

GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS.

BY MISS M. W. BLACKER.

In our grandmothers' days, when a cabin rude,
Unhitched, and once, held the little air,
Of the pair who was in hitting the household fire,
The light of a falling window and wall,
Was there less of happiness than now.

He had gone he stood in the doorway
and watched. A cold wind was blowing
up the street. It made him shiver,
but he stood his ground and watched
for the coming of Maggie Sullivan.

"Hello, where's the boss? In the
back room? All right."
The curtains were pulled back and
Maggie Sullivan came in.
"Hittin' her pipe, eh? Well, that's
bad for her blood. How's yer pig-
tail?"

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES
A HARVEST SCENE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sermon—Text of
His Remarks, Ruth 1, 3—A Discourse
That Will Be Read with Interest.

One—the heroine of my text. One—ab-
solutely one. I suppose when Naomi's
husband was living, and they had plenty
of money, and all the conveniences, they
had a great many callers; but I suppose
that after her husband died, and her prop-
erty went, and she got old and poor, she
was not troubled very much with callers.

just happened to alight on that field of
Joab? Yet all ages, all generations,
have an interest in the fact that she
was to become an ancestress of the Lord
Jesus Christ, and all nations and all
peoples must look at that one little in-
cident with a thrill of unspeakable and
eternal satisfaction. So it is in your
history and in mine: events that you
think of no importance at all have been
of very great moment.

THE SOUL OF THE CAT.

Yee Sam Ling was a lonely one. He
had friends, of course, in plenty, and
relatives, too, for that matter, whom he
saw every day of his life right on the
Mott street pavements. But Ling had his
own views on matrimony and he didn't
believe anybody could be happy with-
out it. It was strange, then, that he
should have suddenly taken on that be-
lief, for hadn't he lived fifteen years
away from his own flowery land? Of
course he had.

"Hello, John, how's things? I'll see
yer when I get th' old man's beer," and
she dashed on, while Ling went in and
waited.

"I got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
cat killed."

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes
out to see the reapers gather in the
grain. Coming there, right behind the
swarthy, sunburned reapers, he be-
holds a beautiful woman gleaming—a
woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit
upon a throne than to stoop among the
sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

When you started out for Heaven, oh,
how dark was the hour of conviction—
how Sinai thundered and devils tormented,
and the darkness thickened! All the
darkness of the world, the sea, or the
flesh may shrink back, but there is a
voice within, or a voice from above,
saying, "You must go;" and we have to
carry the cross, and we have to traverse
the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of
misrepresentation and abuse, and we have
to wear the yoke of the law, and we have
to overcome the thousand obstacles that
have to be slain by our own right arm.

Again, I see in my subject an illustra-
tion of the beauty of female industry.
Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field
under the hot sun, or at noon taking
away from it to make refreshment, what
the parched corn which Boaz handed
her. The customs of society, of course,
have changed, and without the hard-
ships and exposure to which Ruth was
subjected every intelligent woman will
find something to do. I know there is a
sick room in every household, and in
practical service to household or com-
munity; and though there are so many
ways all around about them in the world
they spend their time languishing over
a new pattern or bursting into tears at
midnight over a stack of unworked
cover with prof. himself. They would
deign to look at Ruth carrying back the
barley on her way home to her mother-
-in-law, Naomi.

He first came to the Golden Hills and
went to work in the mines, but he
couldn't stand it, for he used to feel the
strange white devils at night punching
him in the back. That was because he
wasn't strong enough to do his share of
the work. So he gave his claim in the
Golden Hills to a relative and traveled
across the continent to New York, curled
up like a mink on a seat of the smoking
car.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
cat killed."

That Ruth, who left her native land of
Judah in darkness and journeyed through
an undying and a womanly mother-in-
law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is af-
filiated to one of the best families in
Judah, and becomes in after time the an-
cestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of
glory! Out of so dark a night did there
ever dawn so bright a morning?

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He was idle for awhile, and then he
started in to sell soap to the laundrymen,
until he finally got enough of the Ameri-
can man's sign to rent a store. He put
out his red sign, with the fluttering red
streamers on it to keep the evil ones
away, and he became a merchant. That
was a long while ago, when he came to
look back over it. Every night for years
he had crawled into his little bunk, cur-
tained off at the back of the store, and
after comforting himself with the opium
he loved so well, he had fallen asleep, to
dream of pretty Chinese girls glittering
on pink clouds across the water, and
stretching their arms out to him.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
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"I've got a nice looking face now,"
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He often thought of China and the
home life there, and he used to count the
money in his trunk and wonder when he
would have enough to go back and buy
a koon-foo's ruck and wear a cap with
the red button of the third degree.
Then, he thought, he would buy with
some of his money the prettiest girl in
the province, and she would have feet
so small that she couldn't walk at all
unless she had a strong servant holding
each hand.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

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He often played the lottery in the
home that he would win and he buried
prayer-sticks before his kat god that he
might have luck, but he might just as
well have saved the sticks, for luck
never came. So he persisted did he
lose that more than once he was tempted
to let one of the burning prayer-sticks
fall over against the god and burn it,
but he was afraid lest his deceit should
be discovered and the god seek a just
revenge.

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not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
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said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
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One day there came into his store a
white girl who lived on the top floor of
the tenement around the corner. She
had hair like the gonkshik girl he used
to dig out of the Yokohama hills.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
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Ling was smitten with a great love.
He remembered having seen this girl
go past his store many times, but he
never had such a chance as this to speak
to her.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
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deign to look at Ruth carrying back the
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"You moomie want soap?" he asked,
"She washee?"

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
cat killed."

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"Yes, I want yer bar, an' I want it
quick."

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
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"You takkee two," he said, "No
n'g'ant'sin, you takkee; you sabe?" and
he pushed the soap and the five pennies
she had laid down away from him.

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
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"Yes, I sabe, John," said the girl,
and "I'll come again."

"I'm sorry, John? Well, I guess
not. Me old woman would pull the
pig-tail out of your head if she heard
you makin' any breaks like that."

"I've got a nice looking face now,"
said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that
cat killed."

When you started out for Heaven, oh,
how dark was the hour of conviction—
how Sinai thundered and devils tormented,
and the darkness thickened! All the
darkness of the world, the sea, or the
flesh may shrink back, but there is a
voice within, or a voice from above,
saying, "You must go;" and we have to
carry the cross, and we have to traverse
the desert, and we are pounded and flailed of
misrepresentation and abuse, and we have
to wear the yoke of the law, and we have
to overcome the thousand obstacles that
have to be slain by our own right arm.

Again, I see in my subject an illustra-
tion of the beauty of female industry.
Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field
under the hot sun, or at noon taking
away from it to make refreshment, what
the parched corn which Boaz handed
her. The customs of society, of course,
have changed, and without the hard-
ships and exposure to which Ruth was
subjected every intelligent woman will
find something to do. I know there is a
sick room in every household, and in
practical service to household or com-
munity; and though there are so many
ways all around about them in the world
they spend their time languishing over
a new pattern or bursting into tears at
midnight over a stack of unworked
cover with prof. himself. They would
deign to look at Ruth carrying back the
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So she went out, and Ling went to
the door and looked after her until she
had disappeared around the corner.
Then he went back behind the narrow
counter and sat down on a stool. He
rested his elbows on a pile of paper,
smiled his chin on his hands and thought
very hard. His thing amounted to
something, for he went to the little
cubby room curtained off at the back of
the store, and out of the big camphor
wood chest he pulled some carefully
folded clothes. He was a new man
when he came out into the store again,
and a couple of his countrymen, who
had dropped in to have a friendly chat
and a smoke, began to chaff him.

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