

### THE SONG OF THE PINES.

We are the masts of ships,  
Nurtured for centuries;  
Storm-wind and mountain-breeze  
Taught us our harmonies,  
Kissed us with mother lips.

See how the tender and stern  
Heavens have bidden us rise,  
Crying, "Behold the eyes  
Of stars in the faithful skies—  
Lift up your heads and learn!"

Hear how the Sun doth laugh,  
"Climb ye thus, sons of mine?  
Seek ye for things divine?  
Yours is the sunlight wine—  
Take of my warmth and quaff."

Cometh our bard, the Wind,  
Bringing us songs, and saith:  
"Nay, this is naught but breath;  
Striving and love and death,  
These I left, far behind!"

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Youth's Companion.

### THE TRAMP'S KISS.

A wet, boisterous night. Along a rain-soaked country road a man, with his hat brim pulled forward over his eyes, slowly plodded his way. He had left the city more than two hours before, and its lights had disappeared with the oncoming of the storm.

The weary pedestrian suddenly paused and leaned on the knobby stick in his hand. No! he was not mistaken; the light he had seen emanated from a cottage window—a cottage that stood just off the turnpike. Surely every heart did not beat unresponsive to the cry of hunger and charity! Surely he was not doomed to die of starvation and fatigue in this, a Christian land!

The grimy fingers closed tightly about the stick, and the starving man approached the door of the little cottage. The sound of voices reached his ears as he stood for a moment irresolute. One was the deep, gruff voice of a man, and the other was that of a woman. He knocked gently upon the door. It was opened, and a stalwart yeoman appeared. The wayfarer's eyes wandered from the cozy fire to the repast on the table before it and from thence to the ruddy face above him.

"Well, what d'ye want?" snapped the cottager.

"A mouthful of food—I'm starving," replied the wayfarer.

"Food, eh! that's allays the cry," snarled the other. "Why don't yer work fer it, same as Oi do? Ger away, or Oi'll set the dog on yer!" and the door was shut violently in the supplicant's face.

A low moan escaped his lips, and he leaned heavily against the trelliswork before the door. When at length he turned from the cottage and sought the open road a strange light had entered his snukken eyes—the light of desperation—madness! Wild, incoherent words fell from his lips; an exultant laugh gurgled in his throat. Hark! What was that? Something was approaching from behind.

Ah! that something was a cyclist. He could see the small, trembling light of the lamp and could hear the suckling sound of the tires on the wet road. The starving wretch stepped back beneath the shadow of a tree, and as the solitary cyclist drew near he placed himself directly in his path.

"Great Scott, my man! where the dickens have you sprung from?" ejaculated the rider, a young fellow, as he dropped lightly from his machine. "It's a good job I was going easy; if I hadn't either you or me, or both of us, would have been fitting subjects for surgical research by this!" and the speaker gave his broad shoulders a shake to dislodge the rain from his storm cape.

"I wanted you to stop," said the other, his words coming through his set teeth.

"Indeed, and for what reason?" interrogated the cyclist, trying to see the features of the last speaker.

"I—I want help," and the knobby stick was lifted, undiscerned by the cyclist, a few inches from the ground.

"Help, did you say? Then you're on the road?" eh?

"Call it that if you like, but—I'm starving!"

"Good heavens! Yes, now I see your face I don't doubt it! Here, old chap, for goodness sake go and get something to eat," and the young fellow plunged his hand in his pocket. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"But money would be no use to you," he said; "you want food, and you can't buy that any nearer than the town. Stay, I know. I am on my way to a house half a mile further up the road—the house is called 'The Hollies'—you can't mistake it; there are two turrets; besides, anyone will tell you which is Mr. Templeton's house. I will ride on—ah! I see you know Mr. Templeton; but you have no occasion to be afraid of him. He's a justice of the peace, I know, but he's got a soft heart—and if he hadn't, his daughter has." — Well, I'll just spin along and see there's something ready for you to eat when you arrive."

The young fellow had placed his foot on the step of his bicycle to mount when he felt the tramp's touch on his shoulder.

"Well—you understand me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I understood you, but—"

"But what?"

"Who is this Mr. Templeton whom you just spoke about—is it Robert Templeton, the celebrated architect?"

"Yes."

"And is he related to you?"

A shade of annoyance crossed the young fellow's face, but only for an instant.

"No, not exactly—as yet," he replied with a laugh. "But I may be related to him before long—at least I hope so, as a son-in-law, you know."

"Ah! I had forgotten; he has a daughter."

The knobby stick lay on the ground now, and its owner was trembling like a leaf. With an agile spring the cyclist seated himself in his saddle, and as his feet found the pedals he looked round over his shoulder.

"Don't forget," said he; "the house with the turrets. I will vouch there is a good, square meal awaiting you." And with that he rode away through the drenching rain.

Robert Templeton, the world-famed architect, sat in his study deep in thought. From some distant portion of the old house the sound of a girl's fresh, young voice, singing "Love's Old Sweet Song," reached his ears. Suddenly the song ceased, and Robert Templeton knew the dreaded moment had arrived—knew that Harold Franklin had called for his (Templeton's) answer.

He had promised to give it that very night—that very hour—and Franklin, anxious lover that he was, had braved the inclemency of that night to hear that which meant either life-long happiness for him or a dreary drag of "stale, flat and unprofitable" existence. Templeton rose from his chair and paced slowly about the room.

The story he had to tell Harold Franklin was inevitable. How would he receive that story? Would he, in his great love for Clarice, laugh the deception to scorn; or would he heap contumely upon the narrator's head and leave the girl who loved him forever? No, banish the latter thought! Harold Franklin was a true English gentleman—not one of the soulless creatures who sometimes pose as such—creatures of veneer and vapidity—but a man with a heart as sound as one of the oaks of his native land; a man who valued his fellow-creatures for their true mind-worth and not solely on account of their wealth of the world's goods.

Half an hour passed, and Templeton was still pacing about his study, when a firm step approached, and a knock sounded upon the door. Templeton went across and threw it wide open. His visitor was Harold Franklin.

"And so you have come for my answer, Harold?" said the architect, after their formal greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied the young fellow, with a quick look in the other's face.

Templeton placed a chair for his visitor and sat down facing him.

"But where is Clarice? It is necessary she, too, should hear what I have to say," he said.

"Clarice is acting the good Samaritan to a poor fellow I met of the road," said Franklin. "He was faint with hunger, so I presumed to invite him to bite and sup beneath your roof, Mr. Templeton. I trust my presumption did not overstep the bounds of my acquaintanceship with yourself."

"You did perfectly right, Harold," interposed the elder man. "And Clarice, you say, is attending to the poor fellow with her own hands?"

"Yes, sir; she preferred to do so."

A few minutes later Clarice Templeton entered the room, and both its male occupants were surprised to see her eyes were tearful. "You have been weeping, child?" said her father, as she sank down on the hassock at his side.

"Yes," she said softly; "it was something that poor man did and said when he was bidding me good night and thanking me for the food I had placed before him."

Robert Templeton was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to reply to what Clarice was saying.

"My child," he said, after a short pause, "it is only right that you should hear what I am now about to say. It is only right that the man who desires to make you his wife, and who is here tonight for my answer, should know your history—and mine."

The young lovers gazed wonderingly upon the speaker, and their hands sought each other's instinctively.

"History, sir! I scarcely understand you," said Franklin. "I know already that you, the most illustrious architect of the time, were, in your younger days, far poorer than you now are. Have you not told me often that your early struggles were fraught with privation? Your history, sir, is one that redounds to your credit."

"I do not refer to the struggles of my youth, Harold; it is something else—something which concerns Clarice. It is this: Clarice is not my daughter!"

The words were spoken at last.

"Not your daughter?" whispered the girl, her face blanching deathly pale.

"Sit down again, my child, and listen to my story. It is an old story—a common theme for novelists, but true in my case:

"Two brothers fell in love with one girl. One of the brothers is studious and aspiring; the other is wild and careless. The girl chooses the one who thought of tomorrow as a time of pleasure and hated the plodding life of industry. The brother who was studious guarded his secret well; none knew his heart was rent with unrequited love. He smiled and spoke commonplace words to the woman who had unconsciously broken his heart; but in the solitude of the night his thoughts would ever wander from his books to the dream that had been shattered.

"He left his native town and settled for a short time in Manchester. One day he received word that the brother who occupied the place he himself had often dreamed to fill had been arrested on a charge of forgery. The charge was well-founded, and eventually he was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude.

"This was two years after his marriage and one year after his child was born. His wife never recovered from the shock, and when the husband had served but one year of his imprisonment she was laid to rest. I reached her side a few hours before she died. She begged that I would take care of the golden-haired prattler she was leaving behind—take care of her until he had served his period of imprisonment. I promised, and when the earth closed over the body of her I had loved I took the child away—the child that resembled the mother so much. You were that child, Clarice."

A silence fell on the little group as Templeton finished speaking, and the golden head of Clarice had drooped forward until it found rest on the architect's knee.

"And what do you expect me to say, Mr. Templeton?" asked Franklin at length.

"I expect to hear you say what your heart prompts you to say."

"My heart prompts me to say that nothing you have told me tonight has altered my love for Clarice, and I repeat again—I love her dearly, and she loves me; we ask your consent to our marriage."

"And I give it, Harold," said Templeton, taking Franklin's hand and wringing it. The young fellow stooped and raised Clarice from her dejected attitude, kissed her streaming face, and they passed slowly, side by side, from the room.

An hour later the lovers stood at the end of the wooded drive bidding each other good night. The rain had ceased falling.

"And to think, Harold, that I, who have always felt proud of my parentage, should be so disillusioned; to think that I am the daughter of a felon!" and as the words fell from Clarice Templeton's lips she sought to check the sobs that filled her bosom. Franklin drew her throbbing form closer to his side.

"Nay, sweetheart, let not the news trouble you so. You are not to blame for what your father did, and he, perhaps, by this is sorrowing for his past cruelty and wickedness. However, let us try to forget him and the past and be happy in our mutual love and the golden days to come."

Engrossed as the lovers were, neither of them were cognizant of the proximity of a third person—a man, who crouched in the shadow of the trees.

"Yes, forget him and the past," murmured the latter; "it is only right that you should. As for him!—"

and the crouching figure stole softly away.

"But tell me, Clarice," said Franklin, "tell me the cause of the tears I saw in your eyes when you joined your father (I shall always call him such) and me in his study."

"It was the poor man—the tramp."

"He did not frighten you?" broke in Franklin.

"Frighten me, Harold! No, something quite different. He said I reminded him of one he loved—a daughter who is lost to him forever—and he asked me to—to kiss him, Harold."

"And you did?" queried Franklin, smilingly.

"Yes, I couldn't refuse. Besides, he was an old man, you know."

The following day there was found in a pool some miles away the dead body of an unknown man. It was the tramp.—Tit-Bits.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

A German weaver is said to have recently patented an adjustment attachable to any loom by means of which it is possible to bring out embroidery effects on woven goods. This is a wonderful innovation, and will do much toward revolutionizing textile manufacturing.

It is estimated by a competent foreign authority that 900 persons out of 1,000,000 die of old age, while 1200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2700 to apoplexy, 7000 to erysipelas, 7500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

Protective ministry, that cunning device of nature to preserve animals from their enemies, is well shown in the eggs of certain fishes, notably the California shark, known as *Groupleurodus francisci*. The shark is of a sluggish habit, lurking among rocks, and its dark egg resembles a leaf of kelp or seaweed folded up spirally. It is deposited among the beds of kelp, and clings to the leaves by the edges of the spirals. The young shark bursts open the end of the egg and swims away. Another shark's egg of the Pacific coast has tentacles, which clasp the seaweed, and also imitate its appearance.

Among the remarkable marine animals whose habits have recently been studied at Wood's Holl, Mass., are the ribbon-like sea-worms called "nemertean." One species frequenting the New England coast sometimes attains a length as great as 22 feet, with a width of about an inch. These worms are carnivorous, living on minute inhabitants of the water. At low tide they conceal themselves under stones. When handled they easily break apart, but from such fragments an entire worm is sometimes reproduced. Professor Coe estimates that a nemertean five feet in length may contain not less than a quarter of a million eggs.

Russia, according to recent advices, promises to be a competitor with the other countries of the world in the production of cotton. The Trans-Caspian railway traverses a country where last year cotton was planted on 450,000 acres, and a crop of 105,000,000 pounds, or about 210,000 bales, was produced, making a yield of over 230 pounds to the acre, an amount somewhat in excess of the average yield of this country. The industry is now only in its infancy, and a small amount of cotton is produced, but with the development of the country and means to diminish the expense of getting the product to market, it is possible that some day Russia may be considered a factor in the world's production of this article.

There appears to be no limitation to the industrial uses of cottonseed oil, and these, of course, are multiplied by the constantly developing improvements made in the refining processes. A marked advance in this last respect is that the yellow oil resulting from the first refining process through treatment with alkaline solutions, now further purified by heating and filtration; then the white oil of commerce is obtained by shaking the yellow oil with 2 to 3 per cent of fuller's earth. In purifying the yellow oil about 25 per cent of it is separated in the form of stearin, and the latter is employed in making candles, etc. From the soap stock that comes from cottonseed oil there is likewise made a peculiar kind of wash powder; the soap itself, made from the oil, is used extensively by the woolen mills of this and other countries, and it has been found to be of special value in washing woolen goods, which does not injure them nor cause them to shrink. After all, however, not much more than one-third of the cottonseed supply is at present used for manufacturing oil and similar products.

**A Clever Thief.**

Budapest, or one of its suburbs, has one thief of whom the baffled police force but for professional scruples would be really proud. A real estate agent, unable to rent for the winter the suburban cottage which he had occupied during the summer, locked the gates and doors and moved back to Budapest. One day not long ago the city architect approached him with reference to the sale of his property, which was desired as a site for a public building. The agent named his price.

"But," said the architect, "is not that a little high for vacant property?"

"Vacant property! Bless you man! it isn't vacant. There's a brick cottage on it, and a good one."

"Really," returned the other, "you are mistaken. I was there but yesterday, and there is no sign of a house on your land." The owner investigated, and found that he was, in fact, no longer a householder. During the fall a gang of bricklayers had appeared, demolished the house—a task that consumed about a week—loaded it into carts and departed.—Correspondence of Chicago Record.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

**SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.**

Subject: "Turned to Darkness"—A Graphic Word-Picture of a Godless World—Deplorable Condition Into Which Infidelity Would Plunge the World.

Text: "The sun shall be turned into darkness." Acts ii, 20.

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the unrolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their bishopry to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens. They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes, and the valleys of ashes and the chattering villages and extinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wait at the stupendous obsequies.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate become the arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From arctic to antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the chattering villages and extinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wait at the stupendous obsequies.

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of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate, and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment, for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard the brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any further consequence of their sin, but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down, because they could not endure the horror.

The mightiest restraint to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offenders' soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and He will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodom. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—in the whole army. Forward, march ye hosts of infidels and atheists! Forward, march ye banners flying behind banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No Punishment! No Restraints! Down With the Bible! Do as You Please!"

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