

THE WATER LILY.

(An Allegory).

Ever the water lily rocked
Upon the rocking stream,
Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked,
And steered across her dream;
And ever she sighed: Why must I stay
In the river's bend from day to day?
O, were I free to sail away
Where the seas with wonders teem!

I know that I am fair, she said,
I see it in the wave,
At anchor here in the river's bed
That holds me like a grave.
What good in the sun's gold light to me,
Or what good a living thing to be,
Since none draw ever nigh to see
The beauty that I have?

The bird in the alder further flew
At the ending of his song;
The rat plunged in where the rushes grew
And paddled his way along;
The wind in the osiers stirred and sig' d
That the current was swift and the world was wide,
And, away! away! the ripples cried,
And the river tide ran strong.

Was she happier when the stars were born
And the bird sat mute in the tree?
As she rocked and swayed with her cables torn
And felt that she was free?
When the banks slid backwards on either hand?
For the rat had gnawed through her anchor-
strand,
And the winds were kissing her out from land,
And were kissing her out to sea.

The river's mouth is broad and black
With currents counter-crossed;
Where the foam churns white in the eddies'
track
And the scattered stars are lost.
No glimpse she saw of either bank,
But a waste of weeds that heaved and sank,
As from crest to crest she reeled and shrank,
And from wave to wave was tossed.

The Sun uprose through a glory spread
And climbed by a cloudy stair.
And: What is that thing, O Sea, he said,
Your breakers are tumbling there?
That, said the Sea, with the muddied face,
The cup all tattered and reft of grace?
A flower, they say, from some inland place
That once on a time was fair.

"Who has not learned," says the New York Christian Advocate, "that if the intellect receive from any cause a morbid bias or predilection, the more the education the further it will go from the path of truth and common sense? There is a tradition or myth that the Athenians prayed to the gods that they might have a distinctive name, and the answer was, 'You shall be called fools.' This they did not like, prayed that there might be some modification of the name, and the answer was that it might be changed to 'learned fools.' Such are they who think that there is no power in drugs, either for good or harm, but the effects are produced entirely by the human mind—a doctrine which, if true, would justify the substitution of gin for milk in the nursing of infants wherever it was generally believed that it was better. It must not be thought that this is an attempt at sarcasm, for Marston, one of the most celebrated practitioners of Christian Science, says: 'The property of alcohol is to intoxicate; but if the common thought had endowed it simply

with a nourishing quality like milk, it would produce a similar effect.' If that were true, then if the common thought had endowed milk with that with which it now endows alcohol, it would become as intoxicating as gin or rum. No insane asylum can produce a more transparent delusion, and yet many thousands believe it, merely because many get well without medicine, and many die that take it. They are in exactly the same state of mind as that of persons who believe all the absurdities about the influence of stones."

Former Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, editor and publisher of THE CONSERVATIVE at Nebraska City, desires it understood that his paper is not a democratic journal. Editor Morton says THE CONSERVATIVE is governed by no political organization and owes nothing to any party, either in Nebraska or elsewhere.

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No matter what the politics of THE CONSERVATIVE is, it must be admitted that it is the most ably edited newspaper published in Nebraska, and one of the best edited in the country.—St. Joseph Daily News.

"Is it not a significant fact," asks the Christian Register (Unit.) of Boston, "that some of the sociologists and ethical teachers who are most disturbed about what seems to them to be the signs of moral and social degeneracy in the community about them are men who have stood on one side of the currents of energy flowing through the churches? Does it not occur to them that, possibly, they have neglected to use one of the most powerful agencies for promoting social order? We have no occasion to love some of the churches or to admire the forms and creeds through which the religious sentiment in them seeks expression. But we have never seen a church of any denomination which was not better for some portion of the community than no church at all. In a community where the church may be regarded as a moral failure, it will be found that all other institutions are on the same low level. The community is not bad because the church is an agent of degradation, but the church is degraded because the community is bad. Happily, the moral force of a church is never measured by its creeds and ceremonies. The recuperative power of the most lawless settlements on the frontier of civilization is wonderful. Begin with drinking-saloons, gambling-houses, and shooting-matches, and twenty-five years will not pass before these will be followed by churches, schools, and the beginnings of art, literature, and social well-being. Let the critics of society take a hand and strengthen the things that remain, and which remain because they are permanent forces of civilization and progress."

FASHIONS IN DINING-TABLES.

Some of the New York girls have "struck," so to speak, on the question of the conventional and old-fashioned ways of having their dinner and luncheon tables set. They say they are tired to death of the everlasting round and square tables, which are so hard to arrange in an original way. So they have started the fashion of shaped tables, and at one or two functions lately they have been most successful. The luncheon and dinner tables for young people's parties will all be shaped this winter according to the hostess's wishes, and the girls are beginning to have the shapes made to correspond with the style of entertainment they are to give. For instance:

A dinner was given the other evening by a young girl to one of her friends who has been studying for some years in Paris to be an artist. Her success has far exceeded all anticipation, and she returns to open a studio, in which will hang some pictures which have been most highly spoken of by the best men in the profession. The dinner table at the dinner given in her honor was in the shape of an easel, and the thumb-hole was the place where the flowers were put. The menu cards were cardboard easels, with brushes and all painted on them, and the dinner favors were artists' caps made of light colored silks and filled with bonbons. This may sound very complicated, but it is not so in reality. All this artist's friend had to do was to go to a local carpenter and furnish a design with proper dimensions; then to get him to cut of plain pine wood about two inches thick an easel just the size required. This was placed on top of any ordinary round or square table, and the shaped board was complete.—Harper's Bazar.

THE HYENAL ALTAR.

In the gardens of the Zoological society a couple were standing before the cage of the hyenas, while the man was commenting upon the habits of the beast for the benefit of the woman who hung to his arm. Inspired by the knowledge and eloquence of her swain, the young woman began to rack her brains for original ideas with which to confront him. Presently one—the natural feminine idea—came. "Bill!" she exclaimed, "what 'ave these 'ere to do with marriage?" "Why, naught, you silly," retorted Bill impolitely. "They 'ave," she returned triumphantly. "When a couple are bein' spliced, we 'ears 'em talk of the hyenal altar."—Cornhill Magazine.

Human experiences evolve a solid knowledge of that which is good and of that which is bad in governments and their administration. And nothing is more definitely determined than the fact that a corrupt people are incapable of self government.