

Old Bottles and New Wine

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

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Twilight was falling through the autumn evening when we pushed out the black punt and set forth across the lake.

We were gliding through the twilight and the creeping mist away toward Clackan and the cottage there, in which Daniel was to prove himself before us all.

Daniel! How well we remembered him. How short a time it seemed since the days when he had sat among us in the school house there among the trees. And now he was back from college; and every one was proud of him, and we, his old playmates, were going to hear him preach the Word.

We made a goodly company. From far and near people had gathered to do Daniel honor. Clackan filled half the room; Gorteen gave its best and wisest. In the second row from the table sat Mary, Daniel's sweetheart, her father on this side, her mother on that. Everywhere one saw familiar faces, stern and rugged, bearded with rain and wind—faces that in the morning had looked up at the minister from the pews in Derryvad, and now were turned upon the door watching for sight of Daniel.

Hush! The door opened, and a little procession came in—the preacher first, Daniel next, the family following after one by one to their places on the first form.

There followed a hymn then a chapter from Isaiah, read well and feelingly; then a third hymn, and a shorter and more personal prayer, in which God was asked to bless the preaching of his word; then a minute of bustle, followed by a dead hush as Daniel rose.

His face was flushed, his lips trembled a little; slowly he read a text: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." He repeated it as if to Mary and himself, and then closed his Bible, laid it on the table, and began.

He opened confidently, with the surety of youth and the fluency of one well prepared. There was no halting; in a breath he was white-hot, brimming with words. They came like a torrent pouring down a mountain, so quick that one might hardly follow them, so insistent that one almost felt them whirl. I sat amazed, whelmed (you have seen willows bent toward a stream, or a weed bowed toward the sun); and already Daniel was deep, and frowns had gathered on the brows of many, when of a sudden the glamour went, and I had plain seeing.

What Daniel said I have long forgotten (though men at Clackan will repeat much of it to you even to-day); but given the text and the occasion, and you may easily guess the fashion of his discourses. It was just what you might expect of an ambitious youth gifted and not without education come fresh from the pastures of culture to shed light upon the darkness of his native hills. Three years ago Daniel had left us, filled with those old things; now, having browsed happily, he had come back shining with new things. Clackan was a dear place, its people worthy; but time had moved on, leaving it bound in ignorance. Such changes had come upon the world; such wonders had been revealed of late in the domains of knowledge! There was this wonderful theory of evolution. There were those extraordinary discoveries in science. There were these marvelous doings of the higher criticism. There was this new spirit of the age moving across the face of the waters. Back there lay those old dead things; here among us were those wonderful new things, quick, imperative, claiming, said Daniel, in a whirl of words, fullest consideration of all Christian men.

To the consideration of these, therefore, Daniel passed; and before him we ignorant loungers sat dumb, our faces set and hard. Boldly he trampled on our ignorance; boldly would lead us into light. All his learning and reading he drew upon, striving to give us true knowledge. We were narrow, prejudiced, intolerant; behold this new spirit of the age which should make us free. All men were brothers. One Christian soul was as good as another. Our ideas of religion were antiquated. Our conception of God was childish. We had vain notions of heaven and hell; we read our Bible ignorantly; we had never grasped the real spirit of Christ's message to the world.

Had Daniel stood in some city pulpit, doubtless everything he said would have won approval; but he was preaching in a hillside parlor to an ignorant little company, and he did foolishly, and we misunderstood him, and set our faces against him in pitying scorn. This our Daniel? This the man we had trusted and loved? This the result of education and knowledge? Ah, the shame, thought we; and Daniel, reading our thoughts, maybe, closed with a rush, and sat down.

A stir passed through us, like the going of wind among ripe wheat; then sprang into commotion at the sound of one rising behind us in a far corner. With one accord we swung around, and saw Henry Marvin himself—he the shining light of wisest Gorteen—standing by the china cupboard, one hand behind him, the other hooked by a thumb in an arm-hole of his waistcoat, and on his face that

look which trifers had learned to dread.

"You'll excuse me for a minute sir," said Henry to the preacher in that dry way of his, "but I'm anxious to put a question or two before we go." His eyes left the preacher and turned upon Daniel. "You've been sayin' something about hell," said Henry, his voice hard as an east wind. "Am I right in understandin' ye to believe there's still such a place?"

Ah! Around went we, eager to have sight of Daniel. He was still flushed. The preacher was whispering to him. He shook his head and rose quickly.

"Certainly," he answered, without hesitation.

"I know. But like everything else, it's changed of late, you'd be thinkin'?" We'd be foolish, you'd say," drawled Henry, "to call it a pit filled with fire an' 'brimstone any longer?"

"Call it that, if you wish," answered Daniel. "I think of it as something quite different."

"Just so. Well, it's your word against the Scriptures; but sure, if you're right, dyin' may come easier." At this something like a laugh ran among us; but Henry went on, implacably. "Then, there's this new heaven," said he. "Tell me, have ye read the book of 'Revelations'?"

"Revelations" is—

"Answer me," said Henry. "Certainly I have."

"An' ye think it foolishness?" suggested Henry.

"I think it wonderful," answered Daniel. "But, like much else in the Bible, it has been misunderstood. Men have read into it what is not there."

"Ah, yes; that's because we're poor, ignorant folk, only able to take God's word for what we believe." Henry's eyes narrowed. "Then you'd disbelieve the Bible?" said he, point-blank. "I believe it with all my heart," cried Daniel. "I protest—I protest—"

"You mean the new Bible?"

"I mean the Bible as it is—as God meant us to believe it. It's wonderful; and never so wonderful as when



"Answer Me," said Henry.

read aright. I want you to understand," said Daniel to us all, "that in no way—"

"Keep to me," Henry broke in. "Isn't every word in the Bible God's own truth?"

"Modern research has shown—"

"Answer me," demanded Henry.

"I refuse to answer," cried Daniel, seeing at last where Henry would lead him. "I refuse to be placed willfully in a false position." He spread his arms. "I appeal to you all for justice. Have I said one word to you—"

"No; but you've said 10,000 words," said Henry, raising his voice. "An' if you're not ashamed of them, then I'm here tellin' ye that I am. Ye refuse to answer? Aye, because ye dare not. Ye protest? Yes, an' so do I. Fifty years I've lived, an' never before heard a minister of God make light of God's word. You are to come here preachin' atheism an' heresy to us! You to dare to match your little knowledge against the truth of heaven! You to talk a new Bible an' a new religion an'—"

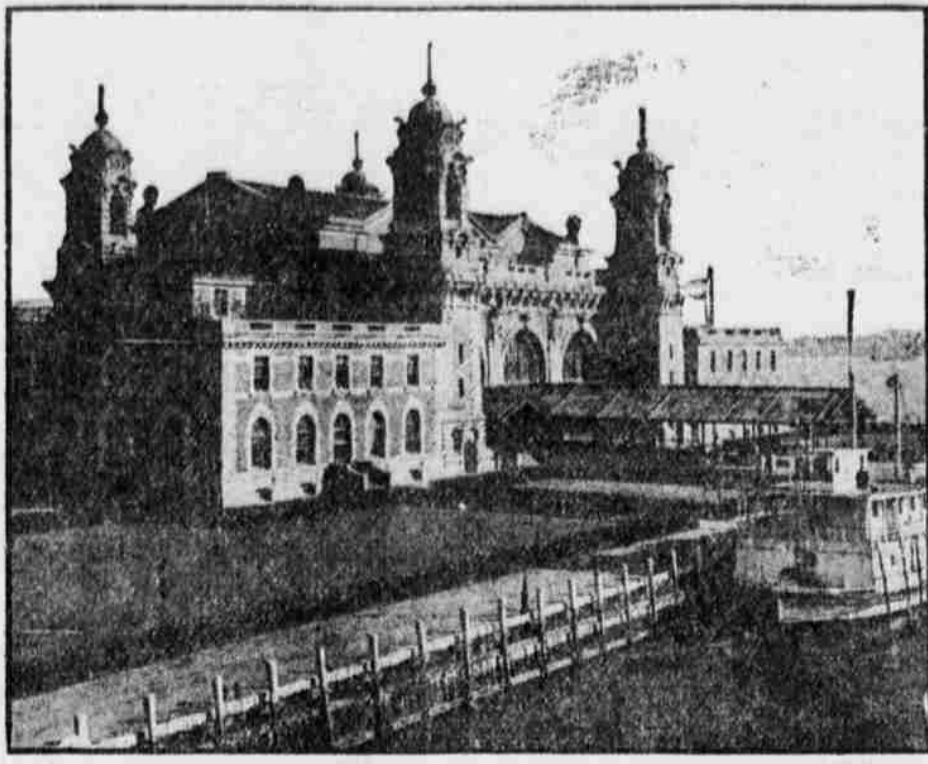
"I protest! I protest!" cried Daniel. "Oh, this is terrible!"

"Man, the terrible thing is that I've had to sit listenin' to ye all this time," answered Henry. "No, sir," he said to the preacher, who had risen, "no disrespect to ye, but nothing more is needed 'cept to go our ways. An' may God forgive us if we've sinned this night."

Then Henry took his hat and went out, and one by one we followed him, leaving Daniel standing mute by the table, with Mary, his sweetheart, holding him by the hand.

I am glad that Mary stood by Daniel. I have often thought that we treated him harshly. Still, in those days—and later, it may be—the old plain things were quite sufficient for our simple needs, and teachers of new things we held in scorn. And surely there was truth in what the preacher said to Daniel that night when we all had gone: "Young man, you have begun climbing the hill at the top. Go down to the very bottom and begin again."

Where the Emigrant Lands



Magnificent building at Ellis Island through which all aliens must pass and where they must undergo a rigid and thorough inspection and examination as to their qualifications before they are allowed to land in the United States.

PROFITABLE TO FARMERS.

BENEFIT GREATLY BY WORK OF AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Ahead \$231,000,000 Each Year, According to Estimate—Bureau of Animal Industry First—Showing Hens Their Duty Valuable.

Washington.—The people profit \$231,000,000 annually by the work of the agricultural department, according to the estimates of the bureau officials made public in the report of the committee on expenditures in the agricultural department, which has spent the entire session investigating the department.

The bureau of animal industry leads the list with an annual valuation of \$50,000,000, of which \$100,000 is because of the experiments making hens lay more plentifully.

Chief Willis J. Moore, of the weather bureau, says his bureau annually benefits the people \$30,000,000.

40,000 HORSES EATEN IN A YEAR.

Consumption Increases Fast in Paris and Is Aided by Doctors.

Paris.—According to official statistics, 40,000 horses were eaten in Paris last year. This represents about 11,000,000 kilogrammes of horseflesh, as compared with the earlier figures of 1899, when a total of only 5,000,000 was eaten. This branch of the butcher business in Paris seems to be growing rapidly in favor, so that the horse butcher is assuming the position of quite a respectable competitor with the beef butcher.

Horse butchers' signs, with a gilded horseshoe above the door, are numerous in certain quarters of the city, and horse butchers are rapidly preempting spaces in the market halls. This is particularly the case in well-to-do sections, and the fact almost prompts the suggestion that the doctors are in league with the horse butchers.

Doctors are more and more recommending for certain patients who are in need of building up their shattered systems a bit of horseflesh, and for persons whose constitutions are thoroughly run down with weakened stomachs they prescribe the juice of horseflesh, prepared under certain simple conditions, instead of the fresh meat itself.

At the markets during the early morning hours each day men and women stand in line waiting their turn to be served by the horse butcher. They call for a nice steak or filet, and, being well versed on the matter of quality, are very particular in their selections. Some butchers make a specialty of mule meat, which contains more fatty matter than horse meat.

No Cemetery for Cats.

Boston.—The bill for the incorporation of a cemetery for the burial of pet cats, which had been advanced to the third reading stage in the legislature, was itself consigned to the graveyard when Representative Mock of Boston said:

"I thought this measure was a joke, but I really begin to believe that some men are taking it seriously. First, we have the burial ground for these pets. Then, of course, why not funerals? Then the decoration of the graves of these pets, for the decoration of graves is entirely proper. And who knows but one of the ministers of this house might not be called on to officiate at the burial services."

The house reversed its previous action and killed the bill, 52 to 71.

England's Navy Cheapest.

London.—Great Britain has the cheapest navy in the world, according to the report of Admiralty Secretary Robertson. It costs \$445 a ton. Russia's cost \$465 a ton. In ten years 1,132,205 tons have been added to the navy, while Russia, Germany and France together only added 1,108,380 tons. Two years hence Great Britain will have completed six new battleships, including three of the Dreadnought class and three armored cruisers of the Invincible class, while neither France nor Germany will have a single ship of those types completed.

survey appropriation was left out of the agricultural bill for the reason that the money asked was to be expended in "mapping districts in the United States which would make ideal homes for frogs."

The bureau of entomology thinks it saves the people \$22,000,000 a year, of which \$5,000,000 is because it was instrumental in the "introduction of the Australian lady-bird beetle."

The bureau of public roads is the most modest of all and only asserts it benefits the people \$873,000 a year.

The report severely criticizes Chief Moore, of the weather bureau, for his expenditures on "Mount Weather," the research institution which he established in the Blue Ridge mountains at a cost of \$161,000, for which Comptroller Tracewell says under existing law there is no authority.

Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, is criticized for exceeding his authority in expending the appropriation for the new department of agriculture building. Instead of completing a structure for the entire department he spent the money in building a single wing.

DEAF WILL ENJOY MUSIC.

French Doctor Declared to Have Wonderful Invention.

Paris.—An extraordinary invention appears to have been made by a French doctor, M. Dupont, according to a communication read to the Academy of Science by M. D'Arsonval. Dr. Dupont intended to invent a process by which the sensation of music could be conveyed to deaf mutes.

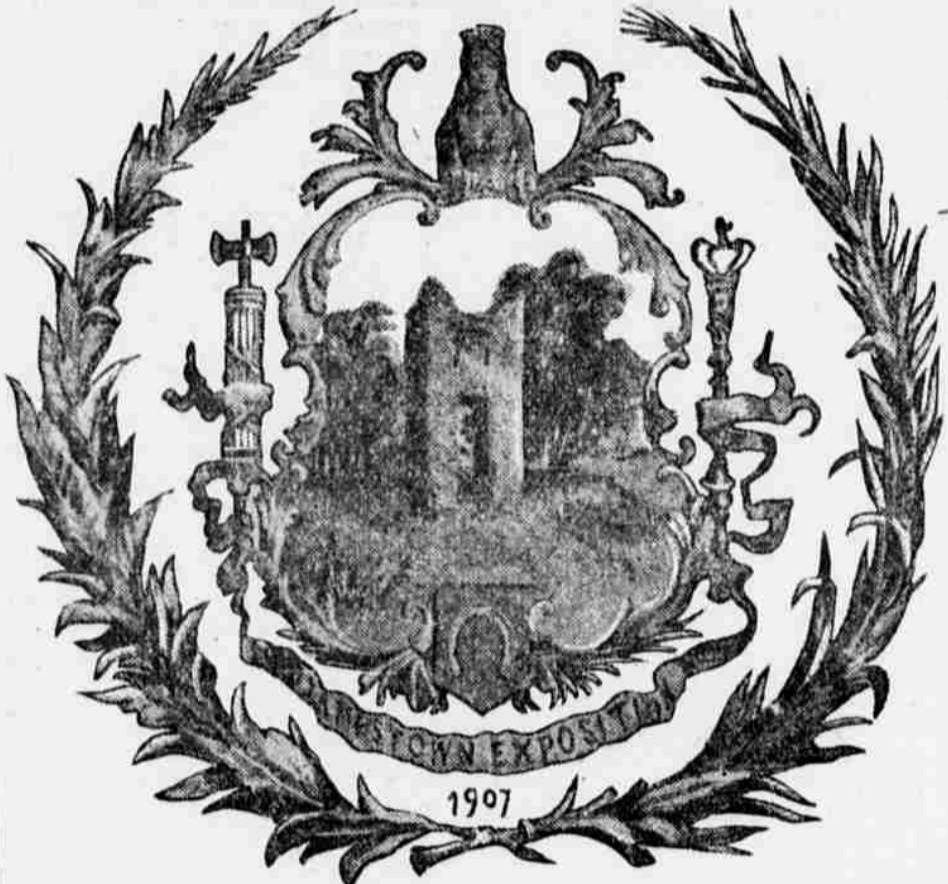
He devised an apparatus by which the number of vibrations in each musical note is conveyed through electric wires with alternating currents. The apparatus is attached to a microphone and musical sounds are transmitted to the body with extraordinary distinctness.

The feeling produced is said to be more delightful than when the notes are heard and not only deaf mutes but persons with good hearing declare that the sensation is positively delicious.

A gay waltz produces unwonted hilarity and every nerve and muscle in the body seems to dance from the efforts of what might be appropriately described as a musical tickling machine.

One may look forward, therefore, to the time when one can feel as well as hear Mozart's operas or Beethoven's symphonies.

Official Seal of Jamestown Exposition



Buffalo Heads Expensive.

RELICS OF DEPARTED BISON ARE BECOMING VERY SCARCE.

Few of the Mounted Trophies of the Most Extinct Monarch of the Plains Are Now for Sale at Any Price.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mounted buffalo heads are becoming scarce. A buffalo head in good condition will sell readily for \$400 to \$1,200, according to size and condition.

And only 30 years ago thousands of them were left to rot upon the western plains.

Not many weeks ago Frank Rockefeller of Cleveland brought a buffalo bull to Kansas City from his ranch in Kansas. He sold the meat to a butcher. But the head and hide he sent to his home. It was a magnificent specimen.

"Mr. Rockefeller valued the head and hide at \$1,200," said A. Weber, "but it was not for sale at any price. The old buffalo weighed 2,500 pounds. Think of it! A buffalo bull weighing more than a ton. A long beard hung from his chin and his coat was shaggy. But the buffalo was 27 years old."

Along in the late '70s officials of the Kansas Pacific railroad bought 38 buffaloes that were shot on the plains of Kansas. A buffalo head was the road's trade-mark. These 38 specimens were handsomely mounted and distributed throughout the towns along the length of the road. Some of these heads are still seen in the offices of the Union Pacific railway.

One is in the Kansas City ticket office at Ninth and Walnut streets.

"I do not know its value now,"

said Thomas A. Shaw, the assistant ticket agent. "But I should say \$1,000 would not buy it."

In the museum at the public library is the head of a big buffalo bull, which has a history. The animal was one which roamed the plains in the Panhandle of Texas, the leader of a herd. He was a surly brute when captured on the Goodnight ranch, in 1899, and loaded in a car for Kansas City. A butcher, who wished to supply some fancy meat for his customers, bought him and sent him to a packing plant to be killed. But the buffalo taught the butchers a lesson in "buffalology."

The old bull was driven into the killing chute. The man with the ax steadied himself, and swung a terrific blow squarely between the animal's eyes. But the old bull shook his shaggy head and bellowed. Again the executioner swung the ax. This time the bull objected to such tiring torment and leaped from the chute.

"Bring a rifle," ordered the chief executioner, "and we'll shoot him."

The rifle was brought, but the bullets rattled off his hide like shells from armor plate.

"Lasso him!" was then ordered.

When the bull was down, he was again shot, but little damage was done. The butchers in desperation then wound the lariat about the old bull's neck and choked him to death. But he died game, fought until unconscious.

Sulphur Yellow in Vogue.

London.—According to the Drapers' Record sulphur yellow, which already has a vogue in Paris, will be the popular shade this year both for women's frocks and for household decorations.

LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA



ST. JACOBS OIL

Penetrates to the Spot Right on the dot.

Price 25c and 50c

Purely Experimental.

"Why in the world did you order a Welsh rabbit in this French place?" they asked her. "Of course, the cheese is about the same as you get everywhere, but how can you tell what a French Welsh rabbit will do to you afterward?"

"I'm not afraid," she informed them, placidly. "I just want to see what sort of ragtime nightmare French it will speak."

Tin Used in United States.

The total consumption of tin in the United States for 1906 was 42,800 tons, with 2,132 tons in stock at the close of the year. The shipments from Bolivia show an increase of 3,000 tons, from Cornwall an increase of from 700 to 1,000 tons and from Australia an increase of 1,000 tons, making the total European and American supply for the year about 93,500 tons.

SCIATIC TORTURE

A Locomotive Engineer Tells How He Was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Pain that seems almost unbearable is a characteristic of sciatic rheumatism. In some cases the pain is knife-like, sharp or shooting; in others it is dull and aching. Sciatica is stubborn in resisting treatment and the patient frequently suffers for years. This was the case with Mr. Herbert E. Spaulding, a locomotive engineer on the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway, whose home is at Longview, Texas.

"While running an engine some years ago," he says, "I fell off and hurt my knee and spine and I have always considered this to be the cause of my illness. The sciatica took hold of me from my heel to the back of my head. The pain was the worst I ever suffered in my life and my leg and back were twisted out of shape. I was under a physician's care for several months and for six months could not get out of bed. I also went to Hot Springs but came back in a worse condition than when I went."

"It was when I was down in bed that I heard of the case of a Mr. Allison, a much older man than myself, who had been cured of sciatica by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking the pills and soon was able to get out of bed. When I had taken six boxes I was able to work about the house and yard. I kept right on with the pills until I was cured and I have never had any return of the trouble. I have been running an engine ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *W. D. Wood* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies.

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