

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

BORIN & SPRINGER, Eds. and Prop.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

**School Boy's Lament.**  
Write, write, write,  
The moment you're out of line,  
And write, write, write,  
Until it is half-past nine;  
Scratch, and scribble, and scrawl  
And blot, and blur, and smear,  
Till the teacher comes  
And warms your thumbs,  
And makes you feel ever so queer.  
Work, work, work,  
Your examples until eleven,  
Work, work, work,  
Your examples at home till seven—  
Pounds, and ounces, and drachms,  
Drachms, and ounces, and pounds,  
Till you get to bed,  
You are always glad  
When the bell for recess sounds.  
It is, oh! for a beautiful place,  
Where never a school-house,  
And it's, oh! for a happy land  
Where never a teacher lives;  
Where, tops, marbles, and kites,  
And a fellow can loiter and shoot,  
And there's never a book,  
But a cozy nook  
For to fish and swim about.  
It is, oh! for the happy time  
When I get to be a man,  
And I can whistle and jump  
And beat on an old tin pan;  
When I can put crooked pins  
Down on the next boy's seat,  
And I can put ink on his face,  
With never a fear to be lost;  
Jump, and whistle, and prance,  
And holler, and yell, and shout,  
And over a one  
To spit the spit,  
Nor keep me from going out.  
Richmond Dispatch.

## HATTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY AUNT PEGGIE.

"Yes, I will marry him, and end the struggle! Life is not long, anyway. In a little while we will all be as though we never had been, and if I am faithful to the end, I shall have a joy not known on earth. What is the time here compared to eternity? Why should we fret and grieve when we are denied what we wish for? It is wrong; so I will try to think no more of Francis, but marry Mr. Grant, and end this wretched struggle to keep up appearances on nothing. Besides, I'll have no peace unless I do. Father and mother are so anxious to have me accept him they will be downright angry with me if I refuse."

Thus soliloquized Hattie Mayham on a cold evening in December, as she sat by the open wood fire in her room, trying to look on the bright side of the question—trying to console herself for the sacrifice she was contemplating. "Oh, if I had only been brought up to support myself, how much better it would be for us all!" exclaimed she. "Mother does not need me since Katie and Belle have grown up, and I should have been teaching all these long years since I left school, instead of being dependent on father and waiting for Francis to come back and marry me. Ugh! I feel ashamed of myself when I think of the useless, aimless life I have led since I left school. Yet, really, I am not to blame. I have begged more than once to be allowed to earn my living like Carrie White and Mabel Vaughan; they seem so happy and independent, earning their four hundred dollars a year and doing as they please with it. But then, as Bell says, 'they are common people; no real gentleman would permit his daughter to work for wages!' What a ridiculous idea for poor people to get into their heads.

"But it is no use talking," continued she, drawing a long breath. "I may as well go to bed. Father and mother have that prejudice firmly fixed in their minds, and no reasoning of mine will root it out, so I'll just end it all by telling papa in the morning that I'll marry Mr. Grant. He has a nice home to take me to and plenty of money, and I can help my family so much; but I might have been lightening the burden all these four years, if father would only let me."

"Ah, me! nearly eleven o'clock. I must retire. It is the last evening I shall be Francis Whittier's betrothed wife. To-morrow Mr. Grant will be here, and then—  
O, Heavenly Father! help me to be brave and do what is my duty!" And with this prayer, Hattie arose very slowly and prepared for bed.  
Poor Hattie! it was hard for her to give up the one bright dream of her life, and marry a man old enough to be her father. But what could she do? They were poor; her father owned no property, being only a book keeper in a large mercantile house in Cincinnati, but received a fair salary—enough to live very comfortably had he been satisfied with that, but, like too many others, he aspired higher and tried to live like a millionaire.

His three daughters were fashionably educated; they dressed elegantly, and one not knowing their circumstances would have supposed him worth his thousands. Of course all this dressing and keeping up appearances on such small capital must require considerable managing, and the girls were early educated in the mysteries of dress making and the faculty of making much out of little.

They were, therefore, quite industrious, and not nearly as worthless as Hattie would have us suppose, although all their work went to keep up appearances. Their fashionable friends would have held up their hands in horror could they have seen the amount of turning and making over old dresses, the shifting, brushing and re-trimming necessary to keep these four ladies looking like "other folks."

Hattie had often rebelled at so much striving and straining to make a genteel appearance, and had begged to be allowed to do something for herself. Her education was more thorough than that of most fashionable young ladies, and she could have taught very acceptably. But her father would not consent to it; he would not have one of his daughters toiling in a school room, and being criticized by all the foolish, indulgent parents who discipline their

might incur, for the pitiful sum she would receive, forgetting that her salary as a teacher during the year was more than all three of the girls had to spend in that time. Her mother was more against it, if possible, than her father; wondered where Hattie got such notions and thought she might as well get rid of them, for she was not going to let her ruin her prospects for marrying by becoming a school-teacher, beside, everyone knew school-teachers never married.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Mayham's one hope to see their daughters well married; they had toiled and stinted and strained every nerve to bring them up to appear as well as their associates, who were daughters of merchants, bankers, and men of wealth and distinction. And when the burden seemed too heavy, they would console themselves with the thought that by-and-by their daughters would marry men of wealth and honor, and they would then be amply repaid for all the sacrifice they had made for them.

But alas for human planning and expectation! Although their daughters had plenty of beaux, yet there were no offers of marriage except Francis Whittier, who had proposed to Hattie and been accepted, about four years previous to the opening of our story. He was a very enterprising young man, with many estimable traits of character, but very little of this world's goods.

The announcement of Hattie's engagement caused quite a commotion in the family. They admitted his worth, but he was poor; and Mrs. Mayham said she had always hoped and prayed that her girls would never have to struggle as she had done. Katie and Belle declared if they could not better themselves they would remain as they were; while papa, who had remained silent until all had expressed their opinions, said very decidedly that, until Francis Whittier had a home and income sufficient to support Hattie as she had been in the habit of living, he should not have her; and as he was only a young lawyer with a small practice, he guessed it would be a long time before he would be ready to claim her. He was sorry that Hattie had been so foolish as to fall in love with a poor man.

The result of this conversation, which occurred four years ago, was a consultation between Hattie and her lover, ending in a decision on his part to go west, and try to carve out more rapidly a fortune sufficient to enable him to support Hattie as her father wished. During the time he had been gone, although he had applied himself strictly to business, studying early and late, yet he did not seem much nearer the acme of their desires than when he left her.

But a young lawyer cannot spring into a practice with one bound; he must work his way into it; and although Francis, at the end of the four years, did not see much further ahead than when he started, yet he was really further along on the road to success; for he had gained by his strict attention to business the esteem of some of the best men in town, who had marked his application and, at the beginning of the fifth year, consulted and employed him in several important cases, two of which he gained, thus bringing him into the notice of other prominent men.

With many bright anticipations of future happiness and joy he wrote to Hattie of his success, and begged her to be patient, hoping that ere long he would be able to claim her and end the weary waiting. But this letter never reached Hattie; if it had, no amount of persuasion could have induced her to cast him off for a wealthier man.

About three months previous Mr. Grant, a rich old gentleman, had met Hattie at an entertainment given by one of her fashionable friends, and had fallen so deeply in love with her pretty face that he resolved then and there, to win her if wealth and perseverance could do it, and immediately commenced paying his addresses to her. At first Hattie treated him as she would any other old gentleman that came to the house, singing and playing for his entertainment. But when she saw he was coming with serious intentions, she used her utmost endeavors to keep out of his way.

This, however, offended her father, so she was compelled to accept his attentions or incur her father's serious displeasure; for Mr. Mayham was almost sure that Mr. Grant meant to make Hattie his wife, and although he was so much older than she, he hoped that his daughter would accept him.

Therefore when, one evening, Mr. Grant drove up to his office and asked the pleasure of driving him home, his heart beat high with expectation; and his anticipations were realized, for before they had been together many minutes Mr. Grant asked Mr. Mayham for his daughter Hattie, promising to settle a large amount on her the day she became his wife.  
To say that Mr. Mayham was elated would be putting it very mildly; he felt that at last his toil would be rewarded; he would have one rich son-in-law, and Hattie would be settled. One daughter less to strive for, and he knew that Hattie was generous enough to divide her income with her sisters. In the exuberance of his joy he forgot all about his daughter's early attachment, and when, on telling her of Mr. Grant's proposal upon arriving home, she reminded him that she was no longer free, he was struck dumb. He had forgotten about Francis Whittier, and his disappointment was so intense that he reeled, and Hattie thought he was going to fall. She pitied him and said she was sorry to disappoint him, but she felt that it was impossible for her now to give up her first love.  
"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Mayham, recovering his speech and losing his temper. "I do hope you are not going to let that foolish attachment stand between you and the best chance you will ever have. Just think! you have been waiting four

years for that fellow, and you are liable to wait four more. Now, a good and wealthy man offers you a home and fortune, and I do think it is your duty to accept his offer. It would be such a relief to me to see one of my girls settled. There are three of you, and heaven knows I have tried to do all my duty toward you. If I should die, what would become of you? Have you ever thought of that, Hattie? Have you ever reflected that I might be called away?" he continued, in a softer tone. "See, there are gray hairs on my head; I am no longer a young man, and should sickness come upon me our present income would be cut off. We have saved nothing; have lived to the full extent of our income for your sake; and now you have a chance of repaying me by accepting the proposal of a worthy man, well-calculated to take care of you. It is cruel of you to refuse, Hattie."

All this, and much more, he said, before he dismissed her with the hope that she would think well of what she had heard, and not let a foolish fancy ruin the best prospect she ever had. It was just after this conversation that we find Hattie sitting so dimly by the little fire, talking to herself. She fully realized that her father's words were true; but why should they be true? It was cruel to bring her up in a style that they could not afford, and then expect her to give up all her bright hopes and her great love, to marry a man old enough to be her father.

Now, although our heroine loved Francis Whittier with all the strength of her warm young heart, yet, after due deliberation, she concluded to acquiesce in her parents' wishes. She studied it well that evening; fought a hard battle between love and duty—and duty won.

The next morning she wrote a long letter to her discarded lover, telling him how matters stood and begging him to think as well of her as possible; that she had been true to him during his absence, and would have continued to wait for him could she have supported herself. But she was not permitted to do that, and it seemed impossible for her to depend on her father any longer. She was doing what she believed to be her duty, and hoped to gain the reward promised to all who sacrifice self for others. It was hard to give him up, but life was not long; sooner or later they would meet where there was neither parting nor marriage.

The letter was finished, and her next act was to gather all the little mementoes she had given—souvenirs of that happy time now gone forever—and look upon them for the last time before putting them out of sight. Ah, reader, there's no greater sacrifice than giving up a heart's love! Mr. and Mrs. Mayham were not aware of the great suffering their daughter was enduring; they were not cruel, only worldly.

No pen can describe the delight and relief of the family when Hattie was securely married and off. Not one of them ever gave a thought to the sacrifice she had made; never once noticed the pale cheek and listless air of the bride. All they talked of was the luxurious home and handsome carriage she would have on her return, well knowing that Hattie's home would be their's whenever they chose to make it so, and that much of her large income would be enjoyed by them also. Mr. and Mrs. Mayham appropriated a large share of credit for their training of their daughter, and thought this more than repaid them for the saving of so many years.

After due time Mr. and Mrs. Grant returned from their bridal tour, and took up their residence in their elegant mansion. Katie and Belle spent much time with their sister, and poor Hattie tried to make her husband happy.

Francis Whittier received Hattie's letter of renunciation with a heavy heart, and it took all the joy from his life. But he was a true Christian, and his faith in his Heavenly Father alone saved him from despair. He never, however, was the bright, cheery fellow that he was before he lost his only love. In a little while he had a fair income, and could not help regretting that Hattie had not been permitted to wait for him.

Fourteen years have passed since Hattie's marriage. She has a little daughter twelve years old, and her husband is very feeble. Francis Whittier has not married. Poor Katie married a man of reputed wealth, who left her destitute a year after marriage; she now keeps house for Hattie. Belle is still on the look out for a chance to better herself; she stoutly affirms that she will never marry until she can marry rich.

**Glacier and Moss.**  
Moss serves on our mountains which are above the snow line, the same purpose which the glacier serves on the mountains of other lands which are above the snow line. They each afford one of the most striking examples of those marvelous adjustments which pervade the whole economy of nature without the intervention of the glacier and the moss the moisture which falls on the mountain summits would speedily run off in raging torrents, inundating the plains, scattering over the cultivated fields the barren debris of the mountains, and leaving behind after their subsidence a dry, white wilderness of stones and mud. But the moss and the glacier retain the moisture of the clouds, and part with it gradually and safely, allowing it to descend to the plains so gently and continuously that instead of destroying, it imparts beauty and fertility to the fields. Nothing in nature is more wonderful than the ministry of the glacier.

The ocean sends its waters by evaporation to the summits of lofty mountains, where they fall in the form of snow. Summer and winter that snow remains unmelted, and unless some means were provided for getting rid of the constant accumulation, all the waters in the ocean would in the end be transferred from their bed and piled

high upon the mountains. But nature has ordained that the pressure of the snowy mass on the upper parts should force the lower snow down into the valleys, and convert it by regulation into a mass of solid ice. This tongue of ice protrudes far below the limits of perpetual snow, and has a peculiar power of adapting itself to the various contours of the ground over which it passes. It seems to the senses fixed and solid as the everlasting rocks that tower above its flanks—the very type of rigid inflexibility and silent steadfastness. And yet it flows from the higher valleys to the lower ones at a very slow pace indeed, but one capable of being measured, being proportioned to the mass of ice and the fall and width of the valley. It comes down into the midst of verdure and fertility, where the most brilliant and delicate flowers bloom in contact with it, and its vast mass withstands, with a diminution comparatively insignificant, the continued action of an almost tropical sun. At last its most advanced front, which almost touches the borders of a fir wood, reaches a warmer region, and there it melts and forms a full blooded, arrowy stream, which flows on, spreading brightness and verdure along its course, "sowing the dust of continents to be," and finally falling into the distant ocean; thus returning to it the water that had been drawn from it perhaps centuries previously.

**A Legend of the Mississippi.**  
About fifty years ago a greater portion of the south and west was but a wilderness. Even in those States that were more or less populated, there were sections of the country where there could not be seen any signs of habitation. A way down in Mississippi there was a scope of country, about one hundred miles across, consisting of a swampy, wild and desolate country, then known as the Tuckapaw country, in which was no settlement, and across which was a regular road of travel. Now, in these old times there was a great amount of traffic and trade between New Orleans and the lower Mississippi, and all the upper country mule traders from Kentucky and Illinois would drive mules and horses and return by land.

About half way across the wilderness road, a man by the name of Cregol had located, and built a house, for the purpose of a stopping-place for travelers. This place was known to every southern trader, and with Cregol they stopped, and were glad to share his hospitality.

In the course of time this country became settled. Old Cregol had become immensely rich; he was grown old but he was hale and stout. Not far from the house was a cave in the hillside which had never been explored. In fact no one had ever entered its mouth as far as was known. Now this cave became an item of interest. The dogs for miles around would collect at its entrance and create the most hideous sound by their unearthly howling. Night and day these poor creatures would keep up this mournful song.

Every man, woman and child for miles around would come to see this sad, sad sight. But it was noticed that old Cregol did not go to see the thing. And why did not Cregol go? His neighbors insisted that he should go. No sooner did he come in sight than the dogs at once accord, which had hitherto been perfectly submissive, molesting no one, and any one could go among them, and they would only howl with teeth grinning and bristles up, rushed at him as if they would tear him into shreds and would not let him come near.

At length it was resolved explore the cave, and upon a set day the neighbors met for that purpose, and with torches in hand, grouped their way a short distance on their hands and knees, until they entered what appeared to be a large chamber. They rose to their feet, and with torches lighted, began to peer through the darkness. The first object they saw was a long blue coat hanging against the wall of the cave. This coat was of the old French style, made of blue cloth with brass buttons. Upon passing further on, scores and scores of skeletons were seen, scattered in every direction. Human skeletons, with clothing of every description hanging to them, which the wolves had torn to pieces. Among the party of explorers was a young doctor who lived in the neighborhood. As soon as the party emerged from the cave and the dogs, apparently satisfied, ceased their howling and dispersed. That night a negro came for the young doctor. The dogs had collected at old Cregol's and commenced their howl. Cregol was seized with spasms, and the negro rushed for the doctor.

The next morning, while the doctor was sitting by Cregol's bed, who was in a deep stupor, the door suddenly flew open, and a tall man with a dark complexion, wearing the identical coat which the doctor had seen in the cave the day before, entered and passed noiselessly through the room. Poor Cregol, when the man entered, rose quickly in bed, and gazed with a wild and maniacal stare at him until he passed out of sight, and then fell back—dead.

He had murdered these men for their money; and that is how he got his wealth.

**Singular freak of Nature.**  
Our old friend, Dr. S. Halsey has exhibited to us a lock of hair out from his boy's head when eighteen months, and since carefully wrapped up, marked and laid away in the family Bible. At that time, the lock was two inches long. Now it is fully six inches, and seems to be still growing with its old-time lustre, firmness and beauty preserved. The son is alive and sixteen years old. The Doctor assures us there can be no mistake as to the identity of the hair, and wants an explanation. We know the hair and nails of corpses are known to flourish for a while, but these have whereupon to feed. The lock of hair has not—Columbus, Not Independent.

## HUMOROUS.

"Sambo, what am your opinion of rats?" "Why, I think the one that had de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest."

A Sabbath school scholar was asked what Adam lost when he fell, and replied: "I suppose he lost his balance."

"The Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't plait on them.

The size of Paris bonnets is growing less, but the sighs of husbands grow larger at the price.

Mr. Shoddy pucker up her mouth genteelly and told a gentleman that one of her lovely daughters was a "bunnet" and the other a "bonnet."

A witness on the stand, in reply to a question as to what the character of Mr. — was for truth and veracity, said: "Well, I should say that he handles the truth pretty carelessly."

"Yes, my child, your French teacher is right in saying that 'stove' is of the masculine gender. You know it is a 'he-er.' 'Well, yes mother, but it is she-tiron.'"

"My brains are on fire!" exclaimed an excited lady to her husband. "Well my dear," said he unfeelingly, taking a revolver from a drawer, "just hold still a minute and I'll blow them out!"

At a Sunday-school, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I do," said he, pulling a part of his trousers around in front; "there is a tare my mother sewed up; I tared it sliding down hill."

"No, George," she said in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a train; but," she said smilingly, "sometimes she may have to run a little."

"Silence in the court!" thundered a Kentucky Judge, the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already, without the Court having heard a word of the testimony."

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh! isn't there, pa? A man must always be present when he is being shaved." "My dear," said pa to his son, "haden't you better send this child to bed?"

Young wife. "My dear, don't be eternally finding fault with the fashion. If you don't like the style of my hair, don't dress yours that way, that's all. If I was to follow your example I should have to wear my hair bald-headed." Husband collapses.

"Children," said a gentleman visitor in closing his address to an Ohio school the other day. "I trust you will all appreciate education and cherish and love your excellent teacher, as I do." Tableau with red fire furnished by the pretty schoolma'am.

An elderly lady, much interested in the progress of events in the east having hitherto been unable to assign a cause for the Russo Turkish war, was heard to exclaim triumphantly, on seeing a telegram headed "From Sophia." "Ah! I knew there must be a woman at the bottom of it."

A Harvard student was called to account for having publicly styled the Professor of Hebrew "a first class mule." He admitted having made the remark, but said he intended it as a compliment. "Explain yourself," said the professor. "Why, a first-class mule is necessarily a good He-brayist."

A passenger train on an Irish railway a few days since ran over an intoxicated fellow on the track. He was so insensible to the magnitude of his misfortune as to remark to the guard, as he looked at his lacerated limb, "Arrah, now, this is too bad—I didn't mean to stop the train."

A lawyer went into a barber's shop to get a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the barber exclaimed, "Why, how long your head is, sir?" "Yes," replied the legal gentleman, "we lawyers must have long heads." The barber proceeded about his vocation, but at length exclaimed, "Why, sir, your head is as thick as it is long!"

A clerical friend urged Whately much for an opinion as to his reading of the church services, and he said at last, "Well, then, if you really wish to know what I think of your reading, I should say there are only two parts of the service you read well, and these you read faultlessly." "Which are they?" "They are 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson;' for those are the only parts which you read in your natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The first thing in a boot is the last. An ecclesiastical authority estimates that in round numbers there are now in England and Wales 13,500 church benches, and that their annual net value is \$15,000,000.

For centuries hydrophobia has been an almost chronic subject of discussion among medical men, and they don't seem to know much more now than when the subject was first discussed. Old Armenia 300 years ago had its own Christian princes. At present one third of it belongs to Russia, one sixth to Persia, and the rest to Turkey. This latter part is divided into several provinces, is over 60,000 square miles in extent, and contains 3,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,000,000 are Armenians and Christians.

The dissenting ministers of England are earnestly striving for the privilege of burying their dead in the Church of England graveyards, with their own religious ceremonies. About 14,000 clergymen of the Church of England have signed a protest against granting their requests. A flying trip may now be made to Palestine for \$600. It is now more common to go there than it was fifty years ago to visit Niagara Falls. In some places a preacher is hardly considered respectable until he has "done" the Holy Land.

## Over-Work and Over-Worry.

Certain maladies of the flesh are exceptionally common at certain periods. The fashionable indisposition of the present time is over-work; and the patient who hears from the doctor that it is the stomach, and not the brain, which is over-taxed, is apt to feel that he has received something very like a personal insult. If matters go on at this rate, it will soon be ignored that we have such things as bodies. An influenza, a general malaise manifestly traceable to want of proper exercise, the lassitude that follows excess of pleasure or excitement, is interpreted as a monition on the part of nature that the mind must be allowed some pause in its heroic operations.

Habitual violation of the laws of health is visited with its inevitable penalty; the seeds of a fatal malady, long since sown, yield their harvest, and there is a premature death. The verdict of society and the press is death by over-work. The deceased is complimented on having died in harness, but it is an understood thing that it was the continuous pressure of the harness which killed him. As a matter of fact, what is called over-work, but what is really hard work, leads to length of days rather than to an early grave. The chief instances of longevity recently witnessed have been those of a career passed in close and unintermitting toil. Lord St. Leonards, Lord Brougham and Lord Palmerston, would have a place in any modern treatise De Senectute. So would Earl Russell, and so, in all likelihood, will the most severe, varied and incessant worker of this generation, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Thomas Carlyle is not a young man; Lytton did not die a young man. If anyone is inclined to think that these are exceptional instances, let them mentally run over a list of the hardest workers whom he knows, in state or church, in law, letters, medicine, arts, and ask himself whether there is any reason to believe that indefatigable industry is a premium on untimely dissolution.

That hard work is purely a relative term is true. Even Milo could not have accomplished the labors of Hercules; and without work which would be, perhaps, to any other living Englishman not only hard but impossible, the genius of Mr. Gladstone would fret itself to death. It is not over-work, to use the word in its conventional sense, that kills, but the conditions under which the work is done—the over-worry which sometimes accompanies it, the feverish efforts which men who work hard, but are not over-workers—that is, who do not work more hard than their natural abilities qualify them to do—make to combine the pursuit of pleasure with industry, society with the study "or the shop." It seems a truism which sounds like a platitude to say that the human machinery, as all other machinery which is to produce motion, must be fed, the fuel in this case being physical nutrition and rest. In other words, if the energies are not to be prematurely exhausted, the demand on them must be accompanied by the concession of a healthy diet and a proper amount of sleep. The suitability of the former and the sufficiency of the latter are not difficult to ascertain. In each case nature is the judge; and if her promptings are disregarded, dyspepsia, insomnia, and all the other infirmities of life will follow; not because they are, from the first, inevitable, but because they have been wantonly provoked.

If brain-work is done under pressure of stimulants, the brain suddenly gives way. If the lyrical precept of Captain Morris is followed, and "days are lengthened by annexing to them part of the legitimate territory of night, the rieur has no right to complain if the sequel is disastrous. And, of course, the mind reacts on the body; just as mental exercise is, if properly conducted, a physical gain, so that state of anxious, hopeless worry—the worry which springs from the haunting consciousness of the skeleton in the cupboard, financial or otherwise—surely saps, and finally destroys, the physical system. There may be over-work, there may be over-worry, and both in the long run end in death. But in a general way it is a demonstrable fact that the deaths which are attributable to over-work are too prosaic to mention. It may be excusable to gild with a specious phrase the origin of a commonplace mortality; but there is no reason why honest industry should be discredited by a cast term and a danger-signal hung out where with proper steering, no danger is, but rather health and happiness are.

**Without Haste, Without Rest.**  
What a wrangling, scrambling, hustling, jostling world this is! See the anxious, care-worn face, ever in a hurry, here and there, to and fro, forever and forever onward! No moment for leisure, no hours for recreation, no opportunity for cool, calm, ripening thought, and a more thorough knowledge of and better acquaintance with one's self. Everything on the high pressure system. The average child scarcely is out of the cradle when it is hurried away to school, compelled to sit six hours in a day, five days in the week, and from thirty to forty weeks for the first number of years, on a hard bench studying the bars, naked letters from a printed book. Then comes the choice of a vocation and the rushing for its climax. And soon after, in natural order, follow the wrecked mind and body, failures, disappointments, regrets, discontent and unrest. The child has been literally crammed with food, whether digestible or indigestible until surfeited. It has no relish for anything and therefore loathes all.

"Without haste and without rest" is a law of nature. Her productions are never premature, imperfect or incomplete. Agencies ever tree, plant and animal would grow natural, and therefore perfect; adapting itself exactly to the use for which it was designed. The tree grows to a purpose, for use, extracting nothing from the earth and atmosphere but is necessary to its growth and sustenance. The flower takes just what it must have to grow and thrive, makes glorious its brief life with beauty and fragrance, and departs, leaving its store-house securely packed with germinating seeds.

The child delights to take its first lessons in the green fields beside purring rivulets, studying the wonders of the earth, the sky, the trees, the pebbles and all things else natural and beautiful. One watches for a fall in the rivulet in which to place his miniature water-wheel, and thus his first lesson as an amateur machinist. Another listens to the song of the birds and the breeze, and in his soul is whirped a nursery rhyme, developing thereafter into the ever-living productions of the true poet. Another studies the pebbles, thinks of their structure and variety, thus preceding the natural mineralogist. And still another watches the stars in the clear blue sky, wondering if they are really worlds and how they travel, and whether they ever collide with each other, and who laid the track in the vast sea of blue for them to travel in. And so on through the long list of natural vocations to which humanity are adapted.

Each little organization drawing from the vast field of nature just what is necessary to its growth and development. And all acting in the sphere for which they were created they prove successful; and the world calls them men and women of genius only because they are in the right place. Would it not be well to break a little away from the conventionalities of society, and instead of forcing our children like hot house growths into vocations in life not of their own choosing, give them instead opportunities to develop and perfect, so far as may be, the special talent God gave them each for a most wise and noble purpose.

**The Duke's Discipline.**  
The Duke of Wellington was accustomed during the years of his life to drive himself about in a carriage, a habit which caused his family considerable uneasiness since, from his increasing years and falling vision, it seemed probable that he would meet with some accident. The duke's well known character was such that nobody dared to hint such a thing to him, and all the round-about methods taken to induce him to abandon his chariotery having failed he was left to enjoy his pleasures in peace. What rendered this extremely dangerous, was his habit of going off to sleep, which brought him so many hairbreadth escapes that at last it was arranged for one of the family to accompany him whenever it could be done without exciting his suspicions.  
One day, his second son, Lord Charles contrived to be honored with the perilous invitation. After driving a certain distance along the road, the duke went off into a nap, and one of the reins fell from his hands, while he kept hold of the other, still feeling the horses' mouths with it. The result was that the animals were gradually edged toward a deep and steep ravine which bordered the road. Lord Charles watching their proceedings meantime, and praying that his father might, as he had many times before, awake in time to prevent the inevitable smash. The duke, however, continued to nod and to pull, until at last, as the horses were on the very edge of the ditch, Lord Charles seized the fallen rein, and giving it a pluck, pulled them short round in the road again. With a sharp turn the duke awoke, and seeing the reins in his son's hands, inquired, angrily,—"What are you doing with the reins, sir?"  
"Well, sir," replied Lord Charles, "the horses were going straight over the edge, and I just pulled them off to prevent being smashed to pieces."  
The duke looked at him sternly, and said—"I'll trouble you to mind your own business."  
**How to Do Without.**  
Although it would be making altogether too broad an assertion to say that poverty (comparative) is enjoyable, it certainly has its compensations; and the enjoyment of being able to make a very little go a great way has a real rest. One of the chief secrets of being well off in this life is to know how to go without things. Once teach your daughter and your son to know how to restrain their desires within bounds, and you will have bestowed upon them a legacy that the failure of banks or the falling of stocks cannot depreciate in value. I know young ladies who are in the habit of purchasing a pretty necktie, a bright ribbon, a pair of gloves, or some ruffling, every time they pass a shop, and whose bureau drawers are filled with half-soiled articles which are really useless to them; and who once in every few months have a general clearing out, and fill the chambermaid's hands with their soiled finery. They have no idea of the amount they expend in this manner unless they keep an allowance, and are forced to have account of all expenditures; then a monthly reckoning soon shows them that the cost of a handsome silk suit can quickly be frittered away in little things that really amount to nothing. To be sure, these little trifles are needed to make up a pretty toilet; but they should be purchased only when those in use are really useful. Economy in trifles will soon induce economy in greater matters.  
Notwithstanding famine and reward's anxious animals multiply in India from the religious dislike of Hindus to killing anything. Cobras, lizards, reptiles are held by them especially sacred, and, with other snakes, managed in 1875 to kill 17,000 persons; but 270,185 snakes were killed. The loss of cattle from the same cause was very heavy.  
"When is the best time to pick apples?"  
This is a very simple question. The best time for such work is when the farmer is not looking and there is no big dog in the orchard.