

A MOMENT'S PAUSE.

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life yesterday!
A little time to dream of sunlit hours
Spent where white towers rise against the sky;
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers,
To hear again the greeting and goodbye!

What is there, say you, in that far-off city
Of my past living and past loving left,
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity
And call the bitter sigh to the bereft?

The memory of a touch warm, trusting, clinging,
The memory of that touch grown cold as ice?
A voice hushed that was pure as wild bird's singing?
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice?

Only a grave? Life of today will teach me
Its stream fleets fast for sorrow and regret,
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me,
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life yesterday!
—L. Marion Jenks, in Donahue's.

A COUNTRY CRACKER.

According to his city schoolmates, Bubber Kump was a country cracker. And who knows better a child's social and financial standing than its school-fellows?

His face was not round and rosy, like other jolly, sweet-tempered boys, for Bubber was a slender child, with pale face, and lanky, straight hair, streaked in color with the shades of half-pulled molasses candy. He was subject to chills and fevers, which kept him away from school about half the time and gave his teacher an excuse for scolding him whenever there was no one else in particular for her to scold. His father was a section master on the Georgia railroad, and they lived in the "ten-mile" shanties, which were built on the side of the railroad and on the edge of a deep cut, through which the wind blew a perfect gale the whole year round.

But if by living on the cut Bubber acquired the chill and fever habit he also gained the knowledge which enabled him to save the lives of some 500 people—Sunday school children with the friends and teachers. It was the picnic of Bubber's Sunday school, but because it fell on his chill day his mother said he could not attend. So he contented himself with walking five miles up the railroad to Belair, the nearest station where the train would stop, with a huge bunch of flowers for his Sunday school teacher. This teacher, be it known, was one of the people who did not know about Bubber's being a country cracker, but considered him a jolly, amiable boy.

After handing the bouquet through the car window Bubber stood for a while looking wistfully at the train-load of happy children. Then something occurred which made his school-mates forget forever that he was homesick and poor, and this is how it happened.

Southward from Brazella the road drops down steadily for five or six miles. There follows the little rise to the top of Habersham hill, and then comes the sharp sag of a mile or more to Belair and the level valley of the Savannah.

John Johnson, or "Yucker," as he was called for short, was the most daring engineer on the Georgia and had the best run on the road until he joined the strike of the Knights of Labor. After the difficulty was settled and the strikers went back to work, Yucker, for the sake of discipline, was put to hauling way freight between Union Point and Augusta.

On this particular day, while his fireman was taking water at the big red tank at Thompson, Yucker went into the station for orders. He found out that there was nothing for him at Brazella or Belair. He had nothing to leave at either station, so he climbed back into his cab, meaning to go through to Wheelless to meet the up freight. Sometimes he met it at Belair, but whenever he got the chance he ran by and trusted to luck that it would be held for him at Wheelless.

It was in the early summer, and the green grass and bright flowers made the earth seem like a great garden. Yucker was half out of the window of his cab when his train passed through Brazella. His feet were on the running board, his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands. He was absorbed in the beauty of the landscape plunging past him, so he did not see the agent run out as the rear of the train reached the end of the platform and shout frantically at him.

Yucker had thirty cars behind him, so he climbed in from the window and gave the engine a bit more steam. Down the sag before Habersham hill the train thundered, gaining momentum every second. The engineer was getting ready for the rise to the top of the hill, and he meant to make the finest plunge down the other side that ever had been made. He meant to leave the agent at Belair dumb with astonishment and be half way to Wheelless before the operator could telegraph to the next station to hold up the freight. At the top of the hill he pulled the throttle out, hooked the lever up to be top of the

gauge, and down Habersham hill he roared under a full head of steam.

But the agent at Brazella had not caught the up freight at Wheelless, and when Yucker began to plunge down Habersham hill it was waiting for him at the bottom. That would have been all right, for the way freight had gone by dozens of times under just such circumstances, but there was the Sunday school excursion running special, and that was why the agent at Brazella had tried so desperately to stop the heedless engineer.

The special waited on the main line with the up freight on the siding; when the way freight came they were to "saw by." But they had not reckoned how it would come. With the engine leaping and lurching over the rails, the loaded cars rocking and reeling, the train shot down the frightful grade. The roar warned the men at the station of the impending danger, but Yucker was engrossed in contemplation of the landscape while his fireman sat with his back to the cab.

The people at the station were benumbed with fright. They stared with horror-stricken faces at the oncoming engine as some great demon hurrying to destroy the excursion train with its load of human freight. Paralyzed with fear they could neither move nor call aloud.

In the whole crowd there was but one who could think and act. He was a slender, pale-faced boy, and he rushed up the track toward the oncoming train. "Get out, get out," his shrill voice shouted to the men in the cab of the up freight. "Jump and run, jump and run."

He was tugging at a switch key, and they saw what he meant. So down the men jumped from the engine, while the boy ran on to the switch. His hands seemed paralyzed, so long did it appear before he forced it open; then he stepped back just as the way freight rushed by and ran full tilt into the up freight. There was a tremendous crash. The engine of the way freight rode over the other and smashed it into fragments. Then it sat down on its own cab with the forward truck in the air and one wheel whirling round like a millstone. The following cars piled up in a great cloud of dust.

The terrified excursionists scrambled from their own train, rushed over to the wreck, and stood for a time in speechless horror and amazement. Then the freight conductor came up, and searching among the crowd, led out a slender, pale-faced lad.

"To this brave boy," he said, raising his hand to command attention, "you owe the preservation of your lives—"

Here his voice choked. With tears streaming down his face, he finished the sentence by motioning toward the excursion train.

"There were more than 500 on board," said the Sunday school superintendent. "The majority of them children."

"Not a life lost," cried one of the trainmen, running up. "Yucker, his fireman and both brakemen jumped for their lives after shutting off steam and putting down brakes. They came off without a scratch."

"It was a miracle," said the preacher.

"It was Bubber Kump," said a childish voice. "I seen him when he opened the switch."

Then the crowd surrounded the pale-faced lad, pushing and shoving to shake his hand, to touch him or even to get a look at him. What was said or who said it no one could tell, but in the midst of it all there sounded the shrill whistle of a near-by steam saw-mill.

"It's eleven o'clock," said Bubber, looking up at the sun. "It's about time for my chill, so I'd better be gettin' home." And he hurried off down the track toward the ten-mile shanties as happily as though nothing had happened.

The following week the Sunday school superintendent accompanied the railroad official when he went to tell Mr. Ramp of his appointment to a better position on the road. The superintendent, on behalf of the people on board the excursion train, presented Bubber with a bicycle and gold watch.

"Why, Mr. Brand," said Bubber, regarding in awed astonishment the handsome wheel and timepiece, two things above all others he had most longed for. "I never done nothin' but turn the switch key. Anybody could've done that I've been doin' it ever since I was goin' on 7 years."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Walter T. Davis, one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who was badly wounded at Santiago, was lost in Central park last night. Weakened by wounds and fever, he had fallen at the foot of a statue, when two society women, Mrs. George Becker and niece, saw him from their carriage. With the help of their escort and the servants Davis was lifted into the carriage and was driven to Bellevue hospital. The doctors there said that he was in a serious condition.

There was a lawn party given by the Women's Protective Relief society in Central park yesterday afternoon, and the convalescents from the hospitals were invited to attend. Davis was allowed to accompany a number of other soldiers from the Marine hospital at Staten Island.

Davis had lived at Tampa all his life, and it was an exciting afternoon for him. The strength that he had gained since he had left the horrors of Cuba behind him began to desert him. Unwilling to spoil the amusement of his comrades, he left the party and lay down in the shade. When the man in charge of his party looked for him at the close of the entertainment he could not be found. As some of the carriages had already left it was supposed that Davis was in one of them.

FAIR SUMMER, LINGER.

Fair Summer, linger at my door,
And let me learn your magic lore;
Haste not away,
Your breath is sweet upon the hills,
Your music all the woodland fills,
And clear and gay.

The bobolink his light song flings
Across the meadow, as he swings
With airy ease
In swinging tree-top, every pause
Filled with the rustle of applause
Of leaf and breeze.

In love for you, the oriole
At morn pours out his glowing soul
In wild, sweet trill;
But with night's tranquil music blent,
I hear the tender, sad lament
Of whippoorwill.

O Summer, surely he must feel
That into your warm heart will steal
A chill of fear.
Into your song a minor note,
As slow your perfumed garments float,
And disappear
Adown the year.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 14.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of encouragement for those who know not which way to turn because of accumulated misfortunes. Text, I. Samuel, xiv, 4: "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

The cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man, accompanied by his body guard, to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a few pebbles well slung, and that 300 Gibeonites scattered 10,000 Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his body guard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is a rock called Seneh. These two were as famous in olden times as in modern times are Plymouth rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscalable and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan, on his hands and feet, begins the ascent. With strain and slip and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan, and then goes his body guard. Bozez on one side, Seneh on the other. After a sharp tug and push and clinging I see the head of Jonathan above the hole in the mountain; and there is a challenge and a fight and a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his body guard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks, and open a campaign which demoralizes the enemies of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or dishearten Jonathan or his body guard, but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meets one trouble he can go through with it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them on one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the left of him, and to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone, he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh God pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fail him at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles, and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth.

When the calamity does come, it is awful. The man goes home in despair, and he tells his family, "We'll have to go to the poor house." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes, and he says, "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left."

Before the Lord turned Adam out of paradise he gave him Eve, so that when he lost paradise he could stand it. Permit one who has never read but a few novels in all his life, and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say that if, when a man's fortunes fail, he has a good wife—a good Christian wife—he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking looks around, and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He met that one trouble—conquered it.

It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has ten thousand dollars in the bank, and fifty thousand dollars in government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray. Give me this day my daily bread," when my pantry is full, and the camels from the west are crowded with bread-stuffs destined for my storehouses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless him

(that in this world "there was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side.")

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone and brain and muscle, it favors him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of thorns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle him. They will caricature him. They will call his generosity self-aggrandizement and his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution will sometimes come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied: "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses."

So sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution, and on the other side of them the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such a one do? Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get upon the heights of God's consolation, from which you may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates, and having his name written on the board fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed by the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her."

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text who has bereavement and a struggle for a livelihood at the same time. Without mentioning names, I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living, even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek, and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband, or the father, is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings bank; and, wan and wasted with weeping and watching, she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a coffin behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open, I shudder at the ghastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give women free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit! Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls, and can stand it. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there shall go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austertitz, the Waterloo of life for bread!

What are such to do? Somehow, let them climb up into the heights of the glorious promise: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Or get up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." Oh, ye sewing women, on starving wages! Oh, ye widows, turned out from the once beautiful home! Oh, ye female teachers, kept on niggardly stipend! Oh, ye despairing women, seeking in vain for work, wandering along the docks, and thinking to throw yourselves into the river last night! Oh, ye women of weak nerves and aching sides and short breath and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy; you need the sympathy of God. Climb up into his arms. He knows it all, and he loves you more than father or mother or husband ever could or ever did; and, instead of sitting down, wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

You see from my subject that when a man gets into the safety and peace of the gospel he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to meanness or unmanliness. The gospel of Jesus Christ only asks you to climb as Jonathan did—climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up—up into the communion of saints; up into the peace that passeth all understanding; up into the companionship of angels. He lives upward; he dies upward.

Oh, then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make this day to all the people! Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between your bereavements and your destitution. Come up from between a wasted life and an unilluminated eternity. Like Jonathan, climb up with all your might, instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness:—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

FARM FACTS.

To the Cattle Feeders.

It has long been a question in my mind why the cattle feeders—those farmers who feed corn and buy the thin cattle to fatten—have not made an attempt to effect some kind of an organization for their own protection and mutual interest, seeing that the cattle grazers, the ranchmen have such an organization, the commission men have their organization, as well as the well known organization of the packers.

In short, we see that almost every separate branch of the business has its own special organization for the protection of its own special interests, to the effectiveness of which the experience of the unorganized farmer feeders bear abundant witness.

I am convinced that the benefits to said feeders of a proper organization are very great indeed. I have consulted with many feeders and farmers and find that they, too, are much impressed with the good results promised by such organization, and they are emphatically favorable to a general discussion of this matter with a large number of farmers from all over the Missouri valley—the larger the number and the wider the range of their location the better the results—and they have expressed strong approval of the suggestion that a call for such a meeting be issued.

Questions to be investigated and discussed at such a meeting are numerous. Such as the kind of cattle best suited to dry lot, or corn, or grass feeding. Preparation for the care and feeding; but especially pertinent are such topics as plans for determining the prices to be paid for the cattle at the several times of the year when they are bought—plans for eliminating such influences, aside from those of legitimate supply and demand, as determine, in large part, said prices.

We constantly see a large per cent of those who feed cattle under existing conditions lose their corn entirely; others get for their corn a small price and nothing at all for their labor or for the hay fed; others lose all their feed, labor and money besides, and this in times when there is not a surplus of fat cattle.

In my opinion this can be materially changed by consultation and organization of those materially interested. We may be assured that the organization of the men interested in other branches of this great business are not going to work any change in these conditions, when such change would adversely affect their own material and financial profits. We must help ourselves, simply by standing by our own interests.

We find buyers for the packers, at all the market centers, every morning wait until they receive orders what to buy and the price to pay, and the farmer or feeder who is on the market is entirely at the mercy of those buyers with their price set for them by the packers without regard to what kind of stuff or how much is upon that particular market. That is, the element of competition is practically eliminated. In support of this statement, we feeders find that each buyer in the market offers the same price as every other buyer for the same grade or the same lot of cattle, except possibly the difference in their judgment as to the grade of a certain branch of cattle.

I cannot see why an advisory board might not be established at each of the great market centers to price the feeders as the packers now price the fat cattle as well as practically fix the price of these same cattle when they were shipped out as feeders. If this could not be done with such absolute perfection as the packers accomplish their work, it might have a most desirable and appreciable tendency in the right direction.

I simply suggest this as one of the plans for bettering our own business conditions, but I have full faith in the intelligence of this class of our business citizens to believe that a large gathering of the feeders from Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and other tributary territory, would be able to develop a remedy for these existing evils.

Thus organized they ought to have some voice as to the prices to be paid for feeders, as well as some influence against the more or less arbitrary fixing of the prices of fat cattle by the packers, and would certainly be a thousand fold more effective than the feeble efforts and protest of each man acting singly and alone.

Without some such organized effort the present order of things will continue to exist, and we feeders continue to dump our corn and our labor into the pockets of other people.

September 20 is suggested as the time and Omaha as the place of such a meeting, because of the natural drifting together there of people from the territory mentioned, because of the great Trans-Mississippi exposition.

Will Omaha, or the exposition management, furnish a suitable hall or place of meeting and promote the publicity of this subject?

Will the World-Herald, the State Journal and the Omaha Bee favor this movement in the interests of their large patronage among the farmers, and urge its publication by all the papers in the territory named?

I would suggest that each one interested in this movement send a short letter of endorsement of the purpose to some one of the papers publishing this article in order that we may know in good time, whether such a meeting is feasible. Let no one wait for another; but you, the reader of this communication, are the interested party, so look after your own interests in this as in other ordinary business affairs.

Time your visit to the great exposi-

tion to include the date for such meeting, and one of the largest meetings ever convened in Omaha, of business men intent upon business methods, will be the result, and one of the largest industrial interests of the west, which has long languished, will be put upon its feet, upon a foundation of fairness to all and with promise of permanency and prosperity. WM. DAILEY, Peru, Neb.

August Care of Cows.

The price of butter is rising, and the prospects are that butter will be higher than usual for several months, because there is a shortage of milk and butter throughout the United States. The high price now and the higher prices likely to follow make it desirable to keep the flow of milk up to as high a point as possible. Another reason for keeping the cows in good flow during August is that a drop now means less milk for each succeeding month until the cows calve again, no matter how good the care and feed may be later on. The cows will need to have the pasture supplemented by some other food. Green millet, sorghum and corn are good feeds when freshly cut. Give in light feeds at first, and gradually increase the amount until at the end of ten days the cows may be given all they will eat without waste. Do not wait until the cows begin to drop in their milk yield before you begin to feed. Watch the pasture, and as soon as the first signs of shortage come, start feeding. It is easier and takes less feed to keep a cow giving a good flow of milk than it does to wait until the milk yield has dropped and then undertake to increase it.

If your fields are not arranged so that you can give green feed to the cows without costing too much in labor, fill the racks with dry feed. If the cows are given what alfalfa hay they will eat, you may be sure that, so far as feed is concerned, the milk yield will be all right. At the college farm we have fed our cows alfalfa hay all summer while they have been on pasture. We feed in racks in the barnyard, putting in each day about what the cows will eat, so that the hay is always fresh and palatable. While the grass was rank and watery the cows ate the hay greedily. As the grass became better in quality the cows ate less alfalfa. Now our pastures are beginning to get dry and our cows are eating more of the alfalfa hay—thirty cows eating about 100 pounds a day. Corn or Kaffir corn is the best grain to feed with alfalfa hay or green feeds. We have had good results with the college cows this summer in feeding a mixture of 400 pounds of corn meal and 100 pounds bran. Each cow has had one and one-half pounds of this mixture after each milking. As the pasture dries up we will increase the amount of grain fed. If other dry feed than alfalfa hay is used to help out the pastures, such as prairie or timothy hays, bran and linseed or cottonseed meals should be used, and not corn. We would mix 100 pounds of bran and 50 to 75 pounds of linseed or cottonseed meal and feed one to four pounds of the mixture after each milking, varying the amount according to the ability of the cow to make returns for the feed. Several years ago, the college herd pastures became very dry and we lost several cows in midsummer from impaction of the stomach. Further trouble was avoided by feeding loosening feeds—bran and linseed meal.

The cheapest and best feed to tide over the summer drought is ensilage, and it will pay every Kansas farmer who expects to make dairying a business to have a silo for summer feeding. The writer has fed ensilage to dairy cows for seven summers and each season emphasizes its value.

Water is as essential in milk production as feed, and it is especially necessary in the hot month of August. If possible, the cows should have free access to water, so that they can drink whenever necessary. Some of our dairymen water from ponds. The ponds should be fenced and the water piped into a trough with a float valve on the end of the pipe, so that the trough will always be full. A good float valve needs little attention, and when used in the way indicated will keep a full supply of water always ready for the cows. No good dairymen will let his cows stand in a pond from which they drink. When this is done the water becomes indescribably filthy and unpalatable and the cows will not drink a sufficient quantity to keep up a good flow of milk. The filth and mud gather on the under and under side of the cow, drops in to the pail and milk, and infects the milk with germs producing bad flavor that no skill of the butter-maker can overcome.

A dairy cow should never be driven faster than a slow walk, and this is especially important during the hot months. Fast driving, chasing with a dog and unkind treatment cuts down the flow of milk and decreases the per cent of butter fat. The excitement of shipping our college cows 100 miles by rail cut down the butter fat of some of them to .9 of 1 per cent. Hard driving in hot weather will produce a similar effect.

Cows need shade, and if there are no trees in the pasture it will often pay to set a few tall posts on the highest ground, put on some poles and cover with old hay, straw or weeds.—H. M. C. in Kansas Farmer.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I ever met." "How was that?" chorused the others. "She was the only woman I ever met who would have me." And there was a burst of applause.—Tit-Bits