

JENNY.

It was night. The cabin, poor, but warm and cozy, was full of a half twilight, through which the objects of the interior were but dimly visible by the glimmer of the embers which flickered on the hearth and reddened the dark rafters overhead. The fisherman's nets were hanging on the wall. Some homely pots and pans twinkled on a rough shelf in the corner. Beside a great bed with long falling curtains, a mattress was extended on a couple of old benches on which five little children were asleep like cherubs in a nest by the bedside with her forehead pressed against the counterpane, knelt the children's mother. She was alone. Outside the cabin, the black ocean dashed with stormy snowflakes, moaned and murmured, and her husband was at sea.

From his boyhood he had been a fisherman. His life, as one may say, had been a daily flight with the great waters for every day the children must be fed and every day, rain, wind or tempest, out went his boat to fish. And while in his four sailed boat he plied his solitary task at sea his wife at home patched the sails, mended the nets, looked to the hooks or watched the little fire where the fish soup was boiling. As soon as the five children were asleep she fell upon her knees and prayed to heaven for her husband in his struggle with the waves and darkness. And truly such a life as his was hard. The likeliest place for fish was a mere speck among the breakers, not more than twice as large as his own cabin—a spot obscure, capricious, changing on the moving desert, and yet which had to be discovered in the fog and tempest of a winter night by sheer skill and knowledge of the tides and winds. And there—while the gliding waves ran past like emerald serpents, and the gulf of darkness rolled and tossed, and the straining rigging groaned as if in terror—there, amid the icy seas, he thought of his own Jenny; and Jenny, in her cottage, thought of him with tears.

She was thinking of him then and praying. The seagull's harsh and mocking cry distressed her, and the roaring of the billows on the reef alarmed her soul. But she was wrapped in thoughts—thoughts of their poverty. Their little children went barefooted winter and summer. What bread they never ate, only bread of barley. Heavens! the wind roared like the bellows of a forge, and the seacoast echoed like an anvil. She wept and trembled. Poor wives whose husbands are at sea! How terrible to say, "My dear ones—father, lover, brothers, sons—are in the tempest!" But Jenny was still more unhappy. Her husband was alone—alone without assistance on this bitter night. Her children were too little to assist him. Poor mother! Now she says "I wish they were grown up to help their father!" Foolish dream! In years to come when they are with their father in the tempest, she will say, with tears, "I wish they were but children still!"

Jenny took her lantern and her clock. "It is time," she said to herself, "to see whether he is coming back, whether the sea is calmer, and whether the light is burning on the signal mast." She went out. There was nothing to be seen—barely a streak of white on the horizon. It was raining, the dark, cold rain of early morning. No cabin window showed a gleam of light.

All at once, while peering round her, her eyes perceived a tumbledown old cabin which showed no sign of light or fire. The door was swinging in the wind; the wormeaten walls seemed scarcely able to support the crazy roof, on which the wind shook the yellow filthy tufts of rotten thatch.

"Stay," she cried, "I am forgetting the poor widow whom my husband found the other day alone and ill. I must see how she is getting on."

She knocked at the door and listened. No one answered. Jenny shivered in the cold sea wind.

"She is ill. And her poor children! She has only two of them; but she is very poor, and has no husband."

She knocked again, and called out, "Hey, neighbor!" But the cabin was still.

"Heaven!" she said, "how sound she sleeps that it requires so much to wake her!"

At the instant the door opened of itself. She entered. Her lantern illumined the interior of the dark and silent cabin, and showed her the water falling from the ceiling as through the openings of a sieve. At the end of the room an awful form was lying—a woman stretched out motionless, with bare feet and sightless eyes. Her cold white arm hung down among the pallet. She was dead. Once a strong and happy mother, she was now only the specter which remains of poor humanity after a long struggle with the world.

Near the bed on which the mother lay two little children—a boy and a girl—slept together in their cradle and were smiling in their dreams. Their mother, when she felt that she was dying, had laid her cloak across their feet and wrapped them in her dress, to keep them warm when she herself was cold.

How sound they slept in their old tottering cradle, with their calm breath and quiet little faces! It seemed as if nothing could awake these sleeping orphans. Outside the rain beat down in floods and the sea gave forth a sound like an alarm bell. From the old creviced roof, through which blew the gale, a drop of water fell on the dead face and ran down it like a tear.

What had Jenny been about in the dead woman's house? What was she carrying off beneath her cloak? Why was her heart beating? Why did she hasten with such trembling steps to her own cabin without daring to look back. What did she hide in her own bed behind the curtain? What had she been stealing?

When she entered the cabin the cliffs were growing white. She sank upon the chair beside the bed. She was very pale, it seemed as if she felt repentance. Her forehead fell upon the pillow, and at intervals, with broken words, she murmured to herself, while outside the cabin moaned the savage sea.

"My poor man! Oh, heavens, what will he say? He has already so much trouble. What have I done now? Five children on our hands already! Their father toils and toils, and yet as if he had not care enough already, I must give him this care more. Is that he? No, nothing. I have done wrong—he would do quite right to beat me. Is that he? No! So much the better! The door moves as if some one were coming in; but no. To think that I should feel afraid to see him enter!"

Then she remained absorbed in thought and shivering with the cold, unconscious of all outward sounds, of the black cormorants, which passed shrieking and of the rage of wind and sea.

All at once the door flew open, a streak of the white light of morning entered, and the fisherman, dragging his dripping net, appeared upon the threshold, and cried, with a gay laugh "Here comes the navy!"

"You!" cried Jenny; and she clasped her husband like a lover, and pressed her mouth against his rough jacket. "Here I am, wife," he said, showing in the firelight the good natured and contented face which Jenny loved so well.

"I have been unlucky," he continued. "What kind of weather have you had?"

"Dreadful."

"And the fishing?"

"But never mind. I have you in my arms again, and I am satisfied I have caught nothing at all. I have only torn my net. The deuce was in the wind tonight. At one moment of the tempest I thought the boat was foundering, and the cable broke. But what have you been doing all this time? Jenny felt a shiver in the darkness. "I?" she said in trouble. "Oh, nothing; just as usual. I have been sewing. I have been listening to the thunder of the sea, and I was frightened."

"Yes; the winter is a hard time. But never mind it now."

Then, trembling as if she were going to commit a crime:

"Husband," she said, "our neighbor is dead. She must have died last night soon after you went out. She has left two little children, one called Wilhelm and the other Madeline. The boy can hardly toddle, and the girl can only lisped. The poor good woman was in dreadful want."

The man looked grave. Throwing into a corner his fur cap, sodden by the tempest: "The deuce!" he said, scratching his head. "We already have five children; this makes seven. And already in bad weather we have to go without our supper. What shall we do now? Bah, it is not my fault; it's God's doing. These are things too deep for me. Why has He taken away their mother from these mites? These matters are too difficult to understand. One has to be a good scholar to see through them. Such tiny scraps of children! Wife, go and fetch them. If they are awake they must be frightened to be alone with their dead mother. We will bring them up with ours. They will be brother and sister to our five. When God sees that we have fed this little girl and boy beside our own He will let us take more fish. As for me, I will drink water. I will work twice as hard. Enough! Be off and get them! But what is the matter? Does it vex you? You are generally quicker than this."

His wife drew back the curtain. "Look!" she said.—Translated from the French of Victor Hugo for Strand Magazine.

Sings Sweetly Though Nearly 80 Years Old.

Mrs. Emma Bostwick, once known as the American Jenny Lind, has probably retained her voice to a greater age than any other public singer. She is now seventy-seven years old, but her voice is still pure and fresh, and she sings in admirable time and tune. She is the daughter of an English violinist, named Gillingham, and began her career on the concert stage when only twelve years of age. By the time she was twenty she was widely and favorably known. Her voice had a range of three octaves. Theodore Thomas, then a rising young violinist, was among those who took part in her concert.

She was married in 1836 but did not retire from the concert stage. For a number of years she was the soloist of the New York Philharmonic society. She has never sung in opera, and the wonderful preservation of her voice is to be attributed partly to that and partly to the care she has observed in her diet and mode of life.—Exchange.

Fishing in Arctic Regions.

Whenever there is a level field of ice inclosed by lines of hummocks the fish are sure to be plenty. Such a field as this, about half a mile long, practically afford a living to most of the people in the village during the season of 1883, because that year the ice was very unfavorable for sealing and food was very scarce in the village. The fishing is carried on—mostly by the women and children though one or two old men generally go out, and one or two of the younger men, when they cannot go sealing and food is wanted at the house will join the fishing party.

Each fisherman is provided with a long handled ice pick, which he frequently leaves sticking in the snow near the fishing ground, a long line made of strips of whalebone, reeled lengthwise on a slender wooden shuttle about eighteen inches long, and provided with a copper sinker and two pear shaped "jigs" of walrus ivory, armed with four barbs of copper, and a scoop or dipper made of reindeer antlers with a wooden handle about two feet long. Hardly an Eskimo, and especially no Eskimo boy, stirs out of the house in winter without one of these scoops in his hand.

To every party of two or three there will also be a good sized bag of sealkins generally made of a piece of an old kavak cover, for bringing home the fish. Arriving at the fishing grounds each proceeds to pick a hole through the ice, which is about four feet thick, clearing out the chips with the scoop. The "jigs" are then let down through the hole and enough line unreeled to keep them just clear of the bottom, where the fish are playing about.

The reel is held in the right hand and serves as a short rod, while the scoop is held in the left hand and used to keep the hole clear of the scum of new ice, which, of course, is constantly forming. The line is kept in constant motion, jerked up quickly a short distance and then allowed to drop back, so that the little fish that are nosing about the white "jigs," after the manner of codfish, are hooked about the jaw or in the belly.

As soon as the fisherman feels a fish on his hook he catches up a bight of the line with his scoop and another below this with his reel, and thus reels up the line on these two sticks in loose coils until the fish is brought to the surface, when a skillful toss throws him off the barbless hook on the ice, where he gives one conclusive flap and instantly freezes solid. The elastic whalebone line is thrown off the sticks without tangling and paid out through the hole again for another trial. If fish are not found plenty at the first hole the fisherman shifts his ground until he "strikes a school."

They are sometimes so plenty that they may be caught as fast as they can be hauled up. One woman will bring in upward of a bushel of little fish—they are generally about five or six inches long—from a single day's fishing. The fishing lasts until the middle of May, when the ice begins to soften. A good many are also caught along the shore in November in about a foot of water, when there are no tide cracks in the ice.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Red Headed Immigrant Girls.

When the British steamer Lord Gough arrived at this port from Liverpool and Queenstown it was noticed of the 375 female immigrants on board over 300 of them were red headed. Not only is this fact alone enough to make every white horse in town balky, but it will also prove an interesting question to thinking people. Are nearly all female immigrants red headed? Do red headed girls make the best servants? If not, why do so many red headed girls emigrate?

Was it simply a coincidence that so many of the female passengers on the Lord Gough were red headed? These and a hundred other questions will naturally arise. The commander of the Lord Gough did not notice anything particular on the voyage over except the facts that there were several rainbows at night, and although the weather was quite calm there was an unusually large number of white caps.—Philadelphia Record.

Curious Passover Custom.

The painting of a hand on the houses in Tunis, Algiers and other oriental countries is not wholly a Jewish custom, but is common to the natives of all. It is always an emblem of good luck, and in Syria, also in Naples, is a charm against the evil eye. Hands are ranged in the form of a branch are merely an esthetic form of the charm. The reason the Jews paint hands on their walls at the time of the passover is because at that season of the year their houses are renovated inside and out.

Captain Candar remarks that the hand charm was used by the Phoenicians, and that it occurs on votive stelae at Carthage, whence it is supposed to have spread to neighboring cities and countries. Hands are found painted on the walls of St. Sophia at Constantinople; are common all over India (the hand in that country being supposed to be that of Swa). The same curious charm is found in various parts of Ireland and in the Moorish temples in southern Spain.—Exchange.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Text, Genesis xxix. 8: "And they said, we cannot until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we will water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great interstate fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens, horsemen just come from their fine chargers, the king of beasts, for I take the crown from the lion and put it on the brow of the horse, which is in every way nobler, and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks, the Lord himself in one place is called a Shepherd and in another place called a Lamb, and all the good are sheep, and preach to you cattlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that He owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps 40,000 people in twenty-one states of the union all the way through to Colorado and north and south I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother! And now while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep and the neighing of horses and the lowing of cattle I can not find a more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water is of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with their flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the night air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about. But before that scene occurred. Jacob accosts the shepherdess and asks them why they postpone the sating of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherdess reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors and as a matter of courtesy we wait until the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and troughs are filled and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago a Shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho; every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

Now a great flock of sheep today gather around this gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty, and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other, for the precedence: if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indignant without the gospel of Jesus

Go to the poor and tell them the affliction there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joys that will make the lame man leap like a hart.

Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so weary as to be omitted. When the fall elections come the whole land is scoured for the votes, and if a man is too weak or sick to walk to the polls a carriage is sent for him, but when the question is whether Christ or the devil shall rule this world how few there are to come out and seek the sick and the lost and the suffering and the bereft and the lame, and induce their suffrages for the Lord Jesus. Why not gather a great flock? All America is a flock; all the world is a flock. This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the fourteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Whosoever will let him come." Come, white and black, Come, red men of the forest, Come, Laplander, out of the snow, Come, Patagonian, out of the heat, Come in furs, Come panting under pain leaves, Come one, Come all, Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed so now, at this well of salvation, Christ our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and He will stretch out His hand in pledge of His affection, while all heaven will cry out, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it which must be removed before the sheep could be watered. And I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot hear to come to so demure a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to go to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where 10,000 sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacles of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet, give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth. Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on His lap all these years, His everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 200 apologies—yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter, He has appropriately appalled you. Your health from Him, your companion from Him, your children from Him, your home from Him. All the bright surrounding of your life from Him. O man, what dost thou feel one throb of gratitude toward the God who made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom and feel His warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent.
Touched by Jesus' cross and nails;
See His body, mangled, torn;
Covered with a gore of blood.
Eternal soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal son.

Jacob with a great deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that today my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrance to your getting up to the gospel. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like Oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You

as are much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile, I must toil on up to the time for the sustenance of my family. And he wrote on his book until 4 o'clock struck four, when he foiled his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever, until you come to this gospel well. To satisfy the soul with a high, deep, absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as best for him, and throws all his life into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus; and of all the Rothschilds only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the east there was a king who was once year to get on scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king, then, at the close of the weighing these treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him, "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long."

"Well," said the dying man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clasped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promise!"

But some one says in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air, Nectors fresh from battle soothing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group, God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd waters the sheep. These Jacob will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well or eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures and world without end we will praise the Lord that on the first autumnal sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this fair ground the story of Jacob and Rachel, the shepherdess, at the well in Mesopotamia. Oh, plunge your bucket into this great Gospel well and let them come up dripping with that water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst.

Cork for Wine Bottle

Manufacturers of corks are directing their attention to the production, if possible, of a cork that shall be impenetrable, when used for wine bottles, to the various types of worms which infest the latter. This is true in especial of one description of genus, the grubs which feed on the fungoid growth that forms on wine vats and mouldy corks, the insect boring and forming galleries in the cork nearest to the glass, and through the holes thus formed the air gains access to the wine spoiling it. Various methods have been resorted to overcome the difficulty of one of these being to soak the corks in hot water and then in brandy, dry them and when they are put into the bottled coat the tops with a layer of paraffine wax previous to sealing them with ordinary wax, such coating being intended to prevent any entrance into the cork itself of grubs or insects.