

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. MCWEEN, PUBLISHED.

I BIDE MY TIME.

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path I do not let them stay;
And when the dark days are beyond the skies;
And through earth's harsh, discordant sounds I
breathe.
And here comes music from afar,
Sweet sounds from lands where half my loved
ones are.
I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Whatever woes assaile me,
I know the strife is only for a day;
A friend will be near, and a way
Aid will be found, and too true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring tumult cease,
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.
I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. This conflict of passions,
This drop of rapture in a cup of bristles,
This dash of fire in a pot of bristles,
But fits my spirit for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy by and by.
So, come what may, I'll lift my eyes and cry:
"I bide—I bide my time."

UNDER SUSPICION.

Something very unusual to quiet
Talmey had happened, and Talmey
was decidedly uncomfortable about it.
Of course everybody knew, as
everybody knew everything in that
delightful place, where each neighbor
was a friend, each friend a brother;
and what the village folk knew was
this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson,
had been robbed.

"A queer business," said the miller,
shaking his dusty head solemnly,
and telling the circumstance for the
fiftieth time to his near neighbor,
Farmer Greene, who had dropped in
to sympathize with his old friend:
"nobody knew I had the money but
my daughter Jennie and young Levee,
and I can't suspect a single soul.
I put the money in a tin box, and put
that among a lot of other boxes in
the cupboard, waitin' until I could
go to the bank with it, an' lo and behold;
when I went to get it out yesterday,
there wasn't a single sign of
box or money. I can't understand
it."

"Neither can I, neighbor," said
Greene, running a brawny hand over
his shock of untidy hair; "neither can
I. But I do think you've set too much
store by that young man, you've took
into your house, an' mebbe ye've mis-
taken him. He's a deal too fine about
his cloths an' his hands, an' his hair,
to be too honest; but," causin'-
ly, as he saw the flush that stole over
Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm talkin' too fast; but it's mighty cur-
ious, and one don't know what to
think."

"One might try to think nothin'
that weren't charitable," said the
miller, gravely, "an' I don't suspect
the lad. It is more'n I'd like to lose,
for it takes a time to earn it. But
young Levee didn't have nothin' to do
with the stealin'—no more'n you or
me—an' I'd rather people wouldn't
kinder hit he had."

"Taint in nature not to think it
sein' he's a stranger, an' nobody
knows what or who he is; an' he has
fine ways with him an' talks like a
schoolmaster," said Greene, stub-
bornly. "I don't like to see you took
in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much
afraid you are by that millhand of
yourn."

Then Greene held out his hand to
the miller, who was deep in thought,
and bade him good-day, and betook
himself to his duties on the farm hard
by the mill.

But the farmer had left a seed of
doubt behind him; and when he had such
a seed not found soil to nurture it,
until its fruit hung heavy on the
giant tree which shadowed a friend-
ship, or darkened for ever a soul im-
mortal?

It was not without many a struggle
against the suspicion that at last
Harvey Jameson admitted it with a
sigh.

Who had robbed him of his hard
earnings, save some stranger? for his
neighbors were his friends, and
honest, as he knew.

In Talmey there was but one who
had not been born there, and that one
was Dick Levee, the stranger who
had crossed his threshold six months
before to ask for employment.

Jameson wanted a hand in the mill
and hired Dick, taking him as a
boarder. The young man had "fine
ways," as Greene said.

He was not especially handsome,
but he was cheerful, courteous, and
willing to work, and yet, for all that,
showed unmistakable signs of having
had no occasion to perform any labor
at some time not far past. He was
educated—even Jennie, who had
spent a year at boarding school, could
be instructed by him.

"I'll just keep my eyes open, an'
not let on for awhile," thought the
miller; "but as Greene said, who else
could have stolen the money?"

He perceived no change in Dick,
no confusion, no sign of guilt; but
greatly to the good man's consternation,
he discovered something else.

The young man was in love with
pretty Jennie, and she was fully
conscious of the fact.

There was a new difficulty, and one
which the miller did not care to
meet.

He was pondering on it one day,
three weeks after the robbery, when
Glavin of the Hollow called and paid
him ten pounds which had been due
some time.

"I hear your house isn't a very se-
cure place for money," said Glavin,
with a smile, "but I hope nobody
will walk off with this while you're
asleep."

"I'll take care of that," answered
the miller, conscious that Dick could
hear. "I don't calc'late on bel'n'
robbed twice by the same person; an'
I've got over thinkin' everybody I
meet is honest. Good-day, sir. Much
obliged."

Glavin departed, and the miller
went into the house.

Jennie was singing softly as she
sat at a window; Mrs. Jameson
was not in, having gone to visit a sick
neighbor.

Without a word the old man passed
into his chamber, and there secreted
the ten pounds, frowning as he did so.

"I'll send that yellow packin' soon,
whether I find him stealin' or not," he
muttered. "It ain't none too
comfortable a feelin' to know you've
got to lock up every shilling you get,
and not tell anybody where you put
it."

He ate his supper that evening in
silence; Jennie and Dick chattering
incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told
about every ache and pain that
racked the woman she had been to
visit.

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller,
with a tender glance towards his
wife. "But a mill-hand gets poor
wages an' you'll have to wait
a while."

"As for that," said Dick. "I think
you'll have to look up another mill-
hand, Mr. Jameson, for I have an
other offer, and intend taking it. I
wasn't brought up to labor, and was
at college when my father died, leav-
ing me, instead of the thousands I
expected, nothing but my empty, un-
trained hands. I left the college,
and fate led me hither. If I have
shown no talent as a miller, I have
won the sweetest girl in the world to
love me. Now, a friend of my
father's offers me the post of book-
keeper in his bank, at a salary on
which Jennie and I can live, I know.
I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll
forgive you for suspecting that I did
if you'll give me Jennie."

"What do you say, daughter?" asked
the old man, wistfully.
"I love him, father," she whis-
pered.
"Then I'll only say, 'God bless you!'" said the miller.

HE FEARED THE OPAL.

The Late Father Mollinger Believed the
Gem Had a Baleful Power.

He went to bed, and thought
more of his daughter than of the
money under the carpet. However,
he did think of his money sometimes,
and, in fact, his thoughts ran from
that to Jennie, as the thoughts of
the money-lender ran from his ducats
to his daughter.

At last he slept, but not any too
soundly; dreams visited him, and un-
pleasant ones they were. Vision after
vision came and faded, and his
wife was alarmed beyond measure to
see his unconscious hands go out
again and again, perilously near
sometimes, to the loaded rifle.

It was midnight before she slept at
all, but then her sleep was profound.
It was broken at last by the strangest
and most thrilling of sounds, no less
startling than a heavy fall, and a
loud, harsh, reverberating report, as
though a cannon had been fired at
her ear.

No woman is ever too frightened to
scream, and Mrs. Jameson's shrieks
were loud and shrill as she cowered
among the bedclothes; and a scram-
bling in the darkness and muttered
words she could not understand did
not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the hall
without; stout shoulder sent the
door inward with a crash, and Dick
Levee who had made this uncer-
emonious entrance, stood there, with
a light high above his head, his keen
eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.

It took him a moment to comprehend,
and then he laughed with im-
measurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was
sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonder
in his face, the old rifle which he
had struck as he fell, lying harmless
beside him, and now unloaded; a win-
dow was open, and through it came a
fine sheet of rain; the old man was
soaking wet, and raindrops glistened
on his hair and scanty garments; his
bare feet were muddy, and altogether
he presented anything but an agree-
able or presentable appearance.

"What has happened?" asked Dick,
as soon as his mirth could be sup-
pressed, as he aided the miller to his
feet.

"I don't know," stammered
Jameson.

His wife hearing voices, cautiously
peeped out from under the coverlet.

"Robbers!" she cried shrilly. "They
have been here again. Have they
shot you, Harvey?"

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said
Harvey; "an' I don't think there's
been any robbers 'round. Fact is,
I've been sleep-walking."

"What?"

"I've been walkin' in my sleep, sure
as you live," groaned the miller. "I'm
all wet, so I must have gone out of
doors, an' the Lord only knows where
I have been on what I've been doin'.
I was dreamin' of ten pounds—"

"He broke off, and hurried to the
spot in which he had hidden the
money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers,
Harvey," his wife was saying.

But he didn't hear her. Very
blankly he turned to Dick, who had
now retreated to the threshold where
Jennie was standing, white and
startled, but rapturously pretty.

"Lad," the miller said, solemnly,

"I believe I've robbed myself. I've
heard of such things, an' now I be-
lieve I've just done that, an' I hain't
got a notion where I put the money."

"Is it gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you had best put on dry
clothes, sir, while I go out and try to
follow the tracks you have probably
left in the garden. Your feet are so
muddy, I'm sure you must have been
there. I'll report in a few moments."

A whispered sentence to Jennie at
the door, and Dick was off to don his
boots, and laugh at the remembrance
of the miller's plight.

With a lantern he went out into
the rain, and his gravity departed
again as, under the window of the
miller's chamber, he discovered
deeply-indented footprints, which
proved that Jameson had emerged
like a schoolboy.

The big, bare feet left plain traces
in the soft soil of the garden. Dick
followed them on, across the road, and
found that they ceased at one corner
of the mill.

A loose board had been
freshly replaced. He drew it out, and
there, in the aperture, found a small
tin box.

Taking it out, he hurried back, to
find Jameson, his wife, and Jennie all
dressed, waiting for him.

The miller took the box eagerly,
and opened it with scarcely steady
hands. There were the ten pounds,
and under them the money of which he
had thought Dick had robbed him.

"Lad," he said, turning to his em-
ployee, "I've been thinkin' ill of you
for the last few days, an' I ask your
pardon. If I can ever do you a good
turn, I'll do it."

"I take your word for it," said Dick,
cheerfully, going straight to Jennie,
and taking her hand. "I want your
consent to my marrying Jennie some
day, when I have proved myself able
to take care of her. We love each
other, and I hope, sir, you'll not for-
get what love was to yourself once."

AMERICANS BEAT THE WORLD.

Appliances for Fighting Fire at the High-
est in This Country.

There is much to be learned from
America by all of us, says the London
News, and it is to be regretted that
one of the crack brigades of the
States could not have crossed the
ocean to attend the present firemen's
congress. We may find one more op-
portunity for the lesson if the com-
mittee of the Chicago exhibition
think fit to invite the firemen of
Europe to the coming World's Fair.
The Americans like to think that

they take the lead in this branch of
public work; and by all accounts of
them they would still be very hard to
beat. Most of our newer contrivances
are probably of American origin.
The steam fire engine; the horses
standing ready harnessed day and
night and trained to walk straight
into the shafts as soon as they hear
the alarm bell; the pole down which
the men, also ready dressed, slide
from their sleeping-rooms to reach
the basement to save the few seconds
that might be lost by their coming
downstairs—all these seem to have
been matters of common experience in
America when they were still
talked of as novelties here. The
same thing may be said of the alarm
boxes.

The American train for speed, and
some of their "records" are astonish-
ing. At a fire which occurred in New
York two years ago, the first alarm
was received at 6:07. In three minutes
after that the first engine reached the
burning building, which, it may be supposed, was not very far off.

The whole second floor, which was
100 feet long, was a mass of fire,
and the flames were spreading to the
stories above. Other engines soon
arrived, and by 6:35, or in less than
half an hour, not a spark of fire was
left in the building. The water
towers, which are huge perpendicular
pipes, carried on a movable derrick,
pour the stream into the highest
buildings at any elevation required.
They are packed into a comparatively
small space when not in use, but are
instantly reared to their full height
by the force of carbonic acid gas. The
floating fire engines are largely used
in New York, as the city is sur-
rounded by water. The length of steel
and it travels at a very great speed.
Its four pipes are from three to
four inches in diameter, but the
power of all the pumps may be con-
centrated into one or two pipes, which
yield a still larger volume of water.
These five-inch streams, in the tre-
mendous force, act like battering
rams and drive their way through
ceilings and roofs, and even through
brick walls, into the very heart of the
fire.

In some instances the life lines are
fired from a gun, on much the same
principle as that in use for the rocket
apparatus at sea. The gun carries a
thin line to the firemen at the top of
the burning building, and with this
they draw up the stouter rope they
require. The life nets, which are
equally light and strong, into which
people jump with comparative impunity
from the highest floors, save
many lives. The best of these
contrivances have been introduced in our
own fire service, in great part owing
to the enterprise and energy of Capt.
Shaw. He was able to boast in his
pocket some keys, money (silver) which
had doubtless attracted the
quicksilver. Another loaf charged
in like manner led to the discovery
of the other body, that of the lady
whose watch and jewelry attracted to
it in the same way. Had this agent
been thought of at the time of the
accident, and with proper means of
resuscitation, the noble young life
might have been saved.

This simple method it may be of
use to remember, as accidents of the
kind are frequent.

Mother and Son.

In the recent terrible disaster at
Tamaqua, Pa., when so many lives were
lost by flood and fire, a poor German
laborer ventured again and again
into the burning mass to drag forth
victims. He was successful three times,
but in the fourth attempt the flaming oil swept over him.

On his return the aged priest was
apparently powerless. He asked the
doctor to come again the next day,
but Mr. King informed him he was
to leave for New York that night.

The venerable priest was lying with
his eyes half closed. Just then an at-
tendant turned up the light and Dr.
King moved forward to say good-
bye.

"What an opal!" he gasped, half
dead.

"What do you wear?" asked the
doctor.

"I thank God that he gave my son
that great work to do! I am will-
ing."

He was her only child. She was
left homeless and friendless; yet in
all the miserable days that followed
she comforted herself with the
thought of the work he had done.

In the museum at Antwerp there
is one picture which appeals to the
heart of every mother. It is the
Death of Christ, painted by Van Dyck.

The Saviour lies cold and dead upon
the ground at the foot of the cross.

His mother holds him in her arms.

St. John, his face full of consterna-
tion and amazement, turns to two angels
standing near, and points to the
motionless figure.

"What does this mean?" he seems
to say. "Is this the end of the world's
hope?"

They have no answer. They bury
their faces in their hands.