

THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.

TWO VISIONS.

Where close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve and hue
Reflected in its placid face.

The plowman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swiftness thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his hazy dreams;
The travelers, bestrid and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the jovious mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The plowman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
H steady plow, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind,
Where life there is keen to sight and sound,
With plows and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever seeks its brightest rays,
Upon the path we do not know!

—Agnes M. Macdon, in Century Magazine.

A COMMON STORY ABOUT COMMON FOLK.

"Here's a piece of good news, Sally," cried Tom Leveret to his wife, as he ran into the tiny kitchen where the neat tea-table was ready spread. "I'm to be foreman at the shop, and my wages are more than double after the first of the month."

"Well, that is good news, Tom," cried Sally, radiant with pleasure as she set the dish of ham and eggs before her husband, and poured out his tea. "But it's no more than you deserve, if I do say it. I was saying to Martha Decker, when she was giving me the new pattern for your shirts yesterday: 'Martha,' says I, 'it isn't to be expected but what Tom's employers will see his value before long; and from what I hear they do already.'"

"Well, I have put my shoulder to the wheel," said Tom. "It's not my way to loaf; and now we can begin to save for a rainy day."

"Yes; and you won't want me to stitch shirt bosoms for old Mr. Isaacs, now you are foreman," said Sally.

"I never did expect it. 'Twas your own thought, Sally," said Tom.

Sally had been able to make four dollars a week by stitching shirt bosoms at odd times, and it had been her fund for her own dress, and nice things for the children. But that evening she took in the last of her sewing, and said to old Mr. Isaacs:

"I sha'n't need to sew any more; my husband is made foreman at the shop."

"That's good," said the shirtmaker, as he took her little bundle and counted out her pay. "That's good luck, no doubt; but you'd be all the richer if you went on doing the stitching. Four dollars is four dollars, and it's a big sum in the year counted all up."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Sally; "but I don't need it any more."

And so the poor widow who had been trying to get stitching to do was happier next morning than she had been for years; and Sally, singing about her work, made up her mind to have a little more pleasure now, and to walk out more and take tea oftener with Martha Decker.

That evening she began a new subject to Tom.

"Tom," she said, "this is an awfully ungentle place for a foreman's family. Now, there's a flat in the next street, only five dollars a month more than this, that would be pleasant. We'd have a little parlor there and nice neighbors. You'll feel like holding up your head a little higher now."

"Oh, I sha'n't take airs," said Tom; "but five dollars a month won't break me; let's have the flat."

The flat was hired, and the furniture from the old place looked—as Sally said—like nothing in it. The parlor was empty.

"Of course," said Sally, "we can't pay out money; but there is a furniture shop in the avenue where they take installments. Now I could get the things that way."

"I suppose we must have them," said Tom. "Don't be extravagant, Sally."

"I extravagant!" cried Sally.

And, indeed, she had never been so; but at the shop, where they knew very well that Tom Leveret's salary was doubled, they were so obliging that before she knew it Sally had bought a hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

"Since you can't pay much down, Mrs. Leveret," said the proprietor, "we must have ten dollars a month."

"Ten dollars a month for a year!" Sally gasped at the thought; but Tom asked her no questions, and she had the handsome, marble-topped table, mahogany ornaments, and a "real oil painting" in a gilt frame, and the finest curtains possible.

Friends called and admired, and Mrs. Leveret felt that there was something inappropriate in the wife of the foreman being intimate with that shabby little Martha Decker. Martha took her first snub, and was seen no more at the new house, and Sally lost her truest friend.

"Mrs. Leveret, ma'am, now your husband is in good business, why don't you get yourself a handsome silk suit?" asked the wife of the dry goods store keeper one morning of Sally.

"Well, we've spent so much for furnishing, I thought I'd wait a while," said Sally.

"Shaw! Why, we'd give you credit," cried the lady behind the counter. "We know your means. Here's some silk now, and velvet to match it—hunter's green, with gold buttons, and a hat trimmed to match. They're wearing everything alike now, and we've splendid gloves. Just choose, and pay when you like."

Sally hesitated, looked again, and ended by buying; and soon her bill at the dry goods store was a large one, for the children must be as fine as their mother, and when it was so easy to say to Mrs. Shaeffer:

"Send it down to-day," why not buy? And so, without Tom's knowledge, the day came when paying a little here, and paying a little there, Sally was striving to stave off her creditors, and waited more anxiously for the payment of the big salary than she ever had for the small one.

It all came at once.

"Ma'am, you're no lady, and I'm going to your husband with my bill," cried Mrs. Shaeffer; "he's an honest man, I hope."

"The meat and things has got to be paid for, and don't you forget it. I'll speak to Mr. Leveret," roared the provision dealer.

"Coal's is coals, and I want the price of 'em," explained the coal dealer. "I don't believe your husband would cheat me."

"You're fine enough now, but when you wore cotton dresses, you paid for your shoes," remarked the shoemaker. "I'll go to Tom."

As for the furniture dealer, one day his dray was backed up to the door, and the Brussels carpet, the fine "suit," the marble-topped table, and the "real" oil painting went away upon it. Fifty dollars had been paid, but the dealer made no allowance for that, nor could Sally help herself at all. Oh, if Mrs. Shaeffer could but have taken back all her finery! But that was impossible.

One evening Sally sat crying on a little chair, while Tom, with a solemn face, counted up the bills.

"Three hundred dollars, Sally, not counting the fifty for the furniture," he said. "It will be a long pull, but I'll pay 'em all. I won't be spoke of as a thief by old acquaintance."

"I wish I was dead, Tom," said Sally. "Do you hate me?"

"No, my dear," said Tom. "I haven't anything but love for you in my heart. Only we've both learnt a lesson. Credit ain't cash and luck ain't luck if you make poor use of it. We'll go back to the old rooms for a bit and save for a while."

"And I'll get some stitching," said Sally.

"I don't require it of you," said Tom.

But Sally did it. There was enough for her and the widow, also, and she folded her silk away and wore calico again, and she went to work with a will, humbled by her downfall. It was a hard two years' work, but they did it, and the time came when, free of debt, the young couple looked happily into each other's eyes.

"We can live a little nicer now, Sally," said Tom, "but we must remember our experience."

And so they did, and, being really good and honest folk, they prospered.

"I wouldn't ask her while we lived so plain," said Sally one day, "but now we're nice again I mean to ask Martha Decker to come and see me. She's a good old friend, though I was carried away by Mrs. Shaeffer's fine airs and by the politeness of people who only courted me because they thought me prospering."

"That's right," said Tom. "We've got something by our experience, anyhow."

Touching Instance of Filial Devotion.

Not long ago a young man in Carson got married and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train his father bade him good-by and gave him the parental blessing.

"My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again: Never go into a place where you would not take your wife."

The couple settled in Mariposa County, and last week the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some of the bowlders in the chaparral. As the two approached, the bear roused up and sent forth a growl of defiance which shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill 'im," said the old man, excitedly.

The son held back, further acquaintance with the bear seeming in some respect undesirable.

"Count me out," he said.

"Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward," shouted the father, brandishing his gun.

"I but recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts. Didn't you tell me never to go where I couldn't take my wife. Now, how would Sal look in there with that bear?"

The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and as the bear issued forth exclaimed:

"Speaking of Sally, let us hasten home; our prolonged absence might cause her needless alarm."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Brother Inskip has returned from his evangelical tour around the world, and is now holding revival services in Philadelphia.

—The Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, says of his expulsion from the Methodist denomination for heresy: "The Hebrew language has the phrase, 'Batota,' which translated means 'in the out.' That's where I am."

—The Rev. G. S. Pelton, late of Hartford Seminary, writes from Deadwood, Dakota, that he is the only Congregational minister in service in the Northern Hills, having the charge of six churches and the prospect of an academy to care for temporarily.

—The reports of the semi-annual conference of the Mormon Church at Salt Lake do not indicate any abatement of zeal on the part of the men with many wives. Fifteen thousand delegates were gathered from Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada, and their religious enthusiasm was remarkable.

—The clergymen of Roxbury, Mass., are devising new methods of temperance work, and one of them is to employ an agent to visit the Police Court every day, interest himself in the cases of men arraigned for the first time for intoxication, and adopt whatever course may seem most judicious for their reform.

—The First District Conference of the A. M. E. Church, in session at Baltimore recently, passed resolutions strongly condemning the practice of holding camp-meetings. One minister present said that a member of his church spent forty-five dollars for hack hire to camp-meeting, and refused to give one cent to the support of the church.

—The annual report of the St. Louis Superintendent of Schools shows the total number of pupils enrolled to be 51,551, of which 25,076 are boys and 26,505 are girls. The average number belonging to the schools is 37,887, and 34,893 is the average daily attendance. The average number of teachers is 977, and the average number of pupils under the charge of each English teacher is 48. The average cost of tuition per scholar is \$15.28, and the average cost of incidentals is \$1.99, making the total cost per scholar \$17.27. The average salary paid each teacher is \$592.61.

Some Plain Questions for Pretty Women to Answer.

Why do women with red or yellowish hair wear "dead" gold, and greens that remind the beholder of badly-cooked vegetables? Why do pale-faced, brown-haired women wear the deep red and orange hues which can "go" only with the olive and pomegranate tints and the blue-black hair of the south? Who is accountable for the terrible terra cotta garments in which some otherwise hairless maidens pervade fashionable crowds, inspiring the observer with wonder, totally unmixed with admiration?—slender girls arrayed in shapeless clothes, made apparently of slices of the wall of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington; strong minded young women in aggressive cloaks, so suspiciously hideous that we sigh for the niter of last season, which we then believed could not be surpassed in offensiveness; awful things made of sage-green tweed with blue frills, or gosling-woolen stuffed tipped with pink. The eel-skin style has been succeeded by the bag, and though the latter is more decent, it is not much less ugly. A woman with high, narrow shoulders, and thin, long arms, might do better than array herself in a black satin bag, with a running string at the neck and at the waist a "piping" (such we were assured by a sympathetic friend of the offenders' own sex, is the correct term by which to describe this contrivance,) from which the skirt hangs shapeless to within an inch of the ankles; and she might crown the edifice more becomingly than with a bonnet—or was it a hat?—like nothing in a nature except a crumpled cabbage. The "cozy," as an adjunct to the tea table, is of dubious elegance as well as unquestionable fatal to drinkable tea; but when adapted as a cape to the shoulders of blooming girlhood, forming a straight line across the middle of its back, and cutting its sleeves in two just above the elbow, it is the very most unsightly piece of dress that can be put on, especially if it is of a sickly color. Salmon-pink satin, lined a big bonnet of crinkly ermine, looking like half a dozen shells joined at the edges, would be trying to the best complexion; it was consoling to see it applied only to the worst. Why should a very pretty lady wear a flat gown of a peculiarly repulsive green in color, but of rich velvet in material, and over it a hideous camel cloak of another, and, if possible, more repulsive green, with a bunch of yellowish ribbon at the back, and a plush bonnet like the visor of a knight's helmet? Why should writing people, painting people, singing people, people presumably intelligent, since they all do something that pleases the public and is paid for in money, array themselves in garments of price, indeed—shabbiness is not the note of the popular affection—but which render them distressingly conspicuous? These questions cannot fail to occur to men observing the humors of a select crowd, and especially as the dress of the "concocting gender" tends more and more to simplicity. Of course, there will always be affected male idiots, long-haired and short-haired, with neck-ties that make us stare, and hats that make us wince by their brilliancy; but these are the mere "brats" of society, they are too insignificant to be offensive.—London Spectator.

Youths' Department.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TRIED TO MIND.

Susan, good sister Susan! was a gentle girl of eight,
And Totty was but four years old, when what I now relate
Came to the happy little pair, one bright November day—
A Sunday, too—white good papa was many miles away.

"Good-by, my darlings! don't forget. The little ones went forth,
Their hearts all in a sunny glow, their faces to the north—
Their faces to the chilling north, but not a whit cared they,
Though the pretty church before them stood full half a mile away.

For mother, with her smiling face and cheery voice, had said:
"I cannot go to church to-day, but you may go instead—
Baby will need me here at home—the precious little pet!
But babies grow in time, you know. She'll go to meeting yet.

"Take care of sister Sue!" she said, while tying Totty's hood—
"And, Tottykins, I'm sure you'll be, oh, very good-by, my darlings! Don't forget. Now, Sue, you know the pew!
And, Totty, be mamma's little mouse, and sit up close to Sue."

A pretty sight it truly was, to see the rosy pair
Walk down the aisle and take their seats, with And Susan soon was listening, her manner all intent,
While little Totty sat prim and stiff, and wondered what it meant.

The quaint, old-fashioned meeting-house had pews-seats low and bare,
With benches that reached above the heads when sweetly solemn air
And thus it was when suddenly a scratching sound was heard,
Faint at the first, then almost loud—but not a person stirred.

All heads were bowed; and yet it rose—that scratching, puzzling sound,
The staidest members rolled their eyes and tried to look around,
Till Susan, sitting little maid! felt, with a startled frown,
That, whatsoever its cause might be, the noise was strangely near.

Out went her slyly-warning hand, to reach for Totty there;
When, oh, the scratching rose above the closing words of prayer!
An eagle, rapt on the seat was all poor Susan felt,
While on the floor, in wondrous style, the carolers Totty knelt!

Poor Susan leaned and signaled, and beckoned,
Totty was very much engaged and would not heed it, 'twas plain.
When suddenly a childish voice rang through the crowded house:
"Dox's 'Sister' cause I've dot to be my mamma's little mouse!"

Many a sober face relaxed, and many smiled outright,
While others, mourned in sympathy with Susan's sorry plight;
And Totty, with wrath because she could be mouse no more,
Was crying loud, a sobbing child, out through the wide church-door.

Now, parents, ponder while ye may upon this sad mishap,
The mother, not the mouse, you see, was caught within the trap.
An lest your little listening ones may go beyond your reach,
Be chary of your metaphors and figurative speech.

—Joe Stacy, in St. Nicholas.

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

Sir Isaac Newton is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been construing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school boys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motions of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

At last, when he was about sixteen, his mother placed him in charge of a farm, and every Saturday he went with a servant to Grantham market to sell his corn and vegetables. But the affairs of the farm did not prosper; the young philosopher hid himself away in a room in a garret which he hired, studying mechanics and inventing a water-wheel or a new model, while the sheep wandered away in the field, and the cattle devoured his corn.

Next he went to Cambridge University, and became a famous scholar. At the age of twenty-four he began his study of the spectrum, as philosophers call that brilliant picture of the colors of the rainbow, which is shown by the sun's rays shining through a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism. It is one of the most beautiful objects in science or nature, and Newton's study of its splendid colors led to his greatest discoveries in optics, or the science of the sight. In our own time the use of the prism and its spectrum has shown us of what the sun and moon are composed.

One day, as Newton sat musing in his garden at his retired country home, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. A great idea at once arose in his mind, and he conceived the plan of the universe and of the law of gravitation, as it is called. He was the first to discover that famous law. He showed that the heavier body always attracts the lighter; that as the apple falls to the earth, so the earth is drawn toward the sun; that all the planets feel the law of gravitation, and that all the universe seems to obey one will. Newton soon became the most famous of living philosophers. But at the same time he was the most modest of men; he never knew that he had done anything more than others, nor felt that he was any more studious or busy. Yet he never ceased to show, even in late old age, the same love for mechanical pursuits and the study of nature he had shown when a boy. His most famous work, the *Principia*, proving the law of gravitation and the motion of the planets, appeared in 1687. He made beautiful prisms of glass and other substances, and fine reflecting telescopes, the best that were yet known. He wrote valuable histories and works. He was always a devout Christian and scholar. He died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus the puny babe that was scarcely thought worth the care of his nurses became an active and healthy boy and man, with the clearest mind of his time. He was stout, ruddy, healthy, and never, it is said, lost a tooth. But he preserved his health by avoiding all that was hurtful. He was a philosopher at twelve years old, and the world owes much of its progress to Newton's well-spent childhood.—Harper's Young People.

Heroic Acts.

Last winter a little boy playing on the wharf of a river town in Pennsylvania fell into the river. The current made by a passing steamer carried him into deep water. It was late in the evening, and nobody saw the accident but a little lame girl of eleven, named Katy Breschkowsky. With the aid of her crutch she hobbled out on the pier, and then, dropping on her face, she climbed down to the edge of the water. The boy was wedged between two blocks of ice near the pier. Katy climbed like a cat out to the end of the timbers, and then dropped into the water, stretching out one feeble hand towards him, but she could not reach him. A step farther—and another. She was now up to the neck in the icy, surging current. She caught his arm and pulled his head above water, holding to the timber overhead with the other hand. In this position she remained for an hour in peril of death every moment, until at last she was seen by some passers-by, and with difficulty rescued. The boy was unknown to her.

Another heroic child, a boy of six, in New York, left its baby brother for a moment to bring a drink, and returning, found it had crawled near the stove and its clothes had taken fire. The little fellow wrapped the child in a blanket and battled with the flame until he put it out, but not before his own arms and breast were badly burned.

Now every boy and girl would like to do heroic acts such as these. Indeed, young people are apt to spend a good deal of time dreaming of the valor and coolness they will display in saving life when an emergency comes. The emergency seldom does come, and when it does, there is usually no heroic self-sacrifice to meet it, either from children or men and women. The reason of this is that one person in a thousand makes self-sacrifice a constant habit in trifling things, while the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are planning for the supreme opportunity. That one alone is ready for the opportunity, and rises by habit to meet it. The others are appalled by it into indecision or cowardice.

We are sure that this poor little cripple, Katy, and the six-year-old hero are unselfish, gentle children in their daily play. Surely the habit of unselfishness is worth cultivation, for if the crucial moment of trial never comes, it makes of the life of any man or woman a high heroic strain, which uplifts the souls of all who hear it.—Youth's Companion.

—Moon Blindness.—There is no permanent cure for this evil, which is apt to return again and again at uncertain intervals, and finally leave the horse more or less completely blind. In the beginning of the attack place the horse in a darkened stall. Having fed one or two meals of bran mash, give a purgative dose of medicine, composed of five drams of aloes, one dram of poliohylin, two drams of niter and a dram of castileum. Bathe the eyes twice daily with warm water, by means of a soft sponge, and apply between the eyelids, by means of a small camel's hair pencil, a portion of a mixture of half an ounce of Goulard's extract, one ounce of fluid extract of belladonna, and a pint of distilled water. Apply also to the lids, and to the hollow over the eye a portion of fluid extract of belladonna. Give loo-sing food in moderate quantities. Strong light and strong winds should be avoided.—Western Livestock.