

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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I BIDE MY TIME.

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path I do not lift mine eyes,
And fade reveals far shores beyond the skies;
And through earth's haze, discordant sounds I
hear.
And hark divine 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 assail me,
I know the strife is only for a day;
A friend who is far from the way,
A friend too faithful and too true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil cease,
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.
I bide—I bide my time.
I bide my time. This conflict of resistance,
This dream of rapture in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain,
But fit my spirit for the happy by and by.
Which waits me in the happy by and by.
So, come what may, I'll live my life 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 Le-
vee, 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 be-
hold! when I went to get it out yester-
day, there wasn't a single sign of
box or money. I can't understand it."

"(Neither can I, neighbor," said
Greene, running a bawny hand over
his shock of untidy hair; "neither can
I. But I do think you've set too much
store by that young man, y'e've took
into your house, an' mebbe y'e've mis-
took him. He's a deal too fine about
his clothes an' his hands, an' his hair,
to be any too honest; but," cautiously,
as he saw the flush that stole over
Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm
talkin' too fast; but it's mighty curi-
ous, 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 hint he had."

"Taint in nature not to think it
seem' 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, stam-
bornly. "I don't like to see you took
in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much
afraid you are by that millhand of
yours."

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 has 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 consterna-
tion, he discovered something else.

The young man was in love with
pretty Jennie, and she was fully con-
scious 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 calculate on bein'
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
sewed 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 seated
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 y'e've
got to sock 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.

But the miller could only wonder
whether or not that frank, manly
face and those cherry tones of his
employee belonged to a knave and a
scoundrel.

As Jennie and him seemed to
understand one another far too well,
he soliloquized: "I used to like the
lad, but now I'd as lief see my girl
care for old blind Jack the fiddler as
this fine gentleman. As Greene says,
he's too fancy about himself to be
honest. I've often heard the greater
the rascal, the more genteel, an' I
guess I'll load the rifle."

He did load his rifle, and placed it
near his bed, telling his wife that he
"warn't going to lose any more
money, but the first one that came
for dishonest purposes would lose his
life."

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous
concerning the proximity of the rifle;
she begged her husband to put it
farther away, declaring he might
touch it in his sleep, "an' make the
thing off," and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you
needn't be scared," he told her. "If
I touch the gun, you can be sure it
will go off; but I'll not touch it in my
sleep; I sleep like an honest man, I
do."

So 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 af-
ter 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; a stout shoulder sent the
door inward with a crash, and Dick
Levee, who had made this unceremoni-
ous entrance, stood there, with a
light high above his head, his keen
eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.
It took him a moment to compre-
hend, and then he laughed with im-
measurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was
sprawling on the floor, a dazed won-
der 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—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-walkin'."

"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 or what I've been doin'.
I was dreamin' of that ten pounds—"

He broke off, and hurried to the
spot in which he had hidden the
money.

"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 ravishly 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
late 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 up
and 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 call on me."

"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
awhile."

"As for that," said Dick. "I think
you'll have to look up another mil-
lery, 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
both,'" said the miller.

HE FEARED THE OPAL.

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

The belief that the opal sheds a
bateful influence found a supporter
even in the late Father Mollinger, of
Pittsburgh, the venerable priest-physi-
cian of world-wide fame. Almost
since the opal was known superstition
has clung to it, and it has been so
held by persons in every condition of
life. The way it became known that
the famous priest held this supersti-
tion was as follows: Last winter one
of Allegheny's leading physicians lay
sick for months. Dr. Cyrus King at-
tended him. The two had been friends
almost their lives, and Dr. King
watched almost night and day until
he brought his friend back to health.
On his recovery he presented Dr.
King with a splendid opal set in
pearls. The pin was a unique piece
of jewelry and was very handsome.

Dr. King was also physician for
Rev. Father Mollinger. One night,
shortly before the great priest's death,
the doctor was summoned to the
pretty parsonage on Mount Troy.
The aged priest was weak, and lay
there 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-by.
At that the priest caught sight of
the ever-changing colors of the bateful
stone.

"What, an opal!" he gasped, half-
rising in his bed. "It is sure to bring
harm to yourself and your friends.
Why do you wear it?"

The doctor explained the story of
the gem, but all the time the vena-
ble father grew more excited. Finally
he said: "If you wear that stone to
New York you will never come back
alive."

The doctor insisted on wearing it,
however, and the priest took the gem
and blessed it. Then, returning, he
said: "When you come back I
will give you a pin worth wearing."

On his return the aged priest was
as good as his word, and the doctor
was presented with a magnificent
diamond. Dr. King took the pin
home, intending to remove the opal
and put in the diamond, but he for-
got, and when hurriedly summoned
to the death bed of the great priest
he still wore the opal. The father at
once noticed it and remarked: "Its
flashes seem to make me weaker."
The stone bodes "ill." Gradually he
sank, and the doctor bent over him to
catch the faint beating of his heart.

The father's eyes opened, and rested
on the tful colorings of the strange
stone, and, watching it, his spirit
went out.

A Salesman's Regret.

"I see that some distinguished an-
thropologist has figured out that
Adam was 128 feet tall," said Dick
Gowlin, a cloth salesman, to a Globe
Democrat reporter. "I am sorry the
old man is dead. I would like to sell
him a car load of cloth for a pair of
trousers. Eve, according to this be-
liever in Edenic Brownagians, was
118 feet from her dainty pink toes to
the top tuft of her blonde bangs.
And this pair of gigantic epicures di-
vided an apple between them! It
were equal to Mrs. Parvenue making
two bites of a cherry. Eve's neck
must have been at least six feet
long, and her mouth an opening of a
linear yard! She could carry a Sara-
toe trunk in each cheek with as
much ease as her degenerate daugh-
ters transport a bag of spruce gum.
Think of poor Adam trying to fill
that mouth with caramels at \$1 a
pound. The precious pair must have
stripped every fig tree in Paradise to
make them appear so. But I am
inclined to believe that the indur-
ous theory builder is mistaken. Our first
parents were far more likely to have
been pigmies than giants. Instead
of man degenerating physically he
is steadily improving. Reverse the pro-
gression is reached that Adam was 128
feet tall—apply the true theory of
progression instead of the false one of
retrogression—and we have for our
primal progenitor a gentleman who
might, without removing his tall hat,
walk beneath the huge legs of the late
Tom Thumb."

Rules for Old People.

Science has demonstrated, as the
deduction from many hundred obser-
vations, that old people should avoid
high altitudes and that abundant
sunshine is their best medicine. As
to a sea voyage, they gain or lose by
it much like others. It is obvious
that the falling vitality—that is, the
impaired vigor of circulation, assimi-
lation and exertion which character-
izes advanced years and the spinal
maladies most frequent at that time
of life, such as rheumatism, cardiac
disease, gout and renal affections—
serve to determine the climatological
problem, and thus, in a word, moder-
ate warmth, with fair equability,
abundance of sunshine, with adequate
shelter and level walks, evidently
meet the most obvious indications
called for by these affections. The
unsuitability of the mountain climate
to the aged is due primarily to the
cold, which depresses those in whom
the circulation is feeble.

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 min-
utes 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 raised 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 latest is built
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 their 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 impu-
nity from the highest floors, save
many lives. The best of these con-
trivances 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 the
foreword address that during the thirty
years of his control of the metro-
politan brigade the number of sta-
tions had been raised from thirteen
to fifty-nine and the number of fire-
men from not much more than 100 to
a little over 700. In 1861 there were
no telephones or call poles. They
now extend over the whole of Lon-
don.

The last moment of his official
career, however, Capt. Shaw was still
calling for more of everything. Yet
it will be some time before the rate-
payer will enable him to realize his
ideal of thirty-two new stations at an
average cost of a thousand a year. A
perfect water supply was then, and
perhaps still is, our most pressing
need. Only a small number of the
pipes were constantly charged, and
there were often more engines at a
fire than there was water for their
use.

Lincoln's Goose Nest Home.

Near the graveyard where Lincoln's
father and stepmother rest, seven
miles south of Charleston, Ill., in a
place then known as Goose Nest, the
Lincolns made their final settlement
on removing from Indiana. Here
Abraham Lincoln assisted his father
in "getting settled," as they called
it. He helped him build a log cabin,
and cleared for him a patch of ground,
and when he saw him "under head-
way" in the new country, bade him
good-by and started north foot. He
found employment not far from
Springfield, Ill., where the active
part of his early life was spent.
Though he did not linger long in the
Goose Nest cabin, he was there long
enough to stamp his individuality on
every heart for miles around, and
many are the stories told of his so-
journ among these people. It was
my lot to be born and reared a few
miles from the early home of the
Lincolns, and the incidents I shall
relate were picked up in conversation
with the old settlers about our neigh-
borhood, all of whom knew Lincoln
well. I was shown a bridge he help-
ed build, and many other relics of his
boyhood days.

One very old man told me that he
once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's
cabin and inquired if he could spend
the night there. He was informed
that the house afforded only two beds,
and one of these belonged to a son
who was then at home; but if he
could get the consent of this boy to
take him in as a bedfellow, he could
stay. The stranger dismounted, and
soon found the six-foot boy in the
back yard, lying on a board reading.
The boy consented, and the man slept
with him that night. The boy was
Abraham Lincoln, and the other
never tired of telling how he spent
the night with the future President.—
The Century.

The Result.

Like all primitive people, the
Maories are very inquisitive, and, in
the manner of children, are inclined
to bring everything to their mouths
to test its qualities. In the early
days a party of Maories came across
some bars of soap which had been
washed ashore from a wreck. Finding
that the stuff was too sticky to be
eaten raw, they resolved to cook it.
Accordingly they cut it up into small

pieces and sprinkled these pieces over
the sweet potatoes and fish which
formed their evening meal. Finally
they covered the whole mass over with
fern leaves and mats, and, putting
earth on the top, left everything to
bake quietly in the oven till the
evening. The scene at that evening
meal must have been very funny.
Not only did the tribe have to go sup-
perless to bed, but the whole set of
ovens was spoiled, and new ones had
to be constructed before any further
cooking could be done.

To Find a Drowned Person.

It is said that there is an infallible
means of discovering a body, no mat-
ter how deep the water in which it
lies. I will give an instance where it
was used: A gay party of young peo-
ple, ladies and gentlemen, had been
rowing on one of New England's
lakes, when by accident the boat was
overturned, and all fell in the water.
One of the party, who was an excel-
lent swimmer, was enabled to rescue
two of the others, conveying them
safely to the distant shore; but in re-
turning to help another, who was still
supporting herself upon the bottom
of the boat, the swimmer became ex-
hausted and sank himself, to rise no
more alive. It was a sad occurrence
indeed, and the gay summer guests
had seen the party embark on that
bright summer day were changed into
a band of mourners. Efforts for the
recovery of the bodies were imme-
diately begun, and experienced per-
sons were grappling in all directions
without success. The water was very
deep, and after several days of un-
successful experiment the hope of re-
covery was about to be given up, when
some one thought of the quicksilver.

A loaf of bread was secured, and,
some four ounces of quicksilver hav-
ing been buried in it, was thrown
into the water from a boat containing
the searching party. The loaf at once
floated away, the boat following it,
and in a short time it began to whir-
l about in a circle, and then sank to
the bottom. This was the signal for
renewed efforts; the grappling irons
were thrown out, and after a few ef-
forts they managed to hook the cloth-
ing on one of the drowned persons—the
gentleman that made such heroic ef-
forts to save the lives of others at
the cost of his own. In his pockets
were found 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 ac-
cident, and with proper means of re-
suscitation, 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
Titusville, Pa., when so many lives
were lost by flood and fire, a poor
German laborer ventured again and
again in the burning mass to drag
forth victims. He was successful
three times, but in the fourth at-
tempt the flaming oil swept over him.
Later in the day his charred and life-
less body was carried to his old
mother. She threw herself upon it
in an agony of grief, and then, lifting
her head, said:

"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
Dead 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 consternation
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.

But his mother knows. She looks
beyond them up to God, her face full
of agony and exultation. She has
lost her Son. But His work is accom-
plished. She is content.—Youth's
Companion.

A Family Friend.

An old man was leading a thin old
horse across the commons in the
northwestern part of the city, when a
passerby asked him where he was go-
ing.

"I'm searching for a bit of green
for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the bone-yard or
the glue factory," said the other con-
tempuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man
in a trembling voice; "if he had been
the best friend you had in the world,
and helped you to earn food for your
family for nearly twenty-five years?
If the children that's gone and the
children that's livin' had played with
their arms around his neck and their
heads on him for a pillow, when they
had no other? Sir, he's carried us to
mill and to moorin', an' please God
he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll
bury him with these old hands. No-
body'll ever abuse old Bill, for if he
goes afore me there are those as are
paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man
who had accosted him, "there's a dif-
ference in people."

"Aye, and in horses, too," said the
old man as he passed on with his four-
footed friend.

The Volcano of Stromboli.

Mr. Sala, in his gossip in the Sun-
day Times of London, tells how the
volcano of Stromboli came to be
known to English sailors as "Old
Booby." The legend is that one Capt.
Booby, a master mariner trading to
the Mediterranean in the seventeenth
century, became so notorious for
drinking and swearing that he was
seized upon by the fiend and carried
off to the interior of Stromboli, from
which he has continued ever since to
utter profane language by means of
tongues of fire and puffs of smoke.

It is a common thing to hear peo-
ple rave about the beauty of a sun-
set, but you may have noticed they
never say anything about a sunrise.
They never see them.

THEY ARE DISAPPOINTING.

Wild Pigeons Are Fast Becoming Ex-
tinct.

The last great flight of wild pigeons
to visit the United States was in 1876,
but before that time such visitations
were not uncommon. Now, however,
a wild pigeon is rarely seen in some
localities, where once the birds were
plentiful. They have all been driven
to the far West, but are in such small
flocks that, as composed with the
"great flight" in 1876, they seem in-
significant. The news of the flight