

MOLLY IN THE CHOIR.

In a blaze of golden sunshine,
Sabbath morning sunshine gay,
Laughed a girl with hair all glory,
Fresh young face and eyes of gray.
Head uplifted, red lips parted,
Caroled she of faith's desire,
Sang she with a voice of heaven—
That was Molly in the choir.

In a flood of chastened glory,
Great white light from out the West,
Stood a woman, loveliest, fairest,
In her face her soul expressed.
With a voice that pierced the stillness,
Chastened sweetness rising higher,
Sang she with a voice of heaven—
That was Molly in the choir.

In the gloom of winter, beating
'Gainst the pane fierce storm and sleet,
Stands a woman, sorrow-laden,
With a face resigned and sweet.
Still that voice that rises clearly
Thrills all hearts with holy fire;
Well she's heard her gift from heaven—
That is Molly in the choir.
—American Farmer.

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL.

"HELP me think. I have got to do something. I feel so—so responsible," Peggy said to Mabel, who answered, sticking out her chin: "I do hope, Peggy Crayshaw, nobody else won't ever do and leave you a hundred-dollar bill. You ain't good for anything in the world since your father brought it home."

"If he had just taken it with him!" Peggy sighed; "mother wanted him to, but he said it was safer here. As if anybody would think of picking pockets at a wedding! And they won't be back until almost midnight. It's ten miles at least to Cousin Fanny Gorman's."

"I never saw a hundred-dollar bill. Let me look at yours—if you know where it is," Mabel said, almost pensively. Peggy gave her red skirts an airy flirt, saying: "Of course I know where it is. Do you reckon they would not tell me, so I couldn't get it first thing if the house should catch fire?"

"I thought maybe they hid it until they could buy you those two cows with it," Mabel answered, meekly. Peggy smiled, but said, austere: "Mother said I must not be vain and purse-proud, and I don't mean to be; but it will be nice to have \$1,000 all my own when I'm 21. And father says he will give me the keep of the cows for the calves, so the milk and butter in eight years will make me a nice little fortune."

"Oh! You're like the milkmaid over in the back of the spelling book," Mabel broke in. Peggy grew very sober. "It's thinkin' about her makes me so uneasy," she said. "Suppose something should go with the money, when it is left at home with nobody but girls to take care of it?"

"You surely ain't 'fraid of robbers?" Mabel laughed. "There never was one in the county, father says. Nor traps neither—"

"You never can tell what's going to happen," Peggy said. "Anyway, I'm going to get out the money, and we'll study up where we'll put it, so it shall be perfectly safe."

"Why! It's just like any other bill. I thought it would be ever so big," Mabel said, and Peggy unlocked her father's desk, touched the spring of the secret drawer and drew out a bit of crisp green paper. Together they spread it flat on the desk and traced the figures with eager, happy fingers. "You see it's hundred all right!" Peggy said, with a note of triumph which she tried vainly to subdue. Mabel squinted at it critically. "If I was you I'd pin it tight to my underbody," she said, "then it couldn't get lost, and nobody could find it."

"That won't do at all. Of course, robbers would look in our clothes first thing, after they didn't find it in the desk," Peggy answered. "Besides, we're going in the orchard for a basket of sweeties, and it might work loose."

"Oh, I know where it'll be safe! Let's put it under Seraphine's new face before we see it on. Nobody in the world would ever find it there," Mabel cried. Peggy heard her almost with envy. Seraphine was her biggest doll, a stout, bunched rag dame, who had a new staring clean, white countenance every year of her life. If the bill, neatly folded, made her face somewhat bloated, as Mabel said, nobody that ever lived would guess the reason for it. Peggy added, "We mustn't put her away in the closet, or a drawer. That might make the robbers think—we'll just throw her there on the window seat, where we can keep an eye on her, and we will look like we had been playing with her and had dropped her."

"Yes," Mabel nodded, "and if anything comes we'll pick her up and slip out to the orchard. They never can find us if we get up high where the leaves are so thick in the tops of the trees."

"Let's go there right now! I'm apple hungry," Peggy said, reaching for the basket. Mabel picked up Seraphine, but Peggy said with emphasis, "Mabel Bert, is that all the sense you have got? Suppose we meet the robbers right at the door as we came back? They'd know right off we had a reason for lugging Seraphine around!"

"They'd just think we were fond of her. I am!" Mabel said stoutly, cuddling Seraphine and smoothing her red skirts affectionately. But Peggy snatched the doll and flung her against the window seat with a resounding thump, then banged the door behind her and ran with Mabel for the apples.

They were gone only a minute—at least it seemed so to themselves, but when they got back a tall man hallowed lustily at the gate.

"Say! Come here, you young misses! Are the people at this place all dead or asleep? My name is John Dutch—I've come twenty miles to fetch 'Squire Crayshaw that filly he said he'd buy last week."

"You'll have to come in and wait, Mr. Dutch. He won't be home for ever so long," Peggy said, hospitably, setting open the door. Mr. Dutch shook his head. "Can't wait," he said, but got down from his horse and led through the yard gate a haltered filly, the very prettiest thing on four legs Peggy had ever seen. The filly pulled back, but slipped at Dutch as though angry, but

when Mabel ran up to her she put down her dainty head to be stroked.

"She is mad with you because you made her come too fast. See how her flanks heave," Peggy said. Dutch smiled sadly as he answered: "I had to come fast. I am bound to go back to-night, and the days are short now. Say, miss, didn't your father leave the money for me? I can't well go without it—the filly, you see, is just partly mine, and 't'other fellow's a cross-grained chap that don't trust anybody."

"He didn't leave any money at all but my hundred dollars," Peggy said, trying to speak carelessly. Dutch laughed again. "Funny!" he said, "but that's just the price of this beauty. She's worth double, but I—well, I don't like to be partner with a skinflint. Suppose you buy the beast, seein' the 'Squire ain't here—and then tell him if he wants her, why he must give you two hundred."

"Oh, Peggy! Don't!" Mabel said eagerly, but Peggy frowned at her. "Don't you mind her, Mr. Dutch," she said. "Of course, I'll give you the money. Father must have forgotten you were coming, but I won't make him pay me quite two hundred. That wouldn't be fair—would it?"

"Anything's fair in a horse trade," Dutch said. "But let's finish our bargain. I must be movin' fast. Get the money, please, while I write a receipt."

"In just a minute," Peggy said, leading the way to her father's desk. As Dutch sat down he looked apprehensively over his shoulder through the open door, and said almost in a whisper: "Make haste."

Hand in hand, Peggy and Mabel ran to find Seraphine. Seraphine had vanished. Yet the room was undisturbed, the windows fast, the door securely latched, the white kitten, sleeping peacefully beside the fire. The children looked at each other, awestruck, then began to cry. Dutch darted in to them. "If you've been fooling me you'll be sorry for it," he said savagely. "You had that hundred dollars—I know it—I know about your aunt's will. Give it to me. Quick! Quick! Do you hear? I'm bound to get away."

"Hardly—when you leave a stolen filly plain to view," a man said, stepping behind Dutch and seizing both wrists. Dutch struggled hard, but was promptly knocked down by the Sheriff and his deputies, who had been hot on the trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snatched the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to both things this way. I suppose, though, you have grown careless—as you had stolen seven horses and got away with them, you thought you'd make the rifle with the eighth, no matter what you did."

"How did he get my hundred dollar bill? Make him tell. Make him give it back. He stole it while we were in the orchard," Peggy cried, shrilly. The Sheriff looked significantly at Hankins. Hankins shook his head. "I came after it," he said, defiantly, "but sure as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a never caught me. The Sheriff and his deputies, who had been hot on the trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snatched the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to both things this way. I suppose, though, you have grown careless—as you had stolen seven horses and got away with them, you thought you'd make the rifle with the eighth, no matter what you did."

"How did he get my hundred dollar bill? Make him tell. Make him give it back. He stole it while we were in the orchard," Peggy cried, shrilly. The Sheriff looked significantly at Hankins. Hankins shook his head. "I came after it," he said, defiantly, "but sure as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a never caught me. The Sheriff and his deputies, who had been hot on the trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snatched the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to both things this way. I suppose, though, you have grown careless—as you had stolen seven horses and got away with them, you thought you'd make the rifle with the eighth, no matter what you did."

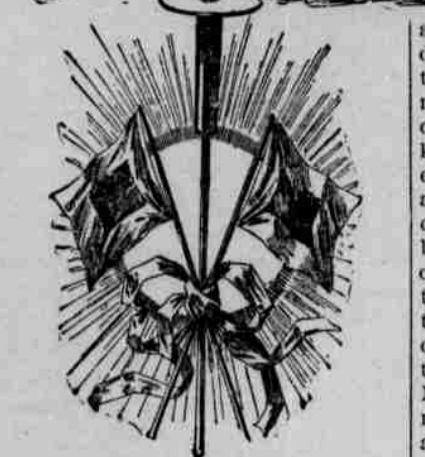
NEW HANDSHAKE.

Introduced in Washington by Assistant Secretary McKeljohn.

Representative Amos J. Cummings was one of a party of twelve who attended a dinner given by a public official a few evenings since. He knew all the diners save one, a Western politician, who was a friend of the host. The host introduced his Congressional friends to his guest from the West. Mr. Cummings was the first to be introduced. The Westerner, wearing an evening suit, patent leather shoes, etc., advanced, holding his right hand on a level with his forehead. Mr. Cummings approached to within a few feet of the extended hand and halted. He looked the Westerner squarely in the eye, glanced hastily at the outstretched arm, and as he grasped it said smilingly: "Ugh! You shake hands like McKeljohn."

At this everybody laughed. Mr. McKeljohn, who helps Mr. Alger manage the War Department, is noted for his handshake, and his friends have a little quiet fun with him because of his affected manners. It may be remarked in passing that the Westerner is an intimate friend of the Assistant Secretary and has acquired the top-lofty handshake from association with him. —Washington special New York World.

There is always a quarrel going on as to which is the more fierce, men or women. Both are so fierce that they should be ashamed of themselves.



and can clodance to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. During the war of the rebellion signalling was mainly done by flags. The code was cumbersome then, the heliograph unknown. Yet the signal corps was an effective aid to every division of the army. Grant signalled the orders that concentrated the brigades below Vicksburg, and in the later battle of Lookout Mountain, the famous "battle above the clouds," accurate information of the enemy's position was waved from cliff to valley headquarters, and from tree to riverside. General Albert J. Meyer was the father of the army signal service, and his principles—save as to code—are still followed.

The flag code now is very complete, and every move of the red flag to right or left, up or down, or swung in circles, conveys a definite message to field-glasses far away. During the Indian wars out West signalling was an important feature of an erratic and difficult warfare. The far-distance system was there in general vogue. It was the heliograph which caused the surrender of the terrible Apache chief, Geronimo. When he was corralled in some hundreds of square miles of Arizona desert, a signal service station was placed at every watering place. The flashes gave warning whenever the thirsty remnant of the once powerful band approached any of the springs. Finding that he would die of thirst unless he made a hopeless attack upon the troops, the chief at last consented to a parley and to final surrender. The effectiveness of the signal system with both land and sea forces during the Cuban war, is one of the most interesting and important features of that campaign. Everywhere the heliograph—men with crossed flags on their sleeves, long leather-bound cases like gun cases under their arms, and other unfamiliar paraphernalia. These men constitute the "signal corps," and this branch of the service is now on a plane with the costly regular army.

The heliograph, or sun glass, is the greatest of modern improvements in the

field of signalling devices. In form it is a glass four inches square, and in its center is a minute hole. The operator holds the glass to the sun in such a position that, sighting through the aperture, he strikes a spot on the sighting rod. This, on rifle principle, is gauged by distance, and is set by experiment until the operator knows that a certain point upon it will give him the range of the point he desires to send his message to by flashes. The communication, in dots and dashes, is carried on by a shutter with which the operator cuts off the flashes or elongates them at will. A short flash is a dot—a long one a dash. The heliograph can send its sunlight a wonderful distance. Last year in the Rocky Mountains, Captain Glassford, of the department of the Colorado, flashed a message from Mount Ellen to Mount Uncompahgre, a distance of 185 miles. The power of the light is also great. Turned on to the dome of a State capital building one day recently, from a station miles away, the refraction of the rays proved so great that the dome could not be seen.

The shutters are worked by two little rings, arranged like the handles of a scissors, into which the thumb and one finger of the operator fits. When the hand is closed the shutters fly back, exposing the mirror to the sunlight, and a flash is at once emitted like that with which a small boy tantalizes one in a window with a piece of mirror. With a few minutes practice any telegraph operator can manage a heliograph. Reading the flashes as they came over miles of space to the other station is not so easy, however. One soldier stands behind the instrument which is not in use, and reads off the message flashed to him by the distant instrument to another man, who takes it down in regular form on a telegraph blank.

In November, 1869, Assistant Superintendent Lloyd of the Western Union, tendered his services to the Second Illinois Regiment for the organization of a signal corps. This led to an organization, so that now in three State brigades there are ninety skilled signal men. The first important work of the corps was during the thirty-three days of camp service during the great Debs labor strike at Chicago. The system was here found to be invaluable, for in at least half a dozen instances the sun flashes warned bodies of soldiers of the approaching riot, or served to convey calls for assistance. There was a signal station at every threatened point. Later, at Camp Lincoln encampments, the system was advanced to the very highest grade of proficiency.

In addition to the heliograph, the various signal corps are now fully equipped with flags for day use, torches for night service, telegraph instruments and reels of wire, and every known device for transmitting messages by sight or sound, skilled signallers can telegraph by wire, by wig-wag, by flashes, by torch, by knife or fork. They can make a common mirror do heliograph duty in time of need,



SOLDIERS USING THE HELIOGRAPH.

an efficient druggist, but he strenuously disliked being in undignified haste over anything. In fact, his disposition to take everything slowly and in the most dignified manner had seriously stood in the way of his advancement even in his own particular calling, and it was partly for this reason that he desired to join the navy.

"In what capacity do you wish to enlist?" asked the recruiting officer very briskly.

"As a druggist, sir," replied the applicant.

"Can't do it; we'll have to ship you as a landsman."

"What does a landsman have to do?" questioned the applicant, doubtfully.

"Anything he's told, and do it—quick, too."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DUTIES OF A LANDSMAN.

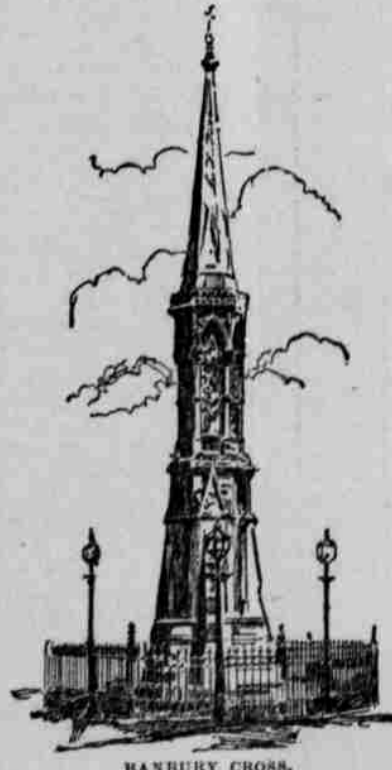
An uptown drug clerk desired to enlist in the United States navy. He was

OLD BANBURY CROSS.

Once a Real Thing, Its Site Is Still Marked.

Old Banbury Cross, of which everyone has heard in the rhyme, "Ride a cock horse," is not a fiction. It once stood in Banbury, which is a town that dates back even to the Reformation. In literature, too, it has had secure mention any time the last 300 or 400 years.

It was he who introduced the telegraph money order system into Great Britain. He likewise showed the French postal authorities the utilities and beauties of the parcel post. Mr. Heaton has other phases of character than that of postal reformer. He is an author of ability and a contributor to the periodicals. His "Australian Dictionary of Dates and Men of the Time" is an authority and a most useful book. He was born at Rochester in 1848 and is a very rich man. Among his other achievements is that of inaugurating international parliamentary chess matches between Great Britain and the United States.



BANBURY CROSS.

It is, therefore, as a disappointment to be told, although we knew it before, we always know it—that Banbury is a mere country place in England, which for centuries remained of no little commercial importance, even crediting it with plenty of cheese and tarts of its own production. These, it is true, are still famous all over England. In recent years there has been an accession of business there in the manufacture of agricultural implements. It is a market and borough town, situated on the River Cherwell, sixty-five miles from

London. It boasts a large church that is an imitation of St. Paul's cathedral. The original Banbury cross was, unfortunately, destroyed by the Puritans at the Reformation. A steeple type of structure, something on the lines of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, now marks the place where it stood. The fine lady of the nursery jingle is an allusion to the habit of the "old woman of Banbury," known also as the "witch of the white horse." Like the cross, she has long since disappeared, but her memory is kept green by the procession in the town at royal jubilees, occasions of rare occurrence, except in recent years under the present happy reign.

FATHER OF PENNY POSTAGE.

J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., Receiving Great Praise for His Work.

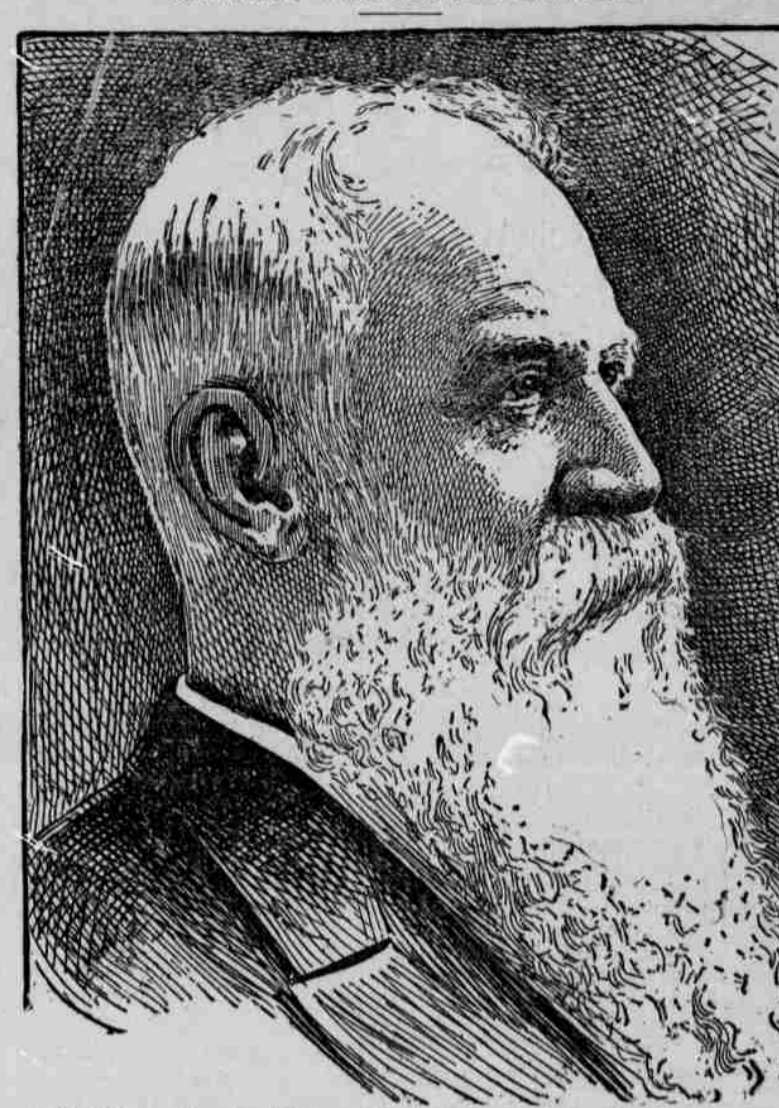
J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., the father of the imperial penny postage in the British Empire, is receiving no end of praise for his work, especially from the colonists. He has been in Parliament many years, and has made himself immensely popular by his labors for a reduction of the letter postage which is almost international. Perhaps Mr. Heaton was not altogether disinterested in the scheme, for he is the proprietor of one of the largest newspaper



J. HENNIKER HEATON.

properties in Australia. At the same time he is receiving the blessings of millions of her majesty's subjects who write letters to friends beyond the seas. The penny postage plan went into effect on Christmas day, and is only one of its author's schemes for postal re-

SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART.



United States Senator William Morris Stewart of Nevada is known as the "Santa Claus" of the Senate. The Senator gets this name by way of his plentiful crop of shiny gray whiskers and his rubeufed face, which beams through its snowy frame of beard with the incandescence of that robust health the old miner has ever enjoyed. Stewart was first elected to the Senate in 1864 and was re-elected in 1868. After that he practiced law in Nevada until 1887, when he was sent back to his seat to succeed Senator Fair, and he was re-elected in 1890. Senator Stewart has passed through some exciting and dangerous incidents during his long life. Born in New York, brought up in Ohio, and half educated at Yale, he went West in 1850 to dig gold, and found it. In 1860 he settled in Nevada and has been prominent in mining, law and politics ever since. Stewart likes to tell stories of his early mining experiences and to relate marvelous tales of his ability as a pistol shot, of certain brave work he did among the desperate men of '49. Stewart has ever shined about Nevada—"my Nevada"—and his tremendous knowledge of mining laws won him a big practice and caused him to be popular. He has been the foremost champion of free silver in the Senate, and the foremost in Congress, with the exception of Richard Parks Bland.

REV. CHARLES CHINIQUEY.

His Career Was Unparalleled in Canada's History.

The death of Rev. Charles Chiniquey, which occurred in Montreal recently, removed a prominent figure in Canadian religious circles and one who had a career unparalleled. Brought up a devout Roman Catholic and ordained a priest, he devoted the last thirty-nine years of his life to teaching a doctrine that was entirely opposed to the one he so zealously propagated in his youth. He was born at Kamomaska, Quebec, in 1809 and was educated in the Catholic faith. When only 8 years of age he was thoroughly acquainted with the main facts of Bible history. He entered upon a theological course and was ordained in the Cathedral of Quebec in 1833. He became specially interested in temperance work in Quebec province and met with flattering success. His fame as a temperance advocate grew apace and the Parliament of Lower Canada in 1851 passed him a vote of thanks and £500 in recognition of his fight against drunkenness. The city of Montreal gave him a gold medal. The pope sent his benediction to Chiniquey for his work and the bishop of his diocese bestowed upon him the title of "Apostle of Temperance."

In 1856 he was called by Bishop Van develde, of Chicago, to found a Roman Catholic colony in the valley of the Mississippi. He accepted the task and brought over 5,000 French Canadians to St. Anne, Ill. Everything went well for a time, but Bishop Van develde died and his successor treated Father Chiniquey's colony in a way that displeased the priest, who appealed to the higher authorities of the church for protection against his bishop. In fact, Father Chiniquey's theological views were undergoing a change. The bishop interdicted him and a land speculator named Spink had him arrested on a certain charge. Chiniquey was defended by "Abe" Lincoln, and was honorably acquitted. Bishop O'Regan was deposed, but his successor, Bishop Smith, wished to subdue Chiniquey, and after a stormy interview declared that Chiniquey was no longer a priest of Rome.

The latter returned to his colony, told them what had taken place, ex-

BEECHER RIFLES CHURCH.

One of the Oldest in Kansas and One of the Most Interesting.

One of the most interesting churches in Kansas and a striking reminder of the character of Henry Ward Beecher stands in the little town of Wabaussee. It is the Beecher Rifles Church, erected by the men who went out from Hart-



BEECHER RIFLES CHURCH.

ford, Conn., in 1854 to help free Kansas. Beecher went to the meeting at which the company was organized, and standing before the large audience subscribed enough to buy a rifle for one of the men. He went home to Brooklyn and raised enough in his own congregation to purchase a rifle, a Bible and a hymn-book for every member of the company, and these were carried away when the 125 men marched out of their home city toward the West. They built the church soon after founding their colony, and called it after their regiment, the Beecher Rifles. They went to church carrying the rifles, and stored them in the vestibule. Once they were called upon to attack Indians and Southerners while the service was in progress. The preacher adjourned until the skirmish was over and then returned to his sermon. The church is perhaps the oldest in the State, and is cherished as a reminder of a great man and of stirring times.

Few a Town Is Populated.

Every town has a lar or two, a smart Aleck, some pretty girls, more loafers than it needs, a woman or two that tattles, an old fogey that the town would be better off without, men who stand on the street corners and make remarks about the women, a man who laughs an idiotic laugh every time he says anything, scores of men with the caboose of their trousers worn smooth as glass, men who can tell you about how the war question should be settled, the weather and how to run other people's business, but who have made a dismal failure of their own.—Northport News.

INVENTIONS.

Intended to Discourage the Noble Profession of Burglary.

Applications have been made to the Patent Office in Washington for the protection of three inventions to discourage burglary and more especially train robbery. They provide punishments compared with which the tor-

FAMOUS HEADLESS SWORD OF CHINA.



This picture shows China's famous headless sword, which has been an institution ever since the foundation of the Chinese empire. It gives the right to behead any person at sight regardless of rank or dignity. Although the "Shang Fund" sword has been an institution ever since earliest Chinese history, it has been only once bestowed during the present dynasty.