

Wilton News.

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NOT BUT NOT NEUTRAL.

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UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ever spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin,
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks
Within.

That not in speech, but thought, the virtue
Lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor bled Hagar!—prayed a well might
burst

From out the sand to save her parching
child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the mind,
Will watch the expected movement of the
lip.

Alas! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and sear it like a whip?

Unspoken words like treasures in the mine
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unbound gold their hidden beauties shine
Which God has made to bless and gild the
earth.

He would be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But oh! what pain when, at God's own com-
mand,

A heart string thrills with kindness, but is
mute.

Then hark! not the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly
voice,

But let it like a shining river roll
To desert dry,—to hearts that would re-
joice.

Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the
weak;

And he will bless you,—he who struck these
words
Will strike another when in turn you seek.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

SERGEANT SINGLETON.

BY PEARL GREGG PRELAT.

"Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah,"
sang the powerful chorus of boys as
mother played the sweet old tune upon
the organ.

It was an impressive and pathetic
group, for soldiers filled the lower part
of the park, and the sound of military
music came every now and then to break
the harmony of the hymn.

Nothing could have daunted those
fresh voices, just as nothing could have
daunted their brave little hearts. They
sang, as they marched, with a light by and
by.

He had risen to be Sergeant, and was
soon to be made Lieutenant.

"Tell me your plan," pursued the
Major, trying to hide his admiration
under an appearance of gruffness.

"It is something I would rather talk
about after it is accomplished," the boy
replied, with a tinge of bashfulness in
his usually frank manner.

The Major gave the required permis-
sion and the Sergeant went out.

He took off his uniform and in a few
moments bore no resemblance to the
trim young official who had entered the
tent.

He had borrowed from some of the
neighboring country youths a blue
blouse shirt and a pair of linen pants.

He took off his shoes and stockings and
pulled his short black hair down over
his forehead, which was too intellectual
for the role he intended to play.

A torn hat of dirty straw, and a bag
made of a coffee sack, which he was
going to sling over his shoulder, com-
pleted the picture.

This bag contained a queer collection
of articles which were very useful later.

To look at the Sergeant in this dis-
guise was to behold a bumpkin of the
lowest class.

No soldier would give him a moment's
thought, and, if he did, the Tennessee
dialect would have deceived a native.

Wilton was a born mimic. He stopped
at his Captain's tent.

"Has you'uns got ary a thing for
we'uns ter do?" he said, with an indo-
scribable drawl.

"Come back alive, boy," answered
the Captain. "I would go with you, but
it would only increase the danger."

It was about 7:30 in the morning.
The hot summer day was before him, and
also the twenty miles which stretched
between him and the river, on the far
side of which the enemy lay encamped.

He chose the open road, and after an
hour of walking a wagon rumbled by.

He begged for a ride and obtained it.
By noon he was ten miles on his way.

They gave him buttermilk and a cold
corn-dodger at a farmhouse where he
stopped. He ate heartily of the coarse
food, as heroic natures do, for the pur-
pose of keeping up his strength.

As he stepped out into the sun the
heart of the farmer's wife out to him.

"Be you agoin' fari?" she called.

"I be agoin' down ter the river to
Uncle Job Aakins. Wean's cow air ail-
ing like, and ma, she 'low Uncle Job sot
her all right onct before. He gin her
some 'yarbs."

The woman reflected. She had four
horses in the pasture.

"I ain't got no saddle round handy,
but I might mak out to lerd yer a rope
if yer have got spunk enuf ter catch
them horses. Yew could bring it
morrow."

men. "You must be a swimmer,"
said the Major, looking at the boy
around there and at the water.

He little knew that the boy was
the Potomac, no one could swim
in water than his prisoner.

Open now, the crystal fountain,
Where the healing streams do flow—
chanted Rupert.

He held his breath for a moment to be
sure of the whistle and let the time for
several bars go by.

Ah, yes! no other voice but Wilton's
called him. There was no mistake. The
memories of childish hours, the bond of
brotherhood assured him.

"Strong deliverer! Strong deliverer!"
he sang clearly, and then there was a
splash.

The men rose to their feet. "I said
that kid would fall over," said one.

"Hold up and try to tread water till
we get a rope," roared out another, while
the third went for a torch.

Rupert dived and then swam noise-
lessly down to his brother.

They hid in the reeds and water plants
while the men looked for the prisoner.

No thought of his trying to escape had
once occurred to them. They would have
thought the whistle but the careless re-
frain of some of their own men.

"He had been washed away with the
current," said one; "most likely his
body will be stopped by a snag farther
down before it sinks. We can look in
the morning."

"Poor little chap," said the tenderest
hearted and worst educated of the crowd,
"he hev sung himself plum into paradise
with them there hymns of his'n."

At 3 o'clock that morning Major Bab-
cock was roused from slumber by a visit
from Colonel Singleton.

"Where are my boys?" was the wild
question.

Major Babcock never replied in words,
for he heard the countersign given to the
sentry in a voice they both knew.

Colonel Singleton removed his portly
person from the Major's tent to the pick-
ets in a manner calculated to upset all the
rules governing avoidpools. He had his
two boys in his arms before they knew
that he had come.

"What have you done, my son?" he
said to Wilton.

"I just went after Rupert, father.
Swam over the river and helped him to
swim back. It was not anything much
to do."

You may be sure the father cried, and
Rupert cried and the Major's eyes got
full of sand.

The tender mother wept, too, when
she heard of it. She thanked God for
the promise her boys had given her, the
keeping of which had done so much for
both.

Little Sergeant Singleton himself had
nothing to say about the exploit, but
"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," is
still the favorite hymn with the whole
family.—Times-Democrat.

Many Women Kill Flowers.

Life.

"How is business, Aaron?"
"Very good, indeed. And how is it
with you?"

"A woman just called me from the top
of this tenement. I managed to get up
with my pack, and found her with a baby
in her arms. When she saw me she said
to the infant: 'There he is now; if you re-
not good he'll carry you away in his
pack.' She did not buy anything. Busi-
ness, Aaron, is very bad."—Philadelphia
Times.

NO USE FOR A WATCH POCKET.

A young man had himself measured
for a new suit of clothes. When he got
his clothes from the tailor he discovered
that there was no watch pocket in the
waistcoat.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked
the indignant customer.

"Meaning of what?"

"Why, this waistcoat has no watch
pocket. Why didn't you make the
waistcoat like the old one I sent you as a
pattern? It had a watch pocket."

"I know the old waistcoat had a
watch pocket, but as I found nothing but
a pawn ticket in it for your watch, I
didn't see what use you were going to
have for a watch pocket."—Chatter.

HE WON'T BE FUNNY AGAIN.

"I say, landlord," remarked a stranger
as he entered the hotel in a small town
in Ohio, "what's the price of one of the
best rooms you got?"

"Well, stranger," remarked the land-
lord, "I can give you my best room to-
night for fifty cents, and she's a daisy!"
Then he added, rather facetiously, "but
if you sleep with them muddy boots on,
why, it'll cost you twenty-five cents ex-
tra."

The following morning, the landlord
being absent, the stranger paid his bill
to the landlady, and continued his jour-
ney.

"John," said the landlady, when her
husband came in, "here's seventy-five
cents a man left for his room."

"Great heavens!" shouted the land-
lord, "seventy-five cents!"

"That's exactly what I said—seventy-
five cents."

Three steps took him to the room
the landlady above.

"Well"—gloomily—"that's
to be funny. It'll cost me a
dollar bill."—Herald.

AN OPEN SECRET.

This is the secret of the
in the world.

Scared Neighbor—"Oh, Mrs. Mug-
gins, y'r husband is tryin' to hang him-
self in th' barn."

Mrs. Muggins—"He never succeeded
in doin' anything he tried to do."
Guess he'll be comin' in all
the dinner-bell rings."—

WHAT THE DEPARTMENT
Inspector
men have
search

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

From the oil of grasshoppers a Spanish
inventor claims to make the finest soap
yet produced.

White pine boards are now made by
reducing small trees and limbs to pulp
and pressing in molds.

When galvanized iron is exposed to
weather, there soon forms on the surface
a coating of the oxide of zinc, which
protects it from the further action of the
elements.

An iron elevated railway, much like
the New York pattern, six miles long, is
now in process of construction in Liver-
pool. The cars are to be worked by
electricity.

Air flows into a vacuum at the rate of
1338 feet per second, and steam at the
rate of 2000 feet per second. It would
take a column of steam eleven miles
high to produce a pressure of fifteen
pounds.

A large vein of pure white sand, suit-
able for making glass, has been found
near Pittsburgh, Penn. The discovery
will save the glass manufacturers of that
city thousands of dollars annually, as
they have hitherto been obliged to send
across the Alleghany Mountains for their
sand.

More or less successful attempts have
been made to graft nearly all the differ-
ent tissues of the body, including skin,
bone, teeth, muscle, nerve, eyes, mu-
cosal membrane, etc. Dr. W. G. Thomp-
son now reports a successful experiment
in brain grafting, a small piece of the
brain of a cat being made to grow on the
brain of a dog.

The sleep of Hipp Van Winkle, or the
hero of "Looking Backward," is being
mentally compared with the sleep of
of vitality known among the
microscopic organisms.

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BROTHERS.

Spider,
At my window spinning,
Weaving circles wider, wider,
From the left beginning.

Running
Rings and spokes until you
Build your silken death-trap cunning,
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,
Death's your only aim and calling,
Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee!
Not for rapine willful,
Man himself is too much like thee,
Only not so skillful.

Rife in
Thou lives for Creator,
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in,
I am loathing greater.

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Licked for two cents—A postage stamp.
Fancy work—Building castles in the
air.

Where there is no liquor—in prison
bars.

"He was a great boy. He was in for
everything." "He's in for five years,
now."—Chatter.

You can generally get a point on insect
life by making yourself familiar with the
bee.—Times.

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