

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

The light on the mountain falls aslant;
The birds in the bush are still;
The cricket chirps in the pasture plain
When the cows come over the hill.

The swallows circle above the eaves;
A pale star mounts the sky;
The squirrels rustle the golden sheaves
When the cows are passing by.

Over the valley the shadows creep,
Darkening the green of the pine;
Down in the garden the honeybees sleep,
Missing the breath of the kine.

The tinkle of bells is sweet to my ear,
But sweeter the words of a song
That the singer is slowly bringing near
As she follows the cows along.

She sings of a lover whose faith is fast
Wherever his footsteps roam;
And her cheek grows red when we meet at
last.
As the cows are nearing home.
—New Bohemian.

FAIRBAIRN'S START.

Fairbairn's a successful man—especially since his wife's money has enabled him to write at leisure—and he's clever, but I do think he lacks resource. See here, this is from the morning paper:

"A sale of autograph letters was held yesterday at the rooms of Messrs. Lethbridge, White & Co., when some high prices were recorded.

"That's what I call an author, sir!" he exclaimed, as he gazed at his purchase; "I haven't read him and I don't know what he writes about, but it's good enough proof for me of his position when I have to pay in bank notes for his letters." And the old man glanced disparagingly in Fairbairn's direction.

This remark at once suggested to me my plan of action. I thought it out as I went home and the next day set to work.

First, I went to a well-known London dealer in autographs and bought \$125 worth of letters. I added to these—which included one by Carlyle and two of Thackeray's—a couple of notes written to me some years ago by Fairbairn and which I had hunted up among my papers.

I then went to one of the literary salesrooms and gave in all the letters—including Fairbairn's—with a commission for their sale at the next auction.

At the same time I obtained from the manager the names and addresses of half a dozen regular attendants at their auctions, and, calling a hansom, went to see each of them. My formula was the same in each case. I said: "At Blank's sale next Tuesday some of John Fairbairn's letters will be put up."

"Who's John Fairbairn?" was the invariable question that was interposed.

"He's the author of 'Lucy Armitage,' and—er—er, why, surely you know him?"

But none of the six men did, so I told each of them privately to bid for these two letters of Fairbairn's for me. I named my price limit at \$50 for bidder "A" and at \$75 for bidder "B," letting my limit to the four others increase by \$5 from \$50 to \$75. They all thought I was mad, I suppose, but as I paid the necessary deposit they agreed to bid for me.

I had put my plan in shape, and now set about the most effective denouncement of it as regards old Hay. Two days later I received from the salesrooms a printed catalogue, which contained particulars of the letters I had given in for the sale, and which did not mention my name as the owner of them.

With this in my pocket, I went over to Eastbrook in the evening, as I sometimes did, for a game of billiards, and, during the game, turned the talk on to Hay's hobby.

"By the way, I was so interested with those autographs you showed me last Monday that I am thinking of making a collection." Hay pricked up his ears at this, and at once assented to my request that he would give me the benefit of his experience.

"I got this catalogue to-day from Blank's," I went on, as I took it from my pocket. "You might look through it and mark what you think likely." And I gave the catalogue to him and took up my cue.

Hay had not looked long at the list before he exclaimed, "Who is this? John Fairbairn, two early letters? Who's John Fairbairn?" (That was the seventh time of asking.)

"Why, you know Fairbairn, Mr. Hay—he dined here last Monday."

"What? Him! Who the devil wants his letters, I should like to know?"

"Your stroke, sir," I said, "and let me tell you that Fairbairn is a long way higher up the ladder than I fancy you think he is—from your remark."

"Nonsense!" replied the old gentleman, as he slammed the red into a bottom pocket.

I went on with my stroke, and, before I left, we arranged to meet at Blank's.

As the sale progressed I secured some of the minor items marked, and my Carlyle and Thackeray letters were bought by Hay himself, who bid for them after asking me if I intended to secure them. The prices fetched were more than I had paid for them on the preceding Tuesday.

It was very funny to watch the auctioneer as he announced, "Two early letters by John Fairbairn."

Fairbairn's fiancée was 20, and she had confided to my wife that she couldn't touch the money that came to her from her mother if she married without her father's consent under the age of 25.

On the following Monday I went to dinner at Mr. Hay's. The only other guests were Fairbairn and a Miss Peters—a friend of Ellnor's.

After dinner the old man got showing us some of his things, and Fairbairn, at my advising, played up to old Hay and admired his autograph letters when he pulled out his portfolio.

I remember one he showed us was a little scrap written by Charles II. when a boy to his guardian, the earl of Newcastle, who had been chiding him for not taking his medicine.

"My lord, I would not have you take too much phialick; for it doth allways make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you," ran this letter, and I nearly sent Hay into a fit when I suggested he should lend it to me for a simple production, with the addition, "Take Pinkerton's Pills, Charles P." (Mr. Hay died last year and his daughter recently gave me Charles II.'s letter. You may like to see it a natural before it goes on the boardings.)

Later in the evening the old gentleman showed me some recent acquisitions, and among them was an early letter he had bought, at a high price, written by George Meredith.

"That's what I call an author, sir!" he exclaimed, as he gazed at his purchase; "I haven't read him and I don't know what he writes about, but it's good enough proof for me of his position when I have to pay in bank notes for his letters." And the old man glanced disparagingly in Fairbairn's direction.

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He did not want to give himself away as a connoisseur, and so his voice lacked the smack of importance which it had when he announced some of the other lots. On the other hand, he did not want to appear as a novice, and so between the two negative wants Mr. Quilter looked fairly pained.

But this was lost on Mr. Hay, who was examining one of his purchases,

but as a bid of \$10 was quietly offered by one of my agents I whispered to Hay, "Fairbairn's letters are being offered."

"Twelve dollars," came sharp from another of my six bidders, and "\$15" from another on Hay's left. The old gentleman looked puzzled.

"Twenty," called out my "P" man, who sat on the other side of the table; "\$25," "\$30" and "\$40" were quickly reached before old Hay could get back the breath he had lost in his first gasp of astonishment.

Leaning toward him, I whispered, for I saw he was bit:

"Shall I bid?"

"No, no; leave it to me," he muttered, as he mopped his head in a dazed way. "This beats me, but they must be worth having, or Potter and Hayman and the others wouldn't be so keen."

"Fifty dollars" was reached, when to my immense surprise Mr. Hay called out "\$55," and as he was at once taken up and passed by my man "C." I leaned back in my chair and fairly luxuriated in the scene. The ordinary habits of the salesroom were completely non-plussed; but Hay did not notice it; he was too much engrossed. A bid of \$65 had come from my fourth limit man and Hay chimed in, only to be cut out by my fifth string with \$70.

With a thump on the table Hay looked at the auctioneer and gasped \$75. A final glance round, the mallet fell, and Mr. Hay had bought two of the despised John Fairbairn's letters!

Of course this settled the whole thing, for Hay was the last man ever to go back on his own judgment. As we went out together he said to me:

"You must forgive me for what I said the other evening about Mr. Fairbairn. I had no idea he stood so high. But you can't have a surer test of a man's position than the price his letters fetch."

I murmured a polite rejoinder, and said: "Your mistake was quite pardonable, Mr. Hay, for Fairbairn is one of those quietly brilliant men who are really right up at the top of the tree, but who make no fuss of self-advertisement."

"Yes, yes; it must be so, and I must make amends for my mistake. Will you come and meet him at dinner on Friday?"

On the morning after the dinner Fairbairn formally proposed for Miss Hay, and her father at once consented.

She gave my artist the necessary sittings for "Brought Up on Pinkerton's Pills," one of the best posters I have ever used, and the marriage took place within three months.

The income from his wife's money was not for long needed by Fairbairn, for the report of the sale of his letters brought him into prominent notice, and his own clever work cemented his success.

But you can now see why I started by saying that Fairbairn lacks resource, because he might have thought of the plan himself; but, then, he is merely a talented man—he has not the genius which is at the call of a writer of advertisements for Pinkerton's pills.

—Sketch.

Suspicious of "Dem Feet."

"Yes, boss, I see frozen ma feet, dat's wot I see done, shore 'nuff," said a colored longshoreman to an inspecting physician in one of the big city hospitals.

"That's hard luck. How did it happen?" asked the visitor.

"Well, it was jes' this way, boss: I was night-long the watch pretty late one winter, one or them cold nights we had a while ago. Tuesday, I think it was, let's see—today is Sunday, yes, 'twas las' Tuesday. I got pretty cold in my feet and they felt kinder queer, but I didn't think nothin' of it. I was speedin' a steamer in, yo' see, an' didn't think much 'bout ma feet, Nex' day they was kinder queer like, but I didn't bother 'bout 'em. Thursday 'twas that they got sorter sore, an' Friday they was wus. Felt pretty bad Friday. Come Saturday I couldn't stan' it no longer. They hurt scart'ous, an' I says to ma wife, 'Josephine,' says I, 'Ise gwinter to take off ma shoes an' see 'em feet, an' it's jus' as I'm tellin' you, boss. They was bote' froze.'"

—New York Press.

Prohibition in Pittsburg.

A practical prohibition movement has been started by the women of Pittsburg. About 200 women, representing nine denominations of the evangelical churches of Pittsburg and Allegheny, unanimously adopted the following resolution: "We pledge ourselves not to use any refreshments containing alcohol in our homes, or patronize caterers who insist on using liquors in their fees and desserts. We urge Christian ministers to preach upon this subject and also upon card-playing and questionable amusements, which are so demoralizing." The secretary was instructed to forward a message of appreciation to Miss Morton, sister of Secretary Morton, to Mrs. Cleveland and to members of the cabinet.

The Books Were Confiscated.

The Prussian police in Schleswig have averted what they no doubt regarded as a serious danger to the mighty German empire. They have discovered and promptly confiscated a number of books which bore on their covers the national flag of Denmark. The contents of the books were not less dangerous than the covers, for they consisted of nursery stories and instructions in cookery.

An Appropriate Gift.

Servant—Mrs. Borrowell sends word that she's got callers, and would you lend her a little cake.

THE WINTER BLASTS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE SHOWS HOW TO WARM THE WORLD.

A Unique Text and a Powerful Sermon—The Effect of the Untimely Cold—Warmth of the Church of God—The World's Fireplace.

Our Weekly Sermon.

The freezing blasts which have swept over the country at the time we expected spring weather make this sermon especially appropriate. Dr. Talmage's text was Psalm cxviii, 17, "Who can stand before his cold?"

The almanac says that the winds, and the frosts, and the thermometers, in some places down to zero, deny it. The psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut by the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like marbles and describes the congelation of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost? "Who can stand before his cold?" This challenge of the text has many times been accepted.

Oct. 19, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, 50,000 horses, 900 pieces of cannon, 40,000 stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wraithier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of arctic blasts with icicles for bayonets and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them, the flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth, but when the day broke they rove not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the east, brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized 100,000 men and hurled them dead into the snowdrifts and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. The freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text, "Who could stand before his cold?" In the middle of December, 1777, at Valley Forge, 11,000 troops were, with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snowbank.

Frigid Horrors.

As during our civil war the cry was, "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary campaign until Washington lost his camp and wrote emphatically, "I assure those gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fire and in comfortable homes to draw out campaigns for the American army, but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hillside, without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was one of the tragedies of the century. Benumbed, senseless, dead! "Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men, dying in arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew, falling back from the frozen hills of the north. "Not we," say the crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of American martyrs returned home for American sepulture. De Long and his men, the highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice—Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers much of the year are in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The cold is imperial and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and scepter of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1432, when all the birds of Germany perished, or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice, or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York harbor was frozen over and the heaviest teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winters, when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or thrashing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold."

Fireless Homes.

One half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the north, the cotton of the south, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every winter, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers, "None of us can stand before his cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms; that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how shall we warm this world up is a question of immediate and all encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coats are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out; wrap something around those shivering limbs; shoe those bare feet; hat that bare head; coat that bare back; sleeve that bare arm.

Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as befitting a royal ambassador. But Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's but in the encampment, the but 16 feet long by 34 feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington. Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glasses at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole souled men and women, are necessary to warm the wintry weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my

friends, there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? Is it useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner.

When I was a lad, I remember seeing two rough woodcutts, but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcutt represented the coming of the snow in winter and a lad poking out at the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance, he shouted, "It snows! It snows!" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child, wan and sick and ragged and wretched, was looking out, and he said, "Oh, my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief, according to our circumstances. But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here to consult with you as to the best way of warming up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door in which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the arctic zone into the temperate, and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater; it is the glorious furnace of Christian sympathy. The question ought to be, instead of how much heat can we absorb, how much heat can we throw out? There are men who go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting, the temperature drops from 80 above to 10 degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting, and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The church a great refrigerator. Christians gone into winter quarters. Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

The Good Samaritan.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket. I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied, "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald."

"Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets, whether anybody else is blanketless or not. Look at the fellow feeling displayed in the rocky dells between Jerusalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and mangled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? Why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there? But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After awhile a Levite comes up. He looks over and says: "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Gashed on the forehead. What a pity! Tut, tut! What a pity! Why, they have taken his clothes nearly all away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties."

After awhile a Samaritan comes along— one who you might suppose through a national grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Israelite. Coming along, he sees this man and says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is an Israelite, but he is a man, and he is a brother." "Whoa!" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up to this wounded man, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the heart of the unfortunate man is still beating, makes up his mind there is a chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some wine, then pours some of the restorative into the wounded man's lips, then takes some oil, and with it soothes the wound. After awhile he takes off a part of his garments for a bandage. Now the sick and wounded man sits up, pale and exhausted, but very thankful. Now the good Samaritan says, "You must get on my saddle, and I will walk." The Samaritan helps and tenderly steadies this wounded man until he gets him on toward the town, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind, I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan when I am an Israelite. You are very kind to walk and let me ride."

Christian Sympathy.

Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded man to dismount and puts him to bed. The Bible says the Samaritan staid all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he passed the night. Then he comes out, the Samaritan comes out, and says to the landlord: "Here is money to pay that man's board, and, if his convalescence is not so rapid as I hope for, charge the whole thing to me. Good morning, all!" He gets on the beast and says, "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits sweeping through the land may have somebody else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up? Famine in Zarephath. Everything dried up. There is a widow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of meal. Then she is going to wrap her arms around her boy and die. Here comes Elijah. His two black servants, the ravens, have got tired waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before it was to be divided into two parts. Now she says to

Elijah, "Come in and sit down at this solemn table and take a third of the last morsel." How many women like that would it take to warm the cold world up?

Warmed by Christ.

It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had a serene sky, balmy atmosphere, tropical luxuriance; no storm blasts in heaven; no chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasture is very poor on the hillsides. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulcher was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the arctic and the antarctic. He gave an intimation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when his warm lips, he melted and the blind man, and the paralytic and the lame man, and the pasture is very poor on the hillsides. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into the cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulcher was cold. Christ came, the great warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the arctic and the antarctic. He gave an intimation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when his warm lips, he melted and the blind man, and the paralytic and the lame man, and the pasture is very poor on the hillsides. 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