

MAY BLOOM.

Flowering almonds scent the air,
Apple blossoms waft perfume,
All the world seems fresh and fair;
Flowering almonds scent the air,
Making odors rich and rare,
While within my latticed room
Flowering almonds scent the air,
Apple blossoms waft perfume.
Life seems one bright summer day,
As I list the song of birds,
In this merry month of May;
Life seems one bright summer day—
Care and sorrow flee away,
They are now unmeaning words;
Life seems one bright summer day,
As I list the song of birds.

Lilles lift their perfumed bells,
Dewy in the morning breeze;
While the wandering zephyr swells;
Lilles lift their perfumed bells,
Filled with fragrant, ferny smells;
Underneath the shady trees,
Lilles lift their perfumed bells,
Dewy in the morning breeze.
O, my soul!—I sing—be wise!
Shut out all that seemeth ill—
Waste no time in useless sighs.
O, my soul!—I sing—be wise!
Nothing ever wholly dies—
To the ocean flows the rill.
O, my soul!—I sing—be wise!
Shut out all that seemeth ill.
Still the scent of apple bloom
On the freighted air steals in,
With the lily-bells' perfume;
Still the scent of apple-bloom
Floating upward to my room,
All my thoughts from sorrow win;
Still the scent of apple-bloom
On the freighted air steals in.
—[Lilla N. Cushman.

JENNIE'S MISSION.

"O, this small round of small duties,
How tired I am of them all, how I wish
some grand mission in life would come
to me!"

Jennie Orson, the pretty little school
mistress, leaned her chin upon her
hand as she mused in the above manner,
and gazed out over the gray
spring fields, whose dreary plowed
faces were thrusting their ragged faces
up through the rapidly disappearing
snowdrifts.

"Why, how the snow has gone to
day," she added mentally, as the
changed appearance of the fields struck
her eye. It was the last day of March,
and all winter long the snow had been
heaped in miniature mountain ranges
by the roadside, and on the fields and
meadows. During the last week, warm
weather had set in, making rapid in-
roads on snow and ice.

The children came running under the
window where Jennie stood, playing at
"Round the House!" Then they
flocked off together toward the brook
that rippled by the school house, a few
rods distant. Jennie watched them ab-
sently. Her mind was not upon her
duties that day. Her plodding round
in a country school room seemed very
dull and mean to her. She sighed for
some great and lofty mission.

"If I could do some one great act,
heroic and noble," she said to herself,
"I would be willing to die then. What
is life worth if we must plod on forever
like this? I am no more than an ant,
or a spider, or a squirrel, with the life
I live! How gladly would I give up the
monotony of years of this routine for
one hour of sacrifice, heroism, and then
welcome death."

How she hated her homely life as she
looked back over its nineteen uneventful
years. She had always lived in this
dull country place, ever since she
was a wee child and her parents had
emigrated to the west. She had re-
ceived her education in this same little
school house, attended divine service
there also—as the place boasted no
church edifice—and her only knowl-
edge of the world beyond was obtained
by a yearly visit to the city, fifty miles
distant, where the family supplies were
purchased, and a few books and news-
papers. Now she was very tired of it
all—tired of her dull past, her duller
present, her doubtlessly dull future.
Even the thought of her fond, true
lover, Jack Kellogg, who was building
the house where she was to reign mis-
tress, annoyed her to-day. How poor
and monotonous life stretched before
her. How much better to perform
some one grand act and die, than to
live on to old age in this dreary fash-
ion. It was a very romantic girl who
stood there in the little school room
dreaming her discontented dreams, you
see!

Suddenly she saw by the noon mark
that it was time to call in her scholars.
She had no bell—for that was in the
early days of Wisconsin history, before
the railroads had spread their great
iron spider webs all over the state, and
Jennie's school was conducted on a
very primitive plan. She took the
great ruler, with which she inflicted
punishment on the palms of unruly
boys, and rapped loudly on the window.
Then she sat down and waited
for the pupils to come trooping in; not
with the regulation and order which
govern school rooms in these days,
but helter-skelter, hurry-skurry, laugh-
ing, pushing each other and playing
"tag" to their very benches.

"O, teacher, the creek is getting
awful high," said Tommy Smith, as he
plunged into his seat. And Jennie did
not correct him for the improper use of
"awful," which proved to be more ap-
propriate in this case than teacher or
pupil supposed.

"I suppose the snows are all melting
and running into it," she answered ab-
sently, as she took her place at her
desk, and by another tap of the ruler
indicated that the afternoon session of
the school was now in order.

Then she ran her eye over the room
to see that no pupils were missing.

"Where is Tod Brown?" she asked;
"I do not see him here."

Tod was the smallest child in the
school; a little boy scarcely five years
old, who was placed in her charge to
so much to learn his primer as to keep
him out of his mother's way. She was
burdened with him, besides a babe in
the cradle.

"I left Tod down by the creek," an-
swered Tommy Smith, "thrown' peb-

bles into the water. I told him school
was called."

"You should have brought him with
you; Tod is only a child," Jennie said,
reprovingly. "But go and bring him
now; and hurry, for your lesson in
arithmetic comes on directly."

Tommy came back in a brief space
of time, white and frightened.

"Tod is stannin' on a stone and cry-
in', and the water's all 'round him," he
said. "I couldn't get near him at all."

The whole school rose en masse, and
Jennie, at the head of the small army,
led on to the rescue of Tod.

Yes, there he stood on a stone which
a little time before had been on the
shore, but now, alas, was in the midst
of the rapidly swelling stream beyond
the reach of any one in that little
group.

"Mamma! mamma!" he called in
pitiful tones, "Come and take Tod.
Tod is afraid. Come, mama, come!"

Jennie looked over her little flock of
pupils who crowded about her. Not
one of them was large enough to wade
out and rescue Tod. The only boy in
her school who might safely have at-
tempted this had remained at home
that day to assist his father.

The water was rising higher every
moment. What was to be done must
be done quickly, or the angry waves
would seize poor little Tod, and sweep
him away down the swelling stream.

"John," cried Jennie, speaking to
the largest boy in the flock, "you stand
here on the bank, while I wade out to
Tod. I shall want you to take him
from my arms as soon as I have him
safe. Some of the larger girls must
hold fast to your coat, so that you do
not fall into the stream."

Then Jennie drew her skirts close
about her slight figure and plunged
bravely into the cold waters, sinking
almost to her waist at the first step.

Slowly, slowly she made her way to-
ward the crying child, the waves rushing
up higher over his feet every mo-
ment.

The little flock on the shore huddled
together like frightened lambs, watching
their teacher with wide distended
eyes and sobbing out their fear and
terror, as she slowly forced her way
against the waves.

Another effort, another plunge, and
she had him in her arms. Then she tried
to make her way back to shore, but the
waters were growing more
furious every moment, as if angered at
the loss of their prey. They almost
swept her from her feet—they launched
above her shoulders, and her little bur-
den screamed and struggled with ter-
ror, making her task ten fold more
difficult.

"Just another step, teacher, and I'll
catch hold of him," cried John from
the shore, reaching out almost his
whole length over the waters, while
two sobbing girls held fast to the skirts
of his coat.

It was an exciting scene, a wild mo-
ment of suspense. Jennie's face was
as white as chiseled marble; her long,
black hair had fallen from its fastenings,
and floated back over the billows
like a dark mantle; her eyes were large
with fear, her mouth drawn with pain,
and her slender form swayed as if her
strength were well nigh exhausted.

With one last mighty effort she laid
her burden in John's outstretched
arms.

Ted was saved.

A wild shout of joy and triumph rose
from the excited band on shore, and
they flocked about the prostrate form
of the almost inanimate child.

Just then a great wave swept down
upon Jennie, lifted her from her feet,
just as she was about to grasp the shore,
and bore her rapidly down the
stream like a piece of light driftwood.

As she was whirled away the whole
events of her past life rose before her;
that life which only an hour before had
seemed so poor, and mean, and dull to her.
Ah, now how precious and bright
and beautiful it became. She remembered
her rash wish, that she might be
given some one heroic act to perform
and then die. That act had been granted
her, almost instantly, and she had
performed it heroically. But now must
she carry out the remainder of her
thought, and die! Oh, death was dark
—so cold; the unknown seemed so ter-
rible; she was so young, and life was
so sweet!

She thought of Jack, her lover, and
the half-completed house. Life with
him there, that an hour before had
seemed a dreary, monotonous waste,
now shone upon her like the departing
shores of some lost paradise. Oh, to
see his dear eyes smiling fondly upon
her, once more to hear his voice; life,
youth, love, how precious they all
were!

Then all grew blank. "Jack, Jack,
I am so cold. O, God! save me—pity
—forgive," she cried, and then sank
away into unconsciousness.

Two miles below the school house
they found her tossed on shore with a
mass of driftwood. Quite dead they
pronounced her at first, and the old
village doctor confirmed the assertion.

But Jack Kellogg would not listen to
any of them. "She is not dead," he
cried. "How dare you tell me such a
cruel thing. She is alive, and will
look up and smile in my face before the
day passes."

They shook their heads and thought
the poor boy had gone mad, as he set
to work over her. But they all lent a
helping hand, and every restorative
known to them was applied to the pal-
lid figure of the young girl.

It was hours before they saw any
signs of returning life. Then she
drew a deep, quivering sigh, opened
her eyes and smiled, even as Jack had
said she would, into his loving face
bent anxiously above her.

"Is this heaven?" she asked in a
whisper. "I thought I died."

"You went out clear to the very
threshold of death," Jack answered,
as he clasped her in his arms, "but love
was strong enough to bring you back,
dear."

A Baltimore mother, supposing she
was dying, gave her baby to her nurse
and told her to take it to an asylum
until after her death. The nurse pocketed
the child's board money and left it
on the asylum doorstep. The mother
has recovered, but cannot identify her
baby among a hundred other waifs.

DEVICES OF THE DEVIL.

A Cleveland Preacher Denounces Cards,
Theatres and the Dance.

Cleveland Herald.

Rev. Dr. Mueller preached at the
Scoville Avenue Methodist church last
evening on "Christians and Amuse-
ments." The sermon consisted of an
attack on modern card playing, theaters,
and above all, dancing, and a
brilliant appeal to all, especially mem-
bers of churches, his own in particular,
and Christians of all denominations,
to depart from the paths of such sin, as
may have fallen into. Of course, as
the subject of the discourse signified,
it was for the special benefit of Chris-
tians, but naturally, although only ap-
plied to believers, was intended to
reach the ears of those who are not pro-
fessed Christians. The church was
crowded to suffocation to hear this subject discussed.

The purport of the address was that,
as far as possible, all thoughts of God
and right are banished from the mind
by these wicked players of cards, visi-
tors to theaters, and "monomaniacal
dancers." Christians can not con-
sciously indulge in such amuse-
ments, and if they do it is at a sacrifice
of all principle of religious feeling.
There is no such thing as serving two
Gods, and, as a rule, persons who fre-
quently such places and adopt such
means of amusement as mentioned
above are not noted for their excessive
piety, neither can it be expected from
them. Another principle in this direc-
tion is that no Christian has any right
whatever to do anything by which he
can not be distinguished from the more
worldly. In connection with this the
doctor drew the fine distinction that for
a person who has the reputation of being
a professed Christian it looks de-
cidedly unchristian to conduct himself
in such a manner as to stir up against
church members the reputation of frequent-
ing such places of amusement.

"Why," some one may say, "is it
possible that that man and that woman
is a professed Christian? Why, I have
seen them at the theatre and at dances,
and I have heard that they play cards."
They of course do not realize that they
are doing anything wrong, but they
are, and other people, if not their own
sexes, notice it in them and talk about
it. Of course it is a surprising thing
that persons who consider themselves
Christians will engage in such amuse-
ments as world's people do. In living
this way, said the doctor, professed
Christians are really denying Christ,
and it is false testimony against the
Gospel. People who have fallen into
the error of believing that their only
amusement is to be gained in a round
of gaiety, such as dancing, card playing
and theatres are indeed in an error,
for testimony proves that persons who
have been reformed from such sin have
found more peace and happiness in
Christian lives. Some people of strong
temperament can engage in such
worldly amusement without any moral
harm resulting, but different persons
are differently constituted, and some are
liable, nay, led from the straight
path. Although by card playing one
can acquire a certain amount of inge-
nuity, although dancing tends toward
gracefulness, and the theatre toward a
certain kind of mind cultivation, there
are other kinds of amusements that
will do the same, and here it may be
said that when one asks: "What harm
is there in it?" it can be more truly
asked: "What good is there in it?"

It is the modern theatre—the modern
theatre as a whole—persisted the
speaker, and not any branch of the
theatre, but as a whole, that exercises a
baneful influence, and if they could
be banished society would be benefitted
by the change, for the theatre is not, as
it has been said, an educator of morals,
but the very reverse. The modern
theatre is not the representative of
legitimate drama, and it is as immoral
to-day, in plot and action as it was 100
years ago. This is not puritanical big-
otry, said the doctor, and it does not
require a personal contact with it to
enable one to see the sin in it; for one
need not be hung in order that he may
have acquired a sufficient knowledge
of capital punishment that will enable
him to write about it.

Public and promiscuous dancing,
from personal knowledge as a physician,
averred Dr. Mueller, is physically
unhealthy, and more women are in-
jured by it than in any other way.
Furthermore, the attractiveness of the
dance often unsettles one's mind. Per-
sons may urge the apparent harmlessness
of parlor dancing all they wish.
It is merely an introduction to the public
dance houses, where so many men,
as well as women, are daily ruined,
and the innocent square dances are but
a prelude to the fearful and much-op-
posed round dance that is the serpent
that kills so many pure and unsuspecting
girls. We must have exercise and
amusement, it is said. Well and good;
but let it be obtained in some less dan-
gerous way, and they are to be pitied
who limit themselves in their means of
obtaining the much-needed exercise
and amusement to the three evils, card
playing, theatres and dancing.

PREPARING FOR JUNE 3.

Progress of the Work of Constructing the
Festival and Convention Chamber.

Chicago Journal.

The remodeling of the exposition
building for the use of the May festival
and the conventions is being pushed
forward by the contractors, Messrs.
Steinmeitch & Heilberger, with great
vigor. They have had a force of forty-
five carpenters at work on it for four
weeks, and an immense amount of
work has been done. One of the most
difficult jobs they have had on hand
was the taking down of the immense
elevator shaft, running to the top of
the building. Only a few timbers of
this now remain. Unlike the hall con-
structed four years ago, this one will
have, not one sounding board, but two,
one at each end. That at the south end
is already finished. It is an immense
affair, starting fifteen feet from the
floor of the gallery, and running at an
angle of forty-five degrees forward to
the ceiling. The parquet floor will
have a descent from rear to front of five
feet. The contractors are satisfied that
their work will be finished according

to agreement by May 19. In the meantime,
other mechanics are getting in
their work also. The gas-filters have
put in sixteen large rings of burners to
illuminate the area of the hall and 250
extra burners to light the aisles and
passage ways. The painters are also
at work on the ceiling, endeavoring in
vain to give it an esthetic appearance
by a liberal application of blue and red
paint. There is every reason to believe
that by the appointed time the
conventions will have a hall for their
purposes better than any other the continent
could offer them, and much cooler and
quieter and more convenient than the
republican convention had four years ago in the same build-
ing.

The Chicago committee of arrangements
will probably hold a meeting early next
week as soon as Mr. B. P. Moulton,
chairman of the finance committee,
returns from the east, where he was called
by the death of a relative. The various sub-committees of the Chicago committee have been holding meetings and attending to the various interests committed to their charge, so that when the full committee meets it is probable that they will be able to report considerable and satisfactory progress. The committees on transportation, the press, printing, official reporting, music, decoration, employes, etc., will submit reports for action by the full committee. It is probable that the sub-committee of the national committee will hold at least one more meeting in Chicago before the meeting of the entire national committee on May 31, the Saturday preceding the convention. The sub-committee will have a great deal to attend to, as the disposition and distribution of the tickets will be in their hands. They will have to allot space to the newspapers, which are constantly sending applications for accommodations for their correspondents. This will be one of the most difficult as well as one of the most thankless tasks that can be imagined, for no matter how wisely the committee may act, it will be impossible to please all the applicants for seats, and more or less kicking is simply inevitable. Hon. John C. New, chairman of the sub-committee, will have both his hands full.

The leading railroads of the country
had made liberal concessions to the local committee of arrangements for the republican national convention, through the solicitation of the sub-committee on transportation, of which Gen. Joseph Stockman is chairman. •

CRANKS AND CROOKS.

A Wall street millionaire has received
a begging letter asking for \$25,000 to
establish a home for "decayed point-
givers" on the financial situation.

An old bachelor died at East Alburg,
Vt., the other day, and \$60,000 in
bonds, notes and certificates were
found in the linings of his clothes.

Dr. Bread says that Howard, the
great philanthropist who crossed the
seas to relieve the distressed, was a
brute and a tyrant to his own family,
and that his cruel treatment caused the
death of his wife. The doctor is of the
opinion that even the extraordinary be-
nevolence of Howard was one of the
symptoms of the disease in his brain.

A young man who was sent the other
day by the Roxbury, Mass., court to the
house of correction for four months
had on his person a diary, which indicated
that by begging he had secured