

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

VOL. X.

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### THE STREAM'S SOLILOQUY.

Some say that I'm a babbling and I chatter  
On the sands through many lands with  
heart of stone.  
But there's music in my babbling, and my  
chatter is a lay,  
That I love to sing when quiet and  
alone.  
Oh, the woodlands are my playgrounds and  
the daisies my sweet delight,  
And the shaded nooks my rapture as I steal  
along from sight.

Some say I'm never quiet; that I always fret  
along,  
Through the glades and in the shades,  
with discontent,  
But because I like to ramble is it such an ar-  
rant wrong—  
Must I fret in some secluded channel,  
And I'll tell her of my passion if I  
could.  
But I'm just a restless fellow, and my love  
must go unknown,  
So I chatter on forever just a little stream,  
alone.

Where I glide along at evening softly o'er  
the shallow pool,  
As they go, cattle low and quench their  
thirst,  
And the plowboy gets a hatfull of the water  
clear and cool,  
Standing where the summer poses blossom  
first.  
How I love to see the bossy with her pretty  
soft gray eyes,  
And a coat as red and glossy as the sunlight  
in the skies.

If a stream can fall in love then I have surely  
lost my heart  
To a maiden, sunshine laden, who each day  
comes to the wood,  
From the banks she looks with laughter  
where the light and shadows part,  
And I'll tell her of my passion if I  
could.  
But I'm just a restless fellow, and my love  
must go unknown,  
So I chatter on forever just a little stream,  
alone.

### TOO CAUTIOUS.

BY S. T.

There was a sad group of ladies gathered in the parlor of a pretty house on the outskirts of the town of Topham. Miss Martha Joyce, spinster, of uncertain age, sat in a low rocking chair her sweet face clouded, her tender heart sore; while her two nieces, May and Bessie Joyce, twin sisters of 18, blue-eyed and pretty as rosebuds, sat one each side. The three ladies all wore mourning and bore in their pale faces and heavy eyes the traces of recent sorrow; but while Aunt Mattie meekly folded her hands and sighed, May and Bessie gave voice to considerable inward indignation.

to quit the house she had been promised should be her own, giving vent as he did so to some opinions of his own in the matter, not strictly professional.

"You are sure you have searched faithfully for the will?" he asked.

"Quite sure."

"He certainly had it," said the lawyer. "I drew it up myself—ten thousand apiece and the house and personal effects and furniture to Miss Martha; the rest of the estate for the use of the Topham hospital. Dear! dear! why won't clients put such papers in proper keeping instead of clinging to them as if they were life-preservers? I am very sorry, Miss Mattie. I have represented matters to the heir, but he fails to see them in a proper light."

"I don't care for ourselves," said Bessie, using the plural that meant the inseparable twinning; "we are young and can work, but it is too hard to have Aunt Mattie turned out of house and home after all she has done for Mr. William Oldfield."

So the ladies packed their trunks and gathered in the little parlor to spend their last evening, preparatory to an early start in the morning. And while they sat, mournfully conversing, a strange event occurred. A shock-headed boy rang the bell and handed in a note, which ran in this wise:

"Don't blame your uncle, dear," began Aunt Mattie.

"We wasn't our uncle," snapped out May.

"He did what he promised to do," continued Aunt Mattie.

"And then undid it," said Bessie, angrily.

"Miss Martha Joyce: I do not know that the disease of which my uncle died was contagious, but I have a horror of illness in any shape or form. I therefore beg of you, before you leave his house, to burn the bedstead and bedding he used, that I may not find it when I take possession. Yours, very truly,

"We are not sure of that, dear."

"Now, auntie! He made a will, leaving you this house and \$10,000 and \$10,000 apiece to Bessie and me," said May; "but afterward, if he did not destroy it, where is it?"

"I'll tell you what I will do, dears," said gentle Aunt Mattie; "I have had everything washed and the tickings; I'll just empty the mattresses and have those washed, too. But I really cannot reconcile it to my conscience to burn up things that are perfectly harmless."

"Yes, where is it?" echoed her sister. "If it was in the house, surely it would have been found in the general turning out of our household possessions today."

"Well, dear, it can't be found, and we must go back to our old rooms and try to re-establish the little school I left five years ago. We have had a comfortable home for that time."

"Burn the bedstead! that splendid black walnut bedstead that matches the chamber suit!" said Miss Mattie. "It really seems a pity!"

"Let him do it himself," said May; "we are not his servants."

For the facts of the case were these: William Oldfield, a widower of many years, possessing large means, had been attacked late in life with a painful, incurable sickness, trying to nurse, distressing to witness and having an irritating effect on the nerves of the sufferer. After enduring the trials of dishonest servants and nurses, incompetent housekeepers and careless attendants for a time he had persuaded his dead wife's maiden sister to give up a small but flourishing school, by which she supported herself and her brother's orphan girls, and keep house for him.

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In default of regular salary, he gave a home to the aforesaid nieces, who supported themselves by sewing, and promised a legacy to Miss Mattie, who, however, hardly expected and never demanded it. Yet, most assuredly, she had earned it, for her brother-in-law, by reason of pain and bad temper, made her a slave to his sick whims, keeping her actively employed as nurse, as he grew worse and worse, till, during the last year of his life, she rarely left his room.

"We will go with you," Bessie said, "and help you carry them."

The four women ascended one flight of stairs to the room where William Oldfield died. Everything was in order there, and over the mattresses was spread a white Marseilles quilt that Bessie put with the rest of the bedding, while Aunt Mattie and May dragged the mattresses to the floor.

Faithfully and patiently she endured the monotony of her life, the caprices of her patient's temper, the fatigue of nursing, till death claimed the invalid and released her. The promised legacy had been left to her and the girls in a will made a year before William Oldfield died; but the lawyer said the document was not intrusted to his care. Failing to find it in the house, the ladies were notified that William Oldfield, Jr., the nephew and heir-at-law of the dead man, would take possession of the entire property at once.

"They are all stuffed with hair," Peggy, Aunt Mattie said. "I ordered them myself."

"Yes, marm," said the old woman, feeling them carefully and nodding her head; "I'm thinking I'll sell the hair. Husk stuffing will do for my old bones, and I can buy some flour and coal, likely, with the price of the hair."

It was well known in Topham that this heir was by no means the one to whom the uncle desired to leave his property, as the remainder of his estate, after the legacies mentioned, passed, by the terms of the last will, to the town to endow a hospital.

The young heir-at-law had been an ill terms with his uncle for years, being a spendthrift, a gambler and a man addicted to drinking, heartlessly indifferent to his uncle's sufferings and laughing boisterously when the lawyer proposed to him to make some compensation to Miss Mattie for her services.

"Just as you please," said Aunt Mattie, tying the mattresses securely with a stout cord. "Now, girls, are you ready? Hannah will help Peggy with this bundle, and we will carry the sheets, blankets and spreads."

So when William Oldfield took possession the next day he found the bedstead bare and a note from Bessie tied to it, respectfully declining to make a bonfire of the furniture and stating the fact that the bedding had been given away for a charitable use.

"If he doesn't like it he is welcome to dislike it," that young lady said, graciously, as she signed the dainty epistle in her finest handwriting.

The heir said a bad word, locked up the room and occupied another apartment, where there had been no "confounded sickness," as he said, and there reigned in the house where Aunt Mattie had kept dainty neatness the confusion of a young bachelor's household, the disorder following frequent late suppers, when the city friends of young Oldfield came down to "make a night of it and help him spend the old man's money."

Quiet Topham was scandalized and

sighed over the days when the dissipated nephew was a far-away disgrace for mild gossip, but there seemed to be no hope for the trouble.

The funeral had been over nearly three months, and Miss Mattie had collected a goodly number of little folks once more around her, when one morning, while Bessie was busy in the little kitchen baking pies and May was running a sewing machine in the sitting room, there came hobbling up to the door old Peggy.

### THE STOREKEEPERS OF GUAM.

An Interesting Report from the Surgeon of the Bennington.

The navy department has received an interesting report made by Surgeon Ward of the cruiser Bennington, at Port San Luis d'Apra, Island of Guam, in the Ladronez, just before that vessel left there to join Admiral Dewey the last of January.

"Come in, Peggy," Bessie said, cheerily. "You are just in time for an apple pie I baked for you."

"Bless your kind heart and sweet face," said the old woman. "You are never so poor yourself but you remember those who are worse off. But it's Miss Mattie I want to see."

"You are just in time, then. There's the noon bell ringing, and here comes Aunt Mattie and May to help about dinner."

Surgeon Ward had been ashore investigating the commercial products and mercantile establishments during the stay of the Bennington in the harbor, with a view to determining what dependence could be placed on the local markets for maintaining the force to be kept there hereafter by the United States. He says he found eight so-called stores in Agana, the chief town, besides a number of small huts, where the native agardiente, made of fermented cocoanut milk, is sold, but he did not ascertain whether or not these bars were licensed.

"Miss Mattie," said old Peggy, "did you ever lose a paper when you were at the old house?"

"A paper!" screamed Bessie and May in chorus. "Oh, Peggy, did you find one?"

"Yes, dears. I can't read myself, but here it is."

He classed the stores under five heads, according to the nationality of the men owning them. In the Manila stores, conducted by men from Manila, three in number, it was possible to buy cotton clothes of various hues and dyes, embroideries, a few ready-made articles of apparel, buttons, shoes, paper, pens, ink, matches, and a small assortment of canned goods of poor quality and expensive, as well as soap, candles and agardiente. In one of the Manila stores cigars made of native tobacco, which was of poor quality, were purchasable. The Japanese store is the largest and best in the town. It contained all the goods to be had in the Manila stores, and in addition sugar, Japanese beer and imitations of imported wines. It also sold eggs and bread, the latter baked every other day, of exceedingly poor quality. The Chinese store was a poor one, and was patronized only by Chinese. In the chamorro (native) store Dr. Ward found native coffee of fair quality, excellent chocolate and a few cheap cotton dyed stuffs, pipes, matches, etc.

"Last will and testament of William Oldfield."

Aunt Mattie sat down and cried softly. Bessie danced around like an insane Indian, and May, seizing a hat, darted off to Lawyer O'Byrne.

"How did you find it?" Bessie cried at last, when she was exhausted with her solitary dance.

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"Well, dears," said the old woman, "I've been waiting till the warm days to empty the mattresses, for they were wonderfully comfortable for my old bones in the winter, and so today I ripped them open, as Mick Calloran said he'd give a fair price for the hair and fill them up again with husk. And pushed in one of them, near the middle, in a little slit cut with a knife, I found the paper. And it's thankful I am this day that it's good news I bring, if your face tells the truth, honey."

The single American store, though a more pretentious establishment than any of the others, was inferior in many respects to the Japanese. A greater variety of goods was kept, including a large assortment of canned vegetables, meats, kerosene, oil, rice, accordeons, hats, stockings, lamps, lamp shades, crockery, trunks, paints and nails. Dr. Ward says that shoes of fair pattern could be made to order by native shoemakers, and the natives could also make comfortable furniture. Flour, which was difficult to find, and butter and lard, which naturally did not keep well in such a warm climate, were expensive. Milk could be purchased in small quantities, chickens and eggs were plentiful, but the beef was poor, and there were no sheep in the island.

"Good news! the best of news!" said Bessie. "You shall have the warmest shawl next winter to be found in Topham, Peggy, and the softest bed."

And here May entered with Mr. O'Byrne, and the whole story had to be told again.

Figures abundant. Yams and sweet potatoes grow freely, as well as corn, the latter being used by the natives to make bread. Bananas, coconuts and bread fruit are the chief sources of native food. Fishing is but little attempted. A good clam is found, and a small oyster of sweet taste. Deer and goats abound, and wild turkey, plover, ducks and other edible birds are plentiful.

"It is the will, sure enough," said the lawyer. "And so Mr. Oldfield wanted you to burn the bed and bedding! H'm! I shouldn't wonder if he was afraid of this very discovery and was too great a coward to risk hunting for it himself. It is my opinion that he will burn the whole house down yet if he keeps possession long. Topham never heard such rioting."

The will was given to Mr. O'Byrne's keeping and in due time proved and executed. The heir-at-law made a great bluster, but knowing his rage was useless left the house once more, considerably the worse for his brief sojourn in it. The fact that even the temporary enjoyment of his uncle's money was an altogether unexpected event probably aided his acquiescence in the legality of the will.

"The house was cleaned and purified and once more given over to Aunt Mattie's quiet rule and the happy occupancy of the twin sisters, who gladly gave up sewing and teaching to join in the social pleasures of Topham. The hospital flourishes, and old Peggy never tires of relating how she found the fortunes of the Joyce ladies in the hair mattresses William Oldfield ordered to be burned on the day when fear made him too cautious."

"I happen to have a dress coat," said a man about town, "that was made by Poole, the famous London tailor, and I've preserved it with a good deal of care. To tell the truth, I attached less value to the garment itself than I did to the sign manual of the house, emblazoned on a strip of white silk and stitched inside the collar. It was a trifle snobbish, I dare say, but if so I've received my punishment."

The fact that Dreyfus is a Jew furnishes a key to the mysteries of the cause celebre which is connected with his name. It is impossible to understand how the French nation—an impulsive, generous people, who, although blind in their anger, are temperamentally incapable of remaining deaf to the appeal of justice after the initial fury of their wrath has spent itself—can persist in withholding from the condemned officer an opportunity to justify himself before the courts of his country. The paradox may be understood when it is remembered that, after the memory of Sedan, the greatest passion of the French is a deep and enduring hatred of the Jews as a race. The cry, "A bas les juifs!" is almost as potent in France today as was that other cry at the close of the last century—the cry that gave utterance to the hot resentment of more than a hundred years and drove the disdainful Marie Antoinette to the guillotine—"A bas les rois!"—S. Ivar Tonjoroff, in The Arena.

"A few weeks ago I took the coat along with me on a trip to Florida, and while at a small coast resort I noticed the buttons were getting worn. The only tailor in town was a Chinaman, and I gave him the coat with instructions to repair the damages, which he did, very neatly. I had forgotten all about the incident, and one evening during Carnival was at the club chatting with some visitors from Detroit, when somehow or other the conversation turned on high art tailoring. One of the strangers sang the praises of a clasp at his home, and I like a fool, couldn't resist the temptation of remarking that my suit was made by Poole. Thereupon the other fellow expressed curiosity as to how the English tailors inserted the shoulder reinforcements of dress coats, and I obligingly slipped mine off to allow him to examine it. He looked it over and when he handed it back I noticed that he wore a peculiar smile. It was no wonder, for, by Jove! in place of the signed silk strip below the collar was a great hideous pink tab bearing the legend: "Charley One-Lung, Merchant Tailor, Wayback, Fla."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The secret of the Dreyfus case.

The One Who Didn't Dodge.

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The Population of Japan.

A woman evangelist is converting many sinners in Missouri. In one of her addresses the other day she said: "There is a man in this house who is untrue to his wife! I am going to throw this hymn book at him." She raised the book as if she was going to throw it, and every man but one in the house ducked his head to avoid the book. Then she blistered the dodgers and landed the one true man. It was afterward learned that he was deaf and dumb.

The official census statistics for Japan, exclusive of Formosa, have just been published, showing a total population exceeding forty-three millions. That of Tokio is nearly two millions, and two other cities, Kobe and Osaka, each exceed a million. The increase since 1896 is about half a million. There were 365,000 marriages in the same period, and 134,000 divorces.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Hold Fast to the Bible"—Lessons Drawn From the Sword of Eleazar—As He Grasped His Weapon So Should We Cling to the Old Gospel.

TEXT: "And his hand clave unto the sword."—II Samuel xxiii, 10.

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, no. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to shut through opportunity to declare the truth through the ear of an audience as the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, threw himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The sword was fixed had no trouble in dragging their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip on the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put is to put your thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put is to put your thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. 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