# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA


### BENEATH THE WILLOWS.

I

Beneath the willows stood my love,
And it was June;
And white beneath, and green above,
The little merry leaves did move
In rustling tune.

How fair she seemed, the while she dreamed,
And did not stir!
Around us hummed the drowsy bees;
Above us waved the willow trees;
Oh, blest we were!

"The willow trees are happy trees,"
My loved one said.
"And we will plant them round our home,"
I asked, "when the glad days are come?"
She bowed her head.

II

Again beneath the willows stood
My love and I;
And cold November swept the wood,
And shadowed with a dreamy mood
Were earth and sky.

A tiny grave lay at our feet—
Alas, how small!
And on its frozen bosom beat
The drifting willow leaves and sleet—
So sad a pall!

"Oh, mournful trees are willow trees!"
My loved one said;
And lower o'er the little grave
The drooping branches seemed to wave,
And shroud the dead.

—*James Buckham, in The Continent.*

### THE MOON'S ROTATION.

Of all the permanent heavenly orbs, there is none that is so near us, is seen under so large an angle—or, if you prefer it, of so large an apparent size—and is at the same time so gently illuminated as to permit men to gaze at it uninterruptedly, and is so abundantly marked with divers figurings of brighter and darker parts all over its surface, as the moon.

The well-known changes in general form of the luminous part of the disc or sphere, known as the *phases* of the moon, arising from the different manner in which in which it is illumined by the sun in the course of the month as seen by us on the earth, and resulting in the popular names of New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Third Quarter and New Moon again—slightly interfere with the regular observations of the minuter markings and details of the surface above alluded to. But the phase-effects are easily allowed for; and then there comes out this conclusion, or statement, in which all observers, both past and present, agree—namely, that the moon always turns the same face of itself towards the earth, during the whole time of every monthly revolution she makes around it. Hence also comes the equally undisputed fact, that mankind is acquainted with only one side of the moon, and never will, in the ordinary course of nature, know what markings or features, say of sea or land, plains or mountains, there may be on the other side.

How this effect comes about, and by what physical means it is kept up, not only throughout the revolution of a single lunar month, but for tens of thousands of such periods, in fact throughout all history—is an interesting branch in the physical astronomy of modern times; but not for us to enter into now, for we have a preliminary question given to us as our present task—namely, with regard to the general and indubitably observed fact above alluded to; and which question may be formulated thus: What are we to say or to believe as to "the *rotation* of the moon," after having ascertained that it keeps one face steadily toward the earth, during the whole of a monthly revolution around it.

The answer ought not to be difficult; and, indeed, so early an authority as Berosus, a Chaldean astronomer in the fourth century before Christ, is recorded to have come to the true judgment; for he announced that the moon rotates once on its axis in the same time that it revolves once round the earth; and that opinion has been held by every practical astronomer, mathematician and scientist since the time at least of Francis Bacon.

But these three titles or professions by no means include all men, even of education; for some are occasionally violent on the other side. "It is curious," said one of our latest and most brilliant of mathematical philosophers, Clerk Maxwell, "to see how speculators are led by their neglect of the exact sciences, to put themselves in opposition to them, when they have not the slightest point of contact with their systems." And it has always been so. Whence we find that in the sixth century A. D., a logician, named Simplicius must needs come out to oppose Berosus and the astronomers by declaring that the observed fact of the moon always keeping the same face to the earth during a revolution around it, showed that it (the moon) did not rotate on an axis at all.

Now, if Simplicius had meant that he was only speaking with regard to what may be termed "apparent astronomy," he would have been excusable enough, so far as that mere temporary stepping-stone of apparent, in place of real and absolute, astronomy is concerned. But, unhappily, he did not mean that. He wished, on the contrary, to expose what he believed to be an outrageous blunder of the astronomers at the very beginning of their own science, and to have the honor himself of teaching the world his own discovery, by a truer interpretation of the observed and conceded facts of observation, that the moon in space does not rotate, or turn on an axis at all.

It is strange, wrote the astronomer Arago, in the beginning of the century, that this class of men can not see, that if the moon did *not* turn on its axis, and *did* keep one part of its face always pointed to one particular direction in space, that we, on the earth, would then necessarily behold one side of the moon in one half of its monthly revolution round the earth, and the other side of the moon through the remaining half. But that class of men, who exist still, are obstinate in not seeing or understanding the case in this way, and hence they rush into the open to declare astronomers mad.

Thus, at the Bath meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science there was quite a noisy and abusive irruption of these men, pronouncing that the idea of the moon rotating on an axis, when it always presented the same face to the earth, was folly. Although, too, they were admirably answered then by the learned Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell, they came out again soon after at the Royal Astronomical Society in London. One of the party, too, produced an absurd child's toy, hoping to make his opponents look ridiculous. For he had therein set up a doll dressed as a military general in the center, and put a figure of a soldier, with his face to the general, on the end of a lath revolving around that center; when, of course, the soldier kept his face obediently toward his chief during the whole of a revolution around him. And then said party showed that the soldier, having been firmly fixed by two nails to the lath, could not possibly have turned on an axis at all. "No, not with regard to the lath," said a Cambridge man; "but as you continue to revolve him by means of the lath, he rotates round my finger," as he held that down over the little soldier's head from above and from outside all the doll machinery; or as from a region representing infinite space, where directions, as of the cardinal points, are everything.

In other words, if one celestial body revolves round another, keeping the same face always to it, the former *must* change its faces at the same time with respect to circumambient outside space; and in such space, which is astronomical space, a body rotates on an axis when it changes its surface directions continuedly towards any fixed point in such outside and infinitely removed circumference; equally, too, whether the said body be in general movement through space or not—that is revolving round another or not. Whence we may draw the happy final conclusion for the rising and learning generation that all the known text-books on astronomy by astronomers in every country are perfectly correct when they state, in spite of logicians of the school of Simplicius, that the moon rotates on its axis once in each of its revolutions round the earth.—*Prof. Piazzi Smyth, in Chambers' Journal.*

### Mothers and Daughters.

What is the relation that they sustain to each other? Too often is it not this? The mother is the drudge, and the daughter selfishly enjoys what the mother provides for her. In many households—too many by far—the picture presented is that of the mother, faded before her time, making a slave of herself in kitchen or sewing-room; losing what interest she may have had in literature, in society, in current events beyond the merest round of neighborhood gossip; treading, for the most part, unthanked, a dreary and endless round of toil, almost, if not quite, menial. The reverse of the picture is the daughter, care-free, her wants for food or clothing anticipated, her freedom to enjoy herself made ample, her opportunities for study or for reading made secure, her time pretty much at her own disposal. On the one side is the weary and worn mother—and she is not old yet by any means. On the other side is the pretty, dainty, fresh and blooming daughter. We would not have the daughter one whit less pretty and dainty and fresh and blooming; but all this ought not to be at the price of the mother's very life. Yet we are sure, from our own knowledge and the testimony of others, that the picture is not overdrawn.

The relation, then, that too often exists is that the mother drudges and the daughter enjoys. It does not take long for the daughter to become exacting. In a very short time it will not be strange if she is looking down upon her mother as fitted simply to drudge for her comfort. She grudges her mother the place in the parlor. She does not want the mother's presence among her young companions. "Mother is such a dowdy," she says, "that I can't bear to have her around." And the mother too often meekly submits to this social exile.

In many cases, if not in all, the mother has originally herself to blame for this. She began by being, not the mother, with a mother's rights as well as duties, but the slave of the little baby-girl in the cradle. It gratified in a way her maternal pride to lavishly bedeck the little toddler. To have the little girl "look pretty" was her ambition, and consumed her effort. Once started, where could she pause in this course? As the child grew older the demands naturally became greater. The ultimate result is seen in the picture we have presented, and which we know is a true one. But the picture is a very sad one.

Now, what ought to be the relation? Surely, as different from what we have pictured as can be. We would not reverse it, and make the daughter the drudge. We are not inclined to be patient with idle and exacting mothers, who are willing that all the bloom should be brushed from fresh young lives before they are fairly expanded. There are some such mothers. But surely there is safe middle ground.

Let the mother remember that she has rights as well as duties. One of these rights is to continue to enjoy society. Society made up of boys and girls is slim and shallow enough. It needs the ripeness of maturity to be thoroughly enjoyable. The mother, therefore, must not drudge her life away till she can no more enjoy society. She must make her daughter understand that she has a right to share in social enjoyments, and is not to be relegated to kitchen or nursery while the young miss receives her friends. But if she expects to be a companion, she must be companionable. The slave of the cooking-stove or the needle can not be this. It is not the necessary work that we condemn, but the superfluous—the work that so many mothers do at so fearful a cost, that their daughters may "shine."

Then it is pre-eminently necessary that the mother should gain and keep her daughter's confidence. There is much information in certain important directions that the daughter ought to receive only from her mother. The mother ought to be the daughter's confidante, from whom she has no concealments. What she can not "tell mother," she ought not to be willing to hear. Such companionship is good for both parties. It helps the mother to retain, to some extent, the freshness and elasticity of girlhood. It gives to the daughter the benefit of mature experience. It would prevent the heart-breaks which come into homes not a few. It would forestall the evils into which youthful heedlessness so often runs. It is a beautiful relation when mother and daughter are each other's friends.

The daughters have their part to do. They are to be helpful. If not naturally inclined to this, it is their mothers' duty to put it upon them. They are not simply to enjoy the benefits of others' labors. They are to do their part in the economy of the home, to make the home delightful. They can hardly begin too early. They ought to learn at the earliest practicable moment to do many things for themselves, and to render little services to others. The mistake in many homes is that the children are too much waited upon. Hence they become selfish and exacting. The daughter, however, that makes up her mind that she will do every reasonable thing that lies in her power to "help mother," will find her lot comfortable and happy.

Ah, mothers and daughters, how much you can do to mar or make each other's welfare and comfort and peace!—*Christian Weekly.*

### Deserving of Sympathy.

"I want to ask your advice," said a friend, "and see if I have acted in accordance with your views. My wife ran away several days ago What would you have done?"

"Let her run."

"That's just exactly what I did, but what about the man who ran away with her?"

"I'd pity him."

"By George, exactly what I have done?"

"Do you know the man with whom she left?"

"No."

"I'm the man."

"Then, old fellow, you are especially deserving of sympathy. For some time I have owed you twenty dollars. I did not intend to pay you, but you'll need it. Here's your money."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Senator Morrill recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday. He is hale and hearty yet, but it is probable that he will expect to retire after the expiration of his present term in 1885, which will make for him a term of thirty years service as a member of Congress—twelve years in the House and eighteen in the Senate.—*Boston Herald*

### About Rats.

Do rats migrate? If they did not we should never have seen any of our common species. It is a characteristic of the family. When they become crowded, find their homes inconvenient or their supply of food cut off, they move. Our most common rat is the brown or Norway rat, *mus decumanus.* The old gray fellows, with scars of battle usually looming up prominently on them, are of this species. We are indebted to Persia and India for them. Driven from their native land by famine or some other local cause, they migrated to Europe in the eighteenth century, particularly in 1737, when large troops of them crossed the Volga and made Russia their own. From Russia they spread all over Europe, and just before the beginning of the Revolutionary war they made their appearance in America, having been brought here in ships. Everywhere they drove out the black, or English, rat, *mus rattus,* before them. This is also supposed to be of Asiatic origin, but its nativity is not known certainly. It was the house rat of Europe in very early times, and was first noticed in America in 1544. It is an inch or two shorter than the Norway rat, and is not very common, as its fierce Scandinavian cousin makes things very unpleasant for it. Our common house mouse, *mus musculus,* is also a foreigner, and probably from Asia as well as the other two. America boasts one other of the family from the old country. This is the roof rat, or white bellied rat, *mus tectorum.* It is common in Mexico and the Southern States as far north as North Carolina. It is a native of Egypt, and derives its name from infesting the thatched roofs of that country.

Are there any rats native to this country? Certainly. The woods are full of them. They are not often seen about houses and never in cities. There are some sixty or more species of them, rats and mice together, of which about ten species are entitled to be called rats, from their size. Most of them belong to the Southern States. One well-known species is the cotton rat, *sigmodon hispidus.* It gets its name from its habit of lining its nest with cotton. It is not destructive, and does but little damage. In Colorado the most common native rat is found in the wooded sections of the mountains. It is about the size of the Norway rat and resembles it considerably. Its ears are large, however, and its tail is covered with a dense fur. Its English name is the Rocky Mountain rat, and scientifically it is *neotoma cinerea.* It is strong, active and pugnacious, and with its appetite there are few prospectors who are not acquainted. Like most of the other members of the family, it is omnivorous. The indiscriminating burro itself could scarcely get away with a larger quantity or greater variety of food than do these animals. Among other edibles the writer remembers with pain of contributing two pairs of buckskin and one of dog-skin gloves to their carnivals. Candles are California fruit for them, and they have often been known to get away with giant powder when other provisions were scarce.

There is another animal, often spoken of as "the mountain rat," which is common in this State, and which is not a rat at all. It is found in America only in the Rocky Mountains, from Colorado northward. Its habitat is given in the books as being between the forty-second and sixtieth degrees of north latitude, but the writer has seen hundreds of them in this State, and as far south as the thirty-eighth parallel. It is from seven to nine inches in length; is grayish above, penciled with black and yellowish white, yellowish brown on the sides, and a dirty yellowish white underneath. It has rounded ears, short hind legs, and no visible tail. It lives only in elevated places, forming its home in loose heaps and slides of rock. During the day, and especially toward sunset, it has a habit of perching itself on some prominent piece of rock and uttering a bleating note. When annoyed it repeats its note quickly and with a querulous accent. It is wholly herbivorous and belongs in the rabbit family. It is properly known as the Rocky Mountain pika or Little Chief hare, *lagomys princeps.* The miners sometimes call them conies and sometimes mountain rats. The animal may be definitely placed by its teeth. It has five molars, above and below, on each side. None of the rats proper have more than three.

There is only one other rat native of this State that is worthy of notice, and it is the kangaroo-rat, *dipodomys Ordii.* It is small, only five inches in length, and is not very common. So much for Colorado rats. In general there is much that is interesting about them. There are anecdotes innumerable about their ingenuity, their fierceness, and other qualities, but they can not be noticed here. Besides it is almost impossible to tell which of them are true and which are false. The Chinese and other Asiatic peoples, particularly the lower caste Hindoos, eat them, as do also many of the African tribes. Their skins are used in the manufactures of delicate articles, especially for the thumbs of Parisian kid gloves. The largest known rat is a native of India. It attains a length of thirteen inches, with a tail of equal length, and weighs as much as three pounds. It is very destructive in gardens, and kills chickens and ducks. It has been known to undermine houses with its burrows. The teeth of rats are remarkably strong. Cases have been known where they have gnawed ivory. Although living usually in filthy places, they are cleanly in their persons, and clean themselves by licking, as a cat does. When known and considered fairly, they are not nearly as bad as is commonly supposed.—*Denver Tribune.*

### The Northern Boundary.

The whole of this boundary, from Michigan to Alaska, has been distinctly marked by the British and American Commissioners; and some interesting details have been published of the way in which this difficult task was accomplished. The boundary is marked by stone cairns, iron pillars, wood pillars, earth mounds and timber posts. These structures vary from five feet in height to fifteen feet, and there are 385 of them between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. That portion of the boundary which lies east and west of the Red River Valley is marked by cast-iron pillars at even mile intervals. The British place one every two miles, and the United States one between each British post. The pillars are hollow iron castings, and upon the opposite faces are cast, in letters two inches high, the inscription, "Convention of London," and "October 20, 1818."

The average weight of each pillar when completed is eighty-five pounds. With regard to the wooden posts, the Indians frequently cut them down for fuel, and nothing but iron will last very long. Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stone have been built, the bases being in some places eighteen feet under water, and the tops projecting some eight feet above the surface of the lake at high-water mark. In forests, the line is marked by felling the timber a rod wide and clearing away the underbrush. As might well be imagined the work of cutting through the timbered swamps was very great, but it has all been carefully and thoroughly done. The pillars are all set four feet in the ground in ordinary cases, with their inscription faces to the north and south, and the earth is well settled and stamped about them. The iron posts afford little temptation for dislodgment and conveying away by the Indians.—*Chicago Journal.*

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Thomas McElrath, Horace Greeley's first partner in the publication of the *Tribune,* is said to be writing a history of New York journalism.

—The sixteen daughters of a Maryland ex-Congressman have the reputation of being the handsomest ladies in the State. One of them—the first of sixteen—was married recently.

—Mr. R. V. Gurney claims that he and Mr. Charles H. McKenzie, both of New York City, are the only known survivors in this country of the gallant six hundred who made the charge at Balaklava, October 25, 1854.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Johnson C. Whittaker, the colored cadet who acquired notoriety three years ago in connection with a charge of having mutilated his ears while at West Point, is now filling a Professor's chair in the Avery Institute, at Charleston, S. C.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, was sailing down the harbor on his way to Europe, to attend his sick daughter, when a cable dispatch was received announcing that she was better. The good news could not be communicated to him.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The late Charles W. Foster is said to have been completely absorbed for a dozen years past in the political fortunes of his son, the Governor of Ohio. His ruling passion had been to see him made Chief Executive of the Nation, and he was often heard to say: "Could I but see Charles President I would die happy."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—In his new volume on American topics Mr. Freeman, the historian, makes the following observation on ancient wooden churches that came in his way while he was here: "I have seen old-fashioned wooden churches in America for whose details of course there was nothing to say, but whose general effect was a good deal more venerable than that of an ancient English church on which a modern architect has been let loose to play his tricks." On the whole, it is thought in England that Mr. Freeman enjoyed his American tour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—John B. McMaster, author of the new "History of the People of the United States," was born at Brooklyn, L. I., June 29, 1852. His grandfather was Robert Bach, a prominent Brooklyn merchant in the days when that city numbered 16,000 souls. His father was James McMaster, a native of New York State, and, till the war opened, a banker and planter at New Orleans. Mr. McMaster's early years were spent in New York. Here he was educated in the public schools, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1872.—*N. Y. Times.*

### HUMOROUS.

—A Nabob—Shaking one's head in the negative.

—"Not hang our murtherers. Be jabers! I should like to see the spalpeen that murthered me hung twice."—*Judy.*

—In the good old times the girls could change color in a moment, and very sweet it was, too. Nowadays it takes them half an hour—and longer, for all we know.

—"Aw, I hev such a dwedful cawld in me head," remarked an Ivy street dude, as he stroked the tender tip of his nose yesterday. "Better that than nothing," was the witty but cruel response of a Peachtree maiden who heard him.—*Boston Post.*

—A romping four-year-old boy had been denied some trifling gratification by his mother, but it did not seem so trifling to him as to her. So, striking an attitude before her, he said, with the utmost gravity: "Mother, were you ever a boy?"

—Castle Garden aristocracy: They were boasting about ancestry. "My forefathers," said John, "came over from England on the Mayflower." "And my ancestry," said Pat, "kim over from Quanestown on the Sunflower. It's æsthetic, I am, begorra."—*N. Y. Journal.*

—An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "an' it's when a boy gits a whippin' for goin' to a ball."

—Customer (to grocer): "How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents, replied the grocer. "Why, how's that; Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und yy don't you py ov Jones, denn?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I vill sell dem for dwenty cents, too, venn I don't got any."—*N. Y. News.*

—Language.—Tommy: "What does 'I beg your pardon' mean?" Aunt: "It is a form of apology, my dear. For instance, if I were to knock up against you by mistake, I should apologize by saying: 'I beg your pardon.'" Tommy: "Oh, mother wouldn't say that! She'd say: 'Get out, yer young warmint, or I'll fetch ye sich a slap o' the head yer own father won't know ye from a twopenny 'bus.'"—*Judy.*

—"I un'erstands dat yer wants ter hire a gen'leman to clean out yer well?" said a negro to an Arkansas Colonel. "No, I only want a man to clean out the well." "Wall, de man what tole me must hab made a mistake. Would like mighty well ter git a job, case dar ain't nuthin' in der house ter eat. Certain yer doan want a gen'leman, is yer?" "No. The work I want done requires a man." "Wall, good day, boss, sorry dat we can't make a trade."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

### A Bear Which Snored.

John H. Kelly, of Brighton, gives the following story of a recent adventure: "I have a farm of open and wood land in the township of Ditton, Canada, and go there occasionally to look after my interests. During the early part of last week I was there and went out alone on snow-shoes prospecting, with the intention of buying some lumber. I heard something rustling through the bushes and saw a man with a dog following a large deer. Seeing that the three were pretty well used up I joined in the chase, until both man, dog and myself got tired and gave up in disgust. My newly-formed acquaintance was a French-Canadian, a wood-chopper, and, like myself, had nothing but an ax.

"The snow was deep, so we hunted around for a resting place and soon discovered a log some twenty feet long and about four feet through. At about the middle of the log we observed a dry spot, and on going there saw there was a large knot hole. We sat down, but had been there but a few minutes when we heard a snoring, which alarmed us. We then went to the large end of the log and saw bear-tracks, and I concluded that there was a bear inside. Said I: 'My friend, just go to the knot hole and pound with your ax, and I will wait here till he comes out, when I will slug him in the head.' This the Canadian did, and the bear came out. I made a clip at him with the ax, and missed him. He got on his feet and sprang at me, knocking me down—see the marks of his claws on my legs and feet. My Canadian friend at this moment came to my rescue and split the brute's skull in two. We then lit some wood and smoked out these two cubs (pointing to a couple of infantile cubs). I kept them and gave my friend the mother, whose skin was of more value to him than the cubs."

These young ones Mr. Kelly is raising, or trying to raise, as a mother would a child, the nursery-bottle being used for their sustenance.—*Boston Globe.*

## Our Young Readers.

### OLD HERO, THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

Long, long ago, on India's plains,
There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray;
And on his back, above all heads,
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colors to the air.
Proudly the mahout rode and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there,
Till "Halt!" he cried, and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed,
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew!
Yet patiently old Hero stood
Amidst it all, the while his feet
Were stained, alas! with human blood.
His ears were strained to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grew weak
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft;
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying, closed upon the foe.
Then turned the tide of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own Captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero "halted." Blithe nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away;
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried;
"His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad.
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the "little driver," too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long, wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went. The trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead;
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed
A soldier's honored grave had found.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young People.*

### A BAD HABIT.

"Yes, we had a most magnificent time at the sociable. All the people were perfectly delightful and the music was charming and the decorations just too lovely for anything! The room was frightfully hot, though—I was fairly melted."

"Yes, the room was rather warm," remarked Lucy.

"And I got tired to death before it was over, things dragged so dreadfully. I thought that Glee Club would surely go on singing all night. And what an awfully shrill voice Janet Granby has!—it really deafened me. Don't you think that dress of hers is horrid—with flounces piled on by the dozen?"

"I thought it had only seven."

"The salt must have got into the ice-cream, did you notice? There was enough in the saucerful I ate to freeze a whole freezer full. Wasn't that a splendid bouquet they threw to Susy Merton! So big it almost covered her up."

"Indeed!" quietly exclaimed grandfather, who was sitting near. "I should like to have seen it. I have heard of the wonderful things florists construct nowadays with cut flowers, but I had no idea they made them so large as that."

"As what, grandfather?" asked Mabel, pausing before launching into another stream of talk, she having, as was usual with her, forgotten her trifling words almost as soon as uttered.

"It must have been—well, you did not give the dimensions, my dear, but I should guess it could not have been less than four or five feet in diameter."

"*What* diameter, grandfather."

"Why, the diameter of that bouquet."

"*What* bouquet?" Mabel looked bewildered.

"The one you have been telling about."

"*I* never told of a bouquet four or five feet in diameter, grandfather. You must be dreaming, sir. I never saw such a thing in my life."

"Then the lady you spoke of must be very small, dear."

"What lady, grandfather?"

"The lady whose bouquet almost covered her up."

"Oh-h-h!" Mabel burst into a hearty laugh. "Why, grandfather, that's just my way of talking. Of course I did not mean that she had a bouquet as large as that."

"Then why did you say so, Mabel?"

"Oh, well—mamma does scold me most outrageously for it. She says I exaggerate things horribly, but what harm does it do?"

"I am sorry to hear that of your mother," said the old gentleman gravely. "I had always supposed that her behavior was far within the limits of decency and propriety."

"My mother! Grandpa, you are very queer to-day! What *do* you mean?"

"Look in the dictionary for the definition of things done in an outrageous manner, dear. I am only taking you at your word. But I am afraid, Mabel, that your health will suffer from the effects of eating so much salt."

"I hav'n't been eating salt, grandfather."

"I understood you to say your ice-cream contained enough salt to freeze a whole freezer full."

"Oh, now, grandfather, you are a most fearful critic."

"I shall try not to be alarming. How did you manage to reduce yourself to a solid condition so soon after being melted?"

"Oh, I only meant that the room was so roasting hot."

"It must have been quite a dangerous place—you were attacked with deafness, too, you say?—you seem to be recovering from it."

"But you know I didn't mean any such thing."

"Then why did you say it, dear? Was it true?"

"Why—it wasn't so, of course."

"If it was not true, what was it?"

Mabel looked as if this was a soberer view of the matter than she wished to take.

"Did you really think the Glee Club would sing all night?"

"No, sir."

"Then, when you said you thought so did you tell the truth? If not what did you tell?" The tears came into Mabel's eyes.

"Grandfather, do you think I would tell an untruth?"

"No, dear, not intentionally, but, Mabel"—he laid his hand tenderly on her head—"I want you to think how many things you have said in the last fifteen minutes which are simply *not true.* I want to caution you earnestly against indulging in this habit of loose, thoughtless speech. I am sorry to hear so many young people giving way to it. It is vulgar, it is foolish—and if not wicked, its direct tendency is to wickedness, for remember, what is not true is false. And even where careless expression does not involve disregard of truth it may be well to reflect that it is heard by the Lord, who has assured us that "for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account in the day of judgment."—*Sydney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.*

### Aunt Sarah's Watchword.

Laura came into the disorderly sitting-room, put a sweeping-cap on her head, and began listlessly drawing a broom over the dirty carpet. In a few moments a goodly pile of dirt was swept out the door, when she took a duster and looked around, quite puzzled where to begin

"I wish I'd never been to Aunt Sarah's," she said, dropping down on the lounge with a more discontented look than before. "It's all very well for her to talk about keeping things in order, but her children seem different from ours. Just look here."

It was rather discouraging. On one chair lay some crusts of bread and molasses; on another a torn picture-book and some paints over which the glass of water used with them had been spilt. On the table mother's over-filled work-basket was running over, some spools of thread tangled among broken toys. The ashes from the grate were widely scattered, and every corner seemed to have its separate litter.

"Who sweeps a room well, does God's service." Something like this Laura had heard said while at her aunt's house.

"I don't believe God has much to do with such a room as this," she said, fretfully, to herself. "And it don't make much difference how it's swept, I'm sure." But her eye noted rather uneasily the untouched corners, and the dusty patch under the table which her lazy broom had not reached. Aunt Sarah's cheery watchword: "Thorough, my dears, thorough," seemed to sound in her ears as she remembered how she had come home with a firm determination to institute a better order of things.

"I'll try it, anyway." She dusted and carried out every movable article of furniture, sprang to her broom again, and this time wielded it with an energy which left little chance of peace to the seldom-disturbed dust. And into the fire went many a fragment of broken playthings that would surely never be missed. Aunt Sarah believed in a judicious keeping down of worthless trash.

The dirt being gathered this time in a dust-pan and sent after the trash, Laura straightened and dusted the pictures, then the curtains. Books not needed were carried away, the others piled neatly in order. Newspapers were sorted, and those not to be saved taken to the kitchen for kindling. A basket was found for the toys, and the rubber shoes and a slate which had lain under the lounge were put away in the closet. There was not time for a thorough cleaning of finger-marked windows, but a quick rub with some soft paper brightened them amazingly. Then she washed up the oil-cloth before the grate, and when the furniture was back in place sat down with the work-basket, glad of a rest.

"I do think it's the most hopeless snarl I ever saw, but I'll try what 'thorough' will do here." A number of pieces for chance mending were rolled into a bundle, the thread untangled as far as it could be, wound and fastened. Needles were placed in the needle-book and buttons in a box by themselves. A jumping-jack and tin horse on wheels was rescued from a woeful entanglement in a skein of darning yarn, which was wound up and laid with the stockings, mated ready for mending. Almost everything went back into the basket which had been there before, but it was not half full.

Lastly Laura went to the parlor and brought out a gay-colored tidy for the large chair and a worsted mat for a vase, which she hastily filled with flowers. "I'm not going to keep all the pretty things out of sight," she said, "and I'm going to have a cretonne cover for this old lounge. It won't cost much and will lighten up the room."

Even baby gave a crow of delight as he came into the room on mother's arm; then scrambled down and laughed aloud as he crept toward his tin horse, which had been lost for a week. And mother looked around the room with a brighter smile than Laura had seen on her face for many a day.

"Oh, my daughter—have your little hands done all this? Why, I didn't know the old carpet could look so fresh, and what a cheery-looking, pleasant room it is after all. What a precious comfort you are, my darling!"

Laura looked around the tidy room with great satisfaction.

"I've been over every inch of it, mother. How pleasant it is to feel that you've done a thing thoroughly."

Try it girls. Try what satisfaction there is in bringing order and sweetness out of confusion. Try what a joy there is in lightening mother's cares and in making dear faces brighter because the dear home is brighter. And be sure that the Master who has said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," will tenderly bless even a smaller service, conscientiously and heartily performed, than that of a "room well swept."—*N. Y. Observer.*

### A Scene in Court.

The following anecdote is said to be literally true of an eminent lawyer:

The gentleman in question, who was then quite young, was retained as a vocate in a case on which, not feeling himself sufficiently prepared to plead, he was very desirous of obtaining a postponement. As, however, the court had already protracted its session beyond the usual period in consequence of an unusual amount of business, and of course the jury were getting impatient to be released from their duress, he was well aware that it would be impossible to procure such a postponement unless he could allege some extraordinary cause.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the result proved, he had a lively imagination, and had quickly formed a plan which he was sure would be successful.

Rising, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he addressed the court in great apparent emotion:

"May it please the court, I have just heard of the dangerous illness of my venerable mother, who is lying at the point of death. Under such circumstances, much as I regret protracting an already lengthened session, I must request that this case be postponed. My feelings are so powerfully agitated that I should be unable to do justice to the case, feeling as I do that my proper place is at the bedside of my mother."

The pathetic appeal was completely successful. A feeling of earnest sympathy for the afflicted counsel pervaded all hearts, and the jurors, though anxious to return to their families, were not sufficiently hard of heart to wish to have the business of the court proceed at such a sacrifice of personal feelings.

The Judge, who was a tender-hearted man, had risen, and was about to grant the request of the counsel, when the deep hush was broken by a shrill voice, which proceeded from a lady in a Quaker bonnet, who was bending over the railing of the gallery. It was the mother of the eloquent counsel, who, so far from being at the point of death, came without her son's knowledge to hear him plead.

"Timothy, Timothy!" she exclaimed, in a voice which could be heard all over the house—"Timothy, Timothy, how often have I chastised thee for lying?"

It is needless to say that the court-room fairly shook with laughter, and the eloquent counsel, the late Timothy Coffin, sat down completely nonplussed.

The case wasn't postponed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The ancient furnace still in use at the Custom House docks in England is known as the "Queen's tobacco pipe." In this gloves, lace, bandanna handkerchiefs, coffee, tea, cigars and spirits which were smuggled were burnt formerly. Thirteen thousand pairs of French gloves were at one time cast into this furnace.

—Jubal Early gives $1,000 towards a monument to Robert E. Lee—a sort of Jubal-Lee memorial.—*Detroit Post.*

## Temperance Reading.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE BOWL.

[As the last Liverpool Assizes a man was sentenced to penal servitude for life for having, when "in drink," brutally ill-treated his wife, she being blinded by a kick, while her body was covered with bruises, the effects of blows, and in several places the flesh was scarred and roasted, where the prisoner had held live coals therein.]

The publican sat in his parlor so snug
By his bottles and glasses surrounded;
Close beside him his pipe, as also a mug
Of the liquor that always abounded.
A happy old fellow, a jovial soul,
Was this hero of mine, the Knight of the Bowl.

His trade was so good, and his profits so sure,
That, his mind quite contented and at rest,
He soon fell asleep, and developed a snore,
Most unpleasant, we'll say, at its best.
But a lucky old fellow, a fortunate soul,
Was this sleepy grog seller, the Knight of the Bowl.

Now how long he slept there I really can't say,
But on this point I'm perfectly clear:
He had a long dream, saw a vision that day
He'll remember for many a year.
And a startled old fellow, a frightened old soul,
Was this sleeper "mine host," the Knight of the Bowl.

Now the vision he saw was a woman, some fair,
Living, struggling, so hard, for dear life,
In a room with scant fire, little bedding, no chair;
And this woman a mother! a wife!
A shame-faced old fellow, indignant old soul,
Was this court-envious host, the Knight of the Bowl.

Her assailant, his customer—one of his best!
Her husband—protector, so named—
Was kicking and beating his wife with such zest
That he left her blind, bleeding and maimed.
Now a sashened old fellow, a wretched old soul,
Was this dreaming innkeeper, the Knight of the Bowl.

Unused to much thought, still he couldn't help thinking
What a horrible curse to our town
Is this horrible trade, which encourages drinking,
While thousands to ruin go down!
But a money-fed old fellow, a wealthy old soul,
Was this fat, chubby host, the Knight of the Bowl.

Now the publican wakens, his dream at an end;
Will the houses be lasting? you say!
No! I'm sadly afraid that "the trade" he'll defend,
And he'll sell as much liquor next day.
For a selfish old fellow, a careless old soul,
Is this "vile compound" seller, the Knight of the Bowl.

—*English Exchange.*

### Canon Farrar's Programme of Temperance.

Now, drink corrodes the heart of a Nation and the sons of any people, and nothing can make them strong except temperance, soberness and chastity. We, therefore, shall not join in any wail which has been raised by the friends of the liquor traffic about the diminution of the revenue, but, on the contrary, we shall go on more and more pressing upon the Legislature what are our just demands. We shall try and make them listen to what we require. Why, ladies and gentlemen, if we only succeed in getting what Scotland has had long ago, what Ireland has now got, what Wales has now got, what Yorkshire, and Northumberland, and Cornwall are now demanding—if we get only that, we shall at least have got something worth having. But we want to get, for instance, Sunday closing. With our Sunday closing we want to get a five or eight mile, or, as in some of our Australian colonies, a ten-mile limit, to prevent the abuse of the closed public-house by that curious and unreal sort of publican's ghost, that bogus individual—the bona fide traveler. Then we want to prevent passenger vessels being made into floating gin palaces. Then we want to prevent, to prohibit altogether, the payment of wages in public houses. Then we want to prevent altogether the great and perilous abuse which is often made of public houses at times of election. Then we want to have society protected from the pauperism and the vice of drunkenness. Then we want all those who are habitual and notorious drunkards to be in some way checked, or at any rate prevented from buying liquor—which is also a rule in some of our colonies. Then we want the closing of public houses at ten o'clock in the evening, and, if possible, at two o'clock on Saturdays. I have not done yet. We want to have individual members of Parliament prevented from blocking bills which are demanded by the voice of the country, and which are required by the happiness of hundreds and thousands of people; and then, besides all that, we want a veto, protected by scheduled voting papers, by which we shall be enabled to veto all new public houses, to diminish to any extent we like the existing number of public houses, and if in any district it is the strong wish of such district to put an end in their limits to the liquor traffic altogether, we want to have for them also the vote which will enable them to do it. The reason that we want this is because we do not wish to see thrust upon people, to their misery and demoralization, without their consent and against their will, any number of public houses. We want these things and demand them all in the name of justice, in the name of freedom, in the name of morality, and, in the name of religion. We want, and we have a right to have all these, and I think I may say in your name that sooner or later we mean to get them.

### An Experiment with Beer.

Dr. Andrew Clark, physician in the London Hospital, a