

### SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,  
I tread my days;  
I know that all the threads will run  
Appointed ways;  
know each day will bring its task,  
And, being blind, no more I ask.  
I do not know the use or name  
Of that I spin;  
I only know that some one came,  
And laid within  
My hand the thread, and said: "Since you  
Are blind, but one thing you can do."  
Sometimes the threads so rough and fast  
And tangled fly,  
I know wild storms are sweeping past,  
And fear that I  
Shall fall; but dare not try to find  
A safer place, since I am blind.  
I know not why, but I am sure  
That tint and place,  
In some great fabric to endure  
Past time and race  
My threads will have; so from the first,  
Though blind, I never felt accused.  
I think, perhaps, this rust has sprung  
From one short word  
Said over me when I was young—  
So young, I heard  
It, knowing not that God's name signed  
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.  
But whether this be seal or sign  
Within, without  
It matters not. The bond divine  
I never doubt.  
I know He set me here, and still,  
And glad, and blind, I wait His will.  
But listen, listen day by day,  
To hear them tread  
Who bear the finished web away,  
And out the thread,  
And bring God's message in the sun,  
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

### HE BROKE UP THE SCHOOL.

"That is the new school house is it?" inquired Miss Alice Ray, the "new teacher," as the farmer's team passed by a little white house standing endwise to the road, inclosed in a rather dilapidated fence.  
"Yes, that's where you'll hold forth," remarked Uncle Zeke Woodburn, "but I'm afeared you won't hold out long, for we've got the toughest set of boys in the state," and Uncle Zeke gave a kind of cackling little laugh as he thought of the timid, demure little damsel at his side controlling the boys of Bear Creek school.  
"But don't the directors expel them when they are beyond the control of the teacher?" asked Alice, her heart beginning to sink at the prospect before her.  
"Expel 'em! no, we never expel nobody; if a teacher can't boss the school we just let it boss him; it ain't our fight an' the school here generally bosses the teacher, an' that's been some pretty good men licked in that school house by the boys."  
"I did not know the school was so unruly," said poor Alice, wishing heartily that she had hired out as a washerwoman instead of trying to teach the savages of Bear Creek.  
"Oh, well, mebbe it won't be so bad this winter; that's Jim Turner, he's one of the toughest of 'em; he'll be 21 in a month, and you'll get rid of him; but that's the Brindley boys, they're mighty nigh as bad."  
Poor Alice listened with a sinking heart. The cold, hard duties before her were dreary enough at the best; but to go alone and unknown into a strange neighborhood to teach her first school, and to be met at the outset by such dark prophecies, made her feel homeless indeed. She was naturally a timid, shrinking little thing, and if she had possessed anywhere on the whole broad earth a roof to shelter her she would have turned back from Bear Creek school even then. But she had no home. Her mother had died when she was 14, and she had kept house for her father two years, when he died, leaving her all alone. Before he died he advised her to expend the little sum he would be able to leave her in fitting herself for a teacher, and Alice had fulfilled his directions so literally that when she had completed her course of study at the normal school she had hardly \$10 left, and when she paid Uncle Zeke for hauling her and her little trunk from the nearest railroad town to the district where she was to teach, she had but \$5 left.  
On Monday morning as she started for the school house she felt as if she was going to the scaffold. Her course of pedagogics in the normal institute had included no such a problem as this school promised to be, and if it were not for very shame she would have given her single \$5 bill to anyone to take her back to the railroad and pay her fare to L., the town where she had attended school.  
When she arrived at the school house about twenty or thirty scholars were grouped around talking, but a spell of silence fell upon them as she walked up and saluted them with a "good morning" which was more like the chirp of a frightened bird than anything else. As she unlocked the door and entered what she had already begun to regard as a chamber of torture, two or three slowly followed her into the room, and depositing their books upon the whittled desks, took seats, and fixed their eyes upon her with a stare that did not help to strengthen her nerves.  
All the rules and regulations of her "Theory and Practice of Opening School Upon the First Day" seemed to vanish and leave her head whirling in dizzy helplessness. She tried to think

of some cheerful remark, but her brain refused to form the thought and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She could see in the faces of her pupils, most of whom were now in the school-room, that they were aware of her fright and enjoyed it thoroughly. By a strong effort she recovered herself and bravely resisted the temptation to lean her head on the desk and have a good cry. She felt that she must do something or faint, so she rang the bell, though it lacked fifteen minutes to 9. She began taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and by the time this was completed she began to feel more at ease. She then began examining the pupils in the different branches in order to assign them to their proper classes. She had finished the examination in all the branches except the advanced reading class, which was principally composed of grown girls and young men, among whom was the terrible Jim Turner, of whom she had been warned.

Several of the members of the class had read, and it was now the turn of Moses Bradley, a huge, heavy-set fellow, with small, malicious eyes, and a general air of ruffianism. When he was called upon to read he did not rise from his seat, but began to read in a thick, indistinct voice from a book hidden in his lap.  
"Mr. Bradley, will you please stand up when you read?" asked Alice.  
"I can read just as well settin' down," replied the fellow, with a dogged air.  
"But it is one of the rules in a reading class to stand up to read," said Alice, her heart quaking with fear as she foresaw the incipient rebellion.  
"I reckon you will have to make a new rule for me then," impudently answered Moses, glancing sideways at his companions with a grin of triumph.  
"If you do not obey me I shall be obliged to punish you," said Alice bravely, though she could scarcely stand up.

"I guess all the punishment you could do wouldn't break any of my bones," replied the ruffian, leering at her impudently.  
"But I can break your bones for you in half a minute, and I'll do it if you don't stand up and read as the teacher asked you to," said a voice at the other end of the class, and Alice looked in that direction and saw Jim Turner step from the class and face the astonished Moses.  
Moses's insolent manner abated in an instant, his face turned pale and he muttered something about not being "bossed by other boys," but he stood up as he was commanded.

Alice could have kissed her young champion for very gratitude, but she mustered all the dignity she could command, and said:  
"Mr. Turner, I cannot allow you to interfere in the management of my school; take your seat."  
The youth obeyed without a word, but kept his eye on Moses, as if watching for any delinquency. After this little episode the exercises proceeded without interruption till noon.

Alice had no appetite for dinner. She leaned her throbbing head upon the desk and wondered wearily how long she could endure this.  
She was aroused by one of the little girls running up to her, exclaiming, "Teacher, teacher, the big boys are fighting!" She followed the child, exclaiming, "Oh, why did I ever come into such a den of wild beasts?" At the rear of the school-house stood Jim Turner engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Moses Bradley and his two brothers, both of whom were grown. As Alice stepped around the corner Jim sent Moses reeling to the earth and then turned like a lion upon his two remaining assailants. They rushed at him from two sides, but Jim was as active as a panther, and Bill Bradley fell as if shot, from a left-handed blow, and his brother Tom followed him in an instant. By this time Moses had secured a ball bat and rushed upon Jim, but the latter evaded the blow, and wrenching the bat from his hand knocked Moses headlong with a blow of his fist.

As the discomfited trio arose, Jim laughed lightly and asked them "how they liked it as far as then had got," picked up the bat he had taken from Moses and called out, "Come on, boys, let's have a game of ball."  
The combat ended so quickly that Alice had no chance to interfere, but she felt that it would not do to let this open violation of school rules pass unpunished, so she rang the bell. When the pupils were assembled she called the culprits up to the desk, and asked what the fight was about and who began it. The Bradleys stood sullen and silent, but Jim answered, "I would rather not tell what it was about, but I began it by knocking Moses Bradley down." Alice knew the fight was the result of Jim's espousal of her cause in the reading class, and her voice faltered as she said: "Then I shall have to punish you; hold out your hand."

Jim obeyed her instantly. She took up the ruler with a trembling hand and began the punishment. Jim's face never changed a muscle. The look upon it was one of quiet obedience in which there was no trace of either bravado or sullenness. As Alice inflicted the blows upon the hand so quietly held out to her, the thought rushed upon her mind that she was smiting the only hand that had been raised to befriend her in that lawless region.  
Her face grew pale, the blows fell falteringly, the tears began to run down her cheeks, the ruler fell from her hand, she sank into her seat, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a storm of sobs.  
Then Jim's countenance changed. His lip quivered, he dashed his hand across his eyes to clear them of unnat-

ural dimness, and the great lump in his throat seemed to choke him. A chuckle from Moses Bradley recalled his self-possession, however, and he took a step or two toward the latter with eyes that fairly blazed with hot indignation.

Moses rapidly retreated a step or two, and his chuckle died an untimely death and for a full minute silence reigned over the school room. At last Alice raised her head and in a broken voice dismissed the pupils to the playground.

As the children passed out she heard some say: "So you got a whipping, after all, Jim," and Jim's reply, "yes, and I got enough to pass some of it around if anybody is anxious about it."

At 1 o'clock Alice rang the bell with a feeling of utter despair, but no school ever moved more smoothly than did her school that afternoon. Quiet obedience, study, good lessons, and respectful attention were universal. But Alice had determined to quit the school; she felt as if she would rather be the poorest washerwoman than to be badgered, bullied, and tortured for months at a time by a set of brutal ruffians, whose parents employed her for the sole purpose of enduring this martyrdom.

So when Alice locked the school-house door that evening it was with a mingled feeling of relief and humiliation that she started to offer her resignation to the directors. As she left the school house she saw Jim Turner a few yards ahead of her walking rapidly toward home. She called his name, and he stopped and respectfully waited until she had overtaken him. "Mr. Turner," she said, "I am going away in the morning, and I wish to thank you for your brave defense of me at the school to-day, and to ask your forgiveness for the punishment I so unjustly inflicted on you," and in her earnestness Alice held out her little trembling hand, and Jim instantly grasped it.

"I have nothing to forgive," he said; "you could not do otherwise and neither could I; but you are surely not intending to quit the school?"  
"Yes," answered Alice, "I would rather die than pass through three months of such scenes as I have to-day."  
"But you will have no more trouble; there is no one in the school that would be at all likely to give you trouble except the Bradley boys, and as long as I am there I will answer for their good behavior."

At last Jim's eloquence prevailed, and Alice finally consented to teach a week longer, and at the end of that time she decided to stay, for never did a school move along more smoothly. At her request Jim was allowed to remain during the term, and as soon as it closed he went to college.

Alice taught the Bear Creek school successfully for three years, but in the end Uncle Zeke's prediction was verified, for Jim Turner came back and broke up the school.

He married the teacher.

### Horace Greeley's Sorrow.

New York Tribune.  
We publish below a pathetic letter written by Mr. Greeley on the death of his little boy. Notwithstanding the fact that more than thirty years have passed since the words were written, they will awaken sympathy in many a heart that has known a similar grief.

MY FRIEND: The loss of my boy makes a great change in my feelings, plans and prospects. The joy of my life was comprehended in him, and I do not now feel that any personal object can strongly move me henceforth. I had thought of buying a country place, but it was for him. I had begun to love flowers and beautiful objects, because he liked them. Now, all that deeply concerns me is the evidence that we shall live hereafter, and especially that we shall live with and know those we loved here. I mean to act my part while life is spared me, but I no longer covet length of days. If I felt sure on the point of identifying and being with our loved ones in the world to come, I would prefer not to live long. As it is, I am resigned to whatever may be divinely ordered. . . . We had but few hours to prepare for our loss. He went to bed as hearty and happy as ever. At 5 a. m. he died. . . . His mother had bought him a fiddle the day before, which delighted him beyond measure; and he was only induced to lay it up at night by his delight at the idea of coming up in the morning and surprising me by playing on it before I got up. In the morning at daylight I was called to his bedside. The next day, I followed him to his grave! You cannot guess how golden and lovely his long hair (never cut) looked in the coffin. . . . Pickie was 5 years old last March. So much grace and wit and poetry were rarely or never blended in so young a child, and to his form and features were the perfection of beauty. We can never have another child; and life cannot be long enough to efface, though it will temper this sorrow. It differs in kind as well as degree from that we have hitherto experienced.

### HORACE GREELEY.

An Old Tar's Health Preserver.  
Burlington Hawkeye.  
"How do you preserve your health in a life of such constant exposure?" the young man asked the old sailor. "In alcohol, young man, in alcohol," replied the horny-handed old son of the restless sea, and a calm, benignant light overspread his rugged features as he waited to be asked up. But the young man, being merely a tract distributor, and not a ubiquitous reporter, only said: "How strange!" and passed on.

The proposed reform bill in England will enfranchise about 2,000,000 men.

### SKULLS AND SKELETONS.

In the Cappuccini Monastery at Rome—Among the Bones of 6,000 Monks.

Detroit Free Press.  
"And then I dived to the caves of death, and drew from wither'd bones, and skull, and heap'd up dust, conclusions most forbidden."

When I was in Rome I did as mighty few Romans do—went to church about eight times a day. They were, in fact, the only places where one could keep cool. Rome is hot enough in August to pass for a suburb of Tophet, even though the good Leo lives there; the stone pavements become so heated that the pedestrian thinks he is a movable chop in process of broiling on a gridiron, while the brass angels on the top of Saint Angelo and Saint Peter's are gradually melting into oblivion, I am told, for the want of an umbrella or a Japanese fan.

It was on such an afternoon that I took refuge temporarily beneath a group of trees that stand just opposite the Barberini palace, seating myself among a quaintly-attired group of fruit hucksters, with whom I soon opened up a trade to the extent of a pocketful of apricots and figs and a few oranges. Such an extensive commercial transaction threw the honorable body of merchants into the most intense excitement until I was compelled to seek relief by escaping. In the rear of the little market place stood a queer looking church, with such a wonderful architectural design that it was impossible to even locate the front door. There I would certainly find rest and coolness, and that quiet peace that only a snug seat in a church pew can give. At the head of a flight of stone steps a huge oaken door, studded with rust-eaten nails, barred the pilgrim's progress—knobless, bell-less, clapperless. I had to resort to my trusty cane with which I vigorously thumped the closed portal. A chain rattled, a bolt was drawn, a key turned slowly, the door sprung open and a stooped-shouldered specimen of antiquity, of monkish mien and costume, with shaven head and bared feet, peered through the aperture. I bade him good day in my best Italian-conversational-guide-book style, but the only response that came was the beekoning of his long, skinny finger. I willingly followed, as much mesmerized by the finger as actuated by curiosity. Through corridor after corridor, lined with the portraits of hundreds of holy fathers of the past centuries who stared ominously at me as my Alpine boots echoed along the stone floor; through gloomy passages and old doors, through chapels and rooms we passed, but no church interior was revealed. On the contrary, he led the way down a flight of stairs, where another huge key opened another door which he closed upon me with a startling echo. I was in a cellar, illumined only by a few streaks of light that forced its way through the narrow, dust covered window at the top. A rapid glance around horrified me. A night-mare of the most elaborate kind seemed to have taken possession of my mind, all the spooks and goblins and gorgons of my childhood faded into nothingness. The ghost that inhabited the garret in our old farm house ever since the hired man was found dead was an angel in comparison with the sight I beheld. Right in front of me, so close that I could almost touch the horrible creature, stood a grizzly, grinning, grotesque skeleton, its uneven cranium ornamented with little tufts of dried and withered hair, the orbless eyes looking through and through; its lines of moldy teeth standing out in hideous prominence; its bony fingers clutching a string of beads and a bunch of flowers withered as itself. Then it dawned upon me I had accidentally strayed into the famous Cappuccini underground cemetery. It was the most extensive gallery of skull-pture I had ever seen. Skulls to the right of me, skulls to the left of me, skulls around me grinned and scowled. From graceful arches and bedecked altars; from cobwebbed walls and massive columns, hundreds upon hundreds of pale, yellow, discolored skulls faced me—some with distended mouths and awry features, as if their last struggle had been a paroxysm of pain; some gazing with unutterable horror on their fleshless companions; some smiling diabolically as if they gloated over the fact that the world would have to follow them. On the floor were piled cord after cord of neatly arranged bones, surmounted by pedestals of skulls propped up by the more distinguished monks, clad in brown cowls and moth-eaten cassocks. From the ceiling were suspended clocks and chandeliers and hanging baskets made of connecting bones; the walls were covered with curious ornaments more repulsive than picturesque—center pieces of leg bones bordered with radiating ribs and spinal joints; arches and pillars covered with twisted vertebrae; bas-reliefs of knee-caps and ankles representing historical and legendary figures. No less than 6,000 good old monks have contributed their anatomy to build up "this bony framework," as Hawthorne called it, and one cannot blame the inquisitive if irreverent New Englander who wondered how they would find themselves and pull each together when the last trumpet sounds!

After a time the living monk reappeared. I was glad to see him. I was lonesome without him. Picking up a dusty old thigh bone that had apparently seen a good many years' service, but now seemed to be of no practical use to any one, I asked for it as an addition to my museum. But the dreadful look of horror that met my proposal induced me to replace it instantly. It was a somewhat stingy operation on

his part—as if he couldn't spare a pound or two of monk from his stock. I suppose if Adam had happened in and inquired for a rib to replace the one he lent Eve, he, too, would have been refused.

The Cappuccini monastery is not the only place, however, where the "un-fleshed skeleton" may be seen. All the saints of renown are on view somewhere in the old world, and with commendable liberality the good men have distributed themselves around for the benefit of humanity. St. Matthew rests from his tax gathering beneath the altar of the Roman church of St. Maria Maggiore, and in a comfortable recess of the Cologne cathedral as well; St. Peter makes the great Vatican church his headquarters, but finds time occasionally to visit Freiburg cathedral in Switzerland; St. Paul also acts in a dual manner; St. John divides himself between Venice and Rome, while John the Baptist is even more numerous than any of his brethren. Cologne cathedral however, possesses the most valuable collection—a wonderful trio, being no less than the three wise men, each skull encircled with a crown of jeweled gold. Ghostly old monarchs they are, too.

### The Hog World.

The following table, showing the number of hogs in the various nations of the world, is from tables prepared by the Cincinnati Price Current, by which it will be seen the United States raises nearly half:

United States	43,270,000
Russia	10,332,000
Germany	7,324,000
Austro-Hungary	6,995,000
France	5,801,000
Spain	4,352,000
United Kingdom	3,949,000
Switzerland	2,600,000
Italy	2,500,000
British North American Province	1,410,000
Roumania	857,000
Portugal	717,000
Belgium	603,000
Australia	567,000
Denmark	504,000
Sweden	426,000
Holland	332,000
Argentine Republic	342,000
New Zealand	297,000
Greece	180,000
Cape of Good Hope	132,000
Norway	101,000
Total	91,964,000

And by the following table prepared by the national department of agriculture, it will be seen where the hogs are raised in the United States, Iowa being at the head of the column:

States	No. hogs.
Iowa	5,107,445
Illinois	3,370,754
Ohio	2,714,112
Missouri	3,892,920
Indiana	2,724,383
Kansas	1,984,646
Nebraska	1,526,823
Wisconsin	1,162,238
Tennessee	1,988,753
Kentucky	1,916,587
Pennsylvania	1,060,836
New York	744,238
Michigan	934,184
Texas	1,953,189
California	857,000
Georgia	1,412,604
North Carolina	1,311,821
Alabama	1,225,574
Arkansas	1,259,513
Mississippi	1,076,289
Virginia	733,864
Minnesota	423,057
New Jersey	214,788
Maryland	325,513
South Carolina	584,604
Louisiana	504,439
West Virginia	404,406
Massachusetts	100,600
Dakota	100,600
Oregon	168,954
Florida	329,000
Vermont	74,864
Maine	71,416
New Hampshire	54,511
Connecticut	62,406
Delaware	46,750
Utah	23,500
Washington Territory	50,300
Idaho	23,600
New Mexico	19,209
Rhode Island	14,405
Montana	17,200
Colorado	12,100
Nevada	12,000
Arizona	6,200
Wyoming	735
Total	43,270,086

### Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first \$1,000 than his next \$10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

A woman with twenty toes on exhibition at the museums is to be married to a Chicago man this month. Twenty toes would not amount to anything in a fight with a Chicago man. He would have a revolver, or a sand bag or some deadly weapon. Those Chicago fellows don't care for toes.—Peck's Sun.

Do sun dogs ever go mad.