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"THE CHILDREN."
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
"When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!"
And when they are gone I sit dreaming,
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.
Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
On, there's nothing of earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.
They are idols of hearts and of households,
"They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still gleams in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those trants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.
I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dunjon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.
I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.
I shall miss them at noon and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

Sentiment and Sense.
Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.
Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child, or children.
That glory is short which is given and received from men.
Justice is like a glass, which can not be bent, but easily is broken.
Letters from friends are sunbeams on life's horizon that cheer our way and lighten labor.
There are men whose presence infuses gust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready-made.
Often the soul is ripened into fuller goodness, while age has spread an ugly film, so that men's glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit.
A Humane Lucifer Match.
Lighting gas with the fingers is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his slippers walk briskly over a woolen carpet, scuffing his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with his legs upon four tumbler to insulate it, and there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff by a second individual, and he will light his gas by simply placing his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything or to be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The shock of electricity acquired by the process we have described is discharged by contact with another object. One person must turn on the gas while the other fires it.

How to Measure the Height of Trees.
When a tree stands so that the shadow can be measured, its height can be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright—let it be perpendicular by the plumb line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of the shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance: if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, its height will be sixty feet. (6:4:90:60.) In other words, multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the length of the stick, and divide by the length of the shadow of the stick.

Final Proof in Homestead and pre-emption Cases.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1880.
Registers and receivers, U. S. Land Office.
GENTLEMEN:—Referring to circular of April 15, 1879, under act of March 3, 1879, requiring published notice of intention to make final proof in homestead and pre-emption cases, you are now instructed to require claimants in all cases hereafter to specify, in form No. 1 [notice of publication-ED], the day and date on which they will appear with witnesses for the purpose of making proof, and, in homestead cases, they must give the official name and residence of the officer before whom the proof is to be made. You will also request each claimant to name four of his neighbors who may be able to testify as to his compliance with the law, any two of whom will be competent witnesses when proof is made. Such a course will prevent much inconvenience and delay. The post office address of the witnesses should be given in all cases. It is not sufficient to give the county only.
You will see that the foregoing requirements are incorporated in form No. 2 [notice for publication], so that such notices will be substantially in the following form, viz: "Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the court of Reed county, at the county seat, on Thursday, the 23d day of April, 1880, viz: John Doe, homestead entry No. 3784, for N. E. 1/4 of section 30, T. 46 N., R. 20 N., and he names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: John Smith, Thos. Bundy, Peter Pinder, all of Jay, Reed county, and Sam'l Small, of Roscoe Reed county."
Register.

The object of the law requiring such notice is to give to parties having adverse claim or filings, or to those having knowledge that the claimant has not complied with the requirements of the statutes, full notice of the time and place of presenting proof in order that opportunity may be given them to be heard prior to the perfection of an entry. You will use the blanks on hand, making the necessary alterations, until you receive new and revised blanks from this office.
Very respectfully,
J. W. ARMSTRONG,
Acting Commissioner.

The Boy and the Policeman.

[Detroit Free Press.]
A dignified policeman was going up Macomb street yesterday when a boy crossed the street to meet him and said:
"Mebbe you haven't got anything to do with it, but there's a woman dying back of that house there."
"I should rather think I had something to do with it!" replied the officer, and he made haste across the street and disappeared around the corner of the house. There he came upon a woman who was hanging up skeins of yarn fresh from the dye kettle.
"Is the party dead yet?" he eagerly inquired.
"Party? Who's party, sir?"
"Isn't there a sick woman here?"
"No, sir! I'm the sickest woman in this neighborhood, and I weighed 166 pounds last night."
"I was told that a woman was dying back here."
"I don't believe it! You are spying around to see if we throw dead cats in the alley, and it's mean and contemptible in you! Take yourself out of this, or I'll go down to the Chief!"
He went out vexed and annoyed. The boy was leaning against the fence across the street, and he called out:
"Did I tell you a yarn?"
"Boy!" replied the officer, "don't ever trifle with me again! There was no dying woman in there!"
"Was there not? You thought I was stocking the cards on you, eh? See?"
The officer scratched his head, began to smile, and finally laughed as he said:
"Ah! I see! There was a knot in the clothes-line and the woman had on blue stockings. Party good pun, that; but you shouldn't have lied to me about her dying. Death's a very solemn thing, and I can't stand any jokes about it. Run along, now."

A Clever Couplet.

Mrs. Joseph Gales once gave a dinner at Eckington to Nathaniel P. Willis, who was one of her special friends; he sat beside a sprightly niece of her's and the two became very lively. A Mr. Campbell sat beside the hostess, and was devoted in his attention to her. This, however, did not absorb the aunt as to prevent her from watching the flirtation going on between Mr. Willis and her niece. She frowned and sent reproving glances down the table until the young lady seized a pencil and paper and hurriedly wrote and sent her aunt the following lines:
"I, your aunt—why seek my acts to trammel?
'on strain at my Nat and swallow your Campbell.
This clever thrust silenced the aunt and secured immunity for the young lady.

DURING the month of June next, 20,000 persons will be engaged in taking the United States census for 1880. It will be the most complete statistical report ever made in this country. The law provides for taking the name, sex, color, birth place, occupation and ability to read and write, of each person. Statistics of mines, fisheries and fishing population, railroads, fire and life insurance, express and telegraph companies. It will contain full statistics of agriculture and every branch of mechanical industry.

Dampen the Air Now.

We can hardly suggest the importance of providing ample moisture in all rooms heated by stoves, furnaces, steam pipes or hot water pipes. There are sound, scientific reasons for this, as well as in the results of practical experience. As stated in "Short Notes on Air," every degree of heat added to the atmosphere of a room gives it a power of absorbing and secreting moisture. The air in a room 20x20 feet and 10 feet high, at 32 deg., holds, secretes, about 1 1/2 pints of water. The same air heated to 70 deg. secretes upwards of 2 quarts of water, and unless this is supplied, it is hungry for more water, absorbs it from every accessible source, from the furniture, from our bodies and especially from the breathing organs—the mouth, throat and lungs, leaving them dry and husky. Therefore, every time the air in the room is changed by the admission of fresh, cold air, and heated to 70 degrees, two quarts of water should be evaporated into the room. The strong objections some have to warm air heaters have arisen mainly from this cause. In using furnace heaters we always put into the hot-air chamber extra water-pans besides any that are supplied by the manufacturers, and take good care to have them always filled with water. In stove-heated rooms there should usually be an evaporating surface of water equal to one square foot for every 12 feet square of flooring, and more if the water is not on a hot place enough to keep it rapidly evaporating. Plants in a room are mainly destroyed, or have a sickly growth, because the warm air becomes too dry and sucks out the very juices of the plants. The "house plants"—olive or otherwise—suffer similarly. In a warm room, a large towel, frequently wet and wrung so as not to drip, and hung over a chair back near the stove, will make a marked difference in the comfortable feeling and healthfulness of the atmosphere.—*American Agriculturist.*

Salutations.

Naturally we turn to the East for the origin of most of our customs, and I cannot do better, I think, than begin with the salutations of those Eastern nations of whose customs we have the earliest knowledge. A large, if not the largest class of salutations can be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals showed itself especially in their salutations. The Hebrew word *barak*, "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming, and bidding adieu, the person spoken to being in each case commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord;" "The Lord be with thee;" "And Jacob blessed Parash, and went out before him," are instances which illustrate the usage of the word. They are paralleled by the Arabian "God grant thee his favors," "May God strengthen thy morning," "May your morning be good;" by the Persian, "I make prayers for thy greatness, and by the Ottoman, "Be under the guard of God," "My prayers are for thee," "Forget me not in thy prayers." And we cannot be surprised that this kind of salutation is found to exist, in some shape or other, among all national greetings. Our religion has come from the East, and some of their religious salutations still survive, as, for example, in the Estonian "God guide you," the "Adieu," of the French, the "Go with God, Senor," of Spain, and our "God be with thee," corrupted into "Good bye." And here it may be remarked, in passing, that the obviously religious phrases have been preserved by nations in a sense less distinctly religious than the English, while they have been lost or changed among ourselves. Has the closer intimacy of the continent with Roman Catholicism produced an effect on outward expression, or is the change due to our greater reverence for sacred names—a reverence, often of course, merely pharisaic, but which has led us, as it led the later Hebrews, to shrink from uttering the actual name of the Deity, and either corrupt it, as in "Good bye," or eliminate it as in "Mercy me," "Save you, sir," while the French are more lavish with their "Mon Dieu," and the Germans with their "Mein Gott?" If these suggestions will not hold, perhaps we may find a more rational solution in the universal tendency of the west, and especially of the English, toward brevity, which tendency would find illustration in our "Good day," in the German "Guten tag," in the Swedish "Good day," and in the French "Bonjour."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

It was at the post office in this village. The demoiselle was buxom, bashful, aged eighteen, and hailed from Berrytown. She wanted a dollar's worth of stamps. "One dollar's worth," repeated the smiling assistant; "of what denomination?" The damsel showed signs of embarrassment, and hesitated to reply. She twirled her shawl fringed nervously, cast her eyes about to see if any one was near, moved a little closer to the window, and finally asked in a timid voice: "Do you hef to write it down?" "By no means," answered the courteous assistant; "that is not necessary; but I presume you have some preference as to the denomination." Ah—well—yes," replied the stranger, her face turning scarlet, "I hev some. I generally go to the 'Piscopel Methodist myself, but the fellow I'm buying the stamps for he's a Universal Orthodox."—*Ithaca Journal.*

ALTHOUGH the approach to the earth of several comets has been known, the least distances of only two have ever been determined with any degree of accuracy. On July 1, 1770, a comet was within 1,800,000 miles of the earth—the closest approach of one of these bodies of which astronomers have any certain knowledge. Its apparent diameter was two and a half degrees, or nearly five times the apparent diameter of the moon. It is not surprising that the apparition of such a monster should cause a panic of terror among unenlightened and superstitious inhabitants of our globe.

AMONG THE ROMANS.

[From Harper's Magazine.]
When the good Governor S—, who is a most devout Episcopalian, was the Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, he was wont to frequently entertain the members of the General Assembly at the Governor's mansion. To one of these levees came, with the member from his county, an old mountaineer who had just reached Frankfort with the raft of logs which he had brought down the Kentucky river. The old man who was called familiarly "Uncle Johnny," soon became the centre of an admiring group, to whom his jean clothes were not at all an improper attire for the Governor's levee; and, his tongue being loosened by a glass of sherry wine, which he then tasted for the first time in his life, he was entertaining his audience with stories from "his country," when the Governor approached.
"Uncle Johnny, here is the Governor," said one of the company; and straightway the old man was silent, for he was overwhelmed by this first vision of the majesty of the Commonwealth.
"Go on with your story, Uncle Johnny," said some one; "the Governor will like to hear it."
"Yes, go on, Uncle Johnny," said the Governor, with a kindly smile of encouragement; and the old man thus convinced that even the Governor was only a man, concluded his narrative.
Then, becoming bolder, he ventured to address the Governor, saying, "Guvnor, I went to your meetin' yistiddy, and I seen whar you sets."
He had been to the Episcopal Church, and had been shown the Governor's pew.
"Did you, Uncle Johnny?" responded Governor S—, "And how did you like it?"
"Well, Guvnor, I never knowed much 'em they was a doin', but I riz and fell with 'em every time."

Historical Position of Palestine.

The position of Palestine on the map of the world has fitted it and its successive peoples for a remarkable place in history. Here is a little country, with only 8,000 square miles, or 2,000 less than our State of Vermont, which, if we measure it by the scope of its history, the remote antiquity of its literature, and the great forces it has started into irresistible movement, we must place among the foremost in the ancient family of nations. It is practically the meeting place of three continents—Africa, Asia, and Europe. If Belgium is the "cock-pit of Europe," where many of the chief battles of modern times have been fought, Palestine holds the same relation to the ancient world. Her plain of Eridon has been the battle ground of nations and civilizations from Abraham's day to Napoleon Bonaparte's. This little country was the pathway of the nations on land, while on the sea it was her Phoenicia which planted colonies all around the shores of the Mediterranean, created Carthage, rival of Rome, and dared to send her ships as far north as Britain. There is something, too, akin to magnetism in this wonderful little land. It gave a certain measure of historical importance, and, indeed, of immortality to every people and land it touched. Take from our knowledge of Egyptian history all we have learned from the Mosaic narrative, and there will be a marvelous diminution of the fund. It is only where Assyria in an early day came into relations with Syria that we get something of a definite knowledge of that great oriental power. We find Rawlinson, in his "Five Monarchies," and Wilkinson, in his "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians," constantly appealing to and leaning on the scripture history, in order to treat the subject in hand in consecutive form. It is Palestine that brings all great ancient countries within our vision. It is our best telescope for a view of the remote past. We read the fortunes of other people through her. Of right she did not possess the Greek language. It was foisted upon her through Alexander's conquest, and yet so carefully did she learn the new tongue that it became the receptacle for the new faith from Him of Nazareth and the medium of its communication to the remotest shores known to men. Palestine long resisted Rome, and finally suffered destruction through Titus. Her acres and faith were bartered like a piece of merchandise, and were, in turn, owned by Canaanite, Jew, Assyrian, Greek, Syrian, Maccabean and Roman. But in three centuries we find Bethlehem supplanting Rome. Christianity held the scepter on the Seven Hills, and paganism became a thing of the country village, or *pagus*.—*Harper's Magazine.*

JERE BLACK shows his usual sagacity by warning the Democratic party that if it is going to sacrifice Tilden it should have a care about the manner in which it does the business. "He is not a carcass to be hacked by hounds, but a dish to be carved fit for the gods. No Democrat can reach the White House by stepping on the political corpse of Mr. Tilden." All the rival candidates who have tried to crowd Tilden off the track have discovered this. He has a "twist" on the party. Either he must be nominated, or he must be permitted to name the candidate. This is what the classical Judge Black calls carrying a dish for the gods. A more accurate definition would be "offering up a sacrifice to the barrel."

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ALL SORTS.

THE man who colored the plumage of a wild duck, died game.
THE mother of the late Bishop Haven is still alive, aged 93 years.
—This is leap year, girls, but it is just a well to look before you leap.
PROF. PROCTOR guesses that the earth is 100,000,000 years old at least.
—The "best boy in school" occasionally hankers to throw a paper wad.
PARNELL has about \$500,000 in Irish real estate and \$150,000 in American securities.
MR. CHARLES E. CORNELL, son of Gov. Cornell, has entered the Albany law school.
—The skins and cores of a bushel of apples amount to almost a peck. Gnaw 'em close.
HARVARD University has in its library a set of Goethe's works which he himself presented.
SENATOR SHARON has taken the pains to deny that he has drawn a cent of his pay for the present Congress.
—"Who will write the music of the future?" asks a New York paper. What troubles us is to know who will have patience to listen to it.
SPEAKING of Senator Bayard's boom, the Chicago Tribune chidingly remarks that little States like Delaware should be seen and not heard.
MR. SPURGEON writes from Mentone that England should listen to Mr. Gladstone, cease blustering, and make righteousness and peace their guide.
THE profit on wine is not so very great—only about sixty per cent. Compare this with the twenty-two cents profit made on a box of twenty-five-cent pills.
THE New Orleans Picayune has observed that Latin inscriptions on tombstones give the most general satisfaction. What can't be translated is taken for granted.
GEN. GRANT, when asked which city among all he had visited he liked best, answered quickly: "Washington; I think it is the handsomest city in the world."
ONE of the notable weddings of the present season will be that of Mr. Frelinghuysen, son of the ex-Senator from New Jersey, to Miss Ballantine, of Washington, D. C.
GOULD is said to be worth \$65,000,000 and gold is pouring into his coffers at the rate of \$500,000 a month. He will probably become rich in the course of an extended life span.
THE Indians with Ouray eat six square meals a day, first eating all the meat, then all the bread, then all the butter, and so on down until it comes to horse-radish, where they stop.
IN Eastern Siberia it is not an uncommon thing for the ground to freeze to the depth of 300 feet in winter, and there is no danger of a fat girl breaking through the side of a hill in climbing up it.
EX-SENATOR DORSEY, of Arkansas, is using the \$1,080,000 he made in mining operations to carry on sheep raising on a grand scale in New Mexico. He was nearly bankrupt when he left the Senate.
GEN. GIBSON, of Louisiana, has just received from a number of distinguished citizens of New Orleans a gift of the first silver dollar coined in the mint of that city since its re-establishment.
TO GIVE an idea of the ravages of diphtheria in southern Russia, it may be mentioned that in one province of Pultava about 7,000 persons have died of the disease in each of the last three years.
THERE are now in San Francisco under engagement to load wheat, eighteen vessels of 22,130 tons burden with a carrying capacity of 600,000 centals. The are 24,000 tons of disengaged tonnage in port.
THE Chicago News has looked the field over, and come to the conclusion that: "The meanest little thing that the human eye can behold, even with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, is the American snob."
—A tramp sat himself down in a farmer's house, saying, "I'm a rootabaga, and this is the way I plant myself." "We bile urns," said the farmer's wife, as she calmly took the kettle of boiling water off the fire. He was gone before the cooking began.—*Exchange.*
SALT LAKE Tribune: As goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union, is an old political saying. The old Keystone State is now decidedly in favor of its former son, James G. Blaine, and the indications are that he will be the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency.
THE present Parliament in England was summoned for the 4th of March, 1874, and assembled on that day. If it should only survive until the 14th of April next, it will not only have run into a seventh session, but it will have exceeded in duration any previous Parliament summoned since the Union, and will have been the longest lived Parliament for a century.
PRINTING paper has recently advanced three cents a pound and the increased cost has forced the Eastern papers to raise the price to city subscribers, delivered by carrier, and also to news agents. The Chicago and St. Louis journals have advanced their rates to thirty cents per week, and in Cincinnati, Cleveland and elsewhere, publishers are following suit.
By the death of Thomas Addis Emmett, his cousin, bearing the historic name of Robert Emmett, comes into possession of an emerald ring used as a seal by the United Irishmen in 1798. It has engraved on it the secret arms of the insurrection—a harp and clasped hands—and was used on the wax that sealed the letters of the leaders to their associates. At one time the English government offered a reward of \$500 for its possession.

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