The hermit of the belfry here,
Celled in the upper atmosphere,
I speak in accents stern and clear
To all the listening people;
With none my speech to check or mar,
Sending my utterances near and far,
With sonorous clang and sudden jar,
I shake the slender steeple.

I ring the chimes for the bridal day:
I toll when the dead are borne away:
I clang when the red flames rise and play
On crackling roof and rafter:
I tell the hours for the steady clock; I call to prayers the pastor's flock; And back and forth in my work I rock,

Here by myself in belfry high.
Peeping through bars at earth and sky.
And mocking the breezes sweeping by.
And back their kisses flinging:
I chime for smiles, I tell for tears,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
As I have done for many years,
And never tire of ringing.

From place of vantage, looking down On yellow lights and shadows brown Which glint and tint the busy town With hues that gleam and quiver, I see within the streets below The human currents crosswise flow, Eddying, surging to and fro, An ever-living river.

And when the twilight slowly crawls
O'er slated roofs and bricken walls,
And darkness on the city fails,
And dews the flags besprinkle,
I watch the gloom around me creep, o dense the silence, dense and deep The very highways seem to sleep, But for the gaslights' twinkle. Or day or night there meet my gaze The sloping roofs, the crowded ways, The meshes of a dreary maze Where men are ever wending:

One day a rest for them may see— One day in seven; but as for me, No time from call of duty free, My toll is never-ending. I chime for birth or bridal train; I toll when souls have burst their chain; I clang when fire its ruddy rain From clouds of smoke is flinging; I chime for smiles, I toll for tears, beraid news and hopes and fears, and so shall do for many years,

#### And never tire of ringing. -Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger. STICK TO THE FARM.

An Open Letter to a Farmer's Boy. MY DEAR JAMES:-You ask me for flection while promoting his business insome advice as to your future work in terests. life. You say that you are dissatisfied with the prospect of being a hard-work- self-reliant and independent; if you wish ing farmer all your days, but at the same | to be your own employer and your own time you do not consider yourself a master; if you wish to make a fair livgenius, and do not expect to become a ing independently of another's caprice: Stewart or a Vanderbilt, or to acquire a if you wish to lay a solid foundation of vast fortune by speculation. You ex- health on which to build your career: pect to work for your living; but you if you wish to avoid the temptations into which so many artisans sink year would be equally remunerative and not after year; if you wish to elevate your so laborious and monotonous as the mind, broaden your sympathies, and farmer's. You ask if it would not be deepen your understanding by study, better for you to become a "first-class reflection and association with those mechanic" than to be a farmer.

This is an important question, not alone to you, but to many other boys who take a serious view of life; whose my advice to you is, Stick to the farm. common sense gives them a fairly correct estimate of their own powers and capabilities, and who wish to learn a business for which they are adapted, which will give them fair wages, a reasonable amount of leisure, and a respectable position in life.

Now, it is a curious fact that workers in almost every branch of industry take a gloomy view of their own business, think almost everybody else is better off than they are, and generally try to discourage others from entering their vocation. The farmer and mechanic are about equally ready to say: "Our business is going to the dogs. If I were a young man I should learn something Sometimes they do this from the selfish desire to keep down the supply of workers in their own line, in order that the demand for them may be greater; sometimes from the habit of judging other occupations by the standard of

their most successful men. But the fact remains, in spite of this almost universal disparagement of their own pursuits among workingmen, that some occupations are more, some less, desirable than others; and I shall try to give a few reasons for thinking that a farmer's boy, unless he has a decided bent for mechanical pursuits, such as the Centennial. At the close of the will quickly take him into that "upper story" where there is always plenty of room and recompense, had better "stick to the farm.

First, the farmer has the priceless boon of independence. He is his own employer. He comes and goes when pleases, not when another man pleases. He is responsible to no one but himself. He is captain on his own to patch from which to get his living, he is master of that potato patch; his rule there is none to dispute in his workshop. His prosperity depends on his own thrift and enterprise, not upon the prosperity and liberality of an employer. He asks no man what he shall do or how he shall do it, except as a matter The teacher has a desk modeled after of advice. He "cares no more for Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas cares for him." He is a man among men, a sovereign in his own domain. The man who owns and cultivates his little same pattern. In Japan they write Mr. Lofty, and sit on his fence with his their ink by triturating hard paints hands in his pockets when the Great against a prepared stone. The incradi-Mogul goes by; tor he is getting his living at first hand, and need ask no favors of anyone. The average mechanic. on the other hand, is little more than a hired serf while he remains a mechanic: he surrenders his individual liberty to better to be captain of a canal-boat and preserve your independence, than to be second-mate on the Great Eastern and a spirit or water level, thus killing two birds with one stone. In the exhibit is a model of a Japanese house. This have no mind of your own. Secondly, the farmer has health; or mechanic has been found skillful

the means of getting it free of cost if he does not possess it. His business assures him, in larger measure than almost any other, nature's grand con-servers of health—air and exercise, terday the feudalism of the Datmio These are better tonics than any which go into people's stomachs. City patients get them after paying for a doctor's prescription, but to the farmer they come "as free as air." Better than any one else the farmer can combusiness and the hygienist's golden every respect, and is one of the most in-

rule:
"Take the open air—the more you take the ever prepared by man.—National Re-

Pollow nature's laws to the very letter; Let the doctors go to the Bay of Biscay, Let alone the gin, the brandy and the whisky. Freely exercise, keep your spirits cheerful, Let no dread of sickness ever make you

The farmer is free from many of the temperations which beset workingmen whose occupations bring many men into close association. The seductions of the dram-shop and of fast society do not appeal to him as they do to the townsman. He can choose his associates instead of having them forced upon him. He is not compelled to listen to the idle story or the profitless session at the outbreak of the war. They are Senators Anthony and Sherman and Daniel Clark, United States District Judge for New Hampshire. Not more than half a dozen other members of that Senate are now living, among them being Mr. Doolittle, who was then Mr. Howe's colleague. The Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin, and the Chaplain, Dr. Byron Sunderland, also, yet survive.

rossip if he does not choose to hear it. atistics show that farmers live longer than men in any other pursuit except Washington's body-servants. The farm-er can look forward to an earthly ex-

obtaining mental culture if he has the

will. The dissatisfaction with which

many farmers and farmers' boys look

upon their lot in life comes from their

having too much hard work and too

little spare time. They have not yet

learned to adapt themselves to the mod-

ern ten-hour law of labor. They toil

fourteen or sixteen hours a day, and

come home from their work utterly ex-

hausted and fit for nothing but supper

and bed. They feel discouraged and

disheartened at such a prospect through

life Overwork is the thief that steals

the farmers' happiness. But it ought

not to be so. A farm can be made

to pay on the ten-hour plan. I have in

mind a farmer who makes his farm

library, keeps abreast of the thought of

the age, spends his evenings in reading

and writing, is teaching his sons the

value of study and work combined, and

does all this on ten hours' daily work.

It is not the amount of labor that we

put into a thing that determines the re-

sult, it is the intelligence. The King

of Spain, you have no doubt read, spent

a day in trying to stand an egg on end; Columbus did it for him in a second.

An hour spent in thinking out a new

way will often accomplish more than

fifteen spent in working in the

old way. Farming requires enter-

prise and thought quite as much as any

other business; and fresh plans cannot

come from a weary brain. Ten hours

spent in work and two hours spent in

study, with a mind quickened by mod-

erate physical exercise instead of ex-

hausted by over-exertion, will achieve

vastly more than twelve hours of un-

ceasing manual labor. Make no mis-

take. When a farm is managed in this

to study and to rational enjoyment far

more effectively than the mechanic, for

which usually surround the latter. Much

of the farmer's work, too, does not re-

who will help, not hinder, you in these

Education in Japan.

Education is an exhibit of Japanese ed-

ucational progress. This exhibit is es-

pecially valuable in giving the old meth-

ods of teaching in contrast with the new,

and as marking the facility with which

latter the Japanese authorities begged

the acceptance of this exhibit by the

Bureau of Education. The old-fash-

ioned school-house in Japan, as illus-

The new-fashioned school-house in

building, often a temple whose worship

has ceased and whose devotees are dead.

with a brush instead of a pen, and make

has become disarranged, and no native

-The death of Postmaster-General

Howe leaves in active life only three

things; in a word, if you wish to be

" Healthy, wealthy and wise."

H. H. M., in Christian Union.

He trudged along, unknowing what he It was probably a memory of his boy istence longer by several years than hood time which prompted Dryden when he linked the jingling lines tothat of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the machinist, the mason, the printer, gether which head this article, for ceror any other artisan, and as long as tainly no man can read them without at that of the average professional man. once catching the whole sentiment of Third, the farmer has the means of

The Boy Who Whistler.

Because John Dryden, the poet and framatist, was buried in Westminister Abbey and lives in history, it is not improbable that Johnny Dryden, the boy. often whistled his way through the lanes of Aldwinckle to confess, on reaching his home, that he had forgotten one of the many most important

articles his mother had sent him after. Boys whistled in the seventeenth century just as they whistle now. In fact whistling has always been and always will be one of the prerogatives of boyhood, and he whose ability to whistle ives with him to maturity or old age has always a reserve force with which to blow aside many of the aches and ills of a lifetime.

pay a good dividend, takes an active interest in the world's work, has a fair Where is the boy who has not had dear companion whose face was no more promptly recognized than his whistle? Every boy has a memory of the signal which so often reached his ears, and his alone, from the chum who, knowing that it was against rules and regulations to be out of doors at night, persistently puckered his lips and blew emptations terrible to resist and not

> always overcome. How many a boy has lived, who, perhaps able to whistle in but one fashion. has envied his more accomplished friend who could give the calls in two or three different ways? What a paragon was the boy who could perform the act of

whistling in all known styles! How we boys used to stare wonderngly and with admiration as the chamion whistled with four fingers filling is mouth, with two fingers, with any one finger and even with the thumb and n each instance causing a shrill shrick loud enough to be heard half a mile away. Then with what a patronizing air the champion would sink his skill to way the farmer can devote his evenings indulgence in the ordinary lip-whistle or the almost as common and very sonorous doubled-fist-whistle, to again he is isolated from the distractions ump with bewildering brilliancy to that chef d'œuvre of sifflement-the tongueand-teeth whistle.

quire the constant straining of the atten-It is surprising how many are the moods indicated unmistakably by a tion which many mechanical pursuits demand, and he has opportunity for reboy's whistle. There is the whistle in which the head is held erect, the eyes So, my boy, if you wish to be manly, erratic finale over and over again, vention. totally oblivious to all surroundings. Then there is the disconnected whistle. doubtful, often false, and generally accompanied by a slow pace, a hanging head and a general indication of regret and unwillingness to do anything but whistle. Again there is the boy, often grown to manhood, who does not know one note from another, yet who insists on whistling constantly, in a hopeless effort to catch a tune which he heard the band play at the county fair. Among the treasures of the Bureau of Sharps and flats are alike to him, while measure is wholly unknown and unthought of. Perhaps the man and his whistle are a bore to a majority of

doing much to keep lungs and stomach on good terms with each other. the Japanese intellect grapples with the scientific truths of the most advanced civilization. The history of this exhib-Where is the boy who has not often whistled aloud to keep his courage it is rather an interesting one. When the first Embassy of Japanese came to up," while busy in the attic at some this country they called on the Commissioner and made inquiries into the working out the cake box. How many wives and mothers now live and love ings of his department. Not satisfied their boy's whistling because it rewith examining the department itself, they came day after day propounding minds them of the time when they questions which showed not only a deep used to listen for the whistle of the boy of long ago who now sits over there in interest in the matter, but a most intelthe great arm-chair with spectacles on ligent conception of the merits and the his nose, legs crossed and the heel and importance of the American educationtoe of the free boot rocking in time to Philadelphia News. al system. The information they rethe whistling of the young man who, ceived was carefully digested and sent back to Japan, and the prominent part having mastered a new operatic aria, is the educational business had played in putting on his hat and gloves in the hallway preparatory to going over to let his sweetheart know of his latest the very extraordinary social and polit-

t is an unconscious sanitary measure,

through was shown in the exhibit sent It is only among boys that whistling | can't think of anything else." becomes a fine art, and it is often astonishing to observe the perfection which some of the artists attain. A hundred boys will attend the production of a trated by a painting, was a bare room new opera, and the next day fifty of with no desk but the low stand in front those boys will be heard whistof the teacher and another on his side ling selections from .that opera, to place books on. The teacher squateach one having chosen the air which ted on the floor. So did the pupils. The teacher read aloud, and the pupils most pleased him. In this way have the reputations of song-writers been ship. No matter if he only has a potathe alpha and omega of Japanese school Willian Scanlan's "Peek-a-Boo," and many of the old-time Foster melodies are notable examples of popular songs, and the first heraid of that popularity Japan, as illustrated by drawings and engravings, is generally a handsome were the boys who whistled the airs all over the streets of America. Much of the success of "Pinafore." "The Mascotte," of that oddity "The Turkish Patrol," and of numerous other compositions, is directly attributable to the boy who whistles .- Detroit Free Press.

# " Alleged."

Few words are commoner in the language of the newspapers than the word spoken."
" alleged." To allege anything, if the How old meaning be good, is to affirm it with found this out is a mystery: "And and their constant practice from time the exactness of a dispatch. But the what, in the name of goodness, is this?" immemorial gives the secret of their wonderful skill with color. In the exparticiple of this verb has found new asked Mrs. David Davis, as the Senator a-laughing. service. Whenever any doubt is felt that | lugged something into the room and hibit are specimens of machinery, sura murder is a murder, the deed is soft- dropped it at her feet. "That is my through another man's brains; he is an automaton manipulated by the golden wires of capital. He learns to capital. He learns to capital. wires of capital. He learns to gauge his work by what is required of him, not his work by what his work by what his work by what his work by what his required of him, not his work by what his work by wh by the standard of intelligent and con- imitators merely. Their intelligence According to these new linguistic scientious service. Unless he is an exceptional case, his self-respect is undervised by the temptation to "loaf" devices to American machines, always wonderful and abnormal, is a common from my apartment." while the "boss" is not looking, and to work industriously under his eye. He becomes a school-boy instead of a man; learns to look furtively and fearfully at his employers and held a school between the lateral machines, always improving on the model. Among others is a school globe. This is a wire frame covered with linen, on which is painted the mouths and on the pens of persons to look furtively and fearfully at the natural objects to be studied. The his employer, and bridles his manhood through the necessity of pleasing him or losing his work. The mechanic is a subordinate in his department; the farmer is chief officer in his; and it is as positively a phenomenon as is a around the depot at Chattanooga to shower of frogs, a calf with six legs, take the train for Atlanta, and pretty seldom used, but in such a manner as to confute its own meaning. Thus, in an account of some discovery beneath an ancient ruin, it was said that skeletons of great size were found, one of them being of "the immense length of seven feet ten inches." If the length Carolina. of this skeleton was really seven feet ten inches, or ten feet seven inches, how could it have been "immense? So, too, we read of walls of "immense thickness, and pumpkins of "immense" girth. Are there, then, no foot-rules or measuring-tapes to reduce these immensities? A "conflagration" is not the burning of one house; it is the meeting of flames, as when a street, town or village is fired in several places. "Culminate" is a verb incorrectly used, unless in respect of something which has reached the limit of its possible height. When, therefore, the career of a wrongdoer is said to "culminate" in the low-est depths of degradation, the term is misapplied, even to being turned up-side down. So is the term "assiduous" men who, with him, occupied seats in the United States Senate when Presiwhen employed to strengthen the idea of perseverance, if the particular kind of perseverance intimated be locomotive and not sedentary. So, too, is "prepoterous," unless clearly denoting the figure which homely rhetoric describes as "putting the cart before the horse.—

Macmillan's Magazine. dent Lincoln called it together in special session at the outbreak of the war.

-Queen Victoria's John Brown had employed the sunshine to the extent of

\$5,000,000 of hav-making. -Seven years ago Mr. Bell, of telephone fame, was a poor man. Now he is said to be worth \$6,000,000. -Joaquin Miller stands by Mr. Dix in the reverend doctor's war on modern

feminine wickedness. Mr. Miller has -The Washington Republican save that "a fearful as well as plausible explanation of the Lady Dixie matter is the suggestion that Lady Dixie may contemplate a lecture season in Amer-

-The mother of Oscar Wilde has a long poem on Ireland in the Boston Pi-Her conclusion is that the Irish people, driven frantie, "will take their stand in a mightier land beyond the broad Atlantic.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Now we have honored John Howard Payne, the Hartford Post calls for honors to "other song-writers who are forgotten?" But if they are forgotten, how shall we know upon what writers to bestow these honors!

-"We who write novels for the existing time should face our task with fortitude sublime," writes Edgar Fawcett. The same thing would apply with equal force to a majority of the people who read the average modern novel. -A very beautiful and expensive book

has lately been made in Boston, only ten copies of which are printed. It is the richly illustrated story of a yachting trip taken by Mr. Edwards, the inventor of the heliotype process. Miss Linda Gilbert is now endeavoring to secure additional educational

facilities and other reforms in the prisons of Baltimore and Washington. In May she will sail for England and devote the summer to efforts in behalf of prison reform there. -Mathilde Blind says that Mr. Lewes was more than a husband to George Eliot; he was like a mother, watching

over her health, cheering her despondency with his own buovancy, and creating the spiritual atmosphere in which her genius ripened. -Mrs. David Davis says the reason she would not consent to marry Judge Davis while he was in office, was because, Mr. Arthur being a widower and Judge Davis Acting Vice President, she

would have had the duties attendant

upon "the first lady in the land"-a

position she did not care to occupy. articular, the lips show the utmost the guests of the Vanderbilt ball is critimuscular contraction, the distended cised as improbable, but one-tenth of get in the way, he would sit down in cheeks prove total indifference to ap- the amount is accepted as possible. pearances and the noise, a strain most The former figure would give each of Daffy said. monotonous, because it ends in the the 700 guests \$11,428,561-a state of wrong place, only to again take up the affairs that never exists with any 700 Tommy was sitting on his cricket in the first note and give a repetition to the people except those of an editorial con-

#### HUMOROUS.

-A California Board of Supervisors appropriated a sum to purchase a wooden leg for a citizen and charged the amount to "permanent repairs and improvements.

-"Take care of the useful, and the beautiful will take care of itself." This is what the fond and numerous father remarked when he married off his ugliest daughter first .- Puck. "Bah Jove!" exclaimed young Dudiboi, "the weathah is getting so

mild, yer know, that I must have the ferrule taken off my cane. It's too people, but it is bread and meat to him. beastly heavy for a warm day, yer know." - Boston Transcript. -A man tamed a prairie dog that somebody sent him until the docile lit-

tle creature would eat off his hand. At least, it ate off about three-quarters of mischief or slyly in the pantry search- his thumb one day, but it died of con- have his peanuts." cussion of the brain before it could finish his hand.

Twelve Hens." We have not read the Daffy, 'n he'd think 'twas a bear!" book, but we suppose the author's recipe is to sell the corn that they would a laughing, Daffy and Ben. annually eat, and then kill the hens .--Mrs. Sam Millidge, an Austin lady,

was busy trying to make a pincushion of sawdust when the colored cook came to ask what she should cook for dinner. "Go away, and don't bother me now. My head is full of sawdust now, and I -B. Franklin says: "Time is an herb that cures all diseases." Frank-

lin evidently didn't know much about "varbs," and was not at the head of the class in spelling, if he was a printer. Thyme is an herb, but, not being a patent medicine, it will not cure all diseases. - The Imp.

-The Rochester Post-Express remarks: "You musn't tell us that married men are not mindful of the comfort of their wives. Who ever heard of a married man going home late at night who didn't take his boots off in the hall and steal quietly to bed, in order not to disturb the slumbers of his wife." -Asked a traveler in the Orient of a Pasha: "Is the Turkish civil service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions, for instance?" "My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver," replied the Pasha. "Allah is great, and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is an ass! I have tea; nor any corn-meal mustard on his ing.

-How the Cincinnati Enquirer

# An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting soon a stout, red-faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line. "I beg your pardon, but I must differ with you," remarked a man from South

"Differ be hanged?" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of sight with a ten-cent piece."

"Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. "I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a ten dollar bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a

"I'll do it. Give your money to that chap by the window!"

The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket, and quietly said: "Boy, run up town and get change

youth hurried out. In about fifteen minutes he returned walked up to the Carolinian and re-"Went all ober, sah, but couldn't git

Our Young Readers.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

fie honest, my hoy, he honest, I say; fie honest at work, he honest at play; The same in the dark as when in the light; Your deeds need not then he kept out of sight. The next thing you need is knowledge, my

These virtues, indeed, your time should ploy: Let knowledge display integrity, too, And you'll seldom say: "I've nothing to do But work calls for action, muscle and will: Boys must "get up and get," their station to And boys should be active as ever they can-A dull, stupid boy grows to a dull, stupid

But simple activity will not suffice; Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in dis-They mark all the moves the industrious do. But don't care a fig to push business through. The next thing in order-avoiding display-

Not even presuming to make a reply.

Nor, muttering, say: "I'll go by and by."
But promptly obey, with a hearty good will,
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill. Again: Se not fitful, but stick to your work ver let it be said that you are a shirk; But when any task is fairly begun, Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

Be honest, be wise and industrious, too; lie active, obedient, obliging and true; Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can, Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man

-Uncle Amona, in The Bast at. HOW UNCLE JOHN WAS FOOLED. All Fool's Day-nonsense!" Uncle John Tyler, with his hands pushed into his pockets. "Not all

fool's day! Now, I'll give any body two silver quarters to fool mc." Uncle John Tyler's voice sounded very deep, and his face was sober enough in all conscience; but his eyes laughed

"Two silver quarters to fool me," said he. "Honest true?" asked Ben, looking up. "Honest true," answered Uncle John Tyler, looking down. "A quarter

apiece all round." "That'il be three," said Ben.

"And one for me," said Daffy. "And two ones for me," Tommy, "to buy peanuts," "A quarter all round," said Uncle John Tyler. "And I'm going to thrash

oats for your father to-day, so you'll have a good chance." This was in the morning, and before long Uncle John's flail was thump, thump, thumping on the barn floor. Daffy washed the dishes, and Ben filled the wood-box, and Tommy stood everything was done, and he couldn't the corner, "as nice as any body's boy,"

So it was this time; and while corner, and Daffy was untying her "dishes apron," and Ben was squeezing the place where a splinter had stuck into his hand, they all tried to think how to fool Uncle John Tyler.

"We couldn't have a sawdust pudding or anything, could we, now?" asked Ben. "'Cause he'll be a-looking out, and taste of everything 'fore he eats a whole lot.' "Of course he'll taste before he eats it," said Daffy, laughing. "We can't

fool him any common way. "Well, how can we, then?" asked Ben; and he wrinkled up his nose and thought of the quarters. "I'm sure I don't know," said Daffy:

and she sighed and thought of the quar-"I can't know, too," chirped Tommy, cheerily. "I don't believe we can, anyway,

said Daffy. "Then we won't get the quarters, said Ben, soberly, "and Tommy can't "Oh de-ar me-e!" burst forth Tommy, coming out of his corner. "I

-A book just published is entitled: wa—ant some peanuts! Couldn't you left. If you could fill a bubble with hy"How to Make \$500 Yearly Profit with shoo the old black she—ep at him, drogen it would bound appear to a Then they thought they should die "You're the beat-a-most boy, Tommy

Pulsifer," cried Daffy; and she wiped her eyes and gave Tommy a loving squeeze. "I'll buy you five cents worth of peanuts out of my pickingover-apples money, if-O Ben, I've thought how may be we can! But we

They put their three small heads together and talked it over. And all the of rope together and laughed.

They tried some other ways. Once Ben carried an empty jug out where Uncle John was at work in the "Don't you want a drink of water.

Uncle John?" asked he. Uncle John picked up the jug and shook it, before he would put it to his

Well, I guess not this time," said he, sober as a Judge, And Ben, feeling very foolish, carried the jug away Then there were egg-shells on with

the boiled eggs for dinner, fixed so Daffy was sure nobody would notice the little holes in each end. But though even Ben himself was fooled. Uncle John didn't touch a

single one; nor take any salt in his But he rolled his zves at Daffy and Ben and Tommy when he said: "No. thank you." in a way that set them all

One thing they kept for the last. "If we don't fool him with that." eager, excited face, inde

at that same minute that Ben ran

the side door, all in a flutter.

John!" cried Ben.

"O Uncle John," cried Daffy, "look "And see if this isn't Colonel Forney's new turn-out?" put in Ben.
"Stopped before the barn," Daffy, almost out of breath. before it gets gone!" "There is a turnout, sure,

"And a black boy driving," said truthful little Daffy, very earnestly. "Truly, "Honest Indian!" said Ben. "May he wants to see you."

Now, Colonel Forney, who lived a the village, and was a great friend of Uncle John's, had very lately bought a

nice carriage and a pair of black horses, and had hired a black coachman to drive And because Uncle John had never happened to see all this, he took a see-ond thought, and looked down into the shop, but not the smith, and after a long earnest little face beside him; and then he dropped his flail and opened one of the big barn-doors. Such a shout! Oh, such a shout!

There sat Tommy—black as any little real black boy could ever be—perched up in Ben's box-cart, rolling his eyes and showing all his teeth in a very troad smile; and he was holding a pair of rope-reins over the old black sheep, who, harnessed into the box-cart with pieces of rope, stood placidly chewing her cud. "It is a turn-out," cried Ben. like to know if it isn't?"

He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing and wondering over it, paid the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner:

"Did you know the boy?"

For answer he took the bill from his pocket and unfolded it. It was a ten pocket and unfolded it. It was a ten pocket and unfolded it. It was a ten pocket and langued until he couldn't angle any longer.

And then he and Daffy shouted and then he are the shouted and the shouted an

might. And Hen Jumped up and

cracked his beels together. At that, I suppose the old black sheep thought that they had had fun enough, for she finished chewing her cud in a burry and started for the

sheep-yard. Tommy bounced out first thing and cried about it, though he wasn't the least mite burt only scared; and the cart brought up against the side of the barn and smashed itself all in pieces; and the black sheep squeezed herself through a hole in the fence and went to eating has with the other sheep, with the rope harness all dangling round her

"It beats the Dutch" said Uncle John, putting his hand in his pocket. "Here, I guess you've earned your quarters. Colonel Forney's turn-out!

And when Ben had gone to the village after the peanuts, and Daffy was scrubbing Tommy's smutty face at the kitchen sink, she heard Uncle John Tyler laugh again, "Ho! bo! bo! - Ada Caricton, in Youths' Companion.

#### Soap Bubbles.

How many of our boys and girts know what is meant by the science of anything? The word science means true knowledge, and to know truly, perfeetly about an object, we must know of what it is made or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form,

How shall we make our soap bubble? Of soap and water, you will all say. Only soap and water? One such bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long

Now the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one-half ounce of castile soap, one pint of water and three-quarters of a pint of pure giveerine. This is Plateau's solution, and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though, being blind, he can see them only with the eyes of his

mind. We can use in the blowing an ordinary tobacco pipe or a glass tube. It is hard to make very large bubbles with the mouth, and sometimes a pair of bellows is used. We cannot examine our bubble while it is dancing over the table or floating in the air, so we need a support, which we will make of a wire ring fastened horizontally to the head The Graphic's estimate of \$8,000, round in the way, just as he always be driven into a small block of wood, me that you will never again bring artic shows that public house property look straight ahead, but at nothing in 000,000 as the total representation of was doing when folks were busy. When just far enough to keep it firm. Let the home for the purpose of drinking for a in the large cities of England is rapidly over the bubble, and its support thus

protects it from draughts of air. Let us see, now, what our bubble confilm-something very thin-which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter-the solid.

liquid and gaseous. When blown from the mouth the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows, the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. This rising and falling is due to pressure of the air which, some of the boys will tell us, is equal to fifteen pounds to every square

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin and a gas set free which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match, which this gas will at once put out. Fill a bubble with air; let it fall upon the acid gas. It will remain supported seemingly upon nothing, for this air is invisible—as long as any of the gas is drogen it would bound upwards at a great rate, for that gas is the lightest

Let us now look at the colors in our subble. How beautiful they are, daneing and flashing so fast-changing so rapidly we can not begin to count them. But we know that white light, that is, sunlight, is composed of seven colors.

They can all be seen in the rainbow. must try some other ways, too, so Un-ble. Part of the light passes right cle John won't mistrust." Let a beam of light fall upon the bubonce thrown back or reflected. The portion of the film that absorbs all the forenoon, up in the shed-chamber, they colors and reflects or throws back only pounded, and whispered, and tied bits all the others. And so the thickness of the film changes the absorption and reflection of the light changes, so it is that our bubble sparkles with all the beautiful and delicate tints of the rainbow.

Adding more giveerine will make the coloring even more brilliant. Indeed, our bubbles can be made perfectly gorgeous. - Baptist Weekly.

# It was Monday evening, and Top-

noody unfolded his paper and began reading to his wife of Wiggins. "Who's Wiggins?" she asked "Don't you know who Wiggins is?" "If I had I wouldn't have asked

predicted that a great storm was com-

"And did it come?" "No, my dear." "He isn't as good as I am, is he?" "In what way, my dear?" "As a prophet, of course."

"How, my dear?"

"Why, I told you this morning if you didn't order that load of coal up before five o'clock there would be a storm Well, it was two hours after dinner when you came home, and it didn't and stop forgetting things, and wearing my life out, and doing all you can to add to my burdens, and neglecting your household obligations in every way, and doing everything you shouldn't do when you know I want you to do something I want you to do when I want you do it, just because you think I am a woman, and can't take my own part just the same as if I was a man, and

could do just as I pleased, and-But Mr. Topnoody dropped his pa-per, and making a grab for his umbreia, withdrew, and went down town to talk over the weather with the boys .-The Drummer.

## An Incompetent Boy.

Last fall a Baltimore hardware dealer, who had a bill against a blacksmith in an adjacent village, sent it out by his collector for payment. Upon arriving shop, but not the smith, and after a long hunt discovered him on his own doorstep, elbows on his knees and chin on his

"I have no pills," replied the smith, as the account was handed him. "Why, what's the matter. Com

"Vhell, der matter ish dot I failed in peesness und I donn pay no-

"Well, you'll have to pay me in full just the same. Under the laws of this State no man can fail unless he locks his doors, and as I passed the shop your.

"Dunder und blitzen! dot vhas carelessness of my boy, Show! How much is dot pill? I pays him queek und runs down und nails oop der doors myself! Dunder! but dot poy neser makes a Yankas, if he life here a togs

## Temperance Reading.

#### THE POTTONLESS HE.

I saw it hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthful, sturdy farmer in Oxford County, Maine-a hottomicas jug! The host usw that the curious thing had caught my eye, and be

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there for, with its bestoon knocked out?" he said. "My wife, perhaps, could tell you the story better than I can; but she is bashful and I ain't, so I'll tell it." "My father, as you are probably

aware, owned this farm before me. lived to a good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a shrewd, careful trader, and a good calculator; and, as men were accounted in his day and generation, he thousand persons in England who are was a temperate man. I was the classed as passpers, more than Sen took. youngest boy; and when the old man dred thousand can truce their conduwas ready to go and he knew it the lion directly to the drinking habit other boys agreed that, since I had ONE YEAR AGO the Metropolitan I alstaved at home and taken care of the ernacle Temperance Society was formed old folks, the farm should be mine, in Mr. Spurgeon's church, Lendon, and And to me it was willed. I had been since that time more than seventure married then three years.

"Well, father died mother had there. gone three years before and left the THE LONDON Medical Prior, in referfarm to me, with a mortgage on it of ring to the serious falling off in the reve-\$2,000. I'd never thought so much came from innericating drinks, states of it before; but I thought of it that since October, 1880, one on likes it now. I said to Molly my wife people have put on the blue ribbon, Molly, says I, look here! Here's and 564,000 have signed the plotter. father had this farm in its first strength | Ir any nations kenrum can show of soil, with all its magnificent timber; that he has the right to so debuse men to so many men, to help him; and he of \$2,000! What can I do!' And I went to that old jug-it had its bottom

old Medford rum from it. "I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it; for I supposed, of course, she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was, Savs she:

'Charles, I've thought of this a good deal; and I have thought of a way in which I believe we can clear that mortgage off before five more in 1882, an increase of follower two years are ended."

"Says I: 'Molly, tell me how you'll "She thought for a little while, and then she said, with a funny twinkling in her blue eyes says she: 'Charles, you must promise me this, and promise of a large nail. The nail should first me solemnly, and sacredly. Promise A RECENT INSTER of the Lordon Covents the wire from cutting into the any kind than you can bring in that old public houses within half a mile of Liv bubble. A glass shade may be placed jug the jug that your father has used erpool Custom House closed within the ever since I knew him, and which you year, because they did not pay the cost

"Well, I knew that father used once be hoped that this state of affairs is due sists of. A portion of air enclosed by a In a while, especially in having time, to a better epinion in regard to Temand in the winter when we were at perance. work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled, so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her I would agree to it. 'Now mind,' said she; 'you are never never to bring home for a common beverage more spirit than Old Nick built you can bring in that identical jug.

And I gave her the promise. "And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of a nightcap Molly looked up, and says she: 'Charley, have you got a drop left?" I told her there was just about a drop. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. And then she said, if I had no objection, she would drink that last that batters the stope that grinds the as the brought it out- That Last Duor!" However, I tipped the old jug bottom up, and got about a great spoonful, and Molly said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking good luck, and says

she: 'Here's to the old brown jug!" "Sakes alive! I thought to myself I tell you, it kind o' cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd feeds the fire that Old Nick built. seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not but I said nothing. I drank the senti-ment - To the old brown jug? - and quietly deal to fashion the sledge with

"Well, I went out after that and did my chores, and then went to bed; and that feeds the fire that Old Nick built. the last thing I said before leaving the Temperance Banner. kitchen-this very room where we now sit in-'We'il have the old brown jug filled to-morrow.' And then I went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bed that night, as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzzing in my head that p healthy man ought not to have. I of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and with awe.

and did up my work at the barn, then came in and cat breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to faintest of sweet odors are in the air. have, and I could think even then that and the south wind that brings them my appetite had began to fail me. whispers through the leafless trees the However, I est breakfast, and then promise of the coming summer. It is a went out and hitched up the old mare; welcome sound. In such a day, man for, to tell the plain truth, I was feeling wishes he had a medium overcoat. Not the need of a glass of spirits, and I having it, he goes out without any, and nadn't a drop in the house. I was in comes home to die generally of pura a hurry to get to the village. I got monia. On such a day, all of a suction hitched up, and then came in for the and without warning, the early hird sp-

head in the freezing water? The jug ones as we. was there, but the bottom was gone! It is a peculiar situation for a hird to Molly had been and taken a sharp chisel find himself in. Indeed, in boarding-

thing like it since. Said she : gage on this farm came from! It was snow; but oftener the funeral is private brought home in that jug-two quarts -as in the case of nearly all wild ani-ata time! And there's where all the debt male, except cate. Few objects are has been! And there's where your more rare in nature than dead ereawhite, clear skin, and your clear, pretty tures. In some mysterious magner eyes are going! And in that jug, my they are got out of the way; all except husband, your appetite is going, also! cats, which usually die in the middle of O! let the bottom stay out forever! Let the highway, and lie there until they

couldn't speak more.

"And there was no need. My eyes bright part of the bright but unscasonawere opened, as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed be passes away into the lost past. The before me. I saw all the mortgages, on moral aspects of his career are clear all the farms in our neighborhood; and enough without elaboration. His error

"Drug old just We mean to kery it; and to bead it down to our children for the leases it can often them a leasen of life of a life happy, powerful, prosper-

bround her son And as he conved speaking, his wife, with an arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest toy, moreovers a fervent "Amon!" - N. F. Ludger,

Employ Spontaneous the Link values In Chicago bear the sense relation to the pendoutlary that the Sunday schools

MR. FRANCE MURPHY is still laboring in England in the cause of Grayel Term. person. During his recent wish to Carliele four thousand persons put on the blue ribbers.

Our or the eight hundred and ton

thousand pledges have been token

and his six born, as they grew up, equal that it makes our passage through the streets of Davemport massle, in order has worked hard worked early and that he may live a life of billion or, we late-and yet look at it! A mortgage will then be ready to resign and emigrate. - Durceport News. "Lagron runns to drag down, and

in then and took a good stiff drink of nothing in it or about it tends to ele-

THE CHICAGO Tribune counts 1,467 murders committed in the United States Chleago had, in 1882, 54 mm devere the side her 3,000 saloon-korpers) unty one of whom was hanged. Nothing in this country ever so much increased crime and debauchery as the accuracy here business; the vilest and meaned of all

have used since he was done with it." of rend, taxes and license fees. It is to

## The Fire that Old Nick Built,

INTEMPERANCE. This is the fire that Old Nick buil. MODERATE DRIVETYO. This is the fuel that feeds the fire that

This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

that cuts the wood that freds the fire that Old Nick built. This is the sledge with its face of steel

drop with me. I never shall forget how that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built. A TEMPERANCE MEETING. This is one of the blows that we quiet. ly deal to fashion the sledge with its ace of steel that butters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE. will to give the blow that we quietly that poor Molly had been drinking more deal to fashion the sledge with its two of the rum than was good for her; and of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that

ETERNAL TRUTH. This is the spirit, so gentle and still, quite so steady as good legs should be; that nerves the smith to work with a quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood

# The Early Bird.

Amid the rough-and tumble of the "Well, I got up the next morning February and March tumult, there appears now and then, each year, a soft and balmy day. Itsaky is gentle, the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard, and took it out, and for him to eat. The crust of the earth for him to eat. The crust of the earth "Did you ever break through the thin is not digestible. The insect world is ce, on a nipping cold day, and find frozen in or under it, and there is not a yourself, in an instant, over your worm to be seen except such worthless

might have done credit to a master. self," and so he is generally lost. The workman, she had clipped the bottom appearance of the early hird is a signal clean out of the jug, without even as infallible as any that the Government breaking the edges or the side! Hooked hangs out. It is a direct notification at the jug, and then I looked at Molly. that we are about to have a transcardons And then she burst out. She spoke- change of weather, and that it is to Oh! I had never heard anything like come on cold, with snow and sleet, and it. No, sir, nor have I ever heard anywinter. The bird disappears. Some-"Charles! There's where the mort- times his dead body is found in the it be as it is, dear heart! and remember your promise to me! have imparted most of their strength to the road-bed and the passer-by.

So it is that the early bird meets his fate. Where he comes from is as little

Temperance Items, do to the observio.

vale a man." That statement does not hold water as far as Austin is concerned. Our lock-up is on top of a hill; hence, instead of being dragged slown the inebriate is pushed up. Please make correction as to Austin. - Time Not.

poison drinks. - Nan Frencisco Bresto.

This is the stone that grinds the at

feeds the fire that Old Nick built. This is the smith that works with a

It is pretty well settled new that the very early bird down't come after the worm; he comes before it. And, by reason of this very previousness, he gets left, righ along, year by year. It is one didn't think of it then, nor had I ever of these luses nothers, in which the bird thought of it before; but I've thought loses his nature, and nature in return loses a bird.

all the farms in our neighborhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made, had been to pay a hill held against him by the man who had filled his jag for years! Yes, I saw it all, as it passed before me—a flitting picture of rum!—rum!—debt!—debt!—and, in the end—Death! And I returned my Molly's kiss, and, said I:

"Molly, my own! I'll keep the promise! I will—so help me Heaven!"

"And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Molly had said, the mortgage was cleased off; my appetite came five years, as Molly had said, the mortgage was cleased off; my appetite came though she were suffering from an aggravated case of measies. In the name of beauty, down with red veils.—Boston Advertiser.

"Acknowled Italians have a belief than the same of beauty, down with red veils.—Boston Advertiser."

"A class of Italians have a belief than the same of the same o

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