbing upon his breast.

And this is the story we gathered from the incoherent remarks of these two people so strangely thrown into our lives.

Two years ago, Alfred Stirling, who was a Bostonian, went up into a little New Hampshire town to spend the summer, and there met Ada, who was teaching school. Her beauty and innocence won his heart, and after a very short courtship they were quietly married. But his mother, a proud old Puritan, disproved of the match, and, before she ever saw Ada, took a violent dislike to her. No amount of kindness or attention which the girl might bestow upon Madam Stirling could win her heart, and she persisted in her belief that Ada had married Alfred for money. Poor little unworldly Ada! She had never given the matter a thought. Finally, at the end of eighteen unhappy months, it became so unpleasant for her that she asked Alfred to take her to a home of their own (for they were living with Madam Stirling), where they could be happy together. This Alfred would not hear of because he was an only son, and both of them lost their tempers in the discussion. Bitter words were said, and Alfred bounced out of the house, at last, without saying good-bye.

That afternoon he was suddenly called to New York. Sending a line to his mother, asking her to be kind to Ada until his return, and a line to Ada begging her pardon for his loss of temper and assuring her of his love and sorrow, he rushed off on the next train.

But Ada never received her letter. She was out when the boy came, and Madam Stirling having read her own missive, burned Ada's, and simply told her that Alfred had sent word that he had gone to New York. Of course it was the same old story. Ada, too proud to write under the circumstances, did not; and Alfred, hearing nothing in response to his affectionate appeal, in his quick, impetuous way, supposed that Ada had ceased to love him, and, without a word, sailed for Europe. And foolish Ada, making confusion worse confounded, left the home of which she believed herself an unwelcome member, to seek her fortune in a pitiless world.

It was after battling unsuccessfully many months, that she bethought herself of using her beauty as a means of livelihood until she could get other work and came to us. She noted Miss Halliday's manner upon the day of her visit to the studio, and so, after that picture was finished, never returned for further employment lest she might make trouble between Miss Halliday and Jack. Since that time she had been teaching school in a small village out of New York, and so had dragged out a cheerless existence. From the papers she had learned of Stirling's business venture, but never for one moment gave credence to the marriage rumor.

And last night, while sleeping, she had seen Alfred reading a paper somewhere (she could not make out where), in front of a large mirror, and in her dream was convinced that some horrible fate overhung him, but again could not make out what. She tried to call him but was voiceless. She tried to go to him, but was powerless. Then she fell upon her knees and prayed to heaven to save him—prayed as she never prayed before—and while praying a great black cloud shut him from her sight, and she awoke. The terror of her dream was upon her, and, arising, she started for New York, to find him if alive—to be by his side if dead. "And that, Alfred, is why I forgot my pride, and left my home at midnight to come here," she said, in conclusion.

And Alfred's story was equally one of hasty judgment and consequent suffering. The ocean voyage cooled his anger, and he immediately returned by the next steamer and hastened to his wife. She was gone—had been gone for days, they said; and no one had tried to find her. Distracted, he sought her high and low; advertised everywhere and traveled for weeks; but in vain. She was surely dead, they said, and in despair he left his mother and his home and settled in New York to forget, if possible, in its noisy whirl, his irreparable loss. When he called on Mrs. Van Buren he had not the heart to recall to her mind his lovely dead wife, with whom he had been so overpoweringly in love at Bar Harbor, and seeing Mrs. Van Buren had forgotten all the details, he thought it best to let her believe him a bachelor, and so spare himself needless pain. That accounted for his universal reticence concerning his personal history, and we, that is Jack and I, felt the twinge of a guilty, suspicious conscience. When he met Miss Halliday, her gayety and cordial nature soothed his aching heart, and so he drifted into an engagement, though he was troubled occasionally by the conviction that Ada was not dead. But why, if alive, had she not answered his loving appeals to her in the advertisements? And why could he not find her? No; she must be dead. So matters drifted on.

But about one week ago he came for his first visit to our studio, and there saw, for the first time, Jack's Academy picture. In it he recognized Ada (though he never said a word), and he knew she must be alive if Jack had painted her face within a few months. On the flow to Boston, there to renew his search. Coming home last night by boat, he could not sleep for thinking of her, his old love was upon him stronger than ever with the first breath of hope—to see her again! To tell her of his shame and penitence! Ah heaven! would he never reach New York. Becoming conscious that his restless pacing was attracting attention, he wandered about midnight into the engine room and sat down in front of the mirror there to read his paper; but he could not read. He could only see her face. Suddenly he heard her call—heard her as plainly as if she were at his side: "Alfred, Alfred, come away with me!" He was so terribly real that he jumped on his feet and started for the cabin. Hardly had he left his chair when with a terrible roar and crash, the walking beam, loosened by some break in the machinery, shot down from its place, and with its mighty weight plunged through chair, and mirror, and floor, leaving but a yawning cavern where they had been. That was the direful fate which had threatened him, and Ada's prayer was answered, for heaven had spared him to her to shelter and protect her in the years to come.

What called this to my mind to-day, was the dinner I attended at Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stirling's last night, where Mr. and Mrs. Jack Masterson were the honored guests. As I watched my fair-haired hostess, I thought of her sad days in the studio; and a prayer for her future happiness rose to my lips.—[Frank Leslie's.

Lincoln's Youngest Boys.

During the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children, William and Thomas; Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed.

William sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterwards to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. "Tad" was a merry, warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the "chartered libertine" of the Executive Mansion.

He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his grayest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid, and very imperfect speech—for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even upon his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary, for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.—[Colonel Hay in the Century.

A Fan for an Empress.

The latest eccentricity of Viennese fashion is a passion for fans of mountain cock feathers. The last question the young Austrian belle asks her admirer before he goes on a hunt is: "Won't you try, please, to bag me a fine fan?" An ideal fan of this kind must contain only feathers from birds brought down by the most expert shots, and every feather must be the lone representative of the giver's skill. Consequently such an ideal fan may record the admiration and skill of sixty or seventy hunters. It is also not unusual to have cut in the ribs of the smaller fans a brief account of the circumstances under which the giver of the attached feathers shot the bird. The German Empress, Augusta Victoria, is said to have expressed a wish last summer to have such a fan, and ever since that time the young bloods of the Austrian court, who have already bagged fans for their own women, have been shooting right and left for her sake. The handle of the fan, now being completed in Vienna, will be set with jewels in the Prussian colors.—[New York Sun.

A Remarkable Memory.

There is a young lady in this city who has a marvellous memory and who makes her living by the exercise of it. She is an omnivorous reader and never forgets a book she has read. She is not only up in American and English literature, but is thoroughly conversant with classic, ancient and mediæval literature. A leading publishing house here employs her and submits to her all manuscript for a test of its originality. She can instantly detect a plagiarism of plot, any characters or any remark which may have figured in any book, and can mention the book in which it first appeared. She is the terror of plagiarists.—[New York World.

An Immense Establishment.

The drummer who cannot do his share of bragging, and perhaps a little more, is as rare in the community as the black swan of antiquity. The latest specimen of drummer's hyperbole I give, here word for word as it was told me: "You can't begin to conceive of the enormous dimensions of our establishment. Just stop and think of it! We didn't find out until we began to take stock lately that two of our cashiers had been missing for four weeks."—[Jeweler's Weekly.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "*Forasmuch as thou knowest my ways to encamp in the wilderness.*"—Num. x. 31.

Night after night we have slept in tent in the wilderness. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in tents. Jacob made out of dyed skins, and in the winds and storms wore out and tore up those coverings others of the same kind put in their places.

Job lived in a tent; Abraham in a tent. Job pitched his tent on the mountain. Lot pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent a woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk and "leben" as a soporific to make him sleep soundly, that being the effect of such potation, as modern travelers can testify. A Syrian army in a tent. The ancient Bible shout was "To your tents, O Israel!" and was a tent maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Hezekiah compares death to the taking down of a tent, saying, "Mine age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear nothing I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you may have seen this monster putting his teeth between the iron bars of a menagerie he is a captive, and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural howl, splitting up the darkness into a shower of midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whinny—in the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and bloodthirstiness and crunched and broken bones and death.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive songs were sung and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shall thou be in the city, and blessed shall thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store," and then from Mount Ebal, thousands of voices responded, crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the space between the mountains that one word with which the devout of earth close their prayers and the glorified of heaven finish their doxologies, "Amen! Amen!" Those sounds were to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshipers of God; the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys, shall be filled with the outpouring populations of the earth and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and dominion and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

On and on we ride, until now we have come to Bethsaida, a great city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys. Pithess and Hophni and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings. Than those parents who, their children reprobate and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down interminable and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here to-day to whom death would be a happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed take your feet off the sad hearts of the old homestead. Home to thy God. O prodigal!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys and find close by what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball, where the maidens of the city amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets danced in glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But not long since the world stood over broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gayieties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up household of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose for his wife and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation.

As to-day near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live. Such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms, and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of Him "who setteth the solitary in families!" Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven!

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as He crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of ground that has not at some time been gulled with war chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry.

It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through its ragee at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept away the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that the "stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it. David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cœur de Lion and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions round in which the holy cross—the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified—was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host, and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war come before me. The twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying: "Ho! for Jerusalem!" "Ho! for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christians were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred," when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the holy cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulled them out of their own breasts and sides hurled them back again at the enemy.

On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen. The one was on the last horse, wielded his battle ax right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages adore it for the struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels, "some on the Christian side, and this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle ax upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye begins to waver, begins to descend. It falls! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the buzza of the victorious Moslems.

But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky to-day in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following it, and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift to day for your marshaling. The cross! The cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it waves, the top of it pointing to the heaven to which it will take you, and the outspread beams of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Most Jesus bear the cross alone,
And the world go free?
No, there is room for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here, and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of million of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then a song as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it, clapping cymbals, beating the time—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

THE GIRLS OF CAPRI.

Something Peculiarly Winning in Their Frank and Natural Ways, Shapely Heads, Wavy Hair and Shining Eyes.

The Capri women work very hard in the fields as aids to builders, and especially as carriers. They transport everything, from a haudkerchief full of figs to a Saratoga trunk, on their heads. But more astonishing still is the ease with which they carry a glass birette full of wine, oil or water down the steep and slippery "goat paths" which do duty, with two really good exceptions, for roads at Capri. The woman first makes a round pad of her handkerchief, which she places on her head; on this biretta—in shape something like a very large decanter—is poised, and off goes the fair facchina (portress) at a good pace. She does not think of using her hands to steady the bottle unless it is very huge, or if she turns her head, or in going up or down a particularly high step; then she will touch the base of it with her fingers. The grace with which they manage this, to us, impossible feat is charming. I have often stopped to watch them in delighted astonishment, and to ask if there is no fear of the whole thing tumbling down. The mere idea of such a catastrophe provokes much amusement.

And now we come to the Capri girls. Well, of course, they alone would furnish material for an article. There is something about them. I do not think it is their beauty half so much as their frank, natural ways that please one. I have observed in them a simple tact, a sweet courtesy of manner, which would not disgrace a duchess. Yet there is nothing studied, no effort; the attraction lies in their being entirely unaffected:

And being natural, naturally please.

This is made obvious by the fact that when a Capri girl is taken out of her original sphere she loses many of her winning qualities which so become her.

Ladies do not always perceive how taking these girls are. "I cannot understand how men, gentlemen by birth and education, are attracted by those common girls," is a very general remark. Why is it that ladies see no charm where men find so much? Can it be that simplicity and other of nature's graces have a certain mawkish flavor to our feminine palates? I hope not.

These girls can assume a wonderful amount of dignity when necessary. They have also an abundant supply of mother wit, which I have heard used to check the too ardent attentions of youthful foresters.

One of the prettiest sights I know is to meet a band of Capri girls, aged from 12 to 16, returning from their day's toil. Here they come, with their skirts tucked up on one side, the red kerchief carelessly tied at the back of their shapely heads, from under which the dark, wavy hair escapes—cheeks flushed after hard work, eyes shining, tongues chattering. As they pass they look you straight in the face, smile merrily, and wish you "Buona sera," with audible comments on your personal appearance. But they are not difficult to please, and as long long as you have an agreeable expression the general verdict will be that you are "una bella signora."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Trade Mark Law.

The word "trade mark" is not, as many people erroneously suppose, confined to a registered trade mark, but includes that sense of the word. Trade mark has been defined by the United States Supreme Court to be just what Webster's Dictionary defines it, "a distinguishing mark or device used by a manufacturer on his goods or labels, the legal right in which is recognized by law." The act of Congress of March 2, 1881, provided for registering trade marks of aliens, as well as citizens, by causing to be recorded in the Patent Office a statement specifying name, domicile, location, and citizenship of the party applying, the class of merchandise and the particular description of goods comprised in such class to which the particular trade mark has been appropriated; a description of the trade mark itself with fac-similes thereof, and statement of the mode in which the same is applied and affixed to goods, and the length of time during which the trade mark has been used. This application must be accompanied by the proof of its veracity and the rights claimed. The certificate when issued remains in force for thirty years, and can be renewed. The government fee is $25. The manufacture, sale, offering for sale or dealing in any goods substantially of the same descriptive properties as those referred to in the registration of any trade mark or the affixing of a fraudulent trade mark is punishable by a fine not exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both. The same fine is imposed on those who fraudulently refill trade marked packages.—*American Analyst.*

IT is a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.—*Syracuse Herald.*

TWO WORDS.

People who wished to send home telegrams from abroad commonly arrange a system of cypher in order to make the expense as small as possible. A story is told of one man, however, whose ingenuity supplied the lack of any prearranged cypher.

A Western man who owned a great farm in Dakota was obliged to cross the water for business purposes. For three months he heard nothing from the man whom he had left in charge of the farm, and at last he became somewhat disturbed. He was an illiterate person, though a capital farmer, and the writing of a telegram was a matter of some difficulty. At last he sent off the following comprehensive message:

"Is things all right at the farm?"

Impatiently he awaited the answer. It would be expensive, he felt sure, whether it brought good or bad news, judging by his own experience.

But his trusty foreman was a person of few words and strict ideas of economy, and the envelope which his anxious employer received as soon as possible, contained simply this message: "Things is."—*Exchange.*

A bunch of Louisiana rice shows a yield of 1,500 grains from a single seed.

It cost $38,000,000 to govern New York City last year.

Mediocrity always copies *superiority*. Dobbins's Electric Soap, first made in 1865, has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for *Dobbins's* Electric Soap, all other Electrics, Electricity, Magnetics, etc., are imitations.

It is not the fault of the foot that the shoe hurts it.

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 50 cts. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

People on the fence never weigh much.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The original mask of Napoleon, taken after death, at St. Helena, is for sale for $20,000.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The United States have 776,500 miles of telegraph wire.

Woman, her diseases and their treatment. 72 pages, illustrated, sent price 50c. Sent upon receipt of 10c., cost of mailing, etc. Address Prof. R. H. KLINE, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Great American Dessert—Pie.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adeler & Co., 522 Wyandotte st., Kansas City, Mo

Explorer Stanley proves the Nile to be 4,100 miles long.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

There are 250,000 women married annually in London.

A Successful Medicine.

Not alone successful but a really genuine favorite in the household to-day is that peerless remedy known as Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment, and justly so.

In a climate such as ours a pain reliever possessing real merit is truly indispensable; the changes are so sudden that even those of robust constitution are liable to be seized with pain, either in the chest, back or limbs, at any moment! Neglected—serious consequences are sure to follow.

A few applications immediately of Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment acts like magic for aches or pains of any sort. The possession of it in homes leaves but a narrow margin for doctors' bills, which often make such inroads upon the slender purses of those in moderate circumstances.

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease.