

Home Circle.

SUNRISE.

The colors of the morning spread,  
O'er all the eastern sky,  
Pale green, and gold, and tea-rose red,  
And purple of porphyry;  
The wet grass glistens like silver thread  
And the still stars fade and die.

The day begins her wistful chase  
For the fleeting night to cease,  
And the oriole sings in song of grace—  
But my heart is weary and weak  
For the thought of one dear absent face  
And a longing I can not speak.

THE DISHEMEN.

Mrs. Leonard had washed the breakfast, dinner and supper dishes. She had prepared food to fill these dishes, and had swept, dusted, churned and scrubbed. In fact, every housekeeping detail that needed attention had received it, and now Mrs. Leonard was not only tired in body, but worn out in spirit. The tea-dishes had gone hard. There was nothing vicious or even eccentric about Mrs. Leonard, but it is a fact that on this occasion she was possessed by a sudden desire to break every dish on the table. Mrs. Leonard held herself to a strict accountability in all things, and this revelation of latent wickedness was most appalling. The exhausted housekeeper could find no shadow of justification or excuse for the temptation which had so suddenly seized her. The idea of a respectable woman and a church-member wanting to break dishes! What if she had been a little more off her guard, and the temptation had been a little stronger? She shuddered at the thought. At this crisis her husband, Deacon Leonard, came up from the barn. "Chores all done," he remarked, cheerily, "and old Bill'll be round in a few minutes to take us to meeting. You've got to change your gown, I suppose?"

"I never can go to the village to-night," Mrs. Leonard replied. "I am so tired that I can hardly drag one foot after the other."

"Old Bill'll do the dragging," said the deacon, good naturedly.

Mrs. Leonard might have said that she was sick—for so she was in soul and body—but she thought of the supper dishes, and moved silently away to "change her gown."

"You had better step a little lively," the deacon suggested, wondering why it was that every day that passed found his wife less and less interested in spiritual things. She was a model housekeeper. Her butter was the best in the country, and, in fact, every thing that left her hands was as good as it possibly could be. But she had grown very careless about her church duties, and the deacon decided to charge her with her derelictions on the way to the sanctuary. He was a kind-hearted, zealous, obtuse man, with a strong physique and a healthy temperament. There was no reason that he could see for his wife's apparent indifference to the things that most interested him. That physical fatigue could have anything to do with spiritual obscurity never occurred to him. A body was a body, and a soul was a soul, each living its own life quite independently of the other. Deacon Leonard would have had grave fears for the person who hinted at any relation between them. His wife had allowed herself to become careless and indifferent, and it was his business to labor with her. So, after awhile he broke the silence by the following remark: "Let's see. Was it last time or time before that you got asleep in evening meeting?"

"I've been asleep every time that I've been lately," Mrs. Leonard replied, with burning cheeks, and then added, "I suppose I shall do the same thing to-night."

"But you didn't use to do so," said the deacon.

"No, I didn't," his wife replied, "but I don't think I'm as strong as I used to be. When night comes I want to go to bed."

"But look here, Mary. You know yourself that you ought to go to meeting."

Mrs. Leonard's reply was a somewhat reluctant affirmative.

"You will have to look out for yourself," her husband remarked sadly, "or you will be tempted beyond your ability to resist."

Mrs. Leonard thought of the supper dishes, and concluded it was quite likely.

"It is all wrong, Mary," he went on. "You must see yourself that it is all wrong. Something was wrong, certainly, but Mrs. Leonard had a dim idea that it was not exactly in the way her husband meant. It was true she was growing fretful and impatient, and that duties that had once been pleasant enough were now more than distasteful. But even with her husband's admonition ringing in her ears she saw no way to make them less so. The next day was Saturday. There were six "farm hands" to cook for, beside all Sunday's work to anticipate. There was the inevitable scrubbing, and the everlasting dish-washing. There would be something for her hands to do from five o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; and the worst of it was that this drudgery was all she could think of, even though her con-

science was actively engaged in chastising her.

Old Bill made good time, and when he drew up to the village church there was nearly half an hour to spare. The deacon thought of some errands to do, and Mrs. Leonard concluded to utilize the time by a call on the new minister's wife. Feeling as she did, it was a hard thing to do, but according to her husband's theory the harder the better; so with a sinking heart she rang the parsonage bell, wondering as she did what she could find to talk about, and how she could possibly endure the few moments between then and church time. Mrs. Shepherd was at home and opened the door herself to her unexpected guest.

"I saw your carriage," said the hostess, after an apology from Mrs. Leonard for not having called before, "and I was just going out to ask you to come in. It must be very difficult for you to find time to make calls."

"I suppose I ought to find time," Mrs. Leonard replied wearily, "but I don't and it really seems impossible."

"But aren't you too tired to be out this evening?" the lady inquired, officing as only tender hearted sympathetic women can, the lines of pain about her visitor's mouth, and the air of weariness that pervaded her.

This was somewhat strange, Mrs. Leonard thought. The idea of the minister's wife suggesting that she might be too tired to go to meeting. "I am very tired," she replied, "and I told my husband that I didn't feel as if I could come; but of course that was wrong."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled. "But don't you think it was wrong?" Mrs. Leonard inquired.

"I think there is something wrong somewhere, but in my opinion the greatest wrong lies in your overworking yourself."

"But there is just so much work to do," Mrs. Leonard replied, in a voice that trembled pitifully.

"I think I know just about how you feel," said Mrs. Shepherd, after a moment's pause.

"Oh! no you don't!" her guest responded, quickly. "No one can imagine how wicked and wretched I am."

"I can," and the minister's wife took her companion's hand in hers, "because I have been in the same condition. Your nerves have at last become so rasped with the details of drudgery and the constant strain upon them, that they have at last taken the reins in their own hands, and now drive you instead of your mastering them. Our nerves are most excellent servants but most despotic masters. Let me tell you something of myself. I once had the care of a very sick friend. For three months I was occupied day and night. After a while I found myself growing very irritable. The voice of the sufferer calling me from my sleep in the night would make me positively angry. Now the best part of me was not angry I would have sacrificed just as much as ever; but my nerves had got the upper hand, all I could do was to keep their secret. One night comes before me with awful distinctness. Three or four times I had been awakened from a sound sleep, and the last time my friend requested me to go to the kitchen and make her a cup of tea. For a long time the fire wouldn't burn, and when it did the water in the kettle tasted of smoke, and I was obliged to wait for more to heat. All the time I knew my friend was absolutely suffering for the drink; and at last my nerves became so excited that it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented myself from throwing the cup and saucer across the room. All sorts of horrible things came into my mind, and it was only by the supreme effort that I kept myself from shrieking at the top of my voice. Nobody can tell how conscience-stricken I was when I took that cup of tea to my friend. I felt myself not only disloyal to her, but absolutely deficient in every womanly and Christian attribute. The next morning a delicious headache settled the question, and I was in bed for more than a month. My nerves have never recovered from the shock and I doubt if they ever will."

"I wanted to break dishes to-night!" Mrs. Leonard sobbed.

"I supposed it was as bad as that!" Mrs. Shepherd replied. "Is it the first time you have ever felt destructive?"

"The first. I have felt very cross, and very much abused, and have cried a good deal when I could do so in secret, but I never before wished to break anything."

"It was not you, it was your nerves," Mrs. Shepherd responded. "I have discovered that my nerves and I are two distinct individualities. It reason has the helm, then our nerves work in harmony with us; but if they are ignored or abused, they run riot with the body and stultify the soul. To-night it was your duty to go to bed. The religion that hasn't common sense in it is no religion at all."

"But what shall I do to-morrow?" Mrs. Leonard inquired.

"I see but one thing to do, and that is to have some one help you do your work."

"But I don't think my husband will consent to such an arrangement."

"Try him," said the hostess, "and I will

call upon you in a few days to see how you make out."

Mrs. Leonard did as she was told, and to her inexpressible surprise, her husband did not offer a single objection. It took some time for the rasped nerves to become quiet and healthy again, but the new servant was capable and faithful, and after awhile Mrs. Leonard declared herself "as good as new." But the servant remained; for the deacon, finding that his wife was her old self in spiritual matters, was wise enough to insist upon a continuation of the favorable conditions.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.

A worthy wife of 40 years' standing, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good and so well suited to married people, as well as to those who intend entering into that state, that we will publish it for the benefit of such persons: Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your marriage state and your heart. Let no father, mother, sister or brother ever presume to come between you two, or to share the joys or the sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside, but to each other yield gracefully and confess, and all will come out right. Never let to-morrow's sun still find you a variance. Review and review your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

THE RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that softens the step, and tunes the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke—a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when he tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes him mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants but most despotically paying them promptly; projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy home like the Easter fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts, and the gullies and rocks of the highways of life, and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.

Irene Ackerman, adding some verses to the "tying her bonnet-under-her chin-she-tied a young-man's-heart-within" poem, says: "And many a time, as she cooked or swept, or sewed or scrubbed, she bitterly wept, for the wages she got for her beauty and youth was to awaken at last to the sorrowful truth that love had flown and would never come back, since he pawed for rum her sealskin saccue." Irene certainly appears to have an intimate acquaintance with what is going on in the world. She probably means that young women with bonnets to tie should be very careful about giving themselves away.

A Michigan cow got mixed in a clothes-line, and paraded the streets clad in underwear that no man could make any use of, and you'd just ought to have heard the boys whoop.

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He tried to bid higher.  
They are putting all at interest.

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NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

Land Office at Helena, M. T.,  
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Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before L. Rotwit, Probate Judge of Meagher county, M. T., at E. J. Morrison's store at Philbrook, Meagher county, M. T., on Tuesday Nov. 28, 1882, viz: Peter Mess, who made pre-emption D. S. No. 4008 for the W 1/2 of S 1/2 section 12, S E 1/4 of N E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of section 11 township 14 N R 15 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Isaac B. Dawkins, Charles M. Clary, Rogers W. Clifford, Bert Storey, all of Philbrook, Meagher county, M. T. J. H. MOE, Register.

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L. ROTWIT, Clerk.  
White Sulphur Springs, Sept. 7, 1882. 45

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