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WITH THE DUNKARDS

VISIT TO THE CHURCH IN THE ANTIETAM VALLEY.

Interesting Characteristics of These Peculiar People—In the Sixteenth Century They Were Called German Baptists—Nearly All Are Thrifty Farmers

The Religious Rites.

The old Dunkard church in the beautiful valley of the Antietam stands on a slight eminence near the fork of the Boonsboro pike and the East Woods road, in the town of Sharpsburg, Md., writes Chas. E. Fairman in the Washington Star. It is a plain, square, one-story building with the doors and windows set in such a regular way that they stand as a silent reproach to the congregations who seek to worship in churches where the exterior shows triumphs in architecture and the interiors are a study of modern luxury. Around the church is a scattered grove of oaks, and to these are fastened the teams of the worshipping Dunkards.

When the writer visited the church on a beautiful Indian summer Sunday the congregation were singing a familiar hymn. The interior consisted of a room about thirty feet square; the floor was of smooth boards that had been scrubbed until their whiteness equaled the whiteness of the floors of the historical Dutch kitchens; the walls were without paper, fresco or kalsomine; the white plaster walls were without ornament or decoration of any kind. The windows, which were eight, were without curtains or shades, no stained glass or ground glass in the windows to tone and soften the sunlight, which shone through the clean glass without hindrance. The seats were plain wooden benches with a narrow straight board for a back which would prove a stumbling block to the long or short worshippers; those of medium height could lean back and thank their birth star that they were not as some other people, too long or too short. It is needless to say that the seats were without cushions. Such an innovation would no doubt breed discord in the midst of the humble worshippers, to whom the four bare walls embody everything necessary in a church in which to worship God, who is no respecter of persons.

The church is entirely destitute of a pulpit or pulpit furniture. The preacher is not even given the prominence of having a raised platform on which to stand while he addresses his audience.

The office of the preacher is an elective office, and the electors are the church members of which he is a member. The office is for life—if the duties are performed satisfactorily, but the salary—here is the incentive that is wholly lacking. In the Dunkard Church the preacher is expected to serve the church without salary or reward except that which comes to one who is conscious of an earnest effort to do good.

Three Divisions. In the church were some forty worshippers, the female portion of which were seated on one side, and the male portion on the opposite side of the church. The sisters seem to be divided into two classes, the uniformed and the ununiformed. I noticed that those who wore the regulation Dunkard garb were seated in one of the many corners near the preacher. Those who were dressed after the sinful fashion of this world sat apart.

The cut of the garments of the sisters are of the same sober Quakerish pattern that was used generations ago, but in the material the ambitious Dunkard finds an opportunity to make her less fortunate sister turn green with envy, and it is often the case that the rich material represents an outlay of more money than the most

fetching tailor-made gown has cost the fashion-worshipping sinners.

The brethren of the congregation dress better than they once did. Years ago the correct style was to wear coats fastened by hooks like eyes instead of buttons, to shave the upper lip, and have the hair cut after the pattern formed by placing a milk crock on the head and cutting away all the hair not covered by the crock—but all these distinctive characteristics of dress have passed away, and while the Dunkard brother of to-day dresses plainly, there is little about his dress that would indicate the brotherhood to which he belongs.

The singing, without the leadership of an organ or piano, is a congregational and independent there is no stern-eyed chorister to browbeat the singers into the adoption of some standard of time of his own selection. Each singer feels his or her own importance in the proper rendition of the sacred song, and proceeds to do his level best without thought of the other singers. One quavering soprano voice was heard above all the rest, one metallic tenor followed for half a line in unison and then struck out boldly into the unknown ethics of free upper thought.

After the singing the preacher offered prayer. There was much of earnestness and but little thought of rhetorical pauses or finely formed sentences in the prayer. It was the simple story of man's needs, poured into the ear of a sympathetic Creator. The whole congregation knelt. The prayer ended, the worshippers remained upon

their knees; a solemn hush pervaded the little church; then an aged brother commenced the recital of the Lord's Prayer, slowly and reverently the words dropping from his lips. I have heard many renowned pulpit orators, I have listened to some of the best actors of the day, but compared with the recital of the Lord's Prayer by the aged Dunkard brother the pulpit orators and the actors have as yet only learned the alphabet of expression in the school in which the old man is so proficient.

The sermon was preached without any reference to any written notes or headings, as the Dunkards do not believe in the practice of writing sermons, claiming that the inspiration to preach should be forthcoming at the time and to suit the purposes of the occasion. The sermon was a plain matter-of-fact talk. There was no attempt at flights of oratory, nor struggle for effective sounding sentences,



A DUNKARD FARM HOUSE

but a plain interpretation from the preacher's standpoint of the meaning of the Scripture from which the text had been chosen and its personal application to the every-day life of his hearers.

Throughout the sermon the attention of the audience was invariably good. After the close of the sermon the preacher announced the services for the week in the different parts of the town.

The aged Dunkard who had acted as an assistant to the preacher offered the closing prayer, the preacher followed by reciting the Lord's Prayer and then the congregation was dismissed. There was no collection taken. The omission of this usual important part of worship was quite noticeable.

After being dismissed the congregation lingered for a short time, and discussed topics of interest with neighbors whom they have not met since the last service, and the church was deserted. The windows were securely fastened down, the shutters closed, the doors locked, and the teams unhitched from the grove of oaks, then the different teams were driven away in a sober way, highly appropriate for the Sabbath.

The Love Feast.

The Dunkards date back to the sixteenth century, when they were called the German Baptists. Some of their church ceremonies are peculiarly their own, especially the love feast, followed by the washing of feet. At these love feasts the men and the women sit apart, as at the usual services. After the partaking of the love feast, basins of water and towels are brought, and on each side of the church the washing of feet is commenced. This ceremony is confined to the members of the church, although at some portions of the love feast all are invited to partake.

The brother who commences the ceremony washes one foot of the brother next to him and salutes him with a kiss, the brother who has thus been washed and kissed then performs the same office for the brother next to him, and this course is followed until all have been waited upon; the same line of action is pursued by the sisters of the church.

"How do you manage when you come to a person in the church that you don't like?" was asked of a sister concerning this ceremony. "Oh," she replied, "we always manage to sit beside some one we are on good terms with." So it seems that there are persons from whom the great lesson of humility has not entirely leavened the spirit of caste and worldly preference.

Aside from the peculiarities of dress and church ceremonies the Dunkards have other characteristics which identify them in the community in which they reside; they are usually very thrifty, and their farms are well cultivated. Brawls and dissensions among them are rare, they do not seek for political preference, and in some localities it is extremely difficult to induce them to go to the polls to vote, even

choice to go to preach himself. I expressed myself as highly pleased and instructed by his sermon, and then he told me the manner in which his sermon was prepared. He said: "I always select my text early in the week, and then, by the aid of my Bible and Concordance, study carefully all passages of Scripture relating to the subject selected. All the week while at my work I keep my mind upon the subject of my sermon, and try so far as possible to learn exactly what it means, and its lesson and application to ourselves. Then on Sunday I try to tell the church what the Bible has told me on the subject."

"Do you think the Dunkard characteristics of a few years ago will finally disappear?" I asked.

"I do," he said, "so far as the peculiarities of dress are concerned, but the church ceremonies will probably remain unchanged."

Statistics of some of the great wars of the past are reported to be as follows: The Crimean war cost \$2,000,000,000 and 750,000 lives; the Italian war of 1859, \$300,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the war for Southern independence cost the North \$5,100,000,000 and the South \$2,300,000,000, and together about 830,000 lives; the Russo-Turkish war of 1866 cost \$333,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the Russo-Turkish war \$125,000,000 and 250,000 lives; and the Franco-Prussian war, \$4,100,000,000 and 196,000 lives.

Wyoming's Wealth.

Wyoming has 30,000 square miles of coal deposits. There are 5,000 miles of irrigating canals, watering 2,000,000 acres. The canal cost over \$10,000,000. The live stock interests exceed \$100,000,000 in value. Over \$5,000,000 in bullion has been taken from the mines in one country.

No Mules Mentioned.

Arkansas has 100,000 farms which produce 600,000 bales of cotton, 900,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 42,000,000 bushels of corn and 2,000,000 bushels of wheat. From the Arkansas forests are cut over 20,000,000 feet of lumber every year.

duty by voting ones, and are then ready to wash their hands of all responsibility in the matter and go home to the more congenial occupations of the farm.

The Dunkards as a class are strictly temperate, their lives are as quiet as the hills and valleys about their farms. While they take but little interest in the management of the affairs in the communities in which they live they are good citizens and manage to live without helping to support lawyers or courts of justice.

Of late years the boundaries which separate them from their neighbors have been somewhat broken down—the plain Quakerish garb is considered a yoke of bondage by the younger generation, the manner of dress has become so much modified by the class who seem to be able to think for themselves, that it is safe to say that not one-half of the church membership wear the Dunkard garb. Then close



proximity to other religious bodies has somewhat broken into their church membership, and many of the younger Dunkards have left the church in which they were reared and allied themselves to other churches which seem to them less exacting in the pre-requisites of church membership.

An interview with the preacher. A visit to the Dunkards would not be complete without a chat with the preacher (the term minister or pastor is not used), so I managed to find an excuse for calling upon the preacher to



AT ANTIETAM FORD.

whose sermon I had listened the Sunday before.

I found him at work upon the little farm, for he is a farmer, and soon was engaged in conversation with him. Our talk soon turned upon the church service of the day before, and he half apologetically said he was not so well prepared as he should have been, as it was expected another preacher would preside, but having been called away to attend a funeral there was no other

signs that Terry Jack Tars Who Believe in Witchcraft.

A sense of unreality, weirdness, and sometimes of uncanny feeling actuates nearly every one connected with the sea, this being particularly strong on a moonlight night, when the water of the ocean looks more cruel if, withal, more beautiful than at any other time. Then it is that a ring around the moon is frequently to be observed, and the sailors believe that this is a sure sign of bad weather; while Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," interprets it thus:

"We have often noticed how quaint the fisher-folks are who live in solitary places near the ocean, and this is true to a greater or less extent of all dwellers by the sea. It is believed on Cape Cod and in many other districts along the New England coast that a sick man cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run. Watchers by the beds of sickness anxiously note the change of the tide, and if the patient lives until the turn, he will live until the ebb. The best educated and most intelligent people on the New England coast are not entirely free from this superstition, and to them there is a vivid meaning in Dickens' description of the death of Barkis, 'And it being high water, he went out with the tide.'"

The belief that the ninth or tenth wave was more powerful than the others has existed since Ovid's time, who says: "The wave that is now coming o'ertops all the others; 'tis the wave that comes after the ninth and before the tenth." Even nowadays at the seashore you will hear people counting the waves and saying that the next one will be the biggest. Fishermen on our own coast think that the swell sometimes noticed during a fog is caused by it, and they call it the fog-swell, while in reality it is simply the incoming tide; but fog is associated with such terrible disasters in the minds of fishermen that it is little wonder it is believed to have power to raise the waters of the sea.

Woman, though bringing good luck to man on land, is proverbially the bringer of disaster at sea, and at a certain place the waters of the ocean are reputed to enrage themselves at the sight of a woman. Storm-raising witches are quite well known to New England. There was Polly Twitchell, who lived in Casco Bay in the seventeenth century. She was said to raise storms, wreck ships, and put to sea in severe gales. Goody Cole, in Whittier's "Wreck of Rivermouth," prophesies disaster. The skipper says:

"I'm sorry always to see her shake Her wicked head."

The ballad recounts that she was jealous at the pleasure party, and in revenge predicted the loss of the boat, which occurred soon after.—Boston Transcript.

Utah.

Utah has 300,000 acres of arable lands, watered by 1,000 miles of canals. One canal, that of Bear river,

DON'T CARRY COUNTERFEITS.

It Is Contrary to Law and May Result in Disagreeable Consequences.

"A man better have a live rattlesnake in his pocket than a counterfeit dollar carried as a pocket piece," said Inspector Lawrence of the Treasury Department to a Minneapolis Journal man when talking about the carrying of coins or bills which one knows to be counterfeit.

"A great many men do not know the danger they run in this thing," he said. "Suppose, for instance, that a man has a counterfeit dollar which he has had for years—one that he has picked up somewhere and carries as a pocket piece. He goes into a store one day, buys some article or other, and gets a lot of silver coin in change. He goes from the store, say to a saloon, where he buys a drink, or to some drug store to get something or other—it matters not where he goes provided there is one of these 'smart' young fellows behind the counter who is always ready to take somebody up on something or other."

"Paying for his purchase with one of the dollars the man behind the bar, or the counter, as the case may be, flings the dollar back with the remark that it is counterfeit. The purchaser, somewhat ashamed and not liking the eying of the crowd around, begins to make excuses to the effect that he did not know it was counterfeit, and so on, and the clerk, who is anxious to make a record as a counterfeit detective, suddenly calls in the police and the man is arrested and searched. On his person is found the other counterfeit dollar, and the possession of the two dollars is prima facie evidence that he intended to pass both of them, and that man hasn't got enough friends in the world to keep him out of the penitentiary. True, it looks hard, but that man had no business carrying around a counterfeit coin for a pocket piece or any other reason. It is a plain violation of the law to carry a counterfeit money around with you, something which many people do not realize."

"Suppose I happen to know that a man, a cashier in one of the banks in Minneapolis or St. Paul, for instance, has a counterfeit \$20 bill in his possession. I go into that bank, call him by name, and ask him for that bill. He says he hasn't got it. 'But, I rejoin, you did have such a bill yesterday in your possession, for I have the testimony of two reputable men that they saw you show it around to some parties. Now I want that bill; you have no business with it.' He demurs and makes various excuses and does not give me any satisfaction. What do you suppose I do? I go out and get a search warrant and I go through every dollar of money in that bank, dollar by dollar or bill by bill, until I find that counterfeit \$20 bill and then I confiscate it. There used to be no law against this sort of thing, but there is one now, and the public generally ought to know the facts in the case. And formerly it was not an offense to make the dies which are used in counterfeiting—anybody could make them and anybody could have them in their possession so long as they were not used, but that has all been changed now."

Without heeding the risk, she had drawn so near the fire that I was obliged at last to move her to a place of safety. But the end was not already at hand. She refused the most tempting morsels, and within twenty minutes of her partner's death she had breathed her last gasp.

What are we to make from this far from solitary case? By what name shall we inscribe the puzzle? Imitative impulse, instinct, heartbroken sorrow for the dear one—what shall we say caused the death of our little gray parrot?

A White House Mistress. "When, then, will you marry me?" It was the hundredth time of asking, and the first time of showing impatience.

"I will marry you, sir, when you are elected judge!"

The young man's eyes flashed sharply.

"And I," he retorted, "will have you when your father is elected Governor of Tennessee!"

"A Rowland for an Oliver." The speakers were David T. Patterson, a clever young Democratic lawyer of Tennessee, and Martha Johnson, eldest daughter and child of Andrew Johnson, who was at that time the apparently hopeless candidate of his party for the Governor of his State. The time was the night before the election, and the place the parlor of the Johnson homestead at Greenville, Tennessee, writes M. V. Moore in a delightful sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Patterson the only surviving member of the immediate family of Andrew Johnson, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Whether both these young people had private knowledge of the Democratic victory which was to sweep their State on the morrow, or whether they were merely amusing themselves with "lovers' perjuries," for Jove's and their own amusement, cannot be known, as the wedding day was settled for them by the result of the election, and their marriage was solemnized at their Greenville home on the thirteenth of December, 1886.

David T. Patterson having been elected judge on the same ticket with his future father-in-law.

Faithful Maoris. That was a touching story told in the papers the other day about the accident in the Motu bush, twenty-four miles from Opotiki, says the Auckland News. A party were clearing a bush when a European got his leg broken. One of the Maoris bound up his leg with a skill that subsequently elicited the praise of the surgeon; then five white and five Maoris started to carry the wounded man to Opotiki by the Motu road, which for miles is a mere ledge on the side of a precipice. The rivers were in flood and the fords washed away. The waters were up to the necks of the bearers, and the tallest of the men had to hold the stretcher up above their heads. They had to start in the evening, when tired by a hard day's work.

The Maoris behaved like men and heroes, some of them taking a double turn in the carrying when from excessive fatigue their white companions were unequal to it. When they got to the journey's end they fell on the ground and went fast asleep. I have known of a good many accidents in the bush at the Thames and elsewhere, and the behavior of men on these occasions is really an honor to human nature.

An incident such as I have narrated shows how much of the hero there is in the nature of the Maori.

Waves Like Mountains. The largest waves are seen off Cape Horn, between latitude 55 south and longitude 105 west, rising to forty-six feet in height and 765 feet from crest to crest.

Rich in Remains. There have been more remains of mastodons and other extinct mammoths found in Ichitucknee river, Florida, than in any other stream in the world.

In the foot-ball season the college student becomes more and more what the insurance companies call "an undesirable risk."

cost \$2,000,000. The irrigated lands produce annually 6,000,000 bushels of grain. There are over 3,000,000 cattle, and the mines in twenty years have produced \$150,000,000 in gold and silver.

DIED OF LOVE.

A Traveler's Pathetic Account of an Incident in Bird Life.

Dr. Junker, a scientific explorer, traveled through Africa without armed escorts, and accompanied only by his native attendants and carriers. He had brought from west of the Makua a pair of red-tailed gray parrots. Their wings being clipped, they were allowed to go about freely in the enclosure; but the queen, who was specially attached to Dr. Junker, would perch half the day together with his side.

Unfortunately the pair came to a tragic end. The kingbird had somehow fallen from the perch and received internal injury. Seeing him on the ground, bleeding at the beak, I brought him to my couch and laid him first on one side, then on the other, to give him a little ease; but all to no purpose, and in about an hour he lay dead, with outstretched wings.

Meanwhile, the queen parrot, which had probably witnessed the accident, came in and began to behave in a most extraordinary manner. First she imitated to the life all the movements of her dying consort; then she crouched at some little distance, changing her position whenever he did, sighing, laying her head now on one side, now on the other; in short, acting exactly as if she were suffering from the same injury that had befallen her mate.

I kept my eyes riveted on the inseparable pair, and my amazement soon changed to a feeling of deep sympathy. The paroxysm of impulsive imitation lasted long enough to produce a marked effect on the organic functions of the little creature. Her grief, or whatever inexplicable influence it may have been, caused a profound disturbance in the system, and the vital action suddenly ceased while she was yet mourning the loss of her companion.

Another Royal Wedding. Carowitz of Russia to Marry the Daughter of the Prince of Wales. Announcement has been officially made of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Nicholas, eldest son and heir-apparent of the Czar of Russia, and Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince of Wales. This will make

Be content with your lot and quit trying to sell it.—Dallas News.

The whisky drinker's countenance is apt to be all awry.—Lowell Courier.

It's the corpulent person who has let life go to waste.—Lowell Courier.

BELLES, like other racers, sometimes win by a neck.—Galveston News.

"I CAN only be assister to you," as the typewriter said to her employer, —Plain Dealer.

The storm center is usually located in the Weather Bureau.—Atlantic Constitution.

"Money talks," but the least little scare will shut it up tight.—Binghamton Republican.

When a man has no bills against him he must feel as if he belonged to the nobility.—Siftings.

If you'll notice, it is generally the breezy sort of fellow who puts on the fewest airs.—Buffalo Courier.

DO MEN ever remember the promises they make to traveling salesmen and women?—Arlington Globe.

It is probably when he "blows it in" that a man flings his money to the winds.—Boston Transcript.

Every man is supposed to know his own business, but it is hard for his friends to believe it.—Puck.

The politician isn't narrow-minded—he is willing to put himself into anybody's place.—Elmira Gazette.

You can't tell the size of a man's bank account by the magnitude of his chrysanthemum.—Philadelphia Record.

"WILLIE," said the history teacher, "how did Cleopatra die?" "She bit herself with a snake," said Willie.—Puck.

EVERY husband hears a great deal about some other husband who lets his wife manage the money.—Arlington Globe.

"This is a strange proceeding," said the absconding cashier as he grabbed the money, "and I account for it." —Plain Dealer.

DESPITE the apparent humbleness of his calling the tailor is sure to be a man of wit in any community.—Detroit Tribune.

DON'T imagine that putting "raw materials" on the front list is going to abolish butchers' bills.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

"I've come down to turn out the gas," remarked Miss Sweet's father as he called Mr. Statelate.—Binghamton Republican.

An Irish chipmunk announces that he has "removed" from all the crowned heads of Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

"You may twim my mustache, aw," said Gilly to the barber. "Yes, sir," replied the latter; "did you bring it with you?"—Brooklyn Life.

NOTWITHSTANDING the provisions of the tariff bill the sugar men will get along somehow if they only have enough sand.—Rochester Post.

NO WOMAN is going to saw wood and say nothing. If she has to saw the wood the world will certainly hear from her.—Galveston News.

THE practice of speaking of a railroad train as feminine gender is wrong, especially if they are mail trains.—Binghamton Republican.

GUEST (angrily)—"Say, boy, I've been waiting here an hour." Waiter—"That's all right, boss. I've been waiting here five years."—Detroit Free Press.

"DO you think that gratuitous advice ever results in good?" "I know it does—that is, to the one who gives it. It makes him feel good."—Boston Transcript.

YOUNG CALLOWE—"I expect to start for London and Paris to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?" Prunella—"Yes; be sure not to miss your steamer."—Life's Calendar.

MRS. CHATTER—"Do you believe that cures can be effected by the laying on of hands?" Mrs. Clatter—"Most certainly. I cured my boy of smoking in that way."—Brooklyn Life.

KRANICH—I was be sufferin' mit insomnia, doctor. Doctor—Indeed! Kranich—Yah. When I was be asleep, I was snore so loud dat I was geeb myself awake der whole night.—Life.

FRIEND—I don't see how, on your income, you manage to winter in Florida and summer in Maine. Sharrp—"You forget by that plan I dodge both coal and ice bills."—New York Weekly.

"THIS life," said the man who stood on the cellar stair with a coal bucket in his hand, "would be one succession of sweet surprises if coal only came up as easily as the price does."—Washington Star.

"DOAN put yer min' too much on outward decorations," said Uncle Eben. "Hit am bethah ter hab a cabbage undah yeh waistcoat dan er chrysanthemum in yer button-hole."—Washington Star.

MRS. ELDERLEIGH—"Do you love your teacher, Johnny?" Johnny—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Elderleigh—"Why do you love her?" Johnny—"Cause the Bible says we're to love our enemies."—Puck.

GALLUP—"Do you think I can safely trust a business secret to Banks?" Higbee—"I should say so. I lent him a sovereign nearly a year ago and he has never breathed a word about it since."—Tid Bits.

"WHAT are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man. "I have none just now," replied the youth. "To-morrow is my best girl's birthday, and I'm worrying about the present."—Life's Calendar.

"THE wall flower," remarked the philosopher, "is 'often the only girl in the ball-room who can cook a dinner." "Yes," responded Miss Worthington, "and the girl who dances is the only one who can digest it."—Detroit Free Press.

LILLIAN RUSSELL's success is pronounced. All the cigarette dudes are stuck on "Nicotine."

ANOTHER ROYAL WEDDING.

Carowitz of Russia to Marry the Daughter of the Prince of Wales.

Announcement has been officially made of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Nicholas, eldest son and heir-apparent of the Czar of Russia, and Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince of Wales. This will make



THE CZAROWITZ. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

a triple matrimonial connection between the royal families of Russia and Great Britain. To begin with, the Czarina, mother of the prospective bridegroom, and Princess Alexandra of Wales, mother of the bride-to-be, are sisters, while the sister of the Czar is the wife of the Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria. Should the Czarowitz outlive his father his English-born wife, if she too is living, will become Empress of Russia.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was born May 18, 1868, while the natal day of Princess Victoria was July 6 of the same year. The Czarowitz bears a striking resemblance to his cousin and future brother-in-law, the Duke of York.

Princess Victoria has had little opportunity to distinguish herself. She is—as all princesses are conceded to be—amiable, and by courtesy at least is beautiful.

LONDON'S THATCHED COTTAGE.

Quaint and Picturesque Bells Which Is Soon to Be Torn Down.

The last thatched cottage in London is about to be torn down. Few Londoners even are aware of the ex-



LONDON'S LAST THATCHED COTTAGE.

istence of this quaint relic of a time when life was a much simpler thing than it is to-day. But the almighty pound crushes out sentiment in the modern Babylon just as the almighty dollar does in this country, and as a consequence this unique object will in the near future give place to the ever-extending piles of brick and mortar.

The cottage is set in a little bit of country scenery hedged in by the prosaic environment of a London district. It stands on some ground adjoining the disused grave-yard in connection with Paddington Green and adjoins St. David's Welsh Church. The building consists of two dwellings with rough-cast walls, wooden porches and quaint little windows. The thatched roof is large, and from it peep out several dormer windows. There is a fair-sized piece of ground attached to the cottage, and some trees grow therein, giving it, in a measure, the surroundings which a thatched roof naturally suggests.

Maidens in Their Nighties.

An astonishing exhibition of girlish charms at the Opera-House last evening furnished a theme for an immense lot of gossip in the town to-day, says a Patterson (Pa.) special to the Philadelphia Record. A camp of the P. O. S. of A. gave a benefit entertainment, the chief feature of which, according to the official program, was a "nightgown drill." This drill was just what the name implied.

The lights in the room were slightly lowered to give the scene a more realistic effect. The audience sat breathless for a minute or two, and then from the wings of the stage emerged a vision of maiden loveliness. A pretty girl of interesting years walked slowly before the footlights. Her only robe so far as the charmed spectators could see, was a white flowing gown of the simplest make. The soft material clung nicely to the pettily rounded shoulders. Those delicate curves of the young woman's physique seemed all the more entrancing beneath this bewitching garb. Her hair fell loose upon her shoulders. Her snow-white feet and ankles twinkled beneath the filmy lace at the bottom of the gown.

Hardly had the audience recovered its breath before another girl, dressed just as the first, appeared. Then another and another, until seventeen bewitching girls, with loose-flung hair and twinkling feet, were upon the stage. Each young lady carried a lighted candle. They marched back and forth across the stage and performed various evolutions. They refused to respond to an encore.

Saving Crops in Oregon. Farming is business and the crops must be saved in the far West. A visitor at the Polk Butler settlement on Des Chutes Ridge, Ore., a few days ago, noticing that the schoolhouse was still closed, and the fall term, long overdue, has not yet begun, asked when school would commence. "Not till the wheat gets dry," was the reply. "Why, what's the school to do with the wheat?" was the natural query. "We're drying it in the schoolhouse," was the explanation. Wet wheat was spread all over the schoolhouse floor, from three to five feet deep.

In Badgerdom.

Wisconsin raises every year \$105,000,000 worth of farm products. The oat crop is 43,000,000 bushels; corn, 38,000,000; wheat, 21,000,000; barley, 12,000,000. The live stock is valued at \$80,000,000. Over 10,000 square miles are underlain by