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Some Day.

"Some day," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time, but oh! not yet,
But we shall wait and not forget

That some day all these things shall be,
And rest be given to you and me.

So wait, my friend, though years move slow,
The happy time will come we know.

Would Make Up His Mind.

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I do not care longer to wait;
I am sure I have hinted quite strongly,
That I thought about changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try;
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love in a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes,
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that is not the way, I am certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked out by moonlight together;
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find;
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

THE MIDNIGHT ROBBERS.

Last night—yesterday being my seventeenth birthday—we had a little musical party. The people gone, we, having eaten up all the sandwiches and a box of preserved cherries, repaired to our respective bedchambers, very tired, very yawny, and rather cross, as is the way of odd people after too prolonged a spell of their fellow-creatures' society.

"Susannah will lock up," said papa, somewhere below his second stud.

"Very well," gaped mamma; and the door shut.

Now I suppose I was too much excited to fall asleep easily, and for the last three days I have been puzzling my brains to find out how I had better have my new silk made. I don't care about basques, and bustle skirts are my abomination; anyhow, sleep I could not get. I turned and twisted, and sat up and lay down. No; it was no good. At length, however, I dozed off; but through my slumbers came noises, strange grating noises, as of flower-pots being moved, or a fire being raked out. I took no notice. I knew that Susannah did always rake the fire out before she went to bed, so I supposed she was performing that august ceremony. But before long three tremendous bangs at the hall door fairly woke me up. I listened. Was the house on fire? A minute, and scroop went a window.

"Who's there?" bawled papa.

Somebody growled something. A policeman, I thought, and shook all over.

Then Susannah opened her door and came running down stairs. Maria would sleep through a railway accident.

"What is it?" said Aunt Jane, coming out of her room, which is next to mine.

"Oh, don't you trouble, 'm," answered Susannah; "you go to bed. I'll see to it;" and hurried on. I lay and quaked. For a while all was quite still—so still that I felt impelled to get up and listen; but barely had I reached the door when quite frightful sounds besieged my ears—sounds as of people scuffling, mingled with screams.

"Policeman!" I yelled. "Policeman—murder—fire!" Anything you like to mention.

Out dashed papa; out dashed Aunt Jane.

"For goodness' sake,' cried mamma, "don't go down like that; you'll be killed to a certainty. Why, you haven't even got a poker!"

I flew to the fireplace.

"Here," I said—"here, papa!" and thrust out the familiar implement.

But he was gone.

I caught a glimpse of the tail of Aunt Jane's red flannel dressing-gown as it whisked round the turning. Our staircase is a wonder. It seems to have wriggled out of the mind of the architect who designed this tenement much as a worm will out of a pea.

"What ever is the matter?" demanded I of mamma, who seemed fit to drop.

"He's run through the garden!" screamed Susannah. "Oh, the rascal! Policeman!"

"Good gracious!" gasped mamma.

Through the hall tore a large and helmeted person in blue, and out at the garden door. Out tore Susannah. Whether Aunt Jane joined in the chase I am not sure; but she has got bronchitis.

"Spring your rattle!" roared papa, who seemed to have secreted himself, from feelings of modesty possibly, in the pantry.

The policeman sprung his rattle accordingly, and having done so, seemed well satisfied. At all events, he speedily came back again.

"Have you got him?" inquired papa.

"Lor, no, sir," says Susannah (who, I may here mention, is our cook); "'e's gone arf a mile by this time. E-f this young man"—

"My dear woman," broke in our guardian of the peace, "is there no male person in this house, that you must needs go and willfully endanger your precious life?"

"Lor, yes," replied Susannah, "there's master, ain't there?"

"Then," said the policeman, "I consider it was your duty to let him come down and see what could be done."

"Of course, of course," said papa, coming out of his retirement, and seeming to knock down a wine glass. Mamma groaned, and clutched my arm dreadfully as she heard the smash. "You presume this man effected an entrance through the kitchen window, policeman?"

"Presume!" exclaimed Susannah, who is a west-country woman, and as hot as a live coal. "I found the rascal 'uddled up be'ind the door. 'E'd opened the window and pinned up the blind, and I make no doubt was looking about for a knife just to cut all our throats.

"Very likely," said the policeman. "There's some desperate bad characters about. Why, only last night as I was"—

"Hadn't you better make a thorough search for the wretch?" here came in Aunt Jane. "He may have got under the shed."

"What shed, miss?" inquired the policeman.

"Why, the tool-shed at the end of the garden, to be sure."

Aunt Jane detests being called "miss," and can't "abide a blockhead."

"My dear Jane," interposed papa, "how could this good man know that? If you will wait a minute, policeman, I'll go and get on some clothes and come with you."

"Very good, sir," said the policeman; and up stairs papa came, looking more singular perhaps than ever he did in his life before. His appearance, however, being rather picturesque than elegant, I will here draw a veil.

No sooner was he in sight than mamma became hysterical.

"Oh, Hotspur," cried she, "the silver!" and fell back on my shoulder with such weight that I took up a sitting position on the floor.

"Jane," called papa, "come and see to these two foolish creatures. Get up, you donkeys. Why, the fellow's gone! There's nothing to be frightened at now. I and the policeman are going to scour the neighborhood."

"Help mamma," I panted; "she is dying!"

"Indeed, Jane," said mamma, "I knew it would come to that, sooner or later."

"Well," said Aunt Jane, who had just made her appearance, "and what in the world is all this about? Just get up at once, Amelia!"

"Mamma's hysterical," I said. "Has the man taken anything?"

"We don't know."

"But the silver's safe?"

"Yes," said papa; "at least it was five minutes ago."

"Thank God!" said my mother, and took a fresh lease of life.

Much relieved, I summoned courage to get a shawl and a pair of slippers, and creep down stairs. The gas was lit in the passage and dining room. I could hear voices in the kitchen. Afraid of the sound of my own feet even, I listened a little to assure myself that no new alarm need be apprehended, and this was what I overheard:

Policeman—"There's nothing I admire more than spirit anywhere."

Susannah—"I don't know much about spirit. I wish I knew what was come of that there latchkey. If that's gone 'twill be a pretty job."

Policeman—"I suppose, now, you've got a fairish place?"

Susannah—"That I 'ave!"

Policeman—"But you're not the only one."

Susannah—"Bless you, no; there's Maria, she's the 'ouse-maid; and Jem, 'e cleans the knives and shoes."

Policeman—"I see. Well, you're a wonderful good-plucked un, any'ow. Blowed if I should 'ave cared to do what you did!"

Susannah—"I dare say not. You didn't seem in a great 'urry to come when I called you. I thought you'd 'ave jumped in at the window. You'd 'ave caught 'im then."

Policeman—Not I. 'E's been at this sort of game for the last seven years. That's a nice"—

But here an eldritch screech rang though the house.

It was I! Mouton, the cat, had taken advantage of my abstraction to mount the balusters and jump on to my shoulder. The shock was terrific. I shook like a jelly.

"Bless me!" cried Aunt Jane, "what's the matter now?"

"I tell you," bawled papa, hurrying down, on vengeance bent, "I won't have such folly. Go off into the dining-room and shut the door, or to bed, which you like; but—but behave yourself like a rational creature, or not another new gown do you have for the next ten years. And now, policeman, to the chase."

"I do wish," said Susannah, as they set off, "that they'd 'ave let me go along with 'em. I'm sure I could get over the fences a vast deal easier than master, and as for seein' in the dark"—

"Oh no, Susannah," I said, "don't you leave us on my account. What a mercy the man didn't hurt you! Did you try to catch hold of him?"

"Lor, yes, miss; seized 'is coat, and tried to tear a bit out with all my might. I'd 'ave clawed 'is face well, if 'e'd attempted to lay a finger on me; but when 'e looked that scared, the coward—well, some'ow, I couldn't mislest 'im."

"No, to be sure not," said mamma, who had just shivered herself down. "It is all for the best. We ought to be very thankful."

Aunt Jane vowed that she'd buy a revolver to-morrow, and practice shooting as a mark two hours every morning, and—Susannah discovered that she knew the man as well as she knew me.

"Why, sir," said she, washing her hands, when papa and the policeman had returned to shake their heads and lament the uselessness of their endeavors (they had trampled down goodness knows how many cabbages, smashed a cucumber frame, and upset a bee hive—all belonging to our neighbors—to no earthly purpose)—"why, sir," said Susannah, "I'm most certain 'tis that man who used to work at Mason's, the oil shop."

"You don't say so!" said papa. "That man—why, I thought he was uncle to the milkboy!"

"So he is, sir," said the policeman. "And that boy, sir, 's nothing much to speak of. I hear that his master's very doubtful of him. We expect to give him a night's lodging before long."

"Dear me," said mamma; "why it seems that the air teems with thieves!"

"I shouldn't much care about the air," remarked Aunt Jane; it's the earth I'm concerned with."

Whereupon we all felt bound to laugh; and the policeman, saying that we should "have some one down" in the morning, backed out into the passage to have a little private conversation with Susannah about the man who used to work at Mason's, the oil shop, and thence into the street. A little while, and we were all in bed again, and the house done up as tight as a drum or a sardine tin.

To-day, from the first peep of dawn, *i. e.*, half-past nine A. M., when I woke, till now, four o'clock in the afternoon, Susannah has been "giving particulars." First came two detectives, "wonderful fine men both," she tells me, but the one with a Roman nose is most to her taste; then the owners of the cabbages and the cucumber frame and bee-hive, the latter a stout little old gentleman in black and a shovel hat, and a tremendous passion. Papa went and had it out with him; and having spluttered and blustered away till they were tired, they made it up, and finally set off, arm in arm, to search for footsteps. One was found on an ash-heap, and immediately covered up with a basket, as if it was alive and would run away. Since then the bell and knocker have had a stiffish time of it. Jem, our boy, was given the first number of *Funny Folks*, and told to sit in the hall on purpose to play porter, Maria declaring that her legs would snap under her if she had much more running. Let a man own but a potato, he must needs set off here post haste to know if the thief could have fled over it. When the last ring came—it was the thirty-second; I counted them—I said to Aunt Jane: "What in the world can this man have come about?"

"My dear," said she, "he is the proud possessor of half a Brussels sprout."

December 2.—Nothing is known. Susannah has been confronted with the man who works at Mason's. She says he is not at all like what she thought, and not the least like our burglar. The Roman-nosed detective calls every two hours, and seldom stays less than one.

December 3.—This morning the Roman-nosed one came to take Susannah to see a man who was painting a house in Campbell terrace. It occupied three hours. This evening the fish was a shapeless wreck, owing to this ornament of his native land having come in, just as dinner should have been served, to ascertain the precise color of our burglar's coat.

December 4.—The milkboy has been arrested. We are all agog. We feel so certain something will be found out now.

December 5.—Nothing has been found out; but this morning, after mamma had ordered dinner, Susannah informed her that she should like to leave at Christmas, if she could make it convenient.

"Leave!" said mamma, looking astonished. "Why?"

"Well, 'm," simpered Susannah, "I'm going to be married."

"Indeed!" said mamma. "I hope you have made a good choice."

"I think so, 'm," was the smiling answer; "leastways, so far as I can judge."

"And who is it?" inquired my mother. "Not the baker?"

"Lor, no, 'm," said Susannah, getting quite red. "The baker, indeed!"

"I'll tell you, mother," said I, sagely—I was teaching Mouton to beg for a cocoanut drop by the fire—"it's the Roman-nosed detective. Now isn't it, Susannah?"

Susannah smiled.

So if our burglar did nothing else—a sixpenny-bit and four postage stamps were all he got—he has contrived to rob us of our cook.

Church Debts.

The way in which church edifices are built nowadays, says Dr. Holland of *Scribner's Monthly*, really necessitates a new formula of dedication. How would this read? "We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000). We bequeth it to our children and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid), and we trust that they will have the grace and the money to pay the interest and lift the mortgage. Preserve it from fire and foreclosure, we pray Thee, and make it abundantly useful to Thyself—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage."

The offering of a structure to the Almighty, as the gift of an organization of devotees who have not paid for it, and do not own it, strikes the ordinary mind as a very strange thing, yet it is safe to say that not one church in twenty is built in America without incurring a debt, larger or smaller. A more commodious and a more elegant building is wanted. A subscription is made that will not more than half cover its cost, and money enough is borrowed to complete it. The whole property is mortgaged for all that it will carry, the financial authorities are saddled with a floating debt which they can only handle on their personal responsibility, and then come taxation for interest, sufficient to keep the church always in distress. This sort of church enterprise is so common that it has become commonplace. The children of this world do not build railroads with capital stock paid in, but they build them with bonds. The children of light really do not seem to be less wise in their generation, in the way in which they build their churches. Indeed, we think the latter can give the former several points and beat them; for the paying success of a church depends more upon contingencies than the success of a railroad, and its bonds really ought not to sell for more than fifty cents on the dollar "flat."

If we seem to make light of this subject, it is only for the purpose of showing how absurd a position the churches have assumed in relation to it. It is not a light subject; it is a very grave one, and one which demands the immediate and persistent attention of all the churches until it shall be properly disposed of. In the first place, it is not exactly a Christian act for a body of men to contract a debt which they are not able to pay. It is hardly more Christian to refuse to pay a debt which they know they are able to discharge. It can hardly be regarded as a generous deed to bequeath a debt to succeeding generations. The very foundations of the ordinary church debt are rotten. They are rotten with poor morality, poor financial policy, and personal and sectarian vanity. Does any one suppose that these expensive and debt-laden churches were erected simply for the honor of the Master, and given to Him, subject to mortgage? The results of building churches upon such an unsound basis are bad enough. The first result, perhaps, is the extinguishment of all church beneficence. The church debt is the apology for denying all appeals for aid, from all the greater and smaller charities. A church sitting in the shadow of a great debt, is "not at home" to callers. They do not pay the debt, but they owe the money, and they are afraid they shall be obliged to pay it. The heathen must take care of themselves, the starving must go without bread, the widow and the fatherless must look to the God of the widow and the fatherless, the sick must pine, and the poor children grow up in vagabondage, because of this awful church debt. All the meanness in a church skulks behind the debt, of which it intends to pay very little, while all the nobleness feels really poor, because it is conscious that the debt is to be paid, if paid at all, by itself.

Stonewall Jackson.

Rev. Florence McCarthy, of Chicago, who knew Stonewall Jackson intimately, has given some personal incidents of him. He says: One comical peculiarity of Jackson was his talent for going to sleep. When I lived in Lexington it was a well-known fact that the major, notwithstanding his punctilious attendance at church, had never heard Dr. White preach. About the time that the second hymn was sung he invariably went to the land of nod, whence he returned only when aroused by the last hymn. It was said that this habit was the effect of disease, and could not be helped. It followed him all through life, and I saw him yield to it once in the army. On one Sunday, somewhere in eastern Virginia, I remember attending a preaching service in front of Gen. Jackson's headquarters. The general sat at the preacher's right hand on a backless camp stool. As the sun was very hot and there was no shade, he held his cap in his right hand between his head and the sun, his reverence not permitting him to place it on his head, as many others did theirs. With his hand elevated in that way, he peacefully glided off into dreamland and slept without moving his arm or nodding once, until the noise of the closing exercises startled him into consciousness again. The truth is, Gen. Jackson always looked as if he were asleep; and even when walking he had the appearance of a somnambulist.

It was said that on one occasion a number of the cadets of the Virginia military institute, of which Jackson was a professor, mounted the barracks at the hour when Jackson had to walk under the eaves of the house, and dropped brickbats in front of him as he walked along, endeavoring to see how near they could come to his head without hitting it. As this trick was played at the immediate risk of killing the innocent professor, it would hardly be believed that the cadets would practice it, unless the reader was first informed that these cadets were generally reckless, riotous, irresponsible, and unscrupulous desperadoes. It is said that they succeeded admirably in making all the bricks graze Prof. Jackson's nose. But to their utter surprise the major did not look up, nor around, nor quicken his pace at all. He possessed such extraordinary nerve and determination that he treated the whole performance with icy contempt.

A Man Who Does Not Laugh.

An English traveler, Mr. Hartshorne, gives an account of the Weddas, a wild tribe which lives in the interior of Ceylon. These Weddas are about five feet high, live on water and roast monkeys, and are, he reports, incapable of laughter. After trying every way to make their chief laugh, and failing, he asked, in amazement, whether they ever laughed. "No," replied the Wedda; "why should we? What is there to laugh at?"

A Lake Captain.

The Cleveland *Leader* gives the following brief sketch of the life of Captain Scott, the owner of the sunken steamer Equinox: Captain Dwight Scott, who went down with the ill-fated Equinox, was about fifty-three years old, and came to this city from Connecticut when a little more than twenty years of age. For several years after coming to Cleveland he followed the trade of a painter, and did much in the way of painting vessels. In this business he was so successful that twenty years ago he was able to purchase an interest in a vessel, which he then repaired and named Governor Cushman, in honor of a governor of Connecticut by that name, with whom he lived when a boy, and whose memory he held in the highest esteem. Captain Scott, in addition to the Cushman and Equinox, was formerly owner of the C. D. Caldwell and the Ironside, which was blown up nearly three years ago at Buffalo. In the management of these vessels he spent the greater part of the time since 1855, always sailing with them when on the lakes, and spending his winters either at his residence on Cove avenue, in Rockport, just beyond the city limits, or in Detroit. He was not a professional lake captain, and never attempted to command a vessel, but received the title of "Captain" from his love for the water and his long connection with the traffic of the lakes. He left Cleveland at the opening of navigation last spring, since when he has not visited his home. His business was between Sarnia and Chicago, and was of a general character. Captain Scott was a widower, and had but one child, Minnie, a young lady in her nineteenth year, who went down with the ill-fated vessel. She was a student in the convent at Detroit, where she entered three years ago, remaining then for only a year. At the expiration of this time she returned home and passed a year in the Cleveland convent, when she went back to Detroit and remained till the close of the school year in July. She then joined her father on the lakes for the purpose of passing her vacation, as was her wont. She was accompanied by a daughter of Capt. Scott's stepson, who now resides at the residence near the Melrose House. This young lady was fifteen years old, and was about to enter the Detroit convent with her elder companion. Both were ladies of rare endowments of heart and mind, and leave many in this city to lament their sad and untimely end. Personally, Dwight Scott was a genial, whole-souled gentleman, who enjoyed the company of friends and acquaintances, and possessed a natural love for the water.

Detroit Free Press Currency.

A Chicago clergyman says he never was so familiar with Satan as when riding over a cobblestone pavement.

"Does advertising pay?" Well, you just advertise the opening of a free lunch establishment and wait results.

Quail, which of late years have been very scarce in Connecticut, are this year expected to be very plentiful.

The moral of the failure of the California Bank seems to be: Don't try to spread yourself over too many eggs.

When they catch a man gathering Delaware peaches at midnight they preserve whatever good traits he has in him by shooting half a pint of salt into his legs.

A beautiful San Francisco girl has become a maniac, the result of "cramming" for her school exhibition. Her last school report reads: "Highly distinguished in her classes."

There is one town in New England that claims to be entirely happy and good. It is Eaton, in New Hampshire. There is not a physician, doctor, lawyer, drinking saloon or pauper in the place.

Be guarded in your conversation. There are times when you may freely express your opinion on a political candidate, but you had better wait until his friends are over in the next county visiting.

If there is anything that will cause the belated night-wanderer to hasten home and take his scolding like a man, it is to pass a beer saloon, and catch the soul-harrowing strains: "Darling, I am growing old."

New Cure for Hay Fever.

A Reading (Pa.) physician has just tried a novel treatment for hay fever—animal magnetism—and, to his own surprise, as well as that of his patient, afforded relief in a few minutes. The case has not been entirely cured, though the severity of the disease has been greatly mitigated. The first symptoms appeared about three weeks ago in the patient, who is a man about thirty-five years old, and when his nostrils and respiratory organs were so seriously affected that he nearly suffocated, the laying on of hands by the physician caused entire freedom in breathing, and every indication of the disease to disappear in ten or fifteen minutes. A reporter asked the doctor how he could reconcile this mode of treatment with the theory that hay fever was caused by the inhalation of spores, and he replied that the only explanation he could give was that the magnetic influence strengthened the affected organs and enabled them to throw off and resist the disease caused by the presence of pollen. That the peculiar and mysterious agent—animal magnetism or "odic force," as Richenbach, the German chemist, calls it—relieves the patient afflicted with hay fever, the doctor is certain, but he is not so sure of his explanation as to how it does it. In the treatment he applies his hand to the back of the neck of the patient, to his chest, forehead, etc., and makes the usual downward passes in front of the person. The patient is still under treatment, and what the ultimate result will be, a perfect cure or not, is yet to be ascertained.

The Golden Rule.

A few days ago a gentleman of New York city, says the *Tribune*, received by mail a check for five hundred dollars. He deposited it in his bank, and went down into the street, there to be met by a rumor that sent him back in haste. Just twenty-five minutes had elapsed. The teller's little door was shut. The money was gone. Had it been stolen? Was the banker a swindler? No, he had failed.

About the same time, a merchant received a large quantity of goods one day near the close of business hours. He made some commonplace excuse for not making immediate payment, and promised to send a check the next morning. The first announcement of the morning was that he had failed. He had the goods, but the real owner was without his check. Was the merchant a thief? Ought he to have gone to jail? Not at all. He had merely suspended. He was unable to meet his obligations.

Two young men were recently brought into one of our police courts on a charge of stealing shoes from a store. They were decent in appearance, and it was believed by some that they had been driven to crime by want. Had they failed, or had they suspended? Or was it because they were unable to meet their obligations? Not at all. They were thieves—common thieves—very common thieves. They were sent to the penitentiary for two months.

The Massacre at Bloody Brook.

The two hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bloody Brook was celebrated by the people of Essex county, Massachusetts. The battle of Bloody Brook occurred during King Philip's war; in fact it was practically the beginning of the strife between the New England colonists and that crafty Indian monarch. History tells us that Massasoit, the good chief of the Wampanoags, and the friend of the white men, had two sons, Wamsutta (called Alexander) and Metacom (called Philip). Philip was by nature ambitious and jealous. He watched with distrust the increasing power of the white man; and while a mere boy began to prepare his plans for a concerted attack by the Indians upon the New England settlers. He was often suspected of bearing ill will to the colonists, although he always professed the warmest affection for them. Massasoit died in 1657, and Alexander, who after his father's death became chief of the Wampanoags, died in 1662, when Philip succeeded to the dignity of sachem. Just two hundred years ago his plans for the extermination of the Englishmen had been almost perfected. He intended that all the Indian tribes of New England should make a concerted attack upon them in 1676. But his confidential adviser, a "praying" Indian named Sausamon, betrayed his plans to the English, and was rashly killed by some young warriors; so Philip had nothing to do but to precipitate affairs and begin the war before his allies were prepared for it. Philip's allies were the Nipmucks, the Agawams, the Nonotucks, the Squakheags, the Pocomtucks. On the first of September the settlement of Deerfield was attacked; most of its houses were burned and blood was shed. Northfield was afterward abandoned, and Deerfield was left the "frontier" northern settlement. On the twelfth of September the Indians made a second attack on this village and burned more houses, and the settlers then all went to Hadley. The fields of Deerfield, however, were covered with ripened grain, and Captain Thomas Lathrop, accompanied by forty-six young men, "the flower of Essex," went out to harvest the wheat. While resting near some wild grape vines they were attacked by six hundred Indians, armed with rifles. Lathrop was killed at the first shot, and within all his companions fell before the savages. Captain Mosely, who had remained at the Hadley garrison, hastened to the spot with seventy men and fought the Indians for five hours. When it was all over sixty white men lay dead by the side of a blood-covered stream of water, which the survivors named Bloody Brook. King Philip's war continued far into the next year.

Co-operative Farming in England.

The English labor movement is turning to some extent toward co-operative farming, and several societies have been organized, with constitutions and by-laws somewhat complicated, but still with wise provisions. It seems now that a co-operative farm was organized so long ago as 1830, and its success is a decided encouragement for others. The case is that of a Mr. Gordon, living in Suffolk, at no great distance from London, at a place called Assington, who at the time mentioned called his laborers together and proposed that they should take sixty acres at moderate rent and farm it on the co-operative plan. That they might have capital he advanced £400 for ten years without interest, but each laborer was to invest $3 as a guarantee of good faith. After overcoming some difficulties, mostly on account of the disinclination of the laborers themselves, the plan was put in operation, and at the close of the ten years they had saved enough to pay the £400. As the number of co-operators was fifteen, they made about $13 a year, besides the regular wages paid them. This is certainly a small sum, and yet there are many laborers even in America who do not have so much at the end of ten years. After that five more members came in, and three more farms were taken and worked with money borrowed at two and a half per cent., and they hired eight hands in addition. A dairy is attached, which is conducted by the manager's wife, who receives £10 a year, or about $1 a week.

The rules are simple. Meetings are held four times a year for settling accounts. One provision is that coal is bought in bulk at wholesale and delivered to the members at cost, and other supplies are furnished in the same way at a co-operative store. The farm now consists of 133 acres of rather light land, though there is fair pasturage. The stock kept consists of six horses, sixteen cows, 110 sheep, pigs, poultry, and a few fatting bullocks. Many of the members have quarter acre allotments attached to their cottages, for which they pay a rent of three pence a rod, or £2 an acre, free of all taxes and charges. This is only $2.50 for the ground, but, as these allotments are dug over with the spade, and highly fertilized, the yield is sufficient to support a small frugal family. The laborers have no desire to immigrate, and they have remained on the place, unless they have died, until the present, that is forty-five years, and they protest against all strikes. It is true they are poor and humble, but they feel contented, and so happy even, that they wish the laborers of every parish were as well situated.

How to Wake Up.

A medical writer does not approve of the old doctrine which formerly was instilled into the minds of children—that they should spring out of bed the instant they are awake in the morning. He says up to eighteen years old every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they would rather get up than not. It is a very great mistake for persons old or young—especially children, or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed at the moment they wake up; all the instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much as good sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overwhelming quantity to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, where the instant before it was a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of bed as soon as the eyes are open will be followed by a weariness long before noon.

Helping Your Neighbor.

In certain parts of New Jersey, if a man wants to move his family and effects, he makes a moving; his wife works hard, bakes cakes and pies and bread, etc., dresses chickens, and in fact gets ready for a feast; then they invite twenty or more to come with their teams. All go to work, and move the family in a very short time, each taking a load. When they get to the house, they put up the stove and some of the women go to cooking the meat and vegetables, while the rest set the house in order; then after that they have their dinner, for they think a good deal of eating down there. To wind up with, perhaps, they will have a frolic.

THE BOY IN CHURCH.

M. Quad Tells the Graphic About the Little Boy on Sunday.

He was playing at the gate as I went past, and I heard his father call out:

"Boy, you want to gallop in here and get ready for meeting?"

"Shi!" briefly replied the lad.

"Shi? I'll shi you, young man, if you don't trot in here lively! You'd be as bad as Jesse Pomeroy if left without a father for three months!"

"I would, hey?"

"No sass, young man—it's time you were getting ready for church!"

The minister was giving out his text when the boy and his father came in. There was considerable improvement in the lad's looks. His hair had been greased and combed, he had on his Sunday jacket, and there was a religious look in his eyes as he fell into the pew.

I ought to have listened closely to the sermon, but I did not. The boy and his father were in the pew next ahead, and I couldn't help but watch him.

He got along very well for the first ten minutes. Then he asked his father what time it was, and when the parent replied with a warning shake of the head the boy cast around him for something to interest his mind. The preacher settled down to his discourse and the boy settled down to his plan of wearing away the coming hour. He reached over and got hold of his father's silk hat, and was trying to remove the band when the parent took it away and bent over and whispered:

"Boy, if you don't pay attention to the preacher I'll break your neck when we get home!"

The lad fixed his eyes on the clergyman. He saw that the good man had auburn hair, blue eyes, florid complexion, and was well dressed. He heard him make use of such words as "fortuitous," "unexampled," and "repellant," and without being able to tell whether they referred to a new kind of string-beans or the gospel of Christian light, he reached out and secured his father's cane. He punched at several flies, crammed the silver head into his mouth until he turned purple in the face, and finally reached over and jabbed a women under the left shoulder. His father then grasped the cane, laid it away, and whispered:

"Young man, I'll tan the hide off'n you when we get home!"

The words were intended to make the boy pay strict attention to the balance of the sermon. He straightened up, looked at the preacher again, and tried hard to understand the discourse. The good man was trying to explain the difference between theoretical and practical Christianity, and in two minutes the lad's eyes were fixed on the chandeliers. He counted the number of burners over and over again, and forgetting himself for an instant he began to sing. His father gave him a kick and leaned over and whispered:

"Oh! boy, I'll make you hump the minute we get into the house!" Knowing that his father would keep his word, but yet hoping to break the force of the prospective "peeling" by being real good for the next half hour, the boy faced the clergyman again. He knit his brows and plainly showed his determination to understand and interest himself in all that was said. The good man was drawing a parallel, and a dozen of the church members were half asleep. It was discouraging, and after two or three minutes the boy got hold of a bit of paper, wadded it up, stuffed it into his mouth, and chewed it awhile, and then balancing the wad on his thumb, he elevated it ten feet towards the ceiling.

The law of gravitation applies to paper wads as well as to iron weights. This one came down in a short time, and, as luck would have it, it struck the bald pate of the half asleep sexton. The victim gave a start of alarm, whirled quickly around, and the boy's father pinched him savagely and whispered:

"Oh! I'll fix you for this! Just let me get you home once!"

I couldn't see how the boy was to blame. He couldn't understand one word in ten of the sermon; he saw a dozen men around him asleep; it was a hot day; he was a nervous boy and used to moving around, and his own father had been gazing out of the window in an absent way for a quarter of an hour. He made a last grand effort. He braced his nerves, shut his teeth hard, and sat as erect as a new hitching post. The clergyman seemed to look right at the boy as he used twenty big words in succession, and the lad gave it up. He opened the pew door, and was trying to entice a small dog to come in, when his father awoke and whispered:

"You wait—oh, you just wait!"

The exercises closed just then, and the boy walked home behind his parent to get a dressing down for not having the mental caliber of a full-grown man, and for not sitting still and going to sleep like his father.

A Use for It.

The city of London has at last completed a system of drainage that was decided on nearly twenty years ago, and has been in construction for over seventeen years, costing over twenty-two millions of dollars. The sewage of a section of the metropolis, covering an area of about one hundred and twenty square miles, is now carried away to the German ocean in an admirable manner. But still London is not content. A new problem has been presented by the very effectiveness of the new system, and that is the utilization of the enormous amount of the best kind of fertilizer which is now wasted in the ocean's vast expanse. That is no idle question either. The waste of sewage is robbing the agricultural industry of one of its strongest props. Experiments with the sewage in a number of instances have given the most cheering results. Upon a farm of thirty acres, for the year ending March, 1875, the receipts were $606 for $29.95 expended. The Earl of Warwick, who has used the sewage of Leamington on a farm of four hundred acres, and applied it to all kinds of crops, has results that seem almost fabulous. Eighty-two tons of mangolds to an acre is one statement, and five crops of rye grass in a season is another. The profits are also very great. This is a question that does not interest London alone, but applies to every large city in this country as well.

The Difference.

Gen. Sherman has written a letter to Col. John A. Sutter, apologizing for using the word "tight," in referring to him in his "Memoirs," and saying that he has instructed his publishers to substitute "enthusiastic" for it. He adds: "I did not suppose my rapid sketch of early events in California would attract so much notice. As you well understand, I do not offer my "Memoirs" as a history, but rather as a picture of the country at that date, when you were all in all. Folsom and I were youngsters then, as compared with you and Mason, and we looked up to you as veterans and models." It must be gratifying to Col. Sutter to have the correction made in this way. Some people would rather have the original term, however offensive, remain, than to have it emphasized by a formal correction advertised all over the country, as this is sure to be, and read by ten times as many people as will ever see the original phrase. Gen. Sherman has given a new meaning to "enthusiastic."

ALL ABOUT BUTTERS.

An Investigation Into Them—Are They Injurious—What is Better than Bitters.

Some time ago, the board of health in the city of Boston caused to be instituted a chemical examination of many of the articles of consumption offered for sale in the stores. The inquiry was intrusted to Mr. W. R. Nichols, whose report at the date of publication was necessarily incomplete from the insufficient time that had been allowed him for the investigation, which, however, is still going on. But, so far as it went, it shows the necessity for a much closer attention to the subject of adulteration, and to the great value of the truth respecting it being made known. There are probably few things among articles of consumption, whether luxuries or necessaries, which are sold in absolute purity. And, although some of the articles employed for adulteration are harmless enough, others are exceedingly prejudicial to health.

On this occasion, says the New York *Times*, we shall confine ourselves to one subject only. From the great number and various kinds of "bitters" which are advertised, two things are made tolerably certain—first that the sale of these mixtures is highly profitable; and next, that the consumption of them is very considerable. To what extent Mr. Nichols examined into the nature of this article, we are not yet made very certain. But he appears to have investigated it sufficiently to enable him to indorse all that had been previously said about it by Dr. Gibbons at a meeting of the State Medical Society of California. That gentleman tells us that, in the concoction of them, there is little else than fraud, and the remark, strong though it be, is not unwarranted by what he adds concerning their manufacture. Bad whisky appears to be the basis of almost all of them, and the bitters are made of any herbs that happen to be most convenient to the maker's hands. The profits on the sale of these concoctions are said to be five hundred per cent. above the cost of material.

It is not easy to ascertain exactly who the people are who use these preparations. Many take them medicinally as tonics, and in that capacity they are used very freely. Others take them as appetizers, or in the early morning, to smother the effects of a previous night's debauch. These are not temperance people. But, again, it is well ascertained that very many people who do profess, and with sincerity, to be total abstainers, have recourse to bitters because they find they do them good. Out of twenty varieties of the bitters most frequently used, only one was found to be free from alcohol, and that one has the smallest sales. One sample contained as much as fifty-nine per cent. of pure alcohol, another had forty-six, another forty-two, and so on, the proportion varying in all.

We advise everybody to avoid the use of bitters, unless the constituents of the particular article used are well known. And there are only three or four kinds of which that can be said. A plain solution of gentian, such as our grandmothers used to make, or of the rind of Seville oranges, ought to answer every purpose.

Christmas Festivities.

From an article in Appletons' "American Cyclopædia," revised edition, entitled "Christmas," we select as follows: The common custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices. It was an old belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain unnipped by frost till a milder season. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, laurel, and mistletoe, furnished the favorite trimmings, which were not removed till Candlemas. In old church calendars Christmas eve is marked, *Templa exornantur* (the temples are adorned). Holly and ivy still remain in England the most esteemed Christmas evergreens, though at the two universities the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. It was an old English superstition, that on Christmas eve the oxen were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and that after the change from old to new style, they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day. This was derived from a prevalent mediæval notion that an ox and an ass, which were present at the nativity, fell on their knees in a suppliant posture, as appears from numerous prints, and from the Latin poem of Sannazaro, in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient tradition, alluded to by Shakespeare, that midnight spirits forsake the earth and go to their own confines at the crowing of the cock. The Christmas celebration in England have lost their primitive boisterous character, the gambols and carols are nearly gone by, and family reunions and evergreen trimmings are nearly all that remain of the various rough merriments which used to mark the festival. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1627, when he had come to be denominated "a grand captaine of mischiefe."

The Arabian Horse.

The Emir Abd-el-Kader, in his "Observations on the Horse," says: If you wish to go very fast, choose a horse with high withers and small flanks. The tail should be thick enough to fill the space between the thighs." "The tail resembles the vail of a girl betrothed." The eye of a horse should incline lazily toward the nose, like that of a man who squints. "It resembles the eye of a coquette who tries to peep from under her veil." The ears should resemble those of an antelope, the nostrils should be large, the fetlock joints small, the forelock thick. "In the time of danger mount a horse whose forehead is covered with thick hair." The cavities inside the nostrils should be entirely black; if they are partly white, the horse is only of medium value. The hoofs should be rounded, and on the interior like the hollow of a drinking cup; the frogs firm and dry; the fetlocks thick, resembling the dark plumes hidden under the wings of the eagle, and, like them, they become black in the heat of the battle; the hoofs firm. "They walk on their hoofs as on the stones of a stagnant water covered with moss."

"When my horse goes for an object he makes a noise resembling that of the wings of a flying eagle, and his neighing resembles the plaintive tones of the night