THE INDEX.

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MEDICINE LODGE, BARBOUR CO., KANS.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-BYE.

When the gold and red of the setting sun
Grows pale and fades at the close of day;
When the flooding splendor is over and done,
And night draws on and covers its way;
We do not hope its return in vain,
For we know the morrow will come again.
This is good-night.

When we part with a clasping hand at night
From the friend we love, we feel regret,
And the bright, warm heart takes with it the light
And joy of our own hearthstone; and yet,
This regret is not a hopeless pain,
For we know that the friend will come again.
This is good-night.

When we leave the shore that has known our birth,
When we turn our longing sight to fill
Our hearts with mem'ries of sorrow and mirth,
(The throbs of expectation are still;)
And night draws on, while we strain our eyes
For a long, last look in our paradise,
This is good-bye.

When a soul is called from the busy crowd,
To tread the paths of an untried way
In garments of light instead of the shroud,
And we look our last on the form of clay,
We know we have said our last adieu,
And the broken vows we can not renew.
This is good-bye.

When we stand at the gate at eve with him
Who has filled our life with joy or pain,
When we watch the waning light grow dim,
And know we shall never watch it again,
We say the words and hear the reply,
And we know the farewell is spoken for aye.
This is good-night and good-bye.
—Ida M. [illegible], in Indianapolis Journal.

LADY ANN.

The snow lay heavy upon hill and valley. The wind had ceased, and in unsheltered places the sun had turned the snow into little rivulets, that ran merrily away from their starting-points.

"Good-morning, Peedee, and may thy choice be a happy one," said one little bird to another, as he flew down upon the glittering snow.

"The same blessing to yourself, Peeree, and thank God for a pleasant Fourteenth," returned Peedee.

"I thank God," said Peeree, "although I could choose my mate to-day, even if there were no sunlight to help me."

"Well said, friend; and where do you think of building?"

"I am looking about."

"Try an elm near Squire Johnson's back door. I shall build near there, God willing."

"The very spot I selected!" cried Peeree; "but the mate I would choose happened to see the new moon over her left wing as she went the first time to visit it."

"And wilt thou give it up for that, Peeree?"

"I have visited it often by myself, Peedee; the house-dog talks in his sleep."

"Be frank! Tell me all, dear friend. I would not build in an unlucky place."

"I had it all from the house dog that talks in his sleep."

"Yes, yes. Does he dream of cats, or of boys who can climb?"

"Nay, nay! The old Squire keeps no cats, but he is a cruel man, I trow. Think you, Peedee, that a man who will not visit his own folks, but drives them from his door, would save a crumb for birds?"

"If this be true, Peeree, I've heard it in good time. I saw the grand old trees, and did forget the crumbs; but more than grub or crumb, I seek a peaceful spot."

"Then follow me, Peedee."

And the two birds spread their wings, and flew away.

When they alighted, it was before the door of a very humble little house, with blue painted steps.

"What is that round bundle with a red top, on the steps?" asked Peedee.

"Round bundle, indeed!" returned Peeree indignantly. "Why, that's Lady Ann herself."

Just then the round bundle turned about, and Peedee saw a plump little girl with a red hood of coarse flannel upon her head, and shining rubber boots upon her feet.

The sun had his own way here, for the melted snow was trickling rapidly away in many little streams down the blue steps. Lady Ann tried to stop it by planting her small, almost round, foot firmly in its way; but the melted snow, with a gurgle of delight, shot around the toe and heel of the small rubber boot, and sped onward in its course. Perhaps there was something in its perseverance that touched Lady Ann, for, like many a persecutor before her, she suddenly turned reformer, and could hardly sweep the melting flakes fast enough down the steps with her tiny broom toward the snow below.

As she stopped a moment to rest a red pung, with heavy bells, drove up to the gate, and a merry, boyish voice sang out: "Lady Ann, wilt thou be mine, and may I call thee Valentine?"

With a joyful little cry Lady Ann threw down her broom: "Oh, Billy, Billy! Mamma has gone to carry home the sewing, but I can open the door. Did you bring me anything, Billy?"

"Ah! Lady Ann," said Billy, with a pathetic shake of his stubby old whip, "although I get up by the light of a lantern, take down shutters and sweep out the store, carry sugar and tea from morn till dewy eve, to say nothing of slow molasses on cold mornings, and all for two dollars per week, and eat off myself, yet would I have it known that on St. Valentine's Day no grocery-man in all Brookfield brings his lady so fine a valentine as I!"

"What is a waluntine, Billy?"

He looked down at her with a wise, explanatory expression upon his broad, freckled face. "A waluntine, Lady Ann, is a—a—well, if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two, and I send you a waluntine. No, that isn't quite right, because I might be violently attached to you, and you not be able to resipercate my affections, as some of 'em say, but still I might send you a waluntine—see?"

"Well, what is it, Billy?"

"It's a softener," said Billy.

"A softener!" she repeated. "Let me see it."

He handed her a valentine he could ill afford to buy.

"Why, it's a pretty letter, with flowers and birds on it! Oh, you good Billy!"

"I hope the 'sentument,' as they call it, is all right," he said. "I hadn't time to read it. I'm off now to carry sugar and flour to Squire Johnson's; may the flour make heavy bread, and the sugar sweeten less than sand. Your grandfather is a double-dyed villain; did you know it, Lady Ann?"

"I—v-i-l-l," said Lady Ann, spelling out the words on her valentine.

"He is a scoundrel, Lady Ann!"

"Is he?" she said, mildly. "A little girl told me he would chase me away if I went to his house; but I don't want to go to his house."

"He wouldn't."

"Why not?" she said indifferently.

"'Cause he couldn't."

"Can't he run?"

"No."

"Has he broke his foot?" Lady Ann's tone had a slight touch of sympathy.

"No," said Billy as he took up the reins, "but he is sick. When folks lock their doors on their own children, and then swallow the key, it 'most generally makes 'em sick."

"Billy!" exclaimed Lady Ann, "has grandpa swallowed a key?"

"Yes, and it lies heavy," said Billy, "and good enough for him. Rich as he is, no one will send him a waluntine to-day, Lady Ann."

"Say, Billy——"

But the red pung with its heavy bells had gone on its way.

Left alone Lady Ann gave up the spelling and kept thinking to herself: "Billy says my grandpa has swallowed a key, and no matter if his pocket is full of money nobody will send him a waluntine even if he is sick!"

Looking through the snow-laden trees she could see the great house where her grandfather lived. She opened the valentine, smelt at one of the painted roses, and kissed the two doves that looked out at her. Simple little Lady Ann! At the same moment there came into her thoughts the few words her mother had taught her to say every night in her prayer for her grandfather, whose hand she had never touched.

"He *shall* have a waluntine!" she said, firmly, and the stubby little boots started up the hill as fast as her fat baby legs could propel them.

"Dost thou suppose, Peeree, that yonder horrid boy can call that music?" said Peedee, as the birds flew back, after the red pung was well out of hearing.

"Billy's ears are so big," said Peeree, "that a fine, bird-like sound might be lost in traveling through them; but his heart moves as quickly as a bird's. There would have been no valentine for little Lady Ann to-day if Billy had forgotten her."

"See!" said Peedee. "The Lady Ann is trudging fast away, and she has not thrown us a crumb."

"And hast thou earned thy crumb, Peedee? Come, let us fly fast before her and tell the house-dog she is coming, that he may have a care of her."

"Why need we haste, Peeree? Short legs travel but slowly through deep snow."

"Aye; but a warm heart breaketh a path like the sun, Peedee."

By the time Lady Ann reached the great house, her breath came very fast, and she was obliged to sit down on the stone steps to rest. As she sat there, a huge dog came and rubbed his cold nose on her red cheek and wagged his tail most politely. When she was rested, she walked up and down the wide piazza and looked in through the long windows. There, at last, the housekeeper saw her, came out, and told her gently to go away. "Are you not little Ann?" she said. "The Squire is in pain to-day, and if he should see you he would be very angry."

"The key hurts him very much," thought Lady Ann, but she said: "Here is a waluntine for him; will you put it in his hand?"

"I dare not, little Ann," said the woman.

"Why?" said Lady Ann, in wild astonishment. "Don't you dare give him a waluntine, big though you are! Then let me go in."

"Well, then, come in," said the housekeeper, kindly, adding under her breath, "maybe, good will come of it."

With the house-dog close following at her heels, and her "waluntine" so tightly clutched that the doves and flowers within were sadly mixed, little Lady Ann, for the first time, entered her grandfather's house.

In a great chair before the open fire of his own room sat the Squire, with his head back and his eyes closed.

"This is Mary's child," said the old dog, coming in before Lady Ann, as if he felt called upon to introduce her. And then he thought within himself: "This child's mother fed me when I was a pup. Should a dog remember better than his master?"

It may be the Squire understood him, for he raised his cane high in the air and cried sternly: "Begone, sir!" But when he saw the round little figure of Lady Ann he dropped the cane, pulled down the gold spectacles from the top of his head and stared at her without a word. And as she advanced and placed the valentine upon the old man's knee the house-dog followed close behind her, wagging his tail slowly.

"What is this?" demanded the crusty Squire, knitting his brows.

"A waluntine," said she, not without a small pang, as she thought of the beautiful doves and flowers, now lost to her forever.

"What's a waluntine?" he asked, looking down at her bright little face.

"A waluntine is a softener," she said instantly, rather proud that she had not forgotten Billy's definition.

"A *what?*" exclaimed the Squire, frowning fiercely.

"A *softener*," said Lady Ann, not at all afraid, and sure that the word must mean something very nice. And then she added, in a coaxing tone: "Read it."

God seldom closes every channel to an old man's heart. Proud, unforgiving, even cruel sometimes, the old Squire still had a rare sense of the ridiculous, and he read aloud:

"I will not part from thee, I will not let thee free,
Till thou dost promise me my Valentine to be."

When he had read these lines, and looked over the top of the valentine, and when he saw the small Lady Ann sitting before the fire, he wondered if she meant to sit there until he had promised. He thought he saw a patient determination in every feature, not excepting the stubby rubber boot which persistently pointed at him, on account of its owner being obliged to hold it up across the other to rest the little short legs which had trudged so far to give him pleasure. He never could tell just how it was—he only knew he laughed as he had not laughed for years, which opened the one channel to his heart so wide that, almost before he knew it, the little Lady Ann went drifting in, coarse red hood, rubber boots, and all!

"What name do you bear?" he asked, as he wiped away the tears that followed the laugh.

"My name?" she said, laughing, too.

"Yes what name does your—what do they call you?"

"Ann."

"Just Ann, plain Ann?" he said. "No i-e's nor e-y's?"

"Billy calls me Lady Ann," she answered.

"Aye! that beggar Billy. I know him—drives Stone's grocery-wagon. When I see him he shall feel my cane on his back."

"What, Billy! my Billy! Why he gave me the waluntine!"

"Oh, he did, did he? Told you to fetch it to me, may be."

"No, he didn't, but he told me you wouldn't have any, and he told me about the key."

"What key, child? Billy seems very well informed about me—knows more than I myself."

"He said you locked all your doors and swallowed the key, and it hurt you—but I guess now that he just said it for fun—but I b'lieved him—at first." She shrugged her small shoulders, laughed and looked up at the Squire as if she felt quite willing that he, as well as herself, should enjoy her simple confidence in Billy.

"Well, I almost believe the young scamp was half right, Lady Ann; for when we turn the key against our own, it rusts in the heart in spite of ourselves, and that makes pain."

Lady Ann smiled cheerfully, and rubbed her boots, polishing first one and then the other with her bright mitten. What had she to do with anything so old as pain in the heart?

The winter sunshine flooded the room. The old dog slept by the fire, and did not even talk in his sleep.

"Go home, little Ann," said the Squire, "and take this bunch of keys to—to Mary, your mother, and tell her they unlock every door of her home. But, Lady Ann—*hang your father!* Yet hold, child, a moment; you need not say that."

"No," said Lady Ann, with the same cheerful smile: "I won't say that."

When the merry sun went down Lady Ann was sleeping in the great house. Two queer looking rubber boots rested, after their day's work, before the fire. When one fell as if it missed a little round foot and stout leg and could not stand without them, the grandfather set it right again, and laughed in spite of the pain it cost him to move. The house-dog opened his eye just enough to see that Lady Ann's crushed "waluntine" still lay in the old Squire's hand.

"I tell thee, Peedee, I had it all from the dog—all straight from the dog, and not in his sleep."

"Then tell me again, if thou wilt, Peeree, for if the spot be pure and free from selfish anger, I should like naught so well as that thou shouldst build near me."

"May our children be friends, Peedee."

"You say the Squire forgives all, and peace dwells in the house; but will you not tell me, Peeree, what made all this trouble at first?"

"Ah! Peedee! Peedee! When the sun shines so bright, is it a bird that would ask the reason of a storm that is all over? Why, Peedee!"

"Thou dost ever chide one so gently, Peeree; but answer me this: would the Squire have opened his heart so wide had the child not been called for *his own mother?*"

"Dost thou not see fresh crumbs at the kitchen door, Peeree?"

"Thank God for this happy Fourteenth, Peedee! And may Mrs. Peeree, that is to be, never see the new moon over her left wing any more."—*St. Nicholas.*

Beautiful Hair.

"How do you keep your little boy's hair such a beautiful golden shade?" asked a reporter of a fashionable New York lady.

"Why, that is the natural color," said the lady, somewhat indignantly, as she twined a long golden curl over her finger.

"But doesn't his hair grow darker as he grows older?" asked the reporter. "I have heard that some mothers can keep that bright gold in their children's hair all the time."

"Yes," assented the lady, "that is so. I kept the color in my little girl's hair until she was fifteen, and then she had enough vanity to take care of it herself."

"How did you do it?" asked the reporter.

"Her hair was very fine and long when she was six years old, but it began to turn dark; so every other day I washed it in soda and common soap, and when it was dry brushed it thoroughly and curled it. Once a week I rubbed the scalp with raw egg."

"Doesn't washing the hair so much make it dry?"

"Yes, if you do not brush it thoroughly, and then it is the best thing for it."

"Your children have very beautiful hair," said the reporter to a lady who sat in her drawing-room with a half-dozen children playing about her. All of them but two had light yellow or golden hair, with bangs and curls.

"Yes," she replied. "Those two little children with short hair are my sister's. I wouldn't have a child about me unless it had pretty hair; but my sister thinks differently. Teddy, the boy, insisted on having his hair cut when he was six, and he had the most beautiful yellow hair, just like spun silk; and then Flora, the little girl, cried to have her hair cut, to be like Teddy. My sister says it makes a boy more manly to have short hair, but for my part I don't see any necessity of being manly at six."

"How do you keep your children's hair so pretty?"

"Oh," she replied, "they have a French bonne who washes their hair in salt water and a little potash and puts it up in curl papers every night. The hair does not curl naturally, you know."

"Isn't the salt water injurious to the hair?"

"No, I think not, although I have often heard so; but my children have heavy hair, and they have had it washed in salt water ever since they were babies."

A lady living on Fifth avenue has a little girl with large black eyes and very yellow hair floating over her shoulders to her waist. The reporter asked her if she did not possess a very unusual style of beauty.

"Oh, no," she replied; "but I bleach her hair. I am partial to dark eyes and fair hair, so I keep her hair bleached."

"How do you accomplish it?" asked the reporter.

"I wash it in lemon-juice once a week, and the acid makes it light. My other children have all black hair, and I keep it cropped close to their heads, but Ethel is the plainest of all of them, so I thought it was well to give her some special advantage."

"Why don't you have your boy's curls cut off this warm weather?" said the reporter to a Brooklyn lady.

"Cut off my boy's beautiful hair!" she exclaimed. "O, I wouldn't do it for one hundred dollars cash."

"But it will have to come off soon," said the reporter.

"I know it, and it breaks my heart to think of it; so don't mention it to me, please."—*N. Y. Cor. Utica Herald.*

Machine Guns in War.

The announcement that an American officer has received permission to inspect the British machine guns at Woolwich has called attention to their advantages and disadvantages in war. A writer to the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus criticises the employment of machine guns on the field of battle: "If the range is correct and the mark remains steady great execution will be done, but the slightest error will throw every bullet out, except at short range. Thus the French found that their attempts with the mitrailleuse, even at such short distance as twelve hundred yards, were perfectly futile, and that their new weapon had not the slightest chance against the field artillery of that time. Since then the German field artillery has more than doubled its efficiency. Against their shrapnel thrown with the present high velocities the mitrailleuse would have less chance than ever. The reply of the German army to the question: 'What is the place of the machine gun in the field of battle?' has been, 'It has no place, and whatever additional men and horses can be given should be devoted to increasing the field artillery.' Accordingly machine guns have not been introduced for the field, but the field artillery has been largely increased in proportion to the other arms. Exactly the same course has been pursued by the French and by every other great continental power. None have adopted machine guns for the field; all have increased and developed their field artillery. When we remember that France, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, have all lately passed through the furnace of war, and had most of their crotchety dross burned out of them, their unanimous opinion ought surely to outweigh the theoretical ideas of a few partisans who still cling to the notion of finding in the machine gun a weapon worth the cost of the men and horses required for its use. They admit that it can not face field artillery at artillery ranges; that its projectiles have no power whatever against the walls of buildings or earthworks, but they believe that, when two hostile bodies of infantry are closing, the machine guns can be brought from cover, where they have remained til then, and will exercise a great influence over the result of the combat. No doubt they would in such a case, provided the infantry fight happened to be where they could go."—

Frozen Water Pipes.

Those who did not thoroughly protect their water pipes before cold weather set in will be troubled this winter by having them frozen. To get up in a cold morning and find the pump frozen up, or the water in some of the leading pipes frozen so that it will not run, is not only trying to the patience of the most even tempered man, but it is often a serious drawback to the operations of the whole household, and the important question immediately forces itself upon the head of the house: What means are to be taken to get the water to running? This must depend on the situation of the pipes that are frozen. The first thing to do is to find the particular portion of the pipe where the water is frozen; this is not always easy, but good judgment will generally detect the most probable point. If it is above ground where it can be reached, dip a bag, or any thick cloth, in hot water and immediately wind it around the pipe where it is supposed to be frozen, then pour on it boiling water to keep the cloth hot; in this way the pipe will be thawed out in a few moments; if it is not, then some other place must be tried, changing until the right place is found.

Should the pipe be under ground, and yet where the upper end can be worked from, take a lead or rubber pipe that is small enough to go inside of the frozen pipe, running it in until it strikes the ice, then into the upper end of this pipe pour boiling water, being careful to force the lead, or rubber pipe, down as fast as the ice melts, which will be very rapid. The same thing can be done from the lower end, if the lead or rubber pipe have the end in which the water is poured lifted one or two feet higher than the end that is forced against the ice. In thawing a long pipe under ground, it is sometimes necessary to work from both ends.

Pipes that cannot be reached at either end to run a pipe in, if they have a good descent, are sometimes thawed out with salt; this will take time, but will generally accomplish the object.

When one has exhausted all of his ingenuity and most of his patience, and finally succeeds in thawing out the pipes only to find them burst somewhere where it is not easily got at, then comes man's self-control over his language. The wise man is silent, but will strive to keep his thoughts directed to how he may be able to prevent another such disaster.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Cremation Progress in Germany.

The practice of cremation appears to be gradually gaining ground in Germany, there being a steady increase in the number of bodies brought for this purpose to Gotha, which contains the sole establishment in the empire. It is under the control of the city authorities, and the cremations up to the end of 1882 were eighty-four—viz.: seventeen in 1879, sixteen in 1880, thirty-three in 1881, and eighteen up to September, 1882. All parts of Europe contribute to the business of the institution, while several bodies have been brought thither from America, in which country the cost of a fashionable interment is so great that it is but a slightly increased expense to have the remains cremated at Gotha. The principal items of this expense are: the removal of the corpse from the railway station to the crematory, 30 shillings, and the cremation itself, £7 10 shillings. There are several formalities to be observed before permission is given by the officials. A permit has to be obtained from the municipal authorities where the death took place, and also from Gotha, that the body may be removed from one place to another, for without this latter the railway company would refuse to find conveyance. A corpse is not allowed to be moved unless incased in metal, and zinc is, therefore, prescribed as readily melting under the action of the heat. This must be inclosed in a wooden coffin of certain dimensions, so that it may fit the receptacle in the chamber. In case a funeral service should be requested, a further charge of £1 10 shillings is made. The Gotha establishment, which was erected in 1878, is very complete, and cost for the machinery and buildings nearly £5,000. The apparatus is made after the Italian model, and consists of a large coal furnace for the production of the gas, which is conducted by a pipe to the heating chamber in which the body is placed, this chamber being about twenty-one feet in length by thirteen feet in height, and divided into two parts. The gas is first of all let into the nearest section, where it burns until a white heat is produced. At the time of the operation the body is lowered into the second compartment, and the gas admitted from the other one, when the zinc case rapidly melts, the garments being then consumed, and the whole process occupying about two hours. As it takes a day and night to properly heat the furnace, sufficient notice has to be sent to the authorities.—*London Times.*

Feed Them to Chickens.

Rabbits are uncommonly plenty throughout the West this winter. They furnish the cheapest meat that can be obtained in most cities. It seems somewhat singular that so few people eat them. In portions of Europe where rabbits are expensive they are regarded as luxuries. They certainly furnish fine eating when properly cooked. They may be dressed and frozen, when they will keep in good condition for several months. They are excellent when boiled, stuffed and baked and made into a pie in the same manner as chickens are. Rabbits are killed partly for "sport," partly for the money obtained for them as articles of food, and partly "to get them out of the way" so they will not injure trees and bushes. So many of them have been sent to market in some places in the West, that the price is simply nominal. It is stated that 150,000 had been sent to Indianapolis up to the 1st of January, and as many more are expected before the winter is over. Only about fifty cents per dozen have been realized for them. A large portion of them have been sent to New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities. In some of the towns of Central Illinois, Iowa and Indiana they have sold as low as two cents each. At this price they seem to make a poor return for the powder and shot employed in killing them. Even at fifty cents per dozen they are a cheap food for the fowl. Fowls will lay but very few eggs during the winter unless they are supplied with meat of some sort. The flesh of rabbits is tender and lean, and consequently well adapted to the wants of chickens. With a good hatchet or cleaver the carcasses may be chopped up, bones and all. The meat may be fed raw or cooked, with meal and vegetables. Made into "hash" with potatoes, beets and other vegetables, it is the best winter food for fowls that can be found.—*Chicago Times.*

—The camels that were employed in hauling freight across the dry wastes of Arizona for the Southern Pacific Railroad, now by natural increase four hundred in number, have been bought by John Shirley, an Australian sheep farmer, and are to be used in hauling freight across the deserts in Australia. He got them for $10,000—much less than a like number of camels would cost him if he were to transport them from Africa.

—It is said that George Munro has built a publishing house nine stories high, and costing $1,000,000, out of his profits on the reprints of English books which have no copyrights.—*N. Y. News.*

Canada Linen.

It sometimes takes a good joke a long time to leak out, but it is almost sure to find daylight sometime. There is a gentleman living in Des Moines whose home at one time was in New York. He used to go over to Canada once in awhile to see the country, visit friends and probably eat peaches. On one of his trips he saw some very fine shirts the price of which tempted him greatly to invest. He thought over his wardrobe at home very carefully, and as nearly as he could figure it concluded he needed half a dozen shirts. These were the ones to buy he thought, because they were of the best quality and make and the price extremely low. He purchased, and after getting the articles on his hand, began to wonder how he would get them home and not have the sharp eye of the officers see them. A happy thought struck him. He went to a hotel and began to put the articles on. Of course he had one on to commence with. He measured the new ones, but found they did not go in sizes, so that one fit into the other, but were about equal in the amount of cloth used in the make-up. He began like a man getting ready for lightning changes. Number one went on very easily. The next was a little closer fit. The third was a closer call. The fourth tried the strength of the cloth and thread, as well as the temper of the fellow getting inside of so much linen. Getting the fifth one on, he tugged, the perspiration rolled off his face, and ran down his back, and he kicked and scrambled and pawed the air like a drowning man catching at straws. When he got inside he looked like the last rose of summer, of the red variety, in full bloom. Five shirts were disposed of, but the sixth lay on the back of the chair, waiting to be claimed.

Our friend wished some one would come and claim it. He did not know what to do until a thought struck him again. He concluded to pass himself off for an Alderman, and knowing that a well filled vest was necessary he took the sixth shirt, folded it up carefully and laid it away inside of his vest and the upper part of his pantaloons. Fixed up in true Alderman'c style, he started for the United States. The custom-house officer eyed him closely on the Canada side, but he got through on his dignified appearance. When he struck the custom house on this side he knew the officer, and was not quite so careful. He walked up and down the office, and began to think he might be a genuine New York Alderman. The custom officer finally sided up to him and said: "You had better go and sit down." "Why," he asked, with some dignity, thinking he knew when to sit down. "Look at the bottom of your pants," said the officer. He looked, and there dragging on the floor was about half the sleeve of the sixth shirt hunting daylight. He sat down without waiting for a reserved seat, and tucked the sleeve inside his boot top. The cigars cost more than twice what the duty would have been.—*Iowa State Register.*

Bringing in a Verdict.

At a little back-woods settlement in Vancouver's Island, an Indian had been stealing potatoes from a farm belonging to Mr. Sproat, the local justice. One day, in order to frighten this Indian, the man in charge, who was a Western back-woodsman, fired his gun vaguely in the direction of the potato field. To his astonishment he found that he had shot the native dead. An inquest had of course to be held. The woodsman did not look upon a slain Indian as a very great affair, and several came to Mr. Sproat and said: "You are not going to trouble Henry about this, are you, sir?" Mr. Sproat, being not only the man's master, but also a magistrate, had to reply that however much he felt for the man's misfortune, he must let the law take its course. But where was a surgeon to be found to make the post-mortem examination? A care-worn looking man stepped off a pile of lumber, where he was working, and said he was a surgeon. This statement being naturally received with some hesitation, he produced from an old army chest his commission, his degree, and ample proof of not only having been a staff-surgeon. He performed the post-mortem, and soon produced a shot from the lung and proved that the Indian had died from gunshot wounds in the chest. Other evidence was forthcoming; one of the witnesses testifying that the prisoner had said "Jack, I've shot an Indian." The "Judge" laid down the law to the jury, which were composed of twelve of the most intelligent of the men, and they were sent into another room to consider their verdict. It was nearly half an hour before they returned. The foreman then said: "We find that the Indian was worried by a dog!" "A what?" the Judge exclaimed. "Worried by a dog, sir," said another juryman, thinking that the foreman had not spoken plainly. Assuming a proper expression of magisterial gravity, his worship pointed out to the jury the incompatibility of their verdict with the evidence, and again went over the case, and calling their particular attention to the medical evidence, and to the production by the doctor of the shot found in the body of the Indian, he again dismissed them to their room, begging them to come back with a verdict reasonably connected with the facts. They remained away longer than before. When they at last returned, the Judge drew a paper toward him to record their finding. "Now, men, what do you say?" Their decisive answer was: "We say that he was killed by falling over a cliff." The Judge snuffled his papers together, and told the jury they might go to their work, and he would return a verdict for them himself. For a full mile in every direction from where the dead body was found the country was as level as a table. The jury was not so conscientious as another in the same part of the world, composed of the friends of some people accused of stealing pork: "We find the defendants not guilty; but believe they hooked the pork."—*Portland Oregonian.*

Almost as Good.

A gentleman who yesterday appeared at the Eastern Haymarket in search of fodder for his horse was at once surrounded by half a dozen owners of loads anxious to sell. When they had exhausted their breath in shouting "timothy" he quietly replied:

"All your loads look fine enough, but I'm a little particular."

"Why—how—what!" they shouted.

"I want a load of hay with about one hundred and fifty pounds of stones in the center of it."

All fell back with injured looks upon their faces, but presently one seller gave the gentleman a wink to cross the street to a saloon. When both were out of sight of the crowd he whispered:

"Say, I've got the load you want."

"Are the rocks there?"

"No, but my son William is lying alongside of the binder under that blanket. He won't quite pull down one hundred and fifty pounds, but I'll steal you four or five sticks of good cord-wood to make up the difference."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The salmon fisheries of Scotland, hitherto very valuable, are threatened with destruction. It has been officially announced that one thousand six hundred diseased salmon were taken out of the River Tay alone during the months of November and December. The disease has spread with alarming rapidity. Of the fish taken from the river during the first week of January thirty per cent. were diseased, being literally covered with a leprous substance.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mark Twain's forthcoming book is announced in England as "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

—Mr. Ingram, the founder and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, made his first fortune by selling pills.

—General Jackson was the first President to inaugurate the custom of shaking the hands of all who came to his public levees.

—Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, has only missed preaching because of sickness on two Sabbath days during his sixteen years' pastorate.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mary Anderson says she has faithfully followed Longfellow's advice, given her at the threshold of her career, that she should see a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem and hear some beautiful music every day.

—Miss Alice Freeman, Ph. D., the President of Wellesley College, is a slight, girlish, young-faced woman, of great force of character and brilliant mental endowments. She is very popular with the young lady students.

—Mr. William Sisson and wife, of Portsmouth, R. I., recently celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of their wedding by a reunion of their friends in the house in which they have resided all the years of their married life.—*Providence Journal.*

—Prof. Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard College, has been elected an honorary member of the German Chemical Society of Berlin by a unanimous vote. He is the first American who has been made a member of this distinguished society.—*Hartford Post.*

—Mrs. Betsey Moody, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., who is one hundred and two years of age, said to a friend who called: "I told my husband when he died I would never marry again if I lived to be one hundred years old." She has kept her promise.—*Boston Herald.*

—Mrs. Rathbone, the victim of the recent tragedy in Hanover, supported President Lincoln when he fell wounded by the assassin, and the dress she then wore, stained by the President's blood, is preserved as a relic at the family homestead in Albany.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—Colonel Macomb Mason, whom Baker Pasha has appointed Governor of Massowah, is a native of Virginia, and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. He went with his State into the war, and since then has been in the Egyptian service. He is an officer of ability and resolution, with a long training in African warfare and entire familiarity with the native tribes of the Soudan.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—President Salomon, of the Republic of Hayti, is described by one who saw him recently to be "a massive, broad-shouldered giant, at least six feet six inches high, with the physical proportions of a gladiator, a profile dark as the 'Night's Plutonian shore,' with snow-white locks, keen, restless eyes, glittering like diamonds in a setting of jet, high forehead, and a form, despite his advanced age, erect as a pillar of stone."

HUMOROUS.

—"A train behind time," remarked Fogg, seeing an elderly maiden tricked out in full-flowing robes.—*Boston Post.*

—Irate parent in the door to his clerk, who is caressing his daughter: "Young man, you are not hired here for that kind of work." "That's so; I'm doing it for nothing."

—"Backward, turn backward, O Time!" Papa—"According to this new standard, Minnie, we must set the clock back about four minutes, eh?" Minnie (still in the market)—"Four minutes! Put it back lots, papa. Nothing less than ten years will do me any good!"—*Life.*

—"Do you know why I am like the new bridge at Niagara?" asked young Bliffkins of pretty Miss Smithers. He expected her to give it up, and then he would have rung in a pun on cant-i-lever, but she replied: "It must be because you are without visible means of support."—*Buffalo Express.*

—Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pa? Joe Stewart, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar." "What position did Joe take?" "His last position was cross a chair, face down."—*Detroit Post.*

—Young Alphonso—"Mercy, child, you must not wash your new wax doll, it will ruin it." Infant Terrible—"Ruin it, how?" Young Alphonso—"Why, one drop of water would spoil its complexion." Infant Terrible—"Isn't that funny? My doll and my big sisters both have the same kind of 'plexions."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Brown—"What! smoking? I thought you swore off." Fogg—"So I did, and I got along bravely until it came to me that this was leap-year. I hadn't thought of that extra day. A fellow might be able to keep from smoking three hundred and sixty-five days, but a man's got to draw the line somewhere. You can't expect impossibilities from a fellow."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"What shall we name baby, sister?" asked a mother of her little four-year-old daughter. "Call her Early, mamma; that's a pretty name." "Early! That's not a little girl's name." "Oh, yes it is. Don't you remember reading to me about the little girl who was to be the May Queen, and who wanted her mother to call her Early?"—*Exchange.*

—The Donkey's Dream:

A donkey lay him down to sleep,
And as he slept and snored full deep,
He was observed (strange sight) to weep,
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by
The donkey roused, and with a sigh
And kindly voice, inquired why
These tears he did exude.

The donkey, while he trembled o'er
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,
Made answer in a fearful roar:
"I dreamed I was a dude!"

—"Ah," said the nice young man with bangs, as the little boy let him in the other evening, "Ah, my little man, is your sister at home?" "Yes, she's at home, but she ain't expecting you." "And how do you know she isn't expecting me?" "Cause I heard her tell ma that you're too mean to hire a horse and sleigh, and she didn't expect to see a sight of you while the snow lasted." The little boy is now saddest when he sits.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A Prince in Trouble.

Prince of Wales—Don't you think, ma, that you should help me pay off my debts. It will only take about a million pounds, and—

Queen Vic.—Good gracious, boy, are you crazy? A million pounds! and three cows on my Jersey farm have been dry for two months!

The Prince—But think of the millions that you own outside of the Jersey farm.

Queen Vic.—Mere trifles, boy, mere trifles; only enough to keep me from want in my old age.

The Prince—Well, if you won't help me, the tradesmen will enter suit.

Queen Vic.—Why don't you earn the money yourself? Go to America and lecture.

The Prince—It would not pay. The Americans would laugh at my drawling pronunciation.

Queen Vic.—That is true. Let me see. What can you do? You can't act; you can't sing; you can't play the banjo, of course, but that is of no use without the clog dance, and you don't know that. Oh! I have it. Write to that dear, good, kind Mr. Barnum. Perhaps he will give you a job to ride on his new white elephant.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Religious Reading.

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

The bridge of prayer, from Heavenly heights suspended,
Unites the earth with spirit realms in space;
The interests of these separate worlds are blended
For those whose feet turn often toward that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,
We still may see, above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

And angels come from their celestial city
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer.
God sends them forth full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

O you whose feet walk in some shadowed byway,
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free to you hangs this suspended highway,
Where Heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernal,
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge, fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.
—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Advance.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1884.

Feb. 10	The Conversion of Lydia	Acts 16: 11-24
Feb. 17	The Conversion of the Jailor	Acts 16: 25-40
Feb. 24	Thessalonians and Bereans	Acts 17: 1-14
Mch. 2	Paul at Athens	Acts 17: 22-34
Mch. 9	Paul at Corinth	Acts 18: 1-17
Mch. 16	The Coming of the Lord	1 Thess. 4: 13-18, & 5: 1-8
Mch. 23	Christian Diligence	2 Thess. 3: 1-18
Mch. 30	Review; or Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.	

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The only sure guarantee of Christian stability is Christian experience. The only conviction of the divinity of the Bible and the truth of the gospel which has real staying and holding power is that which comes from the process of applying and testing the Bible in a practical course of obedience. We are far, indeed, from admitting or thinking that our religion can not triumphantly maintain itself in fair fight on the open field of controversy. It does not shrink from the forum of debate or from the arbitrament of reason. It is ready on proper occasion, though with no braggart airs, to take up the challenge of infidel foes of the scientific school, or of any other school, using only the weapons of criticism and logic. But in an age like ours, when skepticism is in the air, and the "time-spirit" is confessedly hostile to Evangelical religion, even all claims to the miraculous and supernatural, something more than knowledge and syllogism is requisite to keep the Christian serene and assured in his faith, especially the average Christian. He is in danger of undergoing an unconscious process of sapping, mining, honey-combing even. He breathes a malarial atmosphere, and before he is aware of it he may betray symptoms of debility and depression, such as denote the presence in his spiritual system of a lurking poison. The only absolutely sure defense against this fatal result is a personal, living experience of the truth of Christianity, which shall satisfy his soul and lift him above the possibilities of serious doubt.

The only way in which one can really *become* a Christian runs through this narrow gate of obedience and practice. A process of putting the doctrines of Christ to the proof in all honest effort to do them is the eternal condition of Christian discipleship. Thus alone can we "know" those doctrines as true, "taste" them as good, and enter into the freedom and fellowship of the Gospel. Mere study, learning and logic can never give a sense of certitude as to revealed truth. One who works only in the dry and colorless light of the intellect will forever come short of genuine Christian trust and peace. Before this end can be attained the Gospel must cease to be a mere system or theory worthy of admiration; it must strike into a man's heart, work itself into his being, and work itself out in his life. In a word, it must be a thing of actual and intimate experience.

And as we can not *become* Christians without experience, so we can not *remain* such, at least assured and happy Christians, without keeping this experience alive and having it grow deeper and richer. Especially is this true in a period when the world is resounding with the clashing arms of religious combatants, and the air is vibrating with doubt. If at such a moment we would feel the ground solid beneath our feet, we must have an experimental knowledge of Divine truth that shall enable us to say: "I *know* that these things are so—I *know* whom I have believed—I have tried the Gospel plan and resources, and I am sure of their Divinity from their precise adaptation to all my *needs*. You can spare yourself the trouble of attempting to unsettle my faith, for it will be an utterly futile effort."

Now this is not simply a possible and very comfortable attainment; it is also perfectly valid before the bar of reason. It is no sign of enthusiasm or weak credulity to plead this ground of confidence and be satisfied with it. It is true the argument which it involves may not be particularly effective in convincing the skeptic or silencing the gainsayer, but it is unimpeachable as a justification of the believer in his chosen course. It rests upon a sound philosophy. There is no better proof than our own consciousness, our irrepressible instincts, and our intuitive judgments; and all these enter into that composite result which is called experience.

Especially in the domain of religion, from the very necessities of the case, consciousness, instinct and intuition play a great part. The Bible relies much upon its own self-evidencing weight to commend it to our favor, and experience is but the response of the spiritual sense in us to this inherent Scriptural evidence. With a true appreciation of the importance of what we have been saying, Neander said: "It is the heart that makes the true theologian." He was clearly right. The theologian who is intellectual, and nothing more, can not understand, nor expound, nor defend the doctrines of the Bible. Neander's *dictum* is, in fact, little else than a variation of Paul's "knowledge puffeth up; charity edifieth." In like manner Pascal in one of his most profound and sententious observations, declares: "Human objects must be known in order to be loved; Divine must be loved in order to be known." The little that Matthew Arnold retains of Christianity he owes to his heart. He asserts that "men can not do without religion." Again he says, "*to enjoy the Bible and to turn it to his benefit* [the italics are his own] is the one proper object to be proposed in dealing with this book." It remains true, and a truth never to be lost sight of, that in the domain of religion, as in the domain of poetry, the whole apparatus of learning is but secondary, and that we always go wrong with our learning when we suffer ourselves to forget this." In one of the finest passages that he ever wrote, Hawthorne describes the different impressions made by the painted windows of a cathedral as seen from without or from within. "All this," he says, "is a most forcible emblem of the different aspect of religious truth as viewed from the warm interior of belief, or from its cold and dreary outside. Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you may see no glory; standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

"Thy Neighbor As Thyself."

The exordium of the sermon, by Rev. Prof. Barbour, before the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Detroit, on the text of which the words above are a part, contains a novel and striking thought, full of great argument and suggestion. He said:

"Men and Brethren: In announcing this plain sentence as the text of the following discourse, allow me the privilege of an introduction to it in the use of a somewhat violent supposition. Let Christianity be withdrawn. Suppose that instead of being here to-night with our eyes on the map of the world, forming plans for its conversion to Christ, there is no Christ nor Christian Church. The Gospel is no more. The vexations of the learned over miracle and inspiration are at an end; the rivalries of the sects have gone down in a general indifference; missions are abandoned, reform has become impotent, in so far as it depended upon the Christian dynamic. What would be left? The world would still be here, as firm under the human foot as ever; day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest would not cease. And man as a moral being would be here, behaving as he has behaved where the Gospel has not corrected him. Under the One who is over all, law would still be here, reigning unto life and death, over all who by their very make find themselves its natural subjects. The Gospel of Christ not having made the world, nor human nature, nor enacted the great law of right and wrong with its award and doom, these things would still continue under its supposed withdrawal.

"Judging from what has occurred, one thing would noticeably characterize the world without the Gospel—a lack of neighborly thought and feeling. If a Greece should have a more elevated life by a culture in the beautiful, she would be found keeping it to herself. If a barbarian desired a painted Hebe to refine his taste, or a sculptured Jupiter to embolden his manner, he must go to Greece for it. If a Plato has a superior thought, those outside the Greek colonization must translate it for themselves. To the poor no Plato is preached. If Asia should have any light on conduct or destiny, it is light for Asia, not for the world. The great wall of China has not only kept Tartar invasion out, it has kept Confucian wisdom in. Keep the world as it was, touching the neighborly virtues, and while, at this late date, a European might be found going to one foreign land to sell knives, and to another to buy tea, an American sailing here to sell wheat, and there to buy silk; yet of Nation entering Nation on no other errand than one of good-will, we should see and hear nothing. The historic fact is, the Buddhists and Confucians never came near us, nor our ancestors, with their celestial wisdom. The fine sentiment of Epictetus: 'I am a man and nothing of humanity is alien to me,' died as it was born, a fine sentiment. It never sent Rome out upon any errand in behalf of humanity. The prominent missionaries of an earlier time were Xerxes' fire-ships, and Cæsar's eagles."

Choice Extracts.

—Character is proof against the scoffings of ridicule, and the consciousness of doing right takes the sting out of the most envenomed jest.

—To us it appears certain that the preservation of the Sabbath in this country will depend on the belief and example of Christian families.—*Intelligencer.*

—Temptations are among the means of Christian growth. Every time that a temptation is mastered and we are able to say: "Get thou behind me, Satan," we add another link to our armor. When trials are courageously surmounted, when the plot which is laid for our destruction is frustrated, and we outflank the enemy and cause him to retire in disorder, we feel within us the thrill of victory and are stronger than before.

—"What is he worth?" That is a question often asked. How much is he worth in dollars and cents? This is the way men estimate one another. The Lord has a different standard of estimating the worth of men. What is he worth to My church? What is he worth to My cause in Christian example and service? What is he worth in doing good, and in labor to bless and save the world? How much better will the world be for his having lived in it? These are questions of serious import, and should be carefully and prayerfully considered. Seek to be rich toward God, and your worth to God and His cause can not be estimated on earth.—*Zion's Herald.*

—There is a great deal of good in the world. But there would be even more if that which is there were recognized, appreciated and used more. And this is especially true of individuals. It is very seldom that a man's character will be bettered by our continually picking out its flaws and faults and throwing them at him. Usually it only serves to harden him and confirm him in his evil. But look for the good in him, no matter how little it be, and how hard to find. Show him that it is recognized, and that it in so far gains him respect; and it will soon reach out, spread, and perhaps eventually encompass the whole character. It is in this sense, too, that we are to "overcome evil with good;" by discovering the grain of good that is in a man, cultivating, airing, developing it, until it gradually crowds out the evil by the vigor of its own growth. Planting and watering is always more profitable than mere weeding.—*Moravian.*

How a Proverb Originated.

Albert Durer is more famous and more widely known as an engraver than as a painter. His first copper-plate engraving was made in 1497, and from that time he executed numerous works of this kind. One of the first of these was "St. Jerome's Penance," a good impression of which was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars. In 1498 Durer published his first series of wood-cuts illustrating the Apocalypse of St. John. These cuts marked a new era in wood-engraving, and showed what possibilities it contained. Before this time it had been a rude art, chiefly used by uneducated monks. There are one hundred and seventy-four wood-cuts attributed to Durer. The other important series are the "Great and Little Passion," showing the sufferings of Christ, and the "Life of the Virgin." He often chose such scenes as remind us only of death, sorrow and sin. Again, his grotesque and fantastic humor was shown; and nothing more wild and unusual could be imagined than some of his fancies which he made almost immortal through his great artistic power. A wood-cut called the "Triumphal Arch of Maximilian" is two and a half feet high and nine feet wide; it was composed of ninety-two blocks, and all the remarkable events in the Emperor's life are illustrated in it, as well as many symbolical figures and pictures expressive of his praise, nobility and power.

It is said that while this engraving was being finished by the engraver Rosch, the Emperor drove often to see it. On one occasion several of Rosch's pet cats ran into the presence of the sovereign, and from this incident arose the proverb: "A cat may look at a king."—*Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*