

MOTHER'S BLESSING

BY L. J.

Y OUR home is just beyond that point, is it not, Frank? "Yes, captain."

"It is too dark for you to see it." "Yes; but I shall be able to see the signal."

"What signal, Frank?" "The light in the window."

"I do not exactly understand you, Frank."

"Then I will explain to you, sir. You know that I have been with you seven years. In entering your service, my mother gave me her blessing, and committed me to the care of heaven and yourself. I was seven years of age the day I first sailed with you, and I am fourteen now. Have I ever given you any cause for complaint, sir?"

"Never, Frank. But what of the light in the window?" "Have you never heard me speak of it before?"

"I have heard you speak of your signals as you rounded this point; but I supposed you referred to your mother's cottage or the lights burning in it."

"It was, to a light which burned in one particular window at this distance."

"I will tell you, and then you may judge for yourself. When I left home my mother said to me: 'Frank, you are now going to sea. Most of your trips will be made from New York to New Orleans, and return. When you are homeward bound, you will pass that point. If it be in daylight, you can see our cottage; and if I am alive and well, our flag will be waving over it. If it should be dark when you come in sight, you will see a light in the window, for I shall know about the time to look for you, and as soon as darkness comes on, the signal shall always be waiting.'

"And you have always seen that light as you passed this point?" "Always. This is the twenty-third trip we have made and never but once have we passed that cottage in daylight. The signal is always there; and I tell you, captain, it always makes my heart bound with joy as I gaze upon it. I shall see it again in a moment."

"Would you not like to be set ashore opposite your home, Frank?" "If I could be spared, sir."

"Yes. We are from a southern port, and though our ship is perfectly healthy, we will probably be obliged to remain at quarantine for a time, as the yellow fever is raging below. You will have to hold us before we go into New York."

"I would like to land, sir," said Frank, his face becoming very pale. "You can do so. But what is the matter?"

"Look yonder, sir." "I see nothing in particular."

around him. Presently a hand touched him, and he started to his feet. He recognized one of his neighbors, and he asked: "Loring, whose grave is this?" "You were calling her name just now."

"My mother?" "Yes, Frank."

"Oh, tell me all about it, Loring." "Come into the cottage first."

The boy obeyed. As he entered the humble house where he had seen so many happy days, it appeared to him that he could hear his mother's voice calling upon his name. He fancied that he could hear her footsteps crossing the apartment to meet him. But she was not there. He entered the room where the signal had usually been placed, and gazed earnestly around. Everything appeared to be just as he had last seen it, and he could not bring himself to believe that his mother, who had embraced him at parting only three months before, was now sleeping in the cold grave.

He glanced toward the window. The lamp was there, in its accustomed place, but it was not burning. The boy approached and gazed upon it. The wick was blackened and crisped, showing that it had been lighted; but the oil was entirely exhausted, showing how it had become extinguished. Silently the devoted son regarded this evidence of a mother's remembrance and love, and then, turning to the neighbor, he asked: "Loring, how long has my mother been dead?"

"She was buried only yesterday." "Could you not have kept her body until I came?"

"No; we did just as your mother instructed us to do."

"How was that?" "For a week before her death your mother kept that light burning in the window."

"She expected my return?" "Yes."

"Well, go on." "Five days ago your mother called me to her side, and then asked me to bring her the light. I did so. She gazed upon it, and smiled. Then she told me to fill it afresh and trim and light it. I did so, and she told me to set it in the window."

"Bless her—bless her!" sobbed the boy. "When I had replaced the light, she said: 'In an hour I shall be no more. I should like to see my dear boy once more, but I fear I shall not be able to do so. But keep the light burning in the window until the oil is exhausted, and it goes out of itself. Then, and not until then, place my body in the grave. If my boy arrives, he will see the light if it be still burning, and will hasten here. He will gaze upon my pale, cold face, and read there the words of blessing I would speak. If no light be burning, he will know that his mother is no more: and, bending over my grave, he will weep and mourn my loss. But tell him I am not lost. Tell him to look up to the blue arch above him, and to heaven's window he will see the light which his mother placed there, burning brightly, a signal and a beacon for him.' Saying this, she died."

"And you did as she requested?" "Yes; the grave was made in the grove yonder. At sunset yesterday the lamp went out, and we then placed her poor body to rest."

Frank Ludlow did not sleep that night, but set himself to work to beautify and ornament the spot where slept that dear clay. When morning dawned, the fresh, green sod covered the mound, and flowers had been planted upon it. This done, with a heavy heart, the lad set out to rejoin his ship.

When he entered the cabin, the captain asked: "Well, Frank, was the absence of the light explained?" "Yes, sir."

A CINCINNATI BOSS.

GEORGE B. COX HAS RETIRED FROM POLITICS.

His Methods Did Not Aid His Party in the Recent Election—One of the Most Eminent Politicians of the Buckeye State.

GEORGE B. COX, for over a dozen years the Republican boss of Hamilton county, has abdicated. Read between the lines his announcement of his retirement from active participation in politics, made public while the majority against him and his methods was still being piled up, is a confession that he knew his day had come. He did not retire because his love for power has died out, but because he saw the handwriting on the wall. It was not abdication in a sense, but revolution—the result of the popular cry of machine rule and its perpetuation by corrupt methods. Cox, like Richard Croker, his New York prototype, rose from obscurity to omnipotent local power by the force of unscrupulous daring. He began life as a bootblack in the streets of the city which he has so long ruled with an iron hand. He was born in 1853 in what is now the fifteenth ward. He graduated from the streets into the butcher business, and thence invaded the domain of politics and quickly became a power. When just above his majority he was elected to the city council. He left that place to be a member of the board of equalization.

grow on them, and by judicious selection of seeds and grafts from these the same work is continued. Already gardeners have cultivated raspberry and blackberry canes that are entirely thornless, and by grafting improved varieties on these the desired end will soon be reached. The wild orange trees have many more thorns on them than the budded stock, and the wild Florida lemons are thickly studded with thorns, while the grafted La France have none.

BLUE-RIBBON BREAD BAKER.

Mrs. Clem B. Lincoln of Plattburg, Mo., Wins at All County Fairs.

Mrs. Clem B. Lincoln of Plattburg claims to be the champion bread baker of Missouri, and she has enough blue ribbons, medals and other trophies to make her claim to that honorable distinction a very strong one, says the Kansas City Journal. It is a matter of serious doubt if any other woman in the state can show half as many trophies for excellence in the same line. Mrs. Lincoln is the wife of a well-to-do farmer, who lived for many years in Clay county. She was raised there, and learned how to bake bread from her mother. Mrs. Lincoln made her first showing of fine bread years ago at the county fair at Liberty. There are other people in Clay county who knew how to bake bread, and she had a lively competition, but for several years she won regularly. Then she showed bread at the exhibitions held in St. Joseph and Kansas City, and won first prize, every time she exhibited bread at Kansas City, and never missed but once at St. Joseph. Her supply of blue ribbons is something in which she takes great pride and the people who have had the privilege of eating the bread she bakes claim it is just as good as it

look. With all of her honors she is one of the most modest of women, and her popularity, while very gratifying to her, is a subject to which she seldom refers. She has three little girls who are learning how to bake bread, and she expects to have them prize winners like herself when they enter the contests.

AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE. Born in the eighteenth century, sixty years a slave, fifty years the husband of a slave woman, thirty-four years the husband of a free woman who was once a slave, and eighty-one years a preacher of the gospel. These are some of the experiences which one man, and only one man in the world, has undergone. That man is "Elder" Sam Pryor, who lives in Limestone county, Alabama, about twenty-five miles from Huntsville.

Elder Sam, or "Uncle Sam," as he is affectionately called by "white folks," was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, the 1st of January, 1795. His first master was Captain John H. Harris, who served in the revolutionary war. His young mistress, Isabella, married Captain Luke Pryor, a lawyer of Athens, Ala., who still lives in that place, and is between 80 and 90 years of age. Sam was given to her upon the occasion of her marriage, and thus became a Pryor. He has been preaching the gospel over eighty-one years and is a Baptist missionary. He says that he received a "call" from the Lord eighty-one years ago the second Sunday of last May. He now preaches

regularly around his home for the colored people, and often preaches during his travels and visits.

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THE BICYCLE AMBULANCE. The latest thing to be invented in the bicycle line is an ambulance. It is not yet in use, but has been perfected by a bicycle genius. The body looks like a grocer's wagon and rests upon the frame of the wheel and two stays running from the frame at the junction of the rear wheel. The frame of the bicycle, which is otherwise like an ordinary wheel, is elongated to provide a place for the ambulance and the rider. With pneumatic tires there should be little jarring of the sufferer.

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What One Horticulturist is Striving to Attain. The limit of improvement is not found in producing fruits of great size, beauty and sweetness, says Lippincott's. There are other desirable qualities that the horticulturist is anxious to obtain, and toward this end he is devoting his energies. One of the most noticeable trends of the science of fruit culture is toward the elimination of undesirable organs. The thorns of some of the citrus fruit trees, and the prickles of such small berry bushes as the gooseberry, blackberry and raspberry, are protuberances that have outlived their usefulness and are highly unpleasant. They not only puncture the ripening fruits, but they make harvesting exceedingly inconvenient. Gardeners have long wished to do away with these thorns and prickles, and it is only comparatively recently that systematic efforts have been made to eliminate them. The thorns and conspicuous organs of our cultivated plants that have ceased to be of any value for their original purposes of protecting the plants from animals has no force today in the gardens and fields. They should have been exterminated long ago. Through the careful selection of plants that happen to be thornless stocks are obtained for a new race of thornless plants. Others are raised from the seed, and those that



GEORGE B. COX.

LAST OF DICK'S COFFEE HOUSE

The Interesting Old Building Will Soon Disappear.

Dick's coffee house—an interesting remnant of old Fleet street—will soon disappear. There may be doubts whether it is the actual building where, in the last century, Dr. Johnson and the wits, poets and politicians assembled, for within the last forty years this historic quarter has seen many structural changes, says the London Telegraph. But if the hotel is not the famous original it is about three centuries old and stands in the immediate locality. Having an unpretentious exterior, it is entered by a long, narrow passage, where two persons cannot walk abreast, and the contrast between the noise and bustle of the street and the quietude and repose of the coffee room is striking. It is a large chamber, with oaken beams on the ceiling, and looks into Hare court, with its trees and its conduit, once a pump, which, according to Charles Lamb, yielded refreshing water, good to drink "with or without brandy." Hidden on the north by Butterworth's, the law publisher, perhaps the oldest shop in Fleet street, and on the west by the quaint wooden Elizabethan houses at Middle Temple Gate, formerly known as "the old post house," where it is said the business of a law stationer has been carried on, as now, for 200 years, it is apt to be ignored by the passing wayfarer. Though for some years Dick's has been conducted as a modern restaurant, a knot of literary men and Templars, with a reverence for the past, have frequented the place; but they will assemble there no longer, for the door has been finally closed and the ancient coffee will speedily be razed to the ground to make way for the wants of an adjoining assurance office. This corner of Fleet street is exceptionally crowded with remarkable memories of the past. At No. 1, next to Temple Bar, stood the old Child's bank, with its sign of the marigold, graphically described by the pen of Charles Dickens as 'Telson's in the Tale of Two Cities'; and adjoining that the Devil's Tavern, with a sign representing St. Dunstan (wreaking the devil by the nose, where the famous Apollo club, with Ben Jonson as chairman, and Shakespeare and other great men of that age foregathered, toward the end of the last century the Devil's Tavern was pulled down and its site occupied by Child's place, which in recent years again gave way to the fine edifice now occupied by the celebrated bankers.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS. In Some Countries the Fair Sex Is Debarred from Medical Colleges. A curious feature of pagan or semi-civilized life that some evangelists have declared to be a special dispensation of Providence is the strict observance of customs which in the course of years necessitate the introduction of methods of the most civilized nations, says the New York Mail and Express. An extraordinary illustration of this fact is being made manifest in southeastern Europe. In the Balkan states and Turkey, women are not allowed to see any men excepting husbands, fathers, brothers or sons, and even when sick cannot be seen by physicians. In case of illness the husband or a slave tells the symptoms to the medical practitioner, who gives the remedies and directions to the go-between. In the next country, Austria-Hungary, where a Christian civilization is supposed to obtain, the ideas of the last century are still largely in evidence. In Austria proper a woman cannot attend a college, study medicine nor obtain a degree as physician. In Hungary, which is far more liberal and progressive, a different order prevails and the women attend college, become doctors and practice, the same as in the United States. The new Balkan states, which no longer stagger beneath the weight of Turkish misrule, are advancing rapidly, and now demand the services of Christian physicians. The old Mohammedan prejudice remains, however, resulting in a large demand for women physicians to attend the Mohammedan women of those states. Already several medical missionaries have taken advantage of this condition of affairs and have built up an extensive practice in the Balkan cities. In Bosnia, under the Austrian rule, the Austrian government has been forced by public opinion to appoint a woman physician. Dr. Theodora Krayewka, to practice in one of the most populous districts. As the law stands, she has to be appointed by an army surgeon, with the rank, uniform and pay of a captain. So by one stroke of the pen Austria has recognized the higher education of woman, her rights to follow a profession and her capability to be a member of the army, an officer and to wear male attire.

Contributory Negligence. From the Omaha Bee:—The answer to a complaint that the owner of a cistern had negligently allowed a boy to fall into it recently set up the fact that when the plaintiff fell in he and a negro boy were trying to drown a stray cat in the cistern after they had removed the cover, "making a fine opening for the cat, also for the plaintiff." The plaintiff's own negligence is alleged as follows: "The plaintiff was guilty of gross and willful neglect in thus tackling that cat by himself on the top of said cistern near to said opening without having first put the cat in a bootleg, head down, according to the established and recognized rules of procedure among all intelligent boys engaged in the honorable enterprise of drowning stray cats in the wells and cisterns of the neighbors and their parents. The defendant says the plaintiff was guilty of gross and willful neglect in not letting the negro boy first try his hand on the cat, and the defendant says the negro boy was guilty of criminal neglect in this, that he saw the great danger to which the plaintiff was exposed in his fight with the cat on the top of the cistern in time to have avoided danger, but negligently failed to take a hand against the cat."

Starting Another Race War. From the Indianapolis Journal: Grogan—Talk about your Dutch doctors! Did ye know that a doctor in Dublin has g-r-r-ratified the eyelid as a pig skin man an' it grew there? Schwartz—Of course, by Cherman in it could be done no, on a Cherman a pig's eyelid would not grow already yet aber it might an' Irisher on.

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