

"A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW."

The Beautiful Story on Which the Well Known Song was Founded.

Few are probably the persons who have not one time or other heard the Sunday school song "A Light in the Window." Unless I am mistaken, says a writer in the Louisville Times, it is founded upon a story told upon the little island of Sylt, but which might easily have its exact counterpart on almost any seashore where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son and keeps its fond promise from night to night.

Among the simple fisher folk on the island lived a woman and her son. He was her only son, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for the boy loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the incoming tide tumble its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar and steer a boat than he joined the men in their fishing expeditions.

The mother, with all her fears, and the fate of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonour among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farmer.

The fishermen taught him the tricks of his craft until he knew how to sail a boat, splice a rope, or do many little things which a sailor must know. He was a great favorite among the long-shore folk and with the sailors, and when at last his thirteenth year came around and he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea, he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting, and tears shed by the mother, while he looked forward into the great, wide world with all the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return.

The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors dropped into the village and told her she had been spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the cottage and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit it, and set it in the window to make a bright path up the sands. Again six months elapsed, and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but—and the people shook their heads and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going or coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever any spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus the light continued to glow out toward the sea at every gloaming, and burned steadily through every night.

Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor had grown to be men and women, her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her and tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the home-coming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day at eventide, there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's soul had gone out to seek the son.

"It's the Elephant!"

One day, about seventy years ago, when a menagerie was almost a thing unknown, and a solitary wild beast was now and then carried about the country for exhibition, a certain New England village was thrown into great commotion by the news that an elephant was to be exhibited in a neighboring town. The village that is the scene of my story was not large enough to induce his exhibitors to make any stay there, but his road lay through it.

Now, an elephant could not be packed away or in any manner be kept out of sight. His journey must be made in full view, and everybody could get a look at him, and everybody was excited accordingly.

Day after day passed—no elephant. The exhibition had been advertised for a Monday, and Saturday night had come, with no tidings of the famous traveler. Sunday morning! The "sound of the church-going bell" summoned the people. Parson Adams had begun "the long prayer" and the congregation stood, devoutly attentive, to all appearances.

But there was at least one exception, for Dr. Dobson's pew, near an open window, commanded a view of the highway, and Dr. Dobson's eyes, wide open, were fixed upon the prospect. A cloud of dust arose—then slowly above the hill opposite the window the head of the huge beast came into sight. The eager doctor forgot the time and

place, and shouting, "The elephant's coming! There he is!" he was out of the window like a dart. Off rushed the congregation, and whether Parson Adams finished his prayer, tradition has never told.—Wide-Awake.

BLADDER FISHING.

Novel Sport on a Famous Pond in Pike County, Pennsylvania.

They have a novel and amusing way of fishing for pickerel on this pond, high among the Pike county hills, during the summer season, says a Brink Pond (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun. It is known as "bladder fishing." A number of dried pig's bladders, blown up as large as they can be blown, long lines, and live bait are used. The line is tied securely to the closed neck of the bladder, the hook is carefully baited with a lively minnow, and the bladder is thrown into the water. A dozen or more of these novel fishing traps are put out. The fishermen drifts about in his boat, watching the bladders as they are floated about by the wind. They will not have been long on the water before one will be seen to suddenly disappear. It will soon appear again on the surface as suddenly as it went down. Then if it goes down again, the fisherman knows that the chances are that a pickerel is on the hook. This particular bladder may be a long distance away, and while the boat is being rowed toward it here and there and on every side bladders may be seen disappearing and bobbing up again, until the fisherman is at a loss to know which one to go to first. Sometimes a pickerel will hook himself and start rapidly across the pond, his course marked by the bladder, which he cannot keep long beneath the water, no matter how large he may be. Then the fisherman may have a long and exciting chase, for the heavy, flat-bottomed boats which they persist in using on this pond cannot be handled with much dexterity. If the pickerel is a large one he will at intervals draw the bladder below the surface and keep it out of sight a minute or so, thus forcing his pursuer to await its reappearance before the chase can be resumed. During the time the bladder is under water the pickere' may change his course, and when he makes his presence known again be far away in another part of the pond.

The sport is very exciting when several of the bladders are sailing away over the pond at once, with as many boats in chase.

How to Reach the Pocket.

In the course of a sermon on character, which Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Buffalo, N. Y., preached lately, he said that he once visited a certain farming community to solicit funds for a needy educational institution. He was accompanied in his calls by a shrewd old farmer who knew all the people in the settlement, and was a keen student of human nature. As they approached the first house the farmer said:

"If you want to get any money out of this man you must appeal to him on the highest motives; that's the only way to reach him." Coming to the next house, said: "Here's a man whose pride must be touched. If you hope to get a subscription from him tell him what his neighbors are giving." As they neared the next farm he said: "If you want to get any money out of this man you must talk to him in his barn." "In his barn?" cried the amazed dominie; "why in his barn?" "You must get him out of the way of his wife," answered the farmer. "She has such dominion over him that he does not dare say his soul is his own. So get him in the barn, dear brother, get him in the barn."—Exchange.

The Stopmother.

First she came to our house,
Tommy run an' hid,
An' Emily an' Bob an' me
We cied jus' like we did
When mother died and we all said
'At we all wished 'at we was dead!

An' nurse she couldn't stop us,
An' pa he tried an' tried:
We sobbed an' shook, and wouldn't look,
But only cied an' ored.
An' non some one—we couldn't jus'
Guess who—was cryin' same as us!

Our stopmother! Yes, it was her,
Her arms around us all—
For Tom slid down the banister
An' peeked in from the hall!
An' we all love her, too, because
She's purt nigh good as mother was!

Be Careful in Speech.

Carefulness and exactitude in speech are sometimes characterized as affectation and mere pedantry, but, say what some people may, it is unquestionably the unfailing mark of culture. No one thoroughly and lovingly acquainted with the literature of his language can regard propriety in its use with contempt. The purity and harmony and rhythm of his native tongue are as precious to him as the perfect rendering and interpretation of music are to the musician, and to the preservation of the English language in its integrity it should be the duty and the pleasure of every individual lover of it to contribute.—New York Ledger.

The Very Best Policy.

"Remember always," said the dying man to his only heir, "that honesty is the best policy."

"Always, excepting the insurance policy," murmured the grief-stricken relative, between his sobs.—Light.

DEAKIN BROWN'S WAY.

Old Deakin Brown lives out from town
About four miles or so,
An' drives a spankin' team o' bays
When he goes to an' fro,
An' allus w'en he overhules
Some feller walkin' on the ground,
He stops his team an' cramps around,
An' calls:

"Hullo,
Git in an' hev a lift!"
You'll see 'im sit an' chaw an' spit
And saw upon the lines,
His jolly face as red with pride
It reg'lar glows and shines;
Them hosses step so gay an' high,
An' tear along at such a gait,
You'd surely think their owner'd wait
An' cry:

"Hullo,
Git in an' hev a lift!"
T' see ol' Brown a saggin' down
On one o' end o' the seat,
An' leaning sideways now 'n' ag'in
To watch 'em pick their feet,
You'd think: "Here comes a rooral swell,"
But my! How quick your mind 'ud stop
W'en deakin'd make them hosses stop
An' yell:

"Hullo,
Climb in an' hev a lift!"
They's folks who ride in all their pride
In Fortune's rig on life's highway;
Us folks who trudge along a-foot
Ken see 'em drive past every day,
They hain't like Deakin Brown et all,
It m'kes no odds how tired ye git
Ye'll never see them wait a bit
An' call:

"Hullo,
Climb in an' hev a lift!"
—George Horton in Chicago Herald.

STRUGGLE WITH A PYTHON.

Rev. William Chipman in Golden Days:

I am not gray-headed I ought to be," said my old college friend, as we sat at the table after dinner and discussed our coffee, "for I've been in enough tight places in the last seven years to make a man not only gray-headed but bald-headed. I was in one a few years ago that scared me more than I was ever scared before, or ever want to be scared again."

My friend was a mining engineer, and had been in the employ of the Siamese government. Only a few weeks before he had landed in his native country, and at this, our first meeting, a jest of mine, to the effect that it was getting to be time for us to show gray hairs, called forth the above remarks, and being myself fond of adventure, insisted upon his explaining himself at length.

"Well," he began, "it was up the Kao Donreh mountains, a few miles to the north of Kabine, a city of Central Siam, that the adventures I have alluded to occurred."

"I was there in May, 1886, commissioned by his royal highness, Prince Ang Nor, the Siamese minister of the interior, to look into the practicability of opening up an old gold mine belonging to the government."

"This mine had quite a history of its own. It had formerly belonged to a Siamese nobleman, who had developed it to some extent, and was evidently making it pay no small revenue, when he was suddenly accused of plotting against the reigning monarch."

"No evidence seemed sufficient to convince the government officials of his innocence, and he was beheaded, his family disgraced and his property confiscated."

"The government then attempted to work the mine, and for a time quite extensive operations were carried on there. A second mine was opened a few miles from the first, a railroad was constructed between the two, and two engines and several truck cars of American manufacture were actually placed in operation upon the road."

"Then the mines were suddenly abandoned, whether through the exhaustion of ore, the inefficiency of the officials in charge, or for some other cause, I found it difficult to learn."

"My commission at this time was simply to visit the mines, make a thorough examination and report to the interior whether, in my judgment, it would pay to reopen them. I left Bangkok, therefore, with only two attendants, my Chinese cook, Heng, and a Siamese interpreter, Ah-timih."

"My route was by a small steamer down the Menam river to the Gulf of Siam, thence along the coast to the mouth of the Bang Pa Kong river, and up this thirty-five miles to the city of Petrine."

"As the steamer ascended the river no further I called upon the governor of the province, showed him my royal passport and requested of him transportation to the next upper province."

"He promptly granted my request and had ready for the next morning his own official barge and at an early hour we started up the river."

"We traveled continuously for two days and two nights, through a mostly open and thickly settled country, to Pachim, the capital of the province by the same name."

"Here my journey by water ended, but the governor of Pachim furnished me and my attendants with two buffalo carts—large, rudely-built vehicles, without springs, but having coarse tops to protect their occupants from the hot rays of the sun—in which we were jolted across the district over which he ruled to a large village at the frontier of the next province, called Chan du Crum."

"I had been so thoroughly fatigued by the jolting cart, I was now glad to change it for an elephant, a method of riding with which I was already familiar, and my journey for the few remaining miles through a dense jungle was comparatively cool and refreshing."

"Leaving the village where I had passed the night at early dawn, I reached before noon the city of Kabine."

"As soon as dinner was dispatched I sent word to the governor of the city, requesting an immediate interview with him. This was granted me, and I delivered to him my official papers, announcing my object in visiting his province, and requested him to supply me with a sufficient force of men for the carrying out of my purpose."

"He assured me he would give me all needed assistance, and, two days after, furnished me with twenty men and seven elephants, and I started for the mines."

"As I left the city the governor accompanied me to the gate, and in parting with me there expressed a desire that I might be successful in my undertaking, but intimated that it was a hazardous one."

"Somewhat surprised at his words, I asked, through my interpreter:

"Is it, then, a locality, peculiarly beset with danger?"

"Ah!" he replied gravely, "who can tell what the dangers may be when the very gods are against you? Their curse has hung over the mines since the cruel death of their first owner, and you run a very great risk in your undertaking. Nothing but your royal commission can save you from harm."

"I turned away from him with a light laugh, and mounting my elephant, gave the order for the train to move on, for I knew well the native's dread of the jungle, his aversion to any encounter with the wild inhabitants of the forest, and also his belief that a royal commission would preserve the bearer from all danger until his mission had been accomplished."

"Our route for a few miles was across a level country, dotted with villages. After a time, however, the villages grew less frequent, and we soon entered an immense jungle, through which there was only an elephant trail, and from which the great trees, with their thick foliage, completely shut out the sun."

"There were three or four hours of this travel, and then we began to wind around a mountain slope and ascended into a rugged and narrow pass. About noon we halted, and my attendants announced that we were at the site of the first mine."

"Anxious to make as rapid an investigation of the locality as possible, I called one of the men to accompany me, and while the others arranged the camp and got dinner I walked on toward the place where an upheaval of the soil told me the opening of the mine was."

"I soon came upon the disused railroad tracks, now largely overgrown with rank vegetation, and saw, lying down the steep embankment, the two engines formerly in service upon the road, broken by their fall and rusty from their long exposure to the weather."

"Leaving the track, I slowly pushed my way through the thick undergrowth to the pile of rocks and earth that had been cast up from the mine."

"Under my directions my attendant tore away the weeds and shrubs that had grown over the pile sufficiently to allow me to make a brief examination of the sub-soil, in which I had no difficulty in discovering traces of the precious metal."

"Leaving the mound after a time, I went on to the place of excavation, and found it a comparatively small opening, that went on a sharp decline into the side of the hill. To my astonishment, moreover, there was what seemed to be a hard, well-beaten track leading directly into the mine, and, as I could discover no evidence that it had been made by wild beasts, I jumped to the conclusion that some of the natives were secretly working the vein to their own profit."

"I was all the more convinced of this by finding a small nugget of gold lying quite loose just within the opening, and somewhat excited by my discovery, I determined to examine the mine more closely before returning to the camp."

"I therefore directed my attendant to form a rude torch of some resinous wood that lay on the slope of the hill a few rods beyond us, and having lighted this, we started down the passage."

"It soon became so narrow we had to proceed in single file, and, telling my servant to keep close at my heels I led the way onward."

"Perhaps twenty feet had been passed over in this way when we came to a heap of rubbish that nearly filled the narrow chamber."

"I hurriedly clambered over this, and my attendant started to follow me, when the light of his torch, flashing down from the heap above my head, suddenly revealed to me that the passage-way was already occupied by some living object, and before I had fully recovered from the alarm into which I had been thrown by the discovery, a huge python raised his head and glided toward me, his tongue darting rapidly in and out, and his eyes glistening and scintillating, like black diamonds, with anger."

"To add to the horror of my situation, my companion at once dropped his torch and fled, leaving me in darkness and alone with my ugly antagonist."

"As for myself, I did not even have time to turn around, much less to flee out of the entrance, before he was upon me. But when his huge head

rose before my face, and he sought to wrap me in his terrible folds, I instantly did the only thing it seemed possible for me to do under the circumstances—I seized hold of his neck with both hands and tried to choke him."

"With a mighty contortion that hurled me against the side of the passage with a force that nearly took my breath, the python now endeavored to swing his tail around so as to enfold me in its coils, but, fortunately for me, the passage was too narrow to permit this, and I saw, if I could only keep my grasp upon his neck, I might possibly hold him at bay until help arrived from the camp, where I knew my cowardly servant must have gone. So I threw all my strength into the effort, and clutched that hideous throat with a grasp of iron, at the same time calling loudly for help."

"Back and forth, to and fro, we swayed there in the darkness, the python seeking to throw off my grasp, and I holding on for dear life."

"I freely admit that I was scared. I had faced the howling tempest and shot the infuriated tiger in his lair without a tremor, but I was now pitted against an antagonist from which I should have unhesitatingly have run had I been at liberty to have done so."

"I am not sure but I might have been willing to face even this same python under more favorable circumstances, but the feeling that I was completely at his disposal, save for what strength lay in my bare hands, almost unmanned me."

"I had a revolver in my belt, but I dare not loosen my hold upon my huge assailant even for the brief moment necessary to draw it. Had I possessed any other weapon, it would not have altered the situation, or relieved the unfortunate dilemma. It was my strength of one of the most powerful of all the denizens of the Siamese jungle, there could be but one issue to this terrible struggle—I should be the victim!"

"Bruised and bleeding as I was from striking repeatedly against the rocky sides of the passage, each new struggle of the python perceptibly weakened me. The end could not be far off."

"Already I felt myself gradually loosening my hold upon the neck of my still vigorous enemy. A sickening sensation came over me as his next contortion shook me free, and I fell forward into his huge folds, which wrapped about me with an ever-tightening force that I knew meant speedy death."

"There was a brief minute wherein I seemed to hear a shout, followed by rapid footsteps, and then I fainted."

"When I came to consciousness, I found myself lying on the mountain slope just outside the mine, and a number of my followers standing around me. My Chinese servant, Heng, was pouring a hot liquid down my throat, while two of my Siamese attendants were bruising leaves of some tropical plant and wrapping them about my bruised and smarting limbs."

"My chest still felt as though in a vise, and I breathed with great difficulty. Under the skillful manipulation of my men, however, I soon recovered sufficient strength to be carried on a stretcher to the camp, where I learned the story of my rescue."

"When my companion fled to the camp and told me of the desperate encounter I was having with the python, the Siamese, on account of their superstitious belief that to kill any animal is possibly to rob the departed spirits of their ancestors of their abode, were completely demoralized, and made no effort to come to my help."

"Not so, however, with my Chinese boy, Heng. He was at the campfire preparing dinner when he heard of my danger, and snatching up a blazing stick for a torch with one hand, he drew the knife he carried in his belt with the other, and ran for the mine, calling upon his companions to follow him. It was his shouts and footsteps that reached my ears just as I fainted."

"As he bravely clambered over the heap of rubbish in his efforts to reach me, the blazing torch he carried attracted the attention of the python, and he raised his ugly head up toward the intruder."

"This was Heng's opportunity and he dexterously raised the knife with which he was armed, and drove its keen blade into the python's throat."

"Then the huge snake quickly uncoiled itself from my body, and thinking only of its own safety, scuttled off out of the passage and into the thickest of the underwood, where it disappeared, evidently writhing in pain. My brave rescuer now summoned help and carried me out of the mine, and finding there was still life in me, worked zealously over me until I was restored to consciousness. Even after my removal to camp he hovered about me until assured that I was not seriously hurt, when his joy knew no bounds."

"The next morning, Heng, at my request, took a half-dozen of my Siamese companions and followed up the python's trail."

"It was not a long one, for a few rods below the old railroad track they came upon him, wrapped about a sapling, which he had torn and lacerated in his dying throes, quite dead. Unbending him from the tree and stretching him out to his full length, they brought me his accurate measure, which I found to be only a trifle under thirty feet."

"I now clearly understood the reason the mine had been abandoned, though the Siamese officials would never admit it. The python had some night, in the absence of the work-

men, taken possession of the passage, and the superstitious natives refused to continue their work in a place where the curse of the gods, as they believed, rested."

"In a few days I was able to proceed with my examination of the mines and the adjacent mountain gorges, and found evidences of gold existing in paying quantities so unmistakable, that on my return to Bangkok I had no hesitancy in recommending to the minister of the interior that work should be begun there at once; and now both mines are in full operation."

"Nor was Heng's timely rescue forgotten. I rewarded the brave fellow in a way that secured his warmest gratitude and on my return to my own land, I confess I parted with him with profound regret."

"It is not at all likely, however, that I shall very soon forget him, or my well-nigh fatal struggle with the big python in the mountains back of Kabine."

Dropped Stitches.

If you want to seem tall and commanding carry a white parasol and wear a white hat or white aigrette.

The Princess of Wales was offered recently \$5,000 by an American magazine for 100 words.

Girls in bright red jackets of box cloth are seen in Central Park every afternoon, walking or driving.

Gold braid is put on gray dresses and silver on brown. The Grecian border is very beautiful done in ribbon or machine work about the skirt and corsage of a house dress, but to employ either on a street dress is an offense against good taste.

Australia is sending to England a new contralto, whose voice is said to be of exceptional richness and power. Her name is Helen Rowe, and she has been a great favorite in Melbourne.

A black fan of turkey's feathers is considered chic with the most delicate evening toilet.

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be a beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

White tulle will be in vogue this summer; green is unquestionably la mode; brown is the poet's color, and the yellow tints, particularly baize, primrose, apricot and cameo, are on the top wave of popularity.

A Ministerial Joke.

Ministers like their little jokes as well as anyone else. Chaplain Wharton, of the Grand Army of the Republic for the state of Wisconsin, is no exception, and he perpetrated one a while ago which acted as a boomerang; it came back and hit him hard.

It was at some great G. A. R. affair, where speeches were being made, and one speaker desired to refer to the incident mentioned in the Bible where some one tied the tails of two hares together. The speaker was at a loss to remember who this person was, and he asked the chaplain. With a face as sober as a judge, that gentleman said it was Goliath. The speaker went on with his talk and made his reference, speaking Goliath's name in all confidence. Some one behind pulled his coat tail and said in a whisper: "It was not Goliath; it was Absalom." This rather knocked him out for a moment, but quickly recovering he said: "Well, there appears to be a little discrepancy about who it was that tied the hares' tails together. As I was not sure of myself I went to Chaplain Wharton, thinking he should be authority on the matter and he told me it was Goliath."

This so completely turned the laugh upon the chaplain that the speaker got back his composure and finished his remarks in good style.—Chicago Herald.

With One Arm.

"On the whole," said the one armed man, reflectively, "I am glad I lost my arm, even if I don't get a pension for it. I was never in any war in my life. I could have gone, but I did not want to do it. Isn't that good reason enough?"

"Still, I am not sorry I lost my arm. It saves me cuffs and sleeves and lots of other things you fellows have to buy. Do I miss it? Yes. But not so much as you would think. I have got used to doing without it, and I am quite happy. I was single when I lost my arm. I had just been jilted by a girl. After I got carried through the mill and maimed I paid court to another girl, and she took me as I was. Since then we have made money, and had eight healthy children."

As he spoke he reached to the top of the door and lifted himself up eight times in succession. Then he held by his little finger for two minutes and a half. There is not one man in 10,000 with two hands who can do that.—Boston Globe.

Cost of Railroad Dining.

It is said that one of the great trunk line railroads deliberately provides for a loss of many thousands of dollars a year upon the meals served in its dining cars, and charges the loss to the advertising account, in full knowledge that the talk such prodigal outlay will create is as good as that amount of money's worth in printer's ink. A friend told me that, as an illustration of how the loss is occasioned, he had for breakfast in one of those cars, one day in April, a trout, a game bird and a bowl of strawberries and cream, besides coffee, rolls, butter and a glass of milk. The meal cost a dollar, and his wife told him she could not buy any one of the principal dishes in the markets for that sum of money.—Chatter.