THE COPPER COUNTRY EVENING NEWS.

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GODFREY'S COVE.

[Near York Harbor, Maine.]

These dawns that sink and swell across the land,
Soft fields suffused with yellow mistiness—
These pastures growing greener to the strand,
The willows with their whispered cadences,
The rocky sculpture of the waves and skies,
The clear cool waters prisoned peacefully,
Are prophets all of what behind them lies—
The infinitely changeful, changeless sea.

O soul, thy multitudinous happenings—
The trivial events of nights and days,
The griefs that darken and the hopes that shine,
The pleasant places and the stormy ways,
Are hints and heralds of eternal things,
Inflowings from the tide of the divine!

—John Hall Ingham in Atlantic.

WEDDED TO GOLF.

John McLennan had lain for many months on a bed of sickness. All summer he had been deprived of his walks into the green fields and up the banks of the Tay, but as the summer died and autumn reigned supreme he was sensible of a change for the better.

Now, let it be known that John was a crack golfer, and as he lay racked with pain his mind often wandered up the Inch, and he would count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole.

Early in August he had recovered so far as to be able to take a turn round the doors, but he soon got tired and was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.

It was, therefore, a surprise—in more ways than one—to his gude wife when, one Sunday morning toward the end of August, he rose between 5 and 6 o'clock and said he was going a round of the golf course.

"John McLennan," said his astonished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An you an elder o' the kirk!"

"Nance," said John quietly, as he got his sticks ready, "I'm weel aware o' what day this is, an I ken I'm an elder o' the kirk, but, wumman, I'm deein for a game, an we may never hae anither mornin like this. Besides, surely it'll no' be coontit a sin to play a bit hole or twa sae early in the mornin, when very few, if ony, folk'll be aboot!"

Mrs. McLennan said no more, and John awoke Bobbie, his eldest son, whose usual job was to carry the clubs. He was his father's only "caddie."

"Come awa, laddie. Oh, ye needna look that way. Yer faither's neither daft nor bad. Sae come awa."

And out they went. They reached the teeing ground as 6 o'clock chimed on St. John's.

"Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; no' owre high, ye ken. That's fine. Keep yer e'en on the ba', in case I dinna see'd. Nae flags the day, ye ken—Sabbath. Wheest!"

Whack.

"There ye are. No' a bad drive for ma an newly aff a sickbed."

"Faither," said Bobbie as he looked timidly around, "what'll ye dae if ye meet onybody?"

"Juist draw my bonnet doon like that. Wid ye ken yer ain faither noo if ye met him?"

And Bobbie acknowledged that he wouldn't.

"Very weel. Dinna speak ony mair aboot meetin folk. But here we are. Gie's my cleek."

Crack!

"Ye're on the green, faither, in twa," said Bobbie proudly. "Ye'll dae that hole in three."

"I'll try, laddie; I'll try," said John, "but I doot I'm owre shaky. Hoosever, gie's my putter. Steady! In! Mark that doon. Hiv ye a pencil an paper? That's richt. First hole in three." And John McLennan mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, for beads of sweat found a habitation on his bald pate.

"Anither tee, Bobbie. That's fine. Noo the hole's aye up aside the big tree, I suppose?"

"Aye," says Bobbie as he strains his eyes in the direction indicated.

"Weel, look oot an see whaur I licht."

Whack!

"Nae sae gude's my first ane, but they canna a' be gude, eh, laddie?"

But Bobbie did not answer as he handed his father his cleek on coming up to the ball.

Crack!

But it was a bad shot, and John played again.

"It's on the green, faither," said Bobbie.

"Aye, laddie," replied his father, "but in three. I'll need four for this hole."

"It's no' here, faither," Bobbie said as he looked all over the green.

"Aye, it's here," replied the old man as he lifted it out of the hole. "That's a fluke, but, a' the same time, I'm in in three. Mark that doon, second hole in three."

"Anither tee. The hole's richt across at the road. Noo, I must gie this ane an awfu' crack."

Whack!

"By, faither, ye're near the green. D'ye think ye'll dae this ane in twa?" Bobbie ventured.

"Na, na, laddie, I'll need mair than that. Hoosever, we'll see."

And so the two trudged on.

"Faither, here's a ba,' an it's no' your ane."

"Put it in yer pouch an say naething. But here we are. See a grip o' my iron; I maun lift this ane richt on to the green," and he did. "My putter, noo. Bah, owre hard! Aye, that's four, ye see, an it wis my best drive too! Put that doon, third hole in four. Noo, it's even owre to the Tay an across the burn. There's some ane comin along the walk on ane o' thae bicycles. Let's get awa quick." Whack! "Come on, noo, for I think after I play up to the tap o' the peninsula I'll send ye hame wi' the sticks, an take a canny walk doon. Stand up on the road an see if I gang into the burn. Watch yer heid." Crack!

"Ye're owre, faither, an at the hole," cried Bobbie. "Ye're sure to dae this ane in three. Come across by the brig. Ye're lyin fine."

"There ye are, then, laddie, there. Put that doon; fourth hole in three. Noo, back owre the burn to yon hole at the tap o' the Inch." Whack! "D'ye see, Bobbie?"

"Aye, faither, ye're up near the road," and Bobbie ran to see exactly where the ball lay.

"This is a tricky hole; ye see there's a brae to coont wi'. Stand there on the road an see whaur I gang; that's twa."

"No' hard enough, faither," said Bobbie as his father came up, "but I've seen ye put in a waur ane than that."

"Weel, we'll try; another inch wid hae din't. That's four again. Fifth hole in four. Doon wi'd! Noo, here's the burn again, an see that I dinna gang into the burn or the Tay. But there's that bicycle chap again."

"Faither, faither, it's Mester Moir, oor helper, oor kirk helper," Bobbie said excitedly.

"Wheest, ye dee—, ye dear laddie; he'll hear ye." And, whack! away went the ball again.

"Into the bunker, faither. What a peety!" said Bobby, but his father was silent. He was wondering if Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and landed him on the green in two, and he got the hole in three.

"Is that three, faither?" asked Bobbie.

"Aye," said his father.

"Are ye turnin no' weel again, faither?" Bobbie asked, surprised at the change in his manner.

"No, no; I'm weel enough, only angry at no' daeing that hole in twa. Never mind. Richt up to the tap noo."

Whack!

"A gude shot, but it's in the whins. Look, Bobbie, lyin on the tap like a bird's nest. There ye are, juist at the hole; wid ye! That's richt—in in three. Put that doon—seventh hole in three. Weel, I feel tired, so we'll hae a bit rest. Coont up hoo mony I've ta'en for the seven holes—3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23. Twenty-three! Losh! I never did that afore. Noo gang ye awa home an see an hurry. Dinna stop to speak to onybody on the road, an I'll come canny doon. Twenty-three! It's awfu' gude."

Four Sundays later John McLennan stood at the church plate. No one had ever referred to the game he had a month previous, and he was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached that day, and his text was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

As the preached progressed John grew more and more convinced that the sermon had been specially prepared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vestry and asked the half unrobed minister, "Did ye see me yon mornin?"

"I did," replied the minister.

"Weel, an I saw you across yon iron cuddy, sae nane o's had better mention sic maitters again."

"We won't," replid the minister as he donned his coat and made for the door. And they didn't. — People's Friend.

Huxley's Awkward Question.

An old journalist tells a reporting incident of his young days. "I was sent," he says, "to a meeting held in the Lesser Queen Street hall, Edinburgh, to report a meeting in connection with some kind of young men's improvement society, at which the late Lord Moncrieff was expected to speak. I cannot exactly fix the date, but as I was then engaged on the now defunct Caledonian Mercury, it must have been over 30 years ago. At that time the 'Darwinian theory' and the 'Vestiges of Creation' were creating much excitement in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, but, except to a select few, it was not known that the late Dr. Robert Chambers was the author of the latter work. Lord (then Mr.) Moncrieff 'took occasion' to refer to the controversy, and created roars of laughter by his ridicule of Darwinism.

"When he concluded, a gentleman sitting at the back of the hall, among the 'common ruck' of the audience, rose and respectfully asked permission to put a question to the 'Darwinian critic.' There were cries of 'Name!' 'Come forward!' etc., but he modestly declined, remarking, in effect, that he only wished to ask the speaker if he had read Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' Mr. Moncrieff at once promptly replied that he had not, but that he had studied reviews of it, etc. 'I thought so,' quietly observed the stranger, who moved toward the door, amid jeers and cries of 'Name!' He turned upon the platform and its occupants and the howling young 'gentlemen' with a withering glare, and said, 'My name is of no consequence here, but as you demand it, it is Tom (he did not say Thomas) Huxley.'"—Leed's Mercury.

Millions of Petrified Fish.

For a score of years the geologists have known of the existence of immense beds of shale in Wyoming which occasionally yielded fine specimens of fossil fishes, but it is only recently that similar beds have been discovered in Colorado. These beds of petrified fish, containing millions upon millions of individual specimens, cover hundreds of square miles in the northwestern part of the Centennial State. They extend a distance of 100 miles in the direction of Green river and "shelve out" for 100 miles more toward the interior of the state. In some places these beds—almost a solid mass of perfectly fossilized fish—are from 150 to 200 feet in thickness. One of the greatest puzzles regarding the find is the fact that they lie about 8,000 feet above sea level.—St. Louis Republic.

Was Sure About His Mother.

Johnnie was about to repeat his first verse at the Sunday school concert. Of course it must be short and of simple words, so his mother selected this for him, "I am the light of the world," repeating it to him a number of times until he was sure of it. The evening of the concert came. The audience was in readiness. Johnnie came out, made his most approved bow and proclaimed in a loud voice, "My mother is the light of the world."—Congregationalist.

TERRORIZED BY DEER

A MOB OF THEM CAPTURE A HOUSE AND SMASH THINGS.

A Sportsman's Account of the Annoyance Caused by Canadian Game Laws—If You Want Peace While Hunting In Canada Provide a Stuffed Gray Wolf.

"But I was going to tell you about the Canadian game laws being responsible for a nuisance," said the old sportsman. "The deer have the laws down fine, and though you might roam for days without seeing a sign of one of them in the shooting season they are as numerous and intrusive as mosquitoes at other times. The deer, you know, is a species of goat and will develop all a goat's toughness if he gets the idea that you daren't touch him. No small boy could be more insolent than the deer under those circumstances.

"After we finished our dinner the first evening at the cabin on Capen island last August we sat reading and smoking. A deer put his head in the door and ba-a-a-ed at us and winked his eyes and shook his tail in an eager way, as if he was asking for something.

"'What does he want?' we asked the guide.

"'Oh, anything—old clothes or boots, a rubber shoe, tomato cans, anything like that for a change of diet.'

"We gave him a pair of stockings and a chromo of Mary Anderson. He ate them and bounded away looking as pleased as if his uncle had left him a legacy. That made us laugh, and we hoped he would come back and let us have some more fun with him.

"He did come back before daylight next morning and brought six other deer with him. They ate up two white shirts and some underclothes that were hanging on the line behind the house and roused us up by knocking on the door with their horns. When the guide opened the door, the leading buck butted him into a corner. The other deer crowded in, and they took possession of the place. They upset the lamp, and as many as could get at it drank the kerosene. It made them cough, but didn't abate their curiosity in the least. They all put their noses in the stove and sniffed the ashes. That set them sneezing. The big buck, by turning his horns sideways, got his head into the biscuit barrel. He ate till he was rounded out like a football and then tried to go out to get a drink. But he had forgotten the combination, and the barrel staid right where it was. He gave a loud 'ba-a-a-a!' and that frightened him worse than anything, for his voice was baritone, and the barrel made it sound like double bass. Then he started in to back out slowly, shaking his head and keeping it low.

"I and Capen had kept quiet in our bunks. We knew the Canadian law, and we didn't want any trouble with the deer. But they had no idea of leaving us in peace. Two of them caught hold of the blanket that was covering Capen and began to devour it.

"'Leggo!' he shouted. But it was no use. They knew the ropes and were not going to be bluffed.

"'Jumping mackerel!' shouted Capen, getting mad. 'I won't stand this any longer. Law or no law, these hoodlums have got to get out of my house.'

"He started to descend from his berth when a wicked looking doe made a jump from the other end of the room and helped him back again. I don't know what would have become of us if it had not been for the buck with the barrel. In backing out he tripped over a chair and fell down. The barrel jarred him, and he became panic stricken. He gave a terrific 'b-a-a-a!' and hoisting the barrel up in the air began to charge about blindly. He fell down, turned somersaults, butted the other deer and tried to knock out the end of the cabin. The others were so surprised and frightened at his strange appearance and antics that they stood still and stared open mouthed till two or three of them were knocked galley west. These got up and away, full lickity smash, and the others woke up and slid the whole earth from under themselves at one jump.

"The three of us got up and jumped on the buck. We carried him outside and then let him go, and the way he smashed around through the landscape was a caution. We could trail him by the biscuits. He broke the bottom out of the barrel after awhile, but I guess he's wearing the rest of it yet.

"Of course we were in a great state of alarm for fear the deer would come back, but the guide said:

"'That's all right. I'll fix those fellows.'

"Luckily we had a fine gray wolf skin. This the guide stuffed and planted in a lifelike attitude on the shore where the deer came from the mainland. That afternoon the deer that turned our cabin inside out returned with 25 others. They were all on the broad smile, thinking of the picnic they were going to have till they caught sight of the stuffed wolf. That stopped them as dead as though they had run against a brick wall. They wheeled quick as a flash, and the way they put was a caution.

"After that we had no more trouble, and my advice to men who are going for sport into the wilds of Canada is that they take a stuffed gray wolf if they want to have peace and comfort."—New York Sun.

The Professional Woman.

Margaret Sangster, writing of women as office workers, says, "The daily wear and tear of nerves, temper and clothing of obligatory office attendance cannot be adequately stated or paid for in dollars and cents, and therefore a woman must love her profession over and above financial gains and pursue it for its own sake if she would find in it the rewards of a chosen career."

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—Marcus Antoninus.

HOTEL PRINTING.

Books and Blanks In Great Variety Required by the Modern Hotel.

The stationery supplies of a large modern hotel include a great variety of printed forms, and some of the printing work done is very elaborate. Many hotels now adopt an emblem, which appears on their letter heads and envelopes, on dinner cards and so on. One house, for instance, has a lion, one a crown, one a coat of arms, another a crest, and these may be printed in appropriate colors. There are wine lists of a dozen pages printed on silk. Samples of the various forms used by one of the newer hotels of the city nearly fill the scrapbook in which they are kept for reference by the stationer that supplies them. They number about 200.

The office books and stationery of a first class hotel are made to order to suit the special requirements of the house. Many out of town and smaller hotels use books that are designed for the purpose, but which are uniform in style and kept in stock. When books are ordered, the name of the hotel is put in if desired.

The steward's department of a high class hotel uses a great variety of printed forms. There is, for instance, a kitchen market list for fish, a ruled form, in which are entered more than 50 kinds of fish, with a column showing the amount on hand and a column showing the amount wanted. There are a similar kitchen meat list, a poultry and game list, a vegetable list and a fruit list. There are various printed storeroom lists. The storeroom list for delivery to the kitchen contains the names of more than 100 articles of daily consumption in a hotel kitchen on a ruled blank showing the amount delivered, the price and the totals. There are similar lists of goods for delivery to the service pantry and to the pastry room and bakery. These various blanks make it easy to keep track of the state of the hotel supplies and of their daily cost.

Of course there are wash lists, and there are cigar envelopes and trunk labels and bar and wine orders and bellboys' call lists, baggage tags, marker checks and cigar checks and elevator rules. There are blanks for the barroom, the ice cream room, the housekeeper's department and the laundry, and for the wine cellar, and the cafe and buffet, complaint blanks, electrician's reports, mail notices and various other forms, and they are all a part of the careful and exact system upon which every modern hotel is run.—New York Sun.

Are Rice Eaters Not Bloodthirsty?

It may be admitted that diet has more or less influence upon character, but mildness, gentleness and kindred virtues are by no means universally found among those races which abstain from animal food. Vegetarians are prone to contrast the gentleness of our domesticated herbivora with the ferocity often displayed by carnivorous animals. A little reflection, however, shows that the food cannot be the main cause of the disposition in either case. Many of the herbivora are capable of displaying the utmost ferocity; savage attacks upon inoffensive persons by bulls, horses and stags are by no means uncommon in this country; while in the east, "rogue" elephants, wild boars and other herbivorous animals often inflict serious injuries upon human beings who chance to come in their way.

So likewise the ordinarily mild Hindoo, feeding on rice or wheat flour, is liable to become riotous, uncontrollable and bloodthirsty when influenced by religious fanaticism. It would seem that the mischievous effects upon the habits and disposition ascribed to animal food are due rather to the alcoholic liquors which are generally consumed at the same time. The disposition of an average individual, leading a temperate life, would probably not be altered for the better were he to substitute vegetarian diet for his ordinary fare.—Fortnightly Review.

Recollections of Carlyle.

Mrs. Carlyle was dressed in black velvet. She had a pale blue ribbon around her neck, to which was attached a large gold cross. She also wore a brooch which had been given to her by Goethe. One of her bracelets, a very pretty one, pebbles of different colors, and beautifully cut, polished and set in silver, she told the lady I had been invited to meet was a present from the same great man. Soon after we had adjourned to the drawing room, I heard a latch key in the door, and listening intently heard steps and voices in the hall. Mrs. Carlyle gave me a mischievous smile, as Mr. Carlyle, followed by two gentlemen, entered the room. They were all in high spirits, and had been to see Chang, the Chinese giant.

After Mr. Carlyle's kind "How d'ye do?" I had no further word from him that night, but was sufficiently interested in listening to the brilliant, clever talk. One of these gentlemen was Professor Tyndall. The other I did not recognize. The professor gave me my tea, and talked to me a little, but I preferred listening—keeping well in Mrs. Carlyle's shadow, and slipping quietly away when it grew late.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Samuel Johnson on Women.

Of marriage in the abstract, Johnson highly approved. "Every man," he said, "is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state." He even approved of a man contracting a second marriage, and considered it as a compliment to the first wife. He acknowledged, however, that he had once been on the point of asking Mrs. Johnson not to marry again. She might well have granted his request without any fear of being tempted to break her promise. Johnson ridiculed the idea of a man being unwilling to marry a pretty woman lest he should have cause for jealousy. "No, sir," he said, "I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another, and that is all." He had, in fact, made a profound study of women from every point of view. And yet, as Mr. Craig observes, Johnson never took women quite seriously, and would not hear of their assuming an equality with men, either in mental or bodily pursuits.—Athenæum.

Breaking It Gently.

Little Ella—Papa, I know what I am going to give you for your birthday.

Father—What is it, child?

Ella—A beautiful beer glass.

Father—Why, my dear, I have already got one.

Ella—Yes, but I broke it just now.—Daheim Kalender.

Man in society is like a flower blown in its native bull. It is there only that his faculties, expanded in full bloom, shine out, there only reach their proper use.—Cowper.

It is said that 1,700 patents for the manufacture of ink have been taken out in Great Britain.

COBHAM OF DICKENS.

A VILLAGE IMMORTALIZED IN THE "PICKWICK PAPERS."

Articles of Interest In the Room Which Is the Pride of Mine Host of the "Leather Bottel"—An Antique Church and the Brasses It Contains.

Less than an hour and a half from London is the quiet little station at Stole street, named, I suppose, in honor of a Roman road and trodden by travelers as they approach the manifold glories of Cobham.

Cobham, the Kentish Cobham, is one of those places in which Kent is so rich, favored alike by nature and art and historical association. For what is called park scenery it has few superiors in England. The church has memorials of its fourteenth century lords as fresh as when they felt the last touch of the workman's tools, while the inn opposite is redolent with the memories of Charles Dickens, and the ruddy old Elizabethan hall is one of the stateliest homes in England—a real home, constantly lived in.

To see Cobham in its glory one must of course visit it in summer. It is hardly fair to go there, as I did, on a weeping autumn day, though it was full of a charm of its own. In the first place, the season precluded my approaching Cobham in the orthodox way—from the back of the ancient buildings which form the new college. The boy who acts as porter at the station did not recommend the short cut for a very wet day. It had recently been plowed. So, passing first an old Kentish black and white house to the left and then a fine red brick Georgian mansion (described by him as a farm) to the right, I strode up the main street of Cobham village to where a putative leather bottle swings in front of the inn which Dickens immortalized in "Pickwick." The leather bottle, which, proudly labeled "Ecce Signum," swings over a sign of Dickens' Mr. Pickwick standing on a chair with his hands under his coattails, is, as matter of fact, made of cast iron and a weighs no less than 40 pounds, the real bottle being kept on the top of the clock in the bar parlor, guarded by an uncertain looking monkey and a dog. It is shaped like a barrel, with a combined stopper and handle on one side, and has a large hole cut out just below the handle, the reason of this being that when it was dug out of a field hard by it weighed so heavy that the finder hacked a hole to see what was in it. He was rewarded by finding money, which was probably exactly what he wanted to find.

The inn claims to be as old as the chancel of the church opposite, which would make it fourteenth century. Even the aspect of the much repaired exterior does not make this impossible, and the rough, worm eaten, dark oak beams in the low ceiling of the Dickens room certainly look old enough.

The Dickens room is the pride of mine host and brings Cobham visits from a host of theatrical people, who certainly would never visit it for the sake of its lords, ancient or modern, and their hall and church and college. In the visitors' book I read such names as W. S. Penley and J. L. Toole, the latter accompanied by Mr. Clement Scott, and over the mantelpiece hung a pretty theatrical portrait of Miss Mary Anderson, with her hands tied together in some character which I did not recognize—her memento of a visit here.

The walls are hung with prints of various characters and scenes in Dickens' books, Dickens' programmes, sketches, and what not, among them being The Graphic's picture of the "Empty Chair," which made Luke Fildes' name, and Dickens' last letter (in autograph), dated June 8, 1870, in reply to a Nonconformist minister named Matcham, a letter about "Edwin Drood," and with a pathetic and particular interest, because Dickens in this last letter of his life avows that he had always cherished Christianity—even written a book to bring it home to his children, though he had not proclaimed his belief from the house top. Jingle, Sidney Carton, the devoted, and Pecksniff are among the more prominent characters on the walls. All around the room there are rows of old fashioned chairs, the place of honor being occupied by the Dickens chair—a flat topped article of the variety known to old furniture dealers as "The Windsor."

Whatever the claims of the "Leather Bottel" to fourteenth century honors, there is no doubt of the antiquity of the church, though the age of the exterior, except the tower's, is obliterated with a facing of flints. Two gigantic flints, one of them at least 4 feet by 2, lie on the grass below. The interior of the church, once ruined with plaster and whitewash, is now carefully restored and highly interesting. First in importance, of course, come its monumental brasses, some 30 of them, not erected, but laid down on the chancel floor to the honor of the lords and ladies of Cobham and the masters of their college. These brasses have no superiors in England, and go as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Not a line is obliterated in these graven images of the knights and dames—the one in full armor, the other in the height of fashion. Tradition says that in Cromwell's time they were saved from the heavy hand of the spoiler by being first whitewashed to escape notice, and then covered with deep litter for the stabling of my lord protector's horses. I think that they must have been further saved by wooden floors being laid over the flags on which they rest for a few odd centuries.—London Queen.

A Chicagoan Gibe.

"I see they're going to change the name of Wall street," said Mr. Putnamkall.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. They're going to call it Wall street."

"What a crying shame!"—Chicago Journal.