THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

A WISH.

If I could find the Little Year,
The Happy Year, the glad New Year—
If I could find him setting forth
To seek the ancient track—
I'd bring him here, the Little Year,
Like a peddler with his pack.

And all of golden brightness,
And nothing dull or black,
And all that heart could fancy,
And all that life could lack,
Should be your share of the peddler's ware,
When he undid his pack.

The best from out his treasure
A smile of yours would coax,
And then we'd speed him on his way
At midnight's falling strokes,
And bid him hurry round the world;
And serve the other folks!

—Margaret Veley.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

"Wish you a happy New Year, boys!"

"Happy New Year!" responded three clear trebles, and the loudest of them added:

"Going to make calls to-day, Uncle Fred?"

"Of course I am, Johnny," responded the rosy, frosty-whiskered, middle-aged gentleman they were talking to, as he opened the door of his carriage. "What are you and your friends going to do?"

"We're going to make calls, too," sang out one of Johnny's comrades—"he and I and Tracy Plumb."

"What, is Tom Fitch going with you? Where are you going to call?"

"Everywhere," sturdily replied Tom Fitch, with a hitch at his neck-tie. "All around the block."

"You are, are you! Have you any cards, for places where they're not at home?"

"Yes, sir, we've cards for everybody."

"Indeed! Let me see them."

Uncle Fred's good-humored face was all a broad grin as he held out his hand, for the two smaller boys could not have been much more than eight years old, and Johnny Cook himself, their head man, was barely ten.

"I wrote my own cards," said Johnny, with proud self-satisfaction, as he dragged a handful of bits of white pasteboard from his coat-pocket.

"Tip-top!" exclaimed Uncle Fred; "only you should always spell your name in one way. J-o-n-n-i isn't nearly as good as J-h-o-n-y, and that one's J-o-n-e. But they'll all do."

"Mine are better than his," said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her old ones; and so did sister Belle; and Tracy Plumb has some of his own father's. Show 'em to him, Tracy."

"That is grand!" said Uncle Fred. "Now you must always send your cards in ahead of you, so they'll know who's coming."

He was getting very red in the face just then, and the boys did not hear him mutter, as he hurriedly stepped into the carriage and drove off:

"Mustn't let them see me laugh. Might scare 'em out of it and spoil the fun. But shouldn't I like to be somewhere when those three come in?"

There were no signs of laughter on the faces of Johnny Cook, Tracy Plumb and Tom Fitch. It was decidedly a serious business for them, and they marched steadily away up the street.

"Where'll we call first?" said Tom.

"Let Johnny tell. He knows," said Tracy.

"There's a basket on Mr. Jones' door-bell, boys. We'll go there first. That's to put our cards in."

Up the steps they went, and the bell was duly rung, but it had to be pulled again before any one came to the door.

"Well, thin, what is it? What do yiz want?"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Tom, "we're calling! Didn't you know it was New Year's Day?"

"It's callin' ye are? An' didn't ye see the baskit? Mrs. Jones isn't at home the day."

"Oh!" said Johnny; "she's out making her own calls. Give Biddy your cards, boys."

"Howld on, thin, ivery wan of yiz, till I show her them cards."

"I thought you said she wasn't at home?"

"Dade and she isn't; but I'd rather lose me place than not have her luk at thim. Shtand where yiz are till I come."

The Jones family were too near neighbors for Biddy not to know those three young gentlemen; and in a moment more a nice-looking lady up-stairs was saying to herself:

"J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, C-o-o-o-k-e, Cook, and Miss Arabella Fitch and Mr. Marmaduke Plumb——"

"It's the three b'yes, mum!" exclaimed Biddy, with her plump sides shaking with fun. "Sure, an' it's calls they're makin'."

"Bring them in, Biddy. Call up the children, and bring a plate of cake. Quick as ever you can. I'll come right down to the parlor."

She was there, sure enough, just in time to hear Tracy say: "There, Tom, I told you Johnny Cook knew. And Mrs. Jones wouldn't let Biddy tell stories about her."

"Wish you a happy New Year, young gentlemen. Have a chair, Mr. Cook. Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Fitch. Our young people will be here in a moment."

"We're not calling on the children, to-day," said Johnny, "but you might let them come in."

And in they came, a round half dozen of little Joneses, and Biddy after with a big plate of cake.

"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny said we mustn't eat too much in any one place."

"I'll put the rest of mine in my pocket."

And so he did; but it was a good while before Mrs. Jones got through asking them about their plans for the day, and after that it was hard work to keep Ben Jones from going with them. In fact, the moment they were out of doors again, Ben sat down in a corner and began to howl over it, so that he had to stay in the corner till dinner-time.

"Where'll we go now, Johnny?"

"Judge Curtin's is the biggest house on the block, boys, and he hasn't any children."

"That's the place. They'll have ice-cream there, see if they don't."

But the moment the bell of Judge Curtin's door was pulled, the door swung open wide, and there stood his big waiter, in a swallow-tailed coat and white cravat, looking down in wonder on his diminutive guests. It was in vain for Johnny Cook to look big and hold his head up as he handed out the cards, and Tom and Tracy edged a little behind him.

"Yot is dis? You poys want sometings?"

"New Year's calls," explained Johnny. "Are the ladies at home?"

"So? Very goot. Valk right in. I dake in dose card, too. De madame vill be proud to see you. Valk in."

"Johnny knows," muttered Tom to Tracy. "They'll have cream here."

"May be some candy, too."

But the big waiter was bowing them into the parlor now, where Mrs. Curtin and her grown-up daughters were entertaining quite an array of their gentlemen friends, and Johnny whispered back:

"Hush, boys! There's a table, and it's full."

A very large and stately lady was Mrs. Curtin, and it seemed to the three newcomers that everybody in that room was at least a size or two larger than common; but Johnny Cook led them on bravely, and all the ladies bowed very low when they said: "Wish you a happy New Year."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook," said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her hand to him; "but which of you is Mr. Marmaduke Plumb?"

"That's my papa, ma'am, and I'm Tracy."

"Oh, you are making his calls for him?"

"No, ma'am, he's out, too, but I use some of his cards."

"Exactly. I see. And this is Miss Arabella Fitch?"

"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me back Belle's card I'll give you one of mother's," said Tom, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, this is just as good. But I must introduce you to the company while Pierre is getting you some refreshments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and some confectionery."

"That's it," whispered Tom to Tracy, and the latter answered: "Hush, Tom! Johnny knows."

It was remarkable how very polite were all those tall ladies and gentlemen. One great, thin, yellow-whiskered man, in particular, kept them so long with his questions that Tom at last felt compelled to remark: "Don't talk to him any more, Johnny; the ice-cream'll be all melted."

"So it will," said Mrs. Curtin. "Do let them off, Mr. Grant. Were you never a boy?—I mean, a very young gentleman?"

"Never," said Mr. Grant. "I was always old enough to want to eat my cream before it melted. Come, boys, I'll see you through. I like to associate with fellows of my own age. Come on."

He was very grave and dignified about it, but between him and Pierre and Mrs. Curtin, Johnny Cook was compelled to say to his friends:

"We must stop eating, boys, or we can't be polite in the next house."

But he made no objection to Mr. Grant putting confectionery in their pockets, and then the whole company bowed, as Pierre showed them the way to the front door. They wondered what he meant, as he smiled in their faces and said:

"*Bon jour, mes enfants!*"

"What's a bunjer?" asked Tom.

"Johnny knows," began Tracy; but their leader was thinking of something else just then.

"Can you eat any more, boys? I can, if we walk a little."

They said they thought they could.

"Then we'll go to Dr. Micklin's. He tended our baby when it had the measles."

"Do doctors have any New Year's Day?"

"Don't you s'pose Johnny knows, Tom?" said Tracy Plumb. "Of course they do."

The doctor lived in a big brick house on a corner, nearly two blocks beyond Judge Curtin's; but the boys were only half sure they were hungry when they rang the bell.

The door was opened by a gentleman with a coffee-colored face and curly hair, and who could not have been more than twice as old as Tom.

"Is dey anybody took sick at your house?"

"Sick? No," said Johnny. "It's New Year's calls. Take our cards to Mrs. Micklin."

"She knows my mother," Tom had said to Johnny, "and I'll send in her card instead of Belle's."

Mrs. Micklin was a little, black-eyed woman, with a nose that was almost too sharply pointed, and when the coffee-colored youth handed her those three cards, her first remark was:

"Julius! Julius Cæsar! How often have I forbidden you to laugh in that way when you come into my presence? Mrs. Fitch? On New Year's Day? Why, what can have happened! And Mr. Marmaduke Plumb with her? It must be something serious. And Johnny Cook? How I wish the doctor were here. Show them right in, Julius, and stop that giggling."

She had bounced from her chair and was smoothing the folds of her silk dress, nervously, as Julius Cæsar chuckled his way back to the front door, and just at that moment a whole sleigh-load of other callers came hurrying up the steps.

"Wish you happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Johnny," said Mrs. Micklin. "But, Tracy, where's your father? Tom, why does not your mother come in? I told Julius——"

"Why, Mrs. Micklin," said Tom, "it's only the cards. We passed 'em at Mrs. Jones' and at Judge Curtin's. Only I sent Belle's there instead of mother's."

"Why, you mischievous boys! And here you've frightened me so! I thought something dreadful had happened——"

But at that moment the other visitors came pouring in, and Mrs. Micklin had to say "happy New Year" to them, and shake hands and smile and talk, and the three boys were almost pushed out of the way, while Julius Cæsar stood at the parlor door, and seemed to be trying to laugh without making any noise.

"Julius," whispered Tom, as he edged near him, "where's the ice-cream?"

But Tom's whisper was loud enough to be heard by everybody in the room, for it seemed to slip into a quiet little place in the conversation, and so did Julius Cæsar's reply: "Dah aint none."

Mrs. Micklin blushed, and one of her gentlemen guests suddenly remarked:

"My dear Mrs. Micklin, I'm delighted to see that you have joined the reform movement. You won't ask your friends to stuff themselves."

And she said something in reply, and the others said something; but Tom Fitch put his lips to Johnny's ear and said, pretty loudly: "Let's go. There's nothing in this house but med'cine."

"Bow to Mrs. Micklin before you go," said Johnny; but everybody in the parlor, excepting the doctor's wife, was laughing about something or other when Julius Cæsar opened the front door for those three boys to go out.

"Where'll we go now, boys?" said Johnny, when they reached the sidewalk.

"There isn't any other place so good as Mrs. Curtin's," remarked Tom.

"Can't go twice to the same house," said Tracy. "Can we, Johnny?"

"No, I s'pose not. But we've plenty of cards. Let's try that white house over yonder."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know. But we can find out when we get in."

It was a very nice house, and there were three young ladies in it, and one of them was at that very moment standing by one of the front windows, all hidden among the heavy curtains, and another was saying: "It's just too bad, girls. Here it is two o'clock, and we've only had five callers, and one of them was the minister."

"And nobody has eaten anything."

"Hush, girls; what can those three boys be coming here for? I've seen one of them before. They're making calls!"

"Tell John to show them right in."

And John did, although Tom Fitch insisted that the cards must go in ahead of them.

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

Three on each side, and then the girls talked right on, so fast their callers had no chance to correct the names.

"Johnny, you'll have some cake?"

"Marmaduke. I must give you some ice-cream."

"Now, Arabella, some chicken-salad."

"My name's Tom."

"Your card says your name's Arabella."

"Here's my other card."

"No, my dear, you're not a married lady. And you must have a cup of coffee."

Very hospitable, indeed, were the three young ladies, and by the time they had helped their young callers to several times as much as any three boys could eat, Jenny was able to remark: "Now, girls, the table begins to look as if somebody'd been here."

"But I think we'd better go now," said Johnny Cook. "I can't eat any more."

"Oh, very well, my dear; and Arabella, too, and Marmaduke,"

"That's my father's name, and mine's Tracy Plumb."

"Just as good, Tracy. Won't you eat some more cream?"

"No, ma'am. Johnny says we'd better go."

The girls were in high glee over their young gentlemen callers; but when the latter reached the sidewalk, Johnny Cook remarked: "I guess we won't make any more calls. I'm going home."

"So am I," said Tom. "But I've four more cards."

"I've more'n that," said Tracy; "but I don't want to go anywhere else. I couldn't be polite."

Not one of them could have been polite enough to eat another mouthful, and that or something else made them a very sober-looking lot of New Year's Day callers, as they walked on down the street.

Tom and Tracy were not heard from again that day; but Johnny Cook wondered, when Uncle Fred came home that night, why he was compelled to give so careful an account of everything.

"You were very polite, everywhere?"

"Yes, Uncle Fred; and at the last place Tom Fitch forgot to bow when he came out, and I made him go 'way back into the parlor and do it."

"That was right. If there was any other place where he forgot it, he ought to go back there next New Year's Day and bow."

But Johnny only said: "I don't think I want to eat any supper, to-night, Uncle Fred."—*St. Nicholas.*

Concerning the Care of Children.

I was a visitor at a house a short time ago where one of the members of the family, a little girl of four or five years, was the object of much solicitude by her parents. She was a bright and pretty child, but had suffered from attacks of "fits" or "spasms." The immediate guardians of the child seemed to be intelligent, sensible people, and I was amazed, while at dinner, to see the little girl served the same as an adult, with rich and hearty food, including even chow-chow, apple pie and coffee! It was no wonder the poor little creature had "fits," or whatever the nervous malady may have been that was so designated. The ignorance displayed in the diet of the child was too utterly abominable to be excused, and I was scarcely able to hold my tongue from crying out against it. But I eased my conscience in answering the question how I managed to give my little boy his look of superb health by emphasizing the fact that he had never so much as *tasted* coffee, or apple pie, or chow-chow, or various other things commonly allowed to children.

The other day an acquaintance complained to me of the dainty appetite of her children, of their leanness, their propensity to be "forever on the stretch," their total disinclination to take sufficient sleep and rest. The children were often guests at my house, and I knew that the most delicate one of them all had never been trained to drink pure milk. The stuff she daily drank was a mixture of warm water, milk and sugar. All the children ate candy, cakes, fine crackers, and were put to bed much later at night than they should have been. To my mind there was nothing surprising in the fact that a good appetite was a stranger to her little ones, or that they were lean and unduly active.

Another mother declares that her children always have "colds" from October until June. She dresses them daintily, in apparel both fine and costly, in sealskin coats, muffs, tippets and things of such ilk. Their frocks are worn very short, their drawers are of finest cambric, and their only "under flannel" consists of a fine and dainty knitted shirt, so that while the upper portion of the body is well-protected and over protected in a sealskin garment, the lower part is very shabbily clothed so far as warmth goes. The cold scurries up the poorly clad legs, which the short petticoats—handsomely embroidered—fail to protect. With the clothing of the body so unevenly distributed, is it any wonder that the children always have colds? A good woolen undergarment, cut to fit the body, arms, legs and all, and worn next to the skin, would do more for the welfare of her children than all the sealskin coats, feathered hats and ornamented toggery in the universe. There is something atrocious in sacrificing a child's health to finery, or in being so ignorant and careless as not to know that it is being so sacrificed.

Every nine men out of ten that have achieved distinction in this country were in childhood inured to plain food and clad in cheap, often mean, apparel. Nobody looks for great men or great women from the homes of wealth where luxury abounds. A certain amount of hardship seems indispensable to the development of character.

What is it to us, who are grown to womanhood or manhood, that we wore broadcloth, or "linsey," or silk, embroidered or patched garments in our childhood, calico or India mull, whether we had ribbons, or laces, or sashes, or ruffles, or finery of any sort? It is of not the smallest real consequence. What is of real consequence, however, is that we had plain, nutritious food, so that our bones and our teeth were properly supplied with building material, that we were healthfully clad, that we were taught to breathe well, to chew our food well, to sit and walk erect, to be truthful, honest, clean, industrious, earnest, to read only *good* books, to take excellent care of our teeth, and—to speak good English.

If parents could only discern between important and unimportant things, and hold to the former and discard the latter, how immeasurably the welfare of the race would be advanced. But they waste and worry themselves over trifles, especially the mothers, who will sit up o' nights and prick their fingers sore over some foolish bit of finery—and perhaps weep and sigh and be very unhappy because their little boys or girls can't have hats and frocks like certain other children. Oh me, how foolish! Or have money for a "start in life." How much money had Garfield or Lincoln, or Edison, or Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, or Stephenson, or Fulton, or Christopher Columbus, or A. T. Stewart, or Vanderbilt, or Harriet Beecher Stowe, or John Bunyan, or General Grant, St. Paul, or Michael Angelo with which to make a "start in life?" The best wealth to make a "start in life" on, for man or woman, is a good, strong body, good principles, good character and industrious habits. Perseverance is genius, energy is talent, and industry and economy united with tend-to-your-own-business, mean competence.—*Mary Wager-Fisher, in Rural New Yorker.*

—R. C. Kedzie has lately communicated to the public the result of a number of careful experiments in regard to the comparative value of partly ripe, just ripe and dead ripe wheat, based on two varieties of hard wheat. Both kinds showed the dead ripe wheat to be least nutritious, the food properties having been supplanted in ripening by carbo-hydrates.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Pigs are able to consume far more food in proportion to their weight than either sheep or oxen.

—The roots of apple trees have been found to extend twenty-six feet or more.

—In removing grease spots by benzine the stained outline which is left can be prevented by the application of gypsum extending a little beyond the moistened region. When dry shake the powder off and no trace of the spot will remain.

—Save the soot that falls from the chimneys. A pint of soot to a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of the greatest value for flowers and plants of all kinds.

—A horse's hoof is of the same nature as horn. If you desire to know the effects of applying a hot shoe to a horse's hoof place your comb on a hot stove for a minute or two, then let it cool and see how easily it will break. A hot shoe makes the hoof brittle instead of tough.

—Minced Meat Pie.—Chop about one pound of cold meat—veal is best—very finely with a little fat bacon; flavor with a little cayenne, salt and mace, the grated rind of a small lemon, and a small quantity of the juice; add the yelks of three eggs and the white of one. Border a pie-dish with paste, put in the mince, cover with paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

—A smoke-house should be well ventilated, and the hams be hung at least eight or ten feet above the fire, and the smoke given out in moderate quantities, and come from corn-cobs or hickory wood. It is important that the hams be kept cool and dry through the whole operation. Proper ventilation of the smoke-house secures this. If they become moist by improper ventilation, or are placed so near the fire as to be heated, their flavor is greatly injured.

—How to Make Shirts Glossy.—To secure a gloss when ironing shirts, take of raw starch, one ounce; gum arabic, one drachm; white of egg or blood albumen, half an ounce; soluble glass, quarter of an ounce; water. Make the starch into fine cream, dissolve the gum in a little hot water, cool and mix it with the albumen, and beat up the mixture with the starch liquid; then add the water-glass (solution) and shake together. Moisten the starched linen with a cloth dipped in this liquid, and use a polishing iron to develop the gloss.

—Coffee Custard.—Make a good strong extract of coffee—by dripping it as slowly as possible through a percolator; for ten people you will want two cupfuls; take eight of the same measures of milk, and heat into the milk the yelks of six eggs; add three ounces of powdered sugar; mix into this the two cupfuls of coffee; as coffee differs in strength, taste to see that it is strong enough; pour the mixture into cups, and put the cups in a not too deep pan, with boiling water; the level of the water ought not to stand higher than half the cup; do not boil the water too hard; about fifteen minutes of boiling is necessary.

—The common acceptance is that freezing of wheat lands late in the fall is very damaging, but an old wheat grower gives it as his opinion that the light fall freezes are a decided benefit. The result of the fall rains is to form a crust upon the surface of the wheat fields, which is against the perfect growth of the plant. These slight freezings, not enough to heave the land and injure the roots, loosens up the soil and makes it mellow, so that in the warm days that intervene between the frosts the wheat roots get a better chance to "feed," and so it results after all in a benefit equal to a slight coating of fine manure.

—A farmer tells us, says an exchange, that he has tested the value of his corn put into hogs with the following result: He commenced with a lot of hogs weighing 175 pounds each on the 20th of September. He fed them two weeks, and when weighed he found that at the price of pork then ruling, $3.50 per hundred, his corn so fed had brought him sixty cents per bushel. The two weeks were mild weather. He again weighed and fed them two of the coldest weeks in November and found that the corn fed, at the same price for pork, had brought him only fifty cents per bushel. He says this teaches him that hogs ought to be fatted early in the warm weather to get the greatest value for the corn fed.

—"Noodle," if properly made, is a great addition to soup; and is preferred by many people to the best "A B C macaroni." For a family of four, two eggs will be sufficient; beat them until they are very light; stir in flour as long as it is possible to work it in; salt it well; roll it out on a kneading board until it is almost as thin as paper and is perfectly smooth; put a clean paper on a chair or table near the stove and lay the noodle on it to dry. It should be prepared early enough in the morning for it to dry for an hour at least. About twenty minutes before the soup is taken from the stove take the noodle and fold it over and over until you have a strip three or four inches wide; then with a sharp knife cut it in narrow strips; put these in the soup and let them cook from ten to fifteen minutes. Beef soup, with noodle, and a pinch of curry powder, is a dish to be "somewhat considered."

Cheap Smoke-Houses.

A good smoke-house is a necessity on every farm, large or small, where any meat is cured at all. There exists no reason why every farmer who slaughters swine should not have the delicious sugar-cured hams as well as the more ordinary fare of pickled pork.

A good smoke-house does not necessarily imply an expensive one. All that is imperative for a smoke-house is a room of sufficient size which can be filled with smoke and shut up tight, with conveniences to hang up the meat.

A sweet, clean cask has efficiently served as a smoke-house where only a few hams were to be smoked. In most of the smoke-houses on farms the fire is made on a stone slab in the middle of the floor. In others a pit is dug about one foot deep in the ground and the fire placed in that.

In some of the improved smoke-houses the fire is made in a pit outside of the house and the smoke communicated to the house by means of pipes. Slat shelves are provided in other houses upon which the pieces of meat are laid (skins down) during the smoking process, instead of being hung up, according to the old mode.

A plan common in sections of Maryland and Pennsylvania is building the smoke-house upon a brick wall and over a brick arch, through which a number of holes or spaces are left in the brickwork for the smoke to pass through. Beneath the arch is the ash-pit, and a door opens into this. The door to the meat-room by this arrangement is reached with the assistance of a ladder.

Meat, in whatever sort of smoke-house it is prepared, should be continually surrounded by smoke produced from material that imparts a pleasant flavor, as good hickory wood or corn cobs. While the smoke ought to be continuous, the smoking process must not be hastened to such a degree as to raise the temperature sufficiently to make the fat ooze out of the meat, or to prevent the creosote in the smoke from thoroughly permeating its entire substance. In a word, the fire from which the smoke arises should neither be permitted to die out nor blaze up in flames: Old smoke-houses should be thoroughly cleaned out previous to use, and the conveniences from which the meats are suspended examined to insure their being strong enough for their work.—*N. Y. World.*

Religious Reading.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Come, let us pause, O soul of mine,
And retrospect the passing year,
It is not like thyself, divine—
'Twill die and never reappear.

It has been just a gasp of breath,
A sharp, convulsive clutch of Time,
Yet long enough for woe and death—
And large, red vintages of crime.

And long enough—to God be praise!—
For victories to the sword unknown;
Wreathed with no garniture of bays,
And registered in Heaven alone.

Of these I would commune with thee,
O soul, the while the Old Year dies;
Have we been crowned with victory—
In this year's store for the skies?

Let slip the cunning strings that play
The puppets of our daily mask;
Earth's gauds and leasts put away—
This hour befits a better task.

We have been eager to obtain
What earthly treasures we might seize;
But each in our review are vain—
Heaven takes the least account of these.

The fields we search beyond the sun,
The legends in the rocks we read;
The lore from ethereal worlds, the
Dogma and theory and creed—

All these are nought in the account
We pass, to-night, in close review.
Vain are the streams from mythic fount
That flow in fable, old and new.

What have we done that will endure
When thrones and crowns unstable prove;
What gained of earth so rich and pure
Time cannot mar it, or remove?

Not for a name, that men should speak
With false applause, have we wrought well;
That were a guilt in vain to seek,
How weak, how vain, let History tell!

If self is less, if God is more,
Within our aim to glorify,
It was that we have lived before
By grace from Heaven we now deny:

If kindness in our bosom hides
The faults of others with its veil;
If love to God and man abides
Of force, when wit and wisdom fail:

If something of the Heaven above
We've gained for all of earth we've missed,
And kept the Master—low by love,
We have not lived in vain, I wist.

God knows how many, or how few,
Of virtues such as these we've won;
We only know that each is due
To grace He gave us through His Son.

Let us not count our conquests, then,
Lest they be fewer than we deem;
But gird ourselves, O soul, again
To be the victors we may seem.

So let the year in silence die,
While we with humble lips implore
Our failings with the death may lie,
And grace abound to us the more.

—William C. Richards.

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 25—The Babe and the King. Isaiah 9: 6-7

'87—FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 1—Beginning of the Gospel . . . Mark 1: 1-13
Jan. 8—Jesus in Galilee . . . Mark 1: 14-28
Jan. 15—Power to Heal . . . Mark 1: 29-45
Jan. 22—Power to Forgive . . . Mark 2: 1-17
Jan. 29—The Pharisees Answered . Mark 2: 18-28
Feb. 5—Christ and His Disciples . Mark 3: 6-19
Feb. 12—Christ's Foes and Friends . Mark 3: 20-35
Feb. 19—Parable of the Sower . . . Mark 4: 1-23
Feb. 26—Growth of the Kingdom . Mark 4: 24-34
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.

Religion in the Far West.

In the Tabernacle Baptist Church, yesterday morning, Rev. Dwight Spencer spoke of the dearth of religious influences in the far West, particularly in Utah Territory. He had returned from that country in order to picture to the Baptists of the East the condition of the border land as seen from the standpoint of a clergyman and a Baptist. Mr. Spencer is a tall, straight, finely-formed man of simple manners, who uses plain language, speaks as distinctly as an actor, and exhibits an impressive earnestness and sincerity.

"In the Wood River country," said he, "there is not one day school, not one Sunday-school, not one church, and not one minister. I preached in the village of Haley in a tent. The town is six months old. The people sat on the beds to hear me. There was a faro bank in operation next door. The rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards were plainly heard. The songs of the ballad singers and the music of the bands went on as I preached. In the afternoon I preached in the next town, and close at hand two faro banks were open, while two or three others were doing business a little further off.

"You would be surprised at the elegance of these gambling saloons," said the minister; "they are fitted in black walnut, are warmed and well lighted, and are in all respects the most comfortable and attractive places to the young men of those mining regions at present. They invariably contain a liquor bar. Very often a young man brings $500 of earnings into town of a Saturday evening and loses it all before Sunday morning in these haunts of vice. The devil holds sway so thoroughly in the country I speak of that there is no worse state of affairs in the heart of Central Africa. It seems to me, sometimes, that the effect of the education and civilization these men have received in the East enables them to practice a refinement of vice such as is unknown in Africa.

"Between Ogden, in the northern part of Utah, and Reno," the minister continued, "there are sixty-seven railroad stations, and among them all there is not a minister, a missionary or a church organization. All that is there, allied to these, are two feeble Sunday-schools. Altogether, in the country I refer to—a tract eleven times larger than New England and seven and a half times as large as the Middle States—there is but one minister to every 2,500 inhabitants, and but one to every 4,000 square miles. If you want to get a correct idea of this religious desolation, imagine 2,500 people scattered over the surface of Connecticut, and then put one clergyman over them to minister to their spiritual wants. This is the picture presented in six Territories and one State, Nevada.

"I asked a book vender on one of the two trains of eight coaches that daily traverse one section of this country what book he sold most. He said that the greatest demand by far was for Ingersoll's lectures. I asked him who were his best customers, and he replied that the cowboys were. These cowboys are the cattle herders—the most depraved and wicked people that can be conceived of. They ride into a town, get drunk, and then ride up and down the village shooting down men, women and children indiscriminately, after which they ride away to be seen or heard of no more. It is a disgrace, a shame upon the Christianity of America that there is no circulation of moral and elevating literature to combat Ingersoll's infidelity. The best books sold on these cars are the trashiest novels. I would send out works attractively printed, so that they would be kept by these benighted people; tracts with passages from our best sermons, or I would not care if they contained the writings of Josh Billings or of Bob Burdette, of Burlington, Iowa. The stories of John B. Gough would be good. Such as these I would have scattered by the thousand, aye, by the million, throughout that land. Moreover, we Baptists ought to put one missionary a day in the field during the next two years. Even then we would not have enough. Let us pray for the men as well as the money; for the men of purpose and of heart to leave these pleasant Eastern homes and battle in the Western wilderness."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rationalism in Germany.

Joseph Cook, in a letter from Germany, published in the *Independent*, speaks of the decline of rationalism in Germany: "As a sect in Biblical criticism, the Tabingen school has perished. The mythical theory of the origin of Christianity is exploded. Strauss is no longer heard here in discussions with infidels. His day and even that of Schenkel and Renan have gone by. The most dangerous tendency of the new form of rationalism connects itself with the philosophy of evolution and the speculations of materialistic physicists. Ernst Henckel, however, has no important following in Germany. The best, though not the noisiest, naturalists here, as in Scotland and England, are unapologetic and thorough theists." "It is true to-day, as it has been for the last fifteen or twenty years, in Germany, that the rationalistic theological professors attract far fewer students than the evangelical. According to the Universitats Kalendar for 1880-81, rationalistic Heidelberg has only twenty-four theological students, while evangelical Berlin has 235, evangelical Halle 204, and high-evangelical Leipzig 137. At one time, recently, Heidelberg University had seven theological professors, all rationalists, and only seven theological students. Prof. Christlieb assures me that the number of theological students in Germany is now decidedly on the increase, although it diminished for a while under the operation of the notorious Falk Laws, now happily superseded in large part by the better arrangements of his successors. Falk appointed as teachers in the gymnasia very many thoroughgoing rationalists, who were accustomed to sneer at any of their pupils who proposed to study divinity, and thus did their utmost to diminish the number of theological students in the universities." And yet there are those in our own country anxious to pick up and wear the old shoes of rationalism which have been cast aside in Germany or are about to be thrown away.—*Interior.*

A Personal Creator.

Certain classes of scientists love to dwell upon the age of the world, and fancy that by removing the period of creation millions of years back into eternity they weaken our faith in a personal Creator, and in His supervising care. But they greatly mistake. No matter how many myriads of ages may have elapsed, or through how many convulsions the world may have passed, the truth still stands—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." More than this, He upholdeth "all things by the word of His power." There must be a power present in the movement of all machinery—there must be a living force guiding the movements of the universe. The act of creation, though sublime and glorious, is little more glorious than that of preserving and perpetuating. If from untold myriads of years this universe has existed, God's plans are older still, and the stability of nature's laws but demonstrate that God is the same yesterday, that He is to-day, and that He will be the same forever. What power is there in that word that upholdeth all things? Could a jeweler produce a watch capable of keeping time for a hundred years without erring a second, of what priceless value would it be, and how greatly we should admire the skill of the artist? What shall we say, then, of Him who holds the machinery of unnumbered worlds for untold ages in perfect harmony? Nor has one item ever been lost. Science shows us that forms perpetually change, but substances endure. Nothing perishes. In this sense it is true that "not a jot or tittle of His Word shall ever fail."—*Bishop Simpson.*

Legal Fictions.

It is easy to win for the wisdom of modern times a superficial triumph by airing in the light of day, naked and apart from the vanished circumstances which gave birth to them, the extraordinary fictions which once passed current in our courts. The quantity of quaint nonsense in habitual use was, no doubt, amazing. A man who had to defend an action might be told that he was in jail, or he might be compelled to substitute himself for a non-existent Richard Roe. Any one who wished to sell an entailed estate might have to begin by saying that it belonged to somebody else. A plaintiff who did not make at random a large number of assertions in his bill was put at a serious disadvantage. A defendant gave small bail for his appearance; and it was usual to put into pleadings mere random assertions, none of which might be true. To recover a horse or a cow, or to get an estate of which some one was in possession, it might be necessary to state the most egregious falsehoods. In order that one might sue upon a contract actually made at sea, it might be essential to say that it was made at the Royal Exchange. It seems odd to be told that "the wife is the daughter of the husband," or, "that the mother and son are not of kin." When this last adage was propounded to Uncle Toby he could scarcely be prevented whistling Lillibourlero; and the statement comes as a shock to the strongest nerves. But the fact is that when the history of these maxims is carefully scanned, it is seen that those who devised them were neither dupes nor knaves. It is a mistake to suppose that they were mere instruments of plunder and extortion, or contrivances for multiplying the mysteries of law. A little investigation shows that they were generally modes of silently altering law at a time when above-board forms of innovations of any kind would have been stoutly resisted. When acts of Parliament were rare or unknown; when law was regarded by uncritical minds as of *quasi* sacred origin, ago to say "it is written" was to say "it is immutable," these fictions were modes of acquiring jurisdiction and doing justice without offering violence to deeply-rooted feelings. They were the equity of the rude ages. But it is mere ignorance of history to forget that fictions were once serviceable. They are the modes by which the Jewish doctors of the law, the interpreters of the Koran, the Praetors at Rome, the Queen's Justices at Westminster, sought to moderate strict legal severity, and harmonize the letter of the law with the exigencies of society. These rude devices were the amending acts of early times. They ought to be viewed in the light in which a primitive wagon or plow is regarded. They are venerable but out of date, and their use in these days is not to be encouraged, even when they are turned against a "common informer," against whom it is assumed all is fair.—*London Times.*

Mixing of Corn.

It appears from experiments that while some appearance of mixing in two sorts of corn takes place the first year, the complete crossing is apparent only the second year in the crop grown from these mixed ears. Every farmer is familiar with the variegated ears where sorts of two colors are planted near each other. Prof. Beal reports an experiment where he planted an early, eight-rowed, yellow dent, and through it a single row of yellow flint. Before flowering, the tassels of the flint corn were all cut off, making impregnation by the dent on this row a necessity. There was no trace on the ears of the flint of any crossing with the dent the first year. The next year, however, the flint corn showed all gradations from the dent to the flint. He reports some varieties as being less affected with crossing than others, and names the red or brown varieties as having the greatest fixity of type, which accords with our own observations. To prove the influence of climate and locality in changing corn without crossing, he says that the King Philip corn went to Kansas and in three years was sent back well marked with dent.—*Country Gentleman.*

—The man who wouldn't be found out should stay at home.

—A lad named Six, in Oliver Township, Kalkaska County, Mich., had an exciting encounter with a deer a few days since. He fired at the deer, a large buck, and was in the act of reloading when he noticed the deer coming toward him. His rifle was a muzzle-loader, and his patches were not cut any faster than he used them, so that before he could reload the deer was close to him. He made lively time around a large tree, with the deer pressing him too closely for comfort, and, seeing two trees at a short distance that stood quite close together, he struck out for them, which he barely reached when the buck went rushing by. Here he could dodge between the trees, while the buck had to go around on account of his horns. Finally the baffled beast stopped to study the situation, when the lad, hastily ramming the ball home, fixed the cap with nervous fingers, and, placing the gun between the trees and close to the deer's head, pulled the trigger, and kerflop went the beauty.

A Boy's Luck.

The Norristown (Pa.) *Herald* in a recent issue referred among others, to the following cases of special interest. They are their own commentary. Mr Samuel C. Nyce, resides at 308 Marshall street, and holds the responsible position of journal clerk in the Pennsylvania Legislature at Harrisburg. While Mr Nyce and family were in the country recently, his boy, aged three years, fell and broke his leg. He recovered, but a very troublesome stiffness set in and he could scarcely use the leg. The injured limb was rubbed several times with St. Jacobs Oil, and the stiffness was so much reduced that the boy was able to use his leg freely. Dr. Bulpe said it was the use of St. Jacobs Oil that cured the stiffness. Mr Nyce himself used the Great German Remedy for toothache with good effect, and also for a sprain and pains of rheumatic nature, and always with good effect. Mrs. Nyce also says she thinks the Oil is a splendid thing, and she always keeps it on hand.

THE coming woman will not marry until she is able to support a husband in the style he has been accustomed to at home.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Its Equal Is Unknown.

A Lowell (Mass.) paper, so we observe, cites the case of Mr. P. H. Short, proprietor of the Belmont Hotel, that city, who suffered with rheumatism for seventeen years without finding relief from any of the numerous remedies employed, until he applied St. Jacobs Oil. "I never found any medicine that produced such remarkable and instantaneous effects as it did," says Mr. Short.—*Iowa (Iowa) Mirror.*

PENNSYLVANIA is getting a bad reputation because of her gravestone insurance companies. It looks as though her name would have to be changed from the Keystone to the Gravestone State.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of It."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

WHEN the "coming man" shut the door after him! He will in this office or he will go out of the window.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," words registered as a trade mark, cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

THERE should be no holes in Christmas stockings if they are worth a darn.—*N. O. Picayune.*