

WHERE IS YESTERDAY.

Where is yesterday? Mother! some things I want to know. What puzzle and confuse me so. To-day is present, as you say; But tell me, where is yesterday? Did not see it as it went; I only know how it was spent— In play, and pleasure, through the rain; Then why won't it come back again? To-day the sun shines bright and clear; But then, to-morrow's drawing rain. To-day, do not go away; And vanish like dear yesterday. 'Tis when the sun and all the light Have gone, and darkness brings the night, It seems to me, you steal away, And change your name to yesterday. And will all time be just the same? To-day—the only name remains? And shall I always have to say, To-morrow you'll be yesterday? I wonder, when we go to heaven, If there a record will be given Of all our thoughts and all our ways, Of all the faults of yesterday? If so, I pray God grant to me That mine a noble life may be; For then, I'll meet you in the air, The dear, lost face of yesterday. —Chambers' Journal.

CAPTURED BY NAGAS.

In 1845 there were no steamers plying up the Brahmaputra river, so, after reaching Calcutta, we had the prospect of a three-months' voyage in boats. I was assured I should find it a monotonous journey; and, notwithstanding the many and varied scenes which we daily witnessed, I must own I was heartily glad when we arrived at Nagaz, the headquarters of the Assam Tea Company. Here we were hospitably entertained by the manager and officers of the company, and after a few days' rest left for our home, a five-days' journey, on elephants. We arrived safely at our destination not much the worse for our trip, but much shaken by the jolting of the elephants, and much bitten by the mosquitoes on the way. I soon learned Bengalee and Assamese, but, although the Nagas often paid us visits, and were apparently the best of friends, I had not succeeded in learning any of their language, nor did I acquire any confidence in them; but we lived, as we thought, in perfect security, and, although we heard of occasional raids by the hill tribes, they were not in our direction. The Nagas are a sturdy, ugly, treacherous, but withal brave race, much given to head-hunting, like most of the tribes on our northeastern frontier; but they had been severely handled by our troops not long before, and it was thought they had settled down into peaceable folk.

Things went on quietly enough till November, 1847. My husband was still left for a few days on one of his half-yearly journeys. I had been busy all day; the season was an unusually sickly one, and our hospital was full of sick women and children, on whom I had been attending all day; and I was thoroughly tired before I retired to rest. I had noticed many Nagas, unaccompanied by any of their women, go past our lines that day; and, though I had been told it was a bad sign when these savages came down into the plains alone, I never gave it a thought; and, after seeing everything made fast, I went to bed. I had not been asleep for more than an hour or two when I was awakened by the most fearful yells and screams of men, women and children, together with the glare of our tea-houses and coolie-lines on fire! I had just time to spring out of bed and put on a few clothes, when our own bungalow was surrounded by a band of savages, armed with spears and clubs, and carrying torches, which they threw on our roof. The place was instantaneously in flames; and, to escape suffocation, I rushed out as I was, and was immediately felled to the ground and lay insensible for some time. When I recovered, I found myself pinioned, while all around me was desolation. Our late home was a mass of charred and smoking ruins; and oh! horror of horrors, a pile of heads of men, women and children were lying close by me! The savages were hunting about for more victims. Many of them were drunk and covered with blood; and every new and then an agonizing scream and an exultant laugh would proclaim that some wretch had been but too successful in his search, and that another poor coolie had been discovered and sacrificed.

This dreadful scene lasted fully two hours, when the Nagas seemed satisfied that there were no more victims alive, and gathered together around where I lay, and apparently discussed what my fate was to be. Some were evidently clamorous for my head; others—and among them I fancied were some who had been in the habit of visiting us—were more humanely inclined, and at one time I thought it would end in a fight between the two factions. But another and stronger party, headed by a chief whom I recognized as one to whom my husband had shown much kindness, and whose child had been nursed by me through a dangerous illness, at once decided my fate by ordering a stretcher to be prepared, on which I was placed and carried by two men along the jungle path leading to the mountains. My head was fearfully swollen from the blow I had received; I suffered tortures from racking pains in the head, and also from cold, for I was but partially dressed, and the winds in Assam, especially in the hilly districts, is bitterly cold from November until the middle of February. As if my other miseries were not enough, I was almost eaten alive by mosquitoes, and every now and then horrid leeches would fall down upon me as we brushed through the jungle, immediately fasten on me and suck away till from repletion they fall off. We moved at a rapid rate all the remainder of that night and till noon next day, when we halted for an hour by a stream, and where I must have again become insensible, for I remember nothing further till the starry sky above proclaimed night once more; but still our party hurried on, nor did we halt till close of daybreak.

As we wound around the hill, up a steep path, leading to a fortified village, the savages began to yell forth a chant; many of them danced and clapped, while the women coo-cood and capered their hands, bowing their heads to the ground as we passed by; and amidst the beating of tom-toms, gongs and instruments resembling those called cholera horns in India, we entered the stockade by a narrow doorway. The stockade itself was nearly a square, each face about 175 yards long. On three sides there were houses, built in long lines, and well raised off the ground, and the fourth side, the only one apparently approachable by an enemy, was strongly fortified, and the space in front panged. Pangies are bamboo spikes, hardened, sharpened and jagged, driven into the ground for some distance round every stockade, and covered over with fallen leaves. Often they are poisoned. They will go through the toughest sole, and if poisoned death follows in an hour or two. Hence they are greatly feared.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Milkmaid and the Sandman. Every day, Every day, Stop two men at my door; they take me and whisk me away. But early at morning, early at night, They require to come, be it fair or wet, And Gold-Locks never known to miss For one the little girl Gold-Locks waits, While the other one she fairly hates.

The one that she is glad to see Is glad to see her; And the one that she is glad to see Has letters painted upon the sides— "The Eight Dairy," I think it is— And Gold-Locks never known to miss His pause at the gate; but there she stands With her silver cup in her chubby hands.

When the day is done, When the day is done, But the shadowy sandman softly knocks, And whispers, "Bed-time, little Gold-Locks!" No more will you see the milkmaid, Till she rubs them drowsily and sighs, And drops on her arm her heavy head, Unwilling as ever to go to bed!

Ah, wait, my dear! And yearn to go! Will dread of death, and death to stay, He'll be slower to come, and loth to part, And ready at nothing to flee away. The sure no Prince will touch and fear, Who would come in royal state to my door, Were half as welcome as him who knocks, And whispers, "Bed-time, little Gold-Locks!" —Youth's Companion.

About Johnny Slyboots.

His name was Johnny Jones, but the boys in the neighborhood all called him Johnny Slyboots, because he was always getting into mischief, and was so sly about it that it wasn't often that he got found out. "I just wish he'd get come up with some time," said Joe Lane to another of "the boys." "He's always doing mean things, and nine times out of ten, we get blamed for them."

Joe was right about this. The boys knew how mischievous Johnny was, but other people did not. Somebody must do the mischief, the grown people argued, and as the other boys were often caught in mischief-doing, it was quite likely they were the authors of much of the mischief at which no one was caught.

As this mischief was generally of a mean, low-lived kind, and Johnny was nine times out of ten—the door of it, the other boys were out of patience with having it laid to them. So it was not to be wondered at that they wished Johnny might get caught at some of his mischief-making.

One day he was going by old Widow Larabee's. Aunt Sophrony, as everybody called her, was a very poor, hard-working old woman, with a crippled leg, and blind dependent upon her. She was always at work, when there was anything to do, but work as best she could, it was but a poor living that she succeeded in getting.

In summer, she raised vegetables and sold them in the village. In her garden she had some grape-vines, and from these she sold a few dollars' worth of fruit in the fall. What they brought her in was but a small amount, but to her it seemed considerable, and to have gone without it would have deprived her of many little comforts and necessities.

On this morning, when Johnny was going by her house, he chanced to catch sight of these grapes, hanging in great purple, luscious-looking clusters on the vines. "I like grapes," said Johnny Slyboots to himself. "They're awful good—I wish I had some!"

Then he crept up to the fence and took a survey of the garden and the grape-vines. "I'll be here to-night and get some," he said. "I'll bring a big basket along and I'll fill it with 'em. I can hide it some where about the barn, and I can have grapes to eat 'long of I want 'em. I'll do it!"

Now, most boys would have gone to some of their boy friends and got them to join them on the expedition he had planned, but that wasn't the way with Johnny Slyboots. He didn't dare to hint about it to anybody, for he knew that there wasn't a boy in the neighborhood, excepting himself, that was mean enough to steal from such a poor old woman as Aunt Sophrony was. They might get into "scrapes" that were anything but creditable, but not one of them would be guilty of what he planned to do.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle was always going to see Carlyle, and were commonly rewarded for their curiosity and admiration by being told in his bluff, gruff way that their country was bent devious, and that it merited its doom. Up to a very short time before his death he used to take early morning walks; his tall, bent, heavy-set figure, neatly but plainly clad; his clothes fitting loosely, and crowned by a tumbled black felt hat (he had the moral courage to reject invariably a silk cylinder even in London), drawing the eyes of persons wherever he passed, but moving on as if a desert lay around him. He walked, when in good condition, two or three miles through the tortuous, grimy streets, sometimes wrapped in deep thought, unconscious of his surroundings; sometimes observing everything, getting into the shop windows or glancing everywhere. For the most part alone, he was fond of the company of one of his intimates, and in such company he usually kept up a steady flow of peculiar, pictorial talk, the counterpart of his printed sentences, showing that his style, often called affected, had grown to be his natural form of expression. He had a fondness for riding on top of the London omnibuses for long distances, and not infrequently went below Temple Bar, alternately communing with himself and taking in the crowded and diversified panorama of the city.

Carlyle's hours of composition were generally three to four—from 10 or 11 a. m. to 2 p. m.—unless he were specially engaged or hurried, when he added an hour or two to the ordinary number. He wrote unevenly—at times slowly, then rapidly, but always with care, never allowing his manuscript to go from him until it suited him exactly. He frequently destroyed whole pages upon which he had labored hard and long, being extremely fastidious as to language, as well as to words and arrangement. But the writing of his books was much less than his preparation for writing, which was most thorough and conscientious. No man had a keener appetite for work, yet he worked far faster than most authors. His reading was stupendous, and he did it with surprising quickness, dispatching a volume of ordinary size while many persons would be occupied with a few chapters. For forty or fifty years of his life he read on an average from six to eight hours a day, sitting up for that purpose generally until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

It is said that, having gone to spend an afternoon and dine with a new acquaintance, and arriving several hours before his host, he entered the library, upon which the gentleman prided himself, as it contained a number of rare and curious volumes. The host came and dinner was eaten. After leaving the table, he told the author that he should be happy to show him his books. "We read 'em," was the account given; and it proved that Carlyle had actually absorbed in the time before dinner all that was valuable to him in the well-chosen library.

When Charles Dickens had decided to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six languages, to his amazement and dismay. That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

A characteristic anecdote is told of the Scotch image-breaker. A ship-owner, a fellow-countryman, went from Glasgow to call on him, and, entering his presence, said, with fervor and feeling: "I have come to see you, Mr. Carlyle, to tell you that I admire and honor you; that I have built a ship and named it after you on account of the good you have done in the world." The Scotch author with his marked accent: "I don't believe you, man! I never did any good in the world! Nobody ever did any good in the world! There is nae gude in the world!"

William Black, the novelist, once called on Carlyle, and, after a little conversation, "the philosopher remarked: 'You know Scotland very well, I see. I've read your novels with pleasure. They're very amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some work—when are ye goin' to write some real books, man?'"

Carlyle, though generally polite to persons who brought letters of introduction, could not be depended upon as to manners. He had moods, and very variable ones, having been troubled for years with dyspepsia. When suffering with it he was often very rude, especially to Americans, against whom, after our civil war had broken out, he appeared to have a violent prejudice, not infrequently bearing them in his Germanized English, as though they had done him some great wrong. The truth is that he enjoyed scolding with his tongue nearly as much as with his pen.

Employment for a Youthful Lover. One of our marriageable young ladies from the suburbs had heard her father say that he wanted a boy to do chores, and as she was leaving the church for home, a forward youth of about 15, with cane in hand and a cigarette in his mouth, thinking himself every inch man, stopped up to the young lady and with an air of assurance proffered his services as escort, at the same time offering his arm.

"Well, yes," said the young lady. "I believe father has been thinking of taking a boy to bring up, and perhaps you might answer." "The boy sloped at a go-as-you-please. —New York Mercury.

Sothen's Estimate of Americans.

When the conversation again turned upon America, I suggested that I should like to know his opinion of the natives of that country. He paused a moment, and said, substantially, "In my opinion, they are the most liberal, the most generous people of any country I was ever in. You may know, possibly, that I have traveled somewhat extensively, but I repeat that the Americans are generous, and I have more warm friends in the United States than anywhere else, and, beside all that, they are the most go-ahead people in the world."

Determined to Have a Peep.

A lady of rather a positive turn of mind once gave a tea-party to some lady friends in her bedroom. "John," she said to her husband, as she heard the company coming, "get under the bed!" John tried to resist, but finally succumbed. Every now and then he would make an effort to peep out as the ladies laughed and made merry, but he was mercilessly driven back by his angered wife. At length, after a good joke had exploded among the party, John, with his head lowered, is in bed under the bed. "Get in there, will you," whispered his wife as she nudged him. "No!" shrieked John; "as long as I have the spirit of a man left in me, I will take a peep!"

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THE TYRANNY OF BUTTONS.

Among all the possible arguments for woman's natural inferiority to man the only one having real force has never been formulated; this is her meek and unquestioning submission to buttons. The buttons of the male habiliments are always coming off—notably before breakfast, when the average husband is about as amiable as a bear with a sore head. At this time, if he finds a button loose, he gives it a "yank," and then looks about helplessly for his victim—the first woman coming into his field of vision. He holds the button up before her, says it has "come" off, and she is expected to sew it on straightaway. Generally the victim is his wife; and, though the lady may be crying, and the breakfast preparations in need of supervision, while the tyrant himself has nothing on earth to do but make his toilet, and has, moreover, sewing materials right before him on the bureau or dressing-table, he never rises to the conception of his possible competence to supply his own wants. Woman, in his eyes, is the pre-ordained supervisor of buttons; and a delicate consideration for her rights and prerogatives is his motive for relegating the task to her; at least this is the way he apologizes, when in a playful mood, for his lack of deftness with the needle, which, as a rule, is wholly the fault of the women who had charge of his boyhood. They should have taught him to replace the buttons he is forever wrenching off with his rude fingering. One or two lessons about the time the boy begins to go to school, a little work-box placed in his room, containing needles, thread, two or three kinds of buttons and an open-top thimble—the only kind that ever should be worn—and the problem is solved for a lifetime; for whatever one is accustomed to do from childhood one does easily and dexterously. Women have shown their capacity for accomplishments and attainments supposed to be exclusively masculine. It is time for a corresponding display of ambition and adaptability on the part of men; and they cannot make a better beginning than by learning to sew on their own buttons.

A Strategic Move.

During a recent session of the Galveston county District Court, a stranger employed one of our young lawyers to assist the County Attorney in prosecuting a man charged with burglary. The lawyer did his very best to convict the burglar, but the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats. When the stranger who had employed the young lawyer to prosecute the burglar came to pay the young lawyer, the latter said: "I will only take half the money, as I failed to convict him."

Did It With a Toothpick.

The lion forbore to set foot on the mouse, and the grateful little animal chewed asunder the meshes of the net that held captive the king of beasts. This ancient historical fable teaches us not to despise small things. Fitzgerald, a confirmed criminal, had a harmless-looking toothpick in his mouth. He was taking a little pleasure excursion per railroad with the Sheriff toward the State prison in New Jersey. With the innocuous toothpick he picked the lock of his handcuffs, jumped from the train and escaped.

Out of Condition.

In an action that was recently tried when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The Judge remarking that "People do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered, "They do, my Lord, if buried in the ground."

Family Pride.

A Galveston boy of about 12 had a very poor school certificate. The old man said, as he looked under the sofa for the book: "I'll have to apply coercive measures."

"Don't do it, father. I am afraid there will be a scene, and we don't care to have the neighbors suspect that our relations are not harmonious."

The neighbors say the boy's eloquence was intoned by something that sounded like hitting a tough beefsteak with the flat side of an ax.—Galveston News.

PERHAPS no American schoolboy's composition has ever put the "Father of his Country" on a stronger moral basis than this (the letter appears in an English paper): "George Washington was a little boy what once lived in Verginny what had a nax give him by his old man. Wen Georges old man found out what George on the nother boy done he called George to him an he ses George Washington who cutted the bark of the cherry tree? George ses I did. The old man said you did George said I did an cannot tell a li. Why can't you tell I said the old man. Coz ses George I said a li this here fellar blow on me and then I'll be spanked twice. That's rite ses the old man wenever you get into trouble the esyist way out is the best."

In pulpit eloquence the grand difficulty lies here: to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his Prince, nor too humbly of himself. This is that secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see will fancy they could imitate, while most who try will fail.

He ran against one and fell over it, head first, into the other hive, upsetting it, and spilling his grapes. The bees roared angrily, and before he could get to his feet a dozen of them had stung him about the head.

He grabbed his basket and made a dash for the fence. The pain of the stings was so intense that he could scarcely tell what he was doing or where he was going. He caught his chin on the clothes-line, and was jerked backward, feeling that his head and body were on the point of coming apart. Then he caught his feet in some potato-vines and fell into a gooseberry bush, scratching his hands terribly.

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The glass manufacturing interest of Ohio forms in itself no inconsiderable element in the prosperity of the State. The following companies are officially recognized as the glass sections: Belmont, Franklin, Jefferson, Locking, Muskingum and Portage. In this section there are thirty-two furnaces, Belmont county having fifteen and Portage six. The value of glass manufactured yearly aggregates over \$3,000,000.

THE TYRANNY OF BUTTONS.

Among all the possible arguments for woman's natural inferiority to man the only one having real force has never been formulated; this is her meek and unquestioning submission to buttons. The buttons of the male habiliments are always coming off—notably before breakfast, when the average husband is about as amiable as a bear with a sore head. At this time, if he finds a button loose, he gives it a "yank," and then looks about helplessly for his victim—the first woman coming into his field of vision. He holds the button up before her, says it has "come" off, and she is expected to sew it on straightaway. Generally the victim is his wife; and, though the lady may be crying, and the breakfast preparations in need of supervision, while the tyrant himself has nothing on earth to do but make his toilet, and has, moreover, sewing materials right before him on the bureau or dressing-table, he never rises to the conception of his possible competence to supply his own wants. Woman, in his eyes, is the pre-ordained supervisor of buttons; and a delicate consideration for her rights and prerogatives is his motive for relegating the task to her; at least this is the way he apologizes, when in a playful mood, for his lack of deftness with the needle, which, as a rule, is wholly the fault of the women who had charge of his boyhood. They should have taught him to replace the buttons he is forever wrenching off with his rude fingering. One or two lessons about the time the boy begins to go to school, a little work-box placed in his room, containing needles, thread, two or three kinds of buttons and an open-top thimble—the only kind that ever should be worn—and the problem is solved for a lifetime; for whatever one is accustomed to do from childhood one does easily and dexterously. Women have shown their capacity for accomplishments and attainments supposed to be exclusively masculine. It is time for a corresponding display of ambition and adaptability on the part of men; and they cannot make a better beginning than by learning to sew on their own buttons.

A Strategic Move.

During a recent session of the Galveston county District Court, a stranger employed one of our young lawyers to assist the County Attorney in prosecuting a man charged with burglary. The lawyer did his very best to convict the burglar, but the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats. When the stranger who had employed the young lawyer to prosecute the burglar came to pay the young lawyer, the latter said: "I will only take half the money, as I failed to convict him."

Did It With a Toothpick.

The lion forbore to set foot on the mouse, and the grateful little animal chewed asunder the meshes of the net that held captive the king of beasts. This ancient historical fable teaches us not to despise small things. Fitzgerald, a confirmed criminal, had a harmless-looking toothpick in his mouth. He was taking a little pleasure excursion per railroad with the Sheriff toward the State prison in New Jersey. With the innocuous toothpick he picked the lock of his handcuffs, jumped from the train and escaped.

Out of Condition.

In an action that was recently tried when the question in dispute was as to the quality and condition of a gas-pipe that had been laid down many years before, a witness stated that it was an old pipe, and therefore out of condition. The Judge remarking that "People do not necessarily get out of condition by being old," the witness promptly answered, "They do, my Lord, if buried in the ground."

Family Pride.

A Galveston boy of about 12 had a very poor school certificate. The old man said, as he looked under the sofa for the book: "I'll have to apply coercive measures."

"Don't do it, father. I am afraid there will be a scene, and we don't care to have the neighbors suspect that our relations are not harmonious."

The neighbors say the boy's eloquence was intoned by something that sounded like hitting a tough beefsteak with the flat side of an ax.—Galveston News.

PERHAPS no American schoolboy's composition has ever put the "Father of his Country" on a stronger moral basis than this (the letter appears in an English paper): "George Washington was a little boy what once lived in Verginny what had a nax give him by his old man. Wen Georges old man found out what George on the nother boy done he called George to him an he ses George Washington who cutted the bark of the cherry tree? George ses I did. The old man said you did George said I did an cannot tell a li. Why can't you tell I said the old man. Coz ses George I said a li this here fellar blow on me and then I'll be spanked twice. That's rite ses the old man wenever you get into trouble the esyist way out is the best."

In pulpit eloquence the grand difficulty lies here: to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his Prince, nor too humbly of himself. This is that secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see will fancy they could imitate, while most who try will fail.

He ran against one and fell over it, head first, into the other hive, upsetting it, and spilling his grapes. The bees roared angrily, and before he could get to his feet a dozen of them had stung him about the head.

He grabbed his basket and made a dash for the fence. The pain of the stings was so intense that he could scarcely tell what he was doing or where he