THE ADVERTISER.

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HOME.

WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

Paint me no picture, artist,
Of landscapes, birds or flowers;
Paint me no twilight scenes of lore,
Nor grand nor massive towers.

Paint me no Alpine scenery,
Neither blue Italian skies,
But paint me, instead, I pray thee,
The blue of my father's eyes.

Paint me no saintly Madonnas,
Paint me no womanly grace;
But paint me, oh! paint me, artist,
The lines of my mother's face.

And paint, nay in New England,
Beneath the low drooping trees,
In shade of the murmuring forests,
In sound of the mountain breeze,

A low brick house, and humble,
And there right beside its door,
The sweet, old-fashioned white roses,
And the woodbine climbing o'er.

The door yard smooth and grassy,
The apple trees all in blow,
And the dear, quaint, wide old garden,
With its seed beds in a row.

And paint it true, good artist,
Ah, paint ye it strictly true,
Put on the trees no brighter green,
On the flowers no deeper hue.

Sing me no songs, oh masters,
That ye find in time-worn books,
But sing me the songs everlasting,
Of the glad and joyous brooks.

And ripple them over the meadows,
Follow them under the hill,
Blend them with sighs of the pine tree
And the wild, wild wood-bird's trill.

And soften them, good master,
With the patter of the rain,
As it fell in days of childhood,
So soft on my window pane.

Then from the dim old forest,
Catch an echo deep and long,
To weave with thine other fancies,
Oh master, into my song!

And when the sun is sinking,
Way beyond the purple hills,
And the mystic cloud of twilight,
My heart and memory fills,

I'll sing them o'er, good master,
While the stars their vigils keep,
Till I fall 'way in to dreamland,
And murmur them on in my sleep.

THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

BY AN EX-ARMY SURGEON.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman, of perhaps 40—evidently a citizen of the village, and resident of the handsome but unpretentious dwelling-house in front of which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied; "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me."

"You shall be welcome here, if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a greatful heart and a sinple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who although I had not even known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose a foe to the cause I represented—a rebel to the government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and a brother.

"You are very kind," I said, "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."

"I am glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from the letter on your hat band that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to it."

By this time I had been led into the family room—a most cheerful room. A beechwood fire blazed and glowed upon the hearth; a bright carpet with warm colors covered the room; an old fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left, and a bureau of the same rich wood faced it on the other side of the room, and in one cornar a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall-sweeper, counted off the seconds with stately precision, and sounded the knell of the dying hours in the solemn monotone. Easy-chairs stood back against the farther wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while the others were grouped about the cheerful fire, and these, as we entered were occupied by persons whose faces I could never have forgotten had I seen them but for a moment, and which are now photographed upon my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in this group, a venerable old gentleman, a white-haired, matronly and kindly-faced old lady, and a golden-haired, blue-eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, else how should these people be so appropriately named? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the brightest and richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lilian.

I beg the reader's pardon—I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, or when, how or where all this happened.

My name is Alden; a lineal descendant I am from John and Priscilla Alden, whose romantic history you have doubtless read in poetry if not in prose. My ancestors had gone west almost a century ago, hence those provincial prejudices so characteristic of those descendants of the Mayflower party who still cling to the crags of Plymouth rock had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower-bespangled grave on the boundless prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was January, 1862. Place, southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnoissance in force, with a view to feeling of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donaldson.

A cold pitiless rain had pelted us all day and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary, and almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and pitch tents for the night, a large number of officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed also, but my professional duties detained me for sometime, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting-room floors had been pre-empted.

It was while sadly wending my way back to camp that I had the rare good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt as if chilled to the marrow of my bones and the center of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and donned a suit of his clothes, while he sent my own by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up near the fire, and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a brief but very eloquent temperance speech. He said:

"You northerners have peculiar notions about the use of liquor, at least some of you have. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. We southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but, believing that punch is a good medicine for a man who has been drenched by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples in the matter, we shall respect them, and at once send the bowl from the room."

"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is the abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."

At the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lilian handed them around. When each of the gentlemen had been supplied with full and foaming beakers, and the ladies with smaller ones, only part full, the father said to the son, "Give a toast, Walter—one suited to the occasion."

The doctor complied by saying:

"May the acquaintance begun tonight ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear; and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence."

"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, "and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply:

May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades,
And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades."

A reverend and fervent amen burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of the good wife, and tears stood in the blue eyes of the beautiful Lilian, and the long silken lashes that curtained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like the dew-laden willow fringe that hides from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.

Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed them into a large old-fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining room. It was a most cheerful and home like place; the table, which stood in the centre of the uncarpeted floor, presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for some days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs, and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter, and coffee with real cream, constituted the bill of fare. It was ample and I did full justice to it.

The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of 11, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought of weariness, and indeed I uttered but the simple truth in saying that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good-fellowship to restore the wasted energies of the body as well as the spirit. So we sat another—a brief, a delicious hour—and then the good-nights were said, and I retired to sleep and dream: The blue-eyed Lilian formed the web, and horrid battle-scenes the woof of my visions. The beautiful girl had hardly uttered a dozen words during the evening, but she had been a most eloquent auditor. She had sat almost directly opposite me, and my eyes rested upon her face as I addressed other members of the group, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response from her heaven-tinted orbs; nor was there the least embarrassment in this, for her countenance bore such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.

In my dream a bloody battle was raging. My ears were filled with the boom of cannon, the crash of small arms, the scream of shell, and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me. A groan reached my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier in gray uniform, with a lieutenant's strap upon his shoulders, lay upon the ground, with his head resting upon the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, sad but musical said, "Oh! I am so glad it is you; you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded." Those eyes, that voice; could I be mistaken? No, it was Lilian, and the wounded young officer was her brother, What joy, what happiness to be able to serve her; aye, perhaps save the life of her brother—the son of my friend.

A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dreams remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality. I could not but believe that it was a presentiment, and, although I kept it locked in my heart as a sad, though cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lilian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So, just as I was on the point of leaving, I said, "Miss Lilian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and if I should it would prove my passport to his friendship." "I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness, if you could." "Most gladly would I, both for his own sake and as a reward, in part, for the great kindness that I experienced at the generous house of his family."

The young lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking likeness to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and cherished it. I wore it constantly in an inner pocket of my vest. The stirring scenes intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my mind.

The battle of Shiloh had been fought, and during the whole of it my mind reverted to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse I could not risist, I wandered out upon the battlefield at midnight. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead faces were those that I had seen in my dream. A groan—aye, the same groan I had heard on that ever-memorable night of January, 1862. I hurried to the side of the poor fellow from whose agonized lips it came. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with his right hand he was striving to check the flow of blood from a gunshot wound in his left breast.

A glance told me I had found the son of my friend—the brother of Lilian. Fortunately, I had with me the means of stopping the flow of the blood; also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done at once, when, with a faint voice and difficult articulation, he said: "You have saved my life, and I thank you."

"You owe me no thanks, lieutenant; I should be an ingrate, did I not serve, to the utmost of my ability, the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter, Lilian."

"Is this a dream? How—where did you know my father and sister?"

"Be calm, my near friend; I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you and serve you."

In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and vigilantly did I watch by his side until morning came. He had lost much blood and his wound was painful, but not especially dangerous; hence he recovered rapidly, and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told him the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvelous dream which had prompted me to ask for the picture was rehearsed: "Doctor," he said, as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment given you by my angel mother. It was she, and not my sister, you saw holding my head on her lap. Lilian is marvelously like her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."

"At least, in a dream," I added, pleasantly.

"Yes, or by moonlight, in the waking hours. But please don't try to break my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular."

"It has," I responded, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."

I told the story to Gen. M., and it softened his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home, it was readily granted.

The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long-absent son with his loving grandparents, father and sister, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.

My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair, and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that rivaled the ripening pomegranate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was that all I had to gladden my bachelor heart. The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again, and then she would gladly go with me to my northern home as my wife."

I have only to add that she is looking over my shoulder as I write, and trying to convince me that the public (meaning you, dear reader) will laugh at me for being so silly as to tell how I was captured by a rebel girl, and at her for being so easily converted from her secesh sentiments to unwavering loyalty to the union.

Railroading in Winter.

From the New York Sun.

During the recent cold weather the traveling public has been loud in its complaints about the delay of trains on the railroads. Even when there was no obstruction of the tracks by snow or otherwise it has been remarked that the trains are uniformly run at such a slow pace as to try the patience of passengers. If travelers who are thus annoyed knew the reason of this caution—and they can sometimes learn it from a quiet talk with the conductor—they would cease their grumbling about the delay. The truth is that railroad employes are far more apprehensive of accidents during cold weather than the traveling public. They know the number of broken rails and broken wheels that are daily occurring on the best built and best managed railroads, but which are carefully concealed from the traveling public. They may not be able to fully explain the action of extreme cold weather upon the tracks, wheels and running gear of railroads, but they know the fact and appreciate the danger of high speed when the thermometer is thirty or forty degrees below the freezing point It is a fact, which inquiry at the proper source of information will establish, that there have been more broken rails, broken wheels and connecting-rods on the railroads of the northern states during the last six weeks than have occurred during the summer months during the last five years. The only wonder is that there have not been more serious accidents—a fact that may be attributed to the caution which comes from knowledge, and which should receive the commendations instead of the complaints of travelers.

An Important Corporal.

It is related that during the American revolution the corporal of a little company was giving orders to those under him relative to a piece of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing.

The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the non-commissioned officer why he did not take hold and render a little aid!

The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said: "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was finished, turning to the corporal, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck! It was none other than Washington who thus addressed him.

A watchmaker of Copenhagen has constructed a clock that needs no winding up. It is kept going constantly by means of an electric current, that operates on the spring and maintains an unvarying and permanent state of tension. Attention to the electric battery once or twice a year is all that is necessary to keep the clock in motion for an indefinite time.

Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted when substance is wanted.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

THIRTY-FOUR years of constantly increasing use have established a reputation for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup second to no similar preparation. It relieves instantly and cures all Coughs, Colds, etc.

WHO KILLED GEN. CUSTER.

Rain-in-the-Face Declaring that He did It, and is Glad of It.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* has received the following from a special correspondent at Miles City, Montana:

"I witnessed an accident to-day which brought to mind the events of the campaign which was opened against the Indians in Montana by Gen. Terry on June 21, 1876, and which culminated in the death of Gen. Custer and the annihilation of his band on the 25th. While the command of Gen. Terry was at the mouth of the Rosebud river, in June, 1876, it was decided, after a consultation, that Gen. Custer should move up the Rosebud until he came into an Indian trail discovered by Maj. Reno a few days previous. His instructions were to take with him his entire regiment, and on striking the trail he was to leave his scouts to follow it, it being supposed to lead to the Little Big Horn, while with his engineers he should make a detour to the south, regulating the distance so as to reach the Little Big Horn at the same time and form a junction with Gen. Gibbon. This would also prevent the Indians from slipping in between him and the mountains. Gen. Custer refused to take Gibbon's cavalry or a battery of gattling guns with him, which he was urged to do, he preferring to depend on his own regiment. After following the Rosebud for twenty miles, he found the trail, and, instead of carrying out his instructions, he followed the trail until he came to the Little Big Horn and found a large Indian village. Taking five companies of 315 men and fifteen officers, he attempted to enter the village lower down, while Major Reno, with three companies, was to charge up the valley from the point where the trail entered the village. The result was that General Custer was overpowered and his command annihilated, while Major Reno was forced on to a side hill and besieged by the Indians, until he was relieved by General Gibbon's troops. The Indians fled from the valley on their approach, and it was not until then that the fate of General Custer was fully known. From that day to this there has been a sort of mystery hanging over the tragedy of the Little Big Horn. Not a man of General Custer's band escaped to tell the story of its fate, and the historian had no other source from which to fill the page than the horrible imaginings which clustered around the dead and mutilated bodies of the gallant commander and his troops.

"While I was in the merchandising house of Mr. J. J. Graham, at Fort Keogh, three Indian chiefs—Rain-in-the-face, Two-roads and Spotted Eagle—who surrendered to General Miles last spring, came in, as was their custom, to converse with Mr. Wm. Courtney, the chief clerk and interpreter of the establishment. Mr. Courtney was reading Whittaker's 'Life of Custer,' and in turning the leaves of the book one of the Indians caught sight of his own picture, which he immediately recognized. They then took the volume from Mr. Courtney and found all their portraits, but exhibited little emotion of pleasure or otherwise until one of them turned a page and the picture of General Custer was revealed. At this Rain-in-the-face became greatly excited, going through with all the gyrations of the war dance, and giving the Sioux war-whoop at the top of his voice. After he was through with his wild demonstration, but still exhibiting the greatest anger, he struck the picture with his hand, and with a demoniacal sneer on his face, said in the Sioux tongue:

"'I killed him. I made many holes in him. He once took my liberty; I took his life.'

"On being told by a bystander that Tom Custer was still living, Rain-in-the-face became very violent, and hissed between his teeth: 'Your tongue is forked,' which is the Sioux figure for 'you lie.' Continuing he said:

"'I visited his body after the battle. I cut him open. I am glad I killed him. He was bad to my people. He killed many warriors.'"

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

The worst enemies of Christianity are not its open foes, but its weak and cowardly friends.

Open your heart; open it without measure, that God and his love may enter without measure.

You may depend upon it that enthusiasm is a liberal education for a Christian; I mean nothing makes a man so quick-sighted and intelligent in the service of God as enthusiasm.

A life consecrated to Christ is not a life separated from the world's joys and sorrows, but a life lifted above these and fixed upon a hope which the happiness or grief of life cannot shake or even touch.

Truth is the nursing mother of genius. No man can be absolutely true to himself, chewing cant, compromise, servile intimation and complaisance, without becoming original; for there is in every creature a fountain of life which, if not choked back with stones and other rubbish, will create a fresh atmosphere and bring to life fresh beauty.

Jesus is peculiarly tender to the broken hearted and those whom temptations and afflictions have almost crushed, like the bruised reed, and will by no means break them. He encourages the first beginnings of holy desires in the young convert, and revives the almost expiring spark in the baffled and backsliding believer; though it be only as the offensive smoke from the stalks of the flax when it does not break forth into a flame. We should learn to copy his example.

Long years ago a fern leaf grew in a deep valley. No eye ever saw its beauty, and it fell at last into the earth, and sank away, and was lost. Surely, no record ever was made of its life and story. But the other day a man of science, with hammer in hand, was peering into the mysteries of nature, and breaking a rock, there lay, in perfect outline, the whole delicate traces of the little fern leaf. After lying thousands of years in the darkness, lost and forgotten, it came forth to be looked at by admiring eyes. In like manner obscure lives drop away and are forgotten, but in like manner, also, will they reappear. No smallest deed done for Christ shall be forgotten.

Care of the Ear.

Scientific American.

Only the softest material and gentlest pressure should be used in cleaning the ear. In a recent clinical lecture Dr. Wilson gives in popular form, some very useful and practical information touching the removal of ear wax. If the ticking of a watch can be heard at the distance of twenty-eight inches the hearing is good. Each ear should be tested separately. Noises in the head, sometimes ringing, frequently are due to hardened wax in the ear. Sudden deafness is sometimes caused as follows: A small mass of wax from ill health or uncleanliness, becomes hard. A continued secretion of wax then blocks up the ear tube still more. An injudicious attempt is then made to remove the wax, introducing, perhaps, a match and a pinhead, or penholder, which instead of removing, pushes down the wax and packs it against the tympanum; or by sudden draught, or the act of swallowing the wax is suddenly pressed upon the membrane, and loss of hearing immediately results because the membrane can no longer vibrate. The removal of the wax is in some cases, especially those of long standing, somewhat difficult, but with gentle treatment and patience may be finally accomplished and the hearing fully restored. The best means for removing wax, when not badly compacted, are half a drachm of sodium carbonate, dissolved in an ounce of water, applied lightly, by means of a bit of absorbient cotton or sponge attached to a suitable handle. When the wax is much compacted it may be softened by means of water, quite warm, and a syringe.

The Course of True Love.

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed with emotion by the just uttered discourse, and her eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he had shivered impatiently, with a burning heart palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents.

After a few moments' hesitating silence, he said:

"Jane, we have known each other long. You must know how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—Oh, Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—Oh, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes but he pulled her up in haste, and went on:

"Yes; just as I said, clear down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hope. That love has helped me to stand and face—thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember you just said a love that helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—this pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sacque between the shoulders and raised her to her feet, as one would raise a kitten from a pail of water by the slack of the neck. Then he said, with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love, and to hear those whispers—whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he came down like a capital V, with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand, and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!"

"Oh, my precious! And thus it shall be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assualts of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat down together. They had nearly reached the gate, and hand in hand, and with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front door-steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushions of the parlor sofa.

He Knew She Did.

As the morning train over the Detroit, Lansing and Northern pulled up at Howell the other day, a nice-looking old grandma got aboard with her satchel and settled down for a comfortable ride. A Detroiter was of some assistance to her in getting seated, and he presently asked:

"Going on a visit?"

"Yes, I'm going down to Plymouth to see my darter," she answered. "They've writ and writ for me to come, but I thought I should never get started."

"Left the old man at home, I suppose."

"Yes, William thought he'd better stay and see to the things at home."

"Did you have plenty of time to get ready?"

"Oh, yes. I've been gettin' ready for two weeks?"

"Sure you didn't forget anything?"

"I know I didn't, I packed things up one at a time, and I know they are all here."

"And you left everything all right around the house?"

"Yes."

"Your old man knows where to find the tea and sugar and salt does he?"

"Yes. I took him through the buttery the very last thing and pinted out to him where everything was."

"Well, now," continued the man. I'm certain that you overlooked something."

"Mercy on me! but what do you mean?" she gasped.

"Did you bring along your spectacles?"

"Yes—here they are."

"Did you hang up a clean towel for him?"

"Yes."

"And put the dish cloth where he can find it?"

"Yes."

"And rolled up his night shirt and put it under his pillow?"

"Yes."

"And was everything all right about the cook-stove?"

"Marcy! marcy on me! Stop these kyars this blessed minute!" she exclaimed, as she tried to reach her feet. "I just remember now that I put the knives and forks in the oven to dry out and shut the door on 'em! He'll never think to look in there, and he'll build up a big fire and roast every handle off before I git to Plymouth."

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill will become well—that which appears wrong, right; for "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

A stranger in Galveston asked an old resident how malarial fever could be distinguished from yellow fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, "you can't tell till you have tried it. If you ain't alive, then it is most likely yellow fever."

They eat monkey-cutlets in Brazil.

It Acts Sure and Safe.

The celebrated remedy Kidney-Wort can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either case. See adv.

CONCERNING BEDROOMS.

Their Proper Ventilation and the Effect Upon Their Occupants.

Sophy Winthrop in the Christian Union.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas of Larnedville.

"Nothing was the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible headaches." Every morning she waked with a headache, and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Riding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good.

"Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad and were left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor.

"On my right side, at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou. likes the front best."

"The dickens she does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel that bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week and then let me know about the headache?"

Doctors are so absurd! The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the two other sides, and the mantle with its Macrame lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood in the corner.

Never mind! Sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor—"just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had fresh air on both sides, and the headaches disappeared.

It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be reduced to actual headache by breathing all night the reflected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dullness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to everybody.

In visiting three or four newly-built and handsome houses recently, the lack of a good place for the bed was the most striking feature of the bedrooms. Some of these rooms were finished in shining mahogany, ebony or walnut. Some were hung with rich modern tapestry. All were elegant and a few were airy. But in the most of the best of them, where was the bed to stand? A bay window, perhaps, would occupy the middle of one side, another window another, a door another, a mantelpiece another.

The English Bar.

Richard Grant White in March Atlantic.

It is a characteristic distinction that at the Inns of Court men are "called to the bar" after a certain probation, while in the United States they are, upon examination, "admitted to practice" in the courts. The former mode is a voluntary act of grace by which the benchers ask a man to become one of their fraternity; the latter is in the nature of the recognition of a right upon the fulfillment of certain conditions. A barrister's profession in England is nominally of an honorary character, and his fee is an *honorarium*, which cannot be sued for at law as an attorney's costs may. Practically, however, a barrister's services of course are paid for like any other professional services, and the professional incomes of many successful English barristers are very large. Law is the noblest of all professions in England. It takes men into parliament; it makes them peers and lord chancellors. I did not have the good fortune of seeing any of the great courts in session, for my visit was in the long vacation; but I saw a criminal cause tried in one of the minor courts in Liverpool, and was much interested in the proceedings. First of all, I was struck by the costume of the judge and the barristers, whose wigs and gowns gave them an air of dignity and authority well suited to their functions and not without its practical value. The wigs, indeed, did seem somewhat ridiculous, because of their absurd likeness and unlikeness to the natural covering of the head. The judge's wig was the least grotesque. It was quite like the large bob wig worn by all gentlemen in the latter part of the last century,—much like that, for example, represented in Dr. Johnson's portraits. But the barrister's wig is certainly the queerest covering that was ever put upon a human head. The gown gives dignity to the figure and grace to the action; but I found it difficult to look at the wigs without laughing. Behind and at the sides there hang four little formal, isolated curls in double rows, so unlike anything human, and yet so plainly an imitation of curled and powdered human hair, that they would seem like caricature, if they did not, in their bald artificiality, pass all bounds of caricature. I spoke of their absurdity to a friend who was at the bar, and said that, while the gown seemed worthy of reverence and admiration, I wondered why the ridiculous little wigs were not discarded. "Discard wigs!" was his reply. "Why, we couldn't get on without them. I couldn't try a cause without my wig. I should feel as if I had no right in court; as if the judge would be justified in taking no notice of me; and as if the witnesses had me at their mercy, instead of me having them at mine. I shouldn't dare to cross-question a witness without my wig." "In other words," I said, "your wig gives you an authoritative position which enables you to bamboozle a witness." "Why, yes," he answered, smiling, "that's pretty much it, if you choose to put it so."

At Home Now.

"Why, how do you keep your plants looking so well?" asked a lady at whose house she was visiting. "You seem not to be troubled with parasites or plant lice, while mine are covered with them. How do you keep them away?"

"Well, I don't know: I don't pay any particular attention to them; I rather attribute their absence to the fact that this is George's favorite place to sit and enjoy his pipe in the evening; I think the smoke kills the vermin."

"But good heavens," exclained the visitor in astonishment, "you surely don't allow your husband to smoke in the sitting roon?"

"I don't know as there is any 'allowing' about it," quietly responded the hostess. "It was George's money that furnished the room, and I don't see why he should not have a right to use it. If he chooses to smoke here, I see no reason to find fault."

"But what do people who come in for an evening call say to find the room full of tobacco smoke? A great many people can't bear the smell of it, you know."

"Well, if they don't like it, they needn't come," answered the independent little housekeeper. "George and I fitted up this room for our own comfort, and I should rather a hundred fold have him sit here in the evening and smoke, than be forced like some husbands I know of, to go to the tavern or grocery store to enjoy the pipe which they feel they need almost as much as they do their meals. I have his company, and he is contented, which repays me for any sacrifice I may make in the matter. Perhaps I may be a little radical, but I believe husbands have some rights in the home circle which wives ought to respect. My husband can enjoy his pipe and his paper here, and I am repaid by having the parasites kept from my plants, and also by the knowledge that he is not exposed to the temptation to indulge in something stronger at the tavern, or the saloon."

"There is a good deal of truth in what you say. I never looked at it in that light before," answered the visitor. And then she added: "I think I'll try your experiment. Sam has got a habit of spending his evenings out. He lights his pipe after supper, starts out, and does not return before 10 o'clock. He never offers to smoke in the house, having heard me say that I abhor the habit. To-night I'll astonish him by inviting him into the sitting room and offering him a cigar." And the lady took her leave with the light of a new revelation upon her face.

That night Sam's partners waited for him to take his regular hand at "High, Low, Jack," but waited in vain. Sam spends his evenings at home now.

Lost Children.

When we speak of our little ones who have been called away from our earthly homes to the better land, why do we say, "the children we have lost?" Invariably do we hear the little ones, whose vacant chairs stand around our fireside, spoken of as lost children. Rather should we say, our rescued little ones—our saved darlings. Have they not been called within the pearly gate, where sin, pain, sorrow and death never come? Their tiny feet can never stray outside of the golden city. The children who are left us may wander into paths of temptation and sorrow—they may occasion many hours of anxiety and many tears, but the little children who have been gathered in among the redeemed ones, who left us in their purity and innocence, will always be pure—no taint of sin will tarnish their infant souls.

When the darkness gathers around us at night, and we tremble for the boys who are outside of the home walls, liable to all the temptations that the cover of night throws about them, we need have no fear for the loved children who have been rescued from a world of sin. There is no night in that bright land where they dwell—always "bright, eternal noon." The angel feet of our children above will not stray outside the gates of purity and happiness. Our children who have gone to heaven never grow old. Leigh Hunt says, with truth, that those who have lost an infant are never without an infant child. They are the persons, who, in one sense, retain it always.

Our children who are left to us on earth grow up; they suffer all the changes of mortality. They leave the parental roof, scatter in different parts of the world, and the children never come back to us again. But the father and mother, when age has crept over them, know that for them the little one who went to heaven so long ago, are children still; that the time is not far off when they shall meet the little ones where partings never come. The words of Ainsworth are beautiful. He says: "The little boy who died so long ago is an eternal child. His parting looks, with heaven shining full upon his brow—the beauty that the heart grew warm beholding, remains untouched by time, even as the unrent sky that lets the wanderer in."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said our blessed Saviour. What a large proportion of the dwellers in heaven must be little children! How happy are they, living in the light of the smile of the blessed One. "I know Jesus smiled when he was on earth," said a dear little girl, "because when he said, 'Suffer the children to come unto me,' they would not have gone to him in such numbers had he not smiled when he said it." The faith of a child is unquestioned. "Don't cry when I am gone, mamma," said a little one, a few hours before she left her earthly home, "I am going up, up above all the worlds, to live with Jesus forever. He loves little children, and he will be, O, so kind and good to me. I never will have to be sick and suffer pain when I get where he is." Precious child! What a release to be free from suffering forever!

When we talk of our little ones who are gone to the peaceful land, we will not speak of them any more as the children we have lost, but as children who have been lovingly gathered into the arms of our Father in heaven, and saved to us by our children in the eternal world.

They are not lost, but gone before,
"They shall be mine." O, lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that he gives;
He calls them by their names, he knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as he lives.

The Use of Tea.

The following hints concerning the use of tea may prove useful: 1. Whosoever uses tea should do so in great moderation. 2. It should form a part of the meal but never be taken before eating, between meals, or on an empty stomach, as is too frequently done. 3. The best time to take tea is after a hearty meal. 4. Those who suffer with weak nerves never take it at all. 5. Those who are troubled with inability to sleep at nights should not use tea, or if they do, take it in the morning. 6. Brain-workers should never goad on their brains to overwork on the stimulus of tea. 7. Children and the young should never use tea. 8. The overworked and underfed should never use tea. 9. Tea should never be drunk very strong. 10. It is better with considerable milk and sugar. 11. Its use should at once be abandoned when harm comes from it. 12. Multitudes of diseases come from the excessive use of tea, and for this reason those who cannot use it without going to excess should not use it at all.

Analogies in Nature.

The cocoanut is, in many respects, like the human skull, although it closely resembles the skull of the monkey. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of the skeleton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost the exact representation of the brain.

Plums and black cherries resemble the human eyes; almonds and some other nuts resemble the different varieties of the human nose, and an open oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear.

The shape of almost any man's body may be found in the various kinds of mammoth pumpkins. The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub willows and growing celery.

The German turnip and the egg-plant resemble the human heart. There are other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. The forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use may be traced back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow, the butterfly the ordinary hinge; the toad stool the umbrella; the duck the ship; the fungus growth on trees the ordinary bracket. Anyone desiring to prove the oneness of the earthly system will find the resemblance in nature an amusing study, to say the least.

Three girls to one boy are born in Mexico.

A CROSS BABY.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as