

THE TRAVELER AND THE STATUS-A DIALOGUE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSTHUMUS. BY JOHN G. BARK.

A market place in Athens, where are seen statues of gods and goddesses, scenes in marble majesty. Among the rest a group wherein the sculptor has depicted some man, or more, whose features these symbols shape in stone the observer sees: A human figure resting on a bench; With wings, and flowing locks conceal The eyes, and yet to make the gazer stare, The head, behind, snow-white hair, framed by a beard, another figure stands— A maid, who seems to weep and wring her hands. Enter a Traveler who, gazing on the statues, exclaims: "What a length, he speaks."

THE MYSTERY OF GREENFIELD.

[Youth's Companion.] We came up into the country to pretty Greenfield in the early spring,—three of us,—May and Lon and I, thoroughly tired out with the season's excitement. We longed to get entirely away from everybody; to creep into some nook, where, if possible, we should have nothing to do but to see the sunrise and sunset, with dinner between; where we could wear a wrapper all day if we chose without comment from anybody. "Just think!" said Lon, one day, when we had been discussing our weariness and what- ever an Elysium that would be, if there were any such spot in reach of the world of earth. "I think—yes, I have it! I do know just such a bit of away," slowly returned May. "Not far away, either, but what weight comes back and right tangle up if our onerous brought on an earthquake in either of our households?" "Where is the earthly paradise to be found?" exclaimed Lon and I, eagerly. "I will tell you," said May. "Long ago, when I was a child, my father had an aunt away back among the hills, in the sweetest, quietest place you can imagine, and he used to send me to her in the long vacations, to grow fat and stretch myself beyond all recognition among the blackberry vines. Auntie is long since dead, but I have no doubt we could all settle among those quiet people, so that not one soul of all this city could find us. I'll set papa on the track." "In two weeks we were settled away back among the hills," and oh! how good it was. The last snow wreaths were hardly gone from the corners, and the cold winds snapped round Farmer Gray's comfortable home, but May was plenty, and wherever Mrs. Gray was, there was sunshine. We had three rooms, clean, cool and prettily furnished. There was a little girl of twelve or thirteen years, who made up for dearer, whose mother had died, leaving her destitute child to the tender sympathies of her neighbors; and I can vouch for it that little Alice Prescott suffered no lack for good Mrs. Gray took her particularly to her home and heart. May's usual noon took the favorable light in her room, my crochets worked itself as well as a little, and I sat in mine. Lon's desk and books came from their hiding-places, and we sat down for a whole summer's full of clear comfort. "My dear little girl," said May, "I shall not have another word about Alice, though I do want to know how the thing got over. The poor child in her terrible wails for her mother and says, 'Oh, what would my mother say to me if she were here?' 'Well, O Miss May, how could you think of me, how could you, how could you? Haven't I always been careful of everything that was yours, and then haven't I loved you as you would love me?" "Her grief was too distressing not to be real. I could not bear to see her, so I told her that the truth would certainly come out, and she was happy. I should most certainly rejoice to find it so." So the matter dropped for that afternoon, and we dispersed, each of us feeling very well as we went. The next morning, however, all this. Lon took May into her room, and the "haunted room," as we called it, was carefully closed, and its doors and windows were fastened. In the morning, everything was right. We looked up courage and searched still farther for the missing watch, but searched in vain. Days came and went and nothing more was touched. At last, thinking the evil spirit exorcised, May went back to her room, moved back her chest, and all the paraphernalia of her beloved and cherished watch, which she had hidden away, while Lon wrote or read, and I played with the late roses that were climbing over the windows, and peep into it to see if it did not want a bouquet. Quiet came to the household, although a cloud still hung between Alice and us girls and there was nothing more said about drawings or painting pictures. May, however, would be the outcome of early one night when I was with her, I was awakened by a cold hand laid on my face, and a whisper in my ear, "Do wake up!" Half-awake I strained my sense to hear, and was convinced that something was moving in the room. Top me! I could perceive no light or appearance of anything, but I fancied I heard a faint step, step, across the floor. May was trembling like a leaf. I bore the strain as long as I could, and then sprang from the bed to get a light. Of course I tumbled over the first chair and made a grand racket, that brought the other two grandly, and I saw the light. I saw distinctly heard a rapid movement and a rattling of paper in the room. The first glance after I had lit a lamp, I saw a letter lying on the floor. I picked it up and read it. "May! May! I have a literary thief away. He has written you a letter to explain his doing. Get up, do quick, and read it, with your post-mark and stamp, after the regular order. May was too much frightened to move, until I shook her up a bit; and picked up the letter, when she exclaimed, "Why, that's my last letter from home!"

THE HOME.

It is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has a home. The sum of his possession and fortune, whence he will depart if nothing calls him away, whence if he has departed he comes to wander. The third stay at home, heart and rest. The bird is at home in the nest. Or all that hovers in the sky and fly. A hawk is hovering in the sky. —Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Now I lay me—say I'm drifting. "I lay me," lisped the tiny lips of my daughter kneeling, bending over her mother's feet. "Down to sleep," she murmured. And the curly head dropped low. "I pray the Lord," I gently added, "You can say all, I know." "Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly. Then the tired head fairly nodded. And the child was fast asleep. But the dewy eyes had opened when I clasped her to my breast. And she said, "Mamma, God knows all the rest."

THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE STOMACH.

When an ordinary dram of spirit and water, or of wine, is taken by one unaccustomed to it, the first noticeable effect on the stomach is to produce a feeling of fullness. It is more decided than when taken at the time of a meal or soon after. When food is present the liquor mingles with it, and makes a deep impression on the coats of the stomach, and is more slowly absorbed. It causes in a short time relaxation and enlargement of the blood vessels, and more blood is contained in them. There is some more free secretion from the glands, but it is more or less perverted. This irritation, however, may increase the appetition, and the food to be taken, but if digestion is likely to be impaired, and if much alcohol is taken the gastric juice is so changed by its direct action upon it that

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Though Washington's deeds erected a monument to himself more durable than stone, yet it is becoming that the white marble obelisk that stands in the city of Washington should be a patriotic life. It is the tallest structure in the world, being five hundred and fifty-five feet in height. It is forty-five feet higher than the spire of Cologne Cathedral, and is taller than the pyramids of Cheops, the highest building in Africa, and three hundred and sixty-three feet higher than the Washington Monument. It is the tallest structure in the world, being five hundred and fifty-five feet in height. It is forty-five feet higher than the spire of Cologne Cathedral, and is taller than the pyramids of Cheops, the highest building in Africa, and three hundred and sixty-three feet higher than the Washington Monument. It is the tallest structure in the world, being five hundred and fifty-five feet in height. It is forty-five feet higher than the spire of Cologne Cathedral, and is taller than the pyramids of Cheops, the highest building in Africa, and three hundred and sixty-three feet higher than the Washington Monument.

AT NIGHT.

Hark! how the Winter's wind doth whistle shrill. And 'neath the frosty pane doth sharp impet his warlike mimicry of shot and shell. With all the strength of an unquench'd fire. The feeble pines with glittering store are all a-quake. And all along the maples' slender limbs rustle and stir. 'Tis but their gleams through a cloud-drift of fair, faint leaves of light. The thwarted snow's soft wing. Now drops the night's mail. Hear the loud wind swirling from tree-field to tree. And lo! behold out twinkling stars on star. The lights of home far shining with rays all magical. How best beyond all knowledge, how were we if but one light might glow for the end we

EARLY TEACHING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

It is not a little singular that the most important professions achieve no fame for their votaries? Who knows a civil engineer? The world would be a wilderness were it not for the apeducts hung in the clouds, the pictured railway, the gossamer bridges. Who built them? You mention Lesseppe—but he is a contractor. You suggest Eads. Yes—his name has been connected with public works, and he was examined by a Congressional Committee. What other engineer do you ever hear of? And the poor, dear, hard working, learned teachers. Are you personally acquainted with a teacher? The other day a plain farmer wrote an article for the Sentinel. His name has been heralded in half the papers in the State as "leading" and "distinguished." But the men and the daring women who make civilization possible, who equip heroes and send them forth to conquer fame—who are they? When the poetaster claimed Virgil's verses he wrote four times the words. "Sic non vobis" and dared his rivals to complete the verses. It only teachers were to read this article I would complete them in the original as Virgil finished them. But in plain English the completed lines were that thus it happened to the bees, the sheep, the oxen, and the horses, that others got the glory and profit and benefit of their lives and labors. And so we may say of the most intelligent, the worst paid, the most useful profession: "Sic non vobis." Thus it happens that the world does not know that I was once a teacher—that it is a lady who is a professor in a "university." The first night I arrived, with my graduating honors thick upon me, I was invited to play "freeze out poker" for a pony. I objected partly because that particular species of poker had been left out of the college curriculum, and partly because I had a singular notion that teachers ought not to play poker. My scruples were met by the double declaration: I could never learn the game more cheaply! The pony was only valued at \$30, and it only cost \$2 to get in. Another "freeze out" was arranged on the Trustees of the University was in the game. Since the election I soon to throw away my time on the Republican States of Ohio and Illinois and I was invited to play "freeze out" to explain to our Indian readers why "freeze out" is. It goes without saying that information on this subject would be like sending coals to Newcastle. My gentle, kind, and unassuming nature on the "New South" is given to manufacturing enterprises. The one room was partitioned off by thin boards, which did not reach the ceiling by ten feet, into four rooms. We never had to muster all hands to witness, punishment, but a boy of fifteen years of age heard it. No traveler can exaggerate to the flesh in the Sudan. Every boy in the township made his headquarters under the partitioned-off room. As the Legislature is in session and "the Constitution would be busted" as Judge Fletcher used to say, unless every member introduced a bill—I make a suggestion for some selected member to work on it. Let it be enacted that it shall be unconstitutional to put cushions in a teacher's chair. With a plain woman sent the teacher can make a success of it. It is impossible for the average teacher to find a pin in a cushion until he or she sits down, and then it is too late. I understand the "New South" is given to manufacturing enterprises. My particular department was to teach the alphabet and intellectual arithmetic. But in the catalogue I issued for a prospectus, as the old Irishman did who graduated—as all Irishmen do—in Dublin, and taught Latin and Greek. It happened by some strange freak that one of my boys wanted to learn political economy. In truth, however, I was no more skilled in political economy than Sam Randall. My gentle and learned friends, the teachers, for whose benefit I have written this communication, are better off to-day than I was—boys do not as a general thing carry bow-knives now. Indians is a monument to her teachers. I take off my hat to the gentlemen, and would—if they would let me—give every darling woman among them.

TO HIS NARRATOR.

Heaven make the better than thy name, a child of mine, who has not seen his father's eyes never opened, nor tame To mortal longing gaze. I pray the Lord's thought of old— God make thee beautiful within! And let thy eyes the sword behold In everything save sin. —John G. Whittier in Good Cheer.