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Smiles.

You who judge by what you see,
Often fall to judge aright;
Stars are shining solemnly
In the day as in the night.
All the day they lie concealed
By the glory of the sun;
But at eve they shine revealed
In the azure, one by one.

So the daylight of a smile
May but veil the human face,
Hiding, for a little while,
Every care and sorrow's trace.
Look beneath the outward show,
Through the sunshine to the night;
And, from what you surely know,
Learn to see and judge aright!

—*William Winter.*

Borrroboola Gha.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
With a barbarous sounding name.
'Twas all about some heathen
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness,
Called Borrroboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
That when the plate was passed
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carried light and comfort
To Borrroboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And in deep meditation
I took my morning stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature
In dirt and rags forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mamma she's a-dyin',
And we've nothin' left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,
With mold upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless—
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show—
Oh, never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe—

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed:
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transplanted
To Borrroboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close beside my door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only to the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
"Go preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian, God has promised
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel—
A Borrroboola Gha.

—*Religious Herald.*

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down" in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the hills as the queenly moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering-place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew rein and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft. So close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-chestnut trees, separated him from the windows, gleaming in the moonlight,

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might"—

Robert Edbury hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his very close proximity to the house and the windows.

"The substantial home of some substantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them."

Too late! Just then a window was opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At any rate, the voice was.

"Robert, dear, is it you?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was mute with surprise, and made no answer.

"It is you, Robert. Why don't you speak?"

He spoke, then, low, and with hesitation.

"How do you know it was I?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a flash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you could be riding and singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night, and halting before the house? Have you a cold, Robert? Your voice sounds different from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing." But still he spoke in the most subdued of tones. "I did not expect the pleasure of speaking with you."

"The very idea of your coming up on horseback at this night hour! You know you ought not to be out. Why did you do it? Where are you going? Into Spafield?"

"To be sure."

"But what for?"

"To see a friend."

"Who is it?" came the quick response. "Not—not Nelly Cameron?"—with a shade of jealousy in the tone now. "Are the Camerons receiving this evening?"

"Not that I know of," returned Robert Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly Cameron. I have not spoken with a single young lady to-day, except yourself."

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You ought to take better care of yourself. You will be laid up to-morrow; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Good-night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flower—you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything—anything that comes from your hand!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma! Good-night, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely in the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for this glittering thing. An instant's search revealed it to be what he suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick movement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away.

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down," sang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on in the purple dusk of the trees. "Scepter and crown, if I had them, I'd fling them down for the one bare chance of hearing that lovely voice once again."

He was alone; there was no one to see him; and taking the violets out of his pocket he kissed them tenderly. It was most absurdly silly of him do it; but who of us does not do silly things in the heyday of our youth's morning? Silly things that we blush for afterward, perhaps; just as Robert Edbury blushed when putting the violets again quickly away.

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might"—

But his song got no further than that; it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing-room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that divine voice again, hear it wherever or whenever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone; not to say mischief.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure"—with a stress upon the word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is, pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the answer. She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

"A farm-house," remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the dancers, and gay couples went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this valse?" said Robert eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and, forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner, he took the bit of gilt and enameled pasteboard which she had tucked away amid the roses at he wrist.

"I—I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled face by his side.

"See!" he said, gayly; "I saved it from being crushed under foot. Will you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively. "I—I never give roses to strangers," she replied, with a cold, frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to me, if you please."

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same gayly-tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chassdane. Therefore, may I not claim the rose?"

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay unheeding crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave me."

"Nay," he said gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassdane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But mind what I tell you, as sure as there is a heaven above us the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her as he meant they should. He stood, with proffered arm, courteously still beside her, and, though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating deliciously together to the strains of the seductive music.

When it was over, Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?"

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill-health, and he must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert, who threatened to be—or perhaps was—no mean rival. His ill-health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn, as he looked, curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ailments of another. With a grave face, he took from his pocket the rosebud and laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly. "I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and believe me, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object? Money?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins."

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Some complication, connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chessdane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls, they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understood nothing of their own feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassdane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spa field, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it; in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parade; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties; two or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss Chassdane meet, and linger together, and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had intended had more than doubled itself; for he had learned to love her passionately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She too, might see it, if she chose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager attentions.

At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertainty was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbed by Robert Stonor; a paroxysm of his complaint had confined that gentleman to his own home.

And so Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse had halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chassdane. She was quite alone. The long French window by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight, streaming in over her, lighted up her fair gold hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her after all! But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or to lose all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from that very first night that I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessie was silent for a moment—one long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew—surely, you must have known—that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stonor."

"Engaged to him?"

"Yes. We are engaged."

Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers, blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrubs and trees waved gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once; the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old-fashioned clock in the hall ticked out the jeering words:

"Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!"

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with a long-drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saying."

"Kill him!"

"If he heard it, I meant. He says he trusts me."

"And you are sacrificing yourself for him!—for a fancy! Hear the truth, Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stonor, except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart, and it will tell you that you do not. You care for me. You love me. Many a half word, a half look has betrayed it to me. Yes, my darling, it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Robert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying it now. You"—

"What was that?" shrieked Jessie.

A low, smothered sound, half groan, half cry, came in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out Robert Stonor stood in the opening.

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome face was distorted with either pain or anger; his lips trembled; his left hand was pressed, with the old familiar gesture, upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand. "You told me that you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me"—

A pause, a stagger; and with a frightful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but he was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening-room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassdane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for, with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

"Stop!" said Robert Edbury, quite sternly, "You are taking an altogether mistaken view of the truth. Ask your mother; ask any one. But you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, if he had lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face, from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under the window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness; "I—I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it. You may keep it if you like."

So he kissed her hand and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again, remember me."

A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go, uncalled, when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart:

"The roses are in bloom, and there is one for you!"

Churches in New York.

A metropolitan paper says: New York has not so many churches as is generally supposed. The common notion of the number is about 500, which would not be many for a city containing over 1,000,000 people. While churches have steadily increased here, it is thought by many of the orthodox that they have not increased nearly so rapidly as they should have done; not, indeed, in proportion to the growing population of the metropolis. The churches at present number 375, divided among the following sects: Protestant Episcopal, seventy-three; Roman Catholic, fifty-four; Methodist Episcopal, fifty; Presbyterian, forty-one; Baptist, thirty-one; Jews, twenty-five; Lutheran, twenty-one; Dutch Reformed, twenty; African Methodist Episcopal, nine; United Presbyterian, seven; Congregational, six; Reformed Presbyterian, five; Universalist, five; Unitarian, four; Friends, three; miscellaneous, twenty-one; among the last, one True Dutch Reformed, one Swedenborgian, one Greek Catholic. It often has been said that there is a mosque here, and also a Josh temple to which Mohammedans and the Chinese resort; but this seems to be one of the facts of imagination that so abound nowadays. There may be a place where the Manhattan Celestials worship, but it is not worthy the name of a temple. The churches give, according to the population, about one to every 2,800 inhabitants; but a very large proportion of these do not attend church at all. It is said that there are in the city well-nigh 2,000 licensed liquor or beer shops, or one to every 500 of the population, which would go to show that bodily thirst for alcoholic or malt liquors is nearly six times as great as hunger of the soul. But in great cities the worst is always on the surface, and appearances frequently fail to represent reality.

A Strange Romance.

A tramp's queer romance is reported from Lebanon, O., pathetic in its details and cruel in its termination. A young woman at Westchester, Pa., had a lover at Wilmington, Del., some years ago, and her father smiled on the suit, until William Udderzook was hanged for butchering Goss, to get the insurance on his life, and it was known that the lover was a relative of the criminal. Then the father forbade the suitor to come to his house, which threw the daughter into an insane melancholy, and angered the young man into a course of dissipation. The old man finally sold his Pennsylvania home and moved to Ohio, but the maiden was true, and a few afternoons ago threw herself into the arms of a tramp who came to the door to beg for bread. It was the missing lover, who had a sad story to tell of a downward career and of wanderings, in which he had been to the South African diamond fields. The young woman was too glad to find her lover to recoil at his rags or at the story of his dissipation, but when the father appeared on the scene he was possessed with an insane fury, and beat the tramp so that his life was despaired of. After going for the doctor, the father became insane, and the daughter was with difficulty persuaded to leave the wounded man long enough to allow the doctor to attend him.

A patent-medicine man posted handbills in every available spot in a neighboring village the other morning, and before night fifteen goats had enough medical information in them to run an eclectic college.

The American Reindeer.

The artist, Mr. C. C. Ward, has a paper in *Scribner* on "Caribou-Hunting," from which we quote as follows: The animal is very compact in form, possessed of great speed and endurance, and is a very Ishmaelite in its wandering habits; changing, as the pest of flies draws near, from the low-lying swamps and woods where its principal article of diet, the *Cladonia rangeferina*, or reindeer lichen, abounds, to the highest mountain fastnesses; then again as the cold nights give warning of the changing season, descending to the plains.

Horns are common to both sexes, but the horns of the bucks are seldom carried later than the month of December, while the does carry theirs all winter, and use them to defend the fawns against the attacks of the bucks. Both sexes use their hoofs to clear away the snow in searching for mosses on the barrens. In their biennial migrations they form well defined tracks or paths, along which the herds travel in Indian file. I have often studied their habits on the extensive caribou barrens between New river and the head of Lake Utopia, in Charlotte county, New Brunswick. These barrens are about sixteen miles in extent, and marked with well-defined trails, over which the animals were constantly passing and re-passing, here and there spending a day where the lichens afforded good living, then away again on their never-ending wanderings.

A friend of mine, who visited Newfoundland on an exploring expedition, informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an unbroken wilderness of nearly thirty thousand square miles, in a country wonderfully adapted to his habits, and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen.

The caribou is possessed of much curiosity, and does not readily take alarm at what he sees. Where his haunts have been unmolested, he will unconcernedly trot up within range of the rifle. I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this apparent fearlessness is due to defective vision. If this is so, he is compensated by having a marvelous gift of scent, quite equal, if not superior, to that of the moose. And well for the caribou that he is thus gifted. The wolf follows the herds throughout all their wanderings. On the plains or on the hills, where the poor caribou retire to rear their young, he is constantly lurking near, ready to pounce on any straggler, or—if in sufficient numbers—to boldly attack the herd.

The woodland caribou is very swift, and cunning in devices to escape his pursuers; his gait is a long swinging trot, which he performs with his head erect and scut up, and there is no animal of the deer tribe that affords better sport or more delicious food when captured. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will fall in with him, even in his accustomed and well-known haunts. When once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful—in fact so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but resorts to strategy and tries to head them off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there.

The caribou is very fond of the water, is a capital swimmer, and in jumping he is more than the equal of any other deer. His adventurous disposition, no doubt, in some degree influences the geographical distribution of the species. In the month of December, 1877, a caribou was discovered floating out to sea on a cake of ice near Dalhousie, on the Restigouche river in New Brunswick, and was captured alive by some men who put off to him in a boat.

It is said that in very severe seasons large numbers of caribou cross from Labrador to Newfoundland on the ice. His admirably-constructed hoof, with its sharp, shell-like, cutting edges, enables him to cross the icy floes; when traveling in deep snow, its lateral expansion prevents him from sinking.

Carrying Out His Contract.

The Boston *Transcript* recalls an incident which happened in Boston within a few years. A young fellow, fresh as a daisy and full of enthusiasm for work, was employed by a then well-known firm in the dry goods business. The contract was a simple one, but it was a contract. On his part the youth was to give his services and do what he was told. The firm was to pay him $100 for the first year's work and teach him the business. The money consideration was insignificant; the knowledge of the business was what the youth was after. He was put down the cellar, kept opening and nailing up boxes, running errands and sweeping the store; in a word, he was made to do a porter's work, and his employers no doubt chuckled at the thought they were getting for two dollars a week work that was well worth fifteen dollars. But like a sensible fellow, the youth said nothing until the time was up. On the morning of the first anniversary of his coming to the store he was on hand early, and, when the senior partner came in, respectfully asked to be allowed to see him in the counting-room on business.

The man of business acceded to the request, and the two entered the back office. "A year ago to-day," said the youth, closing the door, "I entered your service and agreed to give you my time and work. Have I done it to your satisfaction?" "Entirely so," said the merchant, "and I am willing to increase your"— "Excuse me," said the youth, "I have more to say. You agreed to pay me $100, and you have done it. You also agreed to teach me the business, and you have deliberately and knowingly broken your promise. I know nothing about the dry goods business, and it is your fault. You have robbed me of a year's time. What do you propose to do about it?" The merchant looked at the "boy," but he did not flinch. He had right on his side, and his employer knew it. He, the man who prided himself that his word was as good as his bond, had been accused by a beardless boy of having failed to keep his agreement, and knew that the charge was true. He said nothing. "What I want," said the boy, "is an extra $100 as an increase." "You shall have it," said the merchant. "And besides that," continued the youth, "I want $200 additional to partly make good your broken promise."

Again the merchant looked in his eye, but got no comfort. "Well," he said, "it's a good deal to pay a boy the second year, but I will see about it," and he did "see about it," for the next morning the "boy" was a salesman on a $400 salary.

Debts of Chicago Churches.

The combined debts of the churches of various denominations in Chicago are estimated to be as follows: Presbyterian, $275,000; Congregationalist, $222,000; Methodist, $210,000; Baptist, $200,000; Episcopal, $130,000; Lutheran, $115,000; Unitarian, $80,000; Universalist, $50,000; Miscellaneous, $100,000; total, $1,380,000. A correspondent of the *Golden Rule* says: "The bulk of this debt may be fairly set down as the product of an almost unpardonable pride of worship within higher walls and beneath finer frescoes than one's neighbors.

MASSACRED IN RED CANON.

California Bill, the Sole Survivor in Party of Seven, Telling the Story.

A recent Black Hills letter says: Our discussion of mining locations, prospecting parties and other subjects kindred to a mining centre has been suddenly changed by the return to the frontier of William G. Felton, better known as "California Bill," whose reputation as a scout is widespread on the plains. His return brings to mind the Indian massacre of April 16, 1876, known as the Red Canon massacre, from which in a party of five men and two women, California Bill alone escaped. The party, consisting of Andrew Metz and wife, John Burgesser, of Carson, Nevada, Mr. Grasham, of Missouri, Mr. Stimpson, of Colorado, and a colored woman, started from Custer City for Cheyenne April 14, 1876. They were attacked by Indians in Red Canon two days afterward, and all the above were killed outright, or received wounds that soon resulted in death. California Bill received a number of wounds, but escaped. These wounds, however, have made an invalid of him. Though as yet not really recovered, he has returned to the frontier full of fight. He has related the story of the massacre, particulars of which have not before been published.

"I started from Custer City on my way out of the Hills to Cheyenne on the morning of the 14th of April. The first night we spent in Pleasant valley. Next morning we moved on, reaching Big Springs early in the afternoon of the 15th, and there going into camp. I felt assured that the passage through the Red Canon would be unsafe for a small party, and concluded to await the arrival of a larger one that was expected to overtake us. A short time afterward, Metz's party arrived with two two-horse teams, having Mr. and Mrs. Metz, a negro woman from Custer, and a Mr. Stimpson as passengers. They stopped to water the stock at the spring, and laughed at my fear of trouble ahead, saying that they were not afraid of Indians. With this they went on, and at the continued urging of my passengers, though against my own judgment, I hitched up and followed. We traveled together undisturbed in the afternoon, and went into camp at the head of the canon about five o'clock. Everything went off peaceably during the night, and early on the morning of the 16th, Easter Sunday, we started down the canon, seven in number. About half way down the canon, where stands a giant cottonwood tree, there is a line of low hills, and close to the side of one of them, skulking well down, I discovered ten or twelve of the painted imps, under the lead of Sioux Jim, well known at the Red Cloud agency, waiting for us. This was about ten in the morning, and my party was then about a quarter of a mile ahead of the Metz outfit. On seeing that they were discovered, with a terrible yell the Indians fired at us, putting a bullet through Burgesser's leg and one through my hip. Seeing the attack upon us, the Metz party turned about their teams and endeavored to turn up the canon. Grasping my rifle, I jumped from the wagon, and using it as a breastwork, returned their fire with interest, knocking two of the cowardly scoundrels off their pins, and keeping the dust in a cloud around them, where most of my hurriedly sighted shots struck. As I began to fire, Graham started to run, and was shot through the stomach. He fell. After several volleys, sending a shower of bullets over our heads and into the wagon, but doing no further damage, the Indians disappeared behind a neighboring hill, and thinking they were running after their ponies to cut us off, we mounted the wagon and again started to run the gauntlet. We had gained only a few rods, however, before the red fiends as suddenly appeared on an adjoining ridge, and gave us another unexpected volley, plugging me through the left arm into the breast, through the fleshy part of the calf of my right leg, and again through my shoulder. For a moment it seemed as though I was perfectly riddled with bullets, but I leaped to the ground just as another volley came, one of the bullets striking Burgesser in the thigh, knocking him into the wagon box. Keeping close to the front wheel furthest from the Indians, I drove and ran alongside the wagon for half a mile down the canon, when in crossing a small stream the axle broke, and the wagon was left in the mud. There we were, all severely wounded, the Indians close upon us, and we unable to move. There was no time for thought, and though rapidly losing courage and strength from many wounds, I quickly unhitched the two lead mules, managed to get Burgesser on one, and while Grasham, who did not then appear to be severely wounded, ran on down the canon, I mounted the other and sent them forward as fast as possible. After riding about a mile and a half we met a party of six *en route* to Custer, and they took us to the Cheyenne river stage station, where Burgesser and Grasham died on the following morning.

"The mutilated bodies of Metz and his wife and Stimpson and the colored woman were found the next day. Metz and Stimpson had evidently been shot out of the wagon. Mrs. Metz and the colored woman must have jumped from the wagon, tried to escape, and been murdered some distance from where the bodies of the two men were lying. The bodies were brought into camp, and all buried side by side, and on the evening of the 17th of April I found myself the sole survivor of this ill-fated party.

"After lying, more dead than alive, for eight weeks at Cheyenne River," continued the scout, "a few soldiers of Capt. Egan's company took me to Fort Laramie hospital. Four months afterward I was sufficiently recovered to return to my home in Colorado; but two years have passed, and the wound in my hips is not fully healed. I'm back again in the Hills," he concluded, with much emphasis, "and though a little the worse for wear, am ready at any moment to mount the saddle, throw the cartridges into my pet rifle here, and give the red men another chance to get the scalp of California Bill."

How He Astonished the Bull.

A Glen Sutton (Vt.) correspondent relates that while a young man named Pelkie was out hunting a few days ago he chanced to espy a fox industriously digging for mice about a decayed stump. Between himself and the mouse-hunter, reclining upon the ground, quietly chewing his cud, was Z. D. Wilson's bull. Cautiously advancing, our hero reached the unsuspecting bovine; dropping upon his knees and carefully resting his gun across the animal's back he pulled the trigger. The aim was true, and sly Reynard fell dead. But wasn't the bull astonished though! Springing to his feet with a roar, he ran over Pelkie about forty times, and rushed away snorting with terror. The first thing our friend saw on opening his eyes was the bull's tail cleaving the air like a meteor, about a mile away, and the dead fox lying upon the ground hard by. The sight of the latter reassured him, and securing it, he limped homeward, resolved that though great the tribulation he would never again use a live bull for a breastwork.

THE AMERICAN VILLAGE.

Social Needs and Social Leading—How to Make Life Pleasant and Profitable.

The social potentialities of the average American village are quite beyond any man's calculation. It would be difficult to find any village in the country which has not the materials and the forces of the best civilization and culture. If these forces and these materials were not under restraint, if they were only free to follow their natural impulses and courses, there would be universal progress. The fact, however, is that almost universally the agencies concerned in raising the social life of a community are, for various reasons, held in check, or altogether repressed. Let us try to paint a typical village. It shall consist, say, of a thousand people, more or less. The village has its two or three little churches, and these have their pastors—men of fair education and faultless morals. Still further, the village has one or two physicians and a lawyer. In addition to these, there is the postmaster, who is usually a man of activity and influence; there is the rich man of the village; there are the three or four men who are only less rich than he; there are the young, well-educated families of these well-to-do people; there are a dozen women who are bright in intellect, and who read whatever they can lay hands on; there is a fair degree of worldly prosperity, and the schools are well supported. One would say that nothing is needed to make it a model village, full of the liveliest and brightest social life, and possessing all the means and institutions of intellectual culture and progress. To repeat a phase with which we began, the social potentialities of the village are incalculable. All the agencies and materials and appurtenances for a beautiful social life and growth seem to exist, yet the fact probably is that the village is socially dead.

If we look into the condition of things we shall find that the little churches are, through their very littleness and weakness, jealous of each other; that their pastors are poor and are kept upon a starving intellectual diet; that the doctors and the lawyer are absorbed in their professions; that the rich men are bent upon their money-getting and money-saving, and that all the young people are bent upon frivolous amusements. The village has no public library, no public hall, no public reading-room, no lyceum, no reading-clubs, no literary clubs, and no institutions or instituted means for fostering and developing the intellectual and social life of the villagers. We have seen exactly this condition of things in a village many times, and we have seen, under all these possibilities and the hard facts of indifference or social inertia associated with them, a universal desire for something better. We have seen churches ashamed of their jealousies and the meager support accorded to their ministers. We have seen young people dissatisfied with their life, and wishing that it could be changed, and we have seen our dozen of bright, reading women ready and longing to make any sacrifice for the production of a better social atmosphere. Nay, we believe that the average American village is ready for improvement, ready to be led. The best social leading is the one thing lacking. Sometimes it does not need even this; only some fitting occasion that shall bring people together, and reveal the under-harmonies which move and the sympathies which bind them. The probabilities are that there is not a village in America that needs anything more than good leading to raise its whole social and intellectual life incalculably.

The village that is most dead and helpless needs but one harmonizing, unselfish, elevated will to lead and mold it to the best life and the best issues. We cannot illustrate this power of leading better than by citing the results of the recent mode of raising church debts. One of the two or three men who have become famous for raising church debts goes into the pulpit in the morning and stands before a bankrupt congregation. He is told before he enters the building that every effort has been made to raise the debt, but in vain; that, indeed, the people have not the money, and could not raise the required sum if they would. Yet, in two hours, every dollar is subscribed, and the whole church sits weeping in mute and grateful surprise. No advantage whatever has been taken of them, and they have simply, under competent leading, done what they have all long wanted to do, and what they have known it was their duty to do. Any man who has ever had anything to do in organizing the social life of a village has, we venture to say, been surprised, amid what seemed to be universal stagnation, to find how general was the desire for reform. Everybody has been ready. All were waiting for just the right man to set them going, and he only needed to say the word, or lift and point the finger. It is not necessary to break up any legitimate family feeling that may exist in churches, or to interfere with social cliques and "sets," or to break down any walls between classes. We talk now only of the general social and intellectual life which brings people together in common high pursuits, and gives a village its character and influence. It is only from this life that a strong and efficient public spirit can come. A village must hold a vigorous general life outside of sects and cliques and parties before it can make great progress, and it is astonishing how quickly this life may be won by the right leading. We assure them that all the people need is good leading, and that there must be one among them who has the power in some good degree of leading, organizing and inspiring a united and better life. It is not an office in which personal ambition has any legitimate place—that of social leadership. Any man who enters upon it with that motive mistakes his position and hopelessly degrades his undertaking. But wherever there is a sluggish social life, or none at all that is devoted to culture and pure and elevating pursuits, somebody—and it is probably the one who is reading this article—is neglecting a duty from which he is withheld, most probably, by modesty. We assure him that if he is really fit for his work, he will find an astonishing amount of promising material ready and for his hands.—*Scribner.*

A Romance of the Press.

A gentleman of talents and means is connected with the press on the Pacific coast. At the house of a friend, newly arrived, he saw an album filled with portraits. The editorial gentleman was attracted by the picture of a New York lady. A correspondence was opened, portraits exchanged, an engagement entered into, and a contract of marriage made before either had seen the other. The gentleman showed that he meant business by sending on a royal sum to pay expenses. The lady showed her pluck by setting out for the land of gold, all alone, for husband and a home 3,000 miles away. The parties met at Ogden and exchanged salutations. The lady found her expectations more than met, as her intended weighed over 200 pounds. The couple reached the coast in the evening and were married the same night. As may be presumed, so excellent a business man did not fail to have a dominie engaged for the arrival. There was no bridal tour, as the ante-nuptial ride of the bride was suffic