THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.,

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SAVED.

The wind is spent and the gale is past,
And the morning sun shines forth at last;
It shines on a strip of yellow sand,
And a good ship sinking in sight of land.

Over her deck and her battered side
Lazily washes the ebbing tide;
Out of the struggle and deadly strife,
Lo! nothing saved but a baby life.

A wee, frail thing is the one poor waif,
A wee, frail thing to be sound and safe;
But all forgotten its brief alarms;
It gayly crows in the stranger arms.

A sailor looks at the little form—
"Tis a tiny craft to have stemmed the storm!"
He sighs a bit as he bends him low,
And his thoughts fly back to the long ago.

Just such a babe on his young wife's breast,
With clinging fingers his own caressed;
Just such another—but where is he?
Wrecked on the voyage of life, may be.

Is this but spared that in years to come
It may drift away from its Heavenly home?
The baby laughs as his boy once did;
Ah! will it be so? Nay, God forbid!

The sailor's hand has a gentle touch
For the sake of the lad he loved so much;
And soft from his lips are the words that fall:
"God bless the children—God keep them all!"
—*Sheltering Arms.*

THE LEGEND OF GHOST LANE.

You see, away back in 1791, or along there somewhere, there lived a maiden in Saint Andrews, a beautiful Canadian named Pemigewaset McKirchenthumbach, the loveliest flower that ever grew in the sunshine and showers of Charlotte County, chaste as Diana, true as Penelope; the violets paled in the blue of her eyes and pearls sold for second choice in the pools when she smiled; ivory white was her broad, high brow, for she didn't comb her bangs down into her eyes like the foretop of a Shetland pony, and the semi-occasional fogs of her native land kept down the freckles and cleared away the tan.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

And her "arrowy hand" was dimpled and fair and soft. She wore good clothes and moved in the highest circles; she embroidered her own number 1½ moccasins, and was the belle of the singing-school. Her father owned more acres of spruce and pine lands than he could count in a month; he could get out enough ship's knees in a day to build a United States navy and two schooners; he had an abiding faith that the Megantic Railroad would make Saint Andrews its tide-water terminus, and he carried a hat full of preferred stock in that colossal enterprise, and was rich and proud. He sat in the best pew in the church, and responded louder and contributed smaller than any other member of the congregation, and possessed all the other ear marks of a wealthy man.

One day a man named Michilimachinac—Pierrepont T. Michilimachinac, came down from the up-river country with a load of pelts. He was a mighty hunter and every year he captured, by trapping, shooting and swindling the untutored Indians out of them for a keg of rum, enough furs to control the market, and he was a growing monopoly. He wore a plug hat and a shirt that buttoned behind and hung his watch chain outside his coat. He was mashed on Pemigewasset in the first inning. He was a lonely man he said. He took her hand in his, and said he wanted some fair maiden to go with him and stay in the north woods about nine months in the year and help him skin beaver and mink and otter and fox, and certain varieties of cats and bears, and cook for him and help him to bamboozle the Indians out of their pelts, and pack the furs for him and help him down the river with them. Would she fly with him?

She shook her wealth of silken hair and told the hunter he was away off his base, and she would see him fur-der before she'd go.

Straightway the Michilimachinac led her to her father, and told the umpire that he had been put out on a foul.

The old man bent his brows upon the rebellious girl.

"You'd otter have him," he said.

"What fur?" replied the maiden.

"Because it would be very gratifying to me," said her papa.

"I cannot bear to think of it," she said.

"But you are very dear to me," put in the lover.

"That's where the gazelle comes in," sighed the maiden. "I'm afraid you're lion to me.

"Make 'ermine," the lover said.

And the old man said he would and called for some mink and paper to draw up the settlement. But Pemigewasset simply said:

"Thou art so near and yet so fur," and left the room.

There was another. A youthful sailor man, with a straw hat and wide trousers and a broad collar with anchors worked on it in white thread and lovely yacht club buttons, George Augustus Saskatchewan. He was a daisy. He played on the mouth organ and danced the racket divinely. Knew all the new songs of the street, got $900 a year and spent every cent of it on his clothes.

And when the old man found out where the previous attachment existed:

There was a
Circus.
The irascible parent
Grabbed
George Augustus by the
Collar,
And the slack of the
Leggins
And lifted
Him
Clear out of
His boots.
And he
Set the dog
On him, and
Chased him down
The front path,
And banged him through
The gate
And howled and
Yelled after him and
Told the
"Goggle-eyed,
Empty-headed,
Long-legged,
Turkey-trodden,
Clam-eating,
Beer-guzzling,
Billiard-playing
Son of a
Sculpin,
To keep away from
There."
And then he sought his
Daughter.
And scolded and
Coaxed and
Threatened and
Bribed and
Commanded and
Stormed and
Raved and
Roared and
Ramped up and down
The house.
But the brave girl
Stuck
To George,
And said if the
Old man
Didn't like George, he
Needn't marry him.
But as for
Her,
She was his
Hairpin—
Or words to that effect—
And that was
The kind of a
Girl
She was.

And inasmuch as it was not pleasant for George to visit Pemigewasset at the house, as he didn't feel able to feed her father's dog three times a week out of his scanty salary and sensitive legs, these devoted young people used to wander clear out to this lane and meet when the moon was full, and, when it was gibbous, and when it was half, and when it waned into the last quarter, and when there wasn't even enough moon to excuse a gas company. They sat in the shadow of the silent rock, or they clambered up on its broad old summit and ate gum-drops and talked of the stars, and planned a quiet little wedding in the cathedral of Fredericton and a modest little trip to Niagara and Chicago, and out to Colorado and the mountains. And he held her in his strong arms while she cried and sobbed over her troubles with pa, and they talked all the sweet nonsense that young people are very liable to talk in the lonely night, out under the listening stars, and in the shadow of a most discreet and silent old bowlder. And together they sang old love songs that the hemlocks bent to hear, and their stolen hours at their woodland tryst were full to overflowing with truth and the tenderness of their love; so full that sometimes they could not speak, but could only sit and hold each other's hands, soft and dimpled, and strong and manly, while their thoughts dreamed out of their eyes.

And so one night, while he bent his head to gaze into the happy face that was nestled against his breast, and laid his hand softly against the dimpled cheek to press it yet more closely to his heart that throbbed beneath it, there was a moving shadow by the rock that was not cast by the waving hemlocks, a stifled hiss of a breath that was not the sighing wind of the night, the cold cruel glitter of steel in the starlight, and the heart throbbing so warmly beneath the cheek of the girl was still, and she held her lover in her arms only to see the love light in his dear eyes die out in the glassy stare of death. Only the gloomy aisles of the forest and the rocky caves of the mountain called back her screams of anguish in melancholy echoes, and a mocking laugh from a voice she knew and hated jarred on her soul.

It appears that the rejected rival, Pierrepont T. Michilimachinac, had taken a bowie-knife two inches wide and a foot and a half long, and tapped George for laudable pus, penetrating the perihelion at the base of the cardiac apothegm by a lateral incision, bearing sou'west half west through the metacarpal phalanges in apogee with the base of the fifth rib. The operation was highly successful and the Coroner was notified the same evening.

The treacherous Michilimachinac fled to the north woods, and in the following month ate himself up with a wild bear, and the Indians gobbled up all his skins. Pemigewasset got her to a nunnery, and followed her lover to the summer land in a few months. The stern parent, having bit off a little more Megantic stock than he could masticate, went on 'Change to unload one day and got caught on a falling market and was skinned alive.

And to this day when the bell in the castle tolls the hour of midnight, two ghostly figures wander down the lane with the skating-rink-glide affected by ghosts, and, in the shadow of this rock, the lady ghost on her bended knees lifts her clasped hands in the passionate eloquence of a voiceless appeal to the glittering stars, while her shadowy figure bends above the prostrate phantom stretched before her, staining the crushed ferns with the crimson current of a life.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, in a talk to ministers at the Northfield convocation recently gave them the following advice: "Don't talk by the yard."

How to Kill a Mosquito.

To kill a mosquito requires a combination of strategy and tactics. There must be the mind to conceive and the nerve to execute. There must be a rapidity of movement and promptness of action. In fact, it takes a high degree of military skill to kill a mosquito. Of course, no person ever tries to kill a mosquito in the air; or on the wing. This has been done, but it is always attended by a great outlay of muscular effort and some danger. It is estimated that for every mosquito killed on the wing there are 17,063 inefficient passes or blows. Each one of the passes or blows represent a certain amount of wasted muscular effort—enough, probably, to raise a weight of eleven tons through three feet in a minute, or if converted into heat, enough to melt three quarts of brass buttons in a quarter of an hour. Besides the powder thus wasted by striking at mosquitoes in midair and missing them, a person is very apt to wrench his frame or injure himself in some way. A very estimable gentleman of this city hurt himself so badly this way some three years ago that he has not been able since to put up a stove-pipe or even carry water on wash day. A lady in a neighboring town made a dash at a flying mosquito last summer, while sitting near a second-story window, and with such force that missing the mosquito she was precipitated out of the window, and only escaped serious injury by falling in the branches of a peach tree which, by the way, has not borne any fruit since. It is plain, therefore, that it is not safe to attack mosquitoes while they are on the wing and in their native element, as it were.

The way to kill a mosquito is to wait till he lights, and then still hunt him. The operator should keep perfectly quiet until the mosquito unlimbers and goes into action. In other words, wait till he has commenced boring. The instant that he strikes blood is the time to strike him. At that instant he is wholly absorbed in filling his stomach, and is partially intoxicated by the first taste of blood. At this juncture bring the hand slowly and cautiously over the little brute, and, without moving the part of the body where he is operating, bring the hand within about four inches and a half of him. This is a critical moment. If the hand is brought too close the enemy scents impending danger and flies away. If the blow is delivered slowly he escapes by a flank movement. When the hand is within the required distance, summon all the strength and energy of your nature, throw your whole soul into the effort, and come down on the enemy with crushing force. If he is there when your hand reaches the objective point, the chances are that he will be overwhelmed and destroyed. If he is not, then you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done the best thing possible under the circumstances, and deserve success even if you did not achieve it.—*Indianapolis Times.*

The Man With the Crayon.

Shortly after dinner yesterday a man who was coming down Jefferson Avenue with a framed crayon under his arm was met by an acquaintance, who said:

"Ah! ha! Been to the auction-rooms, eh? Crayon of a female, eh? Who the deuce is it? Looks like the head cook in a lumber camp. Going to hang it in the barn, I suppose? Well, so long."

Half a block further down he met another man, who began:

"Whew! but I didn't know as you cared for pictures. Let's see it. Well, I'll be hanged!"

"What's the matter?"

"Matter! Why, it's the worst-looking picture I ever saw. If you bought that you must have wanted the frame pretty bad. Say, it's a bad give away on you to carry such a picture as that around."

The next man who halted him was more quiet.

"Picture, eh?"

"Yes."

"Crayon, I see. It isn't a picture of your grandmother?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, I am free to say that it is one of the ugliest faces I ever saw worked up by an artist. Good day, my friend."

The owner of the picture was plodding along with a serious look in his eyes, when some one called him, and he halted.

"What ye got?" asked the man, as he came up.

"A crayon."

"Let's see. There—hold it there. Say, old fellow—"

"I wish to observe," said the owner of the picture, "that this is a crayon of my wife!"

"Your wife—ah—yes—alters the case—tra-la!" and he went off at a trot, while the other hired a boy for twenty-five cents to carry the picture the rest of the way home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Food for Rattlesnakes.

A lady in Houtzdale communicates the following remarkable story to her parents in this place: A Swede miner of that place on Sunday last went upon the mountain to gather whortleberries. Not returning home in due time search was made for him, when he was found dead, with innumerable rattlesnakes fastened to and feeding upon his body. The searching party had much difficulty in dislodging the snakes so as to recover the body, and then only succeeded after building a fire around them and the free use of firearms. The man in the search of berries had evidently invaded one of the haunts of these dangerous reptiles, who usually gather in mass to chosen localities, and fell a victim to their united assaults.—*Altoona (Pa.) Evening Call.*

Youths' Department.

THE PROUD BANTAM.

There lived a bantam rooster on a farm not far away,
So haughty and puffed up, as I have heard the neighbors say,
That from morning until evening he would strut the country round,
And crow aloud self-praises as he stepped along the ground:
"I'm Chanticleer Grandissimo, my pedigree is fine,
Oh, who can show as yellow claws or such a comb as mine?
Where some have one tail feather, I am proudly waving two,
And I have an extra doodle to my Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The other roosters in the barn-yard talked the matter o'er,
The little upstart really was becoming quite a bore.
At last a handsome game-cock volunteered to take the case;
"It's time," he said, "the creature should be taught to know his place;
It goes against the grain, my friends, to whip a thing so small,
But since it's for our peace of mind, why—duty first of all!"
And hardly had these sentiments escaped the noble bird
Than up came little Bantie, with his haughty, scornful word.

The handsome game-cock's feathers glistened golden in the light;
Loud cried the tiny rooster, in his coat of snowy white,
"Just step aside and let your betters pass, I'll thank you, sirs!"
"We've all a right here," mild replied the owner of the spurs.
Oh, then the Bantam tiptoed round: "What's that I heard you say?
I'm Chanticleer Grandissimo!"—ah! in the dust he lay.
Above him stood the game-cock, like a giant in his might,
And round him all the other fowls rejoicing in his fright.

And while he still lay, giddy, with his dainty claws in air,
He was forced to hear a lecture from the other, then and there;
And, greatly to the credit of the silly little bird,
He changed his manner afterward and heeded every word.
"My name is Cock-a-doodle Small," he meekly learned to say,
He minded his own business, nor got in others' way.
So in our world we sometimes find Grandissimos, and all
Would do well to recall the fate of Cock-a-doodle Small.
—*C. L. Burnham, in Wide-Awake.*

WHAT GOT INTO JOHNNY.

"What has got into Johnny?" asked Grandmother Harding, as she sat down beside the stocking basket.

"Why, what do you notice about him?" asked her daughter, moving to and fro as she picked up the breakfast dishes.

"Oh, I don't know, except that he used to be such a little chatterbox, and now he skercely answers a body when you speak. Besides, ther's an anxious expression on his face, and he seems reading things in his bread and milk, and gits away from folks. My mind's oneasy."

"He's growing more of a boy, that's the reason, more quiet and thoughtful, I hope. I notice he often has a book in his hand."

"What sort of books?" asked grandma, who could recite whole pages of "Watts' Hymns," and had the old "New England Primer" at her tongue's end, besides being able to place any text in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, only give her time.

"Oh, good enough. I guess the boys lends 'em to him; brings home a stack at a time a'most. You can't be always running after a boy like Johnny. I'm rather glad he likes reading—keeps him out of the way, like."

Grandmother looked dubious.

"Depends on what he reads," she said, and went on with her darning—a pair of Johnny's red stockings out at knee as well as heel.

Meantime what had got into Johnny?

The brightest visions that were ever heard or read of. Grottos of pearl, mountains of gold, rocks of crystal, gateways of precious stones, the palaces of Kings, the romance and the glory of adventure. No wonder Johnny was lost in dreams; that he never heard when the baby cried, or his mother called him. No wonder he thought the old farm-house about the meanest, prosiest place; the same things over and over; cows to milk, shoes to brush, wood to split and school to attend, no matter what the weather was.

Gradually the desire to see these glorious things took possession of Johnny's mind. He stared at the fire longer than ever, and answered granny's questions with a vacant nod. He hardly knew that the baby was crying when that abused innocent demanded his services, and he upset and broke so much that his life was embittered by the scoldings and whippings he got from day to day.

"I ain't a-going to bear it," muttered Johnny. "I'll go off like Alexander Le Baron, who went away just my age with a bundle on a stick, and came back twenty years after with millions of money and made everybody he knew rich."

Johnny made up his mind at last, after a great deal of thinking, that he would leave home to seek his fortune. Most of the heroes in his books had started early to see the world; why shouldn't he?

Johnny's books were generally slyly put under his pillow, and were read at night as long as the candle, which he also concealed, would hold out. One of these, "The Bandit's Bride," was a great favorite, as it described caverns where treasures of gold and silver were hidden, and made the bloodthirsty hero a marvel of intelligence, a chief of great ability and an accomplished gentleman. This was the book that led him at last to the determination to seek his fortune. He had a ten-dollar gold piece that his uncle had given him, and which he had saved with the laudable desire of purchasing a house some day. He took no one in his confidence, though he did talk the matter over to his nearest neighbor, a charming, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little body of eight summers, putting himself in the third person.

"What should you think?" he would ask, "of a boy who should travel off, you know, and see awfully grand sights, and go to foreign places, and get rich, and come home and buy up lots of houses and marry somebody?"

And Bessy Lee, listening, entranced, said she thought it would be *splendid*, and never wearied of talking about the fabulous adventurer.

One morning nobody answered to the call of "Johnny! Johnny!" The cocks had done crowing, the cows were waiting to be milked, the baby had kicked his stockings off, and screamed till he was purple in his efforts to waken his lagging brother. There was no response from Johnny. His bed was found untouched, save by the "Bandit's Bride," which he had left on the pillow. The boy's best clothes were gone, and a note on the bureau read as follows:

"Gud by, muther, greny, pa and the Baby. I hav konkluded to go away. When I cum back I shall B growed a Mann! and will bring you lots of munny. Kepe a gud heart. I mene to B a grate travellor.
"Yures, Johnny."

His mother sat down and cried as if her heart would break for her pretty, curly-headed boy, but his father threw back his head and laughed.

"The young scoundrel!" he said. I wish I had known it. A good rope's ending would have set him all right. I didn't think the little fellow had so much grit in him. Now don't you worry, mother; he's got two hundred and seventy miles to walk to the nighest sea-port town."

"But he's got ten dollars," sobbed the mother.

"No, he ain't. I took that out and put a bogus piece in the box some time ago. I put it in the bank for him. So he'll find out 'fore long that that's no good."

"O, Lisha, how could you?" moaned Johnny's mother.

"I know—'twas kinder mean, but I never thought the lad would want to use it. Now don't you feel bad. Let the young man have the benefit of his experience. It'll do him good. Nobody'll harm him, and he's not goin' to starve on the road. Let him travel. Won't he be glad to git back agin—that's all?"

Two days passed. Johnny's mother cried herself almost blind, but Johnny's father and the baby behaved like stoics. The baby contemplated its toes, when it was not crying, with an air of complacency. Johnny's father—nobody knew what he felt inwardly, but outwardly he was as calm as a summer lake, and never went further than the end of his own acres to see if the boy was coming back.

"He'll stop at his Aunt Sady's," he said to his wife, "and she'll send him home."

He was right. The third day a soiled and bedraggled specimen of boy forlornness came limping along the path that led to the farm-house. His mother saw him first, and, throwing the baby in granny's lap, just flew down the road.

There wasn't much said, but a good deal of hugging and kissing was going on when Johnny's father appeared on the scene.

"Well, sir, what you want to complete the cure is a good flogging," he said in his sternest voice, but his lips trembled, and there was something suspiciously like a tear standing in his eyes.

"Come here, you young rascal!" he called; and while the mother silently dried her eyes with the corner of her apron, he took the boy up and squeezed him a little.

Poor Johnny's head fell on his father's shoulder, and before they got to the house he was fast asleep.

When he awoke on the following morning in his own bed, never had he listened to sweeter music than the old familiar crow. It wasn't the least trouble to do all his chores. The baby behaved like an angel, and granny was all smiles. Little Bessy came to see him, nobody taunted him about his experience, and he came to the conclusion that home was about as good a place for a ten-year-old youngster as had thus far been invented.—*Youth's Companion.*

Forests and Water Courses.

The rapidity with which our forests are disappearing, while scarcely an effort is being made by either the General or the State Governments to replace those that are cut down, naturally excites the apprehensions of all who understand what important factors trees are in the economy of nature. At a meeting in a Western city some time ago of gentlemen interested in the lumber trade figures were adduced to show that at the present rate of consumption and destruction the forests of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin will have given out in less than a quarter of a century. The question is one of the highest importance, and we are glad to see that it was one of the themes of discussion by the scientific gathering that lately met in Cincinnati. Prof. Thompson, of that city, pointed out that there is a close connection between forests and water courses, and that the disappearance of the great timber tracts in a country invariably leads to a decreased depth in its rivers. The most remarkable illustration of this fact is furnished by Palestine, where the smaller streams are drying up. The Danube, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Mississippi rivers are all said to be much shallower now than formerly, and the scientific explanation is that which we have given. Tree planting is encouraged in some of the States, but in so weak and half hearted a way that really very little is done in the matter. For every tree cut down at least two should be planted.—*N. Y. Herald.*