

The Pike County Democrat

M. McO. STOOPE, Editor and Proprietor.

PETERSBURG, INDIANA.

ANCIENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Collection Gathered From the Tombs of Egypt.

A collection of portraits two thousand years old makes an interesting exhibit, not only to art connoisseurs, but to everybody curious enough to know what manner of men and women once inhabited this old earth. The Theodor Graf collection of unique Greek portraits, now hung at the Academy of Fine Art, gives for the first time an idea of the work of the portrait painters of the second and third centuries B. C.

These paintings were not made for the "family galleries" of old Egyptians, proud of their ancestors, but were "mummy faces." It was the ancient Greek custom to represent the countenance of a dead person at the head of a mummy or coffin, somewhat like the Indians of Peru, and in the Greek-Roman epoch for the plastic head with conventional features was substituted a real portrait of the dead. One entire "face mummy" is shown in this exhibit, brought, like the other "faces" from the cave cemetery of Rubyat, in Central Egypt. Ages ago thieves ransacked this celebrated necropolis throwing away these painted panels upon the desert sands. The ninety-six exhibited in Graf's collection are thin panels of wood, many now cracked and scarred, bearing the faces of a few Egyptians, several Syrians or Phoenicians and many fixed features of that Greek epoch.

They mostly belong to the higher classes, as is evident in the abundant jewels of the women, the golden wreaths of the men, the ribbons, Pompeian like shoulder stripes and Ishtar buttons, and even the "Lock of Youth," the ancient badge of the sons of the Pharaohs. The colors have mellowed like those of the old masterpieces, and Rembrandt himself would not be ashamed of the strength shown in the best of them. Some of the pictures shown of the oval-faced Egyptians and the dark, almond-eyed Jewesses are modern enough in spirit and treatment to be up-stairs with the sixtieth annual exhibit of the academy. The rich coloring and delicate tints awakened even Meissonnier's admiration.

The collection reveals also in the most interesting manner all the technical expedients employed by the ancients. They devised the art of painting with variously-colored wax and the process of burning it in. It has thus gained the name of "encaustic painting." The wax was put on by means of a lancet-shaped cestrum or spatula. A brush was used sometimes as well as this graving tool, and there are exhibited several remarkable examples of distemper.—Philadelphia Times.

IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

How the Nuts are Prepared For the Market at Norfolk.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imaginary rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons." Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot, a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of Negro girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one can not see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers, one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into a bag which shall presently be marked with a band which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. No part of this little fruit, vegetable, or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serves some useful purpose.—Blue and Gray.

Fickleness.

She—Her heart is like a novel—easy to read.

He—Yes; and like a novel in a circulating library—not to be kept longer than two weeks.—Judge.

It Can't Be Done.

Mrs. Takmin.—How do you like the folding-bed, Mr. Nubord?

Nubord.—It would be all right if you would only take the folds out of it.

She Said Him Nay.

Tom.—I can never get her picture off my mind.

Jerry.—Printed there by her own negative, I suppose.—Truth.

THE EASTER OFFERING.



ET me the offering bear," she asked, And on the little face The earnest wish of her young heart Laid its own tender grace.

She was the youngest lamb of all The flock I called my class; As fair as any Easter bud Was the wee, winsome lass.

So in her little dimpled hands I placed our "offering" fair, Sweet rosebuds, white and pure, and bade Her to the chancel bear These emblems of her precious self, A bud for Heaven's crown, And destined on some glorious day To bloom before the Throne.

I watched the little figure speed Along the marble aisle, Her eyes like stars, her crimson cheeks All dimpling with a smile, I saw her lift her "offering" up, And then—all joyously—The baby voice rang out: "Please give These flowers to Dad for me; And tell Him all us little girls Send Him our love!" and then, With happy eyes, my little maid Came tripping back again.

Content to feel that she had done With us her little part, And given, with her sweet "offering," Also her precious heart To the dear Father, for whose sake The Easter bells so clear Ring out the tidings: "Christ, once dead, Is risen and is here!" —Mary D. Brine, in Chicago Advance.



REST.

heaped on the lid of the white casket which shut from sight the face of the little lad who so short a time before had been in truth the sunshine of the home. And as the tear-filled eyes of the mother, walking closely behind in her deep mourning, rested on the six

little bearers, Ray's Sunday school class, from her heart throbbing in fierce rebellion rose the cry that her lips almost uttered: "The children of other mothers are spared; why should mine be taken?"

For Helen Denby was passing under the shadow of her first grief. A bright girlhood, a happy marriage had been hers. From her childhood friends and wealth had softened life's friction, lessened its care, made possible the gratification of its tastes and desires. To these a great, crowning joy had come in her child. From the first hour when she held him in her arms her whole existence had merged in his; her every hope and plan and ambition had been of his future. That he could be taken from her she had not believed till the last breath had fluttered out from the little body. But God had been cruel, the stroke had fallen, Ray had gone, gone beyond her sight, her touch, her care.

Always unconsciously selfish, in a grief as new to her as it was to the first mother of earth, Mrs. Denby felt it impossible that ever anyone had suffered as she did. And though a church member from early girlhood, and believing herself a truly Christian woman, the thought of submitting to God's will, much less of accepting it, was far from her mind. So the autumn and winter passed, and still she kept Ray's hat on the rack where he had hung it, his velocipede in the hall where he had last left it, and his pictured face looking down on her from out a funeral wreath. With the rains of autumn she wept thinking of her darling, so loved and sheltered, lying chill and alone under the beating skies. Through the storms of winter she sat by her fireside and shuddered, her

heart going out to the little grave under the folded drifts. Shutting herself up from outside interest and occupation, daily she tore open her grief afresh, day by day she sat and looked not beyond the grave, but into it, shrinking from every child face as if it were a blow, and to all remonstrances of husband and friends made answer: "You can't enter into my sorrow; you don't know what I feel."

But at last the winter was past. The crocuses were budding on the lawn, and the Easter lilies in the sunny bay-window were unclosing their white flowers. Spring had come and Easter was at hand. And looking at the lilies Helen Denby could but remember how only a year before Ray had watched their unfolding; and with what eagerness Easter morning he had carried the great sheaf of snowy, fragrant bells for his class table in the Sunday school. Ray had always loved Easter. From the first time, when hardly more than a baby she had taken him to its service, the music, the flowers, the whole atmosphere of the day had appealed to his sensitive responsive nature. That last Easter he had said to her: "Mamma, how beautiful it is!" And in the quiet afternoon, as holding him in her arms she had read to him the wonderful story of the first Easter, he had looked up in her face with bright, brown eyes, eyes that she now felt were already touched with a light not of this world, and exclaimed: "What it must have been to have seen the risen Christ; and to think that some day we too shall see Him!"

And now the lilies were in bloom again; the morrow would usher in the gladness of another Easter; and Ray was in his grave, and the spring grasses were slowly springing over the low mound above which heart and faith found it so hard to rise. Her tears were falling fast, but they did not dim the vision of the face that a year before had smiled at her over the flowers that later were to cheer the sick room of a little classmate. For Ray with all the luxury and fondness that had been lavished on him was a sympathetic, generous little fellow, always ready to share his own good times and abundance with those less fortunate. And especially dear to the frail, delicate child, touched it may be with some faint intuition that this earth life was not to be his for long, had been the circle of his own who had made up his class in the Sunday school.

Mrs. Denby recalled it now, and also with a pang that in all these months she had hardly given a thought to these boys that her own had loved so well, and who had returned his affection and grieved for his loss, nay, more, that she had shunned the sight of every one of them, for were not they spared while Ray was taken? How had it fared with them, she wondered. And with the question came the remembrance that Miss Davis, the teacher, while calling on her but a few

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Gently she closed the volume and laid it down. And this was the "glory everlasting" into which Ray had entered; tenderness beyond a mother's, freedom forever from death and sorrow and suffering, and radiant and eternal the presence of Christ Himself. It was the flash of a sudden revelation, and with it came the thought, the question: If this were so, ought she, dared she indulge in a grief so passionate and unrecalled? A heart question whose answer required a strength above her own and a struggle that left her spent and weary when at last as she rose from her knees the chime of the clock told that a new day, another Easter day, had been ushered in.

The next morning when Mrs. Denby entered the breakfast-room her husband looked up with a start of surprise. In place of the unrelieved black of heavy mourning, she wore a dress of creamy white, with a cluster of the white stately Easter lilies in her hand. "You know," she said, meeting his questioning look with a smile—a smile that held the peace won only through tears and heartbreak—"this is Ray's first Easter in Heaven, so I am wearing his favorite dress to show my gladness in the joy that he must feel to-day. And," with lips that despite her efforts would tremble, "these flowers are for his Sunday-school, and I have just sent his velocipede and some of his books and clothes to Sammy Sloan. I knew you would approve, and I felt that Ray would wish it."

"Dear Helen," said Mr. Denby, "I know what this has cost you, but it will bring a blessing." "Yes, Henry," she hid her tearful face against his shoulder, "it has already. I see now that my sorrow has made me blindly selfish to the world. Ray's grave filled all my vision; that he was dead was all that I could realize, and so I lost sight of the Easter truth that I hope never to forget again, that the grave is but a sign of the resurrection, and that it is through death that in Christ shall all be made alive."—Ela Thomas, in Christian at Work.

PATTI AS A CHILD.

How She Meant to Get a Beautiful Wax Doll from London.

One day I was sitting on our front stoop with my big wax doll in my arms. I was only allowed to have her to play with when I had been very good indeed, and she was the biggest, most beautiful doll in the neighborhood, or that I had ever seen, even in shop windows. As I sat there Adeline came towards me with her doll in her arms. She stopped and said: "Show me your dolly!" I held her up and expatiated upon her beauties. I confess now that I felt a keen and wicked satisfaction that her doll had only a plaster head, and I knew, from sad experience, that it was the kind that got grimy and had to be washed off with sweet oil occasionally, and very often had a cracked head, and that she was altogether of an inferior class from my dolly. "She's pretty, isn't she?" said Adeline. "She's beautiful," I said, hugging my treasure, for she was my very own child to me. "How much did she cost?" said Adeline. "I don't know," I said; "a lady sent her to me from London. See, her eyes open and shut," and I gave a vigorous yank to the long wire which was concealed under her petticoats. "Show me how her eyes go?" Adeline said. And after opening and shutting those very inexpressive black eyes several times, she handed her back to me and said: "I shall have one like her to-night." My own eyes opened wide at this, and I said: "How will you get her?" "Oh, if Max don't give her to me quick, I'll scream."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Stratagem.

She met him at the door with a smile and a hug that brought a pleasant reminder of his courtship days. When he was out of his wraps she jollied him thus: "Henry, why is it that you never entered politics? You are thoroughly magnetic, have a beautiful command of language, a charming address and a wonderful ability to adapt yourself to circumstances. You had just as well be in the enjoyment of both fame and fortune. No longer hide your light under a bushel, dear, but shine as nature and cultivation meant you to." "Now for the bill," he said, and knew just what he was talking about, for she flushed guiltily as he conned the items of a forty-dollar Easter hat.—Detroit Free Press.

An Easter Hymn.

"He is not here," the angel said, To woman weeping at the tomb; Behold the place where He was laid: Why stand ye here in grief and gloom?"

Not here, but risen is the Lord, Though on the tree He bowed His head, Forget not ye His spoken word, Nor seek the living 'mong the dead.

Yes, Thou art living, Lord, we know, And to the world hast given life, Thy faith will Thou bendest low, Thou still art the tumult, calm 'st the strife.

Breathe on us, Lord, Thine own life's breath, A weary road we long have trod; Give us the life that conquers death, The life that's hid with Thee in God.

—Christian Life.

Easter Bells. Ring, glad some bells of Easter-tide, The Christian's psalm far and wide, From Russia's plains of frozen snow To fields where Easter lilies blow! Christ is risen!

Laughing beneath the laughing sun, The merry brooklets tinkling run, And bursting buds reveal the sheen Of summer's wealth of leafage green. Christ is risen!

From the long night of winter's sleep To life the fair spring blossoms leap; So 'mid the night of pagan gloom New light and life shine from the tomb! Christ is risen!

—Mary J. Safford, in N. Y. Ledger.

Accounted For. The Publisher—How is it that our circulation has dropped off all at once? The Circulator—Managing editor's fault.

"Managing editor's fault!" "Yes. He insisted on running a full-page cut of a seventy-five-dollar Easter bonnet in the woman's department and half the married men in town have sworn off buying the paper."—Troy Press.

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