

# THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.,

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## THE ANGLER'S CONFESSION.

I've angled in many waters,  
On many a summer's day,  
By many a murmuring river,  
In many a tangled way.  
And the voice of the brook has never  
Lost its pathos and charm for me,  
As it ripples and runs forever  
To its home in the mighty sea.

Those were the days the angler,  
In the flush of innocent youth,  
Told all his simple story,  
Told nothing but the truth:  
I fished the stream near the mill-dam  
Hour after hour in vain;  
I've not a trout in my basket,  
To-morrow I'll try it again.

But now, alas! this bosom  
Is shockingly changed; I fear  
I've learned to lie, like others,  
In the angling months of the year.  
Fishing? I rather think so,  
A hundred in half a day—  
Two pounders and strong—such monsters,  
Each took me an hour to play.

I've learned to lie like others,  
I've gone to the stream and found  
A small boy fishing before me;  
Then prone on the pleasant ground  
I've lain, and slumbered, and bid him  
Call me when he had caught  
Just enough to fill my basket,  
And thus my fish were bought.

Then over my nose, clean stockings  
I've pastored the river mud,  
And the sleeves of my angling jacket  
I've smeared with the fishes' blood,  
And strooled to the ferry landing  
With a weary look in my eye.  
Then, reveling for days succeeding  
In one long, luxurious lie.

How I lie from the massive bowler,  
How I wear the turban and hood,  
How in one pool four and twenty  
Specieled beauties I took.  
Men may rave of the joys of angling,  
But let them not despise  
The pure, the aesthetic pleasure  
That dwells in such angling lies.  
—*Faust and Stream.*

## LIVING LANTERNS.

A delicate, minute speck of jelly, one of countless thousands like itself in the Southern seas, borne by the current, is forced against the bottom. Most delicate things thus roughly stranded would go to pieces, but, strange to say, this fragile-looking speck seems to gain new life from its contact with the earth. It grows, throws out minute arms that move to and fro in the tide; it seizes and absorbs the lime-salts of the water, and finally builds up into and around its jelly-like body a frame-work of stone, a perfect house, and becomes a coral polyp. This, in turn, increases, buds, adds to itself, ever growing upward, until the family-house has become oval in shape, ten feet wide, and the abode of over five million single polyps. By this time, other such family-houses have been growing close by in the same fashion, a sort of living polyp village, if we may so express it, and as sand and mud are washed against all of them, the whole mass gradually rears itself until it nears the surface of the sea, and is known as a coral reef.

Now comes floating along a seed, cigar-shaped, standing upright in the water like the bob of a fishing-line. Several little roots form the sinker, while from the top two small leaves appear. By chance the long seed strands upon the coral reef, and, like the coral egg, it, too, gains new life from seeming disaster. The rootlets bury themselves in the soil, winding around the coral, spreading like arms. The mud and sand wash against it, bracing it up; the leaves at the top grow into limbs, and presto! we have a mangrove tree growing upon a coral island; it grows, and bears seeds that in turn drop and float off to help build others.

In this way much of Florida has grown, and the same work is going on unceasingly, resulting in the numberless keys that are creeping out into the gulf—the advance guards of our coral State.

While growing, these island trees are the homes of a host of animals; the gnarled roots forming arches and halls of quaint design. Beautiful shells called Cyprias crawl upon them, and at high tide those curious relatives of the crabs—the barnacles—fasten themselves to the trees, and as the water goes down they are left hanging high and dry, like fruit. When they were first observed, years ago, the finders believed they grew upon the trees, and that from them young birds were hatched!

Thus we see how Nature builds up some of her islands; but you may well be surprised that these often are illuminated by wonderful living lanterns of various kinds—things that, while lighting the shoals and the sea about them, seem to have plans of their own. We drift along these shoals in our boat on the darkest nights, and the water seems a mass of blazing fluid; waving flames encompass the bow, and every movement of the oar seems to kindle innumerable fires into life. Globes of dim light, like submerged moons, pass and re-pass each other in the greater depths, while smaller lights, like stars, are scattered far and near. These lanterns of the sea are really jelly-fishes and myriads of microscopic animals with power to emit this peculiar light. Besides these, we see above the water bright, luminous spots, now moving up and down, and casting a reflection upon the water. Rowing carefully nearer, a dim, ghostly form is seen behind the light, and finally the cause appears—a beautiful heron, on whose breast the soft light glows. It is a very extended belief among sportsmen and other observers, that this is a provision of nature to facilitate the action of the bird in fishing at night. Its long legs allow it to wade out from the coral key, and there, standing still and watchful, it is said to show the luminous spot. The pale light is reflected upon the water, and excites the curiosity of the fishes,

which the patient bird is well prepared to transfix with his long and slender bill.

If we should examine one of these queer night-hunting birds, the feathers about the spot that appears so luminous would be found covered with a thick, yellow powder, that is readily brushed off.

Another wonderful living lantern is the Pyrosoma, meaning "Fire-body." It is, in reality, a colony of many thousands of animals that build, jointly, a house sometimes five feet long, and shaped like a hollow cylinder open at one end. Each tenant has two doors, a back and front. From the front door, on the outside of the cylinder, it draws in water, extracts the food from it, and throws it out at the back door into the inside of the cylinder. So many individuals doing this, naturally a current is created out of the open end, which forces the whole assemblage along. A fatty substance, secreted by them, glows with a wonderful brilliancy, lighting up the water beneath for twenty feet, and people sitting in the cabin-window of a vessel have been able to read from the gleams that came from them. Humboldt, in speaking of some he observed, says:

"Only imagine the superb spectacle which we enjoyed when, in the evening, from six to eleven o'clock, a continuous band of those living globes of fire passed near our vessel. With the light which they diffused we could distinguish, at a depth of fifteen feet, the individuals of *Thynnus*, *Pelamys* and *Sardin* (fishes), which followed us these several weeks, notwithstanding the great celerity with which we have sailed. Enveloped in a flame of bright phosphorescent light, and gleaming with a greenish luster, these creatures, seen at night in vast shoals, upward of a mile in breadth, and stretching out till lost in the distance, present a spectacle the glory of which may be easily imagined. The vessel, as it cleaves the gleaming mass, throws up strong flashes of light, as if plowing through liquid fire, which illuminates the hull, the sails, and the ropes with a strange, unearthly radiance."

In the European seas, a fish is found that may be said to serve as a light-ship to its fellows. It is about seven inches long, with pearly dots upon its sides, while on the head appears a luminous spot that shines with clear, silvery light, and when the water is alive with phosphorescent, microscopic animals, they seem to follow him as he darts away, moving in streams of living flame.

In the warm countries, innumerable insects and plants light up the night with their splendor. Some of the beetles create a light of wonderful brilliancy; and we learn in history that when the Spaniards were marching on the Mexican Capital they were panic-stricken by the appearance of what seemed to be the lights of an immense army rushing to and fro, and advancing upon them; but they proved to be beetles, or fire-flies, of the genus *Elatr*.

If we watch the marigolds, sun-flowers and oriental poppies of our gardens in the dusk of summer evenings, curious fitful flashes appear at times playing upon the plants.

In some caves, a curious fungus grows, that gleams with a ghostly, lambent light, startling in its intensity. In Brazil a vine is found that, when crushed at night, gives out a stream of phosphorescent light; and many other plants and animals could be mentioned that possess this wonderful power, fitly earning for them the title of living lamps and lanterns.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

## Benefits of a Classical Education.

By a recent change in the curriculum of the Milwaukee High School, Greek has been dropped from the studies, though Latin is still retained, and a city paper regards the dropping of Greek as a mistake. We think so, too. Years ago we held old foggy notions upon educational matters, and thought that English ought to be taught in the public schools. It seemed to us that as English was the language of the country and the English sciences the only ones used in business, it would not do children any particular harm to teach them a little English occasionally—not too much, so that it would interfere with their Greek, Latin, painting, drawing and dancing, but enough so they could buy two yards of factory cloth at eight cents a yard and feel satisfied in their minds that it came to ten cents. We were running a little country paper at that time, and work as hard as ever we might we could not make any money, and we could not account for it. One day we dropped in to a school examination, where Latin was being peeled off in great flakes, and Greek was being talked like a man filling a circular saw. We saw at once where we were making our life a failure and wasting our energies, and we returned to the office, resolved to remedy the defect. We opened on the public the next week with plenty of Latin and Greek, and the effect was wonderful. The public had been suffering for just that kind of thing and the edition was exhausted. Subscriptions began to pour in from all quarters; we enlarged the paper and came to Milwaukee, still crowding its columns with Latin and Greek. The public knows the rest. Money has flowed in upon us so that we have to keep a man with a splint broom at the door to sweep it back. This is what Latin and Greek has done for us, and we can truthfully say that we had rather see a boy able to write a beautiful essay in Greek, any time, than to see him hanged for horse-stealing. It is more creditable to him.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

—The English Wesleyan Conference has authorized the use of the revised New Testament in the church catechisms.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Baptist Home Missionary Society wants to raise \$500,000 as a jubilee offering to mark its semi-centennial year. Some of the rich Baptists favor the project.

—The Southern Baptists are building a church at Torre Pellice, Italy, all of stone. It is nearly roofed, and already begins to attract attention and advertise the principles of the church.

—The discontinuance of Sunday trains on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railroad shows its good effect in the increased attendance of the employees at divine service.

—A Japanese editor who conducted a paper at Osaka went to England to study English civilization. He there became a Christian, and was baptized. The editor who took his place has become a Christian, too.

—The Rev. John A. Kem, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Alexandria, Va., has had a telephonic attachment fitted up to his pulpit, by means of which he preaches regularly to an invalid member at some distance away. The communication is complete, and the lady hears the sermon distinctly and every part of the service as well.

—Editions of the Japanese New Testament have been published in six different forms, and three books of the minor prophets have also been issued in the Japanese language. New portions of the Scriptures are in progress in various Chinese dialects, and the revision in India of the Tslugu Scriptures has made good progress. Versions of the Gospels and Acts in the Ponape and Zulu languages have been finished, and all in the last year.

—Church pews date back a good long time. In early Anglo-Saxon days a stone bench running round the inside of the sacred edifice was all the accommodation people had, and in 1319 we read of worshippers sitting on the ground. Then three-legged stools were brought by those who came from a distance, and wooden seats followed. In 1387 persons attending service were forbidden to wrangle for seats, and no one might appropriate one. In 1530 appropriation was allowed, and in 1614 we read of pews high enough to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans when it was a punishable offense to stand at the name of Jesus.

## Atmosphere of the Table.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon a household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person he went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments expressed there. A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children.

I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in his best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely-dressed ladies who are polite to him. To the inviting table, where there should always be something attractive, however simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. It is really worth while, and, when philosophically considered, is a matter of great importance to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of hard work done before and to be done after the meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at the time. The habit of brooding over our work, and exhausting ourselves by going all over it in our minds, is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing that takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity.

Everybody knows that food digests better when in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer away from him as it gave him the dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to the children that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table.

It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unwaveringly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get a share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word that is not kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they usually receive.

—The carrier-pigeon has a good memory, and never forgets the inflection of its joint trainers—man and instinct—to "call around the first chance you get." One was sent from New York City to Waltham, Mass., when four months old. There it mated in a wired inclosure and raised young. Last July, after a year of imprisonment, it was let out and made a bee line for its old New York home.

## Youths' Department.

### NOBODY.

"Nobody" b'oke it: It cracked itself,  
It was clear 'way up on the topmost shelf,  
I—p'rhaps the kitty-cat knows!"  
Says poor little Ned,  
With his ears as red  
As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody" lost it! I carefully  
Put my cap just where it ought to be  
(No, 'tish' behind the door,  
And it went and hid,  
Why, of course it did,  
For I've hunted an hour or more.

"Nobody" tore it! You know things will  
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone still!  
I was just jumping over the fence—  
There's some spikes on top,  
And you have to drop  
Before you can half commence."

Nobody! wretched Sir Nobody!  
Playing such tricks on my children three!  
If I but set eyes on you,  
You should find what you've lost!  
But that to my cost,  
I never am like to do.  
—Annet F. Barnham, in *Wide Awake*.

### HOW TO TAKE CARE OF.

There is something harder to learn, and more difficult to put in practice, than taking care of the sick, and that is, being taken care of when you are sick yourself. Kind and devoted nurses sometimes prove to be selfish and exacting invalids.

It will be some years before the younger readers of *St. Nicholas* are intrusted with the care of others; but every number finds many of them laid aside from "books, and work, and healthful play," trying their best, let us hope, not to be impatient patients. No directions can make sick days short and pleasant; but, as they have to be borne, every one wants to form those habits which will make the burden as light as possible to themselves and others.

You may as well make up your mind at once that there is no charm which can make it easy. There is no royal way to get through measles or mumps, and even children in palaces must find sick days drag by slowly. The only way to make life in a sick-room endurable is to remember, first and last, and always, that no amount of grumbling and complaining can take away pain. The thing to be done is to lift the burden as cheerfully as you can, and bear it with patience. Do not imagine that talking of your troubles will do any good. Every one who has had experience knows how hard it is to be ill, and those who are so fortunate as to have had no such experience will not realize your sufferings any the more if you describe every detail.

In the first place, always remember that it is not pleasant nor easy work to take care of sick people, and if you do the best you can, you will still tax the strength and patience of your friends very much.

Do not be exacting about little things, and make as little trouble as you can, and try to be grateful for everything which is meant as a kindness.

Children are often tempted to be fretful when they are ill. A petulant "Don't!" or "I don't want that!" tires a nurse more than an hour's watching. Do not expect your friends to take it for granted that you appreciate the many steps which they take in your behalf, without any expression of gratitude from you.

Just think how you would dislike to be called away from all your usual employments, to occupy your time in running up and down stairs on errands. How would you like to read aloud when you wanted to go out? or leave your own dinner to grow cold while you carried the silver upstairs, lest the tea and toast should not be at their best? I presume you would be willing to do it, but wouldn't it be easier and pleasanter if met by a cordial acknowledgment of your kindness, instead of by a silent acquiescence? Let the ready expression of appreciation of small favors become the habit of your life, and then you will not have to make an effort to be grateful for the services which others render you when you are ill.

When you feel as *Glory McQuirk* did, when she used to say, "Lots of good times, and I ain't in 'em," remember that you are only taking your turn out. Nobody goes through life without illness, and instead of feeling jealous of your friends who are well and able to enjoy more than you can, try to be happy in their happiness.

This is very hard, sometimes; but if you cannot feel just as you ought, you can at least keep from putting your envious thoughts into complaining words. It is bad enough to be sick, without being ill-natured, too. Some invalids have learned the secret of being a help instead of a burden, their happy, patient ways making the sick-room the pleasantest place in the home. It was often said of one of these bright examples: "Helen is always so cheerful that it is impossible to realize that there is an invalid in the house."

There is another dear little friend of mine, who has lain for years in constant pain with spinal disease, who yet has courage to say: "Don't be very sorry for me, because I have so many things to make me happy, and I don't mind not being able to walk, because I have always been ill." She shortens the wakeful nights by repeating poetry from her memory, which she calls her "night library." How much happier for her and for her friends than if she spent those tedious hours in thinking of her own sufferings!

The lesson of instant obedience to rightful authority ought to be learned when one is well, for when illness comes, life or death often hangs upon the habits learned long before.

"Perhaps I have done wrong, doctor," said the mother of a self-willed daughter, "but Amy was so unwilling

to take the medicine which you ordered, that I did not give it to her."

The physician gravely replied: "Madam, you have done very wrong." When the little girl's death proved his words true, the mother realized what a dreadful alternative it is to choose between the two risks, of neglecting a needed remedy, or putting a sick child into a passion, by enforcing an obedience to which it is unaccustomed.

Do not allow yourself to think that you are the only person in the world who does not feel perfectly comfortable and happy. It is a very bad idea to try to make yourself the center around which the whole household must revolve. People fall into this fault before they know it; so be watchful lest, when you get well, you find that a crop of selfish habits has sprung up within you to crowd out the flowers.

The tediousness of the time of convalescence may be alleviated by some simple employment of the hands, such as cutting out pictures for a scrap-book, or sorting letters, or re-arranging some of your small belongings. It is a good time, too, for a little quiet thinking, only be sure that your thoughts are not too much about yourself or your own pleasures. Remember what favors you have received from different people, and see if you can not think of something pleasant to do for them in return. Plan your Christmas presents for your friends, and make a list of them, to refer to when you are better, and able to work. It is difficult to lay down rules for these things, because tastes differ, and what would amuse one would tire another. Some people would like to work out puzzles, or would be entertained by games of solitaire. Almost any light employment is better than listless idleness, or being constantly dependent upon others for amusement.

It is impossible to go into every detail, but if you will be careful, the next time you are sick, to see how little trouble you can make for others, and how appreciative you can be of their services, these few hints will not have been given in vain.—*Susan Anna Brown, in St. Nicholas.*

### A London Parrot.

Not long since, a lady in London owned a remarkable parrot. Any one hearing the bird laugh could not help laughing too, especially when in the midst of it she would cry out: "Don't make me laugh so, I shall die, I shall!" and would then continue laughing more violently than before.

Her crying and sobbing were very curious, and if her owner said: "Poor Polly! what is the matter?" she replied: "So bad, so bad; got such a cold!" and after crying for some time, she would gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say: "Better now," and begin to laugh. If any one happened to cough or sneeze, she would say: "What a cold!"

One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Polly looked up, and said quite plainly: "No, I did not!"

She could call the cat very plainly, saying: "Puss! puss!" and then answer: "Mew!" but the most amusing part was that whenever we wanted to make her call it, and to that purpose said: "Puss! puss!" she always answered: "Mew," till the person began mewling, then she would begin calling puss as quickly as possible.

She imitated every kind of noise, and barked so naturally that she often set all the dogs on the parade near by barking; and the consternation caused in a party of cocks and hens by her crowing and clucking was the most ludicrous thing possible.

She could sing quite like a child, and people more than once thought it was a human being. And it was most ludicrous to hear her make what we should call a false note, and then say: "Oh, la!" and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key.

She often performed a kind of exercise which her owner described as the lance exhibition. She would put one claw behind her, first on one side, and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and while doing so, kept saying: "Come on! come on!" and when finished, said: "Bravo! beautiful!" and then drew herself up.

Once when asked where the servants had gone, to the astonishment and almost dismay of her owner, she replied: "Down-stairs."—*Youths' Companion.*

—For novelty in advertising a New York cigarette manufacturer is entitled to the cake, if a cake is offered for enterprise in this line. He has leased a triangle of ground in-losed by the tracks of the main line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, the New York branch of the same road and the Long Branch Railroad. He proposes to let out space in this plot to other advertisers, who shall agree to erect grotesque objects there. He has himself had constructed a fac simile of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park. It is of wood, covered with oilcloth, on which the hieroglyphics have been painted, and it is of exactly the same size as the genuine obelisk. Within a week he has made a contract with a firm who have agreed to build two bottles, each of nearly the size of the obelisk, to advertise a temperance drink. Another firm has agreed to erect a monstrous bull in imitation of its trade mark.

—The sick room should be kept clean and dry; no curtains, no valances, no soiled clothes hanging about, no dusty carpet. Neither vessels of water nor bottles of medicine should be left standing about. An open fire is number one among the blessings of a sick room.