

THE OUTWARD SEEMING.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"No, not a single cent do they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose, and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading to her friend Miss Hepzibah Lackey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Susan Bayard an' her children don't come under that head."

"But bein' as they're your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'." I told Tom when he married Susan Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o' helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to nobody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it before he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunat his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "Ef he'd a lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place an' left Susan comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called on to shoulder her burdens with her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' out for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah. "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah, "if I do say it as shouldn't."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins," said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it's come out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too everlastin' delicate, an' would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now here she is laid up—just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah as she went out. "But young foug folks is generly mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage to Susan Bayard, the orphan daughter of a man who, to use the expressions of his neighbors, had never been "forehandel," had never pleased his sister, who thought Susan far too delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote to her.

And Miss Sarah who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Susan.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Susan, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to provide another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Susan with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three small children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from its recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure in being able at last to say, "I told you so."

As she sat in her kitchen that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of the large eight-day clock and the soft purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she would write in reply: in what words she would remind Susan of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor or a cent at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked, to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait awhile for my answer," she thought. "I'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the medder-lot. First thing I know them pesky town-boys will be after 'em, an' I won't get none for 'em."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path which led to the meadow to look back at the house, thinking it was very like Susan had calculated on being asked to take up her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, with roomy chambers, wide fire-places, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were well-shaded, and an

abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been born. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother, who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to heed the old motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," whenever she spoke of him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plentiful that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time. It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and starting out again, turned her steps toward the village.

"I look such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got company come to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a very delightfully shaped arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umbrella!"

She had just concluded that she was sufficiently cooled off to present herself to the house, when she heard voices, and, peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and looked so exquisitely neat and cool that Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast disgracefully untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart sunk at the thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we could only be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without."

"You forget," said Mr. Lawton; "how very often we see worms eating into the heart of the most beautiful roses."

"Is nothing true, then? Are we never to be able to put faith in the 'outward seeming' of anything or anyone?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister, "and, as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many of 'em, so very many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday-school, use no profane language, and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily life with little acts of kindness. Now, you are a stranger here, and are to leave us to-morrow; so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in church affairs, and is always ready to visit the sick, go among the poor, or give to a charity. She has provided for the education of several heathen in Africa, and has taught a class of men in the penitentiary, visited the jail, and made herself generally useful. But, nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a pitiable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings of enmity toward an only brother because, forsooth, he did not marry to please her, and I was told not an hour ago that she has declared her intention not to help in any way that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they are forced to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted. I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come into church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins, and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for 'outward seeming,' and—"

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready; and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard quite enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail of berries behind her.

She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in her big rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand, stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life "only the outward seeming," she murmured, over and over under her breath, as if the sound frightened her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I haven't been a Christian."

Contrary to the expectation of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not appear at prayer-meeting on Thursday night; and when he called to see her on Friday,

was surprised to find three curly-headed children making mud-pies in the front yard, who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially, and though she looked tired and warm after her journey from Milford, she seemed as happy as possible.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes, I reckon it'll be a surprise to most folks. But I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringin' your sister and her children here. Your life has been a very lonely one," said Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out of it, and it does seem sort o' pleasant to have 'em round. They're well-mannered children. Susan's been mighty particular about them. Did you notice the 'oy as you came in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. But he never knew.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her pastor and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles, and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position just before Mrs. Lawton.

"I am so fond of blackberry jam," said that lady, as she helped herself to the article in question, "and I put up a great deal last summer. But the very nicest I made was from some blackberries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who had left them there, but took it for granted they were meant for us, and so took possession of them, pail and all. Lulu calls it my 'mystery jam.' I have often wondered if the mystery would ever be explained."

But it never was.

A Wonderful Bridge.

A new bridge, whose structure seems most wonderful is to be thrown across the River Forth five miles west of Edinburgh, Scotland. This has been in contemplation for years, but the width and depth of the channel have, until lately, proved too much for the engineers. Its necessity is apparent. All the railroads on the east side of Scotland from the south find a terminus at Edinburgh; but, in order to make connection with the roads to Perth, Dundee, Inverness and Aberdeen, it has been necessary either to go due west 25 miles to Stirling, where the Forth is bridged, or to have a five miles' ferry transfer across the river just above Edinburgh.

The latter has been preferred in spite of the occasional danger and inevitable inconvenience of ferriage across a roadstead of that width open to the easterly winds. In these days of rapid transit this is no longer endurable. The plan adopted by the engineers, Messrs. Fowler and Baker, is a striking example that "necessity is the mother of invention." The bridge will be stretched between North and South Queensferry, six miles above Edinburgh. At this point the river is one mile and one-half broad, and half a mile from the north shore is the small island of Inchgarvie. This would make a comparatively easy problem were it not that the depth of water precludes any piers for more than half the distance. On the north the channel is 210 feet. It is out of the question to try to sink caissons so far. Sir Thomas Burch, who built the illustrious Tay bridge, proposed a suspension. This would have required for the cables two stone towers on the island, each 696 feet in height, and on either bank of the river one 584 feet high. They can be better appreciated when it is said that the towers of the Brooklyn bridge rise but 271 feet above the East river. The idea was speedily given up, and the present one adopted. It should be said that as yet it is only a plan. Several hundred men are at work preparing the approaches, but the bridge is not yet constructed. The plans, however have been approved by the best English engineers, and there is no reason to apprehend failure.

The principle is a very simple one. An ordinary pier structure runs out a little way on either bank. On the edge of the deep channel, near both banks, four stone piers are placed in a group, and a similar cluster will stand on the south side of the island. Upon these three supports will rest the entire weight of the bridge. Upon each one will be poised an immense cap of steel made in the form of an elongated lozenge, with the long axis representing the line of railroad. The middle one will rest on the four island piers, which afford a base 270 feet long, and will stretch out on either side 685 feet. The two from the shore piers will come within 350 feet of meeting the centre one, and, to fill the gaps and resting upon the cables, two steel lattice girder bridges will be hung. The middle cage will exactly balance upon its supports, but the other two will have to reach on further over the channel than toward land, and the balance will be made up by weights. In order to give the necessary stiffness to such a span from a single base, the structure has to be stiffened in every manner. The plan of the elongated lozenges gives each one a height above its pier 330 feet, sloping up from the pier and down from the top to connecting lattice bridges. These lozenge shaped affairs are really steel cages, 120 feet wide at the bottom, and only 60 feet at the top. This inward slope gives the strength of a trestle support, for all the weight falls upon the piers by uprights, and not by the arch principle from the side. The upper side of the lozenges will be straight and the upper ones curved. While the tracks will run along their horizontal axes, 165 feet above the top of the piers, which will also be the altitude of the two connecting steel girders. This balance, or cantilever principle, has been used on large bridges before, and its introduction here will make one which will eclipse, as an engineering wonder, the famous Britannia and Victoria tubular bridges. Some idea of the magnitude of the work can be gained by knowing that it will take \$8,000,000 and several years' time.

At present the piers on the South side

are being put in, a gigantic undertaking in itself. On the north side they are nearly completed. The bridge will be of steel in every part except the piers. It will thus be more costly, but lighter and more durable. When done it will work a revolution in the manner of building long spans across deep water channels.

Origin of Popular Phrases.

Written by the Globe-Democrat.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—This very excellent advice forms the second line of a motto of a book published by the famous backwoods congressman, Davy Crockett, in which he strongly advocated the old National bank. The couplet runs:

Remember this when I am dead,
Be sure you are right then go ahead.

His espousal of the cause of the bank gave offense to many of his constituents, who were friends of Gen. Jackson. The book and his frank speeches, however, returned him to the favor of his constituents, but when the American settlers in Texas made an appeal for help, he went there in command of a company of Tennessee riflemen, and was killed while gallantly fighting at San Antonio de Bexar, in March, 1836.

John Bull.—The following is an additional version of the origin of the term "John Bull." Dr. John Bull was the first Gresham professor of music, and organist and composer to Queen Elizabeth. John, like a true Englishman, traveled for improvement; and having heard of a famous musician at St. Omers, he placed himself under him as a novice. But a circumstance soon convinced the master that he was inferior to the scholar. The musician showed John a song which he had composed in forty parts, telling him at the same time that he defied all the world to produce a person capable of adding another part to his composition. Bull desired to be left with pen and ink. In less than three hours he added forty parts more to the song, upon which the Frenchman was so surprised that he swore, in great ecstasy, he must be either the devil or John Bull; which has ever since been proverbial in England.

Right Smart.—Of Southern origin, signifying a good many, large, plenty, etc. "A right smart chunk o' bacon."—*Oliver Twist*, page 301. "I sold right smart of eggs this summer."—*Mrs. Stowe's Dred*, vol. ii., page 157. "She had right smart of life in her."—*Dred*, vol. i., page 207.

Spread-Eagle Style of Oratory.—A term for a kind of speaking common among politicians, which is thus defined by a writer in the *North American Review* for November, 1858, in which year the term originated; "A compound of exaggeration, effrontery, bombast and extravagance, mixed metaphors, platitudes defiant threats thrown at the Almighty."

Hats, Collars, Shoes, Etc.

English walking hats of soft felt, trimmed with velvet bands and a single bird or group of wings, are worn by girls from eight to fourteen years of age. There are also many cloth turbans to be selected in colors matching the dresses. For little girls there are larger hats of velvet or felt, with wide soft brims irregularly indented and turned up capriciously, as best suits the face. The nodding ostrich tips in Kate Greenaway styles grouped together near the front are the only trimmings on some of the large soft felt hats that are worn far back on the head. The hair is still cut on the Vandek bang, which begins far back at the crown of the head, and is worn without ribbons. The collars most used for small children are very large and round, and are made of linen or of scrim, edged with embroidery or lace, while for dressy occasions they are of Irish lace, either the crocheted lace, the Irish point, or the Carrickmacross lace or muslin, with the figures wrought in buttonhole stitches, and the muslin cut out between the designs. Solid colored stockings are used in all dark colors to match dresses, but the preference is still given to black stockings for both plain and dressy toilettes. Dark wool jerseys, either garnet, brown, navy blue or black, are in great favor with young girls to wear with white or colored skirts, or for completing a suit that has skirts of the same color made of cashmere or cloth. Buttoned shoes without heels are worn by girls below ten years, and those who are older have very low, square English heels.

Beecher and Matthew Arnold.

In the interview between Mr. Beecher and Matthew Arnold, at the church of the former, the Brooklyn divine, warmly grasping the hand of the visitor, said, "Although I have never had the pleasure of knowing you personally, you have been my master for many years. I have read all you have written two or three times over, and always with profit, including the abuse." [Mr. Arnold at one time referred to Mr. Beecher as "a heated barbarian," but to-day he said that the divine reminded him strongly of Baxton.] "I am afraid it was unjust abuse," replied Mr. Arnold apologetically. "No, no; not at all. I deserved it all, and it did me good." After this mutual confession, the two men remained in conversation for a short time. In the afternoon Mr. Carnegie accompanied his guest to the cathedral in Fifth Avenue, which Mr. Arnold desired to see. They listened to the music, and as they viewed the structure Mr. Arnold expressed his astonishment that a country of which the government was only a century old could produce such a magnificent edifice.

Dr. Foote on Divorce.

The average human being of to-day, is as much superior to the average man or woman of 500 years ago, as a first-class Yale lock is superior to an ordinary padlock. To unlock one of the improved instruments, the key must have just so many wards, and they must be most perfectly adjusted. A Yale lock will most certainly repel any ordinary key. There is a constant increasing going on in the convulsions of the human brain, as intelligence increases, and to get human beings together that can har-

monize under these circumstances, is not so easy a matter as it once was. One would suppose however, on first thought, that when two got together that were tolerably adapted, they might stay so for twenty-five or fifty years, if they lived so long.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

Personal Paragraphs.

A man named Radcliff, who has just died at Sheffield, for a long time had pretended to be a bearded woman, and was a great attraction to the curious. Radcliff added the trade of herbalist to his profession as a harmless monstrosity. His death was mysterious and he was found with his skull almost cut in two.

Mrs. Herbert C. Ayer, formerly a leader of Chicago fashion, the wife of a man who failed for \$2,000,000 last winter is now a highly successful saleswoman in a New York store which deals in bric-a-brac. She turned that fashionable study to so good account while wealthy that when she was driven to depend on her own resources she had no trouble in securing an excellent situation.

Dr. Abernethy is reported to have said to the late Gen. Dix during a consultation: "Though a stomach is a stomach, it is impossible for any one to reason from his own to that of another person." This is a fact so often overlooked, that it needs often to be stated, and it applies both in the use of food and medicine, that what may be one man's dish may be another man's poison. Especially in dyspeptic cases, even apparently very similar cases may require very different treatment and diet.

The Rev. Mr. Shaw, the English missionary who suffered ill-treatment at the hands of the French, has been granted £1,000 indemnity by France, besides receiving official regrets at the occurrence. Considering the noise made about the affair by Mr. Shaw and history of gross outrage and brutal treatment, he has let the Frenchmen off very easily. The sum of \$5,000 is not a large plaster for wounded honor; but perhaps the good missionary regarded it as his duty to forgive his enemies to the extent of the balance of the account.

The papers are telling a very good joke at the expense of the Rev. J. W. Ram of Philadelphia. He was preaching in Pittsburgh last Sunday night, and was telling what a nice place heaven is. After enumerating the things not to be found there, the reverend gentleman said: "There is no darkness there, no clouds, no sickness, no graves, no funerals, no preachers—" At this point a smile ran over the audience, which the speaker perceived, and seeing the necessity of an explanation, he interpolated the remark: "I mean there's no preaching there." The amendment was accepted.

A young lady of Portland lately invented a table for use in Pullman cars. She applied for a patent, and her only fear was that some one might have foretold her by some invention of their own sufficiently resembling hers to make her invention useless. While awaiting results Mr. Tucker of the Maine Central and Eastern roads who had seen the table, was so impressed that he expressed willingness to get it introduced on his roads if she was successful. The young lady fell sick of typhoid fever, and on Saturday, her birthday, died. Just as she expired the looked-for patent arrived.

Mr. John L. Brookes, who died recently at Napa, Cal., leaving an estate of about \$100,000, willed most of it to two personal friends, saying in his will, "I prefer that my estate should go after my death to those who have been kind and devoted to me here, rather than to relatives far away who are, most of them at least, well able to take care of themselves, and from whose lives and interests I have long been removed. I say this without any disparagement to them, and in order to show that I have duly considered and deliberately decided as to these my testamentary wishes."

The cable announces the death of Sir John Vesey Parnell, Baron Congleton. He was a descendant of Thomas Parnell, who settled in Ireland in the time of Charles II., and from whom also Charles Stewart Parnell is descended. The late Baron, who was born in 1805, was rather eccentric. In early life he was a Plymouth Brother, and had some religious scruples as to assuming his title on the death of his father, which occurred in 1841. His brother, Henry, is heir to the title.

Father Anderledy, the newly elected vicar of the Jesuits' Order, is a man of fifty-seven or sixty, of good health, thin and wiry, with black eyes and black hair, and wonderfully active. He is a Swiss. He speaks Italian, French, English and German fluently. He was a professor in Switzerland for many years. Then he went to Canada as a missionary among the Indians for years, and led a hard life in the snow and ice. He afterward did pastoral duty at Green Bay, Wis. He was called back to Germany, where he was elected provincial and afterward assistant of the general.

"Political parties," says John Bright in a recent letter, "seems to me unavoidable in a free country; but, in my view, there is a higher law to which we should submit. I condemned our warlike policy thirty years ago—I condemn it now—and I left the government on their Egyptian blunder." Mr. Bright added that he did not, therefore, leave the party with which he has been so long connected. But he hoped that the party would "become wiser."

Nearly 500 of the inquests held in England and Wales in 1890 resulted in a verdict of "died from excessive drinking."

A servant girl working for Mr. Burnet Brainerd, has been arrested and confessed that she stole the property lost recently that a Minneapolis man assisted her. The goods were found where she secreted them.