

RESURGAM.

"I shall arise." For centuries Upon the gray chimney stone These words have stood: more is said, The glorious promise stands alone, Untouched, while years and seasons roll Around it; March winds come and go, The summer twilight falls and fades And autumn sunsets burn and glow.

"I shall arise." O clarion call! Time rolling on to the end Brings us to life that can not die The life where faith and knowledge blend. Each after each, the cycles roll In silence, and about us here The shadow of the great White Throne Falls broader, deeper, year by year. —George F. Jackson, in Philadelphia Ledger.

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall. BY MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1939.

CHAPTER III.

The tall black chimneys stood against the gray October sky like ghostly silhouettes, and the evening breeze swept around the lonely old structure when I arrived at the Hall. The heavy shadows were trailing over the neglected grounds and settling themselves in scores of uncanny nooks, and I shivered with a nervous dread as I put my hand on the great brass knocker of the western wing—the servants' quarters—and waited for admittance.

Heatherleigh Hall stands desolated. The building itself, a stupendous, roomy affair of red brick, with great festoons of the native English ivy wreathing the dark gables, and running over a goodly portion of the front, relieving the frowning severity of the weather-beaten and time-worn colonnade. Three great yew trees, black as the shades of death, hover over the extreme western wing, and I imagined the evils of the Hall concentrated their forces in the heavy branches in the hours of sunshine, and stalked forth from their gloomy tops at night on their mission of terror.

The hallways are wide, deep and dark, and the ponderous doors of heavy oak changed ominously after me as I slipped from one apartment to another in awe of the mystery. Yes, I found there was a cruel legend connected with this once grand old place, which, for two centuries or more, sheltered beneath its ample roof-tree the descendants of the proud, hot-headed Percival house. But, under the influence of an ancestral malediction, they had dwindled down and scattered abroad, leaving the old Hall with but few inmates, finally Sir Rupert and his daughter being the last legitimate occupants.

Sir Rupert, after the death of his wife, lived here alone in the great house with his ill-fated daughter, keeping but a few servants out of the grand retinue of former years. The fewer there were about him the better Sir Rupert was satisfied. As to being happy, or even half-way joyous, he was never after that stroke of sorrowful fortune known to be; for all pleasure went into a blank solitude with the flight of Lady Percival's gentle spirit.

The merry-makers and social visitors who, in Lady Percival's time, thronged the hall, gradually dropped off after her demise, never again to enter the hall as welcome guests. Every thing changed at the Hall under the master's regime, until, in time, not a solitary visitor came to cheer or break the silent monotony of its desolation. Sir Rupert was given to morose and melancholy days, and it was no wonder, under his spell, and grew to be an inhospitable old gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had come to even disliking a merry face. Miriam had but few associates or visitors that she dared entertain at the Hall on this account; and under the influence of such distasteful solitude she grew taciturn and sorrowful. The shadows of her unfavorable abode told on her, and all the vivacity and freshness of her young life seemed degenerating into passionless existence in the frigidity of the Hall.

and her husband, who were still occupying the servants' quarters, as I had rightly heard. It was in accordance with Sir Rupert's wishes that this faithful couple still kept their rooms in the west wing, and occasionally showed curious visitors over the main building. In the absence of visitants the Hall was kept locked, and the superstitious old pair never intruded on its dismal silence alone.

The two old servants, I soon found, were very much devoted to the memory of their dead mistress, and the long-lost daughter. When I heard their lamentations for the "young mistress," and beheld their tears, I was tempted to disclose her whereabouts to the sorrowing twain, but on reflection I remembered she would never return as they desired, nor hold converse with any one within the environs of her birth-place, and as she was virtually dead to them I might as well hold my peace.

But when the conversation turned on Sir Rupert, they had but little to offer in his behalf; although their tones were respectful enough, I could see they had not forgiven him for the merciless doings of an unnatural father. "You must show me the hall and tell me the story," I said, as we sat around the cheerful wood fire kindled in the great chimney that filled up nearly one whole end of the apartment. This room was so cheerful and pleasant in the glamour of the fire-light, as I looked about me and enjoyed its coziness, that I could not clearly connect its genial air with the huge, shadowy pile I had viewed with such distrust from the outside; somehow it seemed impossible and I said as much to my entertainers.

"Oh! indeed, an' it's your own swate self that knows nothing about this ghostly old place; no, nothing at all." Peggy turned her chair around quickly and faced me with this exclamatory burst of Hibernian elocution because I had ventured, I presume, to throw a shadow of doubt on the superstitious stories rife about Heatherleigh.

Facing me, she looked as much like a genuine ghost as I ever care to see, in her broad, white, ruffled cap and snowy van-dyke, illumined, so to speak, by the keen light of her wide-open blue eyes.

"No, perhaps not," I acquiesced, "but you must take me over the hall, tell me of the spiritual visitors, and then I may understand it better." "That O' will, me Leddy, in the daytimes, when the spirits rest an' there be no fears or botherin' ye's O' will show you the gloomy old apartments."

"Spirits never bother me," I answered, bravely, "but my courageous and daring senses did not fail on Peggy's cars very kindly, I found, for she grew excited at once. Hitching her chair closer to mine, and putting her shabby hand on my arm in solemn warning, she broke forth:

"Me Leddy, an' it's yourself that'll pay for yer wild speeches this night in this awful place. An' ye's niver lived at Heatherleigh nayther; an' niver heard o' the masthur walkin' an' walkin' all the long, ghostly night, until the cock-crowin'. No, ye's niver heard tell o' the lokes o' that!"

"Howly mother!" she began again, letting go my arm and dropping into an attitude of resignation, "an' the masthur was a terrible man, an' outen his head for the most part o' the time long to ard the last. An' to this day, me Leddy, his restless spirit be a rovin' through the great rooms, and repintin' uv his thramentat uv the proud-headed childer. Oh! save us, a worryin' and repintin' yet."

After this burst of the determined old housekeeper I gave in and let her have her own way on the spirit question. I saw at once that it pleased the two old servants exceedingly to think that Peggy had converted me to their belief in spiritual manifestations, so I consented by my silence and let them believe as they chose. They little imagined I might be convinced against my will. I was not permitted to enter the main building that night, of course not. "The masthur might be a walkin'," Peggy explained, with drawn brow and confidential tone.

"I should suppose that you would not dare I ve here at all if Sir Rupert is so restless. Are you not afraid?" I said, when I found I was refused an evening glimpse into the hall proper.

"Och, no," exclaimed Peggy; "we niver bother with his part o' the establishment, an' he's too much of a gintleman to inter the servants' dingy rooms."

I laughed at her view of the matter and began to suspect that there was no spirit about Heatherleigh that wandered at night and dubbed by the inmates Sir Rupert. My room was made ready for me in the wing and adjoining that of the old couple, for which I felt thankful. After such a vivid recital as I had heard that evening, I felt it a privilege to be near a fellow mortal in the midnight watches. After retiring, I found that my nerves were all unstrung and I could scarcely close my eyes. Sleep I could not.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, went the great brass clock in Peggy's room, and every vibration echoed in my weary head. I fancied I could hear the tread of ghostly feet on the roof overhead, and felt certain that the tireless foot of Sir Rupert had stepped down and out of the deathly shadows of the dark, dank yews and were now on the repintin' promenade.

Alas! if I had but known just what I was fated to experience under the Heatherleigh robes, I should have died of fright before another day had dawned!

such a pity," I said to Peggy, "that these must be doomed to desolate decay." "Ye's," she answered, as I ran my hand over the narrow gold-striped and gray satin of the upholstered furniture, and found it full of ruinous breaks. "Oh! yia, but who's a goin' to dust this foin' furniture for nothin', ma'am, but only to see the exquisite patterns!"

I did not reply to her negative question, for I knew she was right, and I could but have said, "no one," at best. "There was taste here," I said, looking about me, and making a note of the refinement in detail leagued forth in the faultless appointment of each stately-looking, but silent apartment.

"Ah! yes; an' the mistress had illigant taste to be shure, ma'am, an' the lokes o' her was not to be found in many a day's rold."

After ascending two flights of stairs we came to Sir Rupert's apartments. "Away off up here, to be out o' the way o' the rabble," he said, "preached Clarkson as she put her hand on the door-handle."

This suite of rooms overlooked the park and a once beautiful lawn. And I caught glimpses of an artificial lake in the distance stretching its shining length beyond the lawn and around the park like a silver crescent.

"All o' these were perfectly illigant in their delighful and palmy days," Peggy said with a sigh, as she shook the dust from the curtains and interpreted my far-away gaze.

I parted the crimson silk hangings as I stood in the deep double window, with its narrow panes catching the afternoon glow, and looked long and silently away over the deserted park, where the brown leaves went scurrying hither and thither in the autumn wind. Then my eyes rested once more on the artificial lake, and a sweet, sad memory came back to me; the memory of a row on its clear surface once, with Lady Percival, in fairer days, and the brightness of that care-free and happy hour came back like a wave of light, only to render the desolate transformation of the present almost unbearable. I shuddered and glanced at Clarkson as I clutched the silken folds of fading crimson and turned away.

"An' do ye's moind o' the illigant days gone by, ma'am?" questioned she, divining the cause of my ill-concealed emotion. "Yes, Clarkson, I mind," I answered, dropping the folds of the curtain, which seemed to burn into my hand, and coming down the dreary stairs to Sir Rupert's last lonely days.

"Doubtless he stood here, gazing out, perhaps, and breathing maledictions on the 'rabble' below; or did he unbosom his vengeance on the head of luckless guests?" I said, inquiringly, to Peggy, who had left the window and had gone over to a curiously inlaid cabinet on the opposite side of the room.

But she vouchsafed no reply, simply making the sign of the cross and looking superstitiously around the room. Then, as I strove to avoid my gaze, she dropped her eyes to the tasseled rug at her feet.

After spending the greater part of the day on the upper floors, speculating and dreaming in the long-silent rooms and hollow-echoing corridors, we came to the main staircase, leading down to the central hall below. We had gone up-stairs from the first floor by a sort of winding stairs, opening out of the cheery-looking breakfast room. This room, the only really pleasant apartment in the Hall, had its own share of tragical memories also, after all its softened air.

But to return to the main staircase, with its heavy shining balustrade of polished oak, to which we had come. The moment we set foot on the first step, in descending, Clarkson made the sign of the cross, and, turning to me, whispered half-audibly:

"This is the identical flight of steps the master descended just afore he fell and died o' strugglin' in the hall."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, feeling as if I were close on the promised mystery as I followed on down the "identical flight."

Once in the spacious central hall, Peggy moved tragically aside, and pointing to a door at the left, continued in her stage whisper to make further developments by saying: "An' shure, ma'am, the masthur was trying to rache that same door when he fell right here," pointing to a particular place on the main stair-work. "Oime will, an' he died, pur man, 'thout ver knowin' or any uv it."

She ended with a deep sigh and most doleful shake of her white cap-ruffles; and had my little stock of courage given out, she, doubtless, would have frightened the life out of me with her strange witch-like movements and mysterious airs.

"Let me go in there," I said, presently, pointing to the hall in which the hands of the expiring Sir Rupert failed to reach.

"I hardly believe ye know what ye are askin' or me, me Leddy. Faith, ma'am, an' that's the drawin'-room, where the dead masthur lay!" "No matter," I answered, calmly enough, "he isn't there now."

"The gallery next," murmured Clarkson, locking the door of the drawing-room behind us. "O! don't mind the gallery, ma'am, though its history is forinnet the whole of Heatherleigh in its therribleness."

I made no reply. I was coming closer to the object of my visit, the portrait of Miriam, and my promise to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V. The gallery! I never can forget it, or rather, the memory of those faces will never slip from my mental vision.

There were portraits on the walls, in groups and in pairs. Some of them were noble-looking and of pleasing countenance, while others looked down at me with a frowning face, as if to say: "Why do you intrude on our silent existence?"

There were faces smiling forth from their wealth of long, sunny curls, and stern visages sporting powdered queues and looking coldly down over their great, stiff ruffs with an aristocratic stare.

I viewed each face with deep interest as the old housekeeper gave me its name and history as far as she knew, as we went from one to another down the long, narrow apartment.

"Here," she said, in a voice of pitying tenderness, as she crossed the floor to the opposite wall, "here are the portraits of the pair, unfortunately childer as has his staid air from Heatherleigh by the therribel distiny o' the house."

She paused before a row of portraits with their faces turned to the wall and folded her arms, while the great pearly tears rolled down her withered cheeks. A strange yearning sensation seized me, supplanted by a nervous, chilling agitation. It was the first time I had felt my self-possession leaving me since I came to the Hall; and standing there before the group of ill-fated sons and daughters branded with disinheritance, a flood of emotion as irresistible rushed over me, and I mutely motioned Peggy to go on.

Gently, then, she turned the face coming first in order over. A bright face met my sympathetic vision, with a half-serious, half-playful expression. "Lionel," said Peggy, "an' that's all O' know o' 'im, because his curse fell long forinnet me loife."

The next, a beautiful face with dark, expressive eyes and perfect mouth, proclaimed her of a different order of grandeur. "Agatha," said Peggy, wiping off the dust with a careless movement. "An' it's her, ma'am, that ran away with a young Frinch Count, because the family couldn't bear the lokes o' a Frinchman. She died, poor thing, away off in France, somewhere on the banks o' the Seine. An' she niver come back aftur her family forbid her liver showin' her proud, wilful face again at the Hall."

There were two more portraits of the broken-hearted, disinherited children who had gone out from the doors, and of whose fate none at the Hall cared to know after the gates had been shut against them. The next face was that of a handsome young man, whose dark, soulful eyes looked into mine as if to say, "pity me." "Allan," Clarkson murmured, as the fascinating orbs appealed to us, "pur Allan he was sint away in disgrace, ma'am, all because he loved a cottage lassie instead o' the wan his family chose out o' the high circles."

"Did he ever come back?" I asked, pitying this promising young face so curiously clouded because of vanity.

"Och hoon!" moaned Peggy, "an' Allan was niver the wan to come back, ma'am. He married the lassie and took her with him when he left the country, me Leddy."

"And you know nothing more of his history then?" I asked, catching a last glimpse of the dark, honest eyes as she turned the portrait back to the wall.

"No more ye know o' the dead, ma'am; only a rumor now an' this, an' rumors don't count for any thing."

"IN GOD WE TRUST." How This Motto Came to Be Stamped on United States Coins. The motto, "In God We Trust," which is now stamped on all gold and silver coins of United States money, was suggested by an honest, God-fearing old farmer of the State of Maryland. This conscientious Christian thought that our National coinage should indicate the Christian character of our Nation, and by introducing a motto upon our coins expressed a National reliance on Divine government.

In 1861, when Salmon P. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he wrote him and suggested that, as we claimed to be a Christian people, we should make suitable recognition of that fact on our coinage. The letter was referred to the Director of the Mint, James Pollock, a Puritanic Christian, of Pennsylvania. In Mr. Pollock's report for 1863 he discussed the question of a recognition of the sovereignty of God and our trust in Him on our coins.

The proposition to introduce a motto upon our coins was favorably considered by Mr. Chase, and in the report he said he did not doubt, but believed that it would meet with an approval by an intelligent public sentiment. But Congress gave no attention to the suggestion, and in his next annual report he again referred to the subject, this time in a firm theological argument, and says: "The motto suggested, 'God We Trust,' is taken from our National hymn, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; it has thrilled the hearts and fallen in song from the lips of millions of American freemen. The words are propitious; 'tis an hour of National peril and danger, an hour when man's strength is weakness, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Let us reverently acknowledge His sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God."

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

A System That Threatens a Revolution—Carrying Mail and Express Packages at a Speed of 200 Miles an Hour.

David G. Weems, of Baltimore, is the inventor of a new rapid transit electric railway system which promises to revolutionize the carrying of mails and express. He has been interviewed on the subject of his new invention at his home in Laurel, Maryland, and has now given the following interesting details of the plan: The railway has two rails, very much like any other railway, but it is enclosed—here in a sort of lattice work and there by a barbed-wire fence, which stretches along on both sides. But the queerest thing about this railroad is what travels on it.

Mr. Weems, standing in the door of a shed, touches a button, when out of the shed crawls an iron-plated thing about two and a half feet square and twenty feet long, pointed at one end. It is on wheels and looks very heavy and clumsy. No sooner have you begun to look it over and wonder whether it is a torpedo or a rock crusher than it disappears. It goes off like a flash. Apparently nothing touches it, nothing propels it. But it goes. A little rumble, a dark streak going around the curve of the circular railway, and it is hidden in a clump of trees. Mr. Weems still stands with his hand on the button, watching a pencil moving in an automatic device over a piece of ruled paper. "At the half!" he exclaims a moment or two later; "One mile!" then "A mile and a half!" and a few seconds more the long black things on wheels whizzes by. You take out your watch and time it. In a little less than a minute it reappears. In another minute it whizzes past once more. As it goes round and round it is like nothing so much as a big shuttle moving in a circle with inconceivable rapidity. The track is exactly two miles in circumference.

"We are not running very fast now," Mr. Weems says. "Only 1,400 revolutions of our dynamo. This gives us a speed of exactly two miles a minute. Our machines develop up to 10,000 revolutions, and we have run them 3,500 revolutions, equal to more than four miles a minute, for twenty-four hours without stopping. On a first-class track, reasonably straight and without too many steep grades, we can easily develop a continuous speed of from three to four miles a minute. In fact, there is practically no limit to the speed that our power can produce. The only question is how much speed the tracks and cars are able to stand. The track we are now using is curved and full of heavy grades."

The success of this remarkable railway has been so thoroughly assured by actual demonstration that Chicago may now begin looking forward to the receipt of mail from New York in four or five hours.

"Within a very few years," said Mr. Weems, "there will be a double track electric railway from New York to Chicago, about 900 miles long. The track will have a twelve inch gauge and will be enclosed in a net work of barbed wire. The wires of which this fence is made will be used for telegraph, telephone and automatic signals. Overhead will be space for carrying a hundred commercial telegraph wires. The track is so light and the rolling stock so easily carried that at very small additional cost the road can be elevated through towns and cities, and wherever it may be necessary to obviate heavy grades. Through this protected way trains two and a half feet wide and of about the same height will run at the speed of 200 miles an hour. No engineers, conductors or brakemen accompany the train, whose movements are controlled easily and absolutely from the power stations. Of these stations there will be one in New York, one in Chicago, and seven on the line about 100 miles apart. These power stations will require a capacity of about 300 horse each, and any practical engineer can compute the cost of maintaining them. It is really trifling, considering the efficiency developed. If water power can be had for some of the stations, even if five or ten miles from the track, it will be utilized, power being transmitted by wire. In operation trains of four or five cars will be run, a motor car and three or four others. The cars are so telescoped together as to form unbroken surfaces, top, bottom and sides, and the rear car, as well as the first or motor car, is pointed, so as to offer the least possible resistance to air. The movement of each train is automatically and accurately registered on a chart in the power stations. The slightest accident to the train or the presence of an obstacle on the track shuts off the connection. At the will of the dispatcher a train can be stopped at any point, backed up or started ahead again. The trains are, therefore, under complete control, and if traffic should not justify the building of a double track a single track could be easily and efficiently operated."

The Modesty of Boyhood. Little six-year-old Jemmy, being permitted to see his new-born baby brother—fifth boy in the family—remarked: "Mamma, I'm so glad it is a boy."

"Why Jemmy, are you glad it is a boy?" "Because, mamma, by and by we will have enough for a base ball team."

"How many does it take?" asked the fond parent, and Jemmy innocently replied: "Only nine, mamma."

This is a correct report of the conversation occurring between Mamma and the little son in a village near Philadelphia recently. —Philadelphia Press.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Let the horses run in the pasture a little while when they come in from a hard day's work. They will enjoy it better than a full meal.

—The common complaint that chickens, or pigs, or cows, or sheep "do not pay," is really, says the American Cultivator, a reflection on the management of their owners.

—A quart of milk in a large pitcher, with a lump of ice to stand in it, is a refreshing article on a hot day. But it is best to keep in mind that the more one drinks the more uncomfortable one will feel, as it causes perspiration to flow copiously.

—A cow may look well, and even be a good milker, yet be breaching, and have a confirmed habit of swinging her right hind foot in an uncomfortable, awkward manner around at the milker and the milk pail. You should look out for such kind in purchasing.

—Bananas kept on ice a few hours, then peeled and sliced into a glass dish, with a cold yellow custard poured over them, and frosted over the top, make an easy and welcome dessert. Four bananas to a quart of custard is sufficient for a medium-sized family. —N. Y. Independent.

—Do not expect too many eggs. Occasionally a hen may be found that will lay an extraordinary number of eggs, but this will prove the exception rather than the rule. Ten dozen eggs in a year is a good average, and more than a large number of them will do, and this number will return a handsome profit on the cost of keeping.

—If the season is of the rainy sort, the growth of clover on the grain field is only a fortunate mat for hay, or for plowing under as manure, and will give a further dividend the next season as an underground deposit. If not needed for pasture, clover can always be used to advantage in some other way. —Orange Judd Farmer.

—Oat meal, vegetables, fresh fruits and plain, good bread should form by far the greater part of our fare during the hot weather. Use food drinks sparingly. Much taken at one draught is apt to do serious harm. Ice cream can be indulged in frequently, provided it is eaten very slowly. Then it will prove healthful and nourishing. It is the sudden chilling of the stomach that does harm.

SALT FOR BUTTER.

Facts Which Are Not Understood by Many Farm Dairywomen. Salt does not preserve butter. Butter preserves itself, and the salt gives it a flavor. Salt has a tendency to arrest the fermentation or decay of the buttermilk, but not the butter. It is not necessary that you should work this salt through your butter, or work the butter until you grind it to death to get the salt through it. If the buttermilk is out of the butter that is all you want, and you then distribute the salt through evenly so that one portion will not be more salty than another. There are many things which affect the character of butter, and skillful manipulation is necessary to have it perfect. In the first place by not skimming the cream from the milk at the proper time, or if it is not properly ripened and mixed, and hence we do not get all the butter out of it. If allowed to stand too long there is a good deal of the butter eaten by the acidity of the cream. Another reason is the over-working of the butter, which grinds the grain out of it. Another reason is, the tubs for packing are often improperly prepared for the keeping and preservation of the butter, and to exclude the air absolutely from it. It is very important that the tub should be thoroughly soaked and scalded with hot brine, a cloth should be put at the bottom, and then a thin layer of salt, then the butter pressed down firmly, so there can be no opportunity for the air to get in. Cover the butter with a cloth, put some salt or brine on top, and cover airtight. Then set the tub in a place where the temperature is cool and dry, and where it can not get musty or moldy or absorb taints. You can keep butter an almost indefinite length of time if treated in this way. We should do our utmost to have all our butter go to market in the very best possible condition. —Orange Judd Farmer.

PERNICIOUS WEEDS.

Most of Them Have Been Imported Into the United States. It seems a curious fact that every one of all the more pernicious weeds known in the United States is a naturalized foreigner. Of the less objectionable class, which may be styled troublesome weeds, at least two-thirds are likewise of foreign ancestry. The few American plants that may be arranged under the general term of weeds are for the most part annuals, and therefore easily eradicated. Take, for instance, the common ragweed, or as it is sometimes known, bitterweed; the long-leg daisies (Erigeron); fireweed, beggar-ticks, etc.; one cutting before the seeds ripen is generally sufficient to destroy them, as well as prevent a succeeding crop. Carelessness on the part of the owner will often procure for him a fine supply of sumach and other plants that increase by means of underground stems, but all such are easily eradicated. The vile class of plants represented by the Canada thistle, Convolvulus arvensis, couch-grass, etc., which are comparatively harmless at home but find on our shores just the conditions needed to increase and multiply in a wonderful degree, are difficult to fight, but as the late eminent botanist, Dr. Darlington once advised, "Be continually cutting off the tops; they represent the lungs of the plant." —Josiah Hoopes, in N. Y. Tribune.