

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors, NEBRASKA CALVERT.

ENTERTAINING HER BIG SIS-

meyer use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofu. But Jack says it would be like you To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to. O' you're afraid they would think it

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all, Now, tell me, you'd never have thought That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought— For that was the message to pa from the pho-tograph man where I sat— That he wouldn't print of any more till he first

"What? Maybe your tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.

There's all her back hair to do up and all of her there is all her back hair to do up and all of her which in those days served the same from our's to friz.

But it's ince to be sitting here talking like purpose as our modern wall paper. front curls to friz.

But it's ince to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.

Do you think you'll be coming here often Oh, do! but don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my good-ness! He used to be here day and alght, Till the folks thoughthe doe her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright. You wen't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say; Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are your And how poorare they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, Iam, "Ain't you giad that you met me? Well, Iam, for I know now your hair isn't rede.
But what there is left of livis monsy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! Is must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could avail dust to see!
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way that she used to kiss I ges.

A BURLED CITY.

For a number of weeks we had been living at the foot of a burning mountain, in a rough little village, bearing the fa-mous name of Pompeli.

Living in Pompeil, and every morning looking out of the windows to see if Vesuvius is belching forth fatal flame, or only threatening smoke, does not mean that one is living among the ruins of that old Roman city. We were in a people whose language was changing school sate desired the class to the lesson, but as she hesitate not even the monks in the monasteries, who were the only people who could what is it?" "That is it," replied to the could read Pliny's account of swallowed it."—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

—A series of free Sunday break modern peasant hamlet of a few scattering houses just outside the high walls that shut in the ruins.

of purchasers; when mothers in hun- rians themselves. merrily at play around tinkling fountthat towered near it burst its bounds, and rained a deadly tempest of scorching lava and blistering ashes down upon it. For three long summer days the air was filled with ashes, and the fiery lava flowed, leaving, at last, a black waste, beneath which Pompeii lay lost to human sight for seventeen hundred

Now, I would like to tell you what we saw in and about the ruins of this buried city, just eighteen hundred years from the day when its life was blotted out forever.

Pompeii was destroyed A. D. 79. At that time Italy was not known as Italy, but as the Roman Empire, the proudest name in history; numbering its subjects by millions upon millions of different races and different religions.

At the time of this great eruption other cities of the plain beside Pompeii were swallowed up. The writer Pliny was at this time on the shore of the Mediterranean, and has stated that he saw the black tempest extend over the sea as well as over the plain. Some of the cities well known in history have never been unearthed, and lie to-day ed by the Registrar General as due to dead under fertile farms, gardens and horses and vehicles in the streets of the vineyards, just as they have lain since the day of their burial.

Pompeii itself is only partially excavated. A large part of it still lies under ground.

. When the fiery storm raged, many Pompeians escaped, fleeing in boats by the sea. Many, however, were overwhelmed, and died suffocated in cellars, temples, even in tombs where they took refuge. To-day can be seen, where excavations have already been made, hu- half, were due to vans, wagons, drays man forms in all the agonies of death, and in one place the guides point out in a cellar the indentations made in a wall by the heads of strangling women and haps the most noteworthy feature of children. They show also oil in glass these returns is the continually increasbottles; the bones of the chickens and fish that had served for dinners, perhaps, the day before the tragedy: even eggs and fruit preserved in their natural forms. There are also joints of meat and trussed fowls just ready to be cooked, or just cooked, and also the skeletons of domestic animals twisted in

every form of painful death. From the position of some of the human bodies, it is supposed that they had once escaped, but returning after the storm was over to dig among the ashes for some traces of their homes, were even then swallowed up by the shifting lava, or strangled by the lingering sulphurous fumes. Some of these bodies may have been those of thieves from ity .- Hartford Courant.

neighboring Naples, digging for valuables to which they had no right.

So much of Pompeii has been unearthed that one can freely wander through the streets, enter at will the roofless dwellings, bath places, temples and shops, and muse among the statues streets are as narrow as alleys, as was "My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease.

Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit:
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and 'we' never use it a bit.

We keep it to match with the sofe. But the fashion of cities in those days, and have turning-off places, where one charton wait for another to pass. They are paved with immense square stones, and upon the stones one can plainly see ruts worn by wheels eighteen centuries ago. Upon the house-walls also can be seen painted notices serving the same purposes as modern placards, and ammouncing that such and such a Pompeian cities in those days, and have turning-off places, where one charton was for must wait for another to pass. They are paved with immense square stones, and upon the stones one can plainly see ruts worn by wheels eighteen centuries ago. Upon the house-walls also can be seen painted notices serving the same purposes as modern placards, and ammouncing that such and such a Pompeian cities in those days, and have turning-off places, where one charton was for must wait for another to pass. They are paved with immense square stones, and upon the stones one can plainly see ruts worn by wheels eighteen centuries ago. Upon the house-walls also can be seen painted notices serving the same purposes as modern placards, and ammouncing that such a Pompeian cities in those days, and have turning-off places, where one charton was for must wait for another to pass. They are paved with immense square stones, and upon the stones one can plainty see ruts worn by wheels eighteen centuries ago. Upon the house-walls also can be seen painted notices serving the same purposes as modern placards. corners are still visible, although almost obliterated, names and numbers. In the shops one can see the counters where wine and oil were sold, with the basins to hold those fluids, now full of a member of an evangelical church. was mean!

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if your fingers are clean.

For sister says sometimes I danh it; but she only says that when she stross.

There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

basins to hold those fluids, now full of rain-water. In the bakers' shops are still the ovens from which perfect loaves of bread, burnt black, were taken only a few years ago, the same loaves that one can see now at the multiple of the evangence entren.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo, N. Y., has slowly accumulated a sufficient fund to warrant its betaken only a few years ago, the same loaves that one can see now at the multiple of the evangence entren. seum near the gate.
So close is one brought to the every-

day life of the old Pompeians among these ruins, from whence it seems as if the owners had only just gone, that it great French General, triumphed in the seems almost impertment to enter their nouses in their absence. The walls are all standing, covered still with the gay

One may enter the little kitchens and see the cooking-tables where cooks were busy at work when the eruption came, are to be engaged. and where the food was found still, when another race dug down among the ashes, ages after.

One may enter the dining-rooms, and all the tiny little windowless bedrooms, the size of steamer state-rooms, and all opening on a roofless court where a fountain played, as was the custom in that warm olimate in those old days, In some of the rooms stan? yet caryed

marble tables, over which Pompeian citizens may often have supped their wine, and talked about social or political events.

In the course of years it became gradually forgotten, that under the black plain at the foot of Vesuvius a city was buried away. All the Latin a lesson to a little girl to commit to writings became unintelligible to the memory. At the next session of the people whose language was changing school she desired the child to repeat from Latin to modern Italian, so that the lesson, but as she hesitated, the under the Gainsborough hat she wore,

Perhaps you know that by the Dark Ages are meant those centuries between the fifth and the tenth or twelfth, when Most of the readers of the Companion wild barbarians (some of whom were rison, for many years actively identified have heard the tragic story of Pom- our own ancestors) swept down on with Y. M. C. A. mission labor. The peii—a bright city destroyed in the full civilized Italy, and destroyed that civil- breakfast is followed by short religious. noon of a summer's day, when its ization, so that all the world became exercises—singing, prayers, addresses, streets were full of people, and its shops scarcely less barbaric than the barba-

dreds of shaded courts worked at their | During all these ages Pompeli was enembroidery, and watched their children | tirely forgotten, | Soil gathered year by year over the ashen plain, till it became ains. The whole life of this gay Italian again fertile many, many feet above its city was going on as busily and as nat- former level. Then peasants tilled the urally as life goes on in any American ground and raised yearly barvests, dicity to-day, when that awful mountain rectly over the tops of splendid buildings and statues.

he found instead—a statue! Digging mals immediately acquired an antipathy farther he found himself amid walls of for each other. The goat sauntered farther he found himself amid walls of sculptured marble. Making his discovery known to wealthy nobles, the excavations were largely continued by them, and in 1748, seventeen centuries after its burial, Pompeii once more saw the light of day.

What a changed world was this to which it was unearthed! What strange peoples were these passing wonderingly through its streets! Its own language was nowhere spoken on earth. The dreaded barbarians were masters of the world. The proud Roman Empire, believed by the Pompeians to be as fixed as the eternal hills, was utterly dissolved! A 'new world had been found! Margaret Bertha Wright, in Youth's Companion.

Fatal Accidents in the London Streets.

Fatalities in the London streets continue to increase. During the past thirteen years the number of deaths reportmetropolishave almost steadily increased from 192 in 1869 to 252 in 1881. This latter number shows a considerable excess upon the number in any previous year, the nearest approach being 287 in 1878. If this heavy death-roll upon passengers in the London thor oughfares be analyzed with a view to distinguish the classes of vehicles which have most largely contributed to this slaughter, we find that 146, or considerably more than and earts, 44 to ommuses carriages, cars, 31 to cabs, and 14 to carriages, and earts, 44 to omnibuses and traming fatality due to tram-cars. So far as these deaths have been from time to time distinguished in the Registrar General's weakly returns, it appears that during last year more fatal accidents were caused by tram-cars than by omnibuses. - Lancet.

-It is an interesting reflection that the safety of one of these costly trains, to say nothing of the passengers, devolves wholly upon one man the engincer. There are other train men, the conductor, baggage-master, fireman, and three or four brakemen, but the hand upon the lever, and the brain directing it, have an immense responsibil-

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

-New Hampshire has now a law make ing education compulsory. The Bible has been translated into

thirty-two African languages. -The State of New York expended

of the public squares. The principal \$9,675,982 last year upon her public This is as fine an anagram as we

have ever met with: Christianity-it's in charity. - Exchange. -There are eight Baptist Theological Seminaries, thirty-three Colleges and Universities and tifty-three academies,

institutes, etc., in this country, -Instruction in grammar has been abolished in the Cinciunati common schools, elementary lessons in the best Sho calls to the Howers: "Come up, pretty English being substituted.

-The 50,000,000 of our population have a Protestant minister for every 728 persons and a Sabbath-school teacher for every fifty-six. One in every five is

-Imagine the indignation of an American boy in a French school who, in a history class, is told how Lafayette, the Revolution, assisted by one Washington: -Progress.

-The New Jersey Baptist Sundayschool is preparing for the campaign of the summer months. A great Sundayschool Convention is to be held in June at Asbury Park, for which the best speakers and singers on the continent

-At Lead City, Dakota, the miners worked as steadily on Sundays as on other days until the Rev. Mr. Bryant began to preach there. He has exerted such an influence in the place that most of the miners have dropped their Sunday work, and have become regular attendants on his ministry.

-The Advance says: "Finangelist Kimball, after spending a few days in Chicago, left for California. Wherever he goes he makes a church abhor a debt more than nature does a vacuumt One wishes he had the gift of ubiquity, stifled churches at a time.

-A Sunday-school teacher had given teacher read it over and said: "Now, came over the lawn, followed by her what is it?" "That is it," replied the dog. Pug. and Jacky ran out to meet little girl, innocently, "just as you said her.

-A series of free Sunday breakfasts, consisting of sandwiches and coffee, has been inaugurated at the Pacific Garden Mission rooms, in Chicago, by Mr. Morworkers.—Chicago Herald.

The Goat Ahead.

The goat is, after an, about the big-

gest mischief-maker affoat. They had a big time with one, the other day, over Charlestown way. The goat was trying to swallow a hoop-skirt, so it could tang!: up his bowels and give him an excuse for being cross. A big New-One day a peasant began to dig a an excuse for being cross. A big Newwell. Digging down in search of water foundland dog came along, and the animinute, butted him in the ribs and sent him rolling, end over end, a very tiredout dog The goat then walked down the street a way. The dog finally recovered his breath and set out to gain vengeance, He ran toward the goat at a mad pace. A citizen was just stepping from the road to the sidewalk. and the step was a pretty high one. The dog, coming up behind him, rushed between his legs and stood him on his head in the gutter. The dog pursued his mad eareer toward the goat and the goat set out to meet him. They met. The dog regretted it. He was satisfied and departed, lamenting. The goat then calmly returned to his hoop-skirt, and was chewing away, quietly, by the time the citizen had been satisfied and indeed he meant to keep his promise. He was the dearest little fellow in the world, with deep clear eyes and was chewing away, quietly, by the time the citizen had arisen from the eyes), a sweet mouth, and yellow hair gutter, straightened his neck and "banged" straight across his forehead, gutter, straightened this neck and brushed the mud from his mouth and to his mamma's delight and his papa's eyes. The citizen was not pleased. He disgust. "Papa John," as Aunt Prue eyes. The citizen was not pleased. He looked about to discover the cause of his disaster and beheld the goat. He concluded that the goat had bucked him, and he vowed retaliation. He summoned an officer and demanded the arrest of the goat. So the officer got a and started to lead the beast to the station. At first the goat was relitetant to go, but finally, while the officer was tugging at him and the citizen prodding him with a cane, he changed his mind, tlew forward and took the officer square in the stomach. The officer said "yah" and laid down, and the goat went and stood on its head on the officer's stomach. Finally the officer was relieved by the citizen and, getting up, started again for the station. Soon the goat showed a disposithe citizen grabbed the goat's tail and sort of detained him. When they got to the station the goat was locked up, and presently its owner appeared with six witnesses to prove that the goat didn't upset the man. Then they had to release the goat, though the officer wanted it held on the charge of resisting arrest. Then everybody went away mad, and the goat was well satisfied with his day's work. - Boston Post.

> The truth had to be created, but lies are self-made. Hence the searcity of the one and the quantity of the other .--N. Y. Herald.

Youths' Department

The timld birds hear him and hide their wee The mooly-cows shiver in barns and in sheds,

The birds hear her voice, and they twitter with And pink little bads peop the bright sky to The grass twinkles out, And lumbs skip about, And, oh, the glad children so merrily shout!

And who is this bipatering chap, can you tell? And who is this milden who robes hill and dell, Whose whisper so arch Wakes ouk free and larch?
Why, she is Miss April, and he Mister March.
—Harper's Young People.

JACKY AND PUG AT CHURCH.

The joyous chimes from the tall gray steeple of Christ Church rang out: "Christ our Lord is risen to-day,

Sons of men and any de say:"
and from all the church-bells in the city pealed the chorus; Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

It had been a long, cold winter, but this Easter Sunday was as sunny and warm as a day in June. Little Jacky Deat's mamma was not going to church this morning, for Katy, the nurse, had asked permission to attend morning mass at St. John's, and mamma had said: "Go if you want to, Katy, and I will take care of the babies."

So she took Jacky in her lap, and while the church-bells were chiming, the birds singing, and the people going down Linden street on their way to church, told him the old, old, tender story of Christ's death and resurrection; told him, too, how, all over the world, on this day, the joyous hells were pealing: "Christ is risen; Allelnia!" and in so that he might visit say a dozen debt- all the churches there were flowers and one had thought to stop him. sweet music and Easter offerings to show

the people's joy.

Just as the last bells were ringing pretty Aunt Prue, in a dainty dress and with her sweet face glancing from

"O Jacky," she cried, "do keep way from church and take you and Prue," he said, in his clear, childish yoice, that rang through the me, and if I go back with him I shall be dusty nephow and struggling dog.

dressed to go with Aunt Prue at twelve o'clock.

Mamma tied a stout cord to Pug' jeweled collar-he was a great dandy, was Pug, and Annt Prue ministered to his vanity-and told Jacky he might play with the dog in the back yard while she bathed and dressed baby.

Just as baby was splashing in the bath, a mingled howl and scream came from the yard. Mamma dropped baby as if she had been a hot potato, and flew to the rescue.

It had occurred to Jacky that Pug needed a bath, too. So with infinite pains he had moved the cistern lid enough to admit Pug's little body, and had squeezed him through the opening, all the time clinging tightly to the cord tied to Pug's collar.

There his dogship hung, half-way, down the eistern nearly choked to death, until his howl and Jack's scream had brought mamma to the rescue.

" Now, Jacky, don't do that again," said mamma, "or you will drown poor Pug, and don't go out of the yard.'

Jacky promised to do as mamma said, called him, thought that when a boy was two and a half years old his hair ought to be cut short and he be put into boy's clothes.

After mamma went into the house, Jack had a lively time with Pug. runrope, put it about the goat's horns ning races and playing hide-and-seek until they both were tired.

Then he threw himself down under the peach tree, and Pug lay down by his side. It was very still. The churchbells had ceased ringing, even the birds were silent; and Jacky began to think about what mamma had told him that morning. "I believe I'll go to church to-day,"

he said to Pog at last. P Manma says it's almost like Heaven in church, with flowers everywhere and music-and tion. Soon the goat showed a disposition to buck again, and the officer had to run like a deer to keep ahead, until the citizen grabbed the goat's tail and sort of detained him. When they got there must be angels there, of course. I 'spect my little brother Philip is there, Png. He died one time, and mamma says he is an angel. I he-lieve mamma would be glad if I went to church and brought Philip home with me this Easter day. I'd say: 'Philip wose from the dead, manma, and I caught him and brought him to you; and then she would never cry any more when she prayed beside Philip's little bed every night-and Pug, I just believe Auntie Prue wants you now,' finished Jacky, who knew well enough

what a naughty thing it was to go out of the yard without mamma's permis-

But a baby conscience is not a very strict monitor, and, dragging reluctant Pug after him by the cord, Jacky started down the street

He knew very well where Aunt Prue's church was, for mamma had often pointed it out to him when they were out riding. Down Linden street he went, and, opening the park gates, passed in-to the pretty place. It was very still and pretty there, with the tender greez grass just coming up and clothing the earth with a velvet robe, and the leaves unfolding.

Jacky was hot, dusty and tired, for Pug had objected to going to church, and the child had carried the struggling, barking little dog in his arms for three squares. The sweet baby face was flushed with the heat and fatigue, the broad-brimmed hat was pushed far back over the sunny curls, and Pug had torn a big rent in the sailor dress in his effort to escape. So he climbed up on one of the green wooden seats, under the shadow of a lilac bush, with Pug in his arms, and would doubtless have fallen fast asleep if the choir in the church just across the street had not commenced to sing:

"Christ the Lord is risen again, Christ hath broken every chain,"
"We must go now, Pug."
So the child slipped down, and, taking Pug once more in his arms, walked across the park to Aunt Prue's church. The chapel doors in the rear of the church were open, and in they went.

The people were seated, and fixing themselves comfortably to listen to the Easter sermon. Fans and dresses rustled, the light came in through the great stained windows, and fell in flecks of red and purple and yellow-here on a new spring bonnet, there like a flame on the floor,

Mr. Dale had risen from his seat to announce the text, when a smile, then a sound which broadened into a laugh, broke out all over the congregation.

For there in the doorway of the church, facing all the people, stood Jacky with Pug in his arms. No wonder every one laughed! Straight into was up on the pulpit stairs before any

Yes, there was the great cool shaded church; the sweet music; flowers on the organ, the altar and everywhere about the chancel, but the angels with their white wings-where were they? And little brother Philip-was he not in this Heavenly place?

Jacky turned round on the pulpit stairs and gravely sought Aunt Prue's Gainsborough hat with its nodding Pug for me—there's a dear—until I white plumes. Yes, there she sat with come from church. He has followed a face all rosy red at the sight of her

So Jacky, who adored his pretty the great church. "And, oh, Aunt young anntie, promised to take good Prue," with a trembling lip and the big care of the barking little terrier and be are no angels here, and I can't find brother Philip for mamma!"

Papa John, red and wrathful, started down the aisle toward his young son; but kind Mr. Dale, Jeaving his pulpit, took the child by the hand, and, giving him a little bunch of fragrant tea-roses from a vase near by, led him into the

Jacky went back through the park in papa's arms, and by the time he reached home was fast asleep, with the curly head nestled down

Within the gracious hollow
Which God made in every human shoulder,
Where He meant some tired head
For comfort should be hist." Wide Awake.

The Sense of Touch.

Prof. McKendrick, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, said that probably touch was the most primitive of all the senses; and then described its anatomical arrangements in man. These consist of the end bulbs of Krause, the touch corpuseles of Wagner, and the bodies first described by Vater, and usu-ally called Pacinian, after Pacini, their closest examiner. All these minute corpuscles contain a gelatinous-like matter, in which the ends of the nerves are embedded. Tactile sensations are excited by mechanical contact pressure, or traction. The mode of excitation varies according as the body is solid, liquid, or gaseous, and sensibility increases with the amount of pressure, till it becomes pain. Inequality of pressure is one of the conditions of tactile sensation; hence the use of papillae to increase the points of contact, and therefore the delicacy of

After illustrating this by the vibrations of tuning-forks, and alluding to the sensation caused by contact with fluids and gases, the Professor suggest-ed the probable mode of action of the terminal organs. Mere contact may give rise to sensations differing in quality; such as the touch of metal, wood and fat. Weber's method of testing the delicacy of touch was described as observing compound tactile sensations. Tactile sensibility increases from the proximal toward the distant end of the limb—as, for example, from the shoulder to the fingers. More than four or five points of contact cannot be observed at the same moment. It was shown by experiment that one continuous impression may be produced by about six hundred tactile impressions in a second. The sensation of touch does not correspond exactly to the duration of the excitant; and sometimes is re-ferred to the surface of a body beyond it, as when we touch teeth. The Professor explained how there may be a tactile field corresponding to visual field. Scientific American.

-A tiny silver teapot is the newest watch charm.