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THE TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

THE store porch was well filled. The Chronic Loafer was there as usual, lounging upon the bench, hacking away at the hard oak with his heavy jackknife. Seated by him were the G. A. R. Man, the Tinsmith and the Miller. The Pennsylvania Dutchman leaned stupidly against the doorpost, while the Tramp was stretched easily along the floor. A light summer's shower had driven the wanderer into the shelter of the porch for a few hours.

"Was you ever disappointed in love?" inquired the Chronic Loafer jocularly of the traveler, at which sally the rest of the party laughed heartily.

The Tramp brought the butt of his heavy hickory stick down upon the floor with such vigor as to raise a small cloud of dust from the cracks, and replied: "Wull! Have I? Jest say."

"Come tell us about it, ole feller," cried the Tinsmith and the Chronic Loafer.

"Not muchy, wull I."

"We ain't surprised at yer havin' be'n disappinted," said the G. A. R. Man. "But et's yer persumption ketches me. What's her name?"

"I called her Emily Kate," replied the Tramp, wiping a soiled tear from the corner of one of his eyes with his finger. "She'll allus be Emily Kate to me, though ter other folks she ain't nothin'."

"Where does she live?" interrogated the Miller, skeptically.

"Ef youse gentlemen keeps quiet an' don't ast so many questions," said the Tramp, "I'll tell yer all 'bout et. Yer see, et come like this. 'Bout three years ago I was workin' through this valley towards Snyder county, an' one fine day—et was one o' them days when yer feels like settin' down an' jest doin' nothin'—I come through this here town an' went up th' main road about two mile tell I come ter th' Red Hill. I never knowed jest why I done et—et must a be'n fate, but I switched off onter th' by road 'stead uv stickin' ter th' pike. I went 'bout a mile an' didn't meet no one nor pass no houses, tell at las' I come ter a farm what has an orchard on th' sout' side th' barn.

"They was a nice grassy place on th' other side th' road under an apple tree, an ez et was one of them warm, lazy summer days, I made up me min' ter rest, an' lay down in th' grass. Yer kin laugh et folks who allus talks weather, but I tell yer et does a powerful sight wit' a man. I know ef thet hed be'n a rainy day I'd never hed thet fairy-come—ez th' French calls et—thet hit me then an' played th' dickens wit' me fortunes.

"I was layin' there watchin' the clouds overhead an' listenin' ter th' plover whistlin' out in th' fiel' an' ter th' tree-frawg bellerin' up in th' locus', when all uv a sudden I seen a blue gleam in an apple tree in th' orchard 'crosst th' way. I watched et, an' pretty soon I made out thet et was a woman. She was settin' there quiet an' still, like she was readin', an' down below I seen th' top uv a chicking coop, an' hear th' ole hen cluckin'. I coul'n't see much fer th' leaves, an' didn's git sight uv her face, but I made out th' outlines in thet blue caliker dress an' jest kinder drank 'em in.

"Et was th' day done et all. 'Fore I knowd et I begen ter imagine th' face thet must hev fit thet form. I pictured her like th' girls thet rides th' mowin' machines in th' agricultural advertisemen' chromos—yeller hair an' all. I wanted ter try an' see her face, but I didn't dare ter, for she'd a-seen me and thet 'ud a spoiled my chancet. But I lay there jest dreamin' like, an' 'fore I knowd et I could think uv nothin' but thet there girl in th' tree, who I figured must hev be'n a heap sight better lookin' than a circus lady.

"Et come sundown, an' ez I hed ter hustle ter git supper I dragged meself tergether an' moved on. I went up th' valley three days an' got 'bout thirty miles toward Snyder county, but th' whole time I was thinkin' 'bout nothin' but the girl in th' blue caliker dress. I never felt so queer before, an' didn't know jest what ter do. Last I decided I'd hev ter go back an' hev another look et her, so I turned 'round an' kivered me tracks.

"I reached th' orchard 'bout one day later, in th' afternoon an' hanged ef she wasn't there. but a settin' in a tree closer ter th' road. I didn't dast go near her, fer I knows how 'fraid th' weemen is uv us men. But I slid enter me ole place, an' jest lay there watchin' her blue dress wavin' in th' breeze; an' then when I seen as how she'd changed trees, I begin ter think maybe she'd seen me an' moved up one tree nearer th' road, kinder so as we'd be closer."

The tramp's voice broke. He placed one hand upon his ragged breast and gazed over the valley through tear-filled eyes.

"Now quit yer blubberin', Trampy," cried the Loafer, "an' git ter the en' uv this 'ere yarn."

The traveler wiped his eyes upon his coat sleeve and continued:

"Wull, as I lay there watchin' her so still an' quiet, I begin ter think. I wondered what her name must hev be'n an' 'lowed et orter be'n a pretty one. Then I kinder thought bein' ez I didn't know her name I might give her one—th' prettiest I could git up. I racked me brain an' final' got on Emily Kate—thet sounded high-toned. Then I begin ter wonder who'd be so fort'nit as ter git Emily, an' cussed meself fer bein' such a bum. I kinder thought I might reform, but final' 'lowed ef she' d take me without havin' ter reform, et 'ud be a sight pleasanter all 'round. I see how she'd moved up a tree an' kinder wondered ef she'd seen me. Th' more I thought on et, th' worse I got. I begin ter think mabbe ef I cleaned up I wouldn't be so bad—in fact, a heap better than lots uv folks I knows. By th' time et come sunset I concided ter resk et, an' begin ter think uv crawlin' th' fence an' interducin' meself; but then me heart failed me. I put et off tell th' next day, an' slid over th' fiel' ter a barn an' spent th' night.

"I didn't eat no breakfas'. I couldn't. But when et come sun up I went down ter th' spring an' washed up. Then I cut fer th' orchard, 'tendin' ter wait tell she come. I expected she wouldn't be there so airly, sence she'd likely do up th' breakfas' dishes.

"I shinned th' fence inter th' road, an' then what a sight I seen. I near yelled. They was a great big feller had his arm right round her wais'. She was a layin' all limp-like, wit' her head pitched forward so I couldn't see it; an' her feet was draggin' through the timothy, fer the feller was pullin' her along down th' orchard. Et first I was fer runnin' to her resky, but I thought mebbe I'd better wait tell I see what come uv et.

"The big feller, he pulled her, all limp, down ter th' other side, an' then leaned her up agin a tree an hit her a punch wit' his fis'. I seen the blue caliker sunbonnet droop. Then he jumped th' fence an' started down over th' meddy.

"Me heart was a thumpin' awful. I waited tell he was outer sight, an' then clumb th' fence an' slipped down through th' long grass ter where Emily Kate lay, half dead, agin th' tree. I seen a chicking coop there an' hear th' ole hen cluckin'; an' I stepped up and raised th' girl's droopin' head. She hed a straw face, an' was keepin' th' hawks off them chickings. My Emily Kate was a scare—"

The Tramp's voice grew husky, and he faltered.

"See here, you ole fool," cried the Chronic Loafer, "it's quit rainin' this ten minutes, an' you've kep' me from

HER FEET WAS DRAGGIN' THROUGH THE TIMOTHY.

splittin' ter-morrer's wood wit' your bloomin' lies."

The Tramp cleared his throat, and, gathering up his bandana and stick, he arose and replied:

"Youse gentlemen 'sisted I mus' tell yer 'bout it. I tole yer—but I must be movin'."

And a moment later he disappeared around the bend in the road just below the mill.—N. Y. Sun.

He Was Lacking in Tact.

The man who lacks tact is scarcely less odious than the practical joker, and he is usually a good-natured person who prides himself on always saying the proper thing. I was spending an afternoon with a stage woman I knew recently when the man without tact was announced. He is a traveling salesman for a firm that deals in silk hosiery and underwear. He was all smiles, and apologized for calling without an introduction, though he said he really felt as if he knew the actress, as he had called on her one afternoon in Philadelphia last season when she was not in. He talked about everything under the sun but hosiery. The conversation turned on eating. Now, the stage woman is not so slender as she would like to be now. She complained of her lack of appetite and remarked on the strangeness of it in a person of such excellent health. "Oh, I don't know," said the salesman, with the blandest smile imaginable; "the fattest people don't always eat the most." And I suppose he wonders why he didn't get an order from her.—Washington Post.

—There is a miniature Indian corn grown in Brazil. The ears are not larger than a little finger, and the grains are the size of mustard seeds.

AMONG RUINS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Pays a Visit to the City of Delhi, India.

He Graphically Describes Wrecked Temples, Broken Fortresses and the Ruins of Centuries—A Continuation of the "Around-the-World" Sermons.

Continuing his series of round the world sermons through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday chose for his subject "Palaces In India," the text being Amos iii, 10: "Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."

In this day, when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the round the world series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor and disaster and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of several cities, which ruins cover forty miles, with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble-down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could probably spend his life here, talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front seat are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish.

One day all servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo and the shout of revenge made all the way our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but made no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras Atheneum printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentriebers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war-cry and swarming like wasps around the Wagentriebers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but, like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall 5½ miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the river Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb.

"John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857, aged 35 years.

With the guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as had never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation.

This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink because of the carnage. Write them in letters of light for the illustrious deeds. Write them in letters of black for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieut. Salkeld and Home and Sergts. Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing 24 pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy.

Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded as he falls hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack, when, with an explosion that shook the earth for 20 miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown to fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces and mosques and treasures was possible.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, Eng., has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate, with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere gate and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall above torn by ten bombshells, and the wall on the right side defaced and scraped and plowed and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heathenism and fever and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson and Home and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermonic lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things unseen, is the palace of the moguls. It is an inclosure one thousand yards by five hundred. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly four hundred feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic, and walls once emeralded and sapphired and carbuncled and diamonded. I said to the guide: "Show us where once stood the peacock throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about $150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life size parrot cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on 12 columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing, among other things, the Kohinoor diamond, and the entire blaze of coronet cost $10,350,000. This superb and once almost supernaturally beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning:

If on earth there be an Eden of bliss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

But the peacocks that stood beside the throne have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bath rooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the persian couplet on the walls spake has had its flowers wither and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant desolation and standing amid the vanished glories of that throne-room that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

If there be a place where much you miss,
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself paradises are not built out of stone; are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; are not fashioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of natures uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out, the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here endeth the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Iumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects, for St. Sophia was originally a Christian church and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered 1,000 or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when 5,000 may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is 3 feet long by 1½ wide, and each worshiper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required 5,000 laborers for six years. It is on a plateau of rock; has four towers rising far into the heavens; three great gateways inviting the world to come in and honor the memory of the prophet of many wives; 15 domes, with spires gold tipped, and six minarets. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone? We descend the 40 marble steps by which we ascended and took another look at this wonder of the world.

As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj—namely, Austin de Bordeau—and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj—namely, Shah Jehan. As this grand mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeau and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet showers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed or Brahma or Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon and China and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums and Christian schools and Christian libraries and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here endeth the third lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow, and as we were worn out with the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting, and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry, and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city, and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery, and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate, and as we rolled over bridges the battle before Delhi seemed going on, and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden, and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Renny of the artillery throwing shells which were handed to him, their fuses burning, and Campbell and Reid and Hope Grant covered with blood, and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops, and I saw dead regiment fall across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming by the immortal fourth column, and the rougher the Indian railway became and the darker the night grew the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting rail car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again.

And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the rail train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress and controversy and jolting and wars of the world had ceased, and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

MAKING PATENT LEATHER.

It Can Not Be Guaranteed, Although the Process is Difficult.

Japanned leather, generally called patent leather, was first made in America. A smooth, glazed surface is first given to calf-skin in France. The leather is curried expressly for this purpose, and particular care is taken to keep it as free as possible from grease; the skins are them tacked on frames and coated with a composition of linseed oil and umber—in the proportion of eighteen gallons of oil to five of umber—boiled until nearly solid, and then mixed with spirits of turpentine to its proper consistency. Lampblack is also added when the composition is applied in order to give color and body. From three to four coats of this are necessary to form a substance to receive the varnish. They are laid on with a knife or scraper. To render the goods soft and pliant each coat must be very light and thoroughly dried after each application.

A thin coat is afterward applied of the same composition, of proper consistency, to be put on with a brush, and with sufficient lampblack boiled in it to make a perfect black. When thoroughly dry it is cut down with a scraper having turned edges. It is then ready to varnish. The principal varnish used is made of linseed oil and Russian blue, boiled to the thickness of printers' ink. It is reduced with spirits of turpentine to a suitable consistency to work with a brush, and then applied in two or three separate coats, which are scraped and pumiced until the leather is perfectly filled and smooth.

The finishing coat is put on with special care in a room kept closed and with the floor wet to prevent dust. The frames are then run into an oven heated to about one hundred and seventy-five degrees. In preparing this kind of leather the manufacturer must give the skin as high a heat as it can bear in order to dry the composition on the surface as rapidly as possible without absorption, and cautiously, so as not to injure the fiber of the leather. It is well nigh impossible to guarantee the permanency of patent leather, no matter how expensive or how careful be the preparation, for it has a sad trick of cracking without any justifiable provocation.—N. Y. Advertiser.

As the result of an inquiry instituted by the Prussian minister of education, the old fashion of slanting handwriting will henceforth be discouraged in the state schools, it having been demonstrated that the sloping writing favors a crouched position of the writer, while the upright, with the elbow separated from the side, encourages him to maintain an erect and straight back.

THE Baltimore Sun argues in favor of harnessing the Great falls of the Potomac in Montgomery county, Md., as Niagara falls have been, and made to supply Washington with electrical energy to be turned into light, power and heat.

THE official report of the attorney general of North Carolina shows that eleven persons were hanged in that state during the past year, of whom the courts hanged three and Judge Lynch eight.