

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace
In the cottage, palace, hovel,
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From the soul's unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurried;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Women, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod,
Keep, oh keep the young heart open

ranged in flat bandeaux over the temples and ears and gathered at the back of the head into a meagre coil, held in place by a comb of imitation shell, much too large and heavy for its office. Over a quilted petticoat of some dark-green woolen stuff she wore a flowered cotton short-gown, belted at the waist by a girdle of the same material, which was sewed to the garment at the back and fastened in front with hooks and eyes.

A ribbon of parti-colored plaid encircled her withered neck, furnishing excuse for the display of a square gold pin, in which glittered a yellow something, fondly believed by its owner to be a topaz.

The room accorded well with the appearance of its mistress. It was exquisitely clean, but everything in it bespoke the economist and the utilitarian. The spindle-legged table, of which but one leaf was raised, was covered with a cloth of coarse brown linen; the cups and plates were of various patterns, evidently remnants of sets that had ceased to exist as such. The walls were tinted a smoky gray, and the floor painted in severe squares of black and white, the work of Mrs. Prewett's own hands. The wooden chairs were luxurious with cushions of dark chintz, tied firmly to their backs and legs by bits of scarlet braid.

One really luxurious chair there was near the window, an invalid's chair, though its occupant would hardly have been classed as an invalid. This occupant was Mr. Prewett, who, having finished the substantial portion of his meal, had retired from the table carrying with him his second cup of coffee, to be enjoyed over his book. Seated as he was, a glance sufficed to show that he was a lurchback and a dwarf. His face had the peculiar conformation inseparable from that sort of deformity—the high, square cheek bones, wide mouth, slightly protruding, and eyes set a la Chinois. It was, nevertheless, a face full of kindness and intelligence. The thick, bushy hair stood stiffly out above a broad, well-rounded forehead, and the pale, gray eyes gleamed with an intellectual light beneath the overhanging brow.

As he read, taking occasional sips from his cup, he smacked his lips enjoyably.

The outer door looking eastward, and giving upon a small garden, stood open admitting a broad block of sunshine, which was welcome to lie upon the painted door—whose colors it could not injure—since it tempered the air of the room without cost, and the spring mornings were still a trifle chill. It admitted also the fragrance of honeysuckle and the song of a caged mockingbird that hung in the window of an adjoining house.

In full harmony with these intruders, seeming almost as if it might be an emanation from them, was the bright-haired, angel-faced child, perched beside the table upon an improvised high seat, formed by laying two great quarts upon one of the cushioned chairs.

Not even the ugly calico apron which enveloped him, nor the stains of molasses about his rosy mouth, could hide or mar his wonderful beauty, as, stretching out his hands above his empty plate, and springing up and down on his dangerously elevated perch, he clamored inarticulately for more food.

"Now, Georgie," said Mrs. Prewett, in a high, thin voice, so thin that it wavered like a worn blade, "you can have just one more slice, with either butter or molasses, but not both."

The child kicked his little feet against the table, and beat impatiently with his spoon upon his empty plate. "Da-da, mo-da-da," he cried, utterances which might mean anything, but which his grandmother interpreted to mean molasses, and at once proceeded to supply, while Georgie beat triumphantly upon the table with spoon and feet.

"Hi, hi, there!" cried the grandfather, looking at him over his spectacles with a smile that contained but little reproof. "You make a great noise, youngster."

A middle door, leading from another room, was gently opened, and a pale, slender woman, no longer young, and yet with an indefinable youthfulness still hovering about her, glided noiselessly into the room and seated herself at the table. She rested her elbows upon the board, and laying her transparent hands palm to palm, leaning her thin white cheek against them, an attitude full of grace and tender reminiscence. Turning her large, luminous eyes slowly from one object to another, and letting them rest finally upon her mother, she said, in a dreamy voice:

"How natural it all seems. You are not changed in the least."

"No; why should I change?" returned the mother.

"Most people do," replied the daughter, still speaking as if in a dream, "but you and my father seem to stand still. I could have fancied it myself to whom you said just now: 'You can have either butter or molasses, but not both.' But it is my baby, and that means a great change for me."

"Yes, you are greatly changed," retorted the mother, with an accent of disapprobation. "If you had been guided by advice you might have been better off."

"I don't want to be better off," returned the daughter with a gentle smile, "I have loved and been loved to my heart's content, and that is the sum of life."

"Loved!" exclaimed Mrs. Prewett with increased disapprobation. "A poor stick like that! a ne'er-do-well who has left you nothing but a baby."

"Ah! he loved me so!" sighed the younger woman softly. "He loved me so."

cried the mother, angrily. "It was that bewitched you."

"I have brought it with me," said the daughter, still in that calm, even tone, as of one who receives scarcely any impression from without. "He drew the bow across the strings hardly an hour before he died. Georgie must learn to play it. He will never find such a master as his father, though."

"He will never learn it with my consent," said the grandmother, as she removed the great apron which protected the child's blue worsted frock, and wiped his sticky hands and face. "Go, now, and play in the garden!" she said, setting him upon the floor. "Come, Anastasia, eat your breakfast and let me clear the table," she continued to her daughter. "I suppose you learned these dawdling ways in those foreign places. I've been told they lie abed till the middle of the forenoon over there. That's the reason you never got on. Old Ben Franklin's rule is the one to live by if you want to succeed in life."

"What is it to succeed?" asked the daughter, stirring the half-cool coffee her mother handed her, without offering to taste it.

"Why, to make money, to have a home of your own, and something to live on. What else could it be?"

"No, no; it isn't that," replied Anastasia, with a radiant smile. "To succeed is to drink life in one great draught of perfect happiness, and then die."

"Tut! tut!" cried the father, speaking for the first time. "That's nonsense."

"Supreme nonsense," echoed the mother. "I never could understand Anastasia's infatuation. At her age, too. Why, she was nearly thirty! Old enough to have gotten over all that romantic folly about love."

A sudden flash, followed by a sudden pallor, overspread the delicate face of the young woman.

"Ah! yes," she exclaimed, leaning back and stretching her arms upward, "old enough to have tried everything else, and found love alone worth having."

The outstretched arms fell heavily back, her head drooped upon her breast, there was a slight quiver of the frame, a faint sigh—that was all.

The mother stood with her pile of plates in her hand—the father sprang to his feet, dropping book and spectacles upon the floor.

It was too late to recall her. The pure, sensitive soul had once more escaped from the cold restraints of home to regain its native atmosphere of love.

FELIX GRAY.

Disraeli and Wines.

Temple Bar.

"How do you manage to keep so healthy?" he was asked by a dyspeptic fob. "By dining off a sardine," was the answer, and there was some truth in this. To the end of his life Disraeli always ate very sparingly when alone, and this enabled him to keep a good appetite for public occasions, thereby rebutting the presumption, which his pale face suggested, that he was consumptive. In this connection some remarks of his about wine may be mentioned. Hard drinking was in fashion during his youth, and at public dinners men who let the bottle pass were hardly regarded as gentlemen. Disraeli, who could never stand much wine, suffered a good deal from this social usage, and he set himself to study the demeanor of men who could drink deep without being any the worse for it. Lord Mel-

bourne was one of these, and he gave Disraeli a wrinkle by saying, "You can drink if you don't talk; if you talk much you needn't drink, for people will think you are drunk and let you alone." It is obvious that the excitement of conversation must co-operate powerfully with the fumes of wine in making the brain reel. Disraeli, having noted this fact, went further into the subject by observing that a man's convivial propensities are always taken for granted if he talks in praise of wine and appears to be very critical about it. Some of his remarks savoring of the most refined epicureanism may therefore be ascribed solely to his temperate desire to find excuses for not drinking. He was not a judge of wines, though he pretended to be, and once allowed himself to lay down the law about Burgundy against the late Lord Sefton. A droll trait in him was that he spoke enthusiastically about certain choice wines, but he never desisted any sort of liquor, even gin. A reason he once gave for "saying something kind" about brandy in the presence of a person addicted to spirits would have had a Mephistophelean ring if the subject of the observation had not been, humanely speaking, irrefragable: "I could not speak ill of his only friend." "I should call brandy his enemy," interposed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates his enemy the worse for hearing him well spoken of," was the mild report.

How Titled Excommunicators of the American Hog Treat Their American Wives.

Joseph F. Potter, the American consul at Crefold, Germany, has been making investigations in regard to a matter of great interest to our fair countrywomen, and the result of his labors is to be found in a report full of information of the most vital interest. He has been inquiring into the results of marriages between American girls and German nobles, and what he tells us is most startling.

In thirty-two cases cited there has not only not been a single happy union, but either divorce or abandonment has

railroad magnate in a western state, and the story she tells is a most pitiable one.

Her hard-headed father took the precaution at her marriage to settle his daughter's fortune upon her, and tied it up in such a way that she could not relinquish its control, even if she desired to do so. After many humiliating tasks had been given this lady, the boot cleaning was required. Then she rebelled. She drew the line there, and with her American blood at the boiling point, she flatly refused. Her warrior husband, who, beside his military rank, has the title of a count, attempted to enforce discipline in his family by using his riding whip upon his recalcitrant bride, and after a serious time of it she evaded the flogging and left the bed and board of the knightly Uhlans for her native land. Her husband could not prevent her departure, but tried to compel the payment of a certain sum of money by way of salvage to her abrupt departure. He did not succeed, for the lady had no property in the province that could be held, so she got away without further loss of time.

Matches.

Chicago Herald.

"That match you are lighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't it?" said a passenger who had shared my seat for a few miles. "A small thing, but you wouldn't believe the American people paid out \$27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big, but it is a fact. Now, take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on an average five matches each per day; that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or 2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box, every day. Last year these boxes retailed at an average of three cents each, making \$75,000 a day for matches, or \$27,375,000 a year. And then to think that three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company! If they didn't make \$8,000,000 clear profit out of it they didn't make a cent.

The harvest day of the match monopoly is now at an end, as they no longer have a government revenue tax levied for their benefit. But they still control the trade, on account of their superior manufacturing facilities, large capital, etc. They own thousands of acres of timber land in Michigan, and their lumber is cut by their own men and shipped on their own boats. And then they have contracted for nearly all the world's supply of phosphorous years ahead, and the new manufacturers starting into the business find themselves over-matched in many ways by the old monopoly, which can still control the trade and make a fair profit on its investments. They control twenty-two factories, and one of them has a capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enameled watches, which had painted covers that hindered you seeing what o'clock it was.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunsets, Cyclones and Earthquakes Foretelling Coming Disaster—How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, then orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset reflections of light, but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the tail of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust or very small meteors. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescope upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganized world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the Democrat and Chronicle of Rochester, N. Y., remarks: "How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit around the earth, or remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper air. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvisited by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says: "The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perihelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies no part of the earth, he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to overcrowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaria and other noxious gases; that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will blot with dropsy and suddenly pass away, while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in indescribable agony for weeks. Neuralgic pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field, and even the fishes of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through this period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more prolific and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be owing to the healthy electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified, in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but disturbing as his predictions may be we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in these calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimony of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., dean of the United States medical college, New York, and thousands of influential non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the

market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidences of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences, and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification of his theory. It is certain, as above stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period, and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by three evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself, and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity, and in no way better can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he, himself, is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manner, and that he exert the influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

THE VIGILANTES.

Ten Horse and Cattle Thieves Receive Their Attention.

Information was received at Yankton on the 12th from the Niobrara valley to the effect that the vigilance committee had made way with five horse and cattle thieves within the past ten days. Wade, Murphy and Weatherwax were hung, while Hoyt and old man Weatherwax were shot. Culbertson, Stewart, Morris and Cline are under indictment. If the court fails to punish them, the vigilantes will give them their considerate attention. McFarland, who was captured and indicted, escaped. The cause of this summary work is the long continued depredations by this Niobrara band of cattle thieves. For years past they have operated with the boldest impunity among the herds on the rich pasture lands. The same band of thieves were formerly the famous highwaymen with "Doc" Middleton as their leader, and when he was killed it was supposed the gang would break up and scatter, but, instead, it gained in strength and became more formidable than in the days of its notorious chief. The band finally reached such proportions that the law was absolutely set at defiance, and they ruled the valley with impunity. Last winter a meeting of stockmen and farmers was held for the purpose of organizing a vigilance committee to rid the valley of the terrible scourge. This committee gave the desperadoes final warning a few months ago to leave the country. They disregarded the warning and the result is that ten of them are now under the sod.

Officers off the Senate.

Republican senators held a caucus and proceeded to the nomination of officers for the senate. A candidate for secretary was first in order. Jones, of Nevada, nominated Geo. C. Gorham, of California; Miller, of New York, nominated General Anson G. McCook, of New York; Harrison nominated Major D. M. Ramsdell, of Indiana. Eulogistic speeches were made in support of each candidate and a running debate followed in which a majority of the senators present took part. Upon the informal ballot the vote stood McCook, 16; Gorham, 15; Ramsdell, 3. A formal ballot followed immediately and resulted, McCook 19, Gorham 13, Ramsdell 3. General McCook was declared the nominee. Charles M. Johnson, of Minnesota, was nominated for chief clerk, and James R. Young, of Pennsylvania, to be executive clerk of the senate. Rev. E. E. Huntley, of the Metropolitan M. E. church, Washington, formerly of Wisconsin, was nominated for chaplain, and Colonel W. P. Canaday, of North Carolina, for sergeant-at-arms. A resolution was adopted unanimously to retain wounded soldiers now on the rolls of the senate in their positions.

Mayne Reid's Books.

Full Mail Gazette.

The following details, which we believe to be correct, concerning the sale of Captain Mayne Reid's novels may be interesting. In 1860 nine books of the novelist came into the hands of Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, namely: "The Desert Home," of which 8,748 were printed; "The Boy Hunters," 8,455; "The Young Voyageurs," 6,954; "The Forest Exiles," 8,315; "The Bush Boy," 6,710; "The Young Yagers," 5,796; "The Boy Tar," 6,878; "The Plant Hunters," 5,080; and "Ran Away to Sea," 6,000. In November, 1860, Captain Mayne Reid wrote for the same firm two original books, called "Bruin; or, The Great Bear Hunt," and "Odd People;" of the former 9,000 were printed, of the latter 8,000. In July, 1879, "Gasper, the Guacho," was published, of which 3,000 copies were printed. In February, 1860, two of his novels, "The War Trail" and "The Quadroon," came into their possession, of the former 14,500 and of the latter 11,400 copies being printed. In January, 1878, twenty more copies of his novels came into their hands. Of "The Headless Horseman" 4,000 copies were printed, of "The Rifle Rangers" and "The White Chief" 3,000 copies, and of the remaining seventeen 2,000 copies each.

Sarah Wilson, a negro, 77 years old, is teaching school in New Haven. Her father was born a slave in the same town.