

Chase County

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

VOLUME XI.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1885.

NUMBER 13.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned by Telegraph and Mail.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate on the 22d, the bill passed extending to the port of Omaha the provisions of the act relating to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods. Senator Blair called up the bill providing for a commission to examine into the liquor traffic. The bill passed. Senator Hale, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported, with amendments, the House bill making temporary provision for the naval service, and said he would call it up to-morrow. After executive session the Senate adjourned. The House was not in session.

In the Senate on the 23d Senator Jonas presented a memorial of the Joint Commercial Association of New Orleans, protesting against the ratification of the Spanish treaty. Senator Hale called up the Naval Appropriation bill as reported the day before by him from the Committee on Appropriations, and it passed. After transacting business of little importance the Senate went into executive session. Adjourned. The House was not in session.

The Senate on the 24th was in session only to await final action of the House upon the resolution to adjourn over the holidays. Adjourned to January 5. The House met and passed the committee resolution of adjournment to January 5 and adjourned to that day.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The President has accepted the resignation of Henry D. Ryman, Second Assistant Postmaster General, and has nominated John B. Thompson, General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, to succeed him.

The case of the Choctaw Nation against the United States was taken up in the Court of Claims at Washington recently, on a demurrer made to the evidence by the counsel for the Government. This was a claim for over \$5,000,000, and was referred to the court by Congress. It has been pending several years.

The marriage of ex-Congressman Lynch at Washington, has stirred up the colored people of that city regarding shades of color and catering to the "aristocracy."

GENERAL SHELDON was suffering from sickness and confined to his house at Washington.

SECRETARY FREILINGHUYSEN has written a long explanatory letter regarding the Spanish treaty.

GENERAL SANFORD, the American delegate to the Congo Conference, proposes that opium be included under the rule prohibiting the sale of alcohol in the Congo territory.

THE EAST.

A RECENT fire at Clarion, Pa., destroyed property valued at \$38,000.

JAMES McFARLAND, at one time a cook, was found under an elevated railroad arch at Philadelphia the other day so badly frozen that he soon died. A large yellow dog was in charge of the body when found, and the police had much trouble in removing the remains because of the animal's jealous care.

A MRS. JANE L. VANBUREN has been troubled with four corns on her right foot for ten of the twenty years during which she has been a teacher in the public schools at Kingston, N. Y. Four weeks ago she put Paris green on her corns, by the advice of an intimate friend. A week afterwards she was taken very sick and died after lingering in great agony.

THERE was a panic at Bunnell's Museum, at New Haven, Conn., Christmas night, occasioned by a cry of "Fire!" No one was seriously hurt, though many received bruises.

A PRIVATE telegram from Buffalo announces that the Globe Fast Freight Line will not go out of existence, but will continue with new arrangements.

THE Eagle Hosiery Mills, of Troy, N. Y., burned recently. Loss, \$36,000; insurance, \$23,500.

THOMAS VAN VALIN, aged one hundred and four years and eleven months, died on the 29th at Syracuse, N. Y. He was a pensioner of the war of 1812.

BALZAR GEHR, a resident of Crawford County, Pa., died on the 29th, aged one hundred and three years and six months.

JUDSON E. PARCE, postmaster of South Ostler, Chenango County, N. Y., committed suicide recently.

An attempt was made recently to kill Anthony Comstock at New York by means of an infernal machine. The machine, however, failed to work. The miscreant who attempted the assassination escaped.

OFFICIALS of the Taunton (Mass.) Insane Asylum denied the story telegraphed from Chicago charging that many insane patients had been shipped West from that and similar institutions. In one case an inmate named Walsh had been sent to his uncle in Pullman, Ill., and the authorities since received a letter thanking them for the action.

A BUTLER, Pa., special of the 27th says: The fire at Fisher's oil well No. 8 was extinguished yesterday, and the oil is now flowing.

The missing New York preacher, Rev. John Rhey Thompson, has been heard from at Boston, where he was reported sick.

ELLIOTT BROS. & Co., dry goods merchants of Philadelphia, have announced their inability to meet their payments. The firm's assets were \$222,000; liabilities, \$227,000. They offered to settle at sixty cents on the dollar.

THE WEST.

A MINERALOGIST has gathered from several farms in Clermont County, O., specimens of rock and earth, all of which yielded 31,000 of gold to the ton. A company has been formed to buy the farms.

A FIRE at Beloit, Wis., the other day, damaged the Catholic church and parsonage to the extent of \$11,000.

JUDGMENT was rendered against ex-Senator Sharon on the 24th. Althea Hill was declared to be his legal wife according to the laws of California. Sharon was very much astonished, and it was believed he would appeal the case.

THE State Board of Agriculture of Indiana reports a decrease of from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. in the acreage of

winter wheat. It is reported that the decrease in Kentucky will amount to thirty per cent.

REV. DENNIS O'DONOVAN has brought an action for \$50,000 damage against Father Aldinger, of Indianapolis. The five-story building formerly known as the Academy of Music, at Minneapolis, was gutted by fire the other afternoon. The gross loss reached \$300,000 with a total insurance of \$150,000.

BURT SEABOLDT, conductor, and H. C. Osterwald, engineer of the work train of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, in the collision recently, were held at Salt Lake City, Utah, at the conclusion of their examination in \$2,000 each for criminal negligence.

W. M. S. KERKER, late teller in the Second National Bank at Ironton, O., indicted on nineteen counts for embezzlement of the bank's money, was found guilty on three counts, charging false entries, whereby the bank lost \$3,000.

DURING an extensive fire at Cincinnati on the 23d, the Masonic Temple was destroyed. The total loss aggregated \$150,000; insured.

ROBERT SAXON, bartender of the Bemus Hotel saloon, at Evansville, Ind., fell down a flight of stairs into the cellar of the hotel recently and broke his neck.

WHILE Chauncey J. Tanner and another young man were hunting near Coal Hill, Utah, Tanner's gun slipped as they were resting on a fence and he was shot in the body. He died of his injuries.

A MAN named William Dwyer started home drunk the other night at Lincoln, Ill., and fell off the sidewalk and went to sleep, where he was found in the morning with his arms and legs badly frozen. He will probably lose both legs and one of his hands.

A DIFFICULTY occurred recently at Oklahoma, Choctaw Nation, in which Cooper Surratt, a half-breed Choctaw, was mortally wounded by Simon Turk, a merchant of Oklahoma. Surratt brought on the difficulty and attacked Turk with a crutch, when Turk seized an ax and struck him on the forehead, from the effect of which Surratt died.

At Lincoln, Ill., recently, a number of tramps were "snoozing" against a boiler house, when one of them broke a steam pipe, and eight of them were terribly scalded.

THE freight depot and three cars of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad at Painesville, O., were destroyed by fire the other night.

CORNELIUS AULTMAN, a prominent manufacturer of Canton, O., died suddenly on the 26th.

JOHN EWING, a grocer at Xenia, O., failed recently. Assets, \$27,000; liabilities about the same.

THE Sheriff and a posse of armed men left Trinidad, Col., on the 26th, for Starkville, summoned by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Coal Mining Company. Mr. Savage, the Superintendent, had been ridden on a rail. The wife of an official defended her home and husband with a six shooter. The miners were in arms and serious trouble was expected. Five hundred men at the mine have been idle for two months.

THE SOUTH.

THE Coroner's Jury that has been investigating the recent midnight battle, near Gainsville, Ga., in which revenue raiders shot two citizens dead and wounded others, has resulted in a vindication of the revenue raiders.

The will of Pries Williams and other papers were lost from a carriage near Mobile, Ala., some time ago. A heavy reward was offered for their recovery. Recently a lady found the papers sticking out of a hole near a telegraph pole.

At Jackson, Miss., Gibson & Western's interest and deposit bank failed recently, the firm making an assignment.

At Louisville, Ky., recently, Edward Hanlon, aged forty-five, was caught in the belting at Dupont's paper mill and torn to pieces. His head was pulled from his body.

ADOLPH PARKER and Jack Clifford, two of the Arkansas train robbers were sentenced to the penitentiary—Parker for six and Clifford for seven years. The trial of Cook, who turned State's evidence, was postponed until next term.

At Burgin, Ky., the other day, Dave McGinnis, an eleven year old boy, shot and instantly killed Jerome Gay. Gay and his brother forced the flight on McGinnis. It was the first murder ever committed in Burgin. McGinnis was not arrested.

A FEARFUL fire in a grain elevator at Dallas, Tex., on the 26th, was the cause of the death of two men imprisoned in the burning building.

THE Fertilizer Acme Manufacturing Company on the Carolina Central Railroad, at Wilmington, N. C., burned the other day. Loss estimated at \$20,000; no insurance.

E. A. Scott & Co., clothiers, of Selma, Ala., assigned on the 22d. Liabilities, \$25,000.

At Montgomery, Ala., an aeronaut named MacNeal, of Mobile, made a balloon ascension recently. The balloon fell into the Chattahoochee River and MacNeal was drowned.

GENERAL.

MORRISON'S spinning mill at Dundee, Scotland, was destroyed by fire the other day. Loss, £40,000.

A MONTREAL dispatch says: Campbell & Co., lumber merchants at Lachute, assigned. Liabilities, \$60,000; assets, \$50,000. No more gloom fighting will be allowed in Toronto.

GREAT distress prevails among the poor at Glasgow, Liverpool, and other prominent cities of England.

A SHAMEFUL outrage occurred at Ballyduff, County Waterford, Ireland. The vault of Colonel Hilliers was broken open and Mrs. Hilliers' coffin taken out and thrown into the glen.

A TELEGRAM from Pekin says the Board of Censors have proposed that sentence of

death be passed upon Makien, Secretary of Li Hung Chang, whom the board holds responsible for the Tien Tsin treaty.

Eighty native chiefs have proclaimed Spanish sovereignty over 15,000 square kilometers of land on the Gulf of Guinea, opposite Corisco Island.

JOSEPH MOSES BERNHARDT, the German forger, will be extradited.

INGALLS & Co., of London, Eng., petroleum dealers, have failed.

HERM GRIMM, body servant to the Emperor of Germany, died recently.

LARGE numbers of armed Boers are leaving the Transvaal for the border. The President was unable to prevent their departure.

The eighty-ninth birthday of Leopold Van Ranke, the historian, was celebrated at Berlin on the 24th.

The London Times on the Nicaragua treaty, admits that the treaty should be judged in America without reference to English interests, but England will protest against a policy which violates the rights covered by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It is England's duty, the Times declares, to preserve the freedom of international trade.

A DISPATCH from Peninsular Harbor, a Canadian Pacific station, Lake Superior, says that four buildings were burned there the other night. A drunken Finlander (name unknown) was burned to death. A woman named Georgie Lee was seriously burned about the face and hands.

A SHOCK of earthquake was felt at Gibraltar on the 26th.

NUMEROUS Arab families were recently passing through Korti to the northward seeking to escape before the English advance.

JOSEF ZENARI, Manager of the Discount Bank of Carniola, at Laybach, Austria, was a defaulter of seventy thousand florins, and killed himself in the bank on the 26th, when about to be arrested.

RUSSIA is about to transfer her naval headquarters in the Black Sea from Nikolai to Sebastopol. The estimated cost of the transfer is \$7,000,000.

THE Leideritz expedition to Angra Pequena announces enormous finds of copper have been made in that district and that the land is extremely valuable.

THE Orange demonstration at Harbor Grace, N. F., passed off quietly. The procession composed of 1,000 persons, passed through the principal streets of the city unmolested. The bloody memory of last St. Stephen's day reinforced by the war ship and a formidable police force effectually prevented any hostile demonstration.

THE steamship Gallia was in collision with a schooner at sea off New Brighton, Eng., recently. The schooner sunk. The crew was saved.

THE Spanish Government, it was said, authorized Minister Valera at Washington to give assent to the modification of the Spanish-American treaty if such action will insure the adoption of the treaty by the American Senate. It would suffice for Spain if only sugars to class thirteen are admitted free into the United States.

THE Catholic Union of London have arranged to give a great banquet to Lord Ripon, ex-Viceroy of India, on the 10th of February next, after his return from the Orient.

THE LATEST.

THE New Orleans car drivers struck on the 27th.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is en route to New York.

It is stated that the emeralds which adorned the crown of the Empress Eugenie are false.

OWING to a change in Wolsley's operations the relief of Khartoum will be delayed for two months further.

ANARCHISTS and Socialists engaged in a hand-to-hand fight over the question of the Chairmanship at a meeting held in Paris on the 28th.

MRS. WILLIAMS, living near Dahlgren, Hamilton County, Ill., while in a fit of mental despondency recently, threw one of her children, a little girl, into a well and attaching another still younger to her dress jumped in herself and all three were drowned.

THE official returns of the loss of life by the recent earthquake in the provinces of Malaga and Granada, Spain, place the number of killed at 226 persons, and over 350 bodies have been recovered.

THE loss by the burning of the Indianapolis cotton mill was placed at \$100,000; insurance, \$40,000. The mill will not be rebuilt.

DR. H. ATKINSON, a leading physician of Brooklyn, died an awful death recently from cerebral poisoning, consequent upon a slight scratch received on one of his fingers while performing an operation upon a patient.

THE Secretary of the Treasury received a communication on the 27th from the Collector of Customs at New Orleans, saying he had been informed by the Spanish Consul that one Gomez recently left that city for some point on the Gulf coast, with a view, it is believed, of getting out of a filibustering expedition to Cuba, to be conveyed by the schooner Phoenix.

Two chief members of the firm of Weelits Brothers, of Leuburg, Austria, grain merchants and large importers and malsters, committed suicide recently owing to business trouble.

While a Sheriff's posse were seeking to arrest the slayer of Sullivan at Miles City, Mont., the other morning, Doc Charlin and a three-year-old child were shot dead at the cabin door. Sullivan was subsequently secured and lodged in jail.

THE Blake Opera House at Racine, Wis., burned on the morning of the 26th. Loss, \$100,000; insured. Three lives were lost, two of whom were Russell Grover and his wife, members of the "Beggar Student" Opera Company, which company had given a performance the night previously.

THE Fredericksburg Lodge of the Masonic fraternity will attend the dedication of the Washington monument at the National capital. Washington was a member of this lodge.

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

State Auditor's Report.

The following table from the report of the Auditor of State shows the indebtedness of the various counties of the State:

COUNTIES.	Total Indebtedness.	Total Available Valuation of County.
Allen	\$ 300,513.35	2,568,150.31
Anderson	271,000.00	2,757,871.05
Barton	640,500.00	3,228,400.00
Barber	143,025.80	1,161,353.06
Barton	116,755.78	1,755,333.76
Bourbon	329,450.00	4,933,372.27
Brown	156,525.58	4,388,431.08
Butler	202,858.00	3,815,455.80
Cherokee	885,500.00	4,529,400.00
Chautauque	37,455.96	1,899,083.00
Cherokee	83,725.00	3,818,010.51
Cloud	121,300.00	2,828,828.76
Cloud	255,019.22	2,908,771.77
Coffey	145,317.00	3,255,497.74
Cowley	147,300.00	4,941,598.93
Crawford	197,727.00	3,015,078.08
Davis	172,565.00	2,094,328.25
Dickinson	74,845.00	3,340,028.00
Doniphan	385,555.47	3,421,185.00
Douglas	885,500.00	4,529,400.00
Edwards	24,962.75	224,810.35
Ellis	124,800.00	1,833,571.81
Ellis	121,300.00	1,044,463.03
Ellsworth	63,478.75	1,536,519.88
Finney	66,103.50	1,412,440.94
Ford	350,706.75	4,498,840.54
Graham	27,453.52	151,882.30
Greenwood	291,465.00	3,663,116.80
Leavenworth	142,138.25	2,828,828.76
Harvey	72,919.20	2,849,668.41
Hodgeman	20,667.40	439,898.00
Jackson	121,300.00	3,043,417.27
Jefferson	108,950.00	2,945,597.91
Jewell	130,450.00	2,629,404.17
Johnson	282,400.00	4,984,828.76
Kingman	83,251.46	1,579,677.00
Labette	297,716.02	3,968,818.18
Leavenworth	142,138.25	2,828,828.76
Lincoln	47,738.66	3,006,915.00
Lincoln	121,880.80	3,067,118.17
Lyons	442,574.43	7,042,181.11
Marion	104,472.25	2,462,366.04
Marshall	229,410.00	4,448,817.51
McPherson	108,950.00	3,043,417.27
Miami	296,175.00	4,500,044.80
Mitchell	120,410.00	2,291,458.41
Morris	290,225.00	3,256,150.50
Morris	100,300.00	2,329,522.00
Nemaha	49,054.33	3,881,145.53
Nemaha	121,300.00	2,828,828.76
Ness	20,415.00	439,898.00
Norton	103,177.06	696,916.06
Osborne	325,240.00	3,255,497.74
Osborne	104,122.55	1,837,499.77
Ottawa	158,278.00	2,113,613.15
Phillips	121,300.00	2,828,828.76
Phillips	116,755.78	1,115,066.00
Potawatomi	152,460.00	4,324,142.55
Reno	47,276.46	325,428.11
Reno	8,129.45	290,170.95
Reno	200,792.39	3,010,376.71
Republic	45,750.00	2,140,477.91
Republic	128,920.00	2,140,477.91
Riley	335,705.00	2,911,164.81
Rooks	70,138.04	590,134.77
Rush	414,200.00	2,498,967.29
Russell	36,437.06	1,009,091.96
Saline	125,082.52	3,012,291.81
Saline	98,410.00	1,157,772.92
Shawnee	506,137.00	10,758,418.04
Shawnee	114,259.00	10,758,418.04
Shawnee	69,945.81	1,745,920.21
Stafford	31,285.00	574,411.73
Sumner	398,471.14	7,577,592.41
Texas	12,400.00	577,602.41
Wabunsee	103,847.05	2,498,967.29
Washington	146,530.00	2,415,000.00
Washington	121,300.00	2,828,828.76
Woodson	83,635.55	2,946,151.99
Wyandotte	682,854.38	4,391,887.85
Total	\$ 15,961,629.86	\$ 237,013,756.75

*For 1882. Returns for 1884 not received.

Total county bonds... \$7,444,741.90

Total county warrants... \$21,006.28

Total township bonds... \$2,625,243.55

Total township warrants... 24,787.55

Total city bonds... \$2,387,125.90

Total city warrants... 200,310.27

Total school district bonds... \$2,734,788.51

Total school district orders... 13,926.19

Grand total... \$15,961,629.86

Grand total loss sinking fund... 15,705,126.37

Of the total bonded indebtedness of the State, which is \$335,000, the State University fund owns \$9,000, the permanent school fund \$544,500, the sinking fund \$61,000, making the total amount of the State bonds owned by the several State funds \$1,450,000.

The total amount of bonds owned outside of the State funds, \$321,000. The total valuation of railroad property in the State is \$28,455,907.96.

Miscellaneous.

It is said that the city authorities of Parsons have had very few applications for fish meals and lodging to tramps since the passage of a resolution to have them work for their grub.

It is stated that Michael Hennessey, of Leavenworth, was a soldier in the Mexican war, and was mustered out at Santa Fe, after many disabilities. In 1854, through Senator Jones, of Iowa, he went before Congress for a pension. The matter alternated between the two Houses up to the year 1867, when a special act was passed, giving him a pension. A short time ago Hennessey, not aware that special legislation had been made for his benefit, applied to Senator Plumb to secure a pension for him. After considerable investigation the act of 1867 was found and produced in the Pension-office, where there was no knowledge of its existence. The pension was secured in time to be a Christmas present to the old soldier, although the Pension Board of Review was disposed to make him furnish a new proof of his identity.

At its late meeting the State Horticultural Society adopted resolutions that the Legislature be requested to establish the office of Commissioner of Forestry, whose duty it shall be to establish somewhere in the treeless portion of the State an experimental station for the promotion of the art of forestry; also favoring the present herd law; that the office of State Entomologist be established by the Legislature, with a suitable salary; that the Legislature be suitably requested to provide for a geological survey of the State, from its horse ranches and other sources, and that the same be placed in the hands of the several County Vice-Presidents of the State, whose duty it shall be to procure signatures to the same. The Society appointed Messrs. J. D. Clark, Shawnee County; F. Wellhouse, Leavenworth County; Wm. Cutter, Davis County; Abner Allen, Wabunsee County, and A. N. Godfrey, Greenwood County, a committee to compile from the transactions of the last fifteen years, together with new matter, a brief manual for apple orchards in Kansas.

WILLIAM LAITPPE, a well-known butcher at Atchison, was thrown from his horse last night, and sustained several injuries at the base of the brain that he expired soon after at a neighboring farm house.

WAR IN DAKOTA.

Another County Seat Ambrogle in Which There Promises to be Bloodshed—Traverse City in a State of Defense and Troops Hastening to the Rescue—The Records Concealed and the Wilmot Mob Determined to Have Them or Blood.

TRaverse CITY, D. T., December 22.

This city was thrown into a most intense state of excitement at an early hour this morning, and all day long the greatest confusion has prevailed. About seven o'clock this morning, while many of the inhabitants of the place were asleep, a mob of men, fully one hundred, most of whom came from Wilmot, a small town in the Southern portion

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KAN 2825

THROUGH THE CLOUD.

The morning was chill and misty,
And a white and drifting veil
Hid all the mountain passes
And the dim-traced intervals.
We gazed in a puzzled wonder,
And looked to the left and the right,
For it seemed that some spell had seized the
world
And had changed it during the night.
Was there ever a mountain wonder?
We asked, or a pine-clad stream?
Or you good trees in the hollow?
Or were all these things a dream?
Then suddenly as we questioned
The mists turned thin and blue,
And up in the far, high heaven
A mountain outline grew.
Like a vision it gleamed and vanished,
But its beckon was seen and caught,
And one peak after another
Flashed out, with the speed of thought;
And the mist wreaths floated higher,
And drifted off one by one,
And the wet, green autumn meadows
Shone out in the yellow sun;
And the scarlet and dun of the hill-sides
Had borrowed a fresher hue,
And the purple gate of the notch swung
wide,
And a pink cloud floated through.
And I thought of some heavy-hearted ones
Whose world had suddenly changed
To a whirl of mist and driving cloud
From all fair things estranged.
And who sat and wearily wondered
If ever the world seemed bright,
And half believed that joy was a dream
Which fled with the flying night.
And how, by little and little,
The clouds were gently chased,
And the bright sun of living
Dawned out of them one by one.
The hope and the work and the loving,
The zest of thought and plan,
The old-time strength of friendship,
The old-time need of man.
And the world which was changed for a
morning
Was the same dear world again,
With only an added ripeness, caught
From its brief eclipse of pain.
—Susan Collins, in *Congregationalist*.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

A Story of Old Year Sorrows and New Year Rejoicings.

In the city the long streets were ablaze with yellow gaslight, and the silver glow of the electric lights, swung outward into the night, drove the shadows far away. But into the still white country they crept, and the tall trees of the forest held out ghostly arms to greet them. It was a weird night—a fitting time for the Old Year to die—with only the wind to wail his requiem, and only the stars to watch over his white grave.
In her father's lonely country home the daughter of farmer Matthews is watching. Her face is pale and worn, and her dark eyes are heavy with long weariness and watching.
On the bed a little child sleeps, one white arm thrown up restlessly against the pillow. The flush of fever is upon her white face and its hot breath upon her parted lips.
Nora Wade presses her lips upon the tangled mass of golden hair that sweeps the pillow and cries softly. For a fortnight those baby arms have clung to her neck ceaselessly, the sweet voice sobbing "Mamma! mamma!" until her heart is almost broken. For days she has fought the cruel fever, but still it saps up the life-blood of her darling. Into a fitful slumber she has fallen, and for the first time in many days Nora is free from the care of those clinging arms.
For a long time she sits there motionless, scarcely breathing lest she should disturb the child's slumber; and then, as she sees how quiet the sleep has grown, her heart gains hope, and she steals away to the window, where the curtain half drawn reveals the beautiful world without.
No words come from her lips as she sees that white-robed, silent world; yet her silence is a prayer, a voiceless offering to the white, invisible throne in the star-jeweled world above.
Just then a soft footfall is heard upon the stairs, and Mrs. Matthews enters.
"Is she still sleeping," she asks, looking toward the child.
"Yes," Nora answered, in a whisper; and then, as her mother's arms are folded about her, she bows her head and weeps bitterly.
"Don't cry, Nora, be a brave woman. These sorrows come to all of us, and we must bear them."
"But I can't. Mine is greater than I can bear," she cries, lifting up her head. "If Alice must die, then I have no wish to live."
"No, Nora, don't say such words as those. You are tired and worn. When the morning comes you will have renewed hope and strength. Alice is sleeping the first quiet sleep she has had for many nights, and her quiet slumber brings with it a fresh hope. But you must rest, dear; lie down here beside her and I will keep watch."
"No, no," Nora shakes her head slowly. "I could not keep; it would be torture. You need it more than I do; go, I entreat you."
After much persuasion her mother leaves the room, and she sinks once more into the chair by the bed. She is tired of the old year, and she has no sorrow to know that it is dying. It has brought her only shame and misery.
On the small writing-desk at her elbow two letters are lying. She picks them up, mechanically crushing them between her white fingers. Again and again she has read them, until the whole world seems centered in their burning words. Only a few lines mark the white pages, yet they tell the tale of her sorrow, and as they have stained the unsullied white pages, so they have engraven upon her stainless heart the dark bitterness of sorrow and disgrace.
Five years ago no happier bride ever left a father's home than she; but ere the last year had reached its prime she had come home sad and weary, with the weight of years upon her young

head. All the beautiful young life was a wreck, and the child whose golden head was pillowed on her breast knew not her mother's sorrow.

In her happy home in the far-off city the first letter had come, falling into the depths of her tranquil life like a thunderbolt from Heaven. She had delivered with terror as she had read its contents, and she had flung it from her and trampled it beneath her feet, refusing to believe in her husband's dishonor. And oh, it was a cruel hand indeed that had penned the words, though it was the hand of her own uncle.

"Nora Wade," he had written her coldly, "your husband has forged a note in my name. He has fled the city; but if there is a law in the land I shall make him suffer its fullest penalty." For one moment she had almost cursed the man, though he was her father's brother, who had dared to fling this sudden sorrow upon her. But scarcely had she realized its truth, ere another missive followed, more full of bitter poison than the first. It was the hardest blow of all, and her frail heart had almost broken under the sudden burden, for the hand she loved best in all the world had penned the cruel words.

"Dear Nora," her husband had said, "God forgive me for the sorrow I have brought upon you, but you shall never look upon my face again. Tempted, I have fallen, and sorrow-stricken I leave my home never to enter it again. Teach Alice to forget me—and teach your own heart, Nora, to look upon me as dead."

Is it any wonder that for long weeks afterward Nora Wade had laid as one dead, and that when consciousness had come she had longed to die? Months afterwards she was brought back to the home of her childhood, and there they had nursed her back to life. But the days were to her but meaningless shadows, and had it not been for the little life that grew brighter and sweeter every day in the peace of the old farm house, she would willingly have fallen into the sleep that knows no waking.

Now she sits in the shadow of the darkened room, living again through the scenes of the past year. But all the fierceness of her old rebellion had died away, and she feels only a weary, weary pain that knows no surcease.

She looks upon the lovely child-face before her with a great tenderness in her mother eyes—which is yet half a terror. What if those baby lips should never lip her name again—what if those dimpled hands should never press her face again in the long, lonely years to come! And the sweet voice! Would the old home ever be glad again without its ringing echoes? Not only her own heart she knows will break, but the old hearts, too, that have grafted their happiness upon the tender, beautiful blossom.

But not! She drives the thought away. Surely God will leave her this—this one we flower that has blossomed upon her cross. In her sleep the child sobs her name, and Nora takes the dainty golden head in her arms, kissing the flushed cheeks and soothing the wee sufferer to sleep again. And with the baby arms around her neck, she sinks herself in a troubled, restless slumber.

Farmer Matthews, riding along the country road that leads from the city to the lonely country beyond, is not without a slight fear for the twilight has fallen, and it grows darker every moment. Still the white earth reflects the fading light, and the stars seen now and then through the cloud spaces cast a faint glimmer upon the glistening road. Old Dobbs knows the way well, however, and he jogs along placidly, scarcely heeding the keen wind as it sweeps across the snow drifts, though it blinds him momentarily.

But Farmer Matthews is not alone. By his side sits a young physician, whose stalwart form does not shrink from the cutting blast.
"I hardly thought you'd come," says the old farmer. "I kinder hated to ask you, you seemed to be enjoyin' yourself so mightily; but Alice was so sick, and the women folks—mother and Nora—lost all faith in the old doctor, so I thought there'd be no harm in comin' to see, anyhow."
The old man's voice trembles a little. He is thinking of the frail little form that has lain so helplessly on the pillow for many, many days, and the little voice whose music has been well-nigh hushed forever.

"Of course I'd come," answered the young man. "How could you think I wouldn't? Don't I owe my life to you? I would be ungrateful, indeed, did I not remember the day when you took me, a stray waif, into your heart and home. It was long ago, but I owe all I am and all I have to-day to you, and what would I not do for you and yours?"
"God bless you for the good will, my boy," the old man says; and then there is a silence between them, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the crisp, white snow.

But as they turn a bend in the road the old man turns to his companion.
"We've a lonely patch of woods ahead; keep your eyes and ears open."
"Yes, I am prepared for it." The young man takes two glittering objects from his pocket. "I fancy any prowling rascals would not like to make the acquaintance of these."
He replaces the revolvers safely in their hiding place as old Dobbs plunges bravely into the woods. A ghostly place it is, with the tall trees holding out long white arms and the weird shadows falling across the winding road.

"Hark! what's that?" The young physician lays his hand upon the old man's arm. They both listen for a moment, but only the sighing of the wind comes through the forest.
"I surely heard a moan," says the younger man. "It could not have been the wind."
Old Dobbs suddenly pricks up his ears and shies violently to one side of the road.
"Hellow!" cries the farmer, "What's the matter with Dobbs?"
But the young man has already sprung to the ground. "There's something in the road," he says. "Give me the lantern, quick. Surely it's a man fallen into the snow drifts." He takes a small vial from his pocket and forces its contents down the man's throat.

then they lift him carefully into the wagon.

"Drive as fast as you can," the young man says. "If you are home within the hour we may save him."
An hour later Nora Wade, watching in the darkened chamber, is aroused by the touch of a friendly hand.

"Nora," he says, softly.
"Oh, Joe, is it you?" she cries. "You have come to save my darling. You will save her won't you?" She looks at him piteously, her every word a sob.
"I will try," he says. Years ago in their happy childhood he would have laid down his life for Nora—what would he not do for her child. All the later love for his wife has not swept away the tenderness he feels toward the love of his youth.

Through the long hours of the night he watches with her, noting every change in the fair baby face upon the pillow, now and then stealing from the room to attend his patient below, whom he has left in Mrs. Matthew's charge.

When the morning breaks and the gray dawn of the New Year steals across the white fields he takes Nora's hand in his. "Your child will live," he says.

Her large eyes speak their gratitude—her lips are dumb.
"Leave her to your mother," he says, "for a little while, and come with me."

His words are imperative, and she follows him in silence down the stairs into the sitting-room below.

Upon the lounge a man lies, his eyes closed in slumber. The fair hair is tossed backward from a finely chiseled face, but there is a weariness upon it that is sad to look upon.

With a saddened cry Nora falls beside him. But ere the words upon her lips are spoken, she loses consciousness and for hours knows no more. All the weary nights of watching have flung their burden upon her, and she is powerless to rally.

"You have killed her," the old man says, as the young physician raises her in his arms.
"No," he answers, "joy never kills."

The first weeks of the New Year have passed away, bringing with them golden treasures of life and love. With the Old Year all the shadows have gone—and all its sorrows.

It is a pleasant court that is gathered in Farmer Matthews's cozy sitting room in the bright glow of the red firelight. Alice, sitting in her mother's lap, laughs gleefully at the bright pictures grandpa is showing her in the Mother Goose book, repeating after him the jingling rhymes that seem to take her fancy. He laughs, too, as she lisps them in her quaint, baby fashion, and Nora, laying her white hands upon the golden head, looks up with a smile into the pale, handsome face above her. Wife and mother, she looks from one to the other of her treasures, with a glad, satisfied love.

And Grandma Matthews, pausing in her knitting to look upon the happy group, wipes away the moisture from her eyes, saying softly to herself: "And a little child shall lead them."—*Pacific Rural Press*.

CANNIBALISM.

A Practice Which Shows a Tendency to Epicurean Indulgence.

There is a certain weird attractiveness about the subject of cannibalism, a grim fascination in its grisly horrors, that is not easily to be explained, but which, although few of us will admit it, most of us have experienced. Perhaps it is in subjective cannibalism alone that this uncanny attraction exists; objective cannibalism may not possess the same eerie charm. But the very fact that cannibalism either exists now, or ever existed, is, however, denied by some skeptical persons—mostly strict and rigid vegetarians, one would think—who argue that wild and natural races of men can not and do not lust for flesh. The fact remains the same. It seems that this time-honored practice—crime, many unthinking and unjudicial people would call it, whose opinions have been formed without consideration of the relation of crime to custom—has, at different times, existed in almost every part of the earth. It seems to have lingered longest in the most beautiful regions of it—in Polynesia, namely, where the writer of this, but for a fortunately and timely warning, would himself have fallen a victim to the custom for which he has a feeling of respect, if not exactly of adoration.

Our remote, possible forefathers themselves, the prehistoric cavemen of Europe in the Quaternary period, were addicted to this habit, which a pious feeling of respect for our ancestry should alone prevent us from characterizing as a crime. Evidences of their occasional little anthropophagistic failings in the shape of scraped and clipped human bones which, besides being cooked, are broken in a manner too scientific and skillful to be the work of animals, are not infrequent, though it is believed by paleontologists that the custom was more of an exception than a rule. Animal food being plentiful at that time in these cold northern latitudes, the great incentive to cannibalism was wanting, and the very practice of it shows a tendency to epicurean indulgence and luxury that already (from a very long way off) pointed to the future extinction of their race. The ancient Irish, too, in more recent than Quaternary times, ate their own dead; and our Saxon forefathers must have possessed a knowledge of the custom if they did not in early times actually practice it, as is shown by the Saxon word *manota*, which occurs not infrequently in their literature. —*A. S. Johnston, in Popular Science Monthly*.

The theory that flies adhere to smooth surfaces by atmospheric pressure is now abandoned. The fly has, in addition to joints and claws, two or three pads between the claws. These pads bear hairs which secrete a sticky fluid, by means of which the fly adheres to a surface. —*Boston Globe*.

The cataraacts of the Nile are due to granite veins, which the river, while working a way through the sandstone, had been unable to destroy or remove.

THE EFFECT OF THE VICTORY.

The Efforts of Republican Leaders to Create Distrust and Disturb the Peace for the Sake of Discrediting the Democracy.

Since the election of President Cleveland and the Republicans of the Blaine stamp have been devoting their energies to two points. They have been trying to persuade mill owners to shut down and turn their hands adrift, and have been predicting all sorts of persecution and suffering for the negroes of the "Southern" States. Fred Douglass thinks the return of the Democracy to power means "the political death of the negro." Other less intelligent Republicans are foolish enough to assert that it is the first step towards the re-establishment of slavery.

It is evidently the wish of some Republicans to disturb the peace and damage the business interests of the country as much as possible for the purpose of discrediting the Democracy. That was the object of the long delay in admitting defeat. These disappointed politicians are indifferent as to the injury they may inflict on business or individuals so long as they can make it appear that disturbance and distress result from Democratic success.

Manufacturers will soon find that an honest Democratic policy is far better for them than the unhealthy favoritism of Republicanism for which they have had to pay very dearly. As to the colored citizens of the South, whose rights are entirely safe under the Constitution, no greater blessing could have befallen them than the overthrow of the Republican party. Devising persons have taught them that they had some great advantage to expect from the Administration at Washington of which the Democrats at home deprived them, and this has served to keep them restless and dissatisfied. With this deception exploded they will settle down to the consideration of their real interest and the intelligent exercise of their political rights.

Democracy seeks to make people enlightened and happy. It raises the oppressed, instructs the ignorant and protects the weak. Democracy would not have conferred the franchise suddenly on millions of negroes sunk in ignorance, but since they have been invested with the privileges of citizens, Democracy seeks to make them capable of using them intelligently.

The negroes only study their own good when they resist the attempt of the Republicans to hold them as political chattels and vote as their own judgment dictates. The interests of the citizens of a State are identical, whether their skins are black or white, and it is quite natural that where a majority of the whites are Democratic a majority of the colored citizens should be the same.

Four years of Democratic rule will dispel all the illusions raised by partisan unscrupulousness for political effect. The South will be "solid" in the future, because ignorance will gradually disappear and the negroes will learn that the white residents of their own States have naturally more regard for their interests and are more honestly concerned for their prosperity than Republican partisans, who only enfeebled them because they believed they could use them for their own purposes, and who to-day, if they could, would reduce them to a condition of political servitude only a little less degrading than the bondage from which they were released by the war. —*Washington Post*.

UNCHANGED BLAINE.

The Surprising Result of the Late Political Contest, According to the Defeated Candidate.

Really Mr. Blaine's account of his own defeat leaves it quite uncertain that he is not yet victorious. The Irish Democrats, thousands of them, voted for him, the Germans didn't desert him, and the Independents had no following worth mentioning. According to his analysis of the vote he seemed to have gained everywhere, and yet, curiously enough, to very little purpose. This is a surprising result of a political contest. He appears to lay the most direct blame on P. Ovidence and Dr. Burchard—the former under the guise of "the weather" and the latter as "an intolerant and highly improper" minister with a weakness for altercation. The interview, which was evidently furnished for the purpose of general publication and letting Mr. Blaine down gently after his political miscarriage, was not contrived in good taste. Blaine, as usual, appears as his own eulogist and defender. He says in effect to the country, only for sundry accidents, and "if" so and so had not happened Blaine would have been elected. All this kind of speculation may be true enough, but it is not to the point; it leaves unsaid the only thing that he should have said, viz.: A manly, straightforward admission that he was beaten in a square fight, and a magnanimous recognition of the public worth of his opponent and a patriotic expression of his respect and support for the people's choice. No, Blaine will never, we fear, be anything but a brilliant partisan, and his defeat will in no wise remain him to private life. If he can not have official position he will at least live publicly and manage to attract notice. Almost simultaneously with this interview explaining his defeat, comes the intelligence that Blaine is not content with the quietness of his home in Maine. He is said to be looking for a suitable mansion in Washington, where he will live during the winter, engaged in the agreeable task of finishing his history and keeping the author on the surface of events. This is following Beaconsfield's advice in reference to a political defeat, "act as if it had not happened." Blaine is determined not to be shamed, and, as he has strength, energy and ability, there might yet be a future of great prominence before him, were it not for the unfortunate records he has left of his Congressional career. They beat him before the people this time, and they will be apt to do it again, should he test their power. He had better confine himself to literature, leave politics alone, and live serenely on the capital, political and financial, that he has snugly stowed away. He might add an additional volume to his history, embracing the changes and chances

that led to his defeat, with special reference to the danger of such enemies as Conkling and of such friends as Dr. Burchard, and, above all, of the folly of writing too many letters. —*St. Louis Republican*.

BLAINE'S SCHEME.

Impossible to Resist the Conclusion That Blaine's Utterances Are Intended to Stir Up Strife at the South.

If Blaine's malignity were mere sore-headedness it might be overlooked. But when his inflammatory utterances are taken into consideration with those of Fred Douglass and such blatant organs as the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that they spring from a deliberate purpose to stir up strife at the South. It is hoped very evidently that the negroes can be moved to such a display of animosity against the whites as to arouse the latter to retaliation. Then will Blaine and his followers come to the front with a prompt "We told you so" and a combined effort to fasten responsibility for the result upon the election of Cleveland.

The design is so patent, however, that the ultimate purpose of the schemers is sure to be defeated. If a race conflict does come in the South the people both North and South will understand very well who has done the infamous work of fomenting strife and inflaming passions. Mr. Blaine is a magnetic man and a plausible. But he has neither magnetism nor plausibility to deceive the people as to his responsibility for a war of races should such a war unhappily come. A solemn and heavy responsibility it will be, too, one from which he may well shrink. He knows something of the feeling of a people expressing their condemnation of corruption in office and their hatred of lying. But he will find the breeze which blew him one side on the 4th of November but a summer zephyr in comparison with the whirlwind of wrath and indignation which will visit him and his co-conspirators if their present wicked scheme proves successful.

Meanwhile it is the duty of all thoughtful, sensible men, North as well as South, to see that the scheme does not succeed. The influence which these inflammatory appeals of Blaine and Douglass and other wicked demagogues are laying and likely to have upon the colored people of the South must be counteracted by showing them the true character of such appeals and the absence of any ground for fear that the change in the National Administration means anything but good to their race. With the intelligent colored men this will not be difficult. Indeed, they are already telling each other that the election of Cleveland will be a benefit to them. With the unintelligent, already filled with distrust and vindictiveness through the lying arts of partisans and demagogues, it will be more difficult, but with discretion and patience it will be accomplished even in their case. —*Detroit Free Press*.

REPUBLICAN SAVINGS.

What the Defeated Republicans Are Saying of the South.

The defeated Republicans are declaring that the election of Grover Cleveland means that the South will control the whole land; that all the old Confederate States will rule the States that stayed in the Union, and that evils beyond the bounds of the multiplication table will be hurled at once upon the country. Now that it is a question definitely settled, we might imagine that these pretenders were only joking the people, but they have been in power so long that like monarchists, yet with less excuse because they are not blinded by tradition, they are so blasphemous as to claim that they hold power by Divine right and claim they are the party of great moral ideas. Such madness can not deceive. These maniacs may declare that President Davis and the remnant of his Cabinet will be moved to Washington on wheels, but their absurdities frighten none but themselves. There is a new South, whose people long ago accepted the result of the war, and who have been showing by their industry, their enterprise and their loyalty to the Union that they are far more patriotic than those Republicans who, in time of peace, have striven for the sake of place and favor to array States against States and to feed the smoldering fires of a dangerous sectionalism.

But the Republican party, which had long ago outlived its proper age and mission, is sinking into the peevish imbecility of the "slipped pantaloons." It dies hard, and on its death-bed gasps out its selfish, miserly hate of the party whose honesty and liberal spirit it has so deeply feared. Let it die and have the peace at last that it has so long withheld from the people of this our common country. —*Richmond (Va.) State*.

Don't Want Gifts.

Persons who propose to cultivate President Cleveland's acquaintance through the medium of "small tokens of their esteem" should carefully read the following letter which distinguished gentleman mailed to Mr. William J. Londer, of Brooklyn, in returning a Newfoundland dog:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 27.—MY DEAR SIR: Day before yesterday, when I arrived here in the evening from the Executive Chamber, I found in the house a Newfoundland dog, and yesterday I learned through your letter that the dog was intended as a gift from you. I have not deemed it affection on my part when I write you that I am very averse to receipts of gifts, especially in the relation of strangers, which you and I sustain to each other. A number of small gifts have been sent to me, and I am, doubtless, from those who seek in this manner to show their good will, writing others have been received from those whom I suspect of attempting purely to procure an acknowledgment. It is hard to offend the former class by any exhibition of selfishness or lack of appreciation, and my disposition is to humor the desire of the others. The acceptance of presents of value which could involve an obligation on I should deem, in my present position, entirely inadmissible, and I should I should feel better if all gifts of every description were discontinued. I have determined to assure you most heartily of my full appreciation of your kindness in sending me the dog, and that I do not intend to distrust your motive in doing so; and, while thanking you for the friendliness which prompted the gift, I ask you to permit me to return the same. I shall please myself and hope not offend you by sending the dog by express to your address to-morrow, at my expense.

Yours, very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.
To William J. Londer, Esq., No. 215 Deauville street, Brooklyn.
— N. Y. Herald.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Union Theological Seminary, of New York City, has a paid-up capital and property worth \$2,000,000.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe wishes the Protestant Episcopal Church to change its name to the "American Catholic Church." —*Chicago Journal*.

Much progress is reported to have been made in Ireland of late in the study of the Irish language. The largest school-book firm in Ulster has just issued models of Irish characters for use in slate-writing in the National schools.

Prof. J. C. Cram, of Deerfield, N. H., is now keeping his 340th singing-school, being in his fifty-first year of teaching. He has sung in the church choir fifty-five years, and has taken charge of the singing in the church for fifty years.

The Baptist churches of Boston and vicinity stand twenty-three to two in favor of unfermented wine. After several months' notice, during which the subject was carefully studied, the First Church recently voted nearly unanimously to use "the pure fruit of the vine"—unfermented wine—for sacramental purposes. —*Boston Journal*.

The Pope has issued a decree, creating the American College in Rome, until recently a part of the Propaganda property, a clerical college with an organization of its own, to be ruled like the college of the Propaganda. This relieves it of any danger of confiscation or control by the Italian Government as part of the Propaganda. —*N. Y. Herald*.

In Missouri a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union found a church thirty years old, meeting in a good house of worship, well appointed as to comforts, with a large congregation, but which had never had a Sunday-school. While there was preaching to parents and adults, the children were hunting, fishing, etc. Here he organized a good school with fifty scholars. —*Baptist Weekly*.

The Yale News says of the proposed abolition of the Wednesday half holiday of the college: "This change will be a serious blow to our athletic interests, and it will make it almost impossible for our nine and football eleven to engage in enough practice games to enable them to meet the teams of other colleges on an equal footing." Yale's football Captain, Richards, who was injured on Thanksgiving Day, is again about the campus on crutches.

President McCosh, of Princeton University, believes that the college which gives to its students a wide choice of studies during all the years of their course commits a radical error. He holds that there are branches rudimentary and fundamental, "which have stood the test of time, fitted to call forth the deeper and higher faculties of the mind, and opening the way to further knowledge, which all should be required to study." Such are the classical tongues, with certain European ones, and above all, our own tongue, with their literatures. Such are mathematics, physics, chemistry and certain branches of natural history. Such are the study of the human mind, logic, ethics and political economy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—De londes' tankers ain't allus de wisest men. Gese makes more noise den deroosters, but da ain't got nigh so much sense. —*Arkansas Traveler*.

—A child's thought.
A little child looked out at night
Upon the stars in heaven so blue,
And cried aloud in glad delight:
"Dad's floor has cracks, his light shines blue!"

—Judge— "What sort of man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?"
"Constable— "Sure, your Honor, he was a small, insignificant crah-rah about your own size, yer Honor."
—*N. Y. Herald*.

—A dude returned from college to his parents' city apartments. As he was undressing to go to bed at night he noticed a handsome motto on the wall, "God bless our flat," and it bothered him all night so that he could hardly sleep. —*Chicago Tribune*.

— "Where've you been Frank?"
"Down to St. Louis." "What doing?"
"Running a photograph gallery." "Did it work?"
"Work! I should say it did. First day I hung out a sign: 'Babies taken without charge of the new' and the next morning I found four on my doorstep." —*Omaha Bee*.

—Has Burlington a very intellectual community?" asked the new minister.
"Intellectual, parson? Well, I should construe. There's three dancing clubs on North Hill, two skating rinks down town, four bowling alleys on Main street, a weekly shop at the South Hill barn, and a school-house on West Hill. Intellectual, parson? Town jest runs to brains." —*Burlette*.

—A New York inventor has made a machine by which he claims to reduce the temperature of a room to eighty-five degrees below zero if necessary. It will, no doubt, be in great demand by young men who have at last screwed up courage to ask the old man for the hand of his daughter— an agonizing moment when the temperature of a room suddenly goes up to 110 deg. in the shade. —*Norristown Herald*.

—He had just gone down and purchased two tickets for the opera, and grasping the two halves of his week's salary he hastened to the house and was ushered into her presence. "Ah, Miss De Smith, a very cold day, is it not? Will you not allow me the pleasure of being your escort to the opera to-night?" "O, thank you so much, but Mr. Brown has asked me, and I am afraid I shall have to refuse you; I am very sorry. Yes, indeed, it is a very, very cold day." —*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—He had a crowd around him on the Campus Martius, and when he had placed his toothache-cure on the board before him and got his lamp brightly burning, he said: "Gentlemen, the last time I was in your fair city some one hit me with an egg. I sincerely—" At that instant a turnip, thrown by some one in the outer circle, struck the man's hat and carried it ten feet away. He reached out his hand for it and continued: "Thank you! I was going to say that I preferred turnips to eggs, but would it be asking too much of you to boil them first?" —*Detroit Free Press*.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

RINGING IN THE NEW YEAR.

They are ringing out the Old Year, They are ringing out the Old Year...

They are ringing in the New Year, They are ringing in the New Year...

"Now, together!" whispers Teddy, Mischief sparkling in his eye...

Then the door is flung wide open, And a lusty, laughing shout...

How they fly at him, those babies!— How they hang about his knees!

How they ring in the New Year, How they ring in the New Year...

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The Boys' Adventure in a Car—A Tip-Top Fellow, but One—That Things Happen To, and He Can't Help It.

No, it wasn't Tom Sheldon's plan. It wasn't anybody's plan; it just went and happened.

That was how we must make the best of it, and somebody will be sure to come along when the storm was over.

He tried to go on telling the story, but somehow we didn't seem to care any more about that man, and when Tom said, "The king turned his glittering eyes upon him and said 'Mortal! It is permitted to thee to choose three wishes.'"

"That was how we all felt; but something worse yet happened, for pretty soon we heard a kind of creaking like a train, and our car gave a bump and jerk, and began to move.

"My! I don't suppose I'd felt any worse if I was just starting down in an earthquake! And nobody said a word for much as a minute. We couldn't, and the cars made an awful noise; you haven't any idea how it sounds inside of a freight car, Cousin Helen.

We guessed they'd stop at the depot, but they only slowed up once and then went on, and it was the longest kind of train. When they went fast our car bumped and rocked as if it was just going over, and all the time roaring was so loud, didn't seem as if it was a bit of a bump and jerk, and began to move.

"You wouldn't suppose anybody could go to sleep with only hard boards to lean on, but we did, all but Tom. He took off his jacket and made Dick take it to lay his head on; said he was too hot, but I knew better; Tom is that kind of a boy; and then he kept awake to be ready for any chance.

"I should think it was about a week after they had shut the door when something woke me up, and there was a man holding up a lantern, and a lot of men looking in. The man with the lantern laughed, and Larry was going to hit him, but he was too big. They asked us what we were doing there, and everybody laughed as if it was funny, only the switchman, and he said it was a mean trick. There wasn't any train until morning, and you couldn't telegraph because they wouldn't send it out to the farm, so we just had to go home with the switch-tender and wait. He didn't have any wife, but he made us some coffee, and gave us a place to sleep till the train came. He told the conductor about us, but Larry paid for all of us; he said it would be taking a treat from that brakeman to get a ride on his account, and when he grew up he meant to lick him.

"I don't need to tell the rest, because you know yourself what a horrid time they had, so going was were all drenched, when Clump and his wife got home, and grandpa came over, and they found Hannibal hitched to a tree, and our fishpots under the reservoir bridge. I never did suppose Aunt Minty cared so much about Dick and me; she had waffles and honey for three months, and gave us pie for lunch; but she isn't a bit fair to Tom Sheldon. She blamed it all on him, and whenever we were fishing, or anything, she says: "And don't let me hear of any more of Tom Sheldon's plans."

"I say it wasn't anybody's plan, and you can see that yourself, Cousin Helen—now can't you? Oh! and I forgot to tell you we got acquainted with the man that looked us in, and we like him first-rate. He thought we were the same boys that had been bothering him, stealing rides, and he meant to let us out when the train was made up, but then the yard-master sent for him, and he forgot us till afterwards. He gave us a railroad knife to make up. It has a gimlet, and a screw-driver, and scissors, besides two blades and a file. The scissors are broken on one point, and the screw-driver is kinder wiggly, but the gimlet does first-rate in soft wood. He only had one, and he gave it to Dick, because it was his birthday, and it turned out bad.—Emily Huntington Miller, in Christian Union.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

God of the Old Year and the New, The Nations come to Thee; To supply needs Thy nation has power, They bend the humble knee.

The Past, so full of evil deeds, Of misery a lot of wrong, Of wrongs forgotten, and of right, Of rapine by the strong;

That Past is now before Thy Throne; God help us in that hour! We bring a better power each act, By Thy almighty power.

God of the Old Year and the New, A world looks up to Thee, We set the prisoner and fearful eyes, To see the prisoner and fearful eyes,

God of the Old Year and the New, Thus do Thy children pray; Hear them, Oh, Father, from Thy Throne, And bring a better power each act, By Thy almighty power.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER. Dec. 28—Review of Missionary Temperance, or selected by the school.

1883—FIRST QUARTER. Jan. 4—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 1-9.

Jan. 11—Paul at Berea. Acts 17: 10-17. Jan. 18—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 18-31.

Feb. 8—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 32-38. Feb. 15—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 39-45.

Feb. 22—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 46-52. Mar. 1—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 53-58.

Mar. 8—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 59-65. Mar. 15—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 66-72.

Mar. 22—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 73-79. Mar. 29—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 80-86.

Apr. 5—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 87-93. Apr. 12—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 94-100.

Apr. 19—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 101-107. Apr. 26—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 108-114.

May 3—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 115-121. May 10—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 122-128.

May 17—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 129-135. May 24—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 136-142.

May 31—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 143-149. June 7—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 150-156.

June 14—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 157-163. June 21—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 164-170.

June 28—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 171-177. July 5—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 178-184.

July 12—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 185-191. July 19—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 192-198.

July 26—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 199-205. Aug. 2—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 206-212.

Aug. 9—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 213-219. Aug. 16—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 220-226.

Aug. 23—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 227-233. Aug. 30—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 234-240.

Sept. 6—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 241-247. Sept. 13—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 248-254.

Sept. 20—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 255-261. Sept. 27—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 262-268.

Oct. 4—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 269-275. Oct. 11—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 276-282.

Oct. 18—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 283-289. Oct. 25—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 290-296.

Nov. 1—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 297-303. Nov. 8—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 304-310.

Nov. 15—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 311-317. Nov. 22—Paul at Thessalonica. Acts 17: 318-324.

AIR AND DIRT.

A Doctor's Sensible Prescription for Children.

"Keep the babies in the open air," said a sensible medical man to the mother of two pale, delicate-looking children.

"Well, I can't see that they get anything but dirt out of doors," the lady responded, somewhat fretfully.

Mrs. Weldon looked at the tucked and ruffled dresses that her little ones wore, the broad ribbon sashes, the elaborate lace caps, and shook her head doubtfully.

The excuse for this was that Master Willie—four years old—would pick up all the stones and sticks that came in his way, and Baby Ruth always tried to do just what her brother did.

Mrs. Weldon could not understand why the clean, well-aired nursery was not as healthy for children to play in as out doors in the dirt.

One fine morning the little family started out with the intention of spending several hours in the park. A baby carriage was procured at the entrance for the children, and for half an hour or more everything progressed in an orderly manner.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

On some such road of humble and daily diligence we will find some flowers along the New Year's pathway.

Some of the great family of our readers begin the year in trouble. Others see beginnings in their way. But not one of us all but will get sweetness out of pronounced loyalty to God and reverent pursuit of each day's work.

NOT WHAT SHE SEEMED.

The Other Side of the Young Lady the Men Stared at Through the Window.

She sat at a window on a public street, and day after day the crowd who passed saw her at the sewing-machine.

The old men mentally remarked that she was a perfect lady, and the young men voted her the rival of a June rose.

It is probable that five hundred men glanced into that window in the course of the day, but the sewing-machine never stopped humming on their account.

Things had been going on this way for months when, only the other day, a widower with a heart full of pity for the unfortunate got himself up regardless of expense and boldly entered the place.

With a melting soul he approached the sewing-machine and laid his hand upon it. That is, he coughed, gurgled, scampered and inquired if she wouldn't prefer to boss a fifteen-thousand-dollar brick house rather than make shirts for seventy-five cents per day.

The charmer rose up. She had a short leg. That side of her face which the public had never gazed into contained a squint, and she had bad front teeth.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

"I have reduced this business to a science," said her companion. "You see I used to be very much annoyed and dissatisfied with my nurse for allowing the children to get into so much dirt, and I took the matter into my own hands.

"I believe in dirt," she added, "but it certainly has its place." "Your little ones do not seem to be much troubled," Mrs. Weldon observed thoughtfully, in the course of their chat.

Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

THE FATHER'S STORY.

Warm the air as from a furnace as we mowed the billowy grain,
And tossed the amber-colored sheaves high on the creaking wain.
The harvest moon, like a hunter's horn, hung in the East,
When hand in hand we took our way, my little child and I;
Her tawny fingers grasped the flowers she'd gathered along the way,
And her laughing eyes lit up my soul as the sun lights up the day.

By our path the swinging spider wove her web of silver twine,
And stily fast the spider threads from fern to creeping vine;
The katydids persisted in the meadows cool and damped,
And crickets rasped their drill rondeau lit by the glow worm's lamp.

But the little feet would stumble as the weary knees grew weak,
And the sleepy words came faint from lips almost too tired to speak.
Father toiled the dimpled bosom, shorter came the hurried breath,
"Papa, you must carry baby, baby's tired—tired to death."

So I raised the little maiden, laid her soft cheek close to mine;
O'er my face the night wind wove her tresses—like tresses, soft and fine.
Thus we journeyed through the gloaming, by the ricks of golden maize,
Where the ripple of her laughter fled with joy the summer days;
Past where the busy fountain gives its brook-let to the sea,
Past the spot where little fingers gathered flowers that more for me;
Past asleep I took my treasure safely to her home once more;
Laid her down from arms unwearied of the burden that they bore.

Years have gone, I hear the cricket chirp no more,
And the spider lies her silver thread no more across my way,
Yet in my dream I hear her whisper: "Papa, carry baby now."
And, in fancy, feel again the child's warm breath upon my brow.

Never more her voice will glad me when the birds awake the morn;
Never more she'll come to meet me through the fields of yellow corn;
But the dream and fancy linger, growing brighter with the years,
As I near the sacred Aiden where her laughing face appears,
O, the joy that waits my going when life's fevered dreams are past,
And I fold the little maiden safely to my heart at last!

—Dr. A. S. Condon, in Detroit Free Press.

A "BANG-UP EDUCATION."

An Interesting Incident, as Told by an Old Settler.

How a Rising Generation Fined for Knowledge, But Was Hard to Suit—The Moral Effect of Mahala Mugwell's Victory Over Two "B'ars."

"When the log school house on the raise o' Bull Medder Hill were first built," said the Old Settler, spreading himself before the tavern fire, "they had a deuce an' all of a time to get a teacher ez could handle the risin' generation o' the deestric'. The risin' generation o' Bull Medder deestric' wa'n't no way ez overwhelming ez to numbers, but w'en it come right down to the matter o' showin' a school teacher how little he actu'ly know'd 'bout education, the risin' generation o' the deestric' was wuss, b'gosh, than an army with banners. For instance, there were Bub Gouge. W'en it come to a rough an' tumble, or a stan' up, an' take dry knocks, fur that matter, th' wa'n't no barroom in the township that he couldn't deplete in less'n no time, an' on 'lection day he were wuss'n a hurricane passin' through the clearin's. Ez fur writin', he had a handwrite ye could read twenty yards away, an' they usety say that he could cipher clean up to the double rule o' three an' never look inter the book wunst. At spellin' school he spelt 'em all down, an' never missed but wunst, an' that was 'cause he went to the spellin' school that time with about three singers more o' rum in him than human natur' could find it handy to harbor. They put out the word 'curious,' an' it bein' Bub's first turn, he spelt it with a Q instead of a K, an' b'gosh it downed him.

"Wall, on the second day o' one term o' the Bull Medder School, th' come a vacancy in the teacher's cheer. The teacher had objected to bein' tied hand an' foot an' then set inter the spring an' kept thar for an hour or two by the risin' generation o' the deestric', an' so he resigned. Course 't wouldn't do fur the sproutin' population what was p'inted fur leavin' to be left without no school to go to, an' so it struck the d'ectors that Bub Gouge'd be jist the feller ter p'int out to the scholars the pleasant way that led to a bang-up education. They hired Bub to teach the school, an' the term began all over agin. He taught two days—leastways part o' two days. 'Bout recess time in the afternoon o' the second day the scholars all come hum, durn sorry like, an' sed that Bub Gouge had concluded not to teach no more. Then, b'gosh th' was a time. If Bub Gouge couldn't handle the risin' generation o' Bull Medder, w'at in the name o' the Great King were we coming to? The reason that Bub got tired o' teachin' so soon were that he had ast Buster Brown how much tootems four was, an' Buster had sed 'Nineteen.' Bub had told Buster that he was way off, an' that a big boy like him orter be ashamed o' himself to say that tootems four was nineteen.

"Then Bub turns to little Billy Shorts an' says: 'Billy, tell that big dunc how much tootems four is.' Then little Billy, he says, 'Wall, Bub, says Billy, if Buster Brown says tootems four is nineteen, then tootems four is nineteen.' Then Bub he gets this dander up, an' goes fur little Billy. He never could tell 'daze'ly how 'twere done, but the first thing Bub know'd the hull risin' generation o' the Medder deestric' were enter him like a hive o' bees, an' w'en they sot him out o' the school house they didn't even stop to raise the winder, but jist chucked thim through it b'gosh, sash an' all. That were the reason Bub concluded

not to occupy the cheer no more. He said he'd go inter any barroom an' fight the two best men in the township but w'en it come to teachin' the young ide o' Bull Medder how to shoot, he'd ast to be excused. He would b'gosh! It struck the township ez bein' a terrible thing to hev children so durn anxious to larn ez theirs was, an' yit to be able to give 'em the advantages of an education, jist 'cause th' wa'n't no talent in the township ekal to developin' their yearnin' minds; but w'at was to be did? A hull winter slid away without the school house bein' opened, but w'en spring come th' didn't nopen o' the growin' youth o' the deestric' look very thin from worryin' over it. That spring of Meshellm Mugwell moved inter the township. The ol' man had the name o' being about the toughest b'ar fighter th' were in the hull Pocono country, an' he were. He had a darter named Mahala, an' Mahala kep' house fur her pap, the ol' woman bein' dead. Jedgin' from her name, ye mowt s'pose that Mahala Mugwell were a six-footer, treadin on the suburbs o' forty year old, an' a tearer gener'ly. Wall, b'gosh, she wa'n't nothin' o' the kind. Mahala was nineteen, an' stood five feet in her moccasins. She had picked storn, planted 'taters, hoed corn, cut buckwheat an' druv steers ever since she were big enough to know a coon dog from a b'ar cub. Consekently Mahala had muscle, an' were grittier than sandpaper. Th' wa'n't nothin' she were based on, from a painter down. She were a gal ez were a gal, b'gosh; an' didn't take no stock in hifalutin'.

"Wall, w'en Mahala foun' out that the risin' generation o' the deestric' were growin' up in ignorance, she says to the township that she'd tackle the cheer o' the Bull Medder school house herself. She said she couldn't spell all the words th' was in the spellin' book, an' didn't know ez she could set down an' write much of a copy in a writin' book. Ez fur readin', she said, she'd ben through the second reader, an' ez 't rithmetic, she know'd that two an' two was four, that three into two ye couldn't, an' that nothin' from nothin' an' nothin' remained.

"But," says Mahala, "I kin lick my brother Sam, an' he kin bluff the life out o' any b'ar-whacker that ever sot his foot on Pocono. If that hain't wuth six dollars a month an' board yerself," says she, w'at's the use o' havin' grit?"

"So the d'ectors they that they'd give the children one more chance, hopin' that this time they'd got a teacher ez'd 'preciate 'em, an' do the squar' an' proper thing by 'em, so's they could expand their minds. An' Mahala were hired to teach the school.

"The first day o' the term things run kinder permisc'us. The young ide talked out loud, throw'd books an' slates, upset benches, spilt the water pail over the floor, run in an' out o' the school room w'en ever it durn pleased, sassed Mahala, an' done everything it could to make things pleasant fur the new teacher, an' to show her, b'gosh, how bad it was achin' to l'arn. Mahala sot in her cheer an' didn't notice nothin', an' never said a word all day. W'en it was time for school to let out, though, she gave a rap on the desk, an' 'twere a rap that brought things to a quiet in less'n a second. The young ide hadn't never heard sech a rap ez that in the school afore, an' it were kinder tuck back.

"Young uns," says Mahala, "th' ll be new rules in this h'yer school house to-morrow."

"That's all she said, an' the scholars went out with a yotp an' a howl. Next day they was all on hand bright an' arly, an' all in their seats grinnin' an' waitin' to hear w'at the new rules was to be. Buster Brown an' his twin brother, Bob, sot in one o' the front seats. They was more'n six foot high, an' big ez'y other way, an' strong ez oxen, though they wa'n't nineteen year old yit. They alluz done jist ez they pleased, an' let all the other scholars do the same. Mahala had sized 'em up the first day, an' made up her mind to hev it out with 'em, b'gosh, without losin' no time, though she kinder felt it in her bones that the both on 'em was gointer be more'n she could git away with. She were bound to give 'em a fight anyhow, even if she had to shet up school the nex' minute an' git fur her ol' man's cabin.

"One o' the new rules o' this h'yer school is," said Mahala, standin' up, "th' can't no durn scholar go out'n his seat no more, less he asts me fur to let him."

Buster Brown and his brother Bob gin a howl, an' the hull school jined in. Buster and Bob both jumped up in their seats an' was swaggerin' long away from 'em. It were a warn day in May, an' the widders an' door was oped. Ez Buster an' Bob jumped from their seats Mahala sprung for'ard to meet 'em. This kinder tuck 'em by s'prise, an' they stopped, facin' the door. Fore Mahala could lay a hand on 'em, both o' their eyes flew open bigger'n sassers, an' with a yorp like an Injin, away they went like lightning an' shot out'n a winder. The hull school was now a yellin' like mad an' makin' fur the widders, an' jist then a thumpin' big 'er whippin' past Mahala, followed by another big un an' two cubs, an' all huddled together in the fur end o' the room. Ev'ry durn scholar had vanooed, an' wa'n't nohar to be seen. Mahala turned an' looked to'rds the door, an' thar stood a painter, crouchin' half way in the door, lashin' its tail an' glarin' its eyes. It wanted one o' the fat b'ar cubs bad, but was afeerd to come in, an' w'en it ketch'd Mahala's eye it backed out a growlin' an' skulked away. The b'ars had hustled inter the school-house to git out o' its way, an' b'gosh, thar they was.

"Mahala shet the door an' locked it. Then she put down the widders. All the time the b'ars was a growlin' an' a snarl'n' at her, but kep' in the back-ground."

"I know I can't lick them two Brown boys," said Mahala, "but I can lick them two b'ars, an' that'll be jist as good. Thuz got to be order in this h'yer school-house, an' I'm gointer hev it."

"By this time the cubs got kinder f'miliar with the s'roundin's, and come a lopin' plumb to Mahala. This were mor'n the ol' she b'ar would hev, an'

so she comes a tearin' fur Mahala, with her jaws open an' a growl like a young roll o' thunder. Mahala didn't hev much po fight with 'cept her cheer, a hick'ry wood, but she heavy sticks o' hick'ry wood, but she waltzed in with them. The b'ar run her up agin the wall, but Mahala's whackers with a hick'ry saplin' were like kicks of a mule, ev'ry on 'em, an' the second whack broke the b'ar's jaw, an' down it went on all fours. Then Mahala fetched it one across the head that sent it plump to grass, an' it turned tail, an' drivin' its cubs ahead of it, crawled back to the end o' the school-house agin, howlin' ter'ble. Then the ol' feller tuck a hand in. He come a rushin' inter Mahala so much like a steam engine that the whack she give him with the big hick'ry never stopped him, an' all in a heap went both on 'em on the floor. In the rassel that followed Mahala shed enough calker, b'gosh, to git up a first-class quilt in 'bee, an' th' was consid'able meat claw'd off'n her arms an' off'n the gener'l make up of her system. But she stuck to the b'ar, an' bit an' pounded an' claw'd till she see a chance to slip inter a seat ahind a desk whar the b'ar couldn't git. The b'ar seemed to be winded wuss'n she were, an' she had pounded one o' his eyes shet with her lists an' claw'd hair off'n him till he looked 'zif he'd ben scalded from stem to stern. Th' hain't an itoty o' doubt that if that family o' b'ars could get out o' that school-house at that stage o' the game, they'd be happier than a boy whar they find a rip in a doll stuffed with sawdust. But Mahala wa'n't gointer let 'em git out, b'gosh, not if she kow'd it.

"I'm a teachin' this h'yer school," says she, "an' by gum! I'm gointer be the boss!"

"While Mahala were watchin' the ol' b'ar an' gettin' her wind, an' the ol' b'ar were getherin' in some more atmosphere for hisself, she kinder looked around the room to see if th' wa'n't some other wepon she could foteh agin the b'ar when she went for him agin. In one corner, by her table, she see a rope. It were one that had ben left thar in the winter by some feller who had ben snubbin' a dog with it in the creek. Mahala had ben poofy handy throwin' a loop over a drift log herself, and w'en she see the rope layin' thar an idee struck her. W'en she felt rested enough she edged over to the rope an' hooked enter it. It were twenty feet long, an' had a good easy-runnin' slippin' noose in one end. The b'ar had ben handled so doddurn rough by Mahala that he didn't seem anxious to come to time fur the second round, but she buckled inter him, an' w'en he come at her, standin' up on his h'anches two foot higher'n she were, she gave the rope a whack, an' the loop settled down over his neck ez poof ez if it had grow'd thar. Th' were a beam run crossways o' the center o' the school-house ez a sort o' brace. It were ten foot from the floor. W'en the b'ar felt the rope tighten round his neck he looked skeert. That kind o' fightin' were new to him and he dropped on all fours an' tried to back away. Mahala jumped up an' ran over the tops o' the desks an' throw'd the rope over the beam. Then, quicke'n ye could say b'ar's grease, she yanked that ol' bar up, hand over hand, till he hung two foot clear o' the floor, a kickin' an' strugglin' an' strivin' to git free, an' snappin' an' snarl'n' enough to skeer a lion. But twan't no use, an' twa'n't long fore he hung there dead'n a two-year-ol' fence rail, with his tongue hangin' out a foot. Then Mahala let him drop to the floor, an' draggin' him up to her desk, laid him down in front of it.

"All this time the ol' she bear were howlin' over the little difficulty she had got into an' nussin' her busted jaw an' sore head. Mahala waltzed right inter her with her hick'ry club, an' after a short but lively scrimmage, she b'ar give up the ghost, an' Mahala drug her up an' piled her on top o' t'other one. Then she tied the two cubs each to a leg o' her table, an' washin' off the blood that were th' predominatin' feature of her dress ez good ez she could, she shung the school house door open, riz the widders agin, an' were ready one more to proceed with the intellectual trainin' of the risin' generation of Bull Medder deestric'.

"Ez Mahala showed the widders up she see scholars peekin' here an' thar from out'n the bushes, all lookin' skeert more'n half to death. She takes the ol' cow bell off'n the table, an' goin' to the door, give it a ring jist ez if it had ben recess they was havin', an' then sot down ahind her table.

"Poofy soon one by one the scholars come a stragglin' in, more out o' curiosity, less 'fouse, than anythin' else. They looked durn sheepish, though. Mahala said, an' w'en they clapped their eyes on the two dead b'ars piled up on the floor, an' the two cubs tied to the cheer legs, they jist wilted down in their seats an' sot an' stared. Buster an' Bob Brown the two last to come a snakin' in, an' Mahala said that, b'gosh, w'en they see the way things had ben turned over durin' their absence, an' she settin' thar ez cool ez a cucumber, 'zif nothin' hadn't happened more'n usual, they was a sight to look at. They jist flopped down in their seats, an' looked just at the b'ars an' then at Mahala, an' then at one another, an' 'aint likely they could ha' spoke a word jist then of they was to ha' ben shot for keepin' still. Mahala sed at wunst that she hadn't unly licked the b'ars, but that she'd settled the hash o' the Brown boys at the same time. W'en Mahala stood up arter the scholars was all in, the room was stiller than a mummy's tomb.

"Ez I were sayin'," says Mahala, "one o' the new rules ez this h'yer school is to be run by us that no durn young un in it leaves his seat arter this less asts me fur to let him. Buster Brown!"

"Yes mam!" says Buster, poppin' up in his seat like a jumpin' jack, and foldin' his arms.

"Robert Brown!" says Mahala.

"Yes!" says Bob, doin' jist ez Buster did.

"Mebbe you two young uns thinks that ye can't live up to that rule," says Mahala. "If ye can't, jist say so, an' I'll buff the boots off'n both o' ye in

less'n three seconds, an' send ye hum quicke'n a five-prong buck kin jump a scrub oak. I'm a runnin' this h'yer school, I am, an' I'm a gointer hev order, or I'll make things blue around this shanty! Kin ye live up to that rule, dod durn ye?"

"Yes, mam!" says they, meek ez lambs.

"Set down them!" hollers Mahala, 'an' see that ye do! An' I'll say right h'yer that ez ye've all ben out hev'in' a litle recreation, th' won't be no recess to-day."

"That night w'en school were out, 'n Mahala tucked a b'ar cub under each arm an' started fur hum, intendin' to send her brother Sam an' the ol' man back arter the two dead uns, Buster and Bob steps up an' says, bashful like:

"Please mam," says Buster, "shell me an' Bob lug them b'ar carcasses hum fur ye?"

"Mahala said they mowt, and they did. So that day settled the educational question in Bull Medder deestric, an' the risin' generation all riz up an' said that th' h'yer were a shortner from the very garden spot o' Snortville, that same was Mahala Mugwell, b'gosh, an' th' wa'n't no use o' talkin'."

—N. Y. Sun.

THE COMMON SKUNK.

An Interesting Description of the Habitat and Habits of the Mephitic Mephitica—An Olfactory Topic.

The common skunk (*Mephitic mephitica*) is found from Mexico to the Arctic regions, and is everywhere its black and white color, peculiar habits, and especially its power of emitting an intensely fetid odor at will, at once distinguish it. The skunk has thirty-four highly developed carnivorous teeth. This species is in more ways than one the enemy of the farmer; it has a very decided penchant for eggs, and in some localities is a frequent invader of the chicken house. Its appetite for poultry is also excellent, but its slow and clumsy motions make it but an indifferent poacher in this direction. It kills large numbers of the common rabbit, and destroys a great number of prairie hens and ruffed grouse by eating the eggs of these birds. In hard times the skunk is glad to content itself with insects, frogs and mice. This is a very prolific species, there being from five to nine young in each litter; they are born in the early spring, in a rude nest built at the inner extremity of the shallow burrow dug by this animal. These burrows are much more easily dug out than those of the fox, being seldom more than two feet under ground, or more than nine feet in extreme length, and having generally but a single entrance. At the end of the gallery is a large excavation, and here in a large nest of leaves, from six to a dozen individuals of this species may be found lying in the winter time. Although the skunk does not strictly hibernate, it seldom leaves its burrow during the winter season, and is at this time dull and inactive, but by no means asleep. The intolerable odor for which this animal is so justly notorious, is not, as is sometimes supposed, derived from the secretion of the kidneys, but is the product of two large glands situated in its rear, and opening outwardly by two small ducts. The fetid scent is contained in a slightly yellowish, transparent fluid, said to be phosphorescent in the dark, which is secreted by these glands. This fluid the animal can, by means of a strong muscle round the gland, squirt to the distance of ten or more feet, and its aim is painfully accurate, the noxious fluid almost invariably saluting an enemy in the face and eyes. Men have been known to be made almost blind by such an encounter, the irritating fluid producing a most violent ophthalmia. Dogs also are at times made violently ill, and have their eyes severely inflamed as the result of their attacking a skunk. This noxious fluid has been used to some slight extent in medicine, one drop doses three times a day having been given with marked benefit in cases of asthma, and a tincture of it bottled and used as a sort of smelling spirits, it being applied to the nose when an attack of asthma was threatened. However, the general verdict of the patients has been that the cure was worse than the disease.

The skunk has many enemies. Wolves, foxes, the wildcat and the panther all prey upon it, and several kinds of large night owl capture and eat it whenever opportunity offers; as it is a strictly nocturnal animal, it probably but seldom falls a victim to any species of hawk. Several tribes of Indians eat the skunk and pronounce it equal to opossum, and much superior to the flesh of the raccoon. Doubtless such is the case, as the animal is usually very fat. This ill-smelling weasel is a slow, clumsy and stupid animal, and is easily captured in any sort of trap. It is perfectly possible to kill the animal without its being in the least tamed by a peculiar fluid. If shot behind the shoulder with a good charge of heavy shot, and so killed instantly, little or no odor is appreciable, and it caught in a heavy dead fall, and so at once crushed to death, one's nostrils are not at all outraged, and it is a more pleasant animal to skin than a recently killed mink. The skunk has frequently been tamed—its odoriferous glands being destroyed by an operation—and makes a gentle and playful pet, becoming very fond of those who feed and caress it.—*Ralph W. Seiss, in Country Gentleman.*

—Attractive and happy homes do more than anything else towards cultivating correct and moral habits. But there may be some young men who have not happy homes, and many others who have no homes at all. The public should feel enough interest in these to provide, or help to provide, for them healthful and moral amusement.—*Frederickton (N. B.) Capital.*

—The safest bet on the election was that of a young man and young woman out West. If Blaine won, then the young man was to marry the young girl; if Cleveland, then the young girl was to marry the young man.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

HOW THE LAPPS LIVE.

Something About the People Who Live Way up by the North Pole.

In Sweden and Finland the Lapps are usually divided into fisher, mountain and forest Lapps; the latter two are the true representatives of the race. In Norway they are classed as sea Lapps, river Lapps and mountain Lapps; the first two settled, the last, wandering or nomadic. Their habits are most conservative, and can hardly have altered since the far distant time when they first tamed the reindeer. Reindeer form the chief wealth of the Lapps, and Thomson's lines may still be taken as an accurate description of the uses to which their skins and horns are put, although one would think spoons more likely than cups to be carved out of the latter; but then where would a great deal of poetry be if the poet could not draw on his poetic license at pleasure; perhaps, however, Thomson alluded to the milk—

"The reindeer form their riches: these their tents,
Their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply; their wholesome food and cheerful cups."

The mountain Lapps have learned to drink coffee and wear stout Norwegian cloth, but they set as much store by the reindeer as ever. A poor family will have fifty and upward in a flock, the middle classes three hundred to seven hundred, and the richest one thousand or more. The reindeer is as much beloved by the Lapp as his pig by the Irishman, and the reindeer often sleep in his hut in much the same fashion. The Lapp will whisper to his reindeer when harnessing him to his sleigh, and will tell him where he is to go, and declares he understands him. The reindeer is much like a stag, only smaller; all the people, animals, and trees in Lapland are very diminutive, the men are mostly under five feet high, and the women under four feet nine inches, so great are the rigors of the climate in this as in all countries under the arctic circle, and the cows, sheep, and goats are all small in proportion. In summer the reindeer feed upon grass, and give excellent milk; in the winter, they feed upon moss, which they scratch up under great depths of snow with marvellous instinct. When winter draws near, great numbers are killed, and the flesh is dried and smoked to provide food when the ground is covered with snow, and but few birds, like ptarmigan, partridges, and caper-caillie, are met with. The flesh is very nutritious, and after a course of grass feeding it is surprising how soon the reindeer become fat and plump. The skin makes their dresses and boots, the sinews their thread and fishing-lines, and the horns their spoons and domestic utensils. The utensils are not all of horn; the Lapps have always some kettles of copper and iron, and sometimes also bowls of wood and tin, or even of silver among the rich ones.

The wandering Lapps usually live in rude huts, formed of trees or poles in the shape of a cone, with an opening in the center to allow the smoke to escape, and a few mats are spread on the floor. Each side of the fire-place is divided into three chambers, separated by mats or skins, the innermost for husband and wife, the next for the children, and the outer for servants; when they are too poor for servants, they often find room for some reindeer. The winter dwellings are much more substantial, and are roofed with beams, on which are hung the dried cakes and reindeer flesh, while, outside, the huts are covered with bushes and earth; the door is very low and small, and can only be entered by creeping on the hands and knees. Sometimes these winter huts are made large enough to hold a dozen families, separated by curtains of skins. The windows are made from the intestines of seals, prepared and sewed together. The furniture is very primitive; such as it is, it is made by the men, who also do the cooking and make the boats, sleighs, skidder or snow-shoes, and the bows and arrows.

The Lapp as he appears in his own country is very different from many of the pictures so familiar to us. His usual dress consists of dirty old reindeer pelts and a filthy peaked blue cap. In winter all the dress is made of reindeer-skins, except the cap, which is made of blue cloth, and shaped like a sugar-loaf. The dress of men and women is much alike; they wear their hair long and straight, falling down the sides of the head and the back, and as beards and whiskers are never seen, there is some difficulty in distinguishing the sexes; you can tell them by their boots: the men wear long, the women short ones. The costume is in the Bloomer style, and consists of a short skin coat, with the hair outside, fastened round the waist with a belt and buckle, and a pair of tight-fitting breeches of tanned reindeer catber. The breeches are fastened round the ankle, and the boots are also of tanned reindeer leather, peaked and turned up at the toes, and are drawn over the legs of the breeches and fastened at the top by a long piece of list, which keeps out the snow and makes them nearly waterproof.

Even in the depth of winter the Lapps have their necks always bare. They wear no linen or stockings, and stuff the boots, which are very roomy, with soft hay made from cyprus-grass. Their gloves are like mittens, and often ornamented with great taste. In summer the same leather breeches are worn, but the coat is made of coarse blue cloth. The women carry a tobacco pouch, pipe, scissors, and a spoon to drink spirits from, hanging from the waist, which the richer Lapps decorate with silver braid.

In winter the Lapps use snow-shoes or skidder, and they always carry a spear with a four-edged spike about a foot in length, mounted on an aspen shaft six feet long. Their equipment for the winter is completed with an old skin knapsack for provisions, a rough case-knife in the belt, and a little iron pipe for their delatation in smoking, and sometimes a gun like a pea-rifle. The sleighs are like small boats cut in half, and only hold one person, and are so cranky that the driver is obliged to use a short pole to keep the sleigh steady, so that between driving the reindeer which are fastened to the sleigh, and keeping his balance with

the short pole, he has enough to do. If the sleigh turns over, which it does sometimes, the occupant can not fall out, as he is so tightly packed in with skins; but he has an awkward time of it, and gets sadly bumped in the snow if the reindeer dash off at full speed, as they have a habit of doing.

The Lapps all live by fishing and hunting. Their game is elk, bears, foxes, and wolves, with ermines and squirrels. The Russian Lapps are chiefly fishers; they are quick, hospitable, honest, and inoffensive, and decidedly favorable specimens of a semi-civilized race still retaining their patriarchal traditions. The father is supreme in the family, and can appropriate his property at death, and disinherit any of his children should he see fit. If a son wishes to leave the house and set up for himself, he can take nothing with him but his gun and his wife's dowry. Drunkenness is their great failing.—*Harper's Weekly.*

ANGORA GOATS.

The Prohibition Placed on Their Exportation by the Ottoman Government.

Our advices from Texas represent considerable difficulty on the part of those who wish to engage in Angora goat husbandry, in securing pure stock from Asia Minor, by reason of the prohibition placed on the exportations from Constantinople, by the Turkish Government, of Angora goats. This matter has a peculiar interest to the growing mohair industry of this country, and knowing that if any one could give light on this subject it was C. W. Jenks, we addressed that gentleman an inquiry of the cause which prompts Turkey to take such a course. It may be needless to say, that Mr. Jenks is the most competent authority in this country on this subject, and the following communication will, no doubt, be read with interest:

"The absolute inefficiency and incompetency of the Ottoman Government are well known to you, and perhaps its utter treachery and faithlessness as well. These are shown in all that pertains to the mohair industry, as in other matters. They are aggravated by the industrial policy of Great Britain toward the industry, in Turkey, as in like circumstances shown in Ireland, India, etc.

"When forty years ago the French and English sought, by importations of the Angora goat, to establish the Angora husbandry on their own soil, there were no obstacles put in their way. Later, these ventures proving unsuccessful, the English arranged to manufacture the mohair on their territory, and monopolize the same. This competition gradually silenced the spinning wheels and looms of Angora, Geredeh, Dromish and Trebizond, and the Ottomans saw their markets leaving them, and the goods they had made, for the bazars of Bagdad, Constantinople, etc., being supplanted by the English artisans. About this time the exportation of the animals was again sought by the nations of the West. Turkey had lost the monopoly of manufacture in the industry, but blindly clung to the idea she could retrieve her loss by retaining the animals. I was obliged to guard, with paid police, my animals from the home flock to the vessel to secure their safe delivery on ship-board. Finally the rapid growth of the industry in the Cape Colony (from six thousand pounds mohair in 1865 to two million in 1880), induced the Porte to enjoin the exportation, and my last inquiry for them in 1881 was met by refusal to sell by the Angora shepherds, followed immediately by injunction by the authorities against exportation to any quarter, which enactment so far as I know, is now in force. The reason given by the Porte for the course are these:

"That a once extensive and profitable industry in the manufacture of mohair, in the Province of Asia Minor, has been entirely destroyed by the artisans of Europe.

"It is also now attempted by the transfer of the Angora flocks to South Africa, and elsewhere, to remove the sources of supply of the raw material and introduce a competition that would be ruinous. Therefore exportation of the goats, in any number, for any purpose, to any quarter is entirely prohibited.

"This is official to me from the best posted man in Asia Minor on the subject, Hon. Gavin Gathrell, B. C., Angora, Asia Minor, now deceased.

"I will say in closing, this condition of things is not necessarily fatal to the prosperity of the industry in this country. There are small flocks of Angoras now in the United States, thoroughbreds, that are in stock and product fully the equal of any in Asia. These can be the nucleus of future flocks here; in fact are now so, and are being drawn from by shepherds West and South. The Angora district proper of this country is the entire Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from New Mexico to Manitoba."—*Colman's Rural World.*

Poetry Everywhere.

Henry was an editor, and Maude was a poetic young woman, with whom he was more or less in love. They were out last Sunday breathing the clear air of the hills, enjoying the beautiful colors, with which nature was painting the trees, and in various ways luxuriating in the harmonious holiday of a Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, Henry," she exclaimed, rapturously, "isn't this lovely?"

"Quite delightful," he responded, somewhat enthusiastically.

"Just see the hills, Henry, in all the shades and tints that the painter knows. What a soft, hazy blue the air assumes, and what a restful quiet there is everywhere."

"Yes, Maude, it is first-class."

"It is a time, Henry, full of poetry. There is poetry in the woods, there is poetry in the running water, there is poetry in the rough old trees, there is poetry in the cattle in the fields, there is poetry in everything."

"Yes, Maude, darling, there is poetry in everything, even in my waste-basket—bushels of it, dear. Let's go and get a square meal at that farm-house over yonder."—*Merchant Traveler.*