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AT THE FIRE-SIDE.

Around the hearth when raving storms and
latter winds howl
When all the wintry winds are wrapped in
shroud of white snow
When comes the storm that rages the shivering
outcast draw
Who dreams not of a single meal, and prays
for a straw.

Pile on more logs; the brighter that our
cheery hearth doth glow
The more our hearts shall warm to those who
to such homelike know
As heart and home and kith and kin, and
love of human kind
Poor as the earth, on this earth no joy
you can find.

Poor we may be, yet not so poor but that a
penity for
We have food, and know, O Lord, we lend
it into Thee
Who do not see his brother when he kneels
at the door
Is none of Thee; for Thee, O Lord, we
graciously to the poor.

Pile on more logs; draw closer in, O grand
fire, and glow
Climb, climbing, clinging to my knees, and lay
thy locks of gold
Upon my breast, and listen whilst the fairy
bell doth toll
Of the little Queen who holds her court amid
the flowers.

Now you and me, and one and all, in sweet
home-tasks engaged
Smile on approvingly by those who own a
river age
No hazy sun, no figure those who safe at the
home anchor ride
No worldly pleasures yield to peace that glides
the home tide.

Our own friends, our bright friends, there
muse in the glow
Heart sunshine in each well-lit face our
table-grace
How then, O Lord, our friends, dear, use that
may help us.

Since every blessing we enjoy, we use that
loan to Thee.
—Chambers' Journal.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

**Mrs. Badger Tells Her Husband
All About It.**

"I have had such an adventure," ex-
claimed Mrs. Badger as she founced
into the sitting room, sank into an easy
chair and gasped for breath.

"What is the matter, my dear?" in-
quired Mr. Badger as he laid down his
newspaper and prepared to listen.

"That is a nice way to speak to a
woman after she has just seen a sight
that chilled her blood. Oh, my!" ex-
claimed the worthy lady as she covered
her pink face with her terra cotta gloves,
totally oblivious for the moment of the
fact that the two colors formed a very
inharmous contrast. "I can see it
before me now. I don't believe I will
ever forget it, ever."

"Compose yourself, my dear, and
tell me all about it."

"That is the way with you men,"
responded Mrs. Badger as she removed
her hands from her face and began un-
buttoning her gloves. "You have no
feeling. You don't know what
sentiment is. If you had passed through
what I have today, the first sensation I
would have of it would be an unusual
odor about my breath. You would go
into a saucer just as if nothing had
happened and talk the matter over with
a friend, and by the time you got home
you would forget all about it. Compose
myself, indeed, I know I shall recover
from the shock for six weeks, if I ever
will."

Here the excited matron paused to
allow her husband an opportunity to
interrupt her again, but that individual
wisely refrained from taking advantage
of it.

"When I got through my work this
noon you know we had company for
lunch." Mrs. Simpson and I had right
before. "I had just finished that woman's
I know she came here on purpose to
make me remarks about her new
silverware. By the way, Isaac, that
silverware is wearing very badly. The
plating has been rubbed off in three
places of our coffee-pot lately. That
comes of buying your table ware at a
low store. I really know you were no
judge of such things. The next time
perhaps you will let me buy stuff for
my own house. But you always think
you know so much about things. No
one can teach you anything. If you
would take your wife's advice once
in a while, you would be better for it
than I would be."

"Well, Isaac, I am sorry I can't
say at home to enjoy the society of
Mr. Jones and the Jones pug, but I
can't neglect business, you know. I
must go right off. I haven't a minute
to spare."

"You needn't run away to avoid
meeting Mr. Jones. He won't be
here."

"But you just said he was coming!"
"So I did, but he won't. While we
were talking a whole bucketful of
beefs fell off the scaffolding and struck
him on the head before my eyes and
flattened him out like a pan-ake."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Badger, that
was terrible. No wonder you were
shaken. I wonder what the leaves
of a widow and a family. He really wasn't
such a bad fellow after all."

"Leave a widow? What do you
mean? How could he marry?"
"I don't see any reason why Mr.
Jones shouldn't marry."

"Mr. Jones? He wasn't hurt. It
was the dog that was crushed."

"Oh," replied Mr. Badger as he
seated himself again and picked up the
newspaper. "Is that the terrible ad-
venture you had?"

"Well, Isaac, is that adventure enough?
I was so weak I had to order a carriage
to take me home, and that cost four
dollars; and you will have to go with
me out next morning to buy a new
carriage unless you order yourself to-night,
and Mr. Badger, let me say that the
next time I tell you a story you will
understand it at once."

"I doubt it," replied Mr. Badger, as
his wife flounced out of the room to
change her dress for dinner.—N. Y.
Graphic.

There was no Kitchen Line.

She was crazy about palmetry. She
had bought half a dozen books and
studied the lines and the mounts and
the stars, and she had read her Henry's
fortune time and again. So he under-
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DELIGHTFUL DAKOTA.

The Charms of This Favored Region
Artistically Described—The Newly Discovered
Site of the Garden of Eden.

Dakota is the newest, worst treated
and grandest of the Territories of the
Union, the garden spot of the continent,
the imperial wheat belt of the
globe. It is a more than royal realm,
which ten years ago was unexplored
and almost unknown, which but
five years ago was almost wholly a re-
gion of romance and of fable. It is a
homeless but modest land, that never
sands the fabled rags of its own fame,
it is the world's true wonderland,
where no storms and tempests ever
blow, and where all the breezes are
trained to sing in tunes in pianis-
simo style and in even better time,
and rhyme than the rendering of "The Or-
der of the Full Moons." I heard just
now.

Our wildest blizzards, as unrelent-
ing down-blasters, sometimes come to
kill their babes to sleep. The sun shines
over with a mellow splendor that calls
to mind the far-famed Happy Valley of
"Ravens," and there is just the firm
enough in our winters to turn the elm
leaves golden. No summer druids or
winter floods spread devastation over
the fields and hopes of our husband-
men, no army of worms or grasshoppers
sweep these fertile plains and valleys
with nibbling desolation. No hail-
storms rattle their destroying musketry
upon the grains and fruits and plate
glass windows of that elysium—except,
now and then, just enough to furnish
business to our ambitious young home
life insurance companies.

January bloom, November and
young orange, pinked the day be-
fore Christmas. Rain, striped stick
gandy, the horses and india rubber
dolls, ripen away just in time for Santa
Claus' pedlar wagon, with his reindeer
team and his "little round stomach
that shakes when he laughs like a bowl-
ful of jelly." Pineapples and figs grow
potently, in the little bushes of all
kinds, while the cotton-wool
and dog-furled trees yield brook trout,
nestlars and persimmons, of large
size and flavor, a canal boat-load to the
acre. Spring rose blossom on the
plain, gentle Annie, for New Year's
cakes, and potatoes grow as big as
beer kegs at the roots of every big
potato. Grass and heads of fall
congress and Senatorial log, give
for the fragrance of the jessamine and
honeysuckle to humming birds as large
as canvas-back ducks and elat in all
the prismatic glories of the aurora
borealis. We hatch our own wild geese,
of such dimensions that a tenderfoot
from Pennsylvania, for instance, are liable to
mistake the winged hippopotami
on lakes of never-freezing re-water and
ice-berg.

Blizzards, tempests, tornadoes and
rascally political bosses come to
modern Eden only as dimly understood
wailings from distant regions and
peoples who do not know enough to
find their way to the sole remaining
sanctuary of Paradise in all the
Western world. There no wave of
trouble ever rolls a cross the peaceful
breast, and the prosperous people who
raise infallibly from twenty-five to
seventy-five bushels of No. 1 hard wheat
to the acre of land, that costs them
nothing and get \$1.35 a bushel for it,
can calmly smile at Satan's rage and
sweep a frowning brow no less fortunate
world.—Colonel Pat Down.

LAWYERS.

A Few Remarks About the Most Trusted
and Distrusted of Men.

They are the men who make con-
tracts in a unimpaired them; who give ad-
vice and counsel; who make money
out of trouble and make trouble out
of money; who create estates and distrib-
ute them legally; who live by loaning
money and often subsist on borrowed
capital; who hear and conceal marriage
secrets, and later drag out faded love
letters in bitter divorce; who are
pleased and persuaded by the lawyer,
but often go out of court branded and
dispraised by the side defunct—and
with one side always the loser, and
generally both, what wonder that the
stars of character fall to the current lot
of a lawyer?

Without the smiles of the merchant's
customers, he meets the frowns of busi-
ness men in trouble. Fortunes are
beset or lost. He must win the victory
of fear the blame forever. The
lawyer is the lawyer who knows that,
be it ever so perfect, the elaborate
house he has finished can never exist
but the prop or.

He carries the double burden for self
and clients; he is invited to win what
falls in, urged to mend the
broken pieces of a foolish contract,
found to account for serious in-
juries, a knot of rivaling goods already
secreted, to hatch the effects of a re-
luctant election, to reclaim encumbered
estates from venustous tax-dollars, to keep
one for years in plenty by restored
possessions and broken wills—all by a
lawyer's art and eloquence.

Happy lawyers! They are men who
live so easily, flourish so long on the
banquet of a great people, make the
laws and settle the title, demand the
weak and enjoy the rich; it is of the
world's riches and the lawyer's mind, the
contending in such rare harmony that
no man can define where one ends and
approval commences.—J. H. Bonner,
in Current.

Contentment.

Contentment is illustrated by a story
told of a house in Denver. On a certain
stead is a scene of surpassing
elegance, which, with its grounds, cost
nearly \$1,000,000. Directly opposite, on
a vacant lot, is a tent, bounded up
inside as far as the angle of the roof. The
back end of it is pierced with a stove-
pipe, and in the front end a door and
window. In the window hangs a curtain
of costly lace and in the tent is a piano
of exquisite tone. The tent itself did
not cost over \$20. The piano, how-
ever, and the lace, cost more than
the house cost \$3,000. The owner
planted his tent here over twenty-five
years ago, and is one of the moder-
ately successful Colorado miners, being
worth about \$50,000. He prefers his
tent to an dwelling house, and says
he would exchange it for Windsor
Castle.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S STORY.

The night was dark and hazy
When I went out to my cabin
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea;
And I think the water-drops on
my face were like the dew
And I know they did me some good
For a wet coat is better than a dry one.

Oh, I was very sad and lonely
When I found myself all alone
But I made a little tavern
And I kept it very tidy
And I sat and wrote for people at the door.
I spent my time in looking
For a bit to do my work;
As I'm quite a clever hand at making shoes;
But I had that fellow Friday
And I put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a garden
That I'm cultivating hard;
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
But I'm very fond of peaches
And I'm really very fond of peaches.
The clothes I had were very
And I'm very fond of peaches
And I'm really very fond of peaches.
I sometimes sleep in my bed
With the fire-dome in my eye;
And I'm very fond of peaches
And I'm really very fond of peaches.

For the rocks are wet and muddy
And I'm very fond of peaches
And I'm really very fond of peaches.
I sometimes sleep in my bed
With the fire-dome in my eye;
And I'm very fond of peaches
And I'm really very fond of peaches.

EDITH'S OBJECT LESSON.

Making Footprints Which Can Never Be
Erased.

Edith had just come from walking;
and, as usual, she had a book under her
arm. For Edith's walks did not lead
her near the library building, they were
apt to turn in the direction of some ac-
quaintance, or schoolmate, who was
ready to lend a "perfectly splendid"
book.

She had just put her wrappings, and
was soon cozily settled in an easy-
chair, so cozily in the new volume that
she never noticed grandma's entrance,
much less thought to offer her the com-
fortable seat; so deeply interested that
she gave no heed to her mother's re-
quest to put on little Fred his rubbers
and mittens, until the request was
twice repeated; and then, I am sorry
to say, Edith closed her book and went
with very bad grace, and a decided
frown on her brow, to attend to the
little boy.

And all through the evening, instead
of doing anything to the social enjoy-
ment of the family, Edith sat apart, her
pretty face, and her eyes, as if they
were in a dream, looking into her
book. Uncle Will was sitting at the
table, and had noticed how very
much reading his young niece
seemed to accomplish. At first, he was
pleased; for Uncle Will was very fond
of books, and thought Edith was devel-
oping a good literary taste.

But when he talked with her about
stuffed birds and butterflies and facts,
he was surprised to find how very lit-
tle she knew of his favorites. He was not
long surprised when he began to exam-
ine some of the many volumes which
Edith brought home with such fre-
quency, among her school books, bor-
rowed from other girls, or loaned from
the library.

The title of the book, "Ghost of
Raven's Hill, or Last Hour of Merion,
" was not exactly the kind of reading
Uncle Will thought best fitted to foster
a fine, pure taste, or make a young
mind