

THE VOYAGE.

What from the mainland sailing, when will the going be?
 Will the sun shine over the waters, gilding the smiling sea?
 Will the time be sad or pleasant, will the scenes be wan or gay,
 On a course where the ship prowls ever and pointed the other way?
 Shall we pass by the islands scented with flowers of a tropic clime?
 Shall we crouch in our berths in silence, while away on the moaning sea,
 Our dark with the great waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?
 Shall we hear soon over the waters washing the jasper walls
 The sound of harpsstrings trembling—mingling with loved ones' calls?
 Whenever shall be the sailing to the region lying far,
 God's cloud of fire will guide us—safe to the farther bar.

Out from the mainland's harbor, when will the ship set sail?
 Will the night like a black veil cover our sight from the sweeping gale?
 Shall we crouch in our berths in silence, while away on the moaning sea,
 Our dark with the great waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?
 Shall we hear soon over the waters washing the jasper walls
 The sound of harpsstrings trembling—mingling with loved ones' calls?
 Whenever shall be the sailing to the region lying far,
 God's cloud of fire will guide us—safe to the farther bar.

—Wm. T. Hale, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HER SWEET APPLES.

BY C. D. G. ROBERTS.

Autumn was just beginning to reveal herself in the heart of South mountain, the gorgeous autumn of western Nova Scotia. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the air that streamed lightly over the shoulders of the hills had a most bracing savor. Mrs. Buckler, a freckled but comely and tall young woman, was just setting out for a twelve-mile tramp to the little settlement in the valley, where she had to return a fatiron and a pair of wool-cards which she had borrowed of an obliging neighbor.

Neighbors in those days were few and far between in the country districts of Nova Scotia. The great emptiness created by the expulsion of the Academics had not yet been filled up. For the neighbors, it behooved them to be neighborly.

Mrs. Buckler was an untiring worker, and her rare visits to the valley constituted her only holiday. She had to walk, of course, as her husband had no horse, and she had no ambition to ride one of the faithful but extremely deliberate oxen. And, indeed, a matter of twelve miles seemed nothing of consequence to her.

"Be sure and get back before dark, 'Miry!' admonished her husband, leaning meditatively against the woodpile as he watched her kiss the children for good-by.

"Shoo! Steve, I reckon you can put the babies to bed all right for once, can't you? It ain't often I get off, and when I do, I like to make a good day of it!"

"It ain't lookin' after the children that I'm thinking of, 'Miry, as you know right well!" replied Steve Buckler, earnestly. "But you know how thick the bears are on the mountain this year; and there is no manner of doubt that was a wolf brushed by me in the pasture night before last. It ain't safe for you to be coming up through the woods after dark all alone that way. Stay all night, if you find it getting late!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" averred Mrs. Buckler, stoutly. "I may get back afore dark; but if I don't I'll be careful and carry a light with me."

These confident words she flung back over her shoulder, as she started gayly down the rough woodland way.

Arriving in due time at the settlement in the valley, she did her errands, picked up the news, and richly enjoyed the rare luxury of a gossip. Time went all too quickly; and it was on the edge of dark ere she thought of starting for home. Then, of course, there were vehement protests. Her friends urged her to stay all night, picturing the perils of the journey, and representing that her husband would never dream of expecting her. But Mrs. Buckler, as her friends always said, was very "set." Putting aside all arguments, she started out on her long and lonely tramp.

She had little to carry, but that little was somewhat troublesome to manage. It was an apronful of sweet apples for the children, a treat which she knew they would enjoy. Sweet apples were then a rarity in South mountain.

When at length Mrs. Buckler reached the last house on the edge of the valley, and found herself face to face with the long climb up the mountain she felt compelled to acknowledge in her heart that the night was very dark. And she had yet nearly four miles to go, through almost unbroken woods. In those four miles there were but two cabins to break the monotony of the way; and the further of these was a mile and a half from her home. She hesitated a moment, then went into the house and asked for a pine knot to light her on her journey.

Here again she was urged to stay; but lighting her torch she set her face resolutely to the mountain side. As she penetrated among the ancient trees the unsteady light of the pine knot cast strangely moving shadows, and monstrous shapes seemed to spring up and disappear on all sides. For the first time she grew nervous, and felt an inclination to glance over her shoulder. This she presently conquered with some scorn. Nevertheless, she could not help hastening her steps; and the first cabin in the mountain had the air of a refuge to her, as she turned in to get a fresh pine knot.

Here, too, she was strongly pressed to end her journey for the night. But even her obstinacy was well aroused. She was nettled at herself for having felt afraid. It was with something of the air of one who goes forth to battle that she gripped her torch and clutched

her apron of sweet apples, as she turned again to the blackness of the forest path.

Between this cabin and the next the distance was but half a mile. Her nerves were now getting so well steadied that she no longer cared for the looming and shifting shadows, till at length a shadow distinctly smaller than the rest made the underbrush rustle audibly with its motion. Her heart gave a most uncomfortable leap, and she straightway thought of the wolf which her husband had spoken of. But, wolf or shadow, it fled away without menacing her; and she came in safety to the last cabin between her and home.

Here the neighbors were asleep, and she had to arouse them in order to beg another pine-knot. The one which she had got at the previous house was by no means burned out, but she feared lest it should fall before the end of her journey. The sleepy neighbors were astonished at her appearance. They threatened to detain her by force, when she refused their invitation to stay all night with them. But Mrs. Buckler was by this time a good deal "worked up," as she afterward expressed herself; and she treated their kind persuasions with scant courtesy. She almost ran from the house; but in her apron, among the sweet apples, she carried the extra pine-knot, all the same.

To ward off unpleasant thoughts, she kept picturing in her mind the way the children would enjoy the apples in the morning. She also thought of the remonstrances, tempered with ill-concealed admiration, with which her husband would greet her return. Her blood quite glowed again as she thought of the lofty fashion in which she would make light of it all. Just at this moment she saw, in the middle of the path before her, a large black bear, watching her curiously.

Her heart stood still, and she herself instantly followed this example. Then she reflected that she must appear calmly indifferent, if she would hope to escape. Slowly she moved forward again, waving her torch; and the bear, stepping out of the path, watched her steadily from among the underbrush as she went by. Then he stepped back into the path and followed her.

Her first and most natural impulse was to run like the wind for home, but this, after one startled leap forward, she checked with a mighty effort of her will. She walked on with swift but steady steps, watching the bear out of the corner of her eye, but all the time clutching obstinately at her apronful of apples. The bear, very slowly, kept drawing closer and closer, bent upon attacking, but evidently deterred by dread of the torch.

But the torch, meanwhile, was burning low; and Mrs. Buckler, in her excitement, failed at first to notice this. She was holding the pine-knot over her shoulder, as a sort of shield against her pursuer. When, with a shaking at the knees, she realized that it was on the point of flickering out, she tried hastily to light the other; and in the effort some of her treasured apples fell out of her apron and rolled behind her on the path.

As soon as the bear came to these apples he stopped and began devouring them with the keenest relish.

"Why!" thought Mrs. Buckler, with a sudden lightning of her load of terror; "it's not me he's after, but the sweet apples!" and straightway all her old courage returned.

She paused and took time to light her new pine-knot deliberately and well. Then she hurried on; and it was some minutes before her pursuer was again at her heels.

And now, so sudden ere the revulsions of a woman's feelings, she was concerned only for the sweet apples. They were the children's apples; and it went sorely against her grain to let a bear have any of them. Not until he had come most uncomfortably close could she bring herself to again propitiate him; and then she doled out but three of the precious green globes, dropping them on the path behind her with slow reluctance.

The animal took perhaps a quarter of a minute to dispose of this niggardly contribution, and then came on again with a sort of hopeful confidence.

"No!" declared Mrs. Buckler, firmly, "you ain't goin' to have another one!" and she fairly broke into a run. But when that heavy, shambling gallop sounded close at her back, her resolution weakened, and she dropped a couple more out of the apron. While the much gratified bear delayed to eat these, she rounded a turn of the road, and was gladdened by the sight of her own window glimmering some 200 yards in front.

Calling her husband's name two or three times at the top of her voice, till she saw him fling open the door and rush out to meet her, she hugged the remnant of the apples to her breast, flung her torch at the bear, and sped like a deer toward the house. Whether the bear followed her further or not, she never knew. It certainly did not come near enough to the house for her husband to catch sight of it, for, as she flung herself into his arms, panting, triumphant, half-way between laughter and tears, he asked her what was the matter.

"Matter!" she cried, indignantly. "That's just like a man, after all I've gone through to get home!" And she pulled him violently into the house and slammed the door.

Steve Buckler was quite too judicious to remind her of the fact that he had urged her either to come home before dark, or else stay all night. He did not even let it appear in his face for an instant that he thought of such a thing. He listened to the story with all the breathless excitement that she had anticipated, praised her bravery and resource, vowed to shoot the bear next day, at one of the sweet apples, and then, being very sleepy, went to bed. But Mrs. Buckler, before she followed his example, proudly tucked several of the apples under the children's pillows.

—N. Y. Independent.

OLD MICHIGAN COUPLE.

Have Kept House Together for Eighty-Seven Years.

The Husband Is Over 107 Years of Age, the Wife 105—Tranquil Life History of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hiller, of Elkton.

Four miles south of Elkton, Mich., lives probably the oldest married couple in the United States—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hiller, aged 107 and 105 years, respectively. Standing about 50 feet from the roadway is a little frame cabin about 15x12, with a square, chunky chimney, evidently erected with a view to strength and to keep out the chill wintry blast, and in it lives the old couple. Your correspondent recently drove over there and was invited in by the centenarians.

In the farther corner of the little room which held the centenarians' earthly belongings was an ordinary bed, the coverings of which was spotted and arranged with careful hands. Meager was the furnishing, but cheerful and cleanly as by any possibility could be expected from a fresh young couple of 20 summers. The walls were tastefully covered with clean newspapers which had served their day as literature and were now serving a purpose even after their day had gone. In the center of the floor sat an ordinary cook stove, behind which a small wood box did duty for the daily supply of fuel.

The old gentleman was in his stocking feet, and insisted in doing the honors of the house. He is not what you would call a tall man, neither is he a man of insignificant mold. Medium in height and build, he appears as a man well calculated to endure hardships where a bigger man would fail. His present appearance would lead one to conclude that Jacob Hiller in the days of his prime was a man of no mean endurance. To-day, even, after his struggle with the century, one can scarcely credit the fact that he has conquered the dangers of 107 years. His step is as firm and regular as that of an average man of 40. His hand is as steady as the hand of an expert hunter. His face, wrinkled under the hand of time, but eyes as bright as ever. His long patriarchal hair flows in unmixed whiteness over his aged and yet youthful shoulders.

Time has dwelt more harshly with the poor old lady, who, in extreme years, sat almost helpless in the room.



MR. AND MRS. JACOB HILLER.

Poor old Grandma Hiller sits patiently in the corner, bent almost double with her five score years and four, her old gray head nodding in the feebleness of her advancing life, her sightless eyes denied the blessing of God's fair sunlight. Even yet the old lady's hand is soft as a silken texture.

Mr. Hiller said he was "born 107 years ago the 20th of last October. It's a caution. I never expected to live to this age nor nothing like it. She," he said, nodding to his helpless wife, "will be 105 next March."

"I was born in Jamestown, just back of Kingston, Canada. I was quite a lump of a lad, about 22 years old, when the war of 1812 was on. I used to carry the poor soldiers that were wounded in Kingston some milk to help them along. The war about there was all on water. When they were done fighting they threw the dead overboard into the water and brought the wounded in. Man, that was a fight, sure enough!"

"Canada was just a big bush. The country was new and the settlers were just as new and green as they could be. The schools were few and far between and us boys had not the same chance as boys nowadays have."

When asked when he left Canada his crippled old partner broke in upon our conversation. "The first year of the war," she said.

The old gentleman continued: "When I came to Michigan we first settled near Marine City and went from there to Emmet; then we came here. When we reached this place together we thought we were soon going to die. My son would have put us up a better house, but we were satisfied with this. Times are hard for an old pair like us, but we have some good friends, and things are not as bad as they might be."

"I was 20 past when we were married. She was 18 past. We will be keeping house 87 years the 25th of next April. We don't quarrel much else we could hardly be so long together. I hardly ever expected to live to be as old as Mathusalem but I have out two teeth lately and can see any print without specs. Long ago I used to think of dying but lately I have made up my mind never to meet it until it comes. I sew on my own buttons without specs and all that. We had 11 of a family. My oldest is now nearly 90 and the youngest 57. People say it looks short to look back over the long years. Yes it does. It seems a good deal like yesterday when I was a boy running wild in the woods."

England's Scarlet Flowers.
 There are only two scarlet flowers native in England, the poppy and the scarlet pimpernel, and both these flourish best on dry and sunny spots. Nearly all other scarlet flowers are imported.

Claret for Linnæus.
 Eighty-five hundred dollars, the whole profit for last season of the house of common kitchen, has been invested by the committee in claret.

TRICKS OF SPIRITS.

A French Conjuror Shows How They Can Be Performed.

A French sleight-of-hand performer, M. Alber, who is giving private seances in Paris, claims to be able to reproduce all the phenomena of spiritualism that are known to mediums. There is the slate trick, for example. A slate is shown around among the spectators. There is nothing written on it. A spirit is invoked, the slate is pressed flat against the underside of a table with the left hand of the medium. One of the audience holds his right hand motionless. The lights are put out. At the end of a few seconds is heard the scratching sound of a slate pencil, and when the



CONJURER PRODUCING A FOUNTAIN.

lights are turned up again the answers to questions addressed to the spirit may be read, usually in badly-written characters. Well, in spite of appearances, it is possible for the medium to hold the slate and to write with his left hand. It is only necessary that he should have upon his index finger a small thimble-like arrangement. The pressure of a spring shoots out a miniature slate pencil. The slate is held by the other fingers, and the index finger writes from right to left, the reverse of the usual process, beginning with the last letter of the last word. A few hours' practice will enable one to do this successfully. Luminous apparitions and will o' the wisps flying in space around the heads of the audience form another part of the programme at most spiritualistic seances. They are very easy of production. It is necessary that the medium should have his arms at liberty. He asks the company to join hands so as to form a magnetic circle around him. He explains that such a magic circle is a sine qua non of the appearances which he is about to evoke. In reality he desires it because it is just as well to restrain the hands of the audience from physical contact with the will o' the wisps and mysterious lights. As soon as the lights are turned down the operator plunges his hand into his waistcoat and draws out a phosphorized glove, which he secretly places upon his right hand. The glove is phosphorized only on one side, so that the operator has but to turn his hand and present either the palm or the back in order to provide light or darkness. In the obscurity of a darkened room it is impossible for the audience to determine at what distance from the eyes the luminous appearance is produced. Sometimes it seems close, sometimes far off.

TEETH IN HER HEART.

The Organ Preserved in Bellevue Hospital Museum, New York.

In this age of events startlingly new it is necessary for even grim death to find an original means of trapping his victims. That he has kept up with the times is proved by recent instances of people dying from the strangest causes. The case of a woman who was killed by a needle in the heart is very peculiar, but in the museum at Bellevue hospital,



TEETH IN HER HEART.

New York, is preserved evidence of a similar case. Mrs. Elizabeth Sharpe, a woman of 35, was walking in a London street with her brother, Thomas James D'combe, of No. 1 China walk, Lambeth, some weeks ago, when she suddenly clasped her hands to her left side, and shrieking: "Heavens, my heart!" fell prone to the sidewalk. Dr. Reginald Hayes, who examined the woman, found a tumor between the ribs, and on cutting into it he discovered a large needle, which he extracted. The autopsy disclosed that the needle, which had evidently been in the body for a long time, had worked its way through the blood vessels until it had reached the heart, when, by puncturing that vital organ, it had ended the woman's life.

In the museum at Bellevue hospital can be seen the preserved heart of a woman who died there under similarly remarkable circumstances. The doctors had been completely baffled by the case, and the result of the autopsy was awaited with the keenest interest. An examination disclosed the strange fact that the woman had swallowed her false teeth, together with the silver plate to which they were attached. The teeth had gone from the oesophagus into the pericardium, and, breaking directly into the heart, had imbedded themselves in that organ, producing what the physicians term "pericarditis," of which the patient died. The heart preserved in the museum shows the silver plate with the teeth attached, half buried in the organ.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CLIMBING.

My boy, are you fond of climbing?
 Would you scale the lofty hill?
 Those on the far-off summit
 Were men of steadfast will;
 Often their feet grew weary
 And worn in the toilsome way,
 But they never got discouraged
 And stand at the top to-day.

You have read what a poet tells us—
 That we gain not at a bound
 The heights; but life's like a ladder—
 We must climb up round by round.
 So the hill that looms before you
 It may take you long to climb,
 But one step after another
 Will lead to the top in time.

He who would reach the summit
 Must turn not left or right;
 He must keep up heart and courage,
 And keep the heights in sight.
 Little by little the summit
 Grows bright in his steadfast eye,
 And at last he stands with the victors,
 As you may, if you try.
 —Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

SHE IS A LINGUIST.

Eight-Year-Old Maria Rose Can Converse in Four Languages.

Most small girls of 8½ years are accounted bright if they can speak tolerably correct English, but Maria Rose, of that age, talks English, French, Greek and German as fluently as natives of the various countries where these languages are spoken.

She is not held up as a prodigy, but simply an extraordinarily bright and ambitious girl. Maria Rose was born in America, and four years ago, an orphan, was adopted by Dr. Achilles Rose, a New York physician noted for his advocating the adoption of the Greek tongue among medical men of all nations in order to render intercourse easier. He is unable to explain the child's talent. She is of fair complexion and has pretty brown hair and eyes, is quiet, demure, but very observant. When Maria came to him she spoke English, and the doctor was anxious she should learn Greek after he saw how rapidly she picked up French. He does not believe in the ordinary school methods of teaching Greek, so he imported a native Greek governess, who, with him, talked Greek, teaching Maria the language by the



MARIA ROSE.

conversational method. The child recited and sang in the language before a medical association, illustrating her father's lecture on Greek, and so pleased were the physicians that they sent her an engraved scroll thanking her for the entertainment. Even Rev. Archimandrite Agathodoros Pappageorgopoulos, a Greek resident of New York, was charmed, so no higher praise is necessary. Then Dr. Rose procured a French governess for awhile, and in a short time so proficient was Maria that one could not tell whether English, French or Greek was her native tongue.

Not content with these languages she learned another to surprise the doctor. She attended the Sacred Heart convent and managed to learn German from some scholar who speak the language. She gave the doctor no hint of her scheme till one day at home she broke into a conversation he was holding with a German friend and her triumph was complete. Dr. Rose is very proud of the child and she is not forced to study more than she wishes.

ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

How a Party of Men Once Made Some Little Eskimos Happy.

Once on a time a party of men were far north in the arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. For they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it—they made other people happy.

The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. Make one? "Why, trees grow." Certainly, but they do not grow in the arctic lands, for these explorers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy, they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as you are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some simple presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness. —Home Magazine.

Pro and Con.

Mrs. Todgers—I am always in favor of giving the under dog a show.
 Mrs. Rodgers—It's a wonder, then, that you don't remove the pressure from your husband once in awhile.
 The ensuing affair was not governed by Queensbury rules.—Cleveland Leader.

CITY OF BETHLEHEM.

It is a Small and Unattractive Town at the Present Time.

It is a little city, and it does not take many people to crowd it, but, besides being the birthplace of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior-king, David.

Bethlehem to-day has barely 8,000 inhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles; in fact, there is but one street in the town wide enough for carriages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot travelers, donkeys and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jerusalem. Leaving the larger city by the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but a few years ago. The carriage we are in and those who meet are wretched



THE GROTTA OF THE MANGER.

affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first, because they are not well cared for, and second, because their drivers are regular Jehus who drive them "furiously" uphill and down. In less than an hour we are in the marketplace of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on Christmas eve, in time to wander about and to become acquainted with the little city.

Of course it has changed in appearance since the time of the birth of Christ. It is larger and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as cities and customs change but little in the east, we may safely infer that modern Bethlehem houses are much like those of 1900 years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be standing. Of course the great Church of the Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the large religious buildings we see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of Him whose early life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his surroundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this December 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a different purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax-lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, the city in which they lived, or to which their village or town was attached. According to Jewish methods they would register by tribes, families, and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews, and conformed to the Jewish custom. It was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David, and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly, they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own city," in the territory of Judah.

They came down to the east bank of the Jordan, crossed the river of Jericho, and came up among the Judean hills and valleys till they reached Bethlehem. It was a long journey, and a wearisome one; and, on arriving, a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place; or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had, and immediately. In the khan, or inn, there was no room; so there was nothing to do but occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do, and is often done to-day in the eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comfortable there as in the khan. At a khan one may procure a cup of coffee and a place to lie down on the floor; but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was all Joseph and Mary could have obtained in the inn, had there been room for them. And here in Bethlehem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger." —Edwin S. Wallace, in St. Nicholas.

How to Transfer Leaf Colors.

The natural colors of a leaf may be easily transferred to paper. Take a leaf of any tree or shrub, place over it a small piece of white linen soaked in spirits of niter, and insert between the leaves of a heavy book, with a sheet of paper to receive the impression. Lay the book aside for a few days. The leaf will be found devoid of color, which will have been transferred to the paper in all the original beauty of tint and outline of leaf.

His Ignorance Accounted For.

"I can't understand why Squallop wears that ugly beard on his chin."
 "Have you ever seen Squallop's chin?"
 "No."
 "Well, that's why you can't understand."—Chicago Tribune.

Spoken with a Sigh.

She—The Druids thought the mistletoe a charm against disease.
 He (sighing)—It may have been then, but it's a bad thing for heart trouble nowadays.—Town Topics.