

"THIS MORTAL."

Are, then, the fleshly bonds so strong and... Must all this waiting, watching, longing, weeping... This passionate praying of the loved to learn...

THE ART OF HOUSE-CLEANING.

That dust and dirt are the worst pests of mankind, and do more to destroy health and happiness than anything else, would seem to be an obvious truism.

Those of us who have no share in, or care for, cleansing operations, do not realize the magnitude and importance of the daily tasks so uncomplainingly and unobtrusively done in our own homes...

It is a fact, well known to scientific men, that damp, which collects invariably, and almost imperceptibly, on the varnished walls and surfaces in every house...

It is not until a beam of sunlight shows us the floating particles with which the air we breathe is laden, that we realize the fact of their existence; and we are, perhaps, too apt to underestimate the importance of our chairs and tables being properly dusted...

It is possible to combine utility and beauty in our daily surroundings; and, if this were more generally done, a great step would be gained, both in comfort and in cleanliness.

Again, in furniture, modern taste is developing in a manner which must prove injurious to health. "Fluffy" things are now the fashion, and so long as they are pretty in color, and new in shape, few people think of their effect as dust-collectors.

plush chairs, and velvet cushions, all day long a heavy cloud of dust is settling; from their texture and character it follows, almost as a matter of course, that it is all but impossible to clean them...

Curtains, too, are of doubtful utility, except, perhaps, in winter; but they are so much the pride of every housewife, that to advocate their abolition would raise a storm of indignation.

We shall probably never know the real effect of dust upon health. It is by no means improbable that many ailments, which are now ascribed to other and more remote causes, are really due to it.

It is a good sign of the times that carpets in bed-rooms should be gradually falling into desuetude. They are at best unsatisfactory in a sleeping-room, collecting dust and "flue," and, unless the room is properly ventilated, acquiring a fetid and "stuffy" smell...

There is room for greater cleanliness in our daily surroundings. The duster, and the brush, might with advantage be taken more frequently into hidden crannies and dark corners; for, although there is an old woman's saw that we must eat a peck of dust before we die, it is not desirable that we should eat much more than that if we can help it.

Completely Accommodated.

"You had better get rid of that stove-pipe hat; you'll be livelier without it," said a powerfully-built, red-faced young truck driver the other day as he nearly drove over a delicate-looking gentleman on Park Row.

"You want your neck wrung very badly," he said, as he gained the sidewalk and looked after the truck.

"Will you ring it?" he asked in gruff tones.

The gentleman took a few seconds to consider the question. Then he said: "No, I'll leave that job for the hang-man; but I'll flatten your nose, if that will suit you."

It appeared that the proposal suited the driver, for in thirty seconds he stood before his fragile-looking man.

"Now flatten my nose," he said, defiantly.

It was done before the words were well out of his mouth, and as he lay on his back in the gutter the expression on his blood-bespattered countenance was that of mingled pain and amazement.

"What did you strike that man for?" asked a policeman, hurrying up, and seizing the gentleman by the arm.

"Because he asked me to strike him, you know," was the reply, "and as he looked like an honest, good-natured young fellow, I didn't like to disoblige him."

The policeman looked at the truck-driver, who rose slowly, and without making any complaint mounted the seat of his wagon and drove off.

"Well," said the policeman, impressively, as he walked away, "there's no accountin' for tastes."—N. Y. Sun.

The bangs-his-hair-young-man is getting to be a common sight in Boston. He can be seen almost any night at any of its respectable theaters. He is what the world calls a daisy.

—Twenty men of New York City, together, are worth \$660,000,000.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—New York City has a population of 1,206,299 human beings, of whom the native born number 727,629 and the foreign born 478,670.

—The mining products of Nevada for 1881 were \$9,505,971, against \$13,655,967 in 1880. The yield for Colorado was \$22,680,685, against \$21,821,500 for 1880.

—During the past year 2,039 vessels were wrecked and property estimated at \$1,400,000,000 destroyed. Add to this the property lost in fires and see what an appalling amount of capital is utterly lost.

—Captain Eads estimates the cost of the ship railway as follows: Improvement of the Coatzacoalcos, \$3,000,000; improving the bayou, \$4,000,000; ship railway, \$60,000,000; terminal improvements, \$5,000,000; total, \$72,000,000.

—About \$1,000,000,000 of our National debt has been paid since the war ended. France and Great Britain have more than double our debt, and Spain has a larger debt than that which remains of ours.

—From 8,000 hypsometrical measurements, Dr. Chavanne has calculated the average height of the entire continent of Africa to be not less than 2,150 feet. This high figure is evidently due to the great extent of the high plateaux in that country, surpassing even that of Asia.

—The census shows that the State of Connecticut has over 11,000 more females than males, and it is noted as a curious fact that in the smallest towns in the State the rule generally is that the men exceed the women in numbers. The cities show the surplus of women.

—The bullion output of Arizona, in 1881, as far as heard from, was \$9,085,673, including \$5,149,129 from the Tombstone district alone. The copper output was 8,098,495 pounds. The Tucson Star predicts that the silver and gold bullion output for 1882 will reach \$25,000,000, and the copper output over 40,000,000 pounds, as that industry is yet in its infancy.

—Nye County, Nevada, is the largest county in the United States, covering 24,000 square miles. San Bernardino, California, with 23,000 square miles, is the next largest. California has four other counties, each of them as large as Massachusetts, three that are each larger than Connecticut, and fifteen others that are each larger than Delaware. Sioux County, Nebraska, contains 21,070 square miles. Oregon also has several large counties—Grant, Umatilla and Lake containing respectively 17,500, 14,260 and 12,000 square miles. Presidio, with 12,500 miles, is the largest county in Texas. The smallest county in the United States is New York, State of New York, and it has the largest population. The largest of the Territories is Dakota, with 147,600 square miles, and the largest county in any of the Territories is Custer County, Montana, with 36,500 square miles.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—There is as much policy in politeness as there is in honesty.

—To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

"Another weather profit," said Bliffers, as he pocketed a five dollar bill that he won on a wager upon atmospheric changes.

"Don't you think that Miss Brown is a sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied Jane; "that is to say, she is well preserved."

—All creeds and all guides for living and doing can be safely boiled down to this: Do your best. That covers the whole ground.

—A young lady admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" inquired the old lady, in a tone of indignation. "Mother," replied the young lady, "I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other cheek."

—It is getting to be esthetic for ladies to thank gentlemen who arise and offer them a seat in a street car. We received one thank this morning, being the first in five years. To be sure, we haven't got up much.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—It is a cold day now when an express train in some part of the Republic doesn't run down a hand-car and wear out a few telegraph repeaters or section men. The express trains must have developed a little emotional insanity.—Burlington Hawk.

—Little Edith was terribly sleepy the other night. She began her customary prayer upon retiring, but when she got as far as "Our Father," her eyes closed and her head tumbled onto the pillow. "I can't say it to-night," she said, "I'm too sleepy. He knows the rest of it."

—In a Munich tavern.—Guest to proprietor—"See here, mine host, what I found in this mug of beer—a piece of paper and a brandy glass." Host—"Well, and supposin' you did. A man was here the other day who found an apple dumping in his beer and didn't say a word."—Fliegende Blätter.

—We sometimes wish that nature had designed us for a hired girl, instead of an editor, so that we could have been independent. In this country "a hired girl" is only another name for affluence and nobility. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a girl to come West, work at regular wages two or three years, and then, as an heiress, marry a bloated capitalist and settle down. It is a horrible fact that, unless something is done to prevent the centralization of capital among the servant girls of Wyoming, a revolution cannot be avoided.—Laramie Boomerang.

Religious Department.

"GO, LABOR ON!"

Go, labor on! Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain, While all around him waves the golden grain? And to each servant does the Master say: "Go, work to-day."

Go, labor on! Claim the high calling angels cannot share; To young and old the Gospel gladness bear; Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly, The night draws nigh.

Go, labor on! The laborers are few, the field is wide, New stations must be filled and blanks supplied; From voices distant far or near at home The call is "Come."

Go, labor on! The enemy is watching night and day To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away; While we in sleep our duty have forgot, He slumbered not.

Go, labor on! Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fears! No arm so weak but may do service here; By feeblest agents can our God fulfill His righteous will. —Sunday Magazine.

Sunday-School Lessons.

1882—FIRST QUARTER. Feb. 26—Growth of the Kingdom. Mark 4:21-34. Mar. 5—Christ Stilling the Tempest. Mark 4:35-41. Mar. 12—Power over Evil Spirits. Mark 5:1-20. Mar. 19—Power over Disease and Death. Mark 5:21-43. Mar. 26—Review, or Temperance Lesson.

In Distress.

The following anecdote of Washington Allston, the great artist, has never, we believe, appeared in print. We give it as it was told a friend of the artist by a prominent Boston gentleman recently deceased.

When Allston was without fame or money, and was living in obscurity in Edinburgh, he became so reduced that to get food for his family he painted small pictures in exchange for provisions. At last the tradesman declined to give groceries for pictures, and a day came when there was no food in the house. Allston was then an atheist. But sheer despair caused him to lock the door of his studio, go to the further corner of the room, and kneel down with his face to the wall, and to cry out: "O God—if there be a God—show me how to get bread for my wife and children!"

In a few moments he heard the latch of his door raised, and opening the door he saw a stranger standing outside who inquired for Washington Allston. On being told that he was addressing him the gentleman, an Englishman of rank, asked if a painting of his which had been on exhibition was still for sale.

Now it chanced that this picture, one on which the artist had expended much labor, but which the public had not seemed to appreciate, was in the studio, turned to the wall and covered with dust. Unwilling to show it in this condition, Allston replied that the painting was not sold, but could not then be seen.

The gentleman remarked that it was necessary for him to leave town at once for the Continent, but, in order to secure the picture, he would give a check for its price, that he might receive it, and would order the painting sent to his house on his return.

When the stranger left, Allston was no longer a poor man. The money relieved his immediate wants, and the gentleman's patronage brought the artist into notice. He soon received orders for paintings, and never again had occasion to fight starvation. Nor was the apparent answer to his first prayer forgotten. It was the beginning of his earthly prosperity, and he was led by it to more reverent views of the Bible, and ultimately from his doubts and skepticism to the full acceptance of Christianity as the Gospel of God to men.—F. S. B.

How Ingersoll Makes Men Happy.

One of the popular Infidel's most frequent boasts is that his mission is to make men happy in the world. He has come to free them from their shackles of superstition and bigotry, and to persuade them to enjoy what they have now. He says: "I believe in happiness right here. I don't believe in happiness being in some distant land. I believe in drinking skim-milk all my life with the expectation of butter beyond the clouds."

We know very well how Ingersoll would make men happy—by taking away God, by taking away the Devil, by taking away Heaven and Hell, by taking away immortality, by stripping man, if possible, of every hope and longing and yearning desire for what is beyond, by saying to him: "You see now all you ever will see; you have now all you ever will have; then make the most of it, eat well, drink well, sleep well, don't cheat your neighbor, give the poor widow her coal in this world, for anthracite can't be dug in Heaven. There are no Thanksgiving turkeys there, so you had better eat them here. When you are done with this world you are done with everything; so make the most of it." This way of claiming to make men happy is so grotesque that it would be laughable were the subject not so tremendously solemn. This doctrine may excite "applause" and "laughter" in the warm and brilliant Music Hall from a well-filled and well-clad audience, but take it out into the cold, bitter, winter air, take it to some den of poverty and want, take it to some diseased and hopeless victim of debauchery, take it to some dying bed, and what is it worth? We defy Mr. Ingersoll himself to say to the hungry, half-naked tramp, rubbing his bare hands with the cold: "My good friend, be just as happy as you can, make the most of what you have, enjoy your crust, and think as well as you can of your rags, and consider the hoghead, into which you crawl to-night, a palace if you can."

You might as well say there are no palaces for you or anybody else "up yonder," in fact, there is no "up yonder," so make the very best of what you have. This way of making men happy is as if one should come up to a throng of hungry, ragged, street children, who were pressing their noses against the window pane of some rich man's house, inside of which was a warm Christmas fire, and steaming Christmas dinner, and a Christmas tree loaded with toys and books, and try to make them "happy" by saying to them: "Come, come, children, what are you gazing so earnestly in at that window for? There is nothing there. You think you see something good, but you do not, it is all your mistaken eye-sight; away, and have as good a time as you can, hungry, and tired, and ragged, and cold as you are, have as good a time as you can in the frosty December air and the slush and snow of the icy streets, for there is nothing better for you than these things." Thus, the Infidel makes the many children of earth "happy."

They stand gazing up into the heavens. They think they see love, rest and home there. They think they see a great White Throne, and a loving Father's face, and a gentle Savior's smile, and the hosts of the redeemed in blessed activity; but the Infidel comes along and makes them "happy" by rudely crying out: "Why are ye gazing up into the heavens? You have no Father or Elder Brother there; there is no great White Throne, or redeemed host in white raiment; go about your business, make the most you can of the chill air and the December slush of this world's pathways. There is nothing better." We peer up into the heavens. We catch glimpses of future glory. We have visions of the tree of life. We see the distant glitter of the golden streets. We dimly see God as our Father and Christ as our Savior, and then, for many days of darkness we lose the glimpse, and, thus as we are wandering disconsolate and alone, the Infidel comes in, saying: "It's all a myth, there is no Heaven, no God, no tree of life, no golden street, nothing that corresponds to them, nothing but the cold, dark grave, and you are a fool to expect anything more."

That is the way Ingersoll makes men "happy!" The Bible makes the same claim, and it comes in sweet and comforting words, saying to man: "Your instincts are right, man has not been groping throughout all the ages, with no light to grope forward to." "There is a God," continues the Bible, "as the leaves, and the flowers, and the woods have whispered to you. There is a Heaven, as your hopes have sung. There is an immortality, as your undeveloped powers have hinted. There is happiness limitless, as your longings have suggested, and thou, O man, thou who art great enough to be lost, and great enough to be saved, and great enough to grow into the image of God, thou mayst have this God for thy Father, this Heaven for thy home, this happiness for thy exceeding great reward." Thus, the Bible seeks to make men happy. How do we choose comfort, by the Bible, or by Ingersoll?—Golden Rule.

Uncle Pete.

"It am my painful dooty," said the President, as the meeting was called to order, "to announce de fact dat Brudder Kanaby passed from airth away yesterday arternoon. He was known to moas' of us as Uncle Pete, an' I believe he has passed away widout leavin' an enemy behind him. Who does not remember his white ha'r, wrinkled face, kindly voice an' good-natured smile? Who kin not remember his kin' words and good deeds? Who eber axed him fur help dat he did not get it?"

"An' po' ole Uncle Peter am no mo' among us! Some few of us war 'up dar' when he breathe his last, an' none of us will soon forgit how he passed away. When you see de cold, dead face at de funeral to-morrow you will see dat it carries de same kin' smile as in life. He died feelin' dat he was gwine home. He was only a po' ole black man, not able to read or write, and frew all his life he had met wid sorrows an' misfortunes. Men had told him dat he had no soul. Men had told him dat dere was no God. Men had laffed at him fur believin' dar was a hereafter fur weary souls. An' yit how did he die?"

"When de po' ole man realized dat de summons had come his smile was like dat of a child's. De prayer he made will ring in my ears forever. In his heart, so soon to be still, he felt dat his long years of faith war 'bout to be rewarded. He had held fast through darkness and scotchin' an' trial an' despair, an' now de reward was clus at han'. Dar war tears in our eyes an' we could not see, but we knew what he saw. If eber mortal eyes looked into Heaven, dat curtain was lifted to him. Wid his hands clasped—wid a heart puttin' its trust in God to de las'—wid a smile which showed nuffin' but faith an' trust dis ole man slipped from de lovin' hands around him an' jined de procession which am allus marchin' from de shores of airth to de gates of glory. As many of you as can make it convenient will attend de funeral to-morrow, and de janitor will see dat de vacant cha'r am decked wid crape fur de usual thirty days.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is feared that the ice crop was ruined by being left out in the cold on Monday night. Look out for high rates. Summer before last the excuse was a scarcity of ice; last summer there was plenty of ice, so much in fact that it took more horses to carry it around to customers; next summer there must be an excuse of some kind, and if it be true that the crop has thus early been frostbitten, the ice dealers have nothing to fear.—Boston Transcript.