

Goodnight.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Come, wandering, way-worn sheep;
 God is thy home, He longs to have thee
 come.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Ob, leave the mountains rough and steep!
 In God is peace which nevermore shall
 cease.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Thy tear-filled eyes no more need weep;
 God is thy friend, and will all danger fend.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 He in his tender care will keep
 Thee safe from harm with his almighty
 arm.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 So'er thy frame will slumber creep,
 And thou'lt find rest upon thy Saviour's
 breast.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 And dreaming, thou wilt hear the sweep
 Of angel wings and strains from golden
 strings.
 Goodnight! Sweet sleep!
 —[May Christie, in New York Independent.]

HESTER'S ROMANCE.

The spring was very sweet that year; the orchard blossoms were heavy and rich on the fresh, warm air, and the Barnards' brown farmhouse with its mossy roof, fitted perfectly into the landscape of the gently undulating prairie land, but Joshua Barnard never noticed it; thirty years' companionship with his wife, Jane, had thoroughly eradicated the æsthetic part of his nature. She was a woman whose face gave one the impression that it had been rudely carved out with a sharp knife and not polished down; she accentuated this by dragging her hair back into a tight knot at the wrong angle of her head. Mrs. Barnard was noted in the country round about for her sharp voice, good butter and obstinacy.

How she was ever induced by her enduring husband to let him send their only daughter, Hester, away to school had been the marvel of the gossips for months. Whatever topic was introduced it always branched off on to the Barnards. Pity for the head of the family, backbiting for the wife, and covert, envious remarks for Hester were alluring snares of wickedness that could not be resisted. Hester had come back that spring for good; her college days were finished and she was trying to settle down again in the old life that seemed a dream.

Four years of city life, with the refining influences she had met, had worked a marvellous change in the brown-eyed, quiet girl. She thought at first her mother and father had changed, and was puzzled, but when the real truth broke upon her, she felt suddenly alienated, as though she were a stranger. They were where she had left them, while she had moved a notch higher; it made her more tenderly kind towards her father, whom she loved; more charitable towards her mother, who was at once proud of her and dissatisfied, and on account of this sometimes trying. It hurt Hester to hear her mother's boast to a neighbor of her daughter's accomplishments; it filled her with chagrin to be pushed forward at the little gatherings, whose atmosphere had become distasteful, and to see the envious sneers on the faces of her former friends.

At first when she came back she had tried to meet them on the old footing, but she could not become interested in their gossip and beaux and they could not comprehend her. So little by little she fell back upon herself for companionship, much to the anger of Mrs. Barnard, who was ambitious for Hester to shine in the country side; her ambition went no higher.

"You are ungrateful, Hester!" she said sharply one evening, as she cleared the supper table. "Look at the money spent on your schooling, and now you won't go anywhere but stick at home like a nobody."

Hester did not reply—she had learned better—and stood looking out of the window in a hopeless sort of a way. She had earnestly tried to do her duty, but life seemed very hard of late, cut off from congenial pursuits and friends. Yes, it was the friends, she thought, with a flush.

"And then refusing to go to the sociable tomorrow night with Nat Parkins," her mother went on in her rasping voice, "when everyone will be there, and he is the richest farmer in this region, and all the girls would give their eyes!"

"Mother!" Hester broke in desperately at last, "I do all in my power to please you, but I will not go with Mr. Parkins—I detest him," and she fled to her room, where she threw herself sobbing upon her little white bed. She felt so hopeless, so home-sick for—well, for what? And in her

abandonment of grief she repeated a name to herself as if it comforted her. She had not known when she left the city how she loved Herbert Strong, who parted from her at the depot with that reproachful look in his eyes.

What caprice had moved her to tell him no? At that moment she felt as though she would give the world to pour out her sorrow and penitence to him, but he was lost to her—gone to some far Western town.

So she lay and sobbed herself sick. It was the natural result of her long weeks of self-controlled trouble; she had not so completely owned to herself before how much she regretted the past.

When she rose in the morning she saw such a white little face and swollen eyes in the glass that she dreaded to go down-stairs. A sort of apathy had seized upon her, however, and she quietly slipped into her place at the table with hopes that her mother would not notice her especially. But the sharp eyes of that busy woman took her daughter in quickly. She intended to watch her more closely hereafter; her dislike for Nat Parkins must be overcome.

"Hester," she cried in surprise, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing," Hester said, wearily, bracing herself for the attack. Mrs. Barnard, after a moment's look, set down the coffee-pot and opened her lips, but suddenly, to everyone's surprise, Mr. Barnard, who usually kept a discreet silence during his wife's tirades, laid his toil-worn hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"Now, Jane!"—her husband spoke with the authoritative tone he rarely used save when his daughter needed defence—"I want you to drop this nonsense about marrying Hester off to Nat Parkins. He is not her kind at all." In his blind way Joshua Barnard felt the difference between his gentle daughter and the bluff, rough young farmer.

"After she went upstairs last night," he went on, "I pined under her window and the child was crying fit to break her heart, and look at her pale face this morning. Can you tell me?"

"Yes, I see it," his wife said crossly. It always roused her temper to be opposed unexpectedly by her husband, for she usually had to submit. "I see it and it's all nonsense! Some good-for-nothin' city fellow, I'll warrant!" with which she left the table and began rattling the dishes in a way to prevent further conversation.

Joshua Barnard slowly left the house for the field. It was a new idea that his wife had suggested, yet Hester had never said anything to him about it, and there were few things she did not confide to him. He thought of it all the long, warm morning till the terrible heat drove all the workers to the welcome shade of the trees along the fence by the roadside.

The dust lay thick and dry on the ground, the insects shrilled monotonously—nothing stirred. A cloud of dust came down the road and Joshua Barnard and his men watched it curiously: who was foolish enough to drive horses so fast under such a blazing sun?

It did not take much to check the exhausted span of bays, who stood panting and dust-begrimed, and they turned to the light buckboard.

A man lay there, fallen under the seat, with his face a dark red and his clothes dust covered.

"Drunk!" was the disgusted cry, but Joshua Barnard, who looked more closely, said, "A sunstroke. Take him to the house carefully," and followed, wiping his heated brow. He felt charitable now towards all strangers. Was it not a stranger that Hester perhaps loved?

There was confusion in the brown farmhouse immediately, for Jane Barnard was in her element when she had a sick person on her hands, and she unceremoniously left Hester with the housework below while she took possession of the sick room. She was attracted by the unconscious man, with his handsome face and refined appearance.

"How is he?" Hester asked, when her mother finally descended.

"He'll be all right after my nursing," that worthy personage remarked, and forthwith launched into a glowing description of her patient.

Hester's curiosity was roused; so like from her mother's description, yet —. A wild thought flashed through her head, and she stole upstairs with a beating heart and paused on the threshold. She felt dizzy and closed her eyes. "It could not be," she kept saying; "he is miles away away from here." Yet when she

finally did look at the unconscious face of the man before her a look of passionate joy came into her eyes.

"Thank Heaven, Herbert, darling!" she cried, and as if a spell were broken he looked at her. A smile of recognition came to his lips and with a murmured endearment he tried to draw her to him.

"I have found him, mother!" her daughter said, with a smile through her tears, and as though this explained it all she turned to her father's open arms.

When Herbert Strong recovered and went away with his young bride, even Jane Barnard had become reconciled to her new son-in-law, and never again in her life did she mention Nat Parkins's name. She accepted her defeat.

Sioux Indians.

"I have had a good many scrimmages with Indians of various tribes, but the wildest and woolliest of the whole copper-colored breed are the Sioux," said Major Dan Allen, one of the original "pathfinders" of the trackless West, now the guest of the Laelette. "Most Indians are born sneaks and cowards, who do their fighting from cover, but the Sioux fears nothing, and would fight Napoleon's Old Guard in an open field. A bluff won't work on them worth a cent, and when they tackle you, you can just make up your mind to do some killing or lose your scalp."

"I was out in the southwestern part of what is now South Dakota a few years ago with a hunting party, when we encountered a lot of bucks on the war-path. There were twenty of them, while my party only numbered half a dozen. But the redskins had the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, while we were armed with Winchesters. There wasn't a rock or tree for miles, and we had to just stand up to the rack and take our fodder. One of the party was a mining engineer who had been prospecting for payrock and had with him several pounds of dynamite and an electric battery.

He was a Yankee, one of those quick-witted people that would find a way to get out of perdition though all Milton's terrors guarded the exit. He concealed the explosive in the grass, attached his wire, and we retreated slowly about 400 yards and stopped. The redskins didn't waste any time maneuvering; they came and saw and expected to conquer in short order. On they came, straight as the crow flies, and we lay down in the grass with rifles cocked. I tell you it was an interesting moment for us. If the battery failed to do its duty we were gone to a man. But it didn't. The 'blue-belle' had dropped his hat near his Vesuvius, so that he could tell just when to touch the button.

As the foremost horse reached the hat he turned on the current. There was an explosion that made the very ground reel, and the air for forty rods was full of horse flesh and fragments of noble red men, saddles and rifles, blankets and buckskin. 'Now's our time, boys,' I called, and we ran forward and began pumping the lead into the terrified savages as fast as we could pull a trigger. The rest of the party took flight, and I am known among the Sioux to this day as the thunder-maker. The title does not belong to me, but it is mighty good capital out in their country."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Clothes of Bark.

The Ainos weave a very durable coarse cloth from the fibrous bark of the mountain elm. For this purpose the bark is softened by soaking in water, after which it is easily separated into thin, wide ribbons, and these are readily split into long, slender threads. The threads are tied together end to end and wound into balls. From this material the coat, which is the principal garment, is manufactured. A narrow belt is worn around the waist. The women usually wear an undergarment of cotton, and occasionally an apron. Leggings are worn by both sexes, and sandals in the summer time. These latter are made of walnut bark. The winter clothing is composed of skins of animals. For traveling in the snow, shoes of fishskin are employed, consisting of wooden frames with thongs of bearskin. The Ainos have no writings, no records of their past, no aspirations. They are incapable of advancement. Their language is still a puzzle. After a century of contact with the Japanese they have learned no arts, adopted no improvements. The hunter today shoots the bear with poisoned arrow from a bow as primitive as that used by paleolithic man. Some of the males are so completely covered with hair that their bodies can hardly be seen.—[Washington Star.]

LOST CHILDREN:
THOUSANDS ARE FOUND IN NEW YORK STREETS EVERY YEAR.

How They Are Cared For—They Are Taken to Police Headquarters When Found—A Sharp Trick.

HUNDREDS of children are lost in the streets of New York every year, according to the Press. Last year the number ran up into the thousands.

A lost child is certain to attract attention immediately. It stands in the streets, digs its fists into its eyes and sets up a cry which immediately brings a number of kind-hearted people to its rescue. Then along comes a policeman. He is told the story, so far as the little one's lips and mind can manage to tell it. He takes the child under his protecting wing and escorts it to the station in his precinct. Thence it is sent to Headquarters. A general alarm is sent out to every precinct in the city, notifying the sergeants that a child has been found, and giving a description of the child and its name, if the child can talk and remembers it.

At Headquarters Sergeant Harley, whose room is on the Mulberry street end of the big white building, takes charge of the child and enters its name on the great blotter, where thousands of other lost children's names already stand.

But the little boy or girl needs care which only a woman can give, so upstairs it goes to what is known as the "Sky Parlor." This is Matron Travis's own domain. Mrs. Travis has been mother to more children in the time she has been at Headquarters than has any other woman in the city. Delivered into her care the children are washed and fed, and calmed by being told that they "will see mamma soon."

The "Sky Parlor" is a room about twenty feet square, with a bare floor. Flere little cots are placed against the wall on one side, a big round table covered

with a piece of oilcloth stands in the middle of the room, and on one side is an old secretary. Ranged along another side of the room are half a dozen high chairs such as are seen about police stations.

The children are kept here for two days. If not called for in that time they are turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children or to some similar institution.

Last year no fewer than 3137 children were found by the police, lost in this city. Of these 5996 were restored to their parents or guardians; the remainder was sent to institutions. Of these lost children 3034 belonged in New York, and sixty-two were the children of people from out of town who had come into the city for a day's business or pleasure.

Summer is the time when children play in the streets more than they do at any other season of the year. Consequently more of them succeeded in getting themselves lost in the months of July, August and September than at any other period.

Children of the poorer class of people make up the largest number of the lost

of benefit to themselves. Lately some of them worked up an idea which does credit to their shrewdness, however it may reflect upon their honesty and their regard for the comfort of their offspring.

They learned that if their children were found on the street lost, they could be quickly picked up by the watchful guardians of the peace and taken to the station. The good natured officers would not allow the children to suffer from hunger in their care, but would buy crackers and cake and often candy to keep the children quiet. Then, too, the children are kept in the ward room where the policemen rest and are kept amused by the officers. They know, also, that the children are not taken to headquarters until 8 o'clock in the evening.

So they hit upon the scheme of having the children cared for in this way. Not to risk the danger of turning the children adrift on the street whenever the parents wished to make a day's excursion themselves they would send the children around to the station house in the charge of some friend or relative. The children were represented as lost and left in charge of the bluecoats and entered on the blotter as lost.

The scheme worked for a long while, and Captain Cross's station house, on Eldridge street, was crowded daily with lost (f) children. On Decoration Day, when the scheme was at the height of its success, eighty-seven children were entered on the blotter as lost. Sergeant Judd noticed that a number of children were brought by the same people twice. Then he adopted the rule that the person who brought a child to the station house must care for it for the day. The plan had the desired effect and somewhat broke up the practice.

The Largest Sailing Ship.

The largest sailing ship in the world, the Roanoke, has reached New York from Bath, Me. She is 335 feet long, 49 feet in breadth and 29 feet deep. With four masts she has a spread of 20,000 square yards of canvas. She registers 3400 tons gross and 2530 tons net. She is to ply between New York City and San Francisco, under command of J. P. Hamilton, of Brooklyn.

of some admirer and is picked up by the police. Most of the lost children are found on the east side of the city, where people of many nationalities are crowded together. The reason for this lies, perhaps, in the fact that each gathered nationality forms a community by itself, and the children, being kept within the community of which their parents are members, do not become familiar with the surrounding streets. Consequently when they stray a few blocks away they are as hopelessly lost as though they were set down in the middle of a strange city.

Then, too, in these busy, crowded neighborhoods many do not know their next door neighbors by sight, to say nothing of their next door neighbor's children. For this reason many a child has been picked up by a policeman, lost and crying, within a few streets of where its parents live. Cases have occurred, indeed, where children, unable to tell their names, have been lost on the same block on which their parents lived. Some people move about so much that their young children have no time to become acquainted with a neighborhood, and when, evading the mother's eye, they slip out into the street, they cannot find the

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.
SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS!
Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

HORSES AND TRAINERS KILLED.
A COLLISION CAUSES THE DEATH OF FIVE MEN AND FOUR HORSES.

The Boston express freight collided with the Brattleboro freight at Harrison's Landing, Conn., on the New London Northern railroad. The men killed were Hinney and Gillen, of Brattleboro, N. Y.; Edward of Norwich, Conn.; McKenna, residence unknown. Of the five men nothing is known. The race horses killed were Teddy R. Brockway, Wonderful Cure and Jennie Maynard. The collision was caused through an error of the operator.

THE OFFICIAL BALLOT SETTLED.
 There is no longer any doubt that the size of the official ballot for Pennsylvania will be about 22x28 inches, varying in length according to the number of offices and candidates in the several counties, and the ballot will be certified from the State department in the form described in the circular of instructions issued yesterday by Chairman Reeder; that is, each of the five political parties will have its electoral ticket in a separate column. The various county commissioners are proceeding on this decision, and the ballots will all be ready in time for all voters to cast their ballot on election day.

HOUSEMAN'S BILL TO THE STATE.
 Warrants to the amount of \$352,242.64 have been drawn by Adjutant General Greenland for the expenses incurred by the State by calling out the entire division of the National Guard during the early days of the trouble at Homestead. Of this amount, \$395,935.34 was for individual pay; \$5,235.02, to quartermasters for supplies; \$12,189.90, horse hire; \$438.54, transportation; \$2,619.89, surgeon general; \$1,491.54, miscellaneous expenses; \$21,971.31, commissary. The total expense will reach \$699,000.

A FARMER DRAGGED TO DEATH.
 Thomas Roy, a farmer living six miles west of Washington met with a terrible death. He was driving home from Washington when his team ran away, throwing him out in such a way that the wagon gear caught and dragged him along where the horses trampled upon him. About a year ago Roy met and made up with the wife from whom he had been parted for twenty-five years.

TERRIBLE WORK OF AN ENGINE.
 A carriage containing A. D. Maxwell, the two Misses Taylors and Miss Kate Houghawent was returning from Trevorton and while crossing the Reading Railroad near Shamokin an engine dashed into the carriage. Maxwell received fatal injuries and Miss Taylor and Miss Houghawent were terribly bruised. The former's sister was found under the wreck of the carriage, covered with blood. She cannot recover.

THE SCHUYLKILL DRYING UP.
 The Schuylkill River is so low several miles below Reading that boats have at times become grounded at that point, where the river and canal are one. The river has not been so low as now for 50 years, and some miles above Reading it contains hardly more water than a small creek. Wells are drying up and wheat soon last month is dying.

KILLED BY A HUNTING ACCIDENT.
 Ten days ago Harry Groman, of Hantsdale, was accidently shot in the abdomen while out hunting with an Italian named Thomas Helm, and Friday he died from his injuries. This the second tragedy in this locality within a year.

RECENTLY ARCHIBALD SMITH and a friend named Wyman of Wilkesbarre, obtained an option on 250 acres of land in Schuylkill county. In exercising it Monday they struck a vein of anthracite coal valued at \$3,000,000. The option cost them \$10,000.

NESTOR REDBCK, of Greene county, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and serve nine months in the Allegheny work house, and Nathaniel Chambers to pay a fine of \$500 and serve three months in jail for illegal liquor selling.

JACK RAMSEY, the outlaw who was with Frank Cooley when he was shot, and is now awaiting trial in the "Pulton" jail, is getting a neat income by selling his photographs to curious visitors.

A LITTLE SON OF J. D. Brewer, of Greensburg, was accidentally drowned in a spring Tuesday evening.

At Shenandoah, Michael McKee, aged 65, was instantly killed by being crushed between mine cars on the Robinson dirt bank, and Jeremiah Burns, aged 15, was horribly mangled at Ellanga colliery by falling into revolving machinery.

GOV. PATTISON'S PROCLAMATION.
The Recommendations as to the Celebration of Columbus Day.

The following is the full text of the proclamation issued by Governor Pattison declaring Friday, Oct. 21, to be a general holiday:

Whereas, in accordance with the joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, the President of the United States, by proclamation, has appointed Friday, October the 21st, 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a general holiday for the people of the United States; and

Whereas, the President has recommended that the people on that day, as far as possible, cease from toil, and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer, and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life; and

Whereas, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has a special interest in this anniversary by reason of the magnificent progress made by the people of the State during the centuries since the discovery.

Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, governor of the State of Pennsylvania, do recommend Friday, the twenty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, as a general holiday. On that day in the schoolhouses, in the churches and other places of assembly of the people, let there be appropriate services, teaching loyalty to our country and gratitude for the divine benediction which has so abundantly blessed our people.

Given under my hand and great seal of the State, at the city of Harrisburg, this third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and seventeenth.

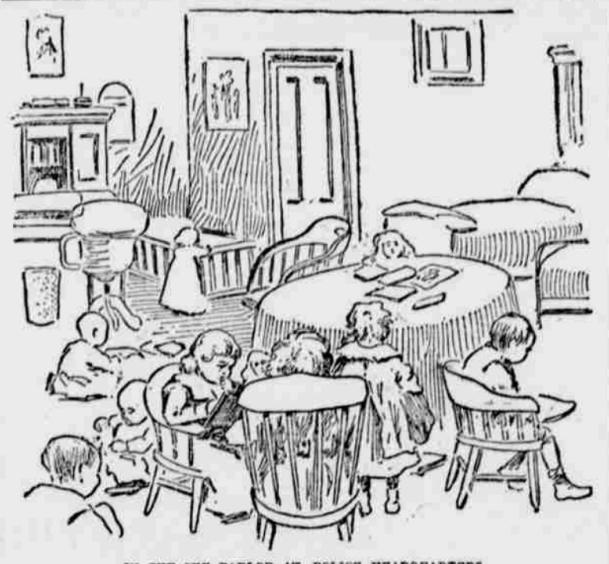
ROBT. E. PATTISON.



IN GOOD HANDS.



IN THE SKY PARLOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



IN THE SKY PARLOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



FOUND.