

THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITERS SEE US."

per annum.

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Facts & Fancies

All the latest and curiosities in the Jewels displayed in



BUCCANEER

By F. H. COSTELLO

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We were past them presently, none hailing us, and having gone out by the rear door were at last in the hall of the stairs. Here it was dark, save for the little illumination of the buccaneers' candles, and all deserted and quiet. We did not close the door after us, both because the light was of some use and because we thought the act would seem suspicious, though, indeed, the fellows had scarce appeared to notice us. One thing now puzzled me a little, which was that it seemed to be dark at the top of the stairs. To be sure, the guard might have deposited his lantern, or candle, at the far end of the passage, but even then, I thought, some faint light would show. However, there was little time to think on this, even supposing it to be of import, for Mr. Tym had already begun to ascend the stairs. We fell into his train, the captain first, I next, and Mac Ivrah last, and all crept softly up. I now thought a faint bit of light was stealing down from the passage, but starlight. I glanced as well as I could by the captain, and kept Mr. Tym's figure in a vague way in view, feeling, with some quickening of the pulse, that it must not be soon that he would reach the top and come under the observation of the guard. The flight was long, but presently I saw his figure cut out black and more distinct, and knew he was in the passage and obstructing a window. It was now certain that there was no light, save of the stars, and this must be the reason why the guard had not as yet perceived him. He turned, for I caught the narrowing of his shape, and immediately the window was free again, and now he had surely advanced down the passage.

I slipped alongside the captain, and he looked at me, the wonderment on his face coming out in the faint light. We were now close to the top of the flight, but as yet could not command the passage, the continued wall cutting us off. Of a sudden I heard a soft, long step, and the window above darkening. I looked up and saw Mr. Tym. "All's well," he said, in a sharp whisper full of relief. "The coast is clear."

This was such brave news that for an instant I fairly brought the captain and me to a standstill. Yet only while one might catch his breath. We made a straddling bound of it to the top, Mac Ivrah close behind.

"We must improve the opportunity," went on Mr. Tym, as soon as we were fairly beside him. "Yonder is the door; Master Ardick, do you hail the seniorita, and then proceed as speedily as you can with the breaking in."

The business wanted no more discussion, and quickly we were all before the door. A very faint bit of light came from the open keyhole, but all within was quiet. To make quite certain that the door was locked, I first gently tried it, but found, as I expected, the bolt shot. Stooping then to the keyhole, I spoke the seniorita's name, raising my voice as high as I dared.

There was a little stir, and presently the lady's voice, low and shaken, answered: "Who is there?"

"Friends, lady. Capt. Sellinger and others that you wot of. We have come to deliver you."

I heard her give a little cry, and she seemed to have come up close to the door.

"We are about to break in," I continued. "Yet, stay—are you dressed?"

"Yes, senior. Ah, the saints have heard my prayers!"

"She understands the matter," I said to my companions. "Hand me the pry, Mac Ivrah, as soon as we have fetched along this implement—a short bar of iron,

might now have taken to the water, had we so minded, as we had come out to the water, but on the whole we thought it best otherwise, and so fetched yet again to the right, this continuing till the land once more widened, when I noted with joy that we were close upon the jetty.

It seemed lighter here. The space about us was more open, and the clear stretch of water lay just before. The jetty appeared to be deserted (indeed, it was an old one, little used), and as far as could be seen not a person was in the neighborhood. The stars made some show in fetching out the expanse of the bay, which gave a wider boundary seaward than one would have guessed, and on the left there was a quickening to more and brighter lights, where the ships and small craft lay. I could now give some attention to the wind, which I found was off the land, though as yet, it seemed, not confirmed, and in strength hardly more than a small stir. There was a moderate swell on, as I could tell by the slow rising and sinking of the ships, and the air was warm, with a kind of tropic smell and heaviness.

By this time we were all upon the jetty. Mr. Tym and the captain waiting a bit till my companion and I could come up.

"Tell the seniorita she can take a long breath now," said Sellinger cheerily. "I will but fetch the sloop, and it's good-by to this hell-hole!"

The captain now left us, and I suggested that my companion would do well to rest, which I found her a passable place to do by spreading her cloak upon the planks.

While I looked anxiously in the direction whence the captain was to be expected, a gray, square outline broke out of the obscurity, and immediately growing proved to be the welcome patched sail.

I uttered some exclamation of satisfaction, and Dona Clara was quickly on her feet, crying: "Oh, the blessed boat!" and we hastened over.

All was now quickly managed. The tide had considerably declined, leaving the sloop low and awkward to get at, and the swell churned her up and down, but we passed the seniorita safely aboard, and Mac Ivrah, who came last, tumbled in and shoved off. As the bow swung round the captain gave a pull at the sheet, and immediately the boom yanked out and the sail filled. We took a long dip and slide, and on looking back I had the satisfaction of perceiving a great gap open between us and the jetty. So much of the business, at least, was assured.

The captain now hailed in his sheet, saying that we would not pass too near the ships (it is doubtful if any ships were really taken at the time the city fell. The purposes of the story, however, require the introduction of a few), and we began to run to the west. We did indeed, give the ship, as well as all the lesser craft, a wide berth, upon which Sellinger seemed satisfied, and, coming about, the sloop's nose pointed at last seaward.

By this time we had made a considerable distance into the bay, and the outlines of the shore had gradually risen to an even duskiness and indistinctness.

All seemed to be going to our minds, and, having concluded these observations, I turned to have a word with the seniorita. She sat in her former place, anxiously regarding the shore, but turned, brightening a bit, upon my speaking.

"All favors us," I said in a cheerful tone. "But a brief while longer and our safety is assured."

"Gracias, senior, you put mein heart," she answered, with a little smile. She took off her great hat with a kind of feminine prettiness, as she spoke, and laid it beside her. I could make out her features better, and their wonderful perfection struck me with the former sort of wonder.

She moved a bit toward me—as I might say in a confiding fashion—and went on:

"But, after all, senior, I should scarce dwell so much on my own good fortune. Think of my poor friends! Holy Mother, was not theirs a dreadful fate! They were slain—slain before my very eyes. But you knew it, senior?"

"Yes, lady," I said with a sigh, "I knew it."

The boat slipped along, and still we perceived nothing alarming—that is, no sign of pursuit. The lights behind us fell to little twinklings and finally to a mere streak of pale radiance, and the ocean with its vastness—long-heaving and glassy under the stars—opened up. The breeze was still light, but constant, and set us sliding steadily on.

"I think," said Mr. Tym, after a little, "that we may now venture to rest the watches. We know not what strain may be put upon us, and we should rest while there is opportunity."

"True," said Sellinger. "Therefore do you three lie down, and I will take the first watch. I will call one of you at four bells."

"This being settled, we three bestowed some cloaks for beds and lay down.

I lay a considerable time in my place, my eye shut but my senses fully awake. I heard all the small noises—the run of the water past, the smoothed churning of the leakage in the well, the clucking of the boom block as the captain trimmed his sheet, the gritting slide of one of Mac Ivrah's shoes, and while my thoughts seemed about to become more active, as my brain was withdrawn from outward matters, in reality I fell asleep.

SABBATH SCHOOL TOILS.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Gives Some Good Advice.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad."—1 Samuel, xx: 40.

Jonathan, with a boy, went out to warn David of his danger. The shooting of arrows was to be the signal. The information having been given, Jonathan has no more use for the weapons, and so he gives them in charge of the boy to take home again. "And Jonathan delivered his artillery unto his lad." Well, my friends, we soon will all be through with this earthly conflict, and we are going to hand over our weapons unto the children. They will take our pulpits, our press, our offices, our shops our legislative halls, and to do battle for the eternal God. Who are they who are making Buddhism and Mohammedism blanch and cower? Our boys! Who are they who are hoisting higher than the standard on which is inscribed the British lion and the Russian bear the more glorious insignia of the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world? Our boys! And yet the Sabbath school has only just begun its work. I propose to mark out what I consider shall be the line of Sabbath school advance.

First. It will be through improved Sabbath school architecture. In all our Sabbath school rooms there is plenty of light—light clear and beautiful, such as God pours out of the sun every day—a world full of it; not crowding through small windows cobwebbed and stained, but plenty of light, such as puts the blue on the gentian and the gold on the cowslip, and spots the pansy, and sends the mists of the valley in whirling columns of glory sky tall, and that at sunset pulls aside the bars of heaven until the light of the celestial world strikes through the cloud-racks and comes dripping over the battlement, in purple and saffron and orange and flaming fire! Then, let such rooms be well ventilated, not the bottled-up air of other Sundays kept over from week to week, as though, like wine, it improved by age; but fresh air, such as comes pouring off the sea or moving down the hillsides, sweeping up the aroma of whole acres of redolent top. Have the room bright and cheerful. Introduce not the "murder of the innocents." Have the floor bright, carpeted. The line of Sabbath school advance shall be amid pictured walls and over carpeted floors, and I give the command today; Column, forward! Dress on the colours! File right! March! And there is no army that can stand before you. The cowards will fly like thistle-down in a tempest. Until we have in the United States and in England the right kind of Sunday school rooms, we will not have the right kind of Sunday schools.

Again, I remark, the line of Sunday school advance in this country will be through an improved Sunday school literature. I am amazed to see what kind of books get into the Sunday school libraries. Sentimental love stories, biographies of generals who were very brave, but who swore like troopers, fairy stories, Oliver Optic, accounts of boys and girls more wonderful than ever lived—books that have no more religion in them than "Hudibras" or "Gulliver's Travels." The poor little darling goes home with her library book thinking she has heaven under her arm, but by the time she has read the story of love and adventure, she feels so strange, she thinks she must be getting lost of religion! I tell you there is no excuse for getting sickly or bad books in our Sunday school libraries. Time was when there was no juvenile literature worth anything. The best minds of Europe and America are now preparing juvenile literature. Reject from your Sunday school libraries all exaggerations, of life and all adventures that do well enough for the romance, but are not fit for the child whose taste is to be formed, and whose habits are to be established, and whose immortal soul is to be saved. Let not the fascinations of style apologize for the lack of truth. Mistake not trash and slops for simplicity. Do not have your books higher than the child's comprehension, or lower than its dignity. In the choice of your Sunday school books do not let the angelic and the diabolic efface the human. Oh, the power in a Sunday school book! Oh, the omnipotence of a Sunday school book! A great many of our Sunday school libraries in this country need a blessed fumigation and the infusion of a stout, healthy, Christian literature.

I remark again: One line of Sabbath-school advance will be through an improved hymnology. Choirs ought to be the best people in the church, and they sometimes are; but choir that

GO OUT AND GATHER THE CHILDREN.

They are on the commons to-day, within sight of the spires of your churches, yet they know no more of God or heaven than if they had been born in Central Africa. Go out and gather them in, and while you are blessing them you yourselves will be blessed. "Oh!" you say, "they are not washed." Then wash them. Christ washed the disciples' feet, and you can wash these children. "Oh!" you say, "they are unclothed." Then comb them, and become in the high-caste sense Christian hair-dressers. "But," you say, "their apparel is not decent enough for a religious assembly." Then beg or buy proper garments for them. Take your old coat or your old dress and refashion it, and before you get it fixed up a voice will drop from the ceiling, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me." Joy take this garland of beauty and joy, and throw it at thy feet, O Lord Jesus! Thou hast invited them to come, and we bring them, our sons and daughters, and the lost children of the street. Here they are, O blessed Christ! They ask, "They kiss." They wait thy benediction. The prayer of Jacob for his sons so many years ago shall be my prayer while I live, and my prayer when I die: "The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

MEN AS THEY PASS.

Major Serge-Pinto, the well known African explorer, died the other day in Lisbon.

President McKinley has promised to make an address at the banquet of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association to be given in Chicago in February or March.

Ernest Brenner, the new president of the republic of Switzerland, is only 44 years old, yet he is deemed one of the ablest of the international lawyers of Europe.

Frank T. Howard, a millionaire of New Orleans, has announced his intention of giving to that city a sum of money for the erection and conducting of a model school.

Speaker Henderson is said to be dissatisfied with the portrait for which he sat a year ago. His face, he thinks, is good likeness, but he objects that the artist has put a man's head on a boy's shoulders.

Ex-Speaker Reed declares that he has lost something over 30 pounds in weight during the last few months, and says the reduction in flesh has done him a world of good. He refuses, however, to make public the prescription, if he uses any.

Few public men have had so charming a home life as the late ex-Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts. Once, while he was in office, his very young son was asked what school he attended in Massachusetts. "Papa says he is," said the boy, "but he fools so much I can't tell."

General Sir Redvers Buller, when a youth had his choice among all the professions. His relatives pressed him to take up politics, as he had a private fortune. His ready response was that rather than a private in the least of the queen's regiments than England's prime minister.

John Benjamin Parsons, head of the Philadelphia Union Traction company, has risen from a "\$5 a week job" to a post that pays him \$30,000 a year. Surface car lines have furnished a peculiarly profitable field for executive ability, and the "traction millionaire" is one of the most interesting of his kind, as he is the newest.

After working as a locomotive engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for just half a century, Joseph West of Cumberland, Md., has been retired on a pension at the age of 73. In all the years of his employment he never received the slightest injury, never had a wreck of any consequence, and at no time was a man of his class killed.

William Wallace Campbell has been elected director of the Lick observatory to succeed the late James E. Keeler, was born on a farm in Hancock county, O., in 1802. He made a specialty of astronomy at the University of Michigan under Professor Schaeberle, took the chair of mathematics and astronomy at the University of Colorado and later at Ann Arbor.

General John G. Parke, who died recently in Washington, was the last officer to command the army of the Potomac. General Meade was spending a few hours with General Grant at City Point when Kyd Douglas broke through the Federal lines, of which Parke had to take command. That was on May 25, 1863. The battle of Fort Sumter, one of the most brilliant of the war, was also fought under him.

VICTORIA'S POSIES.

Flowers That Grow by Royal Command.

Victoria the Good had many hobbies. She collected photographs, china and camel's hair shaws. She prided herself on her mastery of Hindoostanee. She was an admirer of fine cattle, and had a weakness for white and "cream-colored" horses. But above and beyond all other things, Victoria loved flowers. As a girl and as a young matron she was an enthusiastic gardener. Her big sun-dial was almost as familiar to the gardeners of Windsor as were the car-nation beds in which the sovereign was especially fond of working, snipping and clipping and weeding, to her great content and the gardeners' amazement. One of the favorite stories told of Empress Frederick is that when she was a small girl she was assisting her royal mother in the flower beds. The Queen noticed that the small Victoria did not wear gardening gloves, and reminded her that when she, the Queen, was a child she was not permitted to work in the garden with bare hands. "Perhaps not," said the young Victoria, "but you were not born Princess Royal of England, I was."

The Queen's favorite flowers were violets, and her greenhouses always boasted some in bloom, as the old as well as the new varieties were cultivated by her gardeners. Roses under glass were also a specialty of the Queen's greenhouses, and the climbing white niphotos was her Majesty's favorite. She also loved mignonette, wall flowers, honeysuckle and other hardy outdoor plants and blossoms that were generally grown in her young days.

The orchid house at Frogmore shows some rare plants, and the sacred bean of Egypt was always visited in its flowering season by its royal owner; few cultivators succeed in blooming it yearly, a fact of which her Majesty was justly proud. The palm house is brightened by the scarlet flowers of the poinsettia, which are cut in quantities for vase and table decoration. For maidenhair ferns the Queen had a fancy, and her private sitting room was generally adorned by a fine specimen or two.

The advance made in all branches of gardening during her reign interested the Queen much more than mere discoveries like the telephone and electric lighting. It was only a few years ago that she consented to have electric lights in her various palaces, but she was always ready to make experiments in floriculture and try any new methods of growing fruits and vegetables.

Among the fruits cultivated under glass for Victoria's special delectation were bananas and strawberries, the former bearing fruit, the latter blossoming, about Christmas time; and basketfuls of ripe strawberries were picked every February, for the Queen's table.

Grapes make a fine show at Windsor. The vineries, heavy with thousands of clusters of grapes, are a wonderful sight. In these houses it is possible to gather peaches in May, and this is where over 12,000 strawberry plants are raised annually. One novelty in the way of fruit is the Japanese date plum. Here, too, or rather in specially constructed pits quite near, grow the pineapples, which are ready in midwinter, and are of noted excellence. Tomatoes are never "out of season" at Windsor, and the Queen's gardeners are said to grow the finest green peas, beans and potatoes in England.

GONE FOR GOOD.

You don't mean to say you've left old Krusty's employ?

Yes. He made a certain remark in my hearing that made it simply impossible for me to remain there any longer.

Really? What did he say?

He said: Get your pay, and get out of here.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Queen of Holland has an enormous fortune, only a part of which belongs to the crown.

The Prince of Wales recently had a pigeon house built near Sandringham castle, where carrier pigeons are trained by experts. He has since moved his pigeon house at the disposal of the British navy.

According to the dispatches, the widowed Queen Margherita will after all take up her home in Rome and devote her time and money to the intellectual culture and artistic development of her own country. She received under King Humbert's will about \$2,000, and the state makes her a dowager's allowance of \$200,000 a year.

The King of Spain has not yet been able to show either his taste or his pluck in riding. For his mother is so nervous about the horse that she even like to see him getting too bold on his wooden horse. The hour of the riding lesson on the real thing is always one of anxiety for the regent. They say that this fear comes from a prediction which was once made to her by a gypsy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Zinc is best cleaned with hot, soapy water, then polished with kerosene and coal ash.

White spots on furniture may be speedily removed by rubbing with a rag dipped in spirits of camphor.

When putting lace away, fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it around a card, as is done in the shops.

The brass picture hangers (hooks) which slip over the picture moldings and hold the picture very sometimes get badly tarnished. They may be made as bright as new by getting some muriatic acid, putting it in a cup or tumbler and, after straining the acids on a cord, dipping them in it for a minute or two. Do not get this acid on hands or clothing.

PERT PERSONALS.

The suggestion that Bernhard would make a better ghost than a Hamlet is positively cruel.—Philadelphia Times.

Harry Ardson, the champion golfer, is thinking of becoming an American citizen. What an acquisition he will be!—Somerville Journal.

If the ruined preserver and exploded-predictions of the Castellane family were put into a rummage sale, the proceeds might help to pay for some of the bric-a-brac for which suit is now pending. It is pretty nearly time for these unpleasant people to go into retirement. The country has had a surfeit of their doings.

PROGRESS.

The latest triumph in the industrial world is the stone lathe. It is 86 feet long and weighs many tons.

A machine that washes and dries 8,000 dishes an hour has been invented, and it is guaranteed that plates, cups, saucers and other dishes come out of the wash without a scratch.

To automatically indicate when a clock needs winding a toothed bar is attached to the winding shaft to rise as the clock unwinds, the lever being pivoted at the end of the bar to fall when the bar is drawn up high enough to clear it, dropping an



The door swung quivering open.

with one end flattened into a splay—and now passed it back. I jammed it in midway up the block, and gave a shove. A mass of wood, but heavy and strong, with this first effort of my hands, cracked and splintered in various places. I growled and swore a few words. I saw a pair of eyes peering out from the darkness. I saw a pair of eyes peering out from the darkness. I saw a pair of eyes peering out from the darkness.