

THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU. MISSOURI.

IN THE SHADOW.

We walk within the shadow, and we feel
Its thickening fold
That wraps us round and holds us close, a
cloak against the cold;
The day is growing sadder, and the joyous
light has fled,
And beneath our feet the road is rough, and
clouds are overhead.

We sit within the shadow, and in that si-
lence dumb,
To us in softened echoes remembered
voices come;
Dear eyes that closed in slumber once, dear
hands that straightened lie,
Awaken tender yearnings as the day wanes
slowly by.

We rest within the shadow, though the
hurry people go
On errands swift for gold and gain, be-
yond us, to and fro;
We have no care for transient things; we
wish no more to strive
As once we did; we rest, we dream, we feel
but half alive.

Our resting and our waiting, and our plod-
ding on the way,
With the sunshine of the past casting
darkness on to-day,
With no caring for the future, while the
heartache holds us fast,
With no thought for any pleasure—ah! 'tis
well these cannot last.

For the shadow always lifts, and the sun-
light glows again;
There are sudden gleams of brightness,
sweet clear shining after rain;
And we gird ourselves for action, strength-
ened we arise and go
From the sanctuary outward, where the
feet tramp to and fro.

Life must have its sometime sorrow, but
the years that drift along
Touch the minor chords but seldom; there
are spaces blithe with song.
Sometimes we must face the shadow,
where the wind blows keen and cold,
But the shadow fades at dawning, and the
east is flecked with gold.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Maga-
zine.

THE NEW TENANT.

OW, Mary, I have
spoken!" Mr. Peel
threw himself
back in his chair
as if that settled the
matter once for
all.

"I heard you,
dear," sweetly re-
sponded Mrs. Peel.
"and now listen to
me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's
offer, and he will enter the adjoining
house as tenant to-morrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted
Phineas, jumping from his chair and
bringing his fist down on the table.
"Do you think I am going to have Rhyd
cottage turned into a menagerie, and
my garden into a howling wilderness?
The house may remain tenantless for-
ever, but Herr Schmidt and his mon-
strosities shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a
naturalist."

"I know it!" stormed Phineas. "I've
heard of these plaguey naturalists be-
fore. I've no desire to come down-
stairs some fine morning to find a ring-
tailed monkey sitting on the window
sill, acting as referee while the kang-
aroos and crocodiles play leapfrog over
the flower beds. No, madam! No
naturalists for Phineas Peel!"

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her
temper to get the better of her. She
laughed softly at her husband's fears,
and did not alter her determination in
the least.

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas,"
she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is a
portion of my property? If I choose
to let it to a naturalist—even though
he be a foreigner—I am perfectly just-
ified in doing so."

This was true enough, and Phineas
calmed down.

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'mon-
strosities,' as you call it," went on
Mrs. Peel, "probably contains nothing
more dangerous than a death's head
moth in a bottle. Anyhow, I have no
intention to disappoint him."

"But I—"

"You will treat him with the respect
due from one gentleman to another,
Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And
now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phineas Peel was—though at times
he doubted it—a lucky fellow. He had
carried off a young and handsome woman
from a host of suitors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to
bestow her hand and fortune on such

as a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the
diminutive Phineas Peel was always a
mystery to her acquaintances. The
wedding was an accomplished fact be-
fore her relatives had recovered from
the shock caused by the announcement
of her engagement.

Mary appeared to be happy enough,
too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was
not a bad sort of fellow. He was jeal-
ous, that was true, but his wife came
to regard that as an extra proof of
his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd
cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken-
down old man, Phineas would have

stretched out the right hand of fellow-
ship. But alas! Herr Schmidt was
young and handsome—far too hand-
some, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, tak-
ing his hat from the peg and making
for the door; "you have overruled me
as usual, and must be prepared for the
consequences. In less than a week we
shall have the house and garden over-
run with every conceivable variety of
reptile—from the beastly lizard to the
boa constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly
forth with the merry laughter of his
wife ringing in his ears.

II.

A month or more had passed, and so
far the fears of Phineas had proved to
be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "mon-
strosities" had been kept well within
bounds, and as yet Mr. Peel had not
seen so much as a strange caterpillar
in his garden, which never looked bet-
ter.

However, he was not happy. He had
taken an aversion to the new tenant
from the first, and would never be sat-
isfied until he had got rid of him.

"Confound the fellow," muttered
Phineas one evening, as he sat on an
upturned bucket behind the peasticks,
"he's prowling about on the other side
of the hedge again. Hope he won't catch
sight of me, for I'm about tired of his
oil tongue and eternal smile. Hullo!
what the deuce is the meaning of this?"

Down the garden path tripped Mrs.
Peel. The naturalist was evidently ex-
pecting her, and greeted her with a
smile that almost brought tears into
the eyes of the furious Phineas.

"Good evening," he said. "You vos
joost a lecture late!"

It was evident that this was not the
first chat indulged in over the boundary
hedge. Though Phineas strained his
ears, he could not catch the drift of the
conversation. Like a flash he remem-
bered that Mary had often of late taken
a stroll in the garden at dusk. Was
this the explanation?

Phineas had been glaring at the
couple from behind the peasticks for
ten minutes or so, when he saw his wife
take a rosebud from his favorite tree
and hand it over the hedge with a
charming smile to the delighted Herr
Schmidt. Then, with a pleasant "Good
night," Mrs. Peel tripped lightly into
the house.

"You villain!" hissed Phineas, sav-
agely, jumping from his seat and shak-
ing his fist after the retreating figure
in the next garden. "I'll pay you out
for this!"

The rage of Mr. Peel was something
to be remembered. Nothing but blood,
he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs.
But he would be cautious. He would
smile and smile and murder while he
smiled. Seizing a peastick he tragically
buried it in the heart of an unoffend-
ing cabbage, and played havoc
with a stately row of sunflowers.

Half an hour later Mary saw him
take down a huge old-fashioned duck
gun from the hook in the hall.

"There's a German culture in the
neighborhood," he volunteered, im-
pressively, "and I'm going to bag him
at the first opportunity."

However, as nothing short of an
earthquake would have induced the old
gun to go off in any circumstances—
and Phineas had made assurances
doubly sure by dropping in the shot
first and powder afterward—the "cul-
ture" in question was not likely to be
seriously damaged, and Mary contented
herself with expressing a hope that her
husband would not hurt himself.

On the following evening Phineas
took up his old position in the garden,
with murder in his heart. Herr
Schmidt, however, did not put in an ap-
pearance. After waiting some time,
Phineas reentered the house and reared
his duck gun up in the hall in a con-
spicuous position.

He had almost decided to run up to
town and consult his brother John,
the detective, with a view to having
the movements of Herr Schmidt
watched, when he was startled by the
click of the letter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat.
Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it,
turned deadly pale, then hurried into
the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on
dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We
have not a moment to lose and must
clear out to-night. The front door is
unsafe. Will meet you at the back—
10:30 sharp."

There was no signature.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas,
after reading the note for a third time.
"I'd no idea matters had gone so far.
Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt," he added grimly
—"I'll meet you at 10:30 sharp."

III.

It was about 10:45, and raining heav-
ily. Phineas Peel, seated on a wall
overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage,
with his duck gun laid across his knees,
was beginning to feel uncomfortable.
"The note said 10:30," he muttered.
"It must be after that time now. What's
that?"

Phineas had caught the sound of
heavy feet moving cautiously over the
gravel. He grasped his gun and peered
into the gloom, but could distinguish
nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently
at the front of the house. He was about
to quit his position, under the impres-
sion that Herr Schmidt was leaving by
the front door, after all, when one of
the back windows was cautiously raised
and the little form of the naturalist
dropped lightly to the ground.

Crawling along the side of the wall
on which Phineas lay, he presented an
excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however,
could not bring himself to shoot a man
down in cold blood. He would give
him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted.
The effect of the challenge was
scarcely what Phineas had anticipated.
Herr Schmidt darted forward and
seized the barrel of the gun.

He was much the stronger of the two,
and Phineas was pulled from the wall
in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of

his back on the gravel in a half-dazed
condition, he saw the tall form of
Schmidt standing over him with the
gun raised.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool,"
he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now,
quick, help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threaten-
ing attitude of the other induced him
to rise. However, he had no intention
of giving in.

Obedying his instructions, he caught
hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a
leg up." Before the naturalist could
grip the top of the wall, however, Phineas
saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he
exerted all his strength and pulled
Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell
flat on his face, and before he could re-
cover himself Phineas jumped on his
back and seized him around the throat,
emitting a yell that would have done
credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was
dragged off from behind and found him-
self in the clutches of a burly member
of the local police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt,
who struggled in vain to free himself.
"What am I arrested for?" gasped
Phineas. "There's your man!"

Phineas would no doubt have been
led off with the other prisoner but for
the timely arrival on the scene of the
lost person in the world he had ex-
pected to see—his brother John!

"Here, what on earth is the meaning
of all this?" he demanded, when, as
the result of John Peel's interference,
he found himself free.

John stayed behind a minute or two
to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "nat-
uralist," and Edward Harper—the no-
torious forger who had defied New
Scotland Yard for the past six weeks—
were one and the same.

"It was a smart dodge of Harper's,"
said John Peel, "and he might have got
clear away but for that clever wife of
yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the
man from the first, and supplied me
from time to time with valuable infor-
mation. It is to her entirely that the
credit of the capture is due. Tell her
I'll call round and thank her myself to-
morrow. By-the-by, the gang of which
he was the head got wind of our inten-



"STOP, YOU SCOUNDREL!"

tions, and a man was dispatched with
a warning. Harper doesn't appear to
have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand
things a little more clearly.

"I suppose this will be it," he re-
marked, producing the note and hand-
ing it to his brother. "You see, the
messenger left it in the wrong door,
and I—er—I thought I might as well
see the fun."

For some little time after Phineas
was of the opinion that he had made a
fool of himself. Later, however, he
has taken a different view of the mat-
ter, and is never tired of relating how
he literally "dropped on" Harper, the
forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist,
next door.—Casell's Saturday Jour-
nal.

Another Mother and Man.

The truth of the adage about the
hand that rules the world being the
one that rocks the cradle is again ex-
emplified, but this time not in the
world of statesmanship, but in that of
science. Nicola Tesla, who ranks with
Edison in electrical invention, was, as
a boy in Montenegro, full of mischief,
and also under the guidance of a re-
markable woman—his mother. He
once went by himself to a chapel in the
hills back of his native town, and man-
aged to get himself locked in it at night.

A search was made for him, but there
was no clew until, clear and sharp on
the night air, rang out the tones of
the chapel bell. Nicola was cold, nerv-
ous and hungry when found. On an-
other occasion, when up to some boyish
pranks, his mother suddenly appeared
on the scene. He was so startled that
he fell into a kettle of fresh milk, spoil-
ing the milk and his clothes at the
same time. Like many other men who
have become famous along one line of
usefulness, young Tesla was started in
life at another line. His father wanted
him educated for the church, but his
mother encouraged his scientific
tastes, and finally had her way. She
was a woman of unusual ability, force
of character and ingenuity. This last
characteristic was developed in her em-
broidery, which was of artistic and
original designs, and made her famous
all through the part of Montenegro in
which she lived. To his mother's love
and influence Tesla attributes much of
his manhood's success.—Harper's
Round Table.

Afraid He Would Be Ruined.

When Spenser had finished his famous
poem, "The Fairy Queen," he carried it
to the earl of Southampton, the great
patron of the poets of that day. The
manuscript being sent up to the earl,
he read a few pages and then ordered
his servant to give the writer £20.
Reading on, he cried in a rapture:
"Carry that man another £20." Pro-
ceeding further, he exclaimed: "Give
him £20 more." But at length he lost
all patience and said: "Go turn that
fellow out of the house, for if I read fur-
ther I shall be ruined."—Chicago Trib-
une.

HUMOROUS.

—She—"Why do you love me, dear-
est?" He—"Er—why—because you are
not like other girls, for one reason."
She—"Who were the other girls?"—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Open to Discussion.—He—"They
say that ill-temper will make a woman
grow ugly in appearance." She—"More
likely it is the other way. Losing her
looks will make a woman grow ill-tem-
pered."—Indianapolis Journal.

—What is the matter with the din-
ner, Mary?" asked Mrs. Hicks, im-
patiently. "It's an hour late." "Yes, said
to have cold roast beef for dinner,
ma'am; it's cookin' it's been up to twen-
ty minutes ago."—Harper's Bazar.

—Bigson—"I once possessed a splen-
did dog, who could always distinguish
between a vagabond and a respectable
person." Jigson—"Well, what's be-
come of him?" Bigson—"Oh, I was
obliged to give him away. He bit me."
—Tit-Bits.

—The Lost Adjective.—Count Le
Fraug (rapturously)—"Zere is only
vun vord in ze Eenglish language to
describ-ribe your beauty, Mees Gold-
rox." Miss Goldrox—"Oh, count!"
Count Le Fraug—"And unfortunately
I half forgotten vat ett ees."—Har-
per's Bazar.

—Richard—"They say that kissing is
dangerous. Do you believe it?" Rob-
ert—"It is when any third person hap-
pens to see you. It is more than likely
if that woman over there had not been
witness to a transaction of that kind,
I should not have been her son-in-law."
—Boston Transcript.

—Counsel for the Defense—"You
have heard the testimony of Mr. Brown
for the prosecution. Now, did you ever
hear Mr. Brown's reputation for truth
and veracity questioned?" Witness—
"Not directly; but he has a baby at his
house, he owns a dog and rides a bi-
cycle, and he is an amateur fisherman."
Counsel—"That will do, sir." Counsel
for the prosecution—"We do not care to
cross-examine the witness, your honor."
—Boston Transcript.

OLD BUILDINGS IN SARDINIA.

The Mystery of Their Construction Not
Yet Penetrated.

For centuries past the ingenuity of
learned men has been exercised on the
Noraghe of Sardinia, but to this day
they have not been able to discover the
origin of these famous buildings
than had the Romans before them.
They were unable to say whether they
were used for tombs or fire temples, for
trophies of victory, for observatories,
or merely for human dwelling places.

More than 3,000 of them have been
counted in Sardinia, standing on arti-
ficial mounds 30 or 60 feet high, and
measuring at the base 100 to 200 feet
in circumference. They are usually
in the shape of towers, built with im-
mense blocks of stone roughly hewn
with hammers. No cement is used in
their structure, nor is there any in-
scription to indicate their origin.

A low entrance at one side leads into
a long and lofty passage, communicat-
ing by a very low door with a domed
chamber beyond. On either side of this
small cells have been formed in the
walls. A spiral staircase rising steeply
from the dome leads to another but
somewhat smaller chamber above, and
again beyond this to the broken top
of the Noraghe.

Nothing has been found within these
buildings, and to this day their exist-
ence is a mystery.

In the same vicinity other buildings
have been discovered which are no less
puzzling to antiquaries. The general
opinion is that they were built for the
purpose of burying giants.

The most interesting archaeological
mysteries of this country are the Dene-
s of Essex and Middlesex. They are per-
pendicular shafts sunk in the earth,
with lateral caves at the bottom, but
the purpose for which they were dug
out has never been discovered. It is
possible, however, that they might
have been used as granaries or even as
places of refuge in time of trouble.

The Rathes of Kerry form an inter-
esting study, the only conclusion that
has been arrived at, however, being
that they were inhabited at some re-
mote age by a race of dwarfs. The dis-
trict is covered with hundreds of green
mounds, beneath which, when the earth
has been removed, it is seen that there
are tiny underground buildings.

A small opening, through which a
man is barely able to crawl on his hands
and knees, gives access to the inclosed
and walled-in space beyond, which is
divided into several smaller chambers.
Each one communicates with the other
by a small hole, a similar aperture be-
ing made in the outer wall for the pur-
pose of ventilation. A rude fireplace is
sometimes found in a remote corner,
but no outlet beyond the holes for ven-
tilation is provided for the smoke.
Very little more than this is known
about these mysterious habitations.—
London Tit-Bits.

A Beneficent Lake.

According to Prof. Forel, of Lau-
sanne, the Lake of Geneva, lying in the
deep valley between the Alps and Jura
mountains, performs a remarkable
work for the benefit of man. During
the summer its waters store up a great
quantity of heat, which is slowly radi-
ated into the air in the course of the
following autumn. Thus the freezing
currents descending from the snow-
topped mountains around are warmed
and tempered, and the atmosphere
along the shore of the lake is main-
tained at a moderate temperature. The
excellence of the grapes which produce
the celebrated white wines of this re-
gion is thought to be largely due to the
influence of the lake upon the condition
of the atmosphere. But the remote de-
scendants of the present inhabitants
will experience quite a different state
of affairs, for Prof. Forel says that in
64,000 years the river Rhone will
have turned the lake into a broad plain,
by means of the soil it is constantly car-
rying down from the mountains.—
Youth's Companion.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

How to Make the Company Room Cheer-
ful and Attractive.

The term drawing-room, formerly the
room in which company withdrew from
the dining-room, is a much more ap-
propriate term in its origin than the
more common parlor, which was the
room in which the sisters of the old nur-
series met to gossip and parley. It has
been a practice of late to decree the
necessity of a separate room in an ordi-
nary dwelling house for the reception
of company. In a large house,
where there are plenty of servants to
look after the house and control the
degradation of children, there is really
less need of a special room than in a
plainer home where the mother and
housekeeper does her own work. The
plea which some such housekeepers
make, that they must have one room
that is kept in order, free from the in-
roads of dust, and which will always be
in readiness for the reception of the
casual guest, is founded on reason. It
is not possible for any woman with a
large family, and one who does her own
work, to keep every portion of the house
in that ideal state of order which can be
attained with sufficient and capable
household help. She does not care to
display the necessary makeshifts of her
housekeeping to the critical eyes of
casual friends. It is not necessary that
this "company room" should be so eleg-
antly furnished that the rest of the
house is bare and uncomfortable. It
may be simply and tastefully furnished
at a comparatively small expenditure
of money. A simple matting, with a
few bright rugs of tastefully-chosen
rag carpet, makes a more desirable
floor covering than a gaudy tapestry
Brussels. Any carpet in an apart-
ment which is not in general use is
likely to be attacked by moths. Cotton
draperies are now found in most at-
tractive colors in "velvets" and tapers-
tries, as well as in sheer colored mus-
lins and Madras cloths in stained glass
effects.

These tapestries and hangings, in the
designs of the English art decorators,
are no more expensive than the showy,
cheaply-made chenilles, and will last
much longer, either as furniture cov-
ering or as drapery.

An open fire is an agreeable feature
of a room of this kind. If one lives
near the mountains, pine cones and
knots of pine supply a beautiful fire,
readily kindled when needed. If one
lives near the seashore a supply of
driftwood can be easily obtained, and
it is unnecessary to rehearse the beauty
of this opalescent flame. A few simple
vases of bitter-sweet and fluffly swamp-
grasses, ferns ripened to a golden hue
and bleached a ghost-like white, supply
the most beautiful decoration. Good
casts of masterpieces are even cheaper
than good photographs, and both are
to be preferred to inferior oil paint-
ings.—N. Y. Tribune.

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

The Former Found a Way Out of the
Latter's Dilemma.

A clergyman was standing at the cor-
ner of a square in the city on Thanks-
giving day about the hour of dinner,
says the Philadelphia American, when
one of his countrymen, observing the
worthy father in perplexity, thus ad-
dressed him:

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your
riverence?"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the re-
ply.

"Put out—who'd put out your river-
ence?"

"Ah; you don't understand; that is
just it. I am invited to dine at one of
the houses in this square and I have
forgotten the name and I never looked
at the number and now it is nearly six
o'clock."

"Och, is that all?" was the reply.

"Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll
settle that for you."

So saying, away went the good-na-
tured Irishman around the square,
glancing at the houses and when he
discovered lights that denoted hospi-
tality he rang the doorbell and in-
quired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again
he was repulsed. At length an angry
footman exclaimed:

"No, bother on Father O'Leary! he
is not here, but he was to dine here to-
day and the cook is in a rage and says
the dinner will be spoiled. All is wait-
ing for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaped from the door as if the
steps were on fire and rushed up to
the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your riverence; you
dine at 2145 and a mighty good dinner
you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor,
"the blessings of a hungry man be upon
you."

"Long life and happiness to your
riverence. I have your malady and only
wish I had your cure."—Chicago News.

New Passementeries.

Many of the new passementeries are
open patterned like the lace insertions
of the summer, and are, as a rule, with
straight edges, so that they can be ar-
ranged as insertions over bright satin
ribbon. Jacket bodices are trimmed
with these passementeries and ribbons
with charming effect. The short jacket
effects still continue to appear, with the
much-liked variation of making them
double-breasted all or a portion of the
way down. Many of these jackets are
part of the waist, being attached to it per-
manently, and are most often of wool
over silk, and sometimes a plastron
placed at the throat covered with velvet.
—St. Louis Republic.

Scalloped Mushrooms.

Peel a quart of button mushrooms,
put into a saucepan with half a tea-
cup of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and
a teaspoonful of pepper, thicken with
cracker meal and let boil down. Put this
mixture in a baking-dish, cover the top
with grated cracker and bits of butter.
Set in the oven until brown.—Ladies' Home
Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rev. J. C. Plumb has recently be-
come pastor of the Congregational
church in Joplin, Mo., for the third time
since its organization.

—An effort is to be made this year
to raise the minimum salary received
by the ministers of the United Meth-
odist churches of England.

—Schoolma'ams are getting the up-
per hand in Great Britain. While 20
years ago there were 11,616 male teach-
ers to 14,901 female, last year the num-
bers were 26,270 men and 66,310 women.

—Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's little tract:
"A Protest Against Bazaars," states
that many English pastors and their
wives consider the bazar "a bondage
and a burden." The unexpected sale of
12,000 copies appears to confirm Mrs.
Spurgeon's thesis.