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A POEM BY WHITTIER.

[The following poem by the Quaker poet was read at the recent Haverhill (Mass.) meeting of his classmates.]

The gulf of seven and fifty years,
We stretch our welcoming hand across;
The distance but a feeble loss
Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on—
The remnant of a once full list—
Conning our lessons, undismissed,
With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown way,
And some await the call to rest;
Who knoweth whether it is best
To those who went or us who stay?

And yet, despite of loss and ill,
If faith and love and hope remain,
Our length of days is not in vain,
And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence
The thanks of grateful hearts are due
For blessings when our lives were new,
For all the good vouchsafed us since.

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,
The wish desired, the purpose crossed,
And pleasures found, occasions lost,
Were mercies to our small desert.

'Tis something that we wander back,
Gray pilgrims, to the ancient ways;
And tender memories of old days
Walk with us by the Merrimac.

That even in life's afternoon
A sense of youth comes back again;
As through the cool September rain
The still green woodland dreams of spring.

The eyes, grown dim to present things,
Have keener sight for bygone years;
And sweet and clear in deafening ears
The bird that sang at morning sings.

Dear comrades, scattered wide and far,
Send from their homes the kindly word;
And dearer ones unseen, unheard,
Smile on us from some heavenly star.

For life and death with God are one,
Unchanged by seeming change. His care
And love are round us here and there;
He breaks no thread His hands have spun.

Soul touches soul; the muster roll
Of life eternal has no gaps,
And after half a century's lapse
Our school-day ranks are closed and whole.

Hail and farewell, we go away,
Where shadows bud, we trust, in light;
The star that ushers in the night
Is herald also of the day.

COLORADO.

Girls Caught on the Plains by an Approaching Tornado.

Escaping the Lightning and the Tempest—Experience in a Gulch—How It Appeared When the Storm Was Over.

We had been nearly two months at the ranch, and the weeks had been an almost unvarying round of delight for us both. Nearly all the daylight hours we were out of doors, watching the phases of a life so new to us. Often at night we went out to a little eminence where we could see the sheep come home to their corral. What a solid phalanx of wool they looked, and what twinkling little sticks their legs were. Poncho had recovered, and was gravely at work every day. I used to think the dog's face wore an air of tenderness as well as anxiety when he was conducting a detachment of sheep with lambs. Of course, that was a mere fancy, but Valverde bore me out in the notion. To his mind Poncho was capable of anything. He would not be surprised if some day the dog had suddenly addressed him in the English of the plains.

It was a quarter to three o'clock of a mild, cloudless afternoon when my sister, Nan, and myself started to return from a ranch six miles away. We had ridden over there to dinner, and came gayly cantering homeward, the sun bright, and for once but very little wind blowing. According to my experience, the West, with its great plains, is the place to become acquainted with wind. Hardly a day passes but the air sweeps over the vast stretches in a way that is annoying until one gets accustomed to it. It roars through the canyons, sucking hoarsely along the gorges. It is one of the mighty aspects of the country, and to me the least pleasant of anything I had known thus far. But this day, as I have said, it was calm. The sage only moved gently as we rode toward it, and we seemed to hear the notes of birds borne to us from an immense distance. A great many curlews were circling about, and the prairie dogs sat up in front of their houses, looking at us with pert and inquiring gaze.

"There's something in the cry of the birds that I do not like," said Nan. "There's a tone of foreboding in it, and it is not an appropriate tone for so magnificent a day." But she laughed at her own words as she spoke them. A gray wolf leaped across our path at some distance, stopped an instant and eyed us, then fled away rapidly. Again Nan turned uneasily in her saddle and looked about her. As she shook the lines on her pony's neck she exclaimed: "I am certainly under a spell. Do you know, girls, that I actually thought that gray wolf had something to tell us, if we could only understand?"

After these remarks, Nan seemed to forget her fears, and we all became cheerful, as was fitting for horsewomen in Colorado. As I look back upon that afternoon, the ride, the bright sunlight, and the experience which followed, all seem, although painfully vivid, as if they had happened in a life of mine in some other world; I can never associate them with myself in this existence.

We were riding toward the northeast, having been to a ranch lying toward the Vega Pass, though a number of miles this side of it. That feeling which the birds had awakened had proved very transient. My sister suddenly asked in a tone of interest, untinged by fear, if we had noticed the cloud in the southwest, and was it customary for Colorado skies to exhibit such freaks? Upon that we all turned us about, and as Nan, with a quick cry, pulled up her horse, we also stopped our ponies and gazed. Speaking for myself, I only felt then a keen interest, without alarm, at the sight before me. Until I looked at my cousin's face I did not think of fear. A great way off, it appeared to me, I was told afterward it must have been about ten miles distant when we first saw it, was a cloud absolutely black. For the first time I knew what the phrase "inky blackness" meant. Neither before nor since have I ever seen a cloud of that color. It was roughly cone-shaped, the point toward the earth. But even its shape and color were not the most terrible things about it. The mass was "boiling." No other word applies to the incessant rapid changes in its texture, which all the time preserved its blackness; and through it there were constant flashes of lightning. But we heard no thunder then. I shall never forget the whiteness that came to Nan's face. Without knowing that I saw them, I yet remembered afterward that her fingers were clutched painfully about the bridle, and that she reeled slightly in her saddle.

"Let me think," she said, in a low voice. I did not speak, but my sister, who did not see Nan's face, said, in a commonplace voice:

"Is not that a rather belligerent specimen of a cloud?"

Nan did not apparently hear her; she sat silent for perhaps half a minute, then she turned to us and said quickly:

"I hope you can ride fast. We can't get home; what good if we could? There is a narrow gulch about a mile and a half from here. It's the only place I know."

She turned her horse sharply to the right, and told him fiercely *to go*. We followed, riding as I had never ridden before. The horses caught fire from us, and raced on in that wild way they have, which is not like the manner of horses in the East. In spite of the fear which now possessed us all, there was a certain glorious feeling in that ride. After we had turned we could look off at our right at the cloud, which was rushing on with terrible quickness, and which I now fancied was pursuing us, and us alone.

Suddenly there was a thunderous sound toward the west, and looking that way I saw a vast herd of cattle sweeping on, a dark, surging mass, with tossing horns glancing white in the sunshine, for the sun was shining brilliantly at this time. It was a stampede. I never knew whether they were frightened by the cloud or had been urged on by the unexplained impulse that sometimes comes to them to flee madly over the plains. At another time this sight would have been of stirring interest; now I did not care to watch the flight of the cattle. I was too intent on our own race against the cloud. The lightning was playing through the black vapor incessantly. More clouds, having the appearance of common "thunder heads," rose and dispersed themselves over the sky, and at last obscured the sunlight. It was a relief to me when the sun ceased to shine, for the scene seemed less abnormally terrific.

Within a few rods of the opening of the gulch I heard a roar, as of oncoming wind. Nan cried out again to her horse, the animals lurched forward yet faster, and in a moment we were all entering the ravine. It was extremely uneven ground and covered by broken sharp stones. My sister and I were watching Nan; she slipped off the saddle and hurriedly motioned to us to do the same. The instant we were dismounted the horses scrambled rapidly forward into the gulch, and we did the same, Nan now in the rear and driving us along. That night I found my shoes cut and a gash in my foot, but I did not feel the wound when I received it. While we were thus hurrying to get to the deepest shelter of the gully, the roar above us was awful, and was increasing every moment. It reverberated strangely through the ravine. We could not have heard a word had we spoken. We all stopped simultaneously and looked at each other. They were two very white faces that I saw, with strained, frightened eyes. Nan made a movement with her head that we were not to go on; and we crouched down against the rocky sides of the earth. The next instant Emma leaned heavily upon me and silently pointed upward toward the chasm's opening, where we had entered. The black cloud was just going past our point of vision; it had dilated to twice its former size, but still retained its cylinder shape. If it could be possible, it was more dense than ever, and boiling in its blackness. Balls of fire sped back and forth in the air; or my sight was under an hallucination to that effect. All the phenomena seemed to have their center in that cone of black cloud. The strangest, the most awful thing of all that fearful experience was what I saw now. Behind that black cloud, whether following it or driving it I know not, came a tall cloud of intensest, most dazzling white—a pillar of glory, growing every instant more like a pillar of fire, and soon appearing to control the inky shape. The raving noise was now at its height. In a moment the two mysterious shapes had passed from our contracted line of vision; they marched on, destroying as they went. The crash of timber along a stream not far off, the cannonading of the thunder, which had now opened its forces, and above all the overwhelming roar of the wind, made us shrink and cower closer together. A fiercer blast caused us to throw ourselves flat on the stony ground, grasping at each other's hands. So ignorant was I that I believed at the time that we were in full power of the tornado, instead of being comparatively sheltered by the walls of the gulch. Afterward I knew that we could hardly have saved our lives had we not been able to reach this ravine.

Once I felt a touch on my head, from which my hat had long since gone. I found that it was one of the horses. They had all come back from their first run up the gulch to be near us; the three stood huddled close by, when we had a chance to look. As I recall things in a dream, so I recall the incidents of the time while we remained in that refuge. Once, in a glare of the lightning, and while my eyes were open and my head raised, I saw several objects flying over the top of the gulch. They were sheep, and their dead, bruised bodies were found, as if they had been flung hard against the ground, after the storm. Once something came down close by me, hitting my hand where I had dug my fingers unconsciously down into the earth. It was a small prairie dog, and it lay still in death, near me. Many prairie hens, the next day, were found dead, with almost all their feathers stripped off by the wind. While the terror lasted there was hardly a lull in the ferocity of it. I thought we had been hours hiding there, when at last the rain began to come down heavily, and a moment after the wind sensibly diminished to a hard gale. We were directly soaked thoroughly, but I think none of us cared for that. The hurling noise of the storm was still deafening, but we felt that the worst was over, for us at least. That demon cone of cloud was flying further on its road of destruction, but it had left us.

We immediately got upon our feet, our horses keeping their heads close to our shoulders as we did so. By the time we had groped and stumbled our way to the entrance of the gulch there was blue sky in the north, and the rain had dwindled to a few heavy drops.

We stood a moment breathless, looking about us with scared eyes. It was a wide plain where we were, and all the devastation we saw at first was that the row of cottonwoods was lying, torn up, some of them half-way across the stream they had bordered.

"I am afraid of what I shall find at home," said Nan.

As she spoke, she turned to her horse and swung herself up into the soaked saddle. These ponies are not tall, and it is possible for a woman to mount without help. We both followed her example, and the horses gladly turned homeward. Our soggy, dripping clothes clung clammily to us, and the heavy skirts flapped dull against the horses' wet sides.

While we were within a mile of the house we saw a man riding down at a furious gait toward us, and a few rods ahead ran a dog. We knew the horseman could not be Colonel Stewart, for he had gone away in the morning and was not to return until the following day. As we looked, the sun burst out splendidly. The man took off his hat and waved it with unmistakable joyousness. A few yards more and we saw that this was Valverde. He rode up, and turned his horse to go with us, exclaiming:

"I don't think I was ever much gladder in all my days than I be to see you. Folks to the house are 'bout crazy 'bout ye. That was as sizable a tornado as we seldom if ever git in these diggin's."

"Are they safe?" asked Nan. "Was the house in the path of it?"

"It warn't," he replied, "but it was full nigh enough. The big new barn was in the way, and is spread all over the plains. I shouldn't wonder if some of it was a good deal beyond Pueblo—cows and calves killed, corrals completely busted, trees turned over, and that greaser's son," he added in a more solemn tone, "killed dead by a timber. I only hope there ain't no more deaths to hear of."

Then Valverde asked about what had happened to us, and when he had heard it, he said with somber emphasis that all creation "couldn't have saved us if it hadn't been for that gulch."

When the reports came in, it was found that the track of the tornado had been in some places nearly three-quarters of a mile wide, and its length about eighteen miles. We heard that the "Old Woman Ranch," as the place where we had held our picnic was popularly called, had suffered worst of all. The dwelling had been utterly demolished, the inhabitants saving themselves by running in time into a sort of cave near by.

It was only because the country was so sparsely populated that more damage was not done; for everything, whether trees, animals or buildings, in the unprotected path of the cyclone, were destroyed or badly injured. For a long time after we heard almost daily of the bitter fate of some unfortunate. It was death itself, or a limb broken, or a home lost.

Colonel Stewart and a few other men of means bestirred themselves immediately and effectually to collect aid for the poorer sufferers by the tornado.

For a few days we talked constantly of our adventure in the storm and compared observations. But in a marvelously short time we had ceased to think of that day, save occasionally, and I had thought my mind would always be shadowed by the memory of that ride for the gulch and the hour we spent there. Was it an hour? I could never tell.

In conversing on the matter, we owned to our cousin that Colorado had a few drawbacks.

"It is only Paradise that has not its dark side," said Uncle Stewart, who had overheard our words. "If you girls will now stay through a plague of grasshoppers, you will have some right to pass judgment on this country."—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

TRUNK TALK.

Facts for People Who Come Home with Their Baggage "Smashed."

"Our trade," said a trunk manufacturer, "makes a splendid barometer of the business interests of the country. When there is a big demand for trunks it means not only that people have made enough to be able to indulge in the luxury of travel, but that firms are sending out salesmen more largely than before, and that the commercial world is becoming more and more animated and trade brisk."

"How long will a trunk last?"

"That is a question I can not readily answer, simply because it depends entirely how much travel it has. Many people don't use a trunk more than once a year, and a good trunk used at that rate ought to last a lifetime, but then there are others who travel most of the time. Their trunks are left most of the year to the tender mercies of the baggage-smasher, who is the trunk-maker's best friend. The railway companies, with their stalwart, go-as-you-please methods of handling trunks, are a source of revenue to us, and we appreciate their efforts."

"What kind of trunk do you sell the most of?"

"The most popular style of trunk here is the Saratoga or French trunk. More of these are sold than any other, I think, because they are so well adapted for ladies' use. They have more compartments in them, more little trays, hat receptacles, and, best of all, a deep bottom that will hold a wardrobe. There are only fifty styles of Saratoga trunks, besides the steamer. The trunk has not been invented yet that can completely withstand very many railroad trips. A good Saratoga should last one or two seasons before going to the repair shop. They are a good deal cheaper than several years ago. Now these trunks are most used by fashionable ladies, and of course the sale is enormous each year."

"What would you call the best trunk for general use?"

"The canvas-covered trunk. Their sale increases every year, and they are found to be stronger and more able to stand rough usage. They have more wear in them than the leather-covered ones. The body of the trunk is made out of strong white pine and the top of tough basswood. The secret in making a good, lasting trunk is to have a good top. So many trunks are piled one on top of the other, they will be giving way or breaking in. Theater or property trunks are, of course, strong, because they are covered with bands. They have only a limited sale. The tin or crystallized trunk is manufactured almost especially for Southern trade. The colored people there will have no other than a variegated, fancy-colored tin or zinc trunk. The European leather-bound or canvas-covered light trunk is used almost exclusively for tourists. In Europe only forty-five pounds of baggage are allowed free of charge.

"How about sole-leather trunks?"

"They are not nearly so popular as they used to be. I hear a rawhide trunk has been made that will resist all attempts to smash it, but I imagine the drawback will be when it gets wet and shrinks. The trays will not fit then and the drummer will have to telegraph to the city for a new trunk."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Elephants are not numerous on the western slope of equatorial Africa, being found only along the fertile river valleys, and rarely ever going near the banks of the Congo until the hilly and barren country is passed. Above Stanley Pool they increase in numbers and roam in large herds, seldom being molested or hunted by the natives.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

ONE MORE IN HEAVEN.

One less at home!
The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed, and saved, and perfected by grace,
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
One farewell word impressed on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away, our coming to await,
One more in Heaven!

One less at home!
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,
And wrap the footsteps round and dim our eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in Heaven!

One more at home!
This is not home, where cramped in earthly mold,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold
Is home and Heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toils to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in Heaven!

One more in Heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and Heaven!

One more at home—
That home where separation can not be,
That home where none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in Heaven.

—*S. G. Stock.*

WHAT IS LIFE?

An Important Question Often Sadly Neglected—How It May and Should Be Solved.

But there is one problem which meets us all. Turn where we will in the various paths of life, we are confronted with the question of life itself. What is life? Why do we live, and for what do we live? Can we so live that we shall secure the great end of life? At the first moment of moral consciousness such questions start up. They recur again and again as we journey on. Compared with them all other questions are relatively unimportant. It matters little whether we are successful or unsuccessful in life if our life itself is a failure. Nay, the great or our temporary and seeming success the sadder the final catastrophe.

And yet how few there are who give earnest attention to this problem. When it is thrown before them they do not meet it as they meet minor ones. They do not study it as they study how to make money or secure reputation or enjoyment. The strange sad fact which meets us on every side is that men are earnest in regard to trifles and indifferent in regard to the chief end of their being. They are like a navigator who should be careful in regard to everything about his ship, yet gives no attention to the course on which it is sailing or the port or its destination. There are multitudes who will freely admit that this life is but a vapor. They fully believe in an endless life beyond. They can not doubt or deny that our destiny in it must depend upon our character and conduct here. Life in the true sense and meaning of the word is not threescore-and-ten years upon the earth. It is immortality. We begin to live when we are born, but we do not cease to live when we die. What we call death is simply going from a state of probation into a state of retribution. We are here for a little while to get ready for an endless future. And that future, with its immeasurable possibilities, projects, ever and anon, its long shadow across our path. There comes upon us as we enter into the shadow a season of moral thoughtfulness. But we do not love the shadow. We long for the sunshine of thoughtless mirth, or of worldly activity. We resist the invitation to study the conditions of spiritual life and to solve the problem of our destiny. And hence it comes to pass that the world is full of busy men and women; but the great business for which they were created is almost wholly ignored. Can we explain this strange anomaly?

Some seem to think that the life problem will solve itself. An eminent German writer said: "I have been successful in this world, and I hope to be equally so in any other world in which God may place me." So he lived wholly for success here, and put away from him all thought or anxiety in regard to the future. He had many invitations. But he knew very well, and so do they, that we do not go into the future life as we came into this. We enter it with characters formed, and if those characters are not in harmony with the new conditions, we can not be prosperous and happy. Is it not the part of wisdom, then, to try to learn something about the future and to make preparation for it? That shadow which falls upon our path is cast there by a great fact. It admonishes us of the existence of an invisible but real world. That world must enter as a controlling factor in the working out of the problem of life. We have the revelation of it for our admonition and our instruction. We know that we shall live on when the body crumbles. We know that in the world of spirits we shall meet our Maker face to face. We know that we shall there be judged according to the deeds done in the body. We know that to drift into future blessedness is as impossible as to drift into learning or wealth on the earth. It is the seekers who find. It is they, and they only, who set themselves in earnest to work out any problem who succeed in reaching the true solution.

Then he who would not make a sad and disgraceful failure must realize, first of all, that the great problem before him is that of life. He is to live on after the world has been burned up. Where and how shall he live? To this question, when he meets it fairly, God has given him a full and clear response. What he can not know of himself the All-wise will teach him. What he can not do for himself the Almighty will do for him, or help him to do. If he will try to work out his salvation with fear and trembling, God will work in him to will and to do. The solution, then, though it requires time and thought and patience and faith, is not hard to find. No one ever sought it diligently and failed. But the great trouble is we leave that which should be our first problem for the last, and many never reach it at all. We neglect this great problem for a thousand little ones, and many die without having ever pondered the question: For what ought we to live?—*Chicago Interior.*

DESTROY THE WEEDS.

Don't Let Them Go to Seed and Thereby Perpetuate and Spread Themselves—Prevention the Best Cure.

We saw a farmer the other day busy in his pasture with a scythe. He was not making hay. He was mowing weeds. Many of them were in flower. His object was to stop them there, and prevent their seeds from ripening, and then sailing about upon the autumn winds, to sow themselves in millions of places where they, as yet, have no existence.

Weeds instruct the wise. It used to be said in favor of planting trees that they grow while their owners—unless they are wiser and more diligent than many—sleep. So do weeds—and when those owners are wide awake, too. Weeds are the ever and everywhere springing symptoms of the total depravity of nature. Fields don't need planting with them. Let your fields alone and the weeds will take care of themselves and give you a tremendous crop. But if you want corn, and beans, and potatoes, and tomatoes, and their whole one and toothsome companions for the table, the price of success in raising them is eternal vigilance. Unless you are up early and late with your hoe and your fingers—which were made before hoes, as well as before knives and forks, and which are often in the best weed-uprooters—the shooting, swarming tares will choke out the wheat and overrun and overmaster it altogether.

Bad habits, we take it, are the weeds of the soul. That is to say—for even weeds vary, some having a comeliness which almost condones their pernicious presence—bad habits, and doubtful ones, and useless ones, as well as harmful ones. They have the same tenacity of life, and tendency to root themselves and ill as so I mean for better things. Many a Christian farmer has moralized, as the sweat dropped from his swart brow, over his weeds, and wished hard work as he finds even that he could root some wrong tendencies out of his mind and heart as easily as he can the stubborn witch-grass, vetch and darnel from his fields.

Prevention is the best cure. Don't let your weeds seed themselves, whether in garden, field, pasture or soul!—*Congregationalist.*

A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

It May Be Cultivated, and Is of Inestimable Value to All Around Us.

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud," and in this world of vexation and sorrow such a temper is of inestimable value, not only to its owner but to all who are within reach of its beams. How welcome is the coming of a guest who cheers us by his cheerful face, his merry laugh, his lively song, his rippling genial talk, which lifts us out of the region of morbid retrospect, or foreboding, who by a happy turn of the conversation parries the nasty, irritating word, and restores the clear sky of social kindliness again.

A naturally sunny temper is like the sun itself, diffusing light and invigoration unconsciously, but there is such a thing as a determined cultivation of this element of "sweetness and light" even in a naturally uncongenial soil, and the steady plucking up of the weeds of discontent and selfishness. The forcing, it need be, of the lips and eyes to smile and the tongue and voice to speak cheerfully and sing joyously will bring its reward. Poor human nature covets more sunshine and responds to its influence, but deprecates and avoids gloom and moroseness:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth;
It has trouble enough of its own."

And even material nature seems, in its way, to recognize the presence of a joyful spirit and gives back an answer of peace and comfort.

"Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care."

Especially should Christians cultivate this sunniness of disposition, always rejoicing, hoping, loving and so showing that they are living in the light of God.—*Baptist Weekly.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—To read much and practice nothing, is to hunt much and catch nothing.—*Brooks.*

—God only knows how blessed He could make us, if we would but let Him.—*G. MacDonald.*

—Hospitality is cultivated as an intrinsic element in the principle of the Gospel.—*Congregationalist.*

—If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

—But the willing, faithful man will always find something to do. There is a sense in which it is true that one may be idle from compulsion, but in general there is something to turn the hand to, even when the circumstances are most unpromising.—*Exchange.*

—Of course, self-sacrifice takes various forms. In the first place, it is clear enough that that self-sacrifice is required of us which makes us fight against our own sins, and battle all through life with our thoughts; and the man who is not so fighting is no longer living a Christian life, nor has he any right to call himself a Christian. And here, indeed, we are not upon the ground of things indifferent—the faults against which we are to struggle, for conscience warns us that they are against the law of God.—*Dr. Temple.*

—"Let us do evil that good may come." This is a but of advice often given; but it is most unwise to accept it. Associate with bad men that you may gain their good will. Be hail fellow with them, and then you can do them good. This specious advice is, doubtless, well meant; but the man who acts on it only lowers himself in the eyes of those whom he would help. Men who are not living right respect the man who is doing his duty, and who is brave enough to tell them of their faults; but they do not respect the man who white-washes evil, and feeds them on sugar coated pills. Sit not in "the seat of the scornful," nor stand in "the way of sinners."—*Golden Rule.*

A Patience-Trying Prisoner.

"I was never in a court of law before in my life," said a thin-haired, shabbily-dressed man to Justice Murray in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning.

"Do you work?" asked His Honor.

"I live near Milburn, in New Jersey."

"What were you doing last night?"

"I can refer you to my employers."

"But how came you here?"

"I can show you letters from New Jersey."

"Will you answer my question?"

"I am a respectable, hard working man, Your Worship, and was never drunk."

"How old are you?"

"I don't drink, I work."

"What is your employer's name?"

"I am telling the truth. I live in New Jersey."

"You can go this time."—*N. Y. Herald.*

PNEUMONIA.

Twelve Causes to Which This Disease Can Be Attributed.

To reach reliable conclusions respecting the more important diseases, the experience of many observers in different localities need to be compared. Medical books and magazines furnish comparisons to some extent, as do the frequent medical meetings, with their papers and discussions. But the end is being reached in a more systematic and thorough way in England. Thus, in the case of acute pneumonia, reports have been received by a central committee of over one thousand cases from four hundred and eighty observers. These were put in charge of a sub-committee, to arrange, and to deduce from them what may be looked on as established results. The following we have gathered out of them and here present as a brief summary.

1. While pneumonia is apt to be connected with bronchial and catarrhal affections, this is by no means invariable. We take this to mean that it may occur without any symptoms of a "cold."

2. Pneumonia often attacks more than one member of a family at a time. This, we suppose, may be interpreted as either indicating a common cause, or an infectious character of the disease.

3. When it is unusually prevalent, the rate of mortality from it is exceptionally low.

4. Defective drainage and sewer-gas poison may both cause it and favor its spread, but such cases are neither specially severe nor mortal.

5. Alcoholic excess is often the exciting cause of it. When so caused, it is the most fatal form of the disease.

6. Next to alcoholic poison, the most unfavorable conditions for it are fatigue and mental depression.

7. The disease may be infectious, communicated to those who are in intimate and prolonged connection with it—as nurses and bed-fellows. Still, it is not infectious as ordinarily seen.

8. One attack predisposes to a second attack, but the patient is as likely to survive it as the first. In rare instances there is a third attack.

9. It does not tend to terminate in consumption, even when the patient belongs to a consumptive family. Such an one recovers as rapidly and as thoroughly as others.

10. When death occurs it is most commonly on the sixth, seventh, eighth and tenth days.

11. There are seldom any sequelæ—other ailments—as a consequent.

12. Primary pneumonia is sudden in its onset, and is due to some chill and exposure. It has all the character of an acute inflammation, with a marked tendency to spontaneous recovery. It is largely dependent on meteorological changes, such as induce other forms of lung inflammation.—*Health's Constitution.*

CISTS AND URNS.

Interesting Discoveries Made on an Old Scotch Estate.

Workmen on the estate of Petreavie, near Dunfermline, Scotland, have been engaged in opening a large tumulus. It was on this estate that, a few weeks ago, a highly interesting discovery of cists and urns was made. The tumulus which has now been opened is over two miles from the former mound. The mound slopes gradually up to about forty feet from the level ground, and near the top has been encircled by a ring of rough stones of about twenty feet in radius. On excavations having been made at the top a large cist was come upon about three feet below the surface. This cist is situated in the very center of the mound, and is formed of very heavy freestone slabs. It measures internally forty-two inches by twenty-six inches, and is eighty-two inches in depth. It was covered by a massive stone slab measuring forty-eight inches by thirty-six inches, and is nearly ten inches thick. In the cist was found a finely shaped old decorated urn, five inches in height and six inches wide. It being anticipated that more urns would be found, explorations were carried on all round the cist, with the result that seven other urns were found in various positions in the surrounding sandy soil. Six of these were found placed with the mouth upward, the seventh being inverted over the mouth of one of the others. One large urn, standing fully twelve inches high, was covered with a flat stone as a lid. The whole of these urns contained burnt human bones and charcoal, but with the exception of the last mentioned urn, there was a large admixture of earth and vegetable matter. In this large urn, however, the calcined bones were quite dry and clean, the lid having so far excluded earth and moisture. Explorations under careful superintendence are still being proceeded with, and it is expected that more will be found. It would appear from what has already been discovered that this large burial mound is purely of the cinerary type, many evidences of cremation having been seen all round, in addition to the contents of these urns.—*N. Y. Post.*

DRAWING.

A Training of the Hand and Eye Useful to All Trades.

Dr. W. T. Harris, continuing in the *Journal of Education* his papers on drawing in the schools—it being his opinion that it is the industrial education needed—says: "While there is a real demand for apprentice schools of many kinds as special schools to fit youth for the various industries, there is not any manual training of so general a character as to fit for all industries. Even the combination of tools whose theory is taught in the manual training school, is able to cover only one-twelfth of the occupations of that portion of the population engaged in gainful work (this one-twelfth including namely, the workers in wood and the metals). But drawing is a general training of the hand and eye so delicate that it is not injurious to any trades, but of positive benefit to all. It is useful if taught as the analysis and synthesis of historic art forms, not only to those who are to work in mechanical employments, or any employments, but to all persons whatsoever. The kind of drawing which Dr. Harris has in mind is that which reproduces analytically and synthetically the historic forms of the beautiful. This he believes "good for all children, rich and poor, male and female; laborers in the mechanic arts, in the textile arts, in trade, in the profession, in the home, in the shop, on the farm—now and always."—*Current.*

—Family Physician—Well, I congratulate you. Patient (excitedly)—I will recover? Family Physician—Not exactly, but—well, after consultation, we find that your disease is entirely novel, and, if the autopsy should demonstrate that fact, we have decided to name it after you.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The Princess Victoria of Teck is said to be the handsomest Princess in Europe.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes lives in a house painted a bright yellow, with green blinds.

—It is said that Mr. Howells, the author, will hereafter write exclusively for *Harper's Magazine*, at a salary of $10,000 a year.

—Mrs. "H. H." Jackson's death is now attributed to her wearing high heeled French boots, causing her to stumble on the stairs full and break her leg.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—There is an editor aged one hundred and one years. He attributes his long life and excellent health to the fact that he never expected to please everybody, and never tried to.—*Arkansas Exchange.*

—Sarah Bernhardt will make a tour through the South when she comes to this country. The Atlanta Constitution says she probably remembers that city as the place where she had the coolest infanticide.

—A new journal published in England, and called the *Polyglot*, is printed in five languages—English, French, Spanish, German and Italian, and, if necessary, a supplement will contain articles in Modern Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Arabic and Hindustani.

—Mr. Charles Pettibone, President of the Security Insurance Company of New Haven, Conn., died at his residence in that city the other afternoon, aged seventy-five years. He was the son of poor parents, and learned the trade of cobbler. He died one of the wealthiest men in the State.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, none remain, with the single exception of General McClellan. Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant, who in turn commanded that army, are dead. Longstreet is the only one of Lee's generals living. Jackson, Hill, Ewell and Stuart have also passed away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A student at Yale, twenty years ago, wrote a letter to a New Haven girl proposing marriage, and in reply received her wedding cards, showing that his wooing was too late, but giving no intimation of what might have been if he had acted more promptly. Those two met by chance at a New Orleans hotel table the other day. He had become a Louisiana Judge, and she a widow. Their betrothal immediately ensued.—*Southern Paper.*

—General Grant's father, Postmaster at Covington, Ky., is a shrewd, old-fashioned specimen of humanity. The editor of the *Journal* says he saw him ago about the office gathering up pieces of waste paper and twine and telling the clerks it was a shame not to take care of little odds and ends. The remark is added that he was a advance thinker, as was also his wife, and "she told me how they used to pray around the family altar for 'Lessers when he was at the front.'"

HUMOROUS.

—Buckskin is proverbially sheer.—*Chicago Sun.*

—There's nothing very original about the Board of Trade, but it's a great place for "quotations."—*The Traveler.*

"Say, conductor, I'll see this train thirsty next over?" "What do you want the seat turned for?" "Get car-sick by my station. Want to get back."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Some people think it very funny to laugh at a policeman, but we have passed through the city several times late at night and have seen nothing to laugh at.—*Troy Times.*

—Customer (looking at silks)—They look to me just alike; but you say one is ninety-eight cents and the other $1.10. Now what is the difference? Clerk (blandly)—Twelve cents.

He's Coming.

"The sweet to know at morn and heart's desire,
When the long days have passed the lingering night,
And bring the happy one I long for most—
"Oh, you mean the postman."—*San Francisco Call.*

"Can't you give us some new reminiscences?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of co-workers telling stories. "No, I believe not," he answered promptly, "because I recently began married six months."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—"Tattlemapulitis" is the Aztec name for kissing. Think of a fond mother, saying to her rosy cheeked baby, "Come and tattlemapulitis your mother darling." If the baby didn't have a fit it was made of good stuff, that's all.—*Immense Space.*

—"My dear," said a New Jersey farmer's wife to her husband, "we haven't a bit of meat in the house for dinner." "All right," he replied, "after breakfast I'll take my gun and go over to the Thousandacre swamp and could I can't bag a couple of mosquitoes."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"The young lady is in evening dress," said one of Dr Holmes's friends as a rather elaborately dressed damsel stepped out on the hotel piazza to admire the sunset. "Too dress the day, my dear sir," remarked the witty professor. "That is Holmes-pun," was the reply. "I am worsted," concluded the poet.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Fast trains are getting to be all the rage," observed the conductor to an acquaintance, "but I guess our line is still the fastest one in the business." "Oh, no, said the passenger, "nearly every day I take a train that runs so fast that I can hardly keep up with it five seconds." "What train is that?" "A train of thought."—*Exchange.*

—Bereatement.—Old lady (a little hard of hearing)—Eighteen shillings! It's monstrous. I know the value of these articles, and never paid more than seventeen. Shopman (shouting)—I said eight shillings, ma'am—not eighteen. Old lady—Oh, eight shillings for these! I couldn't think of giving more than seven-and-six-pence.—*London Punch.*

That Only Tree in Iceland.

Some of you perhaps have heard of the one tree in Iceland, a dreadful thing that people wrap its clothes each winter to protect it from the severity of frosts. I had often been told and had read of this wonder, and naturally was anxious to see it, but to-day in Reykjavik I came upon three as large and handsome mountain ash or rain trees as I remember ever of seeing. Standing about twenty-five feet in height, they spread their branches over a large area, and are to all appearances healthy, flourishing trees, of which the people take no more care than we in our warmer climate do of ours. Here, too, I saw several people preparing to put white awnings over their doors and windows or building cloth-covered bowers in their very small gardens in which to spend the long summer evenings when it is not everything, but broad daylight.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*