THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. A. C. HOSMER, Publisher,

RED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

When wearmess with life my spirit fills, When deep disgust consumes me with my some store of comfort from the ills I haven't got.

To find that fortune at your coming flies, To be bankrupt in health, in fame, in purse, s bad enough: but, I philosophize,

nee-santly we make a great ado. The mouth of Misery is wide agape: But happier we, I fancy, if we knew

The common woes of life are bad enough, Misfortunes fail as easy as the dew, And still for every morning steak that's tough. There might be two.

This one is sick: his wayward fate cries out Againt the leech, the calomel, the bed.

) inconsiderate person, cease to pout—
You might be dead!

And this one hath the mitten; he has wooed: Vainly, alack, his wooing it has sped. Well-even in this there's comfort, rightly viewed-He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is swept Away in penic; he has had to "fail." He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept

But late I los: a twenty-dollar bill-And did I wring my hands that I had blun Not I, indeed!-I'm very thankful still Twas not a hundred.

Soothe, should I e'er capsize when walks are bad. And my good clavicle involve in wreck. renely, I should say-How very glad

It's not my neck. O trast me-better not to make ado At the few miseries of our common lot.

There's millions of 'em-if we only knew!—
We haven't got.

-The Manhattan.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

The floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country field after field was changed to a lake. From am'd the der. waters rose a solitary farm-house, black against a darkening sky. The surging Low heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it; here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and even higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, their three children, and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of the oars: at last the and returning to the window, ate a few boat paused in the lee of the house, and mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice their rescue was secure. It could be and leaned out. seen now, in the light of the lantern. The water was rising rapidly, and

A voice called upward to those within: "How many are you?"

To that answer followed a moment of

Then, am'a the sound of the water, came up the words: "We have only We shall have to do it sooner or later, room for four.

"Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the tarmer. Again followed a pause, brief, but door?"

sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative.

No. hardly, it was getting too dark and too dangerous. Within were quick questionings and

denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous through the narrow opening. "Oh break the housetop would scarcely be We had better have some of those left above water, even if the walls shawls." shold be strong enough to hold out so

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last. "If Jack stays, so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter. Then a man rose in the boat and

said: "There is no woman who would terrific: her hat was blown away at say that for me, and so let me stay." The others in the boat looked at him

as he stood leaning one hand against up her shawl over her head she was the wall. He was a stranger who had able to perceive that the roof was reached Wendelthorpe only that after- formed of two long parallel gables, and noon, and had volunteered his services that between them, at each end, a at the starting of the boat.

n little and said, "I will stay, too:" and all eyes turned back to her. Her the block of brick-work at the base. sthey knew. She was the new mistress | They had before them the wide, desoof the village school, a grave young late expanse of waters; below them torwoman, and reported eccentric.

boat, only a slow, ruminating surprise; cannonade that beat the walls and of from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and qickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower that was already flooded and went quickly upward. Warm, broken thanks in the first hour of dawn. Then from the upper window, the two watched the em arkation of the six, heard their shouts of thanks and of farewell, then the dip of the oars, and felt at their hearts a sudden blank. They stood side by side, watching the wavering progress of the departure and the wavering resection of the shaken light. At last, when the boat was far away and no dim echo reached them of its and toward the inner room. The room and as they turned this way they heard | can possibly be one's duty to do." the flap of the water, like a step on the

"Have you any hope of their coming

he shook his head.

"Nor have I," said she. They stood aimlessly looking into the occupation but to await the coming up of the water, and they were strangers who had never so much as beheld each and the water went sweeping by outside, and in the house were ghostly sounds of doors and windows stealthily tried and

sand by.

She assented, and they went inward to the dark core of the house. The inky suddenly. She hesitated a little. solitude below was full of creakings and rustlings; above shone a square of

warm wrappings. "I will fetch the lantern," said he, life as it will ever give me." and swung himself quickly upward.

indeed, but hearty, uttered about two bost and said that you would stay." feet above her.

"The handle of the lantern was loose,"

go down and fetch it up.' "No, don't! it is too dark. Please

don't! let us go up." ness and held him back. In the dark- too.' ness, which was much the blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low ated it. roof, afraid of unseen stumbling-blocks. square of the window. Here they found di-cerned the general character of their died together se!" surroundings. There was a table near them with food: there were boxes made no spoken answer. and bundles and a couple of old pictless gnawings, scrapings and rustlings, causing the woman to shrink and shud- ing up much faster.'

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew leuder. much?

"No, if we could only see them." Again for a while they were silent,

bearing the little sounds within and the asked ever-increasing sounds without. At last the man stood up, and passing his hand across his face, said: "Oh. had to wait. light that came and went slowly, and this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witches so, fixed to a stake,

whe the tide was coming up. He moved to and fro impatiently and stood still by the table.

"Could you not eat something?" "No. thank you."

He broke himself a piece of bread,

And a voice called downward in re- undisturbed. He sighed, and came the eves opened to a calm gaze. back quickly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes: "Would you not like to go out upon the roof? and I don't think we should feel quite

so much imprisoned." "Oh yes, let us go. Is there a trap-

"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window-the roof is close above-and then I can help you.'

He set his foot on the window-sill, and thrust his head and shoulders beating of the rising floods. By day. yes, it is quite easy. But how it blows!

She brought them and handed them out, watched him draw himself up, and then mounted in her turn from box to window-ledge, and, reaching her hands the summit.

The surge of wind and water was once and she was blinded by her hair. When she had freed her face and drawn stack of chimneys rose from a solid The woman sitting in the stern moved platform. They went forward to the more sheltered group and sat down on rents ran thundering between dwellings There was no remonstrance from the and out-houses, and in the pauses of the the rushing and rending sounds within they heard a southern wind drifting with sighs between the chimneys. story; the two entered upon a landing There was no token of life, no light, no sound of hope. Yet they felt a sense of relief and freedom in being here, where met them and eager promises of return | they could see and know what was befalling.

"Oh, that is better." said she, and lifted up her face to breathe the fresher

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of ber face, as it detached itself from the straight line of masonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this."

"In a sense I have. There is so sounds, they turned toward each other the feeling of having for once put ac- this world! All my life I have been now among the things that were.tion and responsibility out of one's had in the interval, grown nearly dark, hands. There is nothing now which it

"You don't feel any fear of death. "I fear it physically, of course-the

"if there were any element of struggle, and if we were to meet once a week

horrible!" She turned toward him and seemed became hers, for she shuddered and does not belong to this life!"

said! "It is horrible!" There was silence again between them for a little while. Again, when life, so much as that I can't believe in waiting for the two-cent stampe to will drive them away. Wash paints while we not better go up to the ather face was bent forward, he was able death. We could not be capable of so come in. Oh, my dear logg. Angelical will be them. We have the way where roaches come with alum-water and it will be the way where roaches come with alum-water and it will be the way where roaches come with alum-water and it will be the way. to watch its outline. Surely she younger than he had supposed.

"What made you?" and I have had about as much out of and murmur.

She stood below, holding fast to the tion of age how much one's life is worth. ing an arch of clouds, and beyond the side of the ladder. His quick step Mine did not matter to any one, either; arch lay measureless, liquid, lucid sounded above her head, the light shift- and it was not very easy or hopeful for depths. She looked and pointed uped and brightened, she saw his face in myself. I had wanted so much, and ward. The full glow shone en her a quick illumination; then the light had to learn that I must do with so lit- face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow whirled toward and beyond her, down, tle. Of course, it is not nobe to care ineffable softening; in all the lines of down into the darkness and flashed so much about one's own petty happi- her features treathed a spirit of exupon the stairs. Her breath stood still: ness, but oh! one does care! And then, Litant reception. she had a sickening feeling of being all at once, here was a way of escape, leit alone. Assurance of her compan- not selfish, but to help happier people, ion's safety reached her, however, in and . . it seemed the key to description, but without anything of the the form of an imprecation, checked, everything when you stood up in the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved

"Yet," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether despair?" she asked. said he, as he came to her level. "I'll what we were really giving to those brance. For death can only destroy the to look down on my drowned face. But She had found his arm in the dark- future, but life can destroy the past, you have to die with me. What hope

in the question, or his conscience ere- is, it comes from you."

"No, it seemed the thing to do. One a large box, upon which they sat down. life would lose it, he could hardly being before. They spoke but little: there were so few himself to say: Then let death come. things left worth utterance in such an It takes Apollo to give death when he hour as this. By and by, as their eyes is asked for the best gift. But yet, To-night a gl mpse has come to me of grew accustomed to the dimness, they what a chance for two lovers to have

She drew a rather deeper breath and

Down at the far horizon the late moon ures, brought up hither apparently was rising, vague and cloudy. A ghost- life that I nearly saw just now, when when the tide began to rise. In the ly light, bringing in its wake mysterimiddle lay the black square through our shadows, spread slowly as the moon | And I have found you, standing with which they had made entrance; at the drowsily lifted herself and dropped the me upon the brink. We do not know far end a rough heap of straw was dimly raists from her shoulders. The man, each other, you say; we are not friends, distinguished, and from this came rest- looking down, in this clearer light, to and we can't be. I don't know. I only the water, started and said: "It is com- know that I would neither go on now

She stooped and looked. Then their eyes, lifting, sought each other. Both trembled and was withdrawn, and in faces were pale in the moonlight. On the next moment stole softly into his. "I suppose so: de you mind very both sat the human shrinking from this They sat quite silent, and the endless something to see each other.

"How long is it to morning?" she

"It is just past twelve," said he.

"Perhaps they will come out by submerged masonry. moonlight.

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope. He had seen in the moment when they looked at each other that she was man. indeed younger than his first supposi-

tion, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five-and-twenty. It of brick-work. The wind flung itself was not the face of a girl. She had re- upon them in fury. They clung to the turned to her former position, and now, chimneys and to each other, and for a few makes an excellent and nutritious artithat there were several persons in the was already washing on the window of leaning back against the chimney, lift- minutes stood so, battling strenuously boat, and that one of them was a wom- the room below. He turned back to- ed up her face to the sky. Her eyes ward her a face of dismay; hers as she were closed and her lips drawn in. sat within the room was not clearly. There was but time to look once before visible, but her attitude was calm and the lips curved again into a smile and

The man sitting by her heard the changing and deepening tone of the water as it came up and up. "You are too young for this," said

he, abruptly. His voice had changed and deepened

like the tone of the water. "No, no," she answered, after a moment. "Don't trouble about me." "I do trouble about you. It's horri-

ble! horrible!" She again kept silence for a little space: then she said: "When I heard you say-that -in the boat, and get up to say, I felt, suddenly, as if it was a cruel thing not to s ay with you. too as well as to save them.'

She had been obliged to speak the last words loudly; for the wind rose suddenly and hercely, and the shock of the waler broke noisily on the walls. And as she ceased came a terrible upward, found herself lifted safely to crash; the whole building creaked and ing and trembling. She freed a hand the plat orm at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been these," said she. They erouched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The tear in each mind now was the fear of being which the melody weaves itself like the divided, of losing all human compan-ed-lies and whirlpools of the stream. hungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the man "No," said she.

There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of win I aba:ed; the moon found a wide, open archway among the clouds the face of the

waters grew by comparison still again. are a stranger, and we shall die here And they do say-the friends of the much space and power. And there is together, strangers. Oh, the irony of pair-that the whilom engagement is solitary and deserted. It has been my Boston Journal. fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time.

She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbed be-

"I could bear it better," he returned, you would go your way and I mine; nod and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, other's face by full daylight. The wind to consider his point of view until it what knowledge or friendship we bave

"You believe, then, in another?"

"What made you stay?" he asked enough. I feel so much, much more, No, I am not afraid. There's more.'

He in his turn was silent. Perhaps "I hardly know, more than what I he forebore, out of pity, to put forth a yellow light, revealing a steep ladder, said -that nobody cared much whether word against her hope; perhaps, in his A lighted lantern had been left for them I did or not, and that I d d not care i soul, too, a like hope, which he had in the attic, together with food and much myself. But I am older than you, taken to be long dead began to stir

The moon had put on, minute by "I don't think that it need be a ques- minute, a tu ler glory; it was illumin-

"The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic to a ecognizing smile.

"and can you look up to that and

"That has no voice for me. It is young lovers was only time to lose their too far off, too silent, too unmoved. love for each other, even in remem- That glory may come back, as serene, there is in life or death you have shown "Are you sorry, then, that you staid?" me. I don't know that it is lasting or There was a little note of mockery ir that it is good for much; but such as it

Again the waters came rushing over the fallen chimneys, and they looked afraid of returning upon the vawning can but act in the present. And even if out in momentary apprehension. But aperture, made the r way to the gray a man could know certainly that death the sudden torrent subsided, and the would keep their love for then, and waters went on rising again slowly as

He then quietly proceeded: "One thinks of life as the life one has known. something that seems to make lie worth going on with. It may be life on the other side of a division: I can't tell. I don't want to be carried back into the old life, but I do want life -- the we thought that our time was upon us. back, alone."

Her hand, which still clung to his arm, upward crawling fate. Yet it was night drew on. Memories rose before each of them of ho; es and dreams th t had once been all in all, and now were small and faint and immeasurably He drew out his watch, but there distant. Around them, rising always, came a cloud across the moon and they surged the persistent waters. Now and again gusts of wind awoke suddenly and brought a sweep of waves over the

Presently, oozing drops began to creep between the chimneys behind

"We must go up higher," said the

They quitted their sheltered nook, and, mounting, stood upon the platform to keep their foothold.

The man cried out suddenly: "Oh! if there were only some place for you! It is too hard a death for you. I'am so sorry for you.

And even while he spoke the water was up to their feet, snatching and dragging at them.

"I am not sorry," she answered. "And oh, no! it is not hard; it is the best moment life has ever brought me!" Her voice was blown away as it crossed her lips. It was only be ause they were uttered at his earthat he could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was hard-drawn breath, and then a vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of Loods. - Bel gravia.

What Broke a Boston Engager ent.

No one who has not carefully attended to the actions and language of the audiences during the just clos d Wagner festival has any idea of how high swayed: there were heavy spa-hes in the feeling has run letween those who the water, and water sponted over admire and those who do not underthem as they caught and clung to each stand the principles of Wagnerian muother. Long hair was blown before his sic. To illustrate the extent to which face. They held each otler fast, pant- the war of opinion has been carried it may be well to relate a little incident. and drew aside her har. There was a Among the attendants upon Wednessound of water, running, trickling and day afternoon's performance were a dropping. The calm moon, pulsuing young gen leman who is prominent in her leisurely pathway, passed out from society in this city and a young lady of behind a cloud, and showed them that high cultivation, to whom rumor reports him to be affianced. As will be remembered, the introduction to "The Rhinegold" was among the selections produced, where n the steady and st ong low of the river is indicated by a protracted and sonorous note, around ionship. The waters were rising aster, The young gentleman aforesaid listened rising, as it seemed, with a malignant, to this effect with puz led patience, and after the concert was over he said to his inamorata, as they walked out together: "I say, what does Wagner mean by that long, low note which went 'B-r-r-r' for about five minutes in the first part of the 'Rhinegold' music' Was he trying to describe a saw-mill?' The young lady dropped his arm and flashed lightning at him out of her "And so," said he, "it was for me eyes. "I'll go home alone," she said, you staid, and even at the end I can't with decision: "you don't understand go away in peace w thout pulling down the first principles of harmony!" and some one else. And you, who staid, she flounced oil. leaving him staring.

-Charles Graber, a farmer near Pennsburg, Pa., was horrisied recently to find that a black make had coiled itself about his leg. Mr. Graber used his back in time?" a-ked the woman.

Her companion answered: "No:" actual drowning and choking—ah, "Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, don't let us talk of it. But at least we of each other, but not the shallows. If discovered that he was standing over and she saw through the darkness that shall have had this hour of freedom and we were to be saved we should feel like two more reptiles of the same species. friends till we came to land, and then and that there was another in his path, the attrighted farmer succeeded in killing two of the snakes, two escaping. fast darkening room. They had no To sit still in a cage until death chooses for a twelve-month we should speak to The reptile which had encircled his leg to come and put an end to you-that's each other at first, and then we should was nearly five feet in length.-Pittsburgh Post

> -Spriggins: "Fogg, old fellow, 1 must confide in you my discovery regarding Angelica's writing me so much "It is hardly that I believe in another more olten than formerly. She was much, and desirous of so much, and is a very sensible girl." Fogg (dryly); nothing come. We have not half "Two centsible, I'm afraid."

Rearing Chicks.

The time-worn saving that "the early bird catche: the worm" applies nicely with regard to the rearing of chicks. In our ex erience we have found that our early broads cost the leat care and labor and give the best satis action. Unless early broilers for the market be the object in view, there is no need to employ artificial means of hatching and rearing chickens, as for the majority of people "old biddie" will do it in season and attend to it with much less trouble the owner. Chicks hatched the latter part of March, in April or even May will mature into fine birds before cold weather, if they have good care: and On through silent lanes where rustling trees as the American standard of excellence does not now demand such heavy weights as formerly, exhibitors even need not make such great haste to have their show birds out of the shell before the time above mentioned.

Manage some way, if possible, to sit several hens at once, so that the broods can come off at the same time. There are several things to be gained by this. First, then, if some of the hens are lose half their eggs, your broods can be doubl-d up and the chicks given to the best and most careful mother, while Surely nothing less than angels dwell within the careless one, which otherwise must "col away" her t'me on half a prood, can go back to business again. Another thing to be gained is, the chicks of the same age can be fed the same kind of food and grow right along together, while with broods of all ages, mingling promiseuously together at feeding time, he vounger ones are trod upon Ly the older and the weaker ones face rather poorly, unless considerable care and From that cottage quickly flying to a village the first week at so we always feed hard boled tegs, crumbled right up, shell or like bidden treasures crouching in the and al., mixed with stale bread, crackBut as I am drawing near, frightful noises ers and may be a little boiled potato. seasoned slightly with salt. Occasionally a little pepper may be added and Never city built by man since the world its a little powdered e arcoal, bono meal, or crushed ovster-she ls, can always be added with profit, also to keep them in hea th a little sulphur. Gravel should chicks water, but it is usually conceded the r bill of fare until large enough to shall I see.

Rivers glisten calm and bright in the moon eat grain, and then it should be given in some manner that they be not completely drenched while drinking, as in that case in a cool morning the drink

does them more harm than good. A little milk in a shallow vessel, say cause the milk to thicken, our chicks and turks as well fare upon "dutch cheese." For the benefit of those who may not understand this term not understand this term not understand this term. cause the milk to thicken, our chicks may not understand this term, we would say it is clabbered milk, scalded sufficiently for the curd to separate from the whey, when it is strained through a coarse cloth. This dry curd can be mixed with the egg, or with oatmeil, or fed alone. In either case it oatmeal can be mixed with the boiled egg, or dampened with milk or water cracked corn may constitute their evening meal. - Farmers' Lectew.

Value of Wood-Ashes.

The value of wood-ashes as a fertilcontained. The percentage of potash varies largely in ashes from different woods, consequently the variable value, over. There was nothing now but as a fertilizer, of ashes. In the common wood-ashes of commerce different sorts, as a rule, are mixed together, and it has been estimated that a bushel of ordinary mixed, unleached ashes conshes. Simply multiply the number of all the way from five to twelve per

Farmers in many localities will not pay more than six to eight cents per bushel, which is a much lower valuation than that usually set by chemists. Prof. R. C. Kedzie is credited with having made the statement not long since that "or orchards wood-ashes are worth six times the value of fresh barn-vard manure, ton for ton." He estimates that a ton of beech-tree ashes-which he takes as representing the average say: "Yes," but, without hesitation, wood ashes-contains 3.0 pounds of potash, worth about \$16, and 105 pounds of insoluble phosphoric acid. worth \$5.25, which would give a ton of such ashes a value of \$21, not counting other ash constituents. Dr. Goessmann, in a bulletin issued from the Massachusetts experiment station, considers the value of Canada wood-ashes, for which some of the Connecticut Valley farmers pay 30 cents and upward per pound. According to an analysis reported upon by Prof. Goessmann, the ashes in question contain on an average 35 per cent. of 1 me, 5.30 of potash and 1.4 of phosphoric acid. This would give in a bushel of ashes 3.4 pounds of potash and over a pound of phosphoric acid. At present prices for these ingredients, the ashes would represent a money value of about 23 cents, not considering other elements of lesser value as fertilizers. The price farmers pay for wood-a-hes

should be governed somewhat by circumstances outside of the actual value of the ashes-for instance, the character of the soil to which the ashes are to be applied and the crop to be grown thereon. Ashes are most profitable on soils deficient in potash and for crops that exhaust the land of this ingredient.

The best physical as well as well as chemical effects are doubtless obtained when the ashes are thoroughly mingled with the soil The modes of application are drilling in with roots and grain, owing broadcast on meadows and pastures and mixing with the compost heap. - N. Y. World.

-- Ants and Roaches: Dry salt sprinkled on shelves where there are red anta

Temperance Reading.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

In the midnight calm and holy, when the world has sun't to rest.

other sphere.
I will leave my heated room, leave the darkness and the gloom, I will leave the crowded city, quit the crimepolluted street; Wander through the meadows, where I may

breathe a purer air. Feel a purer, holier, better earth beneath my straying feet.

On through silent lanes where rustling trees are nodding overhead.

Whispering tales to one another of the pleasant summers fled;
On through fleids where corn is waving, as if in a sleep is heard
Some soft anthem stealing round it to whose melody is stirred;
Stars are glistening in the sky, dew drops glitter in reply.

ter in reply.
Silent converse with each other violets and daisies keep;
Robin with the scarlet breast dreams of mischief in his nest.
Flow'rets, tired of being happy, close their

petals now to sleep careless or n some manner happen to Yonder is a cot half hidden in a robe of red and green, Covered o er with countless roses bathing in

that cottage there: Winning fairles must be hiding round a spot so bright and fair.

To the window I will creep, through the lat-

tice I will peep— Alas: that such an Eden should have such a hell within: See the drunken father lie with his childres weeping by,
And a bower of beauty blackened with the
awful brand of sin.

Out again upon the highway, all my heart with

greet my ear-Curses like the yells of devils, oaths that course began Could eclipse the scenes of horror that with-in that village were.

Rum again," I faintly mutter, as my foothea th a little sulphur. Gravel should always be within their reach. Authorities differ in regard to giving young spots to the eye, Out again into the meadows, here at least I that it is an unne essary adjunct to In this solitude of nature no drink traces

> beams spectral light,
> Laughing streamlets, never sleeping, leap
> down the green hillside:
> Now the nightingale's sweet song breaks upon
> a list ning throng Of primroses and fox-gloves that beneath the hedges hide.

a saucer, is beneficial at all times, and when it is warm enough weather to That the streamlets seem to stagger in their

never leave the drink? Back again into the town, with a spirit broken By the crime that ever meets me whereso ever I may roam.

Vainly may I strive to fice, still the serpent's fainly may I strive to trail I 5 e Blasting, ruining, destroying every spot 'neath Heaven's broad dome. —Irish World,

One Safe Side.

We find ourselves quite often puzzled and ted alone. In case milk is used, as to the issues of right and wrong in only enough should be mixed at once the practical questions of daily life. We to keep sweet, as it will sour very have a strong inclination to some course qu'ckly. When the chicks are two or of procedure concerning the wisdom or three weeks old wheat screenings and propriety or lawfulness of which we can not help entertaining a doubt. Will it do for us to go forward, or will it violate some standard of duty by which we ought to be governed? May we gratity our desire, or will such self-indulgence strain and weaken our alleizer depends mainly upon the potash giance to the purest morality? May we safely take some step quite agreeable to us, or will the act exert an unwholesome influence upon those whose estimate of good and evil is affected by our example? We wish we could see clearly the merits of the case, and we can not assume the affirmative in the problem of privilege without some slight tains from three to four pounds of pot-ash. The per cent, of rotash once ascertained there is little difficulty in fix- and we hope we have not gone astray ing the value of any special lot of for nothing would induce us to trample upon any positive law of rectitude. pounds of potash by the market price Still there is a little cloud brooding the of petash, and make due allowance for whole transaction, with a which there the phosphoric acid, which is present may lurk above our head a shadow of condemnation. How can we be guided in such questions of personal conduct so as to see the right clearly, through the haze, an I commit no trespass?

Well, I would suggest that there is, in most of these puzzles, one indisputably safe side. It may not be quite right to gratify our inclination in a given instance, but it is unquestionably right not to do so. Shall we take the cup lifted to our lips, so sparkling and fragrant and stimulating? We hesitate to we may say: "No," and forego the cempting draught.

There is some profitable walk of business, the influence of which upon the public good and the common safety is often questioned, but the profits of which are large. May we engage in it without just censure? Well, there will be no deserved reproach for lett

Will 2 be safe and right for us to place upon our board for our own use, and to offer to our guests, stimulating and intoxicating drinks, and to accustom our children to this feature of domestic life? We hope we have enough strength of self-control-and that others have-to prevent any mischief. That may be so, but it can not be denied that abstinence is safe.

There is some style of public entertainment, which, in its own nature, or in the character of the performers, or in the more usual and prevalent type of its exhibition, is a violation of the most sensitive purity and delicacy; and leads often practically to wantonness or imagination, if nothing worse. May I sanction and endorse it with my presence, for the sake of some gratification of my taste? If, in such gratification, I have no thought or meaning or experience but what is pure and wholesome, still if there be a question of its propriety and beneficence on the broad scale of public morals-it will-I can not dispute be safe for me to stay away, and keep my skirts clear from possible evil. There is one safe side.

Let us learn and apply this truth in all the round of our personal habits, and so escape impeachment from God and man .- Dr. A. L. Stone, in Pacific.

A son of Patrick Finnell, of Danbury, Conn., only six years of age, hel Mmself to three drinks of whisky and died two days later.