THE JOURNAL. W. Alcott, are we not treading on dan-wednesday, APRIL 9, 1884. "Yes, that most exasperating ques-"Yes, that most exasperating ques-"Yes, that most exasperating ques-het witched my opportunity, and, when SCHOOL AND CHURCH. - Pennsylvania expends \$5,000,000 yearly for the hiring of teachers for the public schools.—*Philadelphia Press.* tion of 'woman's rights.' Aurora but watched my opportunity, and, when -The Baptist Church of Berlin, Rens-Leigh settles that for me." "It takes a soul to move a body,' he repeated slowly. 'It takes a high-souled less than an hour was home again in Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as recordselaer County, N. Y., has recently cele-KRAUSE, LUBKER & CO., SON brated its one hundredth birthday. -George Nugent, who recently died man to move the masses, even to a Grandmother Ellis' sitting-room. FORWARD. man to move the masses, even to a cleaner style. It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breadth off the dust of the act-ual. Ah, your Fouriers failed—because not poets enough to understand that life develops from within.' "Never was truer word spoken than that, Miss Ellis—'from within.' 'It takes in Philadelphia, leaves about \$400.000 for the establishment of a home for dis-Let me stand still upon the height of life: Much has been won, though much there abled Baptist ministers, their widows and dependent families. to win; I am a little weary of the strife. Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin To cool my hot brow, case the travel pain, And then address me to the road again. -The Boston Congregationalist says that it is many years since the tidings from the churches throughout the country, and especially in the interior Long was the way and steep and hard olimb; a soul to move the masses,' and, ac- ing-gown. I could not turn my eyes soul to move the masses, and, ac-cording to my observations, it makes very little difference to whom the soul belongs. Men of intellect never have subordinated women. See what excel-lent care Goethe takes of them. Look and West, were so full of cheer. Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time; Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time; Before me rises the steep mountain crest. Let me stand still; the journey is half done, And when less weary I will travel on. SHELF AND HOLLOW There is no standing still: Even as I pause The steep path shifts and I slip back apace Movement was safety; by the journey-laws No help is given, no safe abiding place. No idling in the pathway hard and slow; I must go forward, or must backward go! at Faust's Margaret, the instinctively rally from. I must suffer and keep it city," was the prediction of its young pure child growing into a self-reliant to myself, and get away at the earliest men at the late conference of churches woman, and see how, as Wilhelm possible moment. In my agony I in Japan. Weister develops spiritually and intel-threw myself upon the lounge and lectually, he comes naturally upon buried my head in the pillow-the pil--The School Board of Rochester, N. Y., has abolished the recess on account women of a purer and more innately re- low upon which his head reclined so of the rowdyism upon the playground I will go up then, though the limbs may And though the path be doubtful and fined type-first Mignon, then Natalle, often-the head I had so foolishly during that time. In winter, when the 時日の Better with the last effort to expire Than lose the toll and struggle that hav pupils were obliged to spend much of the recess within doors, it was yet more afterward Theresa and Macaria-the called m ne. After a while tears releved the heated brain and I fell last a star soul." "I thought as much," said grand- asleep. I dreamed that I was in the unpleasant and the Superintendent mother, entering just here. "I felt water. I could not stir. Huge wayes recommended the change. And have the morning strength, the upward The distance conquered, in the end made vain. sure you had come when I saw the threatened to submerge me. Just be-light;" and no pet last child, a baby, yond, on the bank, almost within said in a recent sermon: "There are Ah, blessed law: for rest is tempting sweet, And we would all lie down if so we might; And few would struggle on with bleeding was ever more welcomed than I by my speaking distance, stood David, a things which only sin can teach us. dear dead father's mother. The publican's wretched life made him feet: And few would ever gain the higher height Except for the stern law which bids us know We must go forward, or must backward go. -Susan Coolidge, in N.Y. Independent. "David, David, take hold of my plead earnestly with God. Sin ever hand: don't you see I am sinking?" I tries to shape itself into an index-finger "You promised me, David. you would certainly go to bed at eight o'clock," said the old lady, reproachfully, after having satisfied herself that I hadn't "Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!" pointing up. Adam's eye was opened by eating. Paradise was lost by sin, Farming Machinery, HIS WIFE. changed a bit since she last saw me. said a familiar voice at my side. "Here "But how could I?" he asked, with a are my hands, dear. They are both said a familiar voice at my side. "Here | but by it we may reach a better. The prodigal left home because of sin, but The sun had just set when I arrived comical gesture in my direction. "Well, I hope you won't be any the he was restored to his father a better yours-not one, Lorchen, but both. Do at Somerset Station. A whole mile to you understand that?" son than before. If we have lost God walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world. Soft hills bathed in the sun's parting glow dotted the landscape on every side, and MILLS AND PUMPS. " But, David-but-" worse for it to-morrow." said she. "and by our sin, may it help us to find God now to bed with you this minute." "But what? Can it be that my little through it." brown bird was scared home because "Dear old Vagrant, good night," said --Bishop Huntington is out in an in-dictment of the public school system on dotted the landscape on every side, and over all smiled a tender, brooding sky. What keen enjoyment the anticipation of a summer all alone with my best friend had afforded me—and now I was almost there. There was the house; old, "Boy?" I repeated. "Because of your wife," I managed the score of its alleged inability, as to say, with his face close to mine. things are managed now, to impart to "That was my chum he meant, the rising generation anything like moral education. "The supreme in-Lorchen. That's the way we always call them at college. This is No. 3, little one. I wonder what next? I'll "Boy?" I repeated. "Yes, boy." dividual and national good," says the many-roomed, and most of the rooms Bishop, "is character. Character in-DRILLS on the ground floor. Grandmother her-5 "He is twenty-five years old if he is a get a divorce from that fellow, dear, if cludes elements that are moral and self had been the architect of the estabyou will promise to be my own real day." religious as well as the intellectual; it E lishment. "What of that? You are twenty; and wife." includes conscience, affection and will. "I told your grandfather," said she what are you but a girl, I should inon one occasion, "that no man was go-ing to plan a house for me to live in. What does a man know, I should like to And I did. Morality, as well as religion, gives way before the idolatry of the brain, and we 5 Flash Paper and Dime Novels. are thus brought to confront the vast be told, of a woman's needs? If he'd out again. The doctor gave him up defect of our public school system .--The influence of the dime novels, badand his sister was almost crazy; but the built it according to his notion there Chicago Tribune.

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myself into the kitchen porch. the whole neighborhood. little violets bordered the gravel walks leading to the low door-stone, and over beyond in grandmother's pet field mil-lions of yellow-hearted daisies nodded and beckoned to the soft evening breeze. Avoiding treacherous pebbles, I cut quietly across to the front door, stealing with cat-like tread through the long narrow hallway, and entered the sitting-room on my tip-toes. Wonderful victory. Twice before had I tried this wonderful dodge, and each time had the old turkey-gobbler betrayed me. Where was he on this occasion, and why, when I really needed his services, did he not prove my friend? Softly. tion of the next minute wasn't anything to speak of—I mean by that it was inde-scribable. The back of grandmother's big arm-chair quite hid the occupant. He continuel, gravely. "They've sent for me up to Jones". They think the baby is dying," broke in grandmother, while I stood blushing like an embarrassed school-girl. Only a step or two more. The sensa-

would have been three or four flights

of stairs, and then, with a baby on each

arm and two or three hanging to my

my time on 'em-but I knew better."

petticoats, I might have spent most of

As events proved, grandmother was

correct in her predictions. An enthusi-

astic lover of nature was this old lady

of seventy years. Yes, there she was.

I caught a glimpse of her white sleeve on the window-sill. How exquisite the

taste of this presiding genius. Helio-

trope, mignonette and white roses.

scribable. The back of grandmother's big arm-chair quite hid the occupant, and, nothing doubting, I made with great dexterity for grandmother's eyes. I found the eyes, but they didn't belong to grandmother. I knew that before their saucy owner had imprisoned my hands. "Who is it?" said he, like one first guess. The fingers are too little for Madge, and too long to belong to 'Sa-rah." I found my tongue then. I would not wrench my hands away; that would be

rudeness; for he evidently supposed them to be the property of some inti-mate friend ""Please release and "" I will be the property of some inti-in my new role. Grandmother's orders

"Please release me," I said; and were explicit; David mustn't think of then, as he rose quickly, apparently sur-such a thing as reading aloud, and he alized, absented himself from meetings, prised by the vo ce of a stranger, I added, rather ludicrously, I suppose, for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves laughed right heartily, "I thought you, were Auerbach—and this took us naturally

and mother is, and ---'' and how charmingly picturesque the "And what am I doing here?" he in- sketch of the old Roman ramparts, in grandmother is, and ---"

terrupted, with another laugh. "Your grandmother has gone to spend the evening with a sick neighbor. I belong to the next house—or rather am visit-ing my sister. She was unexpectedly weeks of this doice far niente life—and telegramed away, and as I have been | then

ill and am not quite well enough to take care of myself in the absence of a housekeeper, your blessed grandmother offered to look out for me until my sister's return. My name is David Al-cott, and yours, I take it, is Miss Susan Constance what there was in life worth Ellis." And then we shook hands.

Ellis." And then we shook hands. The evening marked a new era in my word was spoken between us of the one life. I was comfortable, as was always | subject that all engrossed us, and yet I the case at grandmother's, and I was happy, too—happier than I had ever been before. What it meant was of no sort of consequence to me then. I did not stop to analyze my sensations, but subject that all engrossed us, and yet I into a sontary inustration of the effects of the pernicious trash which is offered for sale at our news-stands. So long as it can be had it will be read by boys. If the publishers of the vile stuff can not be stopped from issuing

I inquired of the gentleman, who had Lorchen?" again taken up his book.

Yes, but I should like a few strawberries if you can spare me some." So purity of his regard for me. it chanced that he drew a chair up to Oh, day long to be remembered. Oh, he little round table, proving a most day of heartache and agony indescribainteresting companies.

In an hour more, after our little meal

his imagination, and he soon found no Up a tree. "Up a tree?" this with considerable difficulty in organizing ten other boys, disdain in voice and manner. "You between eleven and fifteen years of age, have torn a great slit in your dress, into an association bearing the startling Sue, and you look like a fright. I have name of "The Society of the Silver wanted you-mor'n your worth-for the Skulls." These rampageous idiots armed themselves with revolvers, each last three hours." "What are you making, grand- boy having a couple, for what purpose

fever turned and he went to sleep and boy books, and the pernicious Police

slept two days steadily: but when he Gazettes with which our news-stands

woke up he was as bright as a button." are flooded is conspicuously illustrated

days. He had over-excited himself, and in Cleveland. A fourteen-year-old boy.

the result was solitude for this length of member of an aristocratic family, suil-

time. I roamed the fields and haunted denly disappeared and has not been the woods, read, wrote and thought. seen since. He was an inveterate reader

I never did so much thinking in so short of dime novel literature, and und r its

a space of time, with such unsatisfactory influence developed into a hoodlum

results. "Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, of hoodlumism. The secret, oath-bound

I did not see my new friend for two by some developments recently made

mother?" "Panada." "How many quarts of this stuff does toll upon the people of Ohio, to go "a burgling," to tender their services to

Grandmother's rose bushes were the en- as at sunset the second day I dragged society, with plenty of daggers, skulls

your patient consume, Mrs. Bliss, in the course of twenty-four hours?" "That is according to his appetite, Manitoba and wrest it from the Domin-Miss Saucebox," said a rich voice at my ion and annex it to this country. Whatelbow; and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"No. 2." he continued, gravely.

wrench my hands away; that would be minutes sufficed to place me entirely at and the extraordinary duties he had be-

view of his treasonable proclivities the

grandmother." "Never was taken for an old lady be-fore, he answered, with provoking non-chalance, and then added, as he hastily derful pictures he drew me of the Camdrew on a dressing-down: "What do you think about it now?" "I think I should like to know where "I think I should like to know where

There is no good of life but love-but

Love glids it, gives it worth. accoutrements and set to sawing wood or some useful employment calculated to take such nonsense out of their heads

and the silver out of their skulls. This is not a solitary illustration of

not stop to analyze my sensations, but enjoyed to the utmost the strange enter-tainment fate had placed before me. Mr. Alcott showed where grandmother had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk and prepared my supper. "You have been to tea, of course?" A content of the strange enter-tainment fate had placed before me. had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk and prepared my supper. "You have been to tea, of course?"

Steep thy soul in pure love,

"Lorchen?" How the word thrilled ever strict the authorities at home may be.-Chicago Tribune. me, and how it epitomized the tender

Women in the San Francisco Mint.

Fifty females employed in the mint at

and crossbones, particularly inflamed permanent school fund of from \$75. 000,000 to \$100,000,000, and the universities will have from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 each when the lands are sold

-The public schools of Texas will

soon have a magnificent endowment.

Fifty leagues of land were donated to

each of two State universities, and

33,400,000 acres for the public schools.

These lands are being sold at auction

to the highest bidder, under certain re-

strictions, and \$4,500,000 is now in-

vested in United States bonds and other

securities, the interest upon which is

annually applied to sustain the schools.

About 25,000,000 acres of school lands

remain unsold, and are rapidly in-

creasing in value. The State will have

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-A gang of negro thieves in Washngton called themselves the "Sons of remains, a mystery. It may be that they intended to take the road and levy

-"Said an eighteenth century phiosopher: "Of all things simplicity is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only the Chinese Government, or to invade to be acquired with the greatest labor." -"I thought you said you were going to pay me this morning the \$5 you borrowed of me yesterday?" "You forget, my friend, that to-morrow ever their purpose, it was something dark and terrible, as the following never comes.-Exchange.

-A band of Italian brigands captured a Duke recently, and held him for thirty days. Any American heiress can do that, and hold him longer. -N. O. Picayune.

-A Chicago firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair.—Burlington Free Press.

-It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself for a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring bonnet. He simply has to foot the bill when the thing is bronght home. -N.Y. Ledger.

-A contemporary is taken to task by an aristocratic giver of a kettledrum because the report of it alluded to the "swell-head waiter." What the reand was not belligerently inclined when porter wrote was the "swell headthe other Skulls canvassed the perpetration of midnight orgies and horrors and brandished their revolvers. In waiter," which is quite another thing. -Lowell Courier.

-"I'd like to stay here," remarked other nine Skulls doomed him to death. the office boy, as he approached the editor's desk, "but the job's too heavy for PIPE TONGS, ETC. The warrant, elaborately supplied with "How too heavy?" "Well, I cabalistic signs and suggestive hints of me." the brevity of life, was sent to him. The youth perused it, and, with every take de copy into de reposing room an'

hair standing erect on his own "silver skull" and eyes dilated with for me. S'long."-Hebrein Stand work horror, exposed the whole affair. The -"Did you ever try roller-skating?" ig was up and the young hoodlum who inquired a young lady of a sickly-look-ing slim. "Yeth, only on'th" he lisped. had organized the society suddenly disappeared with his two revolvers and "Why did you give it up?" "Becauthe such other weapons as he could conve-I tried to thtop mythelf on my heelth.' niently carry, and is now probably foraging upon the State at large or is seeking associates of a like character "Pooh! that never prevented me from learning." "Yeth, I know, but don'cher know that you wear a-I mean with whom to organize a general raid. that you-that ith-er, don'cher know?' It is to be hoped that the other "Silver and finding that he was over his head, Skulls" were at once stripped of their the slim flooted out. - N. Y. Journal. -At a station in Montana the other

day a Boston girl stuck her head out of a Northern Pacific car and exclaimed: The bewildewing womance which ewown this transcendental scenewy with such indescwibable fascination and tinges its evewy featuh with such everpow'ing interwest quite bweaks me up!" And a number of the local vigilance committee standing on the platform looked grimly into each other's faces and muttered: "O! if it was only a man!"-Bismarck Tribune.

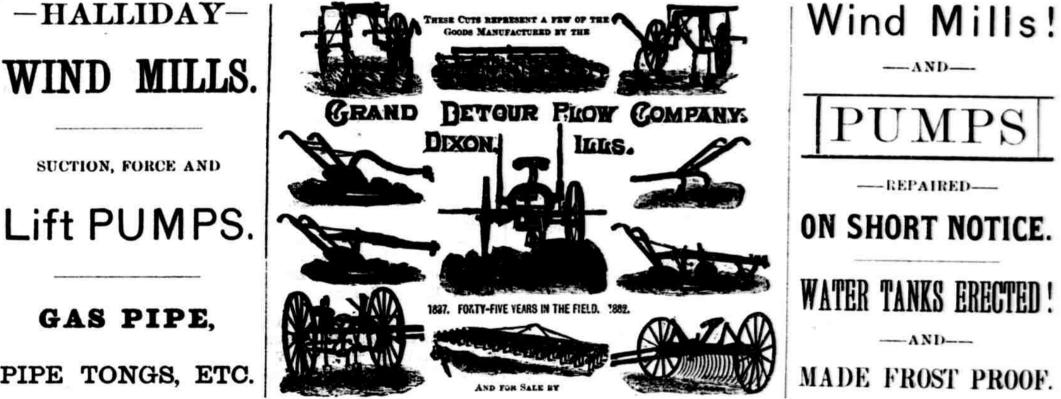
-"My dear." said a newly married young woman to her wealthy but illiterate husband. "do you know I think we ought to give a german?" "Well, if you think so, that settles it," replied the fond husband. "How much will it cost?" "About a thousand dollars." "All right; go ahead. I don't mind the cost, but I'm blessed if I can see what you want to give a german for when neither of us understand the language.'

Are You Going to Kiss Mel

-Philadelphia Call.

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was over, 1 sat upon the door-stone alone, watching for grandmother. Then be came to the door and said:

vou.

"And why not?" I asked. "Because I am still in quarantine. Perhaps I might make it pleasant for you indoors. If you are fond of being had David's arm. It was my arm—I

"Make your selection," he said, pointing to a table quite covered with books. "Make your selection," he said, ing up to David's side, with contempti-ble familiarity he said; ble familiarity he said:

"Something of hers." I replied, pick-ing up an edition of Mrs. Browning. "All right. Now, to please me, open at random and I will stay here."

I laughingly resented, and placed my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's

"But why do you go," said the lady, as both ast under the yew, And her eyes were olive in their depths, as the kraken beneath the sea blue, "Because I fear you," he answered; "you are

And the to strangle my soul in a mesh

"Please don't go on," I interrupted. "I like the poem, but some way it ian't deasant now.

"Hardly appropriate," he answered, hering the volume dreamily, and then

"I suppose you think Lord Walter's

And it will last thee long What kind of a love was my love their pay is \$2.75 a day, counting week days and all holidays but Sundays. steeped in? Aye! love has its worm- Their hours are from eight o'clock in "You needn't expect her before nine wood and gall as well as its honeyed the morning until four in the afternoon, o'clock. I wish I could sit here with sweetness." A party of friends-David's friends- they cease at two o'clock. These ad-

you indoors. If you are found of being read to I will do my best." "And there is nothing I am fonder of," I answered, and followed him into the house. the house. "And there is nothing I am fonder of that man who aimed straight for my to them to be adjusted it goes through the north with the primer of amount? Walks a state called "blanks," that is, per-"Saw your wife last week, Dave." "Ah!" replied my companion, per-fectly at his ease. "Coming down in the three o'clock train, if possible." "Good," replied David; and then fol-lowed inquiries about various friends, in a thoroughly cool and self-possessed manner. It seemed to me that me that is, per-fectly smooth, and the weighing is done. It is weighed to see if each piece be of standard weight, which flust be 412½ grains for a silver dollar, a slight discrepancy being allowed on either side. If a coin be found outside the limit after being weighed by an adjuster it is returned; if too light it is con-

manner. It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. The hand on his arm involuntarily clenched itself, and there it remained until we arrived at beadquarters, a little round bunch of cords and knuckles. "You won't be gone long, Lorchen?" inquired David as I moved arrived are interesting sight it is to watch the small white fingers deftly handling the shin-ing pleces. A room near the adjusting room has been set aside for the ladies, who was it for a lunch room; two long

"What's that you call her?" my mer-tal enemy asked, inquisitively. "Lorchen," repliet David

If ever I go into a new locality again, I will study up my geography better than I did this time; for my ignorance got me into a most uncomfortable position. As the boat neared Sandford, I was standing with others on the deck. when a very pretty young lady came up to me, and, with a sweet smile on her face, looked into mine with a pair of lovely eyes, and asked: "Are you going to kiss me. sir?" If some one had offered to lend me \$10 1 could not have been more surprised, and hardly know-ing what to say, and in order to gain a little time, I gasped out: "Pardon, Miss, what did you ask?" I felt that she knew I heard her, but she said sweetly: "Are you going to kiss me, to-night?" There was no misunderstanding her this time. I heard her, and so did others, and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I stammered out: "I would like to accommodate you. Miss; I would, truly; but I have a wife and thirteen small children on board with thirteen small children on board with me, and if my wife should see me kiss-ing you—" "Kissing me, you hateful old thing! who asked you to kiss me?" "You did," I yelled; "you asked me twice!" "You old fool, I asked you if you were going to Kissime—Kissime City to-night; don't you know any-thing?" and off she went, and if ever approach felt meaner than I did I would inquired David, as I moved away, ostensibly to help the committee of arrangements to decide where the ta-bles should be set. "What's that you call her?" my mar-tal enemy asked, inquisitively. "Lorchen," replied David.

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