Introductory!

Bargains!

Commencing tomorrow, and all this week we will quote bargains in every department unapproachable in the state.

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will receive prompt attention. Write for samples, etc., etc.

BARBER & DAYKIN.

The completion of our building having been unavoidably delayed, we are compelled to postpone the date of our Grand Opening from Saturday, September 21st, to

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The Entire Building will be thrown open to the inspection of the public with one of the largest and most complete assortments of

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BARBER & DAYKIN.

HANNAH.

By your neophytes of Neptune,
Your disciples of Diana;
By your belles who bet on races,
Or who drive a spanking span, a
Tally-ho, or tool a tandem,
Where would be my homely Hannah?

By your devotees of Browning,
Weirdly wild eyed and bombastic;
By your esoteric Buddhist,
By your sirens so scholastic;
Where would be my homely Hannah
By these females so fantastic?

Where would be my homely Hannah
By your Poetess of Passion,
With her brow bedecked with laurel;
By your demoiselles of fashion,
Or beside your wondrous beauties
Who surpass the famed Circassian?

Where would be my homely Hannah
Were some countess with her castles,
Where of old her noble fathers
Fought their feuds and held their wassails
Fain to make me lord and master
Of herself and all her vassals?

What though all the saints and angels
That the painter e'er depicted,
What though all the lovely demons
Who of witchcraft were convicted,
Were alive, and all to making
Ardent love to me addicted?

I will tell you. Though beside that
Little woman I could scan a
Score of faces—nay, a thousand—
Fair as ever tempted man, a
Queen she'd sit enthroned within my
Heart, as she does now, my Hannah!

—M. N. B. in Boston Globe.

THE GHOST DEAD BELL.

It is now many years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Amongst the acquaintances which I formed there was a young nobleman who was in the Imperial Guard, the Baron Von Steingraff. He was the sole descendant of an ancient Styrian family that had lived for centuries in a castle near Salzburg.

A finer hearted fellow could not be found in his imperial majesty's dominions, nor a better soldier in his army than Friedrich. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favorite with his own sex, and a good figure, to say nothing of a good property, made him not unacceptable with old mammas and young daughters. Friedrich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, though he had nothing misogynistic in his nature. When our friendship had grown into close intimacy I happened to banter him on the subject of matrimony, but Friedrich assured me gravely that he had resolved never to marry.

"Not," said he, "that I have any disinclination to the matrimonial state, but Fate, cruel and inexorable, has forbidden me to enter into it."

I stared at him in silent surprise. After a moment he told me how, when a child, he had met a Ziegeunerinn, or gypsy woman, as he crossed a wood near the Schloss. She had stopped him, looked into his hand and said:

"Young Herr, when you go to marry a wife, take heed. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

"Well!" cried I, laughing, "that was a safe prophecy. A man cannot well get to the church door unless he walks through the church yard!"

Friedrich shook his head. "That was not her meaning," said he, "but rather that I, or she whom I shall wish to make my bride, must die on the bridal day. Therefore, dear friend, I shall never marry. You may think me superstitious and a fool, but there have been stranger things known to our family!" He shivered and turned pale, but just as I would have questioned him, he laid his hand on my shoulder and added, "And now, Hauptmann, let us never speak of this again!"

A year passed by and I was far away in the north of Germany, when I got a letter from Von Steingraff. It announced his coming marriage with a young lady of his own country. "My destiny," he wrote, "whatever it may be, I must work out. I could not resist my passion for my little Roeschen. So come to me as soon as you can, and who knows but your happier interpretation of the gypsy's prophecy may be the true one!"

I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story! Woman's tongue had overcome man's resolve—pretty Roeschen had whipped the withered gypsy from the field! And so saying, I packed for my journey and the morrow found me en route.

At the close of a lovely autumn day I drove along the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen where it skirts the picturesque little lake of Mondsee, so snugly embosomed in precipitous hills clothed with pine and larch. Not far from this stood the schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery, and sheltered by the dark forest on whose tree tops the evening sun glinted warmly. Thither I worked my way—but slowly—for the approach was steep and circuitous and by the time I reached the entrance and stood under the heavy arches of the doorway, the sun had set and the great, stone mass of building was lying in gloom. This gave me a strange, unpleasant feeling, which increased as I stood knocking for many minutes at the heavy open portal without response from within.

Was I, then, not expected? And at this hour! I shook off a sensation of nervousness and beat loudly on the paneling with my closed fist and with the heavy handle of my riding whip.

There was the sound of the slipping of bolts on an inner door, and with a sense of relief I knew that, at last, my summons had been answered. Then the door opened and before me stood a person who looked more like a holzknecht, or woodsman of the district, than the servitor of a well ordered establishment such as I believed Friedrich's to be. He carried a lamp in his hand and over it he regarded me suspiciously. I stated who I was, and desired him to conduct me to his master. To this he made no reply, but shaking his ill looking head motioned me to follow. We crossed the great hall and entered a small chamber, where my strange guide deposited the light, and left me without a word.

"A strange welcome," I muttered, "from a bridegroom to his best man," and then I looked about me.

The room in which I stood alone was elegantly and most comfortably furnished. There were cases well filled with books running along the walls and above them racks holding curious weapons, many guns, spears and hunting gear. An escritoire of exquisite workmanship stood near the fireplace, but no cheerful fire glowed on the hearth, a few half burned logs lay cold on the iron dogs, and again the strange feeling of gloom and nervousness settled upon me.

Suddenly conscious of some other presence, I looked up from the cheerless hearth. An old serving man stood in the doorway. Bowing respectfully, he entered the room and in a few words solved the mystery of my strange reception. On the very day his master had written me he was prostrated with a serious illness and he was now in the eighth day, struggling with the delirium of fever. The doctors of St. Gilgen declared the case to be hopeless, but were in almost constant attendance. One had just left the young baron and had said he would return, as the crisis would occur that very night.

I need not say how this intelligence affected me. I determined, of course, to await the issue and asked to be shown to Friedrich's chamber. In a few moments I stood by the bedside of my dearest friend and looked down on a poor, shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip and glazed eye, tossing and raving, whose hand was unconscious of my loving pressure, whose ear turned from my words of affection. I sat beside him for hours. From time to time I could distinguish words, through his mutterings, which told how the bewildered spirit wrestled with horrible phantoms. With appalling incongruity he mingled the scenes of the bridal chamber and the charnel vault, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave clothes about her, now bidding the sexton pledge him a skull of wine. Terrible as all this was to hear and painful to see, I determined to watch through the night, and the faithful old butler begged to remain also. Indeed, I felt so nervous and distressed that I was glad of his company. The doctor was to return at midnight. When it wanted but two hours of that time, Friedrich, who had gradually ceased his raving, fell into a lethargic stupor. I left the bedside and went to sit by the fire. Old Klaus threw on a fresh log and filled a glass with Hungarian wine from a flask on the table. I noticed that the old fellow's hand trembled and that his eyes were full of tears. I spoke a few words of comfort and he sobbed aloud:

"Alas! Herr Hauptmann, my mind misgives me sadly! I fear, every moment, that I shall hear the dismal ringing of the ghost dead bell!"

At this uncanny title I shivered. "But what may that be?" I asked anxiously.

"Ach! What an old fool I am. I forget sometimes—but forgive it!"

"But, Klaus," said I, "what did you mean?"

Klaus bent toward me, his old face drawn with fear. "The bell that rings out the life of every Von Steingraff," said he, with suppressed emotion.

I suppose I looked both startled and interested, and the old servant, glad of sympathy and attention, continued in a hushed voice: "Mayhap you observed the monastery near the castle, sir, as you came up the drive?"

"Ay, Klaus, and a fine, old ruin it is, with its bell tower still standing!"

"A ruin now, sir, but it was once a grand and holy place with its lord abbot, and monks, and broad, rich lands. Well, sir, a long time ago—I don't know how many a hundred years—the Baron Steingraff of that day who lived then in the old Schloss higher up in the hills above the Krotensee—had a quarrel with the abbot. The baron was a fierce and haughty man that cared little for church and priest, and the abbot was as haughty in his way, so the feud grew deadlier every day. At last the abbot swore on the holy relics of St. Wolfgang that he would excommunicate the baron. And the baron swore by the cross upon his sword hilt that he would tear the frock off the abbot's back and drive him and his monks out of the monastery. The abbot was as good as his word, and so, on the feast of the blessed St. Wolfgang, he and all his monks walked in procession through the church up to the high altar and the great book was opened and the anathemas read, and then the bell was tolled and the lighted candles extinguished, and thus the baron was excommunicated.

"Well! The bell was still tolling, and the priests were on their way back down the aisle when the shouts of the baron and his wild men-at-arms, his jagers and holzknechts rang at the walls and sledges and great pine beams were battering at the gates.

Short work they made of it!

One mad fellow seized a splinter of wood and lit it at the altar, and then he fired the panels and the roof and the dry wood was all soon in a blaze. The baron, as if possessed by an evil spirit, seized the bell rope and rung out a wild peal of triumph. But the abbot walked up to him, dressed in all his robes, and, holding up his hands, cursed him in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and said:

"'As the evil one peals that bell now through your hands, so shall he peal it when he claims the soul as it passes from the body of you and of your son and of your son's son, in secula, seculorum, amen!'

"So saying, the abbot called his monks and they went their way down to the Lake of Aver. But the baron and his followers threw themselves upon the holy men and tore the frocks from their backs and threw their books into the lake. The baron then seized the monastery lands and held them, too, for might was right in those days, and he built the present castle hard by the ruins of the monastery, lest the abbot and his retainers should rally and seek to regain their old possessions; but they never did, for the abbot was not overloved in the country, and the baron was too powerful to be lightly meddled with, so the monks built them a new monastery where the Church of St. Wolfgang now stands.

"Time passed on, and the baron had well nigh forgotten that abbot or monk had ever dwelt within the old blackened monastery wall.

"One wild winter's night the baron sat with his retainers in the great hall drinking and reveling, as was their wont. The wind howled in gusts fitfully, and in the pauses a loud knocking was heard at the oaken door, the very door by which you entered this evening, Herr Hauptmann. The Thurhuter, when he opened the door, saw no one, though the moon was that moment shining through the drifts of the clouds, but he felt a cold blast sweep across his face. So he shut the door again, and thought it must have been the storm that had deceived him.

"The next moment those in the hall saw a monk in a black habit, with his cowl drawn closely over his head, enter and walk up without a word to where the baron was sitting. Then the monk threw back his hood, and an old withered face, ghastly pale but stern and fierce, gazed undaunted on the baron.

"'Tausend sakerment!' shouted the baron, starting in rage, 'dog of an abbot, what brings you here? Trundle out the shaveling and set the hounds upon him.'

"The abbot raised his skinny arm and said in a hollow and solemn voice: 'This night twenty years you and I met. I am on my way to the abbey, follow me.'

"The abbot retired as he came, no one daring to hinder or to harm the holy man.

"'Zum henker! to the hangman with him,' cried the baron, choking with rage, and springing after him. That moment the old bell pealed out with a wild clang from the tower. The baron in his haste tripped over a stool and fell to the ground. When they lifted him up he was dead. 'Twas said he died of a fit. Maybe so. But that very night one of the holzknechts returning to the village from the Riesen up the hills where he had been working, declared that as he passed the tower he heard the old bell pealing and saw a procession of monks following a bier, and disappearing within the ruins. Next morning tidings came that the old abbot had died the day before at St. Wolfgang's, but where or when he was buried nobody ever knew."

Old Klaus ceased and sat looking in the fire.

"A strange, wild tale!" I said, lightly, unwilling to confess myself moved by the story. "Has the ghost bell ever been heard since that time?"

Old Klaus shuddered. "Ay, sir," he answered gloomily, "whenever the soul passes from the body of a Von Steingraff, but I am not willing to believe that the evil one dare claim the spirit of my dear, young master—one so good and noble as he is!" and again the old servant fell to weeping.

"Hush, Klaus, lest you disturb him," I said hastily, although a glance at my poor Friedrich well nigh assured me that few sounds would disturb him more. Then I paced the room and out into the hall and down the stairs, for I heard the sound of horses at the gates and I knew the physician had come. I let him go up alone, while I sat for a few moments in the little chamber I had been shown to on my arrival. I could not take my mind from the story of the ghost bell. I am not naturally credulous, but the shock I had received after the weariness of my journey of several days had, I suppose, told upon my nerves. I stole up once more to the sick room. The physician sat at the foot of the bed. Friedrich seemed to be sleeping quietly. I hoped this might be a good sign, but, to my inquiry, the old physician shook his head sadly:

"'Tis the sleep that will wake only in death," he answered sadly. "An hour will decide, but be prepared for the worst—I can give but little hope."

Impelled by I know not what, I suddenly asked:

"Doctor, what could have caused this sudden illness? My friend has had the most perfect health all his life. He once told me he had never been ill. What could have caused this fever?"

"God alone can tell!" answered the physician piously. "The young baron was with me the day previous to his illness, and bade me gayly enough to dance at his wedding. I never saw him looking better. He was on horseback and rode swiftly out of St. Gilgen, reining up his steed for an instant to throw money to an old gypsy, who stood, her hand outstretched, by the road. Always kind," added the good doctor, "always noble! I have known him thus as boy and man." And the usually cold man of science brushed his hand across his eyes.

I took his other hand in my own and pressed it warmly. Then I went to the chamber below. Old Klaus crept after me. He seemed to cling to me for sympathy. I sat down by the fire with a heavy heart. I pondered on the doctor's words. I found myself wondering why I had put the question to him, and then I recalled, word for word, his answer.

A sudden thought shot through my brain. He had spoken of an old gypsy who stood, with outstretched hand, by the roadside.

Another scene rose before me.

A fair haired lad with his firm palm held frankly out—a withered, old face bent over it; and I seemed to hear the quavering voice muttering the prophecy: "Young herr, take heed to your wedding day! The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

"Klaus!" I asked sharply, "when was your master to have been married?" for Friedrich had mentioned no day in his letter—"We will talk over everything when you come," he wrote.

"Ach, mein herr! But to-morrow!"

I seemed to turn cold all over. To think of other things I questioned Klaus concerning the young Roeschen, whose cup of happiness was so soon to be dashed from her lips. I learned that she was lovely and amiable and deeply enamored of her handsome lover. His illness had been kept from her as long as possible, and though she knew her marriage must be postponed—she dreamed, as yet, of no change.

"Alas!" said Klaus, "should my lord not recover, I fear it will go hard with the sweet young lady, for she loves him more than life. Who knows but there may be two burials rather than one bridal!"

"The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

Would the words ever cease ringing in my ears? I shook myself impatiently. A coincidence—a sad coincidence—that was all! And my grief had surely unsettled my mind. I picked up a book from one of the shelves and tried to read. The words swam on the page. Not a sound was to be heard save the ticking of the great clock in the hall. I laid down the book and sighed. Just then the clock tolled the midnight hour. The deep bell struck twelve times loud and clear, and mechanically I counted every stroke.

Midnight! A sudden thought—the crisis! Then my poor Friedrich might, even now, be passing the portal of eternity!

I was about to speak to Klaus when I discovered that he slept, exhausted, on the hearth.

"God forbid," I cried aloud, in my fear.

"Poor, faithful soul!" thought I. "Rest there a while—you may awake to deepest grief!" For I realized that he, like myself—like Roeschen—must lose, with Friedrich, that which he best loved on earth.

So I rose noiselessly and passed sadly and alone into the great stone hall.

A breath of cold air swept my cheek. It came from the end of the hall—down there, toward the outer doors. I was pierced through and through with its chill touch. Certainly, the outer doors must be open! Could Klaus, in his anxiety, have forgotten to close them after the doctor's entrance? I peered through the vista of dimly lighted arches toward the entrance and moved a few steps in that direction. As I did so, I was sure I heard a muffled knocking at the portal. I listened intently and after a moment the sound was repeated and followed almost immediately by the slipping of a bolt. Still I saw no one, and I concluded the sounds must come from some other part of the Schloss. I was about to turn and desist from investigation, when I again felt that icy blast sweep my face and throat. Thoroughly startled, I strained my eyes to see more clearly before me; they became gradually accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I perceived the massive doors swing inward on their great iron hinges, to admit a tall, dark figure in hood and cloak.

"A priest!" I thought, instantly; then the thought was succeeded by another. "Friedrich is not a Catholic! Who has summoned him? The doctor, perhaps!" And then again: "Who has admitted him?" I, myself, had seen this dark figure pass through doors bolted and barred! I had heard his muffled knocking! I saw him, now, before me—and yet of a certainty I knew that none had bade him enter nor had any hand unclosed the gates to give him entrance!

Smitten with a nameless fear I stood, or rather leaned, against one of the stone pillars for support. The dark figure now moved toward me down the hall. Nearer, nearer it came and I saw that I was right—it was the figure of a priest.

As he passed close beside me his cowl fell back and revealed an old, wrinkled, ashy face in which were set two gleaming eyes—black and evil. He looked not to the right nor to the left, but as he passed up the wide stair he raised one thin, white hand above his head and the dark sleeve fell back and showed the skinny, withered arm bare to the elbow.

I stood frozen with terror to the spot—I know not for how long—when a harsh sound smote upon my ear. It was followed by a shrill scream, and old Klaus rushed from the room and threw himself at my feet.

"God have mercy upon us," he shrieked, almost crazed with fright, "the Ghost Bell!"

Again came the harsh sound—the clanging of an iron bell! It smote cruelly upon my shattered sense—wild, fitful, irregular—and, God forgive me! not as human hand could have rung it!

I flew up the stairs, Klaus close behind me. In a moment I was in the baron's chamber. The physician laid his cold hand on mine—I saw the truth written in his face.

"It is over," he said. "He is dead!"—Dublin University Magazine.

A YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

Only 16 Years Old, but He Has Built a Locomotive.

It would be no very extravagant prophecy to say that in the near future there will be established somewhere a locomotive works with the name of George Kilberg over the door as proprietor. At the present time the George Kilberg in question is a lad only 17 years of age, but for all that he has built, practically with his own hands and with little assistance, a perfect working locomotive. This is the more remarkable because he never worked in a locomotive shop; he and his brother Richard are employed in the iron works of Vierling & McDowell, of Chicago, but it is almost entirely building iron that this firm turns out, and young Kilberg could have obtained no idea of steam engine building from his employment there.

Ever since young George knew what paper and pencil meant and were used for he has been drawing, and his bent seemed to be ever in the direction of mechanics. His mother says of him that she never saw the time her George would not rather draw a picture than eat a pie. George's home is at 225 Twenty-sixth street, and it is a neighborhood where he sees numberless engines passing and repassing. With his fancy for mechanics it is no great wonder his young mind turned to them as the height of mechanical skill. A locomotive never stopped where he could examine it but he did so, and the time came when, with an old bank book, he spent his leisure hours about the round house or at any point where he could copy the various parts of the machinery. These sketches he took home, and from them made draughts drawn to a perfect scale. He has had no more schooling in draughting than that received in the public schools, and yet his work on paper shows his genius.

From the drawing the youthful mechanic imbibed the desire to construct, and the locomotive he has at his home testifies to his perseverance and to his ability. It is complete in every detail, and, besides some lathe work done for him by his brother Richard and the castings from the foundry, the patterns for which he himself cut out of wood, no one has put a hand to the construction. The locomotive which was built at the works of Vierling, McDowell & Co. is of the mogul consolidation and of the latest design for road freight engines. It is fully equipped with all the necessary requirements for an engine of its class and every part works perfectly. It weighs when empty 360 pounds, 250 pounds being on the drivers; is six feet six inches long, and the gauge of the track is seven and three-quarters. The driving wheels are six inches in diameter and have chilled rims and the cylinders are two and three-sixteenth inch bore by three inch stroke. The boiler is made of three-sixteenth wrought iron and carries forty pounds working pressure to the square inch. The safety valve is set to blow off at forty-five. The pump, which is under the engine, between the links, is worked by an eccentric on the forward axle and is nine-sixteenth bore by one inch stroke.

A steam pipe heats the water before it reaches the pump. The engine is fitted with steam brakes, which are placed between the middle and back driving wheels. There is also a cylinder under the cab which draws up the brakes on the engine and tender. The brakes on the engine and tender operate at the same time. Under the working pressure the brakes can be put on with enough power to skid the wheels on the engine and tender. The bell rings by steam and is neatly finished. The frame of the engine rests on solid steel springs, connected with equalizing bars from the front trucks to the back drivers, thus allowing the model to run on very rough rails without danger of springing from the frame. The driving wheels, when raised from the track, have made 1,080 revolutions per minute under a pressure of forty pounds on the boiler. The locomotive burns oil as fuel.

The boy has worked steadily for seven months and the result proves how closely he has watched the models from which he has worked. George says now that his great desire is to get into some locomotive shop where he can put to use the knowledge he possesses.—Chicago Times.

CHINESE AND THEIR WAYS.

They Know Better Than Any Other People What Economy Means.

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste, or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetables, and fish, with a little meat on high festivals. Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day for each adult, and even in famine times thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on about a halfpenny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese. Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; everything is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle. The physical condition of the Chinese cat or dog, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this. They are clearly kept on starvation allowances.

The Chinese are not extremely fastidious in regard to food; all is fish that comes to their net, and most things come there sooner or later. Certain disturbances of the human organization, due to eating diseased meat, are well recognized among the people, but it is considered better to eat the meat, the cheapness of which is certain, and run the risk of the consequences, which are not quite certain, than to buy dear meat, even with the assurance of no evil results. Indeed, the meat of animals which have died of ordinary ailments is rather dearer than that of those which have in an epidemic, such as pleuro-pneumonia. Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible, that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake all the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some collector.

Similarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress. Nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another, where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who gave their cast off clothing to Chinese may be assured the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for want of a few drops of oil, but to people who have no nerves the squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similarly dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash. The motto "Cheaper than dirt," which the soap dealer puts in his windows, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap wasters.

Scarcely any tool can be got ready made, it is so much cheaper to buy the parts and put them together for yourself, and as almost everybody takes this view, ready made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing anything by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, a strong and perfect draught, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly and costing nothing. The old woman who in her last moments hobbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers was Chinese.—North China Herald.

SERVIA AND THE SWINEHERD.

Some Notes About a People Who Are Without a Written History.

Turkish rule in Servia was still a hideous reality at the beginning of the present century, and there are many Servians still living who can remember the impalement of their fellow countrymen on the heights of Belgrade. Twenty-seven years ago that city was bombarded in time of peace by the Turks, who still held possession of the citadel. It was in 1804 that George Petrovitch, the gloomy, stern peasant whom his countrymen called "Kara George," or Black George, led the villagers of Topola against the Turks, and liberty again dawned upon Servia. But Kara George, compelled to purchase Russian protection at the price of a convention which practically transformed Servia into a Russian government, was deserted by his faithless ally and fled across the Save into Austria, leaving his country a prey to the vengeance of the Turks.

The final recovery of Servian independence dates from Palm Sunday, 1815, when Milosh Obrenovich, the swineherd of Takovo, set up the national standard beneath an oak near the church of his native village. Milosh, who met with the usual fate of all rulers in the Balkan countries who incur the displeasure of Russia, was obliged to abdicate in 1839, but the Obrenovich dynasty nevertheless took root in the country, and, except for an interval of sixteen years, during which Alexander Karageorgevich, the son of Black George, occupied the throne, it has retained uninterrupted possession of the supreme power.

The young king, Alexander I, is the great-grandson of Ephrem, brother of Milosh, the swineherd. It must always be remembered, to the credit of Servia, that she worked out her deliverance under Milosh unaided and alone. "Happy the people who have no history." In one sense of the word the Servians have no history, or at least no written record of events worthy of that name; and yet it can hardly be said that the retrospect of the past is a happy one.

A few chronicles preserved in the monasteries, some biographies of kings who were regarded as saints, and an essay on general history by Raich, are almost the only Servian sources of history extant. Even these were written in the liturgical language, unintelligible and practically unknown to the people. But the popular imagination and the popular love of song has made up for the deficiency of authentic records. The Servian poems, or heroic songs, are the real annals of the nation. They form a national epic of the highest interest and value, thoroughly indigenous, untouched by external influence, and containing at least the outlines of historical facts, while affording a vivid picture of the life, the manners, the ideas and the aspirations of former generations of the Servian race. Composed soon after the events they narrate, and in a style suited to please the audiences of the day, they have much of the fresh spontaneous charm of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey;" and though no Servian Homer has arisen to weld them, like the old Greek rhapsodies, into a harmonious whole, they continue to furnish the simple, half educated peasantry with a lifelike and fairly connected idea of the heroes of olden time and their achievements. There are few peasants who cannot recite half a dozen or more of these primitive lays to the accompaniment of the gousla, a kind of one stringed violin made of sycamore wood and played with an arched bow. Every event in Servian life which brings the people together—the village festival, the wedding, the slava, or patron saint's day—furnishes occasion for the recitation of the poems, as well as for the dancing of the kolo, or national dance.—The Fortnightly Review.

The Laugh That Rings.

A young man who is credited by his friends with being a good deal of a philosopher penned me up in a corner today and harangued me as follows:

"Did you ever study the human laugh as an index to human character? It is an infallible test, me boy. Did you ever know a man who simpered and giggled like a girl who wasn't a sneak in his heart? And, on the contrary, did you ever know a fellow who laughed squarely out with a good honest roar who wasn't the prince of good fellows?

"A shrill laugh is indicative of deceit, and a deep chuckle proves sincerity and good nature. By this I don't mean that a man with a tenor voice can't laugh as though he was honest, or one with a bass voice cover his insincerity with a mere bellow. It's the ring that talks. If the laugh has no ring in it you can put the fellow down as a half hearted cuss, no matter if his laugh is loud enough to lift the roof of the Auditorium. Stand twenty men up in a row before me and do something to get them all laughing, and I'll separate the good fellows from the Miss Nancies about as quickly as you could get outside of a beefsteak after a year's famine. See?"

I said I saw, and made a successful dive for liberty.—Chicago Journal.

A Touch of Nature.

The district messenger boy comes in for a vast amount of ridicule for his slowness and abuse for his shrewd observations and ways, but he is a pretty good lad, after all, if the following happening in New York is any criterion: "One day on Broadway," says an observer, "I heard a boy's voice ring out above the noisy roar of the vehicles, clear and distinct, saying, 'Hold on, blind man! stop still, blind man! wait till I get to you!' Looking for the owner of the voice, I discovered a slender but agile messenger boy of 15 or 16 years, threading his way through a mass of vehicles to a spot just by the opposite curb, where a gray haired man was standing as if riveted, with a look of mild despair on his face. It needed only a glance to see that the poor man had sightless eyes; that he had become bewildered and was likely to be run over; that the quick witted messenger boy alone of all the vast crowd had seen the dilemma and had rushed in to the assistance of the unfortunate creature. As the lad brought the blind man safely to the sidewalk I could not help thinking that here was an expression of that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."—Golden Days.

The Slyness of the Crawfish.

A correspondent of The Forest and Stream writes that he recently observed a very cunning and ingenious trick of a crawfish (or crayfish) for catching flies. "Sitting on the bank of a muddy pond, or 'borrow pit,' over the surface of which many small flies were swarming about, I observed that the crawfish came to the surface near the water's edge, and, turning over on the side, the tail probably touching bottom, with claws and legs 'sprudling' about in the water, he assumed the exact semblance of dead creatures floating on the water. In a few seconds flies would alight on the apparently dead crawfish, and as soon as one got into the proper position there was a sudden and instantaneous flip, when fish and flies would disappear together under the water. In a few seconds more he would appear on the surface and go through the same maneuver, with the same result. There were, perhaps, two or three dozen of them in sight at the same time, and all industriously engaged in the fly catching game."

He Hurrah'd for the Twelfth Mass.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted a veteran, as the orchestra at the saengerfest began to play a selection. "You must be quiet," said one of the ushers, rushing up to him.

"Not much I mussn't," said the veteran, "not when that is played. I used to belong to that regiment, and I'll shout for the boys as long as the Almighty gives me breath."

"Your regiment. What do you mean?" asked the usher, as the crowd waited to hear the result of the disturbance.

"That's what I mean," said the veteran, putting his finger on the programme. "There it is. Twelfth Mass! That's my regiment! The old Twelfth Massachusetts! We fought from Bull Run to Five Forks!"

It was only when he was convinced that it was a piece of church music that he would consent to be quiet.—Detroit Journal.

The New Saltise.

A recent issue of The Farmington Register, of Oregon, contains a letter from Andrew Saltise, the head of the Cœur d'Alene Indians, asking the saloon men not to sell his people liquor. He says if any of them are found drunk in town he would like to have the city marshals arrest them and send word to him, and he will go and get them and put them in his jail. He also talks to the county clerk about estrays, and says his people lose many horses. He closes by saying: "I want to be at peace with all the whites, and would like to have the whites use my people as they use one another." It is but a few years since Saltise rode at the head of the Cœur d'Alene warriors and was a savage chief bent on destroying the whites. Now he rides around the country taking a fatherly interest in his tribe and keeping them straight. He is thrifty and well to do, and rides into town in a comfortable carriage behind a good pair of horses.

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