

to church last sacrament Sunday. Plot and I. Close in front of us was old Tant' Trana, with dropsy and cancer and can't live eight months. Walking by her was something with its hands under its coatails, flap, flap, flap, and its chin in the air, and a stick up collar, and the black hat on the very back of the head. I knew him! 'Who's that?' I asked. 'The rich Englishman that Tant' Trana married last week.' 'Rich Englishman! I'll rich Englishman him,' I said. 'I'll tell Tant' Trana a thing or two. My fingers were just in his little white curls. If it hadn't been the blessed sacrament, he would not have walked so 'sourka, sourka, sourka,' any more. But I thought wait till I've had it, and then— But he, sly fox, son of satan, seed of the Amalekite, he saw me looking at him in the church. The blessed sacrament wasn't half over when he takes Tant' Trana by the arm, and out they go. I clasp my baby down to its father, and I go after them. But," said Tant' Sannie regretfully, "I couldn't get up to them. I am too fat. When I got to the corner, he was pulling Tant' Trana up into the cart. 'Tant' Trana,' I said, 'you've married a Kaffir's dog, a Hot-tentot's brakje.' I hadn't any more breath. He winked at me—he winked at me," said Tant' Sannie, her sides shaking with indignation, "first with one eye and then with the other, and then drove away. Child of the Amalekite," said Tant' Sannie, "if it hadn't been the blessed sacrament! Lord, Lord, Lord!"

Here the little Bush girl came running to say that the horses would stand no longer, and, still breathing out vengeance against her old adversary, she labored toward the cart. Shaking hands and affectionately kissing Em, she was with some difficulty drawn up. Then slowly the cart rolled away, the good Boer woman putting her head out between the sails to smile and nod. Em stood watching it for a time. Then as the sun dazzled her eyes she turned away. There was no use in going to sit with Gregory. He liked best sitting there alone, staring across the green "karroo," and till the maid had done churning there was nothing to do, so Em walked away to the wagon house and climbed on to the end of Waldo's table and sat there, swinging one little foot slowly to and fro, while the wooden curbs from the plane heaped themselves up against her black print dress.

"Waldo," she said at last, "Gregory has given me the money he got for the wagon and oxen, and I have £50 besides that once belonged to some one. I know what they would have liked to have done with it. You must take it and go to some place and study for a year or two."

"No, little one, I will not take it," he said as he planned slowly away. "The time was when I would have been very grateful to any one who would have given me a little money, a little help, a little power of gaining knowledge. But now I have gone so far alone I may go on to the end. I don't want it, little one."

"Why is it always so, Waldo—always so?" she said. "We long for things and long for them and pray for them, and we would give all we have to come near to them, but we never reach them. Then at last, too late, just when we don't want them any more, when all the sweetness is taken out of them, then they come. We don't want them then," she said, folding her hands resignedly on her little apron. After awhile she added: "I remember once, very long ago, when I was a very little girl, my mother had a workbox full of colored reels. I always wanted to play with them, but she would never let me. At last one day she said I might take the box. I was so glad I hardly knew what to do. I ran round the house and sat down with it on the back steps, but when I opened the box all the cottons were taken out."

She sat for awhile longer till the Kaffir maid had finished churning and was carrying the butter toward the house. Then Em prepared to slip off the table, but first she laid her little hand on Waldo's. He stopped his planning and looked up.

"Gregory is going to the town tomorrow. He is going to give in our banns to the minister. We are going to be married in three weeks."

Waldo lifted her very gently from the table. He did not congratulate her. Perhaps he thought of the empty box, but he kissed her forehead gravely.

She walked away toward the house, but stopped when she had got half way. "I will bring you a glass of buttermilk when it is cool," she called out, and soon her clear voice came ringing out through the back windows as she sang the "Blue Water" to herself and washed the butter.

Waldo did not wait till she returned. Perhaps he had at last really grown weary of work; perhaps he felt the wagon house chilly (for he had shuddered two or three times), though that was hardly likely in that warm summer weather, or perhaps, and most probably, one of his old dreaming fits had come upon him suddenly. He put his tools carefully together, ready for tomorrow, and walked slowly out. At the side of the wagon house there was a world of bright sunshine, and a hen with her chickens was scratching among the gravel. Waldo seated himself near them with his back against the red brick wall. The long afternoon was half spent, and the "kopje" was just beginning to cast its shadow over the round headed yellow flowers that grew between it and the farmhouse. Among the flowers the white butterflies hovered, and on the old kraal mounds three white kids gambled, and at the door of one of the huts an old gray headed Kaffir woman sat on the ground mending her mats. A balmy, restful peacefulness seemed to reign everywhere. Even the old hen seemed well satisfied. She scratched among the stones and called to her

chickens when she found a treasure and all the while clucked to herself with intense inward satisfaction. Waldo as he sat with his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms folded on them looked at it all and smiled. An evil world, a deceitful, treacherous, mirage-like world, it might be, but a lovely world for all that, and to sit there gazing in the sunlight was perfect.

There are only rare times when a man's soul can see Nature. So long as any passion holds its revel there, the eyes are hidden that should not see her.

Go out, if you will, and walk alone on the hillside in the evening, but if your favorite child lies ill at home, or your lover comes tomorrow, or at your heart there lies a scheme for the holding of wealth, then you will return as you went out—you will have seen nothing— for Nature, ever, like the old Hebrew God, cries out, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Only then, when the old idol is broken, when the old hope is dead, when the old desire is crushed, then the Divine compensation of Nature is made manifest. She shows herself to you. So near she draws you that the blood seems to flow from her to you through a still uncut cord. You feel the throbbing of her life.

When that day comes that you sit down broken, without one human creature to whom you cling, with your loves the dead and the living dead; when the very thirst for knowledge through long continued thwarting has grown dull; when in the present there is no craving and in the future no hope, then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness, Nature unfolds you.

Then the large white snowflakes as they flutter down softly, one by one, whisper soothingly, "Rest, poor heart, rest!" It is as though our mother smoothed our hair, and we are comforted.

Well to die then, for, if you live, so surely as the years come, so surely as the spring succeeds the winter, so surely will passions arise. They will creep back, one by one, into the bosom that has cast them forth and fasten there again, and peace will go. Desire, ambition and the fierce agonizing flood of love for the living—they will spring again. Then Nature will draw down her veil. With all your longing you shall not be able to raise one corner. You cannot bring back those peaceful days. Well to die then!

Sitting there with his arms folded on his knees and his hat slouched down over his face, Waldo looked out into the yellow sunshine that tinted even the very air with the color of ripe corn and was happy.

He was an uncouth creature, with small learning and no prospect in the future but that of making endless tables and stone walls, yet it seemed to him as he sat there that life was a rare and very rich thing. He rubbed his hands in the sunshine. Ah, to live on so, year after year, how well! Always in the present, letting each day glide, bringing its own labor and its own beauty, the gradual lighting up of the hills, night and the stars, firelight and the coals! To live on so, calmly, far from the paths of men, and to look at the lives of clouds and insects, to look deep into the heart of flowers and see how lovingly the pistil and the stamens nestle there together, and to see in the thorn pods how the little seeds suck their life through the delicate curled up string and how the little embryo sleeps inside! Well, how well, to sit so on one side, taking no part in the world's life, but when great men blossom into books looking into those flowers also, to see how the world of men, too, opens beautifully, leaf after leaf! Ah, life is delicious! Well to live long and see the darkness breaking and the day coming, the day when soul shall not trust back soul that would come to it, when men shall not be driven to seek solitude because of the crying out of their hearts for love and sympathy! Well to live long and see the new time breaking! Well to live long! Life is sweet, sweet, sweet!

In his breast pocket, where of old the broken slate used to be, there was now a little dancing shoe of his friend who was sleeping. He could feel it when he folded his arm tight against his breast, and that was well also. He drew his hat lower over his eyes and sat so motionless that the chickens thought he was asleep and gathered closer around him. One even ventured to peck at his boot, but it ran away quickly. Tiny, yellow fellow that it was, it knew that men were dangerous. Even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep and, coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand askance and then ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them, and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up, disappointed, and then ran back to their mother. Waldo through his half closed eyes looked at them. Thinking, fearing, craving, those tiny sparks of brother life, what were they, so real there in that old yard on that sunshiny afternoon? A few years—where would they be? Strange little brother spirits! He stretched his hand toward them, for his heart went out to them, but not one of the little creatures came nearer him, and he watched them gravely for a time. Then he smiled and began muttering to himself after his old fashion. Afterward he folded his arms upon his knees and rested his forehead on them. And so he sat there in the yellow sunshine, muttering, muttering, muttering, to himself.

It was not very long after when Em came out at the back door with a towel thrown across her head and in her hand a cup of milk.

"Ah," she said, coming close to him, "he is sleeping now! He will find it when he wakes and be glad of it!"

THE END.

**Peter Cooper Met the Spirits.**  
During Peter Cooper's lifetime he was a frequent visitor at the home of S. J. Pardessus, on Pacific street, Brooklyn.

At one time Mr. Cooper became greatly interested in the spirit manifestations of the Fox sisters and was anxious to investigate their rappings personally, but he did not like to attend one of their public seances, for he feared recognition and consequently a great deal of talk. Finally it was arranged that one of the sisters should spend a night at Mr. Pardessus' house and the doughty Peter be invited to meet her.

Miss Fox came, and the spirits came too. The family retired early, Mr. Cooper occupying a bedroom on the opposite side of the hall from that of the fair ally of the supernatural. He was just settling himself comfortably for "a long winter's nap" when a rapping began on the headboard of his bed which sent shivers to his very marrow. It was only the beginning of a "rat, tat, tat," that kept up at intervals during the night in all parts of the room, and before daylight came Mr. Cooper had listened to enough spirits to last him a lifetime. He never said much about the experience, but he never asked to have it repeated.—New York Mail and Express.

**Don't Give Up the Ship.**  
Somewhat more than 50 years ago it happened to me to meet at the house of a mutual friend a daughter of the late Major Benjamin Russell, for many years editor of the Boston Centinel. She was a bright, interesting woman and a brilliant raconteur, and she told me a number of anecdotes of her father, who was a strongly individualized and notable character for a good many years. Among them was the following:

The battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon took place just off the Massachusetts coast, and a sailor in some way got ashore and hurried to Boston with the news. It was in the night, and he went straight to The Centinel office, where he found Major Russell, to whom he told the story, including the death of Lawrence.

"What were his last words?" said the major.  
"Don't know," said the man.  
"Didn't he say, 'Don't give up the ship?'"  
"Don't know," said the man.  
"Oh, he did!" said the major. "I'll make him say it." And he did—so much for history.—Hartford Courant.

**The Effect of His Face.**  
An amusing story is told at the expense of Winston Churchill, the author. An old man, seeing the picture of Churchill displayed in the window of a Baltimore bookseller, inquired of a bystander whom it represented.  
"Winston Churchill," was the reply.  
"Where does he preach?"  
Being told that Mr. Churchill was not a preacher, he asked: "Ain't he? What did you say his name is?"  
"Winston Churchill. He writes novels."  
"Does what?"  
"Writes novels."  
The man shook his head with a look of pity and declared: "Too bad! Too bad! He has a good face."

**At the Examination.**  
Teacher to little Isidor, who is very poor at fractions—If I need 3/4 yards of cloth for a suit and the cloth costs 2/3 gulden a yard, what will the suit cost?  
Isidor—To begin with, teacher, 3 yards would be enough for a suit, and you could get it at our store for 2 gulden. The suit would cost you 6 gulden.—Fliegende Blatter.

**"Something Hot."**  
D'Orsay was at a dinner at Disraeli's, which was not of a kind to suit the fashionable gourmet and where everything had been cold. At the end of dinner there was brought in some half melted ice in a dish. "Thank heaven!" said D'Orsay. "At last we have got something hot."—Sir Algernon West's Recollections.

**False Doctrine.**  
School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine?  
Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to people who are sick.—Boston Christian Register.

**Cardinal Gibbons.**  
There is perhaps no man of his prominence in the country who is so easily approached by newspaper men, as Cardinal Gibbons. He makes it a point always to see representatives of the press when they call at his residence, and he willingly gives out such news for publication as should appear in print. He takes an interest in affairs of the day, and will often discuss with his interviewers public questions, provided the topics are those that he can with propriety express an opinion about. In an address delivered before the Press club of New Orleans some winters ago his eminence declared that in half a century's experience with newspaper men he could not recall a single instance in which his confidence

was put down upon the ground beside him. The mother hen was at work still among the stones, but the chickens had climbed about him and were perching on him. One stood upon his shoulder and rubbed its little head softly against his black curls. Another tried to balance itself on the very edge of the old felt hat. One tiny fellow stood upon his hand and tried to grow. Another had nestled itself down comfortably on the old coat sleeve and gone to sleep there.

Em did not drive them away, but she covered the glass softly at his side. "He will wake soon," she said, "and be glad of it."

But the chickens were wiser.

THE END.

**FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.**  
The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here.  
Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about 1858.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, but as the great bulk of all sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes, the great majority of these being of the sizes known as halves and quarters and far the greater number of these being in quarters. Sardines are packed 100 tins in a case, and the consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 cases annually.

Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.—New York Sun.

**CHOCOLATE FIENDS.**  
There Are Those Who Become Slaves to This Nerve Soothing Food.

"The manufacture of chocolate," said J. R. Anso of Brazil, "is a great industry. Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States two-thirds go to one firm in Boston, and the other third is distributed among the other manufacturers. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best."

"If you take the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and take a piece of each and place them in a pan of water and allow them to dissolve, any expert will tell you which is the best chocolate. The better grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a 'filler.' The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark owing to the ground up shell."

"It is a queer thing about chocolate consumption. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, tobacco slaves and liquor slaves. I cannot tell you why it is, but if people begin to eat chocolate the habit grows upon them. I don't think any amount of chocolate hurts any person. Of course the cheaper grades of chocolate have a large percentage of sugar in them, and sugar is to a certain extent injurious, but for the chocolate itself I don't think any one eats enough to hurt him materially. In contradistinction to the exhilaration of alcoholic drinks chocolate seems to be a soothing. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. It is queer, but it is the truth. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States."—New York Tribune.

**Artificial Diamonds.**  
It is well known that in the manufacture of carbon steel microscopic diamonds are formed, and the curious fact is stated by The Scientific Press that from the examination of a number of steels from a variety of processes identical results were given. A piece weighing 300 grams was cut from a lump of steel and treated with nitric acid, the insoluble residue collected being mainly graphite carbon. After being washed with water it was boiled three times with fuming nitric acid, which partially dissolved the residue, hydrofluoric acid and then fuming sulphuric being used, there then remaining nothing but graphite, which, after being washed, was melted with chloride of potash. The insoluble residue obtained fell to the bottom of a vessel filled with iodide of methylene, the little transparent octahedrons visible through a microscope, which burned on a sheet of platinum without any ash, being the diamonds.

**The Thistle of Scotland.**  
Once upon a time many hundred years ago the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded their country. One dark night, as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots, one of their number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud cry. This awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude for the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their national emblem.—Journal of Education.

**Japan's Children.**  
From one end of Japan to the other a child is treated as a sacred thing, be it one's own or a stranger's. Each one carries its name and address on a ticket round its neck, but should it indeed stray from home food and shelter and kindness would meet it anywhere.

It may well be said that life is monotonous. In 50 years we undress for bed no fewer than 18,350 times, dressing again after each night's repose with

THE DENISON REVIEW, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1900.

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