

GENTLE WORDS.

Why not let our words be gentle?
Harsh words rudely jar
On the feelings of another,
And to kindly greet each other
Would be better far.

In the plainest words of converse
Music sweet is heard;
If in tenderness they're spoken;
But the melody is broken
By an angry word.

It would show a strength of spirit
To let no hard word
Fall petulently from our tongue,
And strike the notes to music strung,
Making rude discord.

We would find it just as easy,
In kind tones to speak;
Hasty, cruel words are grievous,
And too sadly, truly prove us
Pitifully weak.

Off a little word, soft spoken,
Falling on the ear,
Throws a passing ray of gladness
O'er the heart darkened with sadness,
And dispels the tear.

Gentle words—they cost so little,
And such power hold
To impart to others pleasure,
Why not greater make their measure
Many thousand fold?

It will make our own hearts richer,
If we will but give
Lavishly to our fellow-man,
Gentle words when'er we can,
While on earth we live.

We are lowly, sinful creatures,
Sadly prone to err;
Yet, if we've blindly gone astray,
And can make amends to-day,
Let us not defer.

If one kindred heart we've wounded,
By a word unkind,
Oh, let us now forgiveness ask,
And make it our most willing task
The sad wound to bind.

There may be less sweet than bitter
In the clip of life;
There may be more thorns than flowers,
Yet, if unbroken love be ours,
We can bear the strife.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

"Quiet, Bess! steady, Fan!"
Jack Trevor gathered the reins more
tightly in his grasp, and touched the
horses with the long circling lash of his
whip.

"Five minutes more will accomplish
the distance if we can maintain this
present rate of speed," he remarked to
his companion who had taken out his
watch and was anxiously consulting its
crystal face.

"And will the place afford shelter
or our party?"

"Shelter?" Jack gave a low whistle,
"Why you could quarter an army in
the old barracks and have room to
pare."

"Five minutes seems but a short pe-
riod," said Laura Decker, glancing
ruefully at her crisp muslin gown with
its dainty garnishing of creamy lace
and blue ribbons; "but the floods will
be upon us in earnest before the expira-
tion of that time."

"Farewell, my love," murmured her
cousin Rattie, pathetically, furling her
sunshade under whose rim of soft pink
silk her bright eyes were wont to peer
out beseechingly. "You cost me a
pretty sum at Schaeffer's, but the ele-
ments will have mercy upon you, my
beauty."

"And my mauve sateen," wailed
stately Miss Johnson, surveying the
said miraculously fashioned garment
with actual tears, that she did not dare
let fall on her delicately tinted cheeks,
for cogent reasons that she fondly im-
agined was known only to herself.

"Are you afraid, Miss Beckwith?"

Lawyer Hunter leaned over and was
looking into the girl's face, thinking
what a strong one it was, with its de-
cided mouth and darkly fringed grey
eyes.

"Afraid? No. Why should I be?"
She spoke a little impatiently and let
her gaze wander back to the great
masses of black clouds that lay piled
above the horizon-like ebon mountains,
the lurid lightning flashing fitfully
above their ragged peaks.

A sudden peal of thunder startled the
horses into a mad gallop, and brought
an hysterical scream to the lips of Miss
Johnson.

"Oh!" cried little Rattie Trevor, un-
der her breath, her face growing very
still and white, and her sunshade slip-
ping unheeded to the yellow straw that
had carpeted the bottom of the roomy
old vehicle.

"Don't shiver so, child."

It was Margaret Beckwith who spoke,
and she turned to the little limp figure,
she quickly divested herself of her long
wrap, and hid crisp muslin, dainty rib-
bons, and all in its voluminous gray
folds.

"But you will take cold yourself,"
remonstrated Lawyer Hunter.

"I am not a tender plant," she re-
sponded, laughingly, touching with one
slim hand the dark blue of her cloth
dress. "I do not attend picnics clad in
gossamer attire when—"

"Eureka! at last!"

It was Jack Trevor's big hearty voice
that rang out, and a moment after he
drew up the foaming horses with a tri-
umphantly flourish of whip and reins.

"Now, ladies!"

Ned Johnson seized Rattie Trevor in
his arms, and sprang up the crumbling
steps of the porch. His stately sister
ascended with more haste than grace,
and just as Lawyer Hunter handed Miss

Beckwith up and followed himself laden
with books and shawls, the pater of
great drops sounded on the roof, and in
a moment the outside world was a mist
of driving rain and rushing wind, be-
fore which the great trees bent like sap-
plings, and the flowers laid their broken
heads on the drenched earth, and looked
up with pitiful tear-wet faces to the an-
gry sky that an hour before had been
blue and smiling as an infant's eyes.

"Open, ye inhospitable doors,"
spouted the irrepressible Jack, striking
the panels with such force that the crazy
latch gave way and the entire
party surged into the wide, musty hall,
from which opened a large, dark par-
lor, sparsely furnished with dingy cur-
tains and a few moth-eaten couches
and chairs.

"Ugh! it's damp and musty," cried
little Rattie Trevor, tip-tilting her dainty
nose in disgust.

"And haunted, too," concluded her
brother Jack, looking at her with sol-
emn eyes.

"Haunted!" Rattie would have
screamed, but her particular cavalier
was examining the dismal prospect from
one of the many diamond-paned win-
dows, and she wisely concluded that it
would be a waste of breath.

"Tell us the story, Jack."

A dozen voices chimed in the re-
quest, and nothing loth, Jack seated
himself on the edge of a faded chintz
sofa, and began in a deep, sepulchral
tone, that accorded well with the
shadows and general mustiness of the
place:

"You may not credit the facts, my
friends, but considerably less than half
a century ago these rooms, now so sil-
ent and deserted, were filled with a
gay company, and jest and dance made
the hours fly merrily enough. The
owner of the old mansion had brought
to its roof a bride, a bonny young
thing, according to tradition, and a
year after an heir appeared to com-
plete their felicity. All went merry as
a marriage bell till the poor young
mother discovered that her liege lord
was given over to an insatiable love for
strong stimulants. Unfortunately, the
shock broke her heart, and one fine
day she died."

"And what became of the others?"

"That is as far as my information,
derived piecemeal from the aged father
of our landlord, extends," concluded
Jack. "I only know that the father
finished his days in disgrace, and died
alone and solitary in this old house,
which is haunted, the superstitious
neighbors aver, by his restless ghost."

Ned Johnson had managed to entice
the fickle Rattie to a seat in the window
that overlooked the tangled, neglected
garden. The others were conversing
in pairs, and Mark Hunter stood alone
and unheeded in the doorway, a heavy
shadow on his face. Meg Beckwith,
looking up from the book whose con-
tents she was carelessly scanning, saw
the shadows, and a sudden look of pitif-
ul intelligence crossed her own.

"Mr. Hunter—Mark," she whis-
pered, crossing the room unnoticed, and
laying one hand on his arm, "I see it
all now. Oh, why did you come
here?"

"How could I foresee this visit?" he
responded, his low tone penetrating no
farther than her attentive ear. "Re-
member that when we left our pretty
picnic ground in Horman's Glade we
expected to return immediately to the
hotel, and not to this abode of dismal
memories, whither the storm has driven
us."

"Ladies," said Mark suddenly, in his
usual everyday voice, "there must be
some quaint old chambers above, to
which you long dusky staircase leads.
Who feels in a mood for exploration?"

"Not I," answered Rattie, happy in
the company of her cavalier.

"Nor I," repeated Miss Johnson,
thinking of dust, spiders, and her
mauve sateen, all in one.

The others were engrossed in Jack
Trevor's nonsense, and Meg, gather-
ing her blue skirts closely about her,
swept them a half-mocking, half-dis-
dainful courtesy from the doorway.

"I am going to lay the ghost," she
announced, and a moment after stood
breathless on the broad landing above,
her arm closely clasped around Mark's
as she looked beyond, half affrighted
at the gloom and dreary silence of the
place.

Hastening her footsteps a little, he
led her into a large low-ceiled room,
barely furnished, like the parlor below,
and opening a wooden shutter, let in
the cold grey of the afternoon's waning
light. Meg's face was in the shadow,
but the few rays that straggled through
the dusty panes fell full upon his coun-
tenance, and a faint flush colored her
cheeks as she noted the eager expres-
sion that rested on it.

Without speaking he drew a letter
from his pocket, and held it toward
her. She glanced at the address, ejacu-
lated the one word, "Phillip," and
without opening it put the missive aside
with a firm hand.

"Nay," he said, and his strong lip
quivered under its covering of dark
hair. "Now that you know all, be
merciful."

"Here in this house which his father
darkened with the dreary shadow of sin
and under which shadow he passed a
portion of his miserable childhood, let
me plead for him."

"Was it so much his fault that he
gave way to the miserable vice inher-
ited from his wretched parent? Remem-
ber, he had no mother to guard his
young footsteps and turn him from sin."

"Once he shocked your pure woman-
hood, but God knows he repented the
deed in sackcloth, and as far as lies in
the strength of weak man he has striven
to overcome his depraved habit. He is
a changed lad. Your influence, he
avers, could wean him still farther from
destruction, and—you love each other."

It was well that he did not see the
blaze of indignation in Meg's eyes, or
he would never have finished his vehe-
ment speech.

"Mark Hunter," she answered, calm-
ly and coldly, for she would have died
sooner than betray the tremor that
shook her frame, "you cannot deceive
me. Have I not seen—do I not know
how you stood by your cousin, day
after day, warning, advising, counsel-
ing, never impatient, very weary, till
you won him back to virtue? He does
not live in his own strength, he exists in
yours. As far as the world goes, you
have achieved a noble action. If you
did for my sake—I cannot thank you."

Mark drew his hands across his brow.

"Your words sound strangely," he
said, with a dreary pathos in his voice.
"I did not expect thanks, but"—with a
second quiver of the mousetache lip, that
manlike he strove desperately to hide—
"but—"

At the sight all the passion in Meg's
strong nature was aroused.

"Because a woman was kind to a
weak lad, who unstable nature ap-
pealed so irresistibly to her strong one,
was it necessary that the purest emo-
tions of her heart must go out to him
also? Why should he have all—wealth,
position, friends, and—mercy?"

Mark's rugged features grew sudden-
ly stern.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Tell me
one thing. Do you love Phillip?"

Meg gave a little gasp at the abrupt-
ness of the question; then her lips took
on the old decided curve.

"I could love no one who proved
himself less than a man," she respon-
ded, and there was honesty, at least, in
her voice.

"Margaret,"—Mark Hunter leaned
forward in the gray light with a half
awed look on his face—"my childhood
was a hard, unlovely one, for I was not
born to wealth, as was my cousin Phi-
lip. I have educated myself by my own
efforts, and have won a position in the
world; but the battle I waged has left
many a scar on heart and brain. An-
swer me one question honestly, even if
the answer add to the burden my life
has already sustained. Could you—
would you—"

Shy Mark, he was stammering and
stuttering like a guilty schoolboy; but
Meg, with a smile that sparkled in the
very depth of her eyes, put her slim
hand in his, and repeated simply:

"I both could and would."

A sudden ray of sunlight shone out
over the drenched earth, and in a trice
dripping boughs and rain-laden grasses
were sparkling diamond-like in its glo-
rious radiance. "Mr. Hunter! Meg!"

It was Rattie who called from the
regions below, and the truant came
down the dusky old staircase much
more slowly than they had ascended.
A second ray from the tiny window fell
athwart them like a blessed omen of
approaching weal.

"Poor Phillip!" Mark said, strug-
gling between a sense of his own hap-
piness and compassion for his cousin's
disappointment.

"But not poor Mark," echoed Meg,
softly, thinking how noble his plain
face looked in the golden glow.

"Where have you been?" questioned
curious Jack, as he stood by the horses'
heads, while the party surged out to
take their places with laugh and jest:
"What have you two been doing all
this time?"

"We have laid the ghost," answered
Mark, gravely—"the ghost of doubt
and misunderstanding that has cast its
shadow over so many lives. I pray
Heaven it may never walk again!"

"Eh?" said uncomprehending Jack,
wondering at the strangeness of the
reply. But even after he and Meg were
happy man and wife Mark never ex-
plained how his life, hitherto so dark,
had at last been illumined by a ray of
sunlight.

A Question in Arithmetic.

Detroit Free Press.

"What are you doing?" asked one
of the spectators.

"Why I have drawn \$600 from the
bank and we are counting it over to
see if it's all right."

"And isn't it?"

"No. I counted fust and made \$610.
Then the old woman counted and made
\$590. Then I counted and made \$620,
and now she's handled the pile and
there's \$585."

"And I am right," said the woman.
"I don't believe it!" he replied. "You
never went to skule a day in your life,
and what do you know about counting?"

"And when did you go to skule?"
she hotly demanded. "If thar's \$600
in that pile I'll eat every dollar of it!"

"I'll count it for you," said one of
the spectators. and in about five min-
utes he announced that the sum was an
even \$600.

A second was asked to count it, and
he made the total the same.

"That's all right," said the old man
as he stuffed the "wad" into his over-
coat pocket and rose up.

"I don't know about that!" added the
wife. "S'spose we git home and find
we are \$20 short?"

"You come along!" he commanded.
"Don't you see that we have both of us
made a show of our ignorance? I'm
a thinking of runnin' for the legislatur',
and you are boss of two sewin' so-
cieties, and here we've went and let
on that we don't know 'nuff to count up
a drove of hogs and make tails tally
with the heads."

Whatever your situation in life may
be, lay down your plans of conduct for
the day. The half hours will glide
smoothly on without crossing or jost-
ling one another.

A man's wisdom is his best friend,
folly his worst enemy.

Man must become wise by his own
experience.

THE FATAL GLASS.

There's danger in the glass. Beware
lest it enslaves; They who have
drained it find, alas! Too often early
graves. It sparkles to allure, With
its rich, ruby light. There is no an-
tidote or cure, Only its course
to fight. It changes men to
brutes; Makes women bow
their heads, Fills homes
with anguish, want, dis-
putes, And takes from
children bread. Then
dash the glass away
And from the
serpent flee,
Drink pure,
cold water
day
by
day,
And
walk
God's footstool free.

ROSA BONHEUR'S CAREER.

How Energy and Devotion Have Made One
of the Greatest Painters.

From Paris Letter in Savannah News.

Rosa Bonheur is now in her sixty-
second year, and still continues, when
health permits, to give her services, as
she has done for years, gratuitously to
the school of design for girls, but it is
her sister that practically conducts that
school now. Mlle. Rosalie Bonheur,
that her schoolmates baptised "Rosa"
for shortness, is rich, as she could ever
name her own price for her paintings,
and the purchasers, almost wholly
English and American, bespeak them
years in advance, as they did Dela-
roche's. Her life was a hard struggle
in its youth-time. A native of Bor-
deaux, she came to Paris with her
father when nine years of age, but he
had to send her and her two brothers
and sister to a boarding school in order
to leave him free to gain a livelihood
as an artist designer.

A fellow-student once told me that
Rosa was one of the "jolliest girls in
the schools"; was unequalled in romps
and ready wit; that she had a habit of
squinting in a corner and designing her
classmates with a rapidity and surety
of touch that Cham only could match.
It was this precocious talent for de-
signing that decided her father to bring
her home and educate her herself.
She became not only his favorite pupil,
but also his housekeeper. But what
energy she had in her teens. She went
alone, during several years, to cattle
markets and central slaughter houses,
to study groups of animals. In order
to avoid the curiosity of drovers, butch-
ers and the peculiar frequenters of the
above places, she adopted masculine
toilets, and in later years forgot to re-
appear in her old clothes. This motive
was comprehensible; not a vagary or
eccentricity, as in the case of George
Sand.

Rosa was eighteen years of age when
she exhibited her first picture at the
salon of 1840. These are two small paint-
ings—rabbits nibbling carrots and tur-
nips. Her sister, Mme. Peyrol, is the
possessor of the pictures and treasures
them as an heirloom. Rosa's second
grief was the death of her teacher and
father in 1849. Love for him and for
art closed her heart for any third affec-
tion, save that of her family. When
dying he begged Rosa to bring him the
last picture she had painted, *Labourage
Livarrais*. She did so, sobbing, to his
bedside. He took her two hands in his
and, endeavoring to smile, died.

In 1853 appeared her celebrated
"Horse Fair," and in 1855, "Haymak-
ing in Auvergne," and in the Luxem-
bourg museum. It was the Empress
Eugenie that not only insisted on Rosa
being decorated with the Legion of
Honor—rarely conferred on the fair
sex—but, having succeeded, pinned the
red ribbon herself on the artist's
breast.

Origin of the Postoffice.

English Illustrated Journal.

The postoffice is an example of the
mode in which things change while
names remain. It was originally the
office which arranged the posts or
places at which, on the great roads,
relays of horses and men could be ob-
tained for the rapid forwarding of gov-
ernment dispatches. There was a chief
postmaster of England many years be-
fore any system of conveyance of pri-
vate letters by the crown was estab-
lished. Such letters were conveyed
either by carriers, who used the same
horses throughout their whole journey,
or by relays of horses maintained by
private individuals, that is, by private
post. The scheme of carrying the cor-
respondence of the public by means of
crown messengers originated in con-
nection with foreign trade. A post-
office for letters to foreign parts was
established "for the benefit of the English
merchants" in the reign of James I.,
but the extension of the system to in-
land letters was left to the succeeding
reign. Charles I., by proclamation issued
in 1636, may be said to have founded
the present postoffice. By this procla-
mation he commanded "his postmaster
of England for foreign parts to settle a
running post or two, to run night and
day between Edinburgh and London,
to go thither and come back again in
six days, and to take with them all such
letters as shall be directed to any post-
town in or near that road." Neighbor-
ing towns, such as Lincoln and Hull,
were to be linked on to this main route,
and posts on similar principles were di-
rected to be established on other great
highways, such as those to Chester and
Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So
far no monopoly was claimed, but two
years later a second proclamation for-
bade the carriage of letters by any

messengers except those of the king's
postmaster-general, and thus the pres-
ent system was inaugurated. The
monopoly thus claimed, though no
doubt devised by the king to enhance
the royal power and to bring money
into the exchequer, was adopted by
Cromwell and his parliament, one main
advantage in their eyes being that the
carriage of correspondence by the gov-
ernment would afford "the best means
to discover and prevent any dangerous
and wicked designs against the com-
monwealth." The opportunity of an
extensive violation of letters, espe-
cially if they proceeded from suspected
royalists, was no doubt an attractive
bait; and it is rather amusing to see
how the tables were thus turned on the
monarchical party, by means of one of
the sovereign's own acts of aggression.
However, from one motive or another,
royalists and parliamentarians agreed
in the establishment of a state post,
and the institution has come down
without a break from the days of
Charles I. to our own.

The Champion Liar.

Fourchekeeps Eagle.

There was a panic in front of the
stove. The dog while fast asleep had
changed his position, rolling over on
the cat, and the latter having dabbed
him on the nose, the canine jumped in
his fright and upset a half-gallon can of
molasses, just as the store door opened
and in walked the champion liar of the
town.

"Hello!" said the boy on the herring
box. "Jake, I'll bet yer he ain't in
here two minits before you'll hear the
biggest lie as ever was told."

The champion liar stamped the snow
from his cowhide boots, removed his
tipper, ran his nose along his arm, and
setting his hat on the back of his head
saluted the group about the stove with
"Cussed cold out, hain't it?" Then
there was silence for a moment, and he
continued, "Been skatin'; 'tain't very
good, but the darndest thing happened
down by the Dan Skammer ye ever
heard."

Each "sitter" around the stove
hunched each other, and there was a
chorus of "What was it?"

"B'gosh, it beats everything," was
the newcomer's response. "Yer all
know Nubbins, the bark peeler, don't
yer?"

There was a general nodding of heads
and "hunching," and the newcomer
continued:

"Well, say, he's gone and gone and
done it, and don't you forgit it. I tell
you, say, that there feller was skatin'
right along as nice as could be when he
dropped into an air hole, b'gosh, right
off the Skammer. Well, say, the tide
was runnin' ebb strong, an' you know
what an ebb tide is off there, don't yer?
Well, say, Nubbins went down with
the current under the ice, an' I know'd
he was gone, so did everybody. We
all gin him up, but do you know he's
down to the storehouse now dryin' his
close?"

Grand chorus of "Oh, here get out!"
—"Come off!"—"Wat yer givin' us!"
etc.

"Yes, sir, b'gosh, he's there sure.
Why, that there feller went down with
the tide under the ice for a mile an'
a half till he come to 'nother air hole,
where he riz, an' ketchin on the edge
of the ice, pulled himself up an' skated
back. Now, that there old Nubbins—"
"You git out o' here," put in the
store keeper. "Nubbins died a year
ago last April, an' you was one of the
carriers."

There was a snickering in the group
about the stove, and as some one said,
"it's dinner time," the store was quick-
ly vacated.

The Omaha Indian Lands.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 9,
1884.—I am in receipt of numerous let-
ters of inquiry regarding the sale of the
lands of the Omaha Indian reservation.
As the matter is one of general interest
I transmit the following copy of a let-
ter just received from the general land
office.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES F. MANDERSON,
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1884.
Hon. Charles F. Manderson, United
States Senate:

SIR—I have the honor to acknowl-
edge the receipt by reference from the
honorable commissioner of Indian affairs
of your letter of the 20th ult., rela-
tive to the Omaha Indian lands in Ne-
braska. In reply I have to state that
the exact date when that portion of the
reservation which was authorized to be
sold, under the provisions of the act
of August 7, 1882, will be opened to set-
tlement, has not yet been fixed. Under
date of November 20, 1883, the honora-
ble secretary of the interior directed
this office to prepare the form of procla-
mation provided for by the above-
mentioned act, and to submit the same
for department action, on or about the
first of April next.

These lands will be so'd to actual set-
tlers only at the appraised valuation,
and on the following terms as to pay-
ments, viz: "One-third of the price of
said land to become due and payable
one year from the date of entry, one-
third in two years, and one-third in
three years from said date, with inter-
est at the rate of five per centum per
annum.

Settlement must be made on these
lands before a person is qualified, under
the law, to make an entry of the same.
Very respectfully,
L. HARRISON,
Acting Commissioner.

Eccentricity is often used as high-
sounding title for a fool.
Luck is first lieutenant in the com-
pany of Captain Success.