THE HERALD.

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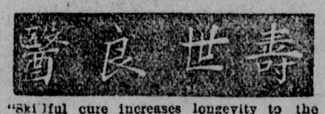

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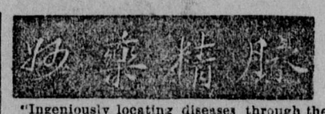

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ONE KISS.

Because it was so brief a thing—
The loving of this man and maid—
Because one little hour it staid,
It cries for some remembering.
Her heart was light, and lighter his;
The weight was all eternity's.

They had no better sign to give
Between the garden and the grave
Than this alone they turned and gave,
As though to say to heaven: "We live.
Let other lips their moment miss.
Death shall not say we did not kiss!"

The tree is here, the stone is here,
And here come worthier maids and men
Where these have loved to dream again.
The golden silence is as clear,
But they come not, and it is this
Which consecrates their single kiss.
—E. J. Ellis in Bookman.

"THE MINISTER."

The crows were wheeling behind the plow in scattering clusters and plumping singly upon the soft, thick grubs which the plowshare was turning out upon an unkindly world. It was a bask, blowy day in the end of March, and there was a hint of storm in the air—a hint emphasized for those skilled in weather lore by the presence of half a dozen sea gulls, white vagrants among the black coats, blown by the south wind up from the Solway—a snell, Scotch, but not unfriendly day altogether.

Robert Fraser bent to the plow handles and cast a keen and wary eye toward his guide posts on the ridge. His face was colorless, even when a dash of rain came swirling across from the crest of Ben Gairn, whose steep bulk heaved itself a blue haystack above the level horizon of the moorland. He was dressed like any other plowman of the south uplands—rough homespun much the worse for wear, and leggings the color of the red soil which he was reversing with the share of his plow.

Yet there was that about Ropert Fraser which marked him no common man. When he paused at the top of the ascent and stood with his back against the horns of the plow—the countryman's legacy from Adam of the Mattock—he pushed back his weatherbeaten straw hat with a characteristic gesture and showed a white forehead with blue veins channeling it—a damp, heavy lock of black hair clinging to it as in Severn's picture of John Keats on his deathbed. Robert Fraser saw a couple of black specks which moved smoothly and evenly along the top of the distant dike of the highway.

He stood still for a moment or two watching them. As they came nearer they resolved themselves into a smart young man sitting in a well equipped gig drawn by a showily actioned horse and driven by a man in livery. As they passed rapidly along the road the hand of the young man appeared in careless wave of recognition over the stone dike, and Robert Fraser lifted his slack reins in staid acknowledgement. It was more than a year since the brothers had looked each other so nearly in the eyes. They were Dr. Henry Fraser, the rising physician of Cairn Edward, and his elder brother Robert, once student of divinity at Edinburgh college, whom three parishes knew as "stickit minister."

When Robert Fraser stabled his horses that night and went in to his supper, he was not surprised to find his friend, Saunders M'Quhirr of Drumquhat, sitting by the peat fire in the "room." Almost the only thing which distinguished the stickit minister from the other small farmers of the parish of Dullarg was the fact that he always sat in the evening by himself "ben the hoose" and did not use the kitchen in common with his housekeeper and herd boy, save only at mealtimes. Robert had taken to Saunders ever since—the back of his ambition broken—he had settled down to the farm, and he welcomed him with shy cordiality.

"You'll take a cup of tea, Saunders?" he asked.

"Thank ye, Robert, I wadna be waur o't," returned his friend.

"I saw your brither the day," said Saunders M'Quhirr, after the teacups had been cleared away and the silent housekeeper had replaced the books upon the table. Saunders picked a couple of them up, and having adjusted his glasses he read the titles "Milton's Works" and a volume of a translation of "Dorner's Person of Christ."

"I saw yer brither the day. He maun be gettin a big practice."

"Aye!" said Robert Fraser very thoughtfully.

Saunders M'Quhirr glanced up quickly. It was of course natural that the unsuccessful elder brother should envy the prosperous younger, but he had thought that Robert Fraser was living on a different plane. It was one of the few things that the friends had never spoken of, though every one knew why Dr. Fraser did not visit his brother's little farm. "He's gettin in wi' the big fowk noo an thinks maybe that his brither wad dae him nae credit." That was the way the clash of the countryside explained the matter.

"I never told you how I came to leave the college, Saunders," said the younger man, resting his brow on a hand that even the horn of the plow could not make other than diaphanous.

"No," said Saunders quietly, with a tender gleam coming into the humorsome, kindly eyes that lurked under their bushy tussocks of gray eyebrows. Saunders' humor lay near the fountain of tears.

"No," continued Robert Fraser, "I have not spoken of it to so many, but you've been a good frien to me, Saunders, and I think you should hear it. I have not tried to set myself right with folks in the general, but I would like to let you see clearly before I go my ways to him who seeth from the beginning."

"Hear till him," said Saunders; "man, yer hoast (cough) is no'near as sair as it was i' the back end. Ye'll be here lang after me, but lang or short, weel do ye ken, Robert Fraser, that ye need no to pit yersel richt wi' me. Hev I no kenned ye since ye war the size o' twa scrubbers?"

"I thank you, Saunders," said Robert, "but I am well aware that I am to die this year. No, no, not a word. It is the Lord's will. It's more than seven years now since I first kenned that my days were to be few. It was the year my faither died and left Harry and me by our lane.

"He left no siller to speak of, just plenty to lay him decently in the kirkyard among his forebears. I had been a year at the Divinity hall then and was going up to put in my discourses for the next session. I had been troubled with my breast for some time and so called one day at the infirmary to get a word with Sir James. He was very busy when I went in and never noticed me till the hoast took me. Then on a sudden he looked up from his papers and quietly said, 'Come into my room, laddie!' Aye, he was a good man and a faithful, Sir James, if ever there was one. He told me that with care I might live five or six years, but it would need great care. Then a strange, prickly coldness came over me, and I seemed to walk light headed in an atmosphere suddenly rarefied. I think I know now how the mouse feels under the air pump.

"What's that?" queried Saunders.

"A cruel ploy not worth speaking of," continued the stickit minister. "Well, I found something in my throat when I tried to thank him. But I came my ways home to the Dullarg, and night and day I considered what was to be done, with so much to do and so little time to do it. It was clear that both Harry and me could not go through the college on the little my faither had left. So late one night I saw my way clear to what I should do. Harry must go; I must stay. I must come home to the farm and be my own 'man,' then I could send Harry to the college to be a doctor, for he had no call to the ministry as once I thought I had. More than that, it was laid on me to tell Jessie Loudon that Robert Fraser was no better than a machine set to go five years.

"Now all these things I did, Saunders, but there's no use telling you what they cost in the doing. They were right to do, and they were done. I do not repent any of them. I would do them all over again were they to do, but it's been bitterer than I thought."

The stickit minister took his head off his hand and leaned back in his chair.

"The story went over the country that I had failed in my examinations, and I never said that I had not. But there were some that knew better who might have contradicted the report if they had liked. I settled down to the farm, and I put Harry through the college, sending all but a bare living to him in Edinburgh. I worked the work of the farm, rain or shine, ever since and have been for these six years the 'stickit minister' that all the world kens the day. Whiles Harry did not think that he got enough. He was always writing for more and not so very pleased when he did not get it. He was aye different to me, ye ken, Saunders, and he canna be judged by the same standard as you and me."

"I ken," said Saunders M'Quhirr, a spark of light lying in the quiet of his eyes.

"Well," continued Robert Fraser, lightened by Saunders' apparent agreement, "the time came when he was clear from the college and wanted a practice. He had been ill advised that he had not got his share of the farm, and he wanted it selled to share and share alike.

"Now I kenned and you ken, Saunders, that it's no worth much in one share, let alone two. So I got the place quietly bonded and bought him old Dr. Aitken's practice in Cairn Edward with the money. I have tried to do my best for the lad, for it was laid on me to be my brother's keeper. He doesna come here much," continued Robert, "but I think he's not so ill against me as he was. Saunders, he waved his hand to me when he was gaun by the day!"

"That was kind of him," said Saunders M'Quhirr.

"Aye, was it no?" said the stickit minister eagerly, with a soft look in his eyes as he glanced up at his brother's portrait in cap and gown which hung over the china dogs on the mantelpiece.

"I got my notice this morning that the bond is to be called up in November," said Robert, "so I'll be obliged to flit."

Saunders M'Quhirr started to his feet in a moment. "Never," he said, with the spark of fire alive now in his eyes, "never as lang as there's a beast on Drumquhat, or a poun in Cairn Edward bank," bringing down his clinched fist upon the Milton on the table.

"No, Saunders, no," said the stickit minister very gently. "I thank you kindly, but I'll be flitted before that."—Montreal Star.

Sea Water as Medicine.

When a bather at Coney Island the other day accidentally swallowed a big gulp of sea water and then rushed off to get a drink of whisky to take the taste out of his mouth, a successful medical practitioner who had witnessed the performance said:

"That man is either a greenhorn or a fool. Otherwise he would have taken merely a sip of lemonade and allowed the sea water to do its work. As a matter of fact, one of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness where all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia. Sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It isn't palatable or tempting, but neither is quinine or calomel. You never see an old sailor who is bilious, dyspeptic or a victim of insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his ship, and he doses himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged."—New York Herald.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

EMILE ZOLA'S STIRRING ADVICE TO FRENCH STUDENTS.

Extracts From a Masterly Speech Delivered Before a Body of Young Men In Paris—The Relation Between Science and Happiness Explained.

Emile Zola, the famous novelist, presided at a dinner given by the Students' association of Paris. In the course of the evening he spoke as follows:

Did science ever promise happiness? I do not think so. Science promised the truth, and it is questionable if happiness can be made out of facts. To be content with them even for a day one must possess a stoicism, an absolute unselfishness, a serenity of intelligence possible only to the highest minds. Therefore a despairing cry goes up from suffering humanity. How, it asks, can we live without delusions and illusions? If there is not somewhere a world where justice reigns, where the wicked are punished and the good rewarded, how endure the abominations of human existence? Nature is unjust and cruel. Science ends in the monstrous law of the survival of the strongest. Reasoning thus, recoiling from realities as yet ill explained, they seek a dream, put confidence in the out of sight and hope to satisfy in the beyond their yearning for fraternity and justice.

This despairing appeal for happiness, rising on every side, moves me infinitely. Already music has responded to it, literature is trying to satisfy the new thirst, and art is changing to show its sympathy. It is the reaction against naturalism, which is, they say, dead and buried. At any rate the movement is undeniable. It is felt in all the manifestations of mind, and unless it is taken into account, studied and explained the outlook for the morrow is hopeless.

I, being an old and rugged positivist, see in all this only a halt in the march ahead. Indeed it is not even that, for our libraries, laboratories, amphitheaters and schools are not deserted. What reassures me most is the fact that the social ground is unchanged. For a new art to flourish, for a new belief to give humanity a new direction, there must be a new soil for them to germinate and grow in. Ours is still the democratic soil whence the century rose. Faiths are not resuscitated, and only a mythology can be made of a dead religion. The next century will affirm this one. What I will concede is that in literature we brought the horizon too near, and personally I regret having endeavored to limit art to proved verities.

The new men, by re-extending the horizon, have regained possession of the unknown and the mysterious, and they have done well. Between the truths acquired through science, which are not to be shaken, and the truths to be conquered tomorrow from the unknown, which in their turn will become immovable, there is a land of doubt and inquiry. This land belongs as much to literature as to science. Into it we can go as pioneers, doing the work of precursors and interpreting, according to our talents, its unknown forces. The ideal is only the unexplained. It is well enough to invent solutions for the unknown, but we have no right to put in question and so deny facts already verified. As science advances the ideal retreats, and it seems to me that this slow conquest, though we have the melancholy certitude of never knowing all, gives life its only reason, its only joy.

In these troublous days youth is told to believe, but nobody tells it exactly what to believe. "Believe, they say, for the sake of the happiness that comes from believing, and most especially believe in order that you may learn to believe. The advice is not bad in itself. It is certainly a great joy to repose upon the assurance given by any faith, no matter what. The difficulty is that one cannot believe by being willing to do so. Faith is a wind that blows where it listeth, and there only.

In conclusion let me offer you a creed—the creed of work. Young men, work! I am aware that no counsel could be more banal. In every school at the end of every term it is given to every boy, and every boy hears it with indifference. But let me, who have never been anything except a worker, tell you the reward I have gained from the long toil whose effort has filled my life. The world was harsh to me at first. I have known poverty and despair. Later my existence was a battle, and even now the fight goes on and my work is questioned, contradicted, insulted. Through it all my support has been incessant work, regular, daily, for an end never forgotten. How often have I seated myself at my table, tortured by some great pain, physical or moral! And each time, after the first minutes of agony, my task has proved a solace, has given me strength to continue the struggle and await the morrow.

Work is the law of the world—the guide that leads organized matter to its unknown goal. Life has no other reason for being, and each of us is here only to perform his task and disappear. Calm comes to the most tortured if they will accept and complete the task they find under their hands. This, to be sure, is only an empirical way to live an honest and almost tranquil life, but is it nothing to acquire moral health and by solving through work the question of how to secure on earth the greatest happiness thus escape from the danger of the dream?

I have always distrusted chimeras. Illusion is bad for a man or a people; it puts an end to effort, it blinds, it is the vanity of the weak. To remain among legends, to contemn realities, to believe that dreaming of strength gives force—we have all seen to what disasters these things lead.

The only strong men are the men who work. Work alone gives courage and faith; it alone is the pacificator and the liberator?

When first taken from the mines, opals are so tender and friable that they may be picked to pieces with the finger nail.

Tomatoes For Home Use.

My method of raising tomatoes for family use I have found quite successful. The first requisite is good, strong, potted plants, so far advanced as to be ready to blossom. Last year some of them at planting time had fruit set. I have the ground prepared beforehand, making the hills about four feet apart and working up the soil to the depth of eight inches where the plants are to go. I find good soil works as well for tomatoes as for other crops. After the middle of May or as soon as warm weather has fairly come the plants are transferred from the pots, the earth and roots adhering in such a way that transplanting does not in the least check their growth.

As soon as the young plants attain sufficient size to need it, strong stakes about 5 feet in length are driven in the ground, to which they are tied. This was suggested to me several years ago, and I find it very satisfactory. It keeps them off the ground, thus preventing rotting, and gives free scope to sunshine and air. If the growth of the plants is too strong, the ends are clipped off from time to time, as well as superfluous branches. I never plant two rows together, preferring to give them the full benefit of the sunshine on all sides. The tomato is emphatically a warm weather plant and will not flourish in the shade. Thorough cultivation and frequent stirring of the soil, especially in dry weather, is important.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

The Sugar Trust at the Capital.

As soon as possible after the news of the Hawaiian revolution came to these shores, followed by the appearance in the United States senate by the treaty of annexation, there came to Washington an agent of the powerful Sugar trust. He announced to close friends that the defeat of the treaty and the killing of the whole idea of annexation was his purpose, and he wished to know what was the best way to proceed. The advice was given. In addition the sugar agent was told to do his own business in his own way, and that he should do it on the merits of his cause in a business light.

In due time the annexation scheme was furiously attacked in the senate. It was not long thereafter when the Sugar trust agent was able to say, as he did to inside friends, that the treaty was already dead; that it no longer had the breath of life in it.

Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated. Among his first acts was to withdraw the treaty. In due time followed the recent blizzard in Honolulu.

Cleveland means death to the whole Sandwich Islands business. This was his meaning in appointing Mr. Blount as commissioner. Under such instructions he left our shores and landed at Honolulu. The Sugar trust is pleased at what has happened. It is hopeful as to the future.—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Dr. Vaughn Discovers the Butter Secret.

Dr. Vaughn's greatest discovery is one of which the world knows nothing. After a series of long investigations and experiments he discovered and developed the alkaloid which, being created in cream or milk by churning, produces butter, and he has been invited to make exhibition at the World's fair of the results of these experiments. He will take a bottle or can of fresh milk, place in it some of these alkaloids, and it will immediately develop butter as perfect and as healthful as that which comes from churning. It is a discovery in which there is nothing of a pecuniary value to Dr. Vaughn, for it is simply a discovery of one of the mysteries of nature. But in its way it is regarded by scientific men as quite as important as were the microbe discoveries of Pasteur and Virchow.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

True Pugilistic Grief.

If ever genuine grief was mingled with true fidelity to a departed friend, the combination was exhibited by Charles Mitchell when he heard of the death of Squire Abingdon. The pugilist shed copious tears, blubbered aloud and said between his sobs, "He was good to me, and I'll show what I thought of him by punching hades out of Jim Corbett in six rounds." Who can fail to be impressed by this display of dauntless spirit in the midst of solemnity of a crushing bereavement? As for Corbett, if he is not willing to be punched in such a sacred cause, he is simply a hard hearted monster. — Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

With Poisoned Gloves.

A tale comes from Russia which sounds like a romance of middle age barbarism. General Count Scheremetieff of the czar's bodyguard died suddenly the other day, and it is given out that he was murdered by nihilists. His death, it is said, was decided some time ago by the nihilists' executive committee, and one of its emissaries managed to substitute a pair of poisoned gloves for the ones that the general was wearing and had laid down for a moment. Not observing the change, the general put on the poisoned gloves, and death followed shortly.—Exchange.

Peppers Grew In His Midst.

Elmer Perrine died recently of consumption of the bowels. Perrine was 26 and leaves a widow and two children. Several months ago Perrine ate red peppers for his dinner. The seeds lodged in his stomach, germinated and made him ill. To remove the peppers he was compelled to take strong emetics. It is said this brought on the disease that terminated in his death. Upon several occasions he coughed up several partially grown peppers.—Long Branch Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The doctors of Kingston, Ont., are greatly exercised over the predicament that Miss Lizzie Mills is in. The young woman had occasion to prepare an early breakfast, and while yawning her jaw became paralyzed, and she has not since been able to close her mouth.

Wallace Bruce of Poughkeepsie, United States consul at Edinburgh, has been elected to succeed the late John Greenleaf Whittier as life corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art, Glasgow.

Nearly Four Months In a Doldrum.

Held for nearly four months in a equatorial doldrum or dead sea calm until her provisions were exhausted and her crew on the verge of starvation was the terrible experience of the American ship Edward O'Brien, which had long ago been given up for lost. The ship is owned partly in this city, and the news of her safety has just reached the owners.

The ship left Victoria, B. C., early in December last for London with a large cargo of wheat, and nothing was heard of her until June 22, when she was signaled by the steamer Galileo in latitude 46.31, longitude 25.16, flying signals telling that she was short of food. She was supplied by the steamer, and Captain Whitton brought to New York news of the safety to the underwriters, who were demanding heavy premiums for reinsuring the vessel and cargo.

It was learned that the ship had made a fine run down the Pacific coast and around the Horn, but when near the equator she had been caught in one of the dreaded calms that prevail in that latitude. For three months she remained within a distance of half a mile from where she first struck the calm and during that time there was not wind enough to fill even the lightest of her sails. Finally a small current, probably made by a storm many miles away, appeared and served to send her slowly out of the locality, which threatened at one time to become a place of death for all on board. On this current the ship drifted for almost another month. Then a welcome wind carried her back into the paths of navigation.—Philadelphia Record.

The Heroes In the Stokehold.

One of the most sorrowful circumstances connected with the loss of the Victoria is the fact that five out of six engineer officers lost their lives. The reason is not far to seek. The engineers were at the post of duty, and the post of duty was in this case the post of danger. The chief engineer and four of his staff were in the engine room endeavoring to shut off the steam and to open the escape valves. They died, but they will not be forgotten.

Those who know what a watch in the dark, fiery well of the stokehold, 40 feet below the bridge, really means can alone appreciate the qualities which enable men to remain steadfast at their post in such surroundings in the hour of danger. It requires a stout heart to stay at the bottom of an iron well, with a dozen high pressure boilers before one and a square patch of sky seen through a hatchway 40 feet above, when the order on deck is, "Close all the water tight doors," and "Call away all the boats." We must not forget the engineers and stokers of the Victoria. They have deserved well of England.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Statistics From the Social Register.

According to The Social Register for August, the number of prominent families of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Chicago who have gone to Europe is only 55 per cent of what it was at this time a year ago. There is also an increase of 30 per cent in the return arrivals from Europe. This is attributed to the World's fair.

The Register shows that 367 families are summering abroad, 2,348 are residing inland, and 2,162 are at the seashore. Of the families that went inland 397 are in New Jersey between Orange and Morristown, 322 are on the Hudson, 97 are at Lenox and 1,532 in New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the west. Of those who are at the seashore, 902 are on the Long Island coast, 313 are at Newport, 389 are on the New England coast between Newport and Bar Harbor, 211 are on the Jersey coast between Seabright and Atlantic City, 191 are at Bar Harbor and 44 are at Narragansett.

Professor Moore's Steam Man.

A steam "man" is the latest American novelty. The inventor, Professor George Moore, made a similar apparatus with partial success a number of years ago, but his present venture is larger and intended to draw a wagon. The figure, 6 feet high, is incased in metal and looks like a knight in mediæval armor, with helmet and visor, smoking a cigar. The cigar, however, is an escape pipe, and the plumes of the helmet veil the top of the chimney. The furnace and boiler are contained inside the trunk and the moving mechanism in the rest of the body. The man walks briskly at a pace of four or five miles an hour.

Inward and Outward Debt of Argentina.

The total internal and external debt of Argentina on Dec. 31 last was $411,595,223 gold and $46,061,801 currency, of which the interest bearing debt amounted to $307,293,523 gold and $14,813,601 currency. The external debt was $215,567,568 gold, which was increased to $222,531,022 on the 1st of July. The currency in circulation amounted to $261,000,000.—Rio News.

Emotional Element In College Sport.

The Boston Transcript makes bold to say that when we read that one "really manly" fellow in the Harvard crew the other day put his head down into his hands after his side had been beaten in the race at New London and boohooed like a child in the face of all the thousands of spectators we realize that there is a prodigious emotional element in these college sports.

The Pilgrim's Jewelry.

If the new yacht Pilgrim, which was built to defend America's cup, fails to win, it will not be for lack of attention to the regular sea dog superstitions. A ring from Mr. Stewart, a moonstone scarfpin from the captain and various odds and ends have been deposited at the heel of the mast for good luck.

A Cheap Lot of Old Stocks.

At the auction sale, the other day, of the personal property of the late Governor Hale of New Hampshire, stocks having a par value of $2,700,000 and promissory notes with a face value of $57,000 were sold to the highest bidder for less than $7.—New York Tribune.